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IN A NUTSHELL

May 18, 1972

MPA NEWSLETTER #13*

SALARIED POSITIONS TO BE ELECTED MAY 26th, 8 P.M.
APPLICATION DEADLINE MAY 25th, 5 P.M.

MPA has been awarded a grant of \$21,680 by Opportunities for Youth. These funds are intended to support our program through the summer.

There will be a number of jobs to be filled at salaries of about \$320.00 a month. Information about these positions can be obtained at the MPA office.

If you are interested in applying, submit a written application to Judy or Barry or Tom in the office by 5 P.M., Thursday May 25th. The application should state which position you are applying for, the ideas you have about the job and why you feel the membership should elect you.

The elections will be held at the next General Meeting, Friday, May 26th, beginning at 8 P.M. Each application will be read out and the candidate will then have time to answer any questions the members might have.

MENTAL PATIENTS AND THE LAW

Conference to be held at MPA June 12-15

The Vancouver Peoples Law School will be holding a four day conference at MPA Center to discuss the legal rights of (and wrongs against) mental patients. A panel of speakers will be present on each of the four evenings. The conference will be of interest to anyone who has ever been hospitalized or who may be hospitalized in the future.

Everyone is invited to attend and participate.

The dates and topics are as follows:

- Monday, June 12, 7:30 P.M. - Commitment procedures
- Tuesday, June 13, 7:30 P.M. - Release procedures
- Wednesday, June 14, 7:30 P.M. - Patients' rights while confined
- Thursday, June 15, 7:30 P.M. - Laws concerning people judged criminally insane.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE GRANT WORLD

In addition to the Opportunities for Youth grant, MPA has been notified of two other grants.

The Company of Young Canadians (the first agency to support MPA when we were starting out) has extended our four contracts for a one year period, from June 1st, 1972 to May 31st, 1973.

Also, the Vancouver City Council has awarded us a 1972 Civic Grant of \$4,500 (\$1,500 more than we received in 1971).

RESIDENTS MOVING OUT OF TENTH AVENUE DROP-IN CENTER

In the first week in June, the 10th Avenue house will become just a drop-in center and not a residence. A new house has been found which will be used as the West End residence. With the residents at 4207 W. 15th, our current house will function on a 24 hour basis for drop-ins only.. It is not planned to have meals or crisis beds at the drop-in center..To serve the community we must have our members volunteering time to the drop-in program.

* Due to a slight oversight the last two newsletters have been #11. I would like to make a public statement that MPA has no bias against the number 12.

JL

#2

POEM

1.
 blindly I trace the hollows and hills
 of a face
 a plaster cast
 I re verse into life
 (a carved mask that someone has left
 un broken)

2.
 You are here
 (sadness corded with words)
 striking my face with violence
 (that is mind)
 silence answers silence
 a cross lies rotting on the hill

3.
 I have run my fingers along the chair.....
 in side your blood

there is no escape

Sue Landell

POEM

1.
 I found in the forest a skeleton of a
 small deer
 (the bones un touched
 mushrooms growing thru the ribs)

I lifted the skull (wanting to know
 what animal had died in this place)
 there was a dying (of another sort)
 the poem in the forest moving with
 the rag and bones of branches
 (the urge of cariboo)

2.
 words bend I bend over them stumbling

 I re act to pain on the in side of my skin
 (a switchboard operator) trying to
 un scramble the electric wires

the color codes broken

boxing life fitting it to a wall
 (as if it were a window)
 feeling the pressure of seeds
 growing thru the dust

re/born with that cretinous
 non knowledge
 (fingering whiteness)

3.
 Sometimes I just have to move faster
 I sing then
 (poems that go straight ahead without stopping)
 or
 (poems that dig and grow fat)
 planting those seeds (in straight lines)
 the flowers fall
 in the right order
 the artist holds on
 to what he can remember
 but the colors leap from the page
 to return to the earth

(continued on next page)

POEM cont.

#3

4
I feel the curves and sharp corners
of 9 foot letters
B - O - A - T
boats on the horizon
(zipped into the sky)
or
(falling into the water)
sinkers waiting for something to bury

a question
of movement growing split/solid
(an apple taste barbed with red streaks)

Sue Landell

INFORMATION REGARDING THE WHEREABOUTS OF FREE OR CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT

In a lazy and leisurely fashion, I'm collecting information about free or cheap sources of entertainment in Vancouver. This includes music, dancing, theatre, sports, courses, what you will...If there's anything you enjoy doing and think other people would like, let me know about it.

