She acknowledges, "I was terrified that without the drug I could plummet again. What if they were right after all? My own mind was too dangerous."

As she learns more about the patients' rights movement and its criticism of psychiatry as a political tool and a means of social control, Millett decides to forswear lithium again. This time, however, her counsel is judicious. She is advised to "drink lots of milk, don't get over-tired, have faith, and tell no one." She weans herself off lithium gradually, with support from fellow ex-psychiatric patients. A year after going off lithium totally, she tells her incredulous friend Sophie. She is productive, happy and quite "normal."

THE WOMEN'S SAFETY AUDIT KIT

By Barbara Hall

As chair of the city's Safe City Committee, I would like to introduce you to the Women's Safety Audit Kit, which is designed for women who feel unsafe out in the city and who want to do something about it.

The guidebook, published by the Metro Action Committee on Public Violence Against Women and Children (METRAC) is about making public places like parks, bus stops and streets safer for women — "focusing specifically on preventing sexual harassment and assault." As well, it's about improving safety in semi-public places like your workplace, your apartment's garage, school yards, public washrooms and the transit system — "anywhere that the hair rises on the back of your neck."

Since it was published last year I have used it, together with community-based groups across the city, including the Winchester Park Residents' Association and the residents of Trinity Street here in Ward 7, to identify neighbourhood danger spots.

I believe the kit's emphasis on safety in public and semi-public places is important, partly because it is an area over which the city government has the most obvious jurisdiction, and partly because one third to one half of all sexual assaults occur in urban public space. I believe we in city government have a responsibility to ensure public safety.

The basic idea for the kit is very simple. It says that women know a lot about cities that traditional experts don't understand, perhaps because most architects, planners and police are either men, or are trained to see things from a male perspective. For example, they may not understand what it's like to be a woman alone, late at night, waiting for a bus or walking past a dark alley.

Although the focus of the kit is women's safety, I believe that a city which is safe for women is safe for everyone. Questions such as: "Can anything be done about drug-trafficking, gang violence, pimping, or mugging in this place? What would make it easier for the elderly or disabled to get around? Is the area safe for children?", are all raised.

The kit suggests that you, by yourself if necessary, but preferably with others who share your concerns, go out and inspect the places where you don't feel safe. Take lots of notes and ask lots of questions. What's the lighting like? Would anyone hear you scream? What improvements would you like to see? The booklet is full of helpful tips on how to organize so the information you gather will have the greatest possible impact, as well as ideas on how to get support from your neighbours and other groups.

I have been pleased to do audits with many community groups, and would be happy to be part of any audit you and your neighbours wish to do. Together, we would then see who was responsible for correcting the problems and work to see the changes were made. For more information, contact me at City Hall — 392-7916.

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THE BROKEN HOOP

Susan Clements. Marven, South Dakota: "The Blue Cloud Quarterly," Vol. 34, No. 3, 1988

By Maria Gillen

The poems in Susan Clements' *The Broken Hoop* are beautifully crafted, lyrical creations. They are deeply sensual in their earthy awareness of the outer world and fey and intuitive in their ability to capture and portray the inner world. For example, in "The Vision-Hunter Dies in the Rain," the poet combines these two characteristics smoothly:

Mother your hands smelled
Like oak leaves — smoothed my hair,
Burning strand after strand,
In the sun....

Clements describes her mother's "Seneca's hands" which hardened from work in a garment factory.

For me, you said. Still I smelled
Oak, peeled myself
Naked Soot Streets, a gauntlet
Of stares. But clothes
Are not needed

Until the body becomes a wound
And a loneliness.
Only then do we shroud
What will not be touched. This is how
The dead see; this much
Is vision tamed. My hands, too,
Grow hard. Yet, an old scent
Lingers — crushed leaves, decayed
Beetles. No daughter in me,
No flame.

In other poems, Clements presents the reader with remembered moments treated with gentleness and delicacy; she retreats behind a child's eyes where wonder remains untarnished, as in the moment when she sees her first city while she rides in her father's Chevy and smells "Evening of Paris" on her mother's skin. She's carried up a flight of stairs to visit an aunt whose hair cascades "like moonbeams" and the adults try to teach her how to say the aunt's name, "Grace"; when she says it, Grace becomes both her aunt's name and the grace and beauty of the moment remembered by the woman who knows just how difficult grace is to come by.

In other poems, Clements writes of her Indian heritage, of her grandmother who once walked through the mountains to the "Fire tower" but

who now lies like a bundle of
thistles, stark silhouette
on her snow-white bed.
I held her thin, brown wrist
and the lingering legends.

She sees herself, longing for the full knowledge of her heritage: