

IN A NUTSHELL

MPA NEWSLETTER

no. 14 July '72



-cover by Glen Underwood

NEW HOUSE FOR MPA

After many, many months of hunting, of energy and concern from a lot of people --a West End Residence was at last found. The hunt has been frustrating; it was difficult to find a house that would meet the needs, both domestic and financial, of the residents --let alone find one in the Kits area. But success has come. And well deserved it is! One fine point is that this house is the result of the request in the Bob Hunter column. Don White, ("landlord") was the only person to respond to this request. At first the lack of response by other people was disappointing--but it appears that one response is enough if it's fruitful. The \$325.00 a month one-year lease should run smoothly. There are good feelings about Don as a "landlord".

For a short time before the lease was signed, it was feared that it might not come through. Without Don's knowledge seven new residents had moved in and Don was hesitant to put them out. The tenants were asked if they could find somewhere else to live within the next week. The people had not moved in as a group, so it was not too hard for them individually to find places. They were offered help and were told the basement room could be used in an emergency. When they left, they felt alright about it and understood our need.

The move began at 1:00 p.m. Friday, July 7th. Everything went smoothly... a combination of muscle power, people power, and caring. Ironically, the first night in the new res-



idence was very quiet---so quiet in fact, the residents had trouble sleeping and trucked over to the drop-in centre.

This house is a private residence. Financially its self-sustaining. Its a home. It's the residents' trip, and they are feeling this, too. It's comfortable and the atmosphere is relaxed. People are opening up. House meetings are happening. It's a home instead of a hurricane. The address is 1982 West Sixth.

It's a nice, tall house. Natural brown-colored paint covers the wooden shingles. The enclosed back yard is covered in tall grass. The neighbourhood is quiet (except for the Hydro trains which occasionally pass). The neighbours are nice--Tony's commune is just down the street. Kits Beach is a comfortable walk, and 4th Avenue shops and scenes are close by. A cozy balcony on the second floor overlooks Sixth Ave.

Wooden stairs lead to the full-length porch and front door. Left of the entrance foyer is the wood-

en stairway; straight ahead the hallway leads to the large, bright kitchen. Double-glass doors on the right open into the living room with its large bay windows. Directly through wide, sliding doors is the dining room, where the residents will sample each other's cuisine. Hidden inside one wall of the diningroom is a large fire place and inside the opposite wall is a large stained-glass window. Hopefully, these will be uncovered.

At the end of the dining room is a small counter with shelves dividing it from the L-shaped kitchen. The back door opens onto a sundeck.

The second floor has a separate bathroom and toilet, three bedrooms and a kitchenette. Two are at the back of the house and one is in front, connecting to the kitchenette and balcony. One bedroom has been freshly painted and set aside for potential women residents. At present, three beds are reserved for women--hoping to create some balance in the home. This is an obvious conscious attempt to welcome women.

On the top floor is a large back bedroom and a smaller front bedroom. All the windows are large and the bedrooms light and airy. The high-ceilinged basement has one bedroom as well.

The prejudice suffered by ex-mental patients in housing is strong--the need for a "home" is strong, too. And now its finally happened!

Untying the knots

No discussion of radical psychology would be complete without a treatment of Ronald David Laing, the Scottish psychiatrist whose experiments in therapy and treatment of schizophrenics have turned the established psychiatric world on its head.

Laing attacks convention and standardization where ever it appears thinking, correctly, that established practices are wrong and do nothing but harm. He has made the political underpinnings of his theories clear. Society is monolithic and based upon standardization and conformity. It cannot ultimately tolerate anything else.

Thus people who are labeled schizoid are those who have chosen different ways of dealing with an alienating environment. Society eliminates them through the standard mental institution.

These institutions, like all social entities in-mass society, deal with ways to dehumanize the individual and to rob them of creativity and autonomy. Thus schizophrenics are treated as diseased and the offending organ, the brain, is deadened through electroshock and drug therapy so the "patient" can join his or her glass-eyed counterpart on the streets of the metropolis.

Laing fights precisely this process and provides social reasons why.

The family, says Laing, is a complex set of reactions and interactions designed to confuse, deceive and enforce conformity on all its members. It is self-propelled (within the web of the larger society) and self-perpetuating. It is the basis of the socialization process, it sets up the categories of THEM and US by its inward-looking nature and kills any possibilities of de-institutionalized co-operative living in the bud.

The family is followed by other institutions whose economic and political purpose are the same.

More than any contemporary psychiatrist, Laing, by his work, has shown where standard



psychiatric theory is leading its practitioners, either to its acceptance or its rejection. Laing, needless to say, rejects it. His focal point is the experience of people in their environment be it society, the mental institute or the family.

In the intellectual tradition of existentialism, particularly of Jean-Paul Sartre he is preoccupied with giving new interpretation to common every day oppressive situations which have been taken for granted in the 20th century.

He is, in this sense, opposed to the dominant

Western rationalist tradition in which the ultimate rationality of the social system is explored and affirmed. From his researches into psychic disorders Laing concludes that our society is not entirely rational and its many irrational aspects should be accentuated to throw light on the plight of the individual in the 20th century.

The positive aspects of this line of thinking shows up in Laing's critique of the existing society; one which by its very nature drives people insane.

It does this in time-worn, subtle ways but if Laing is correct then there is not much difference between what we would consider sane or an insane person. The "insane" person is the one who ends up in a mental institution. The revolutionary implications of such a statement should be obvious. If we are driven insane in the belief that we are sane then the existing order's oppressiveness is formidable.

Furthermore, our experiences take on a new dimension and level of awareness.

The irrationality of our lives within the system becomes more obvious as we conform to a set of institutional rules without any purpose except the regulation of our behaviour along lines other than those we would choose were we free to do so.

So-called madness is simply one of the more extreme reactions to this process of dehumanization. Laing's therapy involves living through this created madness and reaching new levels of awareness about our own real situation in the world. We must realize that as madness is a survival mechanism it is also its own cure.

Put simply any cure for socially induced madness



involves recognizing the disorder of society itself and the accompanying recognition that people are having it done to them by their social roles which are expected, nay, coerced to fill.

-Dick Betts.

a knot

After R. D. Laing.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his
crown
and Jill fell down
and the meaning came
stumbling after.

-George

SOME THOUGHTS ON "MENTAL ILLNESS"

Very often at the MPA I hear people say that they are schizophrenic, psychotic, manic-depressive or what not. All these labels are classified by psychiatrists and the general public as "mental illness".

I feel that these labels are completely meaningless when it comes down to that one shrink categorizes you as a manic-depressive, another as a paranoid schizophrenic and still another as a psychopath. This was so in my case, and I must say, I don't feel mentally ill at all.

Thomas Szasz writes in his book Ideology and Insanity: "The expression "mental illness" is a metaphor that we have come to mistake for a fact. We call people mentally ill when their personal conduct violates certain ethical, political, and social norms. Finally, the myth of mental illness encourages us to believe that social intercourse would be harmonious were it not for the disrupting influences of mental illness." (p23)

EDITORIALS

I'd also like to quote R.D. Laing, whose research is particularly concerned with schizophrenia. In his book The

Politics of Experience he writes:

"There is no such 'condition' as 'schizophrenia', but the label is a social fact and the social fact is a political event." (p.100)

But what can we as mental patients or ex-mental patients do about it? It seems to me that human well-being can be achieved only if we are willing to confront frankly and courageously our ethical, personal and social conflicts. This means having the courage to face up to real problems and not to look for solutions for substitute problems - for example, fighting a headache with aspirin or a blue mood with alcohol instead of facing up to a conflict with a boyfriend, girlfriend, husband, wife, landlord, welfare, unemployment insurance, etc. In other words, we have to be honest with ourselves, stand up for our rights and take responsibility for our own life.

What I'm trying to say is that "mental illness" was born out of a metaphor. In the past, people who behaved differently than the average person were looked upon as if their mind were not working all right. Later, the "as if" was dropped, and people who did not conform to society's rules and regulations were diagnosed as being "mentally ill". They were incarcerated in mental hospitals - mainly against their will - doped up with tranquilizers and zonked out with ECT (electro-convulsive shock therapy).

This is where society is still at, for the thought of major "mental illness" - as our culture understands it - creates a huge unwarranted fear; fear of what an "irrational" person might do, although this irrationality may just express a revolt against this society and a scorn for its convention. Hospitalization usually results in - as most of us know - ostracization, incarceration and punishment, which, of course, increases rather than decreases any emotional problems.

What we have to realize is that so-called neurotic ills are nothing else but universal human unhappiness. Most unhappiness is created by our own self-deceit (we don't want to see what we really are) and also by the political system we live in. A lot of our unhappiness we could do away with by trusting each other at the MPA, talking openly about our troubles, stopping the manipulation of each other and by not getting at each other's throats because of individual differences (I'm thinking in particular of our female/male relationships).

Regarding societal problems I'd like to point out that even good old Sigmund Freud certainly was preoccupied with the repressed character of all civilized men. Freud's original goal was to help the poor and disadvantaged. If he were alive, he himself would be in the forefront of the critics of psychoanalysis today. As Herbert Marcuse expressed it in Eros and Civilization: "Behind all the differences among the historical forms of society Freud saw the basic inhumanity common to all of them, and the repressive controls which perpetuate, in the instinctual structure itself, the domination of man by man." (p. 257)

By conclusion I'd just like to say:

MENTAL PATIENTS OF ALL COUNTRIES--UNITE!!