Cathy Batten
731-9845 or at MPA

MORE FROM TOM POLLOK

Sitting alone. Never was liked. Never had a mate. Raised during the depression. Times were bad then. Times are the same now. Am depressed today because of taking L.S.D. yesterday. Drugs make you angry at sick people, there has to be communication between people of all emotions. I believe there is mental illness. It is all over, in Government, in mental hospitals, in poverty in richness. People will and always have attained power, this is a sickness. We are all basically the same. I say down with power, and lets look at what equality is. They say you're supposed to love yourselves, but I'm goddamned if I see anything in the MPA paid people that they can love themselves for I've heard it said that Tom Pollok is just this or just that. If you only knew what Tom Pollok is. Maybe you do and you're cotton-pickin power trippin jealous.

You're phony paid people. Just as phony as Flying Phil, the Elmer Gentry of modern B.C. and you're playing a rotten very dangerous game. Your housing co-ordinator is a very accurate example.

Why and Fear

How many friends and loves
are missed by fear,
Happiness lost that I'm sure
could be dear.
Afraid of him, afraid of she,
Afraid of you, afraid of me.
To care for one another,
it's worth it I feel.
To help one another keep
an even keel.
Afraid to take courage,
to listen and hear.
Though not afraid of that
sissy word fear.

To cry and to love
is worth working at,
No-one likes to feel
like a diseased river rat.
For all my friends that
I've frightened mistakenly,
Please let me make amends,
Painstakingly

Tom Pollok

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TRANSISTOR RADIOS REPAIRED
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#4

Stories from Ian Hutton

Hello

I met Tom one night and your address he gave me and these are stories I write and would be pleased if they can add to you and the MPA newsletter readers

Sincerely,
Ian Hutton

Good greeting

in god's blessed house this evening
birds beautifully throated shall glide air songs
move thy silent space swiftly trailing dreams catch fire
they grow more at night than day
We silence them with daytime parties
abeyance of our laws the cost counts
bleeding trickles those to the front each first
that's missed is stroked on the second thus
making 2 sides to the play
~~the night is imposter and never appears~~
dark falls outside the curtain
and the first motion begins it moving:

"To entreat unto your true Roe Willen"

banty sheen backboards hung diamong apace
"I have to see as well as hear it
then I think of me and missing
what you say."

Salt boy stuck dumb no apple in his mouth
his head living dreams listening to voices
and looking in places just now coming
"make it sense to my body to sit here
alone with nodding to Roe Willen living
my life back home."
perfunctory move steps on slot strap
"Who could I send to take charge?
Shall I line him with reason post plants
to show season and have him keep me informed?
no more of your advice I make up when
you're gone can I leave him alone?"

The barge this big fat barge moves so quickly
it breaks away the step is always over the split
and it always points to my crotch I harbour
a tiny delight that it is that easy

Ian Hutton

(these poems are written out beautifully in longhand and are in the Newsletter drawer at MPA West if anyone would like to have a look at them)

Prayer

I pray that my feet may be set upon a rock. I pray that I may rely on God to guide my comings and goings. I pray that I may hold no resentments. I pray that my mind be washed clean of all past hates and fears.

(Above Meditation and Prayer is taken from "Twenty-Four Hours a Day", a booklet for members of Alcoholics Anonymous)

Meditation

"he brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings."
The first part: "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, means that by turning to God and putting my problems in His hands, I am able to overcome my sins and temptations.

continued.....

"He set my feet upon a rock" means that when I trust God in all things, I have true security. "He established my goings" means that if I honestly try to live the way God wants me to live, I will have God's guidance in my daily living.

I must overcome myself before I can truly forgive other people for injuries done to me. The self in me cannot forgive injuries. The very thought of wrongs means that my self is in the foreground. Since the self cannot forgive, I must overcome my selfishness. I must cease trying to forgive those who fretted and wronged me. It is a mistake for me even to think about these injuries. I must aim at overcoming myself in my daily life and then I will find there is nothing in me that remembers injury, because the only thing injured, my selfishness, is gone.

Submitted by Inge Claus

THOTS BY YORK

Sitting here by candlelight-
The only thought that comes to mind is-
She shouldn't have put so many green onions
In the salad,
Not very romantic, is it?
Well, neither is she.

You know,
it took me 25 years
to figure out John Wayne was an ass-
Am I that goddam stupid?

Some people say the phone always rings
When they're thinking about it-
it always rings when I'm thinking about
something else,
(I must be inside out)

If someone could find the cross
they nailed Jesus to
They could make a lot of money!
Specially at Christmas

I'll bet something exciting is happening right
now-
While I sit here glued to this stupid ashtray
But I wonder how many people are thinking
exactly the same thing?
Let's all break our ashtrays together!

I'm glad I could quit L.S.D.-
And all it took was a nervous breakdown.

See you in the fall,
If I see you at all.

Jon York

FARM REPORT

Fine May days find the vegetable garden at the farm ready for planting; the cabbages, cauliflowers and tomato plants are practically bursting out of their planters in the living room.

continued on next page.....