-Ursula Honig

I DON'T LIKE IT THIS WAY

MPA may not be for everyone...but how did it happen that it is not a place for women? (Or, why is MPA male-dominated?) How does it happen that the majority of women stay at MPA only a short while? "Its too heavy", is the main reply, "too many sexual hassles" is the other. MPA functions on the ideals of a participatory democracy. However, if "democratic" means only "majority rule" and as women and their needs are a minority here, then it would seem that their oppression is democratically perpetuated. But democratic also means "equality of rights, opportunity, and treatment". Though it is true some males have to handle "come on's", it is also true that most women have to handle "come on's" not just occasionally, but continuously. Because of this imbalance of treatment, women are pressured from MPA. The argument that the female is free to reject the "come on" is chauvinistic and narrow. (Is a black free to reject his oppression?) A freaked or shakey woman has enough to handle. A confrontation may well be the "straw that broke the camel's back"--amply depicted by MPA's history.

Women have been intimidated in this society; they have been trained to think of themselves as inferior, as second-class citizens. They have been trained to be compromising and submissive, to automatically place themselves and their thoughts second in importance to those of men. They have been trained not to fight--so they leave, the only peaceful answer. Their liberation cannot come about solely through the percentage of "angry" women who are willing to fight for their place. It has to come about through their own awareness, and the awareness of men. If we want more women here at MPA, then we have to do something about it. The new and token awareness is not enough--time and energy have to be spent undoing old patterns. MPA is attractive because it can offer an alternate to society, an alternate living style. Should women not be included in this?

Open communication is encouraged here, it would be good if this open communication could expand to explore female conflict. We could experiment to find the difference between "open and friendly" and a "sexual approach". Most of us are insecure as to the type of vibrations we emit. "I feel I am being friendly, but I am afraid he will think its a come-on."



"Is she being friendly, or does she expect me to make a play?" "How is he reading me?...How is she reading me?"

Groups can be part of the answer--groups where the main topic can be learning to communicate on a non-sexual level, groups where both sexes can understand each other's conflicts and fears on sexuality; groups where we can practice friendly and open approaches and gain confidence about how we come on.

Separate residences is another way--not ideal--more an acknowledgement of reality Like a band-aid, this separation should be temporary, it should provide a resting place and a learning place, a preparation for the mixed residences that most definitely should be happening.

But the fact remains, women are being oppressed at MPA--do we want to do anything about it?

- Barb Bussigel

letters

June 22/72

Dear Co-ordinator:

Would you please print this in the next Newsletter as I would like this to be discussed at one of your meetings.

Could the Mental Patients Association be changed to Mental Pressure Association, thereby retaining the initials M.P.A. but speeding the elimination of the myth of mental illness which has caused so many people to have so much cruelty inflicted on them. At the same time, the new terminology would include any person in the community who is undergoing mental pressure and requires a healing center where his hand is held as he goes forward in life.

I also believe that the MPA could have a slogan such as PEOPLE DON'T OWN PEOPLE as a basis on which to work from within as well as from without.

And finally, how about bringing together all the talented MPA members and giving some free public concerts as a means of introducing the MPA to the public so that not only can you dispel many of the misconceptions regarding this 'strange bird' they have been ducking, but also to relieve their own minds of any mental stress that they themselves are undergoing.

Good luck MPA. This is the time, at long last!

Alice A. Stark

OPEN LETTER TO A FRIEND

Dear M----,

The more things change, the more they are the same. I used to think only Christian excluded people for being unorthodox in thought. Now I think it's a common principle of groups everywhere. This thought reminds me of something Simone Weil said--I wonder if you know the passage?

There is a Catholic circle ready to give an eager welcome to whoever enters it. Well, I do not want to be adopted into a circle, to live among people who say "we" and to be part of an "us", to find I am "at home" in any human milieu whatever it may be.... This may seem to contradict what I wrote to you about my need to be merged into any human circle in which I moved. To be lost to view in it is not to form part of it, and my capacity to mix with all of them implies that I belong to none.

I feel the same doubts that Simone Weil does about entering into groups. There was a time, as you know, when I hung around the fringes of various Christian circles, always expecting something decisive to happen which would draw me inside. But the more I looked at these groups, the less satisfied I was. They seemed to be founded on a principle of exclusiveness; only someone who said the right things, in the proper devotional language and

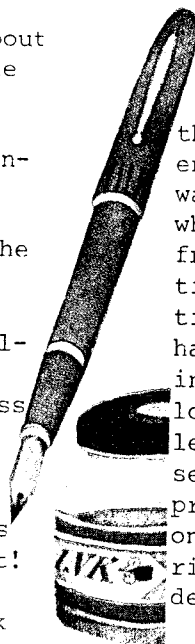
tone, could be a member of them. All others were seen as lost souls who were not to be taken seriously or dealt with except as potential converts. As I never mastered even the vocabulary of these people, much less understood or accepted their assumptions, I continued to be an uncomfortable hanger-on. I wanted friendship on equal terms--and that was the last thing I was likely to get. I have heard someone say that Christians are told, by Christ, to behave in an entirely different manner toward non-Christians than they do to each other; to extend fellowship to the elect, and, I imagine, condescending charity mixed with missionary zeal toward everyone else.

Well, I don't think this will do. Such an attitude gives Christians a chance to become ingrown, to communicate only with each other, so that they become more and more assured of the rightness of what they believe, and less and less self-critical. There is nobody to raise doubts and ask awkward questions. It becomes too easy to assume that the Christian worldview is the only one.

But it is not only Christians, or even explicitly religious groups of any sort, that adopt such attitudes. Academics--many of them, at least--manage to live in a world in which it is permissible and natural to judge only by academic standards. It becomes "all right" to evaluate a man only by what he

-Continued on p. 17

**The
errors
of
our
ways**



PEOPLE'S PSYCHIATRY SHEET 1

by Michael Glenn

from THE RADICAL THERAPIST

I. HANDLING PSYCHIATRIC EMERGENCIES

You and your friends can handle many psychiatric emergencies. The crucial elements are trying instead of drawing back, and trusting your own intuition. This sheet is meant as a simple guide, saying no more than common sense, but legitimizing people's efforts to help their sisters and brothers in trouble. Experience is, of course the best teacher of all.

1. The first thing to do is LISTEN. Don't be in a hurry to give advice. LISTEN first; try to understand what's happening, what the person is feeling. Get into the person's FRAME OF REFERENCE.

Look for a "handle" to their situation. Try to figure out what's oppressing them, what's making them feel the way they feel. Once you've done that, you can start looking for options, for a way out of the dilemma.

2. You need to be CALM. If you can't be calm, find someone else who can be. As you listen, try to be accepting; don't start laying your trip on them. If they feel something, they have a reason for feeling it; respect their integrity. If you're calm and listening, you can start responding to them, which will help clarify the situation.

3. Understand how people's SELF-ESTEEM can be shot to pieces by crassness, inappropriate humor, or a casual air. Most people in emotional distress are feeling empty and helpless. Try not to make them feel worse about themselves. Look for the genuine assets in them, and in their situation. Try to restore their self-confidence.

4. Follow your hunches and your feelings: they're almost always right. Get in touch with what you feel, then think about it. If you feel sad, chances are the other person feels sad. If you feel scared, chances are the other person is scared too. If you feel angry, chances are the other person is angry too, or manipulating you. If you feel confused, chances are the other person feels confused too. Go ahead and say things like "I'm really confused

by what you say," or "You must really feel horrible about all that." Use feelings, not ideas, as your main guide.

5. Don't be ashamed of being ignorant or feeling helpless. The other person probably feels the same way. Therapy is a human act, not some mysterious mumbo-jumbo: ask questions if you're ignorant; admit it if you feel helpless. Don't pretend to know what you don't. (That's mystifying the other person.)

6. Let the other person tell you in their own way what's wrong. Don't make them follow your rules. Don't get them to "act out their feelings" or do things you learned in some groovy encounter group. This isn't fun and games: if you're trying to help a sister or brother through a trying time, you'd better accept the responsibility that goes with that.

7. People become disturbed in different ways. Some are horribly depressed; some in a state of panic; some violent; some confused and irrational; some incomprehensible. Almost everyone in an emotional crisis is terrified of LOSING CONTROL. They want to feel some kind of support, some kind of protection. Try to give them that.

Try to talk in as quiet a place as possible; if you can see them again, let them know that, and do it. If you can help them deal with their problem without losing control (and humiliating themselves), you are doing good work. (At some future time they may want to relax their control: but they'll do it some place that is protective.)

8. In the same line of thought, if you feel they are out of control, or that they are too much for you to deal with, don't pretend what you can't do. Decide on bringing someone with more experience to see them, or think about a hospital.

Many people are horrified of mental hospitals. You and your friends should know which hospitals in your area are good and which are atrocious; which shrinks are sympathetic and which are absolute pigs.

If a friend is too disturbed to handle, get them to someone who can help them calm down or to a hospital. It's foolish to take chances with people's lives, especially if they are dangerous to themselves or others.

Don't get hung up on the rhetoric of we-should-all-be-able-to-take-care-of-one

-another. Sometimes we simply can't. Then it's good to know what your options are.

9. Tell people what you're doing. Don't mystify them. Don't make phone calls behind their backs, or agree with them when you're planning something else. No matter how flipped out someone is, there's always a part of them that's aware of reality: speak to that part, and they'll respond.

10. If you start feeling bored, try to focus in on the problem. That's where you should be anyway. What's going on? How can you help? How can they help themselves? Do they need a hospital? a shrink? medication? (although medicines are grossly abused, sometimes they're useful; especially if they can keep a sister or brother out of the hospital). What is the real problem, and what are their options?

11. A word about DEPRESSIONS. . . Life in this oppressive society is filled with insults, painful experiences and real losses. Not only is our SELF-ESTEEM smashed time and again. We also have to endure separations from people close to us - friends who leave, who die, who are killed, who go to jail, etc. There's a natural healing-overafter such a loss, but it takes time.

Don't expect people not to feel these human feelings. Help them integrate their experience and feelings into themselves.



Often, DEpression is a cover for OPpression. If there's no "real" loss going on, look for the oppression that's making the other person feel like shit. Help them understand that it's not "in

People's Psych.
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their heads" but in the real world that such oppression exists.

Help them get in touch with others who share their oppression. Agree with them that they're not bad or crazy. Help them get angry if they deserve to get angry.

12. A word about PARANOIA... Paranoia, as radical therapist Claude Steiner has said, is a state of "heightened awareness." Paranoid feelings are almost always justified, at least in part. Don't argue with them; try to see where they're true and what that means for the person.

This society makes all of us suspicious, mistrustful, manipulated: "paranoid". Help the paranoid person recognize the truth of their paranoia, and then help them to stop being immobilized or destroyed by their awareness.

13. A word about VIOLENT people. . . Violent people are often very frightened, and can be calmed down if you protect them and treat them as people, not monsters. Sometimes, though, people are just out of touch. Don't try to be a hero and endanger yourself and others. Do what you can without being foolhardy. Talk straight to someone who's violent; be reasonable, not threatening.

14. We all need to share experience in handling common psychiatric problems. You and your friends can build a list of halfway houses, decent hospitals, and other therapy resources. If you deal with these problems yourself, you can encourage others to do the same.

15. It's important to remember that the roles of therapist and patient are interchangeable. You may be helping someone today, and being helped tomorrow. That's the way it should be. Our common task is developing our skills, so we can help and strengthen one another and the movement for social change

HERE!HERE!....ON WELFARE??

10 new VOP positions are open at MPA now. See Kathy Carney.

code name: beehive

THE SCENE: Super-Planner's vast office atop the slim white tower. One full wall consists of cobweb laden pigeon-holes from which peep reports, studies, surveys, etc. The adjacent wall is partially covered with pigeon-holes, dusty but not yet webbed. Another wall is made of glass and overlooks the city but, because of the set-back, the ground cannot be seen. One can see the upper portions of buildings, the sea and the mountains. And, of course, the sky. The floor is laid with non-static wall-to-wall carpeting. The lighting casts a soft glow. Super-Planner's super desk, with its unitized chair, is highly polished and clear of papers, a sign of high efficiency. A telephone stand contains a well-used white touch-button video telephone and a yet-to-be-used red video telephone. The rest of the furniture is spare and utilitarian except for enveloping security chairs. Super-Planner, alone, is nestling in his chair, palms together with fingertips grazing his upturned chin. His gaze is fixed beyond this world. A subdued gong sounds and the lighting flickers. There are times when Super-Planner requires a secondary sensory signal to bring him back from out there.

SUPER-PLANNER: Come in. (*Junior-Planner enters, whereupon Super-Planner gives him his full attention as he does to all his callers.*) Good morning, my boy. You are looking bright-eyed and bushy-tailed today.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Good morning, sir. (*Pauses.*)

SUPER-PLANNER: What is it?

JUNIOR-PLANNER: I've come to rap about the project assigned to me.

SUPER-PLANNER: Rap? (*Appearing puzzled and then comprehending.*) Oh, yes. Have a chair. Which one were you allotted? I have so many works on my plate it is becoming difficult to keep them sorted out.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: The slope on the south side of False Creek, sir.

SUPER-PLANNER: Perhaps you had better fill me in, son.

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bee hive from page 8

JUNIOR-PLANNER: There is a proposal to rezone the sixteen blocks bounded by Ash Street, Eighth Avenue, Hemlock Street and Sixth Avenue. This will then become a high-rise area. At present these blocks are occupied, in the main, by large, older type, single family dwellings. The owners have converted these to low rental units. Unfortunately, before the rezoning public hearing notice was published, word leaked out and the press began publishing sob stories about the loss of housing for in excess of one thousand low income citizens.

SUPER-PLANNER: God, how can we improve the city when we keep running into interference? Please excuse the outburst, my boy. Do go on.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: My idea will produce housing for thousands of low income people and still permit high-rise development. *(Pause. Super-planner raises his eyebrows.)* Taking one north-south double block at a time, we would excavate between Sixth and Eighth Avenues at the Sixth Avenue level. In each excavation we would build a four storey concrete structure measuring seven hundred feet on each side. *(Pause)* We would probably have to make an allowance for the Eighth Avenue sewer, though.

SUPER-PLANNER: I suggest that, in your report, you refer to this - er - pipe as the "east-west interceptor".

JUNIOR-PLANNER: *(Nods.)* Each structure, after providing for hallways, stairwells, utility and recreation areas, would be made up of twelve by twelve by eight foot high cubicles, all of which would have connecting doors. Four cubicles in a square would constitute a basic unit. That is, living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. A basic unit, and, ideally, there would be twenty-eight hundred per structure, would house a single person or a couple. A cubicle would be added for each two children in a family.

SUPER-PLANNER: So far, so good.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: To make all cubicles interchangeable, each would have connections for a modular kitchen and a modular bathroom.

SUPER-PLANNER: Excellent, my boy.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Since there would be no windows, the north wall of each cubicle would have connections for a picture window size colour television monitor. This would be fed by a camera mounted on the top of a thirty storey high-rise. It would either pan the view to the north at a narrow angle or remain stationary at a wide angle. Because this service would be at public expense, only one monitor would be permitted for each family.

SUPER-PLANNER: This is only fair economics-wise.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: One final point, sir. In anticipation of the development of the south shore of False Creek as parkland, we could build a people-spiller under Sixth Avenue which would empty onto the flats.

SUPER-PLANNER: A people-spiller? Oh, don't bother to explain the term now. That parkland may be years away.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Well, sir, that about covers Phase One. Phase Two would be a three storey parking facility on top of the first structure and Phase Three would be construction of the thirty storey high-rises above that.

SUPER-PLANNER: Have you calculated how many people would be accommodated upon the completion of Phase One?

JUNIOR-PLANNER: The eight structures would house in excess of forty thousand of the disadvantaged.

SUPER-PLANNER: What is the code name for Phase One?

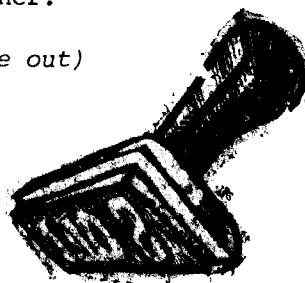
JUNIOR-PLANNER: We had thought of calling it "Rabbit Warren".

SUPER-PLANNER: *(Agitatedly.)* Good heavens, my boy, you mustn't use that. The term suggests irresponsibility, sloth, promiscuity and moral turpitude. *(Pausing to give the matter thought.)* I have it! Call it "Beehive". That connotes thrift and industriousness. Fine qualities. *(Pause)* Carry on with your good work, son. One day you may be Super-Planner.

(Fade out)

THE END

-Gerry Walker



t h r e e

DROP-IN CENTRE REPORT

The Drop-In Centre has been busy lately, with the moving of the West End Residence to 1982 West 6th, with the help of K.I.N.D.

The basement of the Drop-In Centre is being renovated to accommodate an expanded Arts and Crafts program which will include macrame, leather work, candle making, sewing and knitting, tie-dying, batik, painting and sketching -- and anything you can think of yourselves. If you want more information, or have some ideas, get in touch with Koko.

We are also planning to put a ping-pong and/or pool table in the basement. If you know where we can get one, either donated or to buy cheaply, please let us know.

One of the other activities scheduled is a photography workshop with Tom Linnm, which will explore different photographic techniques. This activity will make use of an OFY project that provides a studio free, charging only for photographic paper used. If you are interested-contact Tom.

Another group that is helping us is the Mobile Workshop, a LIP project. They take people on field trips to see and do many interesting projects. Most recently they took us to Wreck Beach where sand candles were made. If you are interested, come to the Drop -In Centre on Thursdays at 12:00 noon.

We have obtained passes from U.B.C. Empire Pool for the use of MPA members throughout the week at various times. Cost to the individual is 25¢ a time. Please check with (Glen) Underwood for the schedules and further information. (738-5177)

-Tony Diakos

EAST END REPORT

*East is East and West is West --
Maybe the Twain Should Meet.*

In December it was decided at one of those incredible talkathons we call general meetings, that an east end MPA should be organized. With the aid of a good deal of LIP (grants that is) it came to pass. By February things were under way. With the help of Alice Stark, who donated living

room furniture and drapes and the Angelus Hotel, we got our happy home together. Tina was our first house mother. John, Cliff and Ray started things. Carla and Josey joined the group. Then Red came along to keep things hopping for awhile. Tina abandoned us for marriage, Rick, Stuart and Rolly joined us.

Landlord problems drove us from our first house and we moved in April to 369 East 21st. Mike and his pals were not the world's best housekeepers! After two days scrubbing, painting and tripping to the garbage dump we had things all set up again.