FARM REPORT CONTINUED

Each week now the family, headed by Lloyd at the wheel of his newly acquired walk-in van, go into Mission for a Spontaneous Music Session, held in a church hall, where they get to play anything from a trumpet to temple bells; the timpani, in particular, provides a wonderful way of working off those hidden aggressions. Visiting with neighbors is another feature of farm life and the weekly laundry cum shopping trip to Abbotsford is always a big production, especially buying groceries, for cooking is communal and one man's lasagne is another man's lamb chops. Recently the cook of the day has had to show particular tact and reason, with one of the family an organic vegetarian, another (with two children) a macrobiotic, and a third on an ulcer diet consisting mainly of baby food.

Most Saturdays the even tenor of country life skips a beat when a busload of MPA visitors from the city comes rattling up to the house. Here they help prepare a meal, go for walks, even play Monopoly or Scrabble. One weekend recently residents of Licensed Boarding Homes were included in the trip. Another time a visit was organised to Westminster Abbey, the Benedictine Monastery near Mission and it was quite clear that here was a way of life even more tranquil than the farm itself. Now that the time is ripe for picnics, other excursions will probably suggest themselves.

Last month Lloyd and Tony taped a ten minute interview with Radio Station CFVR (Abbotsford) and tried to acquaint listeners with what the farm is all about. Another, more ambitious is planned for some time in the future. But don't wait. Come along one Saturday and see for yourself.

Tony Parkin

to r d laing

the leper kisses the saint
beneath the hanging tree
the dead man
dancing on my tomb
eats my hands, and
swallows
my eyes
the world
is one orgasmic hole
it looks me in the eye
and spits

into
the middle reaches
of my mind
come i
wandering
collecting
chickens and roosters
gutting
and choking
with one quick blow
my mind

may i?

may i watch
the pain
that we inflict
unconsciously
on each other

may i help
you kill
and tear
another
limb from limb

may i scream
in pain
and humiliation
as i tear you
limb from limb

Lid Strand

#1
NOTES FROM DARRYL

It was indubitably a stupendous occasion the day that ban was voted down. Horrors that it should have occurred at all. It shall be recorded in the annals of M.P.A. history as the greatest error of all time.

D.D. Rempel

ALL OF THE NEWS THAT ISN'T FIT TO PRINT

Dear Readers: Here are latest reports of Scandal in Low Life, brought to you at great cost to myself. I had to crawl down drainpipes (a very mucky business especially in evening dress), tap phones, and scale fire escapes in my quest of All The News That Isn't Fit To Print. But I know scandal is what everybody really likes to read; why, it's almost as good as the News of the World.

Tina loves animals -- we all know that. Well, but enough is enough. Last weekend she brought home a 15-foot boa constrictor and told Dick he needed love and affection and was going to live with them. They put him on the couch to sleep but at 2 a.m. Bobo, as he is called, crawled into bed with them and wrapped himself lovingly around Dick's head. Now Dick says either Bobo goes or he does. Tough luck, Tina.

Janet and Ray have been having problems too. Janet felt the creative urge and began a life-sized portrait of Gerry Walker as Cupid. Ray came home one night, found the picture turned back to front, thought it would make a nice dart board and began throwing the kitchen knives into it. Now Gerry looks as if he had measles and Janet is very fed up. The way of the artist in the modern world is a difficult one.

FLASH! Vogue has chosen Lanny Beckman as one of the ten best-dressed men of the year. As one of the judges remarked, "The stains on his jeans are so artfully placed--almost Op Art--and there is--how shall I express it?--a certain something, a je ne sais quoi about the way in which he doesn't comb his hair."

One of Mike Lee's secret vices is entering contests put out by food companies. Recently he entered a contest sponsored by the makers of Shredded Wheat. In return for a 25-word statement as to why he always eats shredded wheat for breakfast (10 of his words contained 4 letters) Mike received a brand-new tricycle. Quite a comedown for someone who usually rides a Harley Davidson. But Mike likes his tricycle "It's so low down to the ground, I can pinch all the girls as I go by, without any extra effort," he told one of our reporters.

Barb Fussigel is very fond of gardening. But what most people don't know about is her special garden of poisonous plants: deadly nightshade, henbane, you name it. If there were a thing as an arsenic tree, she'd plant that. Now when someone asks, "Mistress Mary quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" she chuckles inwardly, thinking of how, in her Borgia role, she's going to do us all in. I'd watch out very carefully at any parties given by Barb.

More next month--perhaps. Ours is such a virtuous and clean-living community, it's hard to find enough things to write about. But if you people provide the scandal, I'll let everyone know about it.

Ariadne Whiffenpoof

Letter from Vicki Wootton

Got a letter from Vicki---she's soaking up the sun in Phoenix Arizona and having a good time. She sent us a really nice book about pottery which is at the office now for anyone to look at.