Around this time our halo began to get a bit tight! We were held up as a shining example to all of MPA. Granted, our house managed to get clean, our shopping was done, meals got cooked, even the

-continued on p. 13



Making sand candles at Wreck Beach.

I wish I cd write a poem
beginning w/those two lines

Standing at the corner of 12th & Guelph
Out of my mind with desire

I felt then all kinds of things,
the desire, pain, joy, to be feeling
anything that clear (is this the poem?)
the transparency of praxis, the sweat,
I wanted to love

(your image coming
at me, straight at me, goony--
and then Brian did something, it
was like a sleight of hand, a
card trick (stop. This is not about Brian.
This is about you. I wanted to love
you then (stop) to (stop) we were newspaper
boys, as we had all been. That was
what it was like then, after the (stop)
our routes, to throw ourselves down on
the grass (I saw you beyond my ideal,
you were not beautiful, you were goony,
I loved you, I wanted to roll around
with (stop) in your arms & smell yr
sweat, unshaven face, all your many,
loose, loose-jointed, head tilted,
upward, back, speedster. I was so
happy to feel that, sweating myself,
in the muggy, dull (stop) there
was no sun, I'm not looking for
perfection. I want that relation
(is this the poem?)

that I never got enough of on
the paper routes, I know
it will be this way when we are in
the trenches (women would laugh, my WWII
image, we can't even imagine, I see
myself passing you the gun, we kiss
under a hail of
bullets? stars? The revolution
will have to make room for us,
the revolution in our own bodies
will have to (We were doing a route
for the GRAPE, to open up distribution.

- George Stanley

UNIVERSAL COMEDY

light years away,
The struggle of EARTH,
Is looked on as;
A ridiculous comedy.
The inter-galactic,
Beings laugh.
Millions of years
Have passed since
Mutual goal was gained
Yet on earth,
Humans are too
Busy finding fault;
Dissent grows as
New groups are formed
To realise the old ones.
Integrationists, Liberationists,
radicals, socialists, communists,
fascists,
Gays, straights, hippies,
Bikers, etc,...Everything
but people together!!

- D. D. Rempel

Comfort

I want to go to the beach
when everybody sleeps.
I want to see the wild ocean
and the holy night.

And yet the old woe embraces me again.

On the water a boat dances.
It lures me out into the storming sea,
away, away for ever from hate and distress
into the sea, into the night,
into happiness, into death.
I untie the rope,
and freedom laughs behind the mist.
And I sail with joy into the night
to flee from dolor into death and peace.

Once only I look back.
A friend's hand
beckons me.

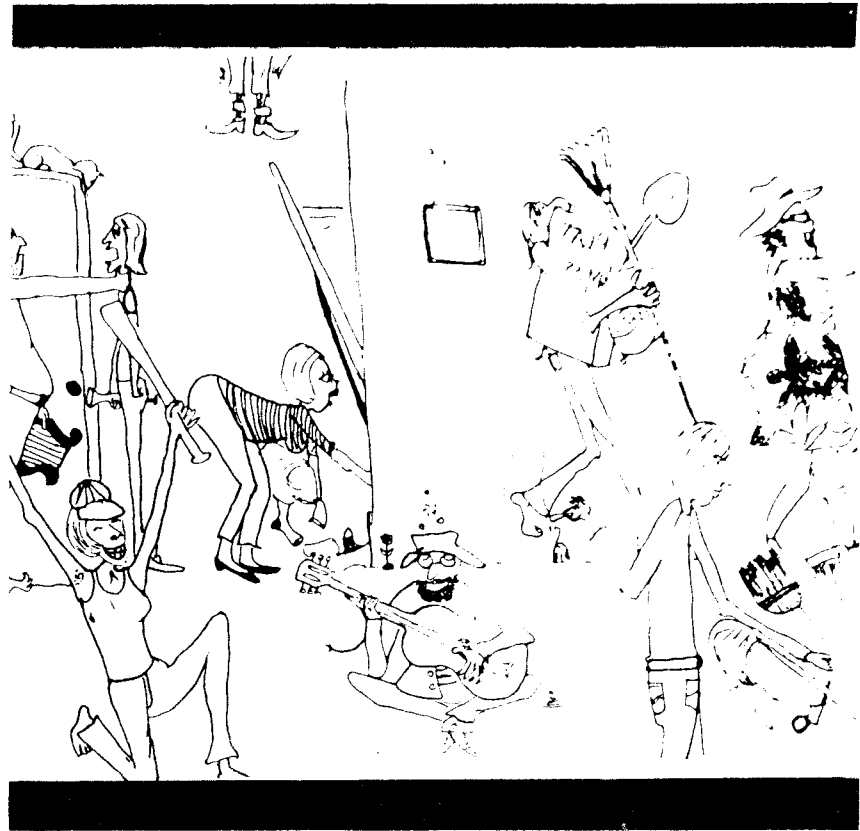
And as I see this
I forget all hatred and misery.
The old woe embraces me again,
but I turn my boat
back to the land,
and kiss my true friend's hand.

- Ursula Hoold

r e p o r t s

washing got washed. We just didn't spread it around when things didn't work so well. There was a day when we sorted out sixteen loads of wash that was stacked in a cupboard. The garbage used to block the back door sometimes and the Dishes! No one ever wants to do the dishes. We tried schedules for cooking and cleaning. We threw them out. Mainly we depend on our three house meetings a week to sort ourselves out. The real value of these meetings is to give everyone a chance to air grievances, to be good and sweet and kind or just plain bitchy, as the case may be.

In the meantime our members changed. Ray decided on the marriage route. Bob came from the Maples and has been boxing his way through most of us, even our visitors yet. We refuse to publish his win-loss record. Our rules about violence might tend to incriminate him. Harry and Vince passed through. The two Franks came but we couldn't have two people with the same name so we promoted one to coordinator. We have problems keeping our women for any length of time. Wendy, Mary and Joan were with us for very short stays. Joyce and Marci visit for weekends and time out from Crease - if they've been good. Denise has had more stamina than most - but maybe Rick had something to do with that! Clyde moved in for awhile but once he got everything organized he decided to try things on his own. George



has added his sunshine personality to the group. Gary is educating us to more healthy ways of eating, but he's having a tough time breaking us in.

We have given up the one month short stay idea and people can stay as long as they need. When problems arise with people in the house, the house members decide how to handle things. We have asked some people to leave. This has been done in case of violence and refusal to be considerate of the group as a whole. We get into hot water every now and again and we're pretty thankful for the West End response to our yells for help last month when things got a bit heavier than usual.

-cartoon by Hilary Phillips

After a couple of months planning we took over paying our way at the East end, starting in June. Since Koko joined we are sporting new tie-dye curtains in the kitchen, Denise made a dress, Bob made candles and got frustrated doing macrame. George is still waiting for a taste of Koko's buns. Everyone else ate them. The four-foot square garden has expanded to twenty-five feet and might even get planted this month. We're aiming for a fall vegetable crop. How about East meet West at a Harvest Supper?

-Fran Phillip

... f r o m



FARM REPORT

I thought you would be interested in what is happening with the farm. We have at present a small but very fine garden. I brought in some radishes and a big bag of lettuce. A garden is a gold mine. Even with a small one you can feed a family of five all winter if the harvest is canned or frozen. To this end, Marilyn has offered to teach people to can, make jam and freeze vegetables.

NEW FARM

There is a new farm under consideration. Central Mortgage and Housing is going to look it over and we should know soon whether or not it is acceptable. If not, I'll find a place to rent.

The new farm looks fantastic with ten acres and a good year round creek in back. There's an 8 stall barn, a 4 bedroom house, a small greenhouse, a chicken coop and a garage. There are also 3 gardens - all planted. One contains corn, enough to keep MPA going for quite awhile.

The people living there now have been selling some of their vegetables to pay taxes. The rest is put away and lasts all winter. With our peoplepower and initiative, MPA's food bill could be cut in half. We could cut egg bills to 20¢ a dozen for good, fresh eggs. Raising calves for veal and pigs for pork are two other real possibilities.

The new farm will not be as isolated at the present one. I feel it is a

good thing to belong to the community to avoid becoming alienated as a farm and institutionalized as people. We would also waste less time travelling around.

PURPOSE OF THE FARM

The farm used to be a 'rest home'. This is no longer so. The purpose of the farm now is:

- a) To provide an environment away from the excessive hassles of the city, To make room for people to grow together out of chaos and into a more meaningful existence,
- b) To provide Gestalt therapy as a path to becoming more alive and open to others,
- c) To give people an opportunity to help things grow by living with animals and nature (to enable them to see that we share the world - we don't own it), and
- d) To provide produce and meat to MPA houses at a more realistic cost and screw the big S's - Safeway and Super-Valu.

PROGRAM PARTICULARS

I will continue to coordinate the program which will be a good balance of work and play. The Haney area has great recreational facilities. There are 30 miles of hiking trails close by, good fishing and camping, and 5 lakes I know of for swimming.

The (proposed) house holds 10 people at most. Each will pay \$65 / month

-continued on p. 15

people

rent and food. The rent will be used as mortgage payments. The initial period at the farm will be a 3 month program at the end of which people will be expected to try and find employment while remaining part of the farm community. Presently there is room for 4 people interested in the program.

All people who come to the farm will be expected to commit themselves for the 3 months because its not going to work if people are constantly coming and going. Those who are interested may come out for two days after which they will decide whether they want this and we will decide if we want them to stay.

If Tony is elected, he will be cooking and helping people out with his years of living experience. He is a fine cook and has more than enough knowledge for the job. He is dependable which is necessary. No cook, no meals. He has proven his dependability time and time again and has been cooking for some time now. Ed, who is new, has been brought up on a farm, likes it and will be a great help to me.

If you are interested, come on and try it out. If there are no people there is no farm community. PHONE & YOU CAN BE PICKED UP AT THE CLEARBROOK BUS STOP. ASK FOR MICHAEL.

-Michael Musclow

P.S.

I would like to thank Lloyd for all his efforts while he has been at the farm. He has put a lot of himself into the place - more than we all know. Anything new grows like a child, from crawling to standing up and falling down until it stands on its own two feet. Lloyd has so far made the existing place a reality and its a good foundation to work from.

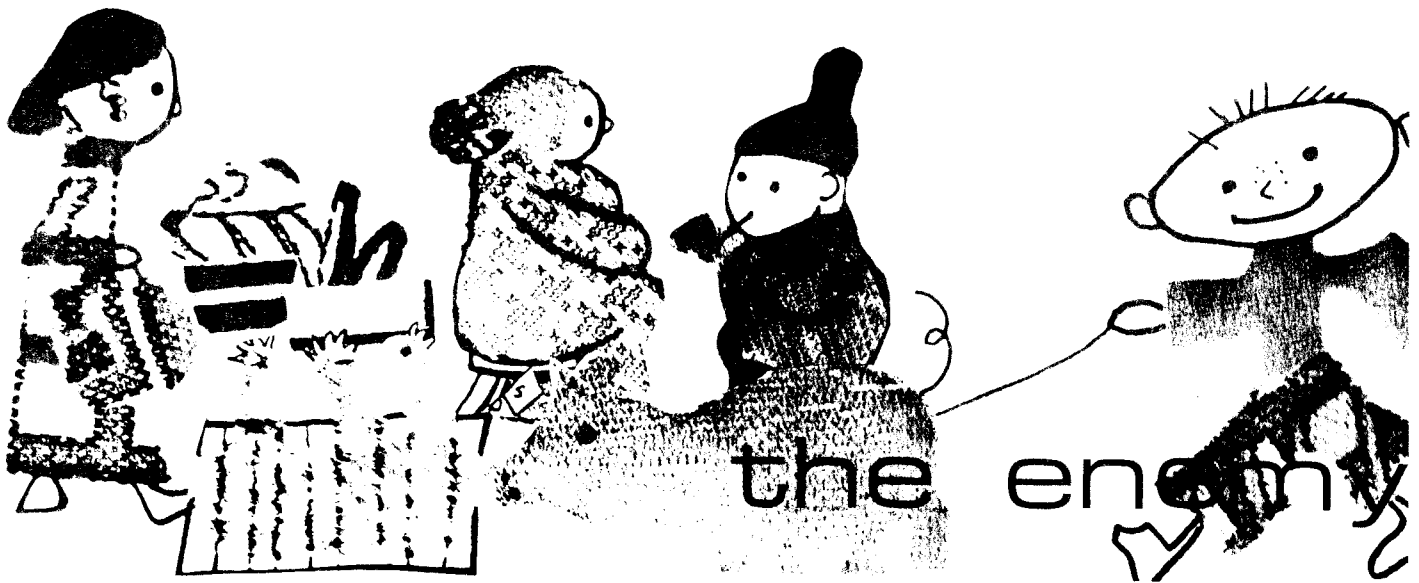
Farm is at:
4444 Glenmore Road,
Matsqui, B.C.
Phone - 853-0161

t h a n k s

Many thanks to the Vancouver Community press for supplies and to Barb Coward and Brian Loomes for their labour on the press and camera.



Salath



She reached the door and opened it and she was safe. She put the bag of groceries on the table and straightened up and took a deep breath. Now it was over and she wouldn't have to go out again until tomorrow. Slowly she took off her coat and put on the kettle. She sat down with her pencil and pad trying to work out her grocery list for tomorrow. It would have to have 5 items to stand for the 5 words in "I love you very much". She struggled with it but it wouldn't seem to come out right. She turned off the kettle and continued. Suddenly it all fell into place -

Lettuce
Oranges
V8 juice
Eggs
Radishes

She put it away satisfied and lay down on the bed. It had been a terrible walk. She took it every day and each time it became worse. It was only 4 blocks but it seemed like 20 miles.

She had started out today almost in a frenzy of fright. She had shaken like a leaf while she dressed. At ten o'clock exactly she walked out into the street as she did every day. If she didn't do it, she would have no food and she would not survive.

This morning she had held her purse in that special way she had decided was the least dangerous. Calming herself she had walked out into the open with the sun glittering on the snow. In just that certain way she had decided was the least dangerous, she carried herself. She walked with

her head down to show her very great humility. Although she couldn't see them, she knew there were observers at the windows of the tall apartment houses that lined the street. She felt like running but with great control and courage, she kept her step steady and regular.

There were people she met who turned their races from her. She knew where they came from and she felt fear and contempt. There were others who looked deeply into her eyes and gave her strength. Her friends had sent them.

Nearing the store, she suddenly slipped and fell. A man grabbed her under the arms and helped her up. Glaring at her, he said something but deafened by fright she couldn't hear him.

Finally reaching the store, she gathered the groceries in the order of her shopping list and took them to the same cashier she always used. This was her contact. This was where she left her messages. Her messages were about how she was getting along. She might say, "I got a green light this morning" or "Watch the garbage". Today she said, "Bad morning."

Coming out of the store she saw the man who had helped her up. She knew he would follow her home. She held her walk to her usual steady gait but terror gripped her heart. He was right behind her all the way. She didn't turn and look but she could feel his eyes on her back.

She reached the door and opened it and she was safe.

letters cont.

-from p. 6

has published, never by what sort of person he is (with the result that some incredibly nasty people reach high positions where they have plenty of scope to do damage) and equally "all right" to hold a student in utter contempt because he uses misplaced modifiers or can't understand "The Waste Land".

I've told you about the group I'm involved with, the Mental Patients Association. It is certainly less exclusive than any other group I've known. There is a real, determined effort there, to make strangers welcome and to judge people only on grounds of what they are, not what they think. Most of us have a strong feeling of being misfits ourselves, and that makes us reluctant to exclude other people, for fear the same thing will be done to us.

But even here "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others". It's "in" to be involved in radical politics, "out" to be conservative in whatever degree and for whatever reason. Along with the political emphasis goes an enthusiasm for communal houses, encounter groups, Women's Liberation--anything that represents the New Culture. And the advocates of all these things are ready to missionize for them at the drop of a hat.

I don't want to get sidetracked into a discussion of the value of Maoism or communes--even if I had the knowledge to deal with either. What bothers me about their advocates is that they are my exclusive Christians all over

again. I can't say that they hold the rest of us in contempt as people, but they tend to brush off our questions and objections to their theories as showing only that we are not yet sufficiently enlightened or aware to accept what they say. Once again I find myself and others the object of missionary endeavour; do this, and ye shall be saved. And I don't like it. But I still much prefer the company of the "lost" to that of the missionaries.

I've been wondering just what brings about this exclusive quality in groups devoted to a common end. (An example occurs to me here; a well-known team of encounter-group leaders in Vancouver carefully screened all applicants, so that those who ask awkward questions won't get in. Heretics are not wanted; the excuse given is that they would not benefit from our programme". And I can tell you, if you don't already know it, that the almost sacramental attitude adopted by many people taking part in encounter-group ritual can look terribly funny.) I suspect the biggest reason for establishing an orthodoxy and demanding that group members adhere to it, is that for most people it is far too challenging and painful to engage whole-heartedly in an endeavour, while being forced frequently to consider that they may be wrong. It is so much easier to surround oneself with people who think in the "accepted" way; one can then avoid having his assumptions challenged, and being forced to take his opponents into serious account.

I think it was questions like these that made Simone Weil decide not to be accepted into any group. She speaks elsewhere of wanting to move among people of all types, sharing their outlook as much as possible: "...so as to love them just as they are. For if I do not love them as they are, it will not be they whom I love, and my love will be unreal." Well, that's how I feel too. I am afraid of assuming any religious, political or social attitude that will prevent me from encountering other people on a level, on their terms as well as mine. An inner circle of the right-minded is a very comforting thing to have, if what one really wants is to be constantly assured that one's own beliefs are right. But I'm still wondering if it isn't possible to have a group with a common purpose that is capable of questioning not only its own methods, but its aims and assumptions as well. MPA comes closer to that ideal than any other group I've known. But not half close enough.

I'm telling all this to you partly because I remember you've written somewhere that no two people ever can, or should, fully agree. That, I think, is what I'm really getting at. I want to be able to respect other peoples' individual opinions as much as I do their individual personalities.

When are you coming out here again? I want you to come and see MPA properly for yourself, and see what you think of it. And, of course, above all, I want to see you.

Yours, with respect and affection,

Cathy

Quotations taken from Simone Weil's Waiting on God.

Lanny Beckman took a holiday

Perhaps it was sneaky of me, but I hired a private detective to report on Mr. Beckman's activities. The following is the report sent back by Acme Detective Agency.

Mr. Beckman left Vancouver on Flight 962 bound for Los Angeles. At the first stopover at the Seattle Tacoma airport, Mr. Beckman asked for and was granted permission to leave the plane during the fifteen minute refuelling. He said he wanted to make a phone call.

I followed him into the airport lounge and watched as he consumed six double bourbons and a pint of vodka - all within five minutes. He then took a large bottle of Chlorpromazine pills out of his pocket and with an elastic band borrowed from the bar, he proceeded to sling-shot the pills at passing passengers. A security guard escorted him out onto the tarmac. He then boarded the wrong plane and after a nine hour flight, landed in Acapulco, Mexico.

After landing, he was confronted by the Mexican custom officers who were all set to put him on the next flight back, but Mr. Beckman explained that he would beat them up if they tried. They allowed him to stay. I then followed him down to the beach where he dug a hole in the sand and promptly went to sleep.

The next morning after a shower and a shave at the local hotel washroom, Mr. Beckman wandered back to the beach and taking his shoes off, waded out into the ocean up to knee depth. In all fairness to Mr. Beckman, he meant no harm, but only wanted to enjoy the cooling water effect and the peace and serenity of the early morning Mexican scene.

It was then that fate intervened. As he turned to go back to his sandhole, he stepped on a sleeping lobster. The lobster was in a foul mood after searching the ocean floor all night looking for a female lobster. The battle was on.

All I could see was a thrashing of arms and legs, lobster claws and water spray. Then, all was quiet. I ran down to the scene as fast as I could, but too late. The lobster had won the battle and with one claw holding Mr. Beckman's shirt collar and the other claw doing the dog paddle, he was slowly but surely dragging Mr. Beckman out to sea.

It was a desperate situation and it called for desperate methods. Luckily, I had a pair of scissors handy so I swam out and cut the collar off Mr. Beckman's shirt. The last I saw of the lobster, it was heading for the South Sea Islands dragging the collar.

Mr. Beckman was unharmed and was grateful for the rescue. We became close friends and spent the next week touring Mexico together, visiting as many insane asylums as time would permit and enjoying the company of the Mexican inmates. We gave each person a Chlorpromazine tablet as a gesture of our friendship, and promised to return someday to live with them.

The return trip was uneventful except for the mid-air collision with another airliner and running out of fuel fifty miles from Vancouver. I sure hope Mr. Beckman enjoyed his holiday, as I know that I did.

-Sir Figby Snort
Acme Detective Agency



"Is Lanny at home?" asks Sir Figby Snort as he inspects Mr. Beckman's sandhole.

recipes



WONNA

- 4 c. rolled oats
- 1/2 c. coconut
- 1 c. wheat germ
- 1 c. chopped nuts
- 1 c. sunflower seeds

Brown above in oven
in a large, flat tin

- Mix:
- 1 c. honey
 - 1 c. oil
 - 1 tsp. vanilla

Pour this mixture over
the toasted grains.
Toast in 325° over for
one hour. In the last
10 mins. add raisins or
dates, etc.

TEMPURA BATTER

- 1 1/2 c. whole wheat flour
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 1 1/2 c. water or milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 to 2 tsp. baking powder

Whisk flour into bowl.
Add water and vinegar. Stir
thoroughly (texture should

be lumpy and soft, not
smooth).

Vegetables - carrots,
onions, potatoes, parsley
and spinach leaves - may
be fun to try.

Shrimp - peel the shrimp
except the tail, slit,
dust with salted flour,
then dip it into tempura
batter and fry.

Squid can be used.

GREEN PEA RICE

- 2/3 c. green peas
- 2 1/2 c. rice
- 2 3/4 c. water

Method 1

Wash green peas, and set
aside. Wash rice and
drain 1 to 2 hrs. before
cooking.

Into heavy pot put rice,
add the water with 1 tsp.
salt, 1 tbsp. oil, peas.
Mix well and cook as
usual.

Method 2 (brown rice)

Wash rice 2 hrs before
cooking. Put 5 1/2 cups
water and 1 1/2 tsp. salt.
Cook as usual. When rice
starts to boil, put in
washed peas and mix
lightly. Turn down flame
to medium for 5 mins, then
low for 8 to 10 mins, then
turn off flame.

FIG BARS

- 3 c. sand
- 4 tbsp. cement
- 1 c. water
- 2 c. crushed rock

Stir water into cement in
large mixing bowl, slowly
add sand and mix well.

Next, add crushed rock and
fold gently. Drop over
large spoon onto well-
greased cookie tin. Bake
at 350° one hour or until
hard.

Give cookies to child
at plus

ELECTION - FARM POSITION

There will be an election to fill the vacant farm position at the General Meeting, Wednesday, July 26th at 7:30 p.m. All written applications must be in the office (3191 W. 10th) no later than Tuesday, July 25th, 1972.

VOP

The next VOP meeting is on Sunday, July 30th at 7:30, at the Drop-In Center. We expect to see all of you there.

VOLUNTEERS

The next volunteer meeting is Tuesday, July 25th at 8:00 at the Drop-In Center. Please phone Kathy Carney at MPA - 738-5177 or at home - 738-0387 if you are unable to attend.

HOUSING

We are trying to buy Canada but so far only have an interim agreement on B.C. Actually, we have found a large old house which we're trying to buy but so far have not been able to pin the owner down to a reasonable price.

THURSDAY IS POLITICS NIGHT
at MPA

July 27, 8 p.m. - How Mental Patients Get Legally Screwed

It has been decided to hold get-togethers every Thurs. night at the drop-in center to discuss (ugh) politics. Over the weeks we'll be covering topics like: oppression of mental patients, sexual discrimination, racism, capitalism and socialism, Canadian nationalism, ecology etc. The first topic, on July 27th, will be "How Mental Patients

Get Legally Screwed! Come out and yell and scream. It'll be good for you.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following people ha mail at MPA - West 10th

Carson, Beryl
Cook, C.W.
Cleveland, Bob
Etherington, Rick
Evans, J. (3)
Faygel, Susan (2)
Fisher, Fred
Hagglund, Rolly
James, William
Lustig, Robert
Peterson, Jean (3)
Plane, Justin
Pollock, Tom (2)
Pybus, Sam (2)
Robertson, Ian (2)
Turnbull, J.

GENERAL MEETING

The next General meeting to be held Wednesday, July 26th at 7:30 p.m. in the Drop-In Centre. They occur regularly every Wednesday.

GRANTS

MPA received an operating grant of \$8,178 from the Kinsmen. We also received one of over \$5,000 from Youth Vista Society to be used to establish an MPA house for adolescents. Fortunately, however, we did not get the opportunities for Youth grant to establish a center in the east end for women.

CRAFTS

There is a crafts workshop happening every Thursday. People should meet at the Drop-in Center, 10th and Trutch at 1:00 p.m. Different activities such as sand candle making, clay casts, etc. take place. Seven more weeks remain this particular program. See Koko for more detail.

SING-SONG NIGHT

There will be a sing-song night on Sat., August 5th. Bring your voices and your instruments (friends, too).

LADIE'S COFFEE PARTY

Free. Wed., July 26. 7:1-3 p.m. St. James United Church, 10th & Trutch. Live music. Prizes

IN A NUTSHELL

MPA NEWSLETTER

no. 14 July '72



-cover by Glen Underwood

NEW HOUSE FOR MPA

After many, many months of hunting, of energy and concern from a lot of people --a West End Residence was at last found. The hunt has been frustrating; it was difficult to find a house that would meet the needs, both domestic and financial, of the residents --let alone find one in the Kits area. But success has come. And well deserved it is! One fine point is that this house is the result of the request in the Bob Hunter column. Don White, ("landlord") was the only person to respond to this request. At first the lack of response by other people was disappointing--but it appears that one response is enough if it's fruitful. The \$325.00 a month one-year lease should run smoothly. There are good feelings about Don as a "landlord".

For a short time before the lease was signed, it was feared that it might not come through. Without Don's knowledge seven new residents had moved in and Don was hesitant to put them out. The tenants were asked if they could find somewhere else to live within the next week. The people had not moved in as a group, so it was not too hard for them individually to find places. They were offered help and were told the basement room could be used in an emergency. When they left, they felt alright about it and understood our need.

The move began at 1:00 p.m. Friday, July 7th. Everything went smoothly... a combination of muscle power, people power, and caring. Ironically, the first night in the new res-



idence was very quiet---so quiet in fact, the residents had trouble sleeping and trucked over to the drop-in centre.

This house is a private residence. Financially its self-sustaining. Its a home. It's the residents' trip, and they are feeling this, too. It's comfortable and the atmosphere is relaxed. People are opening up. House meetings are happening. It's a home instead of a hurricane. The address is 1982 West Sixth.

It's a nice, tall house. Natural brown-colored paint covers the wooden shingles. The enclosed back yard is covered in tall grass. The neighbourhood is quiet (except for the Hydro trains which occasionally pass). The neighbours are nice--Tony's commune is just down the street. Kits Beach is a comfortable walk, and 4th Avenue shops and scenes are close by. A cozy balcony on the second floor overlooks Sixth Ave.

Wooden stairs lead to the full-length porch and front door. Left of the entrance foyer is the wood-

en stairway; straight ahead the hallway leads to the large, bright kitchen. Double-glass doors on the right open into the living room with its large bay windows. Directly through wide, sliding doors is the dining room, where the residents will sample each other's cuisine. Hidden inside one wall of the diningroom is a large fire place and inside the opposite wall is a large stained-glass window. Hopefully, these will be uncovered.

At the end of the dining room is a small counter with shelves dividing it from the L-shaped kitchen. The back door opens onto a sundeck.

The second floor has a separate bathroom and toilet, three bedrooms and a kitchenette. Two are at the back of the house and one is in front, connecting to the kitchenette and balcony. One bedroom has been freshly painted and set aside for potential women residents. At present, three beds are reserved for women--hoping to create some balance in the home. This is an obvious conscious attempt to welcome women.

On the top floor is a large back bedroom and a smaller front bedroom. All the windows are large and the bedrooms light and airy. The high-ceilinged basement has one bedroom as well.

The prejudice suffered by ex-mental patients in housing is strong--the need for a "home" is strong, too. And now its finally happened!

Untying the knots

No discussion of radical psychology would be complete without a treatment of Ronald David Laing, the Scottish psychiatrist whose experiments in therapy and treatment of schizophrenics have turned the established psychiatric world on its head.

Laing attacks convention and standardization where ever it appears thinking, correctly, that established practices are wrong and do nothing but harm. He has made the political underpinnings of his theories clear. Society is monolithic and based upon standardization and conformity. It cannot ultimately tolerate anything else.

Thus people who are labeled schizoid are those who have chosen different ways of dealing with an alienating environment. Society eliminates them through the standard mental institution.

These institutions, like all social entities in-mass society, deal with ways to dehumanize the individual and to rob them of creativity and autonomy. Thus schizophrenics are treated as diseased and the offending organ, the brain, is deadened through electroshock and drug therapy so the "patient" can join his or her glass-eyed counterpart on the streets of the metropolis.

Laing fights precisely this process and provides social reasons why.

The family, says Laing, is a complex set of reactions and interactions designed to confuse, deceive and enforce conformity on all its members. It is self-propelled (within the web of the larger society) and self-perpetuating. It is the basis of the socialization process, it sets up the categories of THEM and US by its inward-looking nature and kills any possibilities of de-institutionalized co-operative living in the bud.

The family is followed by other institutions whose economic and political purpose are the same.

More than any contemporary psychiatrist, Laing, by his work, has shown where standard



psychiatric theory is leading its practitioners, either to its acceptance or its rejection. Laing, needless to say, rejects it. His focal point is the experience of people in their environment be it society, the mental institute or the family.

In the intellectual tradition of existentialism, particularly of Jean-Paul Sartre he is preoccupied with giving new interpretation to common every day oppressive situations which have been taken for granted in the 20th century.

He is, in this sense, opposed to the dominant

Western rationalist tradition in which the ultimate rationality of the social system is explored and affirmed. From his researches into psychic disorders Laing concludes that our society is not entirely rational and its many irrational aspects should be accentuated to throw light on the plight of the individual in the 20th century.

The positive aspects of this line of thinking shows up in Laing's critique of the existing society; one which by its very nature drives people insane.

It does this in time-worn, subtle ways but if Laing is correct then there is not much difference between what we would consider sane or an insane person. The "insane" person is the one who ends up in a mental institution. The revolutionary implications of such a statement should be obvious. If we are driven insane in the belief that we are sane then the existing order's oppressiveness is formidable.

Furthermore, our experiences take on a new dimension and level of awareness.

The irrationality of our lives within the system becomes more obvious as we conform to a set of institutional rules without any purpose except the regulation of our behaviour along lines other than those we would choose were we free to do so.

So-called madness is simply one of the more extreme reactions to this process of dehumanization. Laing's therapy involves living through this created madness and reaching new levels of awareness about our own real situation in the world. We must realize that as madness is a survival mechanism it is also its own cure.

Put simply any cure for socially induced madness



involves recognizing the disorder of society itself and the accompanying recognition that people are having it done to them by their social roles which are expected, nay, coerced to fill.

-Dick Betts.

a knot

After R. D. Laing.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his
crown
and Jill fell down
and the meaning came
stumbling after.

-George

SOME THOUGHTS ON "MENTAL ILLNESS"

Very often at the MPA I hear people say that they are schizophrenic, psychotic, manic-depressive or what not. All these labels are classified by psychiatrists and the general public as "mental illness".

I feel that these labels are completely meaningless when it comes down to that one shrink categorizes you as a manic-depressive, another as a paranoid schizophrenic and still another as a psychopath. This was so in my case, and I must say, I don't feel mentally ill at all.

Thomas Szasz writes in his book Ideology and Insanity: "The expression "mental illness" is a metaphor that we have come to mistake for a fact. We call people mentally ill when their personal conduct violates certain ethical, political, and social norms. Finally, the myth of mental illness encourages us to believe that social intercourse would be harmonious were it not for the disrupting influences of mental illness." (p23)

EDITORIALS

I'd also like to quote R.D. Laing, whose research is particularly concerned with schizophrenia. In his book The

Politics of Experience he writes:

"There is no such 'condition' as 'schizophrenia', but the label is a social fact and the social fact is a political event." (p.100)

But what can we as mental patients or ex-mental patients do about it? It seems to me that human well-being can be achieved only if we are willing to confront frankly and courageously our ethical, personal and social conflicts. This means having the courage to face up to real problems and not to look for solutions for substitute problems - for example, fighting a headache with aspirin or a blue mood with alcohol instead of facing up to a conflict with a boyfriend, girlfriend, husband, wife, landlord, welfare, unemployment insurance, etc. In other words, we have to be honest with ourselves, stand up for our rights and take responsibility for our own life.

What I'm trying to say is that "mental illness" was born out of a metaphor. In the past, people who behaved differently than the average person were looked upon as if their mind were not working all right. Later, the "as if" was dropped, and people who did not conform to society's rules and regulations were diagnosed as being "mentally ill". They were incarcerated in mental hospitals - mainly against their will - doped up with tranquilizers and zonked out with ECT (electro-convulsive shock therapy).

This is where society is still at, for the thought of major "mental illness" - as our culture understands it - creates a huge unwarranted fear; fear of what an "irrational" person might do, although this irrationality may just express a revolt against this society and a scorn for its convention. Hospitalization usually results in - as most of us know - ostracization, incarceration and punishment, which, of course, increases rather than decreases any emotional problems.

What we have to realize is that so-called neurotic ills are nothing else but universal human unhappiness. Most unhappiness is created by our own self-deceit (we don't want to see what we really are) and also by the political system we live in. A lot of our unhappiness we could do away with by trusting each other at the MPA, talking openly about our troubles, stopping the manipulation of each other and by not getting at each other's throats because of individual differences (I'm thinking in particular of our female/male relationships).

Regarding societal problems I'd like to point out that even good old Sigmund Freud certainly was preoccupied with the repressed character of all civilized men. Freud's original goal was to help the poor and disadvantaged. If he were alive, he himself would be in the forefront of the critics of psychoanalysis today. As Herbert Marcuse expressed it in Eros and Civilization: "Behind all the differences among the historical forms of society Freud saw the basic inhumanity common to all of them, and the repressive controls which perpetuate, in the instinctual structure itself, the domination of man by man." (p. 257)

By conclusion I'd just like to say:

MENTAL PATIENTS OF ALL COUNTRIES--UNITE!!

-Ursula Honig

I DON'T LIKE IT THIS WAY

MPA may not be for everyone...but how did it happen that it is not a place for women? (Or, why is MPA male-dominated?) How does it happen that the majority of women stay at MPA only a short while? "Its too heavy", is the main reply, "too many sexual hassles" is the other. MPA functions on the ideals of a participatory democracy. However, if "democratic" means only "majority rule" and as women and their needs are a minority here, then it would seem that their oppression is democratically perpetuated. But democratic also means "equality of rights, opportunity, and treatment". Though it is true some males have to handle "come on's", it is also true that most women have to handle "come on's" not just occasionally, but continuously. Because of this imbalance of treatment, women are pressured from MPA. The argument that the female is free to reject the "come on" is chauvinistic and narrow. (Is a black free to reject his oppression?) A freaked or shakey woman has enough to handle. A confrontation may well be the "straw that broke the camel's back"--amply depicted by MPA's history.

Women have been intimidated in this society; they have been trained to think of themselves as inferior, as second-class citizens. They have been trained to be compromising and submissive, to automatically place themselves and their thoughts second in importance to those of men. They have been trained not to fight--so they leave, the only peaceful answer. Their liberation cannot come about solely through the percentage of "angry" women who are willing to fight for their place. It has to come about through their own awareness, and the awareness of men. If we want more women here at MPA, then we have to do something about it. The new and token awareness is not enough--time and energy have to be spent undoing old patterns. MPA is attractive because it can offer an alternate to society, an alternate living style. Should women not be included in this?

Open communication is encouraged here, it would be good if this open communication could expand to explore female conflict. We could experiment to find the difference between "open and friendly" and a "sexual approach". Most of us are insecure as to the type of vibrations we emit. "I feel I am being friendly, but I am afraid he will think its a come-on."



"Is she being friendly, or does she expect me to make a play?" "How is he reading me?...How is she reading me?"

Groups can be part of the answer--groups where the main topic can be learning to communicate on a non-sexual level, groups where both sexes can understand each other's conflicts and fears on sexuality; groups where we can practice friendly and open approaches and gain confidence about how we come on.

Separate residences is another way--not ideal--more an acknowledgement of reality Like a band-aid, this separation should be temporary, it should provide a resting place and a learning place, a preparation for the mixed residences that most definitely should be happening.

But the fact remains, women are being oppressed at MPA--do we want to do anything about it?

- Barb Bussigel

letters

June 22/72

Dear Co-ordinator:

Would you please print this in the next Newsletter as I would like this to be discussed at one of your meetings.

Could the Mental Patients Association be changed to Mental Pressure Association, thereby retaining the initials M.P.A. but speeding the elimination of the myth of mental illness which has caused so many people to have so much cruelty inflicted on them. At the same time, the new terminology would include any person in the community who is undergoing mental pressure and requires a healing center where his hand is held as he goes forward in life.

I also believe that the MPA could have a slogan such as PEOPLE DON'T OWN PEOPLE as a basis on which to work from within as well as from without.

And finally, how about bringing together all the talented MPA members and giving some free public concerts as a means of introducing the MPA to the public so that not only can you dispel many of the misconceptions regarding this 'strange bird' they have been ducking, but also to relieve their own minds of any mental stress that they themselves are undergoing.

Good luck MPA. This is the time, at long last!

Alice A. Stark

OPEN LETTER TO A FRIEND

Dear M----,

The more things change, the more they are the same. I used to think only Christian excluded people for being unorthodox in thought. Now I think it's a common principle of groups everywhere. This thought reminds me of something Simone Weil said--I wonder if you know the passage?

There is a Catholic circle ready to give an eager welcome to whoever enters it. Well, I do not want to be adopted into a circle, to live among people who say "we" and to be part of an "us", to find I am "at home" in any human milieu whatever it may be.... This may seem to contradict what I wrote to you about my need to be merged into any human circle in which I moved. To be lost to view in it is not to form part of it, and my capacity to mix with all of them implies that I belong to none.

I feel the same doubts that Simone Weil does about entering into groups. There was a time, as you know, when I hung around the fringes of various Christian circles, always expecting something decisive to happen which would draw me inside. But the more I looked at these groups, the less satisfied I was. They seemed to be founded on a principle of exclusiveness; only someone who said the right things, in the proper devotional language and

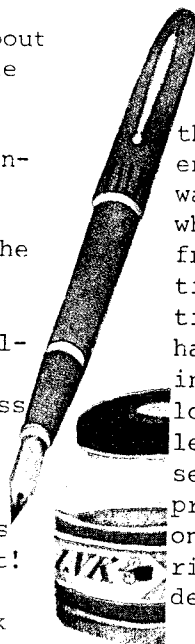
tone, could be a member of them. All others were seen as lost souls who were not to be taken seriously or dealt with except as potential converts. As I never mastered even the vocabulary of these people, much less understood or accepted their assumptions, I continued to be an uncomfortable hanger-on. I wanted friendship on equal terms--and that was the last thing I was likely to get. I have heard someone say that Christians are told, by Christ, to behave in an entirely different manner toward non-Christians than they do to each other; to extend fellowship to the elect, and, I imagine, condescending charity mixed with missionary zeal toward everyone else.

Well, I don't think this will do. Such an attitude gives Christians a chance to become ingrown, to communicate only with each other, so that they become more and more assured of the rightness of what they believe, and less and less self-critical. There is nobody to raise doubts and ask awkward questions. It becomes too easy to assume that the Christian worldview is the only one.

But it is not only Christians, or even explicitly religious groups of any sort, that adopt such attitudes. Academics--many of them, at least--manage to live in a world in which it is permissible and natural to judge only by academic standards. It becomes "all right" to evaluate a man only by what he

-Continued on p. 17

**The
errors
of
our
ways**



PEOPLE'S PSYCHIATRY SHEET 1

by Michael Glenn

from THE RADICAL THERAPIST

I HANDLING PSYCHIATRIC EMERGENCIES

You and your friends can handle many psychiatric emergencies. The crucial elements are trying instead of drawing back, and trusting your own intuition. This sheet is meant as a simple guide, saying no more than common sense, but legitimizing people's efforts to help their sisters and brothers in trouble. Experience is, of course the best teacher of all.

1. The first thing to do is LISTEN. Don't be in a hurry to give advice. LISTEN first; try to understand what's happening, what the person is feeling. Get into the person's FRAME OF REFERENCE.

Look for a "handle" to their situation. Try to figure out what's oppressing them, what's making them feel the way they feel. Once you've done that, you can start looking for options, for a way out of the dilemma.

2. You need to be CALM. If you can't be calm, find someone else who can be. As you listen, try to be accepting; don't start laying your trip on them. If they feel something, they have a reason for feeling it; respect their integrity. If you're calm and listening, you can start responding to them, which will help clarify the situation.

3. Understand how people's SELF-ESTEEM can be shot to pieces by crassness, inappropriate humor, or a casual air. Most people in emotional distress are feeling empty and helpless. Try not to make them feel worse about themselves. Look for the genuine assets in them, and in their situation. Try to restore their self-confidence.

4. Follow your hunches and your feelings: they're almost always right. Get in touch with what you feel, then think about it. If you feel sad, chances are the other person feels sad. If you feel scared, chances are the other person is scared too. If you feel angry, chances are the other person is angry too, or manipulating you. If you feel confused, chances are the other person feels confused too. Go ahead and say things like "I'm really confused

by what you say," or "You must really feel horrible about all that." Use feelings, not ideas, as your main guide.

5. Don't be ashamed of being ignorant or feeling helpless. The other person probably feels the same way. Therapy is a human act, not some mysterious mumbo-jumbo: ask questions if you're ignorant; admit it if you feel helpless. Don't pretend to know what you don't. (That's mystifying the other person.)

6. Let the other person tell you in their own way what's wrong. Don't make them follow your rules. Don't get them to "act out their feelings" or do things you learned in some groovy encounter group. This isn't fun and games: if you're trying to help a sister or brother through a trying time, you'd better accept the responsibility that goes with that.

7. People become disturbed in different ways. Some are horribly depressed; some in a state of panic; some violent; some confused and irrational; some incomprehensible. Almost everyone in an emotional crisis is terrified of LOSING CONTROL. They want to feel some kind of support, some kind of protection. Try to give them that.

Try to talk in as quiet a place as possible; if you can see them again, let them know that, and do it. If you can help them deal with their problem without losing control (and humiliating themselves), you are doing good work. (At some future time they may want to relax their control: but they'll do it some place that is protective.)

8. In the same line of thought, if you feel they are out of control, or that they are too much for you to deal with, don't pretend what you can't do. Decide on bringing someone with more experience to see them, or think about a hospital.

Many people are horrified of mental hospitals. You and your friends should know which hospitals in your area are good and which are atrocious; which shrinks are sympathetic and which are absolute pigs.

If a friend is too disturbed to handle, get them to someone who can help them calm down or to a hospital. It's foolish to take chances with people's lives, especially if they are dangerous to themselves or others.

Don't get hung up on the rhetoric of we-should-all-be-able-to-take-care-of-one

-another. Sometimes we simply can't. Then it's good to know what your options are.

9. Tell people what you're doing. Don't mystify them. Don't make phone calls behind their backs, or agree with them when you're planning something else. No matter how flipped out someone is, there's always a part of them that's aware of reality: speak to that part, and they'll respond.

10. If you start feeling bored, try to focus in on the problem. That's where you should be anyway. What's going on? How can you help? How can they help themselves? Do they need a hospital? a shrink? medication? (although medicines are grossly abused, sometimes they're useful; especially if they can keep a sister or brother out of the hospital). What is the real problem, and what are their options?

11. A word about DEPRESSIONS. . . Life in this oppressive society is filled with insults, painful experiences and real losses. Not only is our SELF-ESTEEM smashed time and again. We also have to endure separations from people close to us - friends who leave, who die, who are killed, who go to jail, etc. There's a natural healing-overafter such a loss, but it takes time.

Don't expect people not to feel these human feelings. Help them integrate their experience and feelings into themselves.



Often, DEpression is a cover for OPpression. If there's no "real" loss going on, look for the oppression that's making the other person feel like shit. Help them understand that it's not "in

People's Psych.
from page 7

their heads" but in the real world that such oppression exists.

Help them get in touch with others who share their oppression. Agree with them that they're not bad or crazy. Help them get angry if they deserve to get angry.

12. A word about PARANOIA... Paranoia, as radical therapist Claude Steiner has said, is a state of "heightened awareness." Paranoid feelings are almost always justified, at least in part. Don't argue with them; try to see where they're true and what that means for the person.

This society makes all of us suspicious, mistrustful, manipulated: "paranoid". Help the paranoid person recognize the truth of their paranoia, and then help them to stop being immobilized or destroyed by their awareness.

13. A word about VIOLENT people. . . Violent people are often very frightened, and can be calmed down if you protect them and treat them as people, not monsters. Sometimes, though, people are just out of touch. Don't try to be a hero and endanger yourself and others. Do what you can without being foolhardy. Talk straight to someone who's violent; be reasonable, not threatening.

14. We all need to share experience in handling common psychiatric problems. You and your friends can build a list of halfway houses, decent hospitals, and other therapy resources. If you deal with these problems yourself, you can encourage others to do the same.

15. It's important to remember that the roles of therapist and patient are interchangeable. You may be helping someone today, and being helped tomorrow. That's the way it should be. Our common task is developing our skills, so we can help and strengthen one another and the movement for social change

HERE!HERE!....ON WELFARE??

10 new VOP positions are open at MPA now. See Kathy Carney.

code name: beehive

THE SCENE: Super-Planner's vast office atop the slim white tower. One full wall consists of cobweb laden pigeon-holes from which peep reports, studies, surveys, etc. The adjacent wall is partially covered with pigeon-holes, dusty but not yet webbed. Another wall is made of glass and overlooks the city but, because of the set-back, the ground cannot be seen. One can see the upper portions of buildings, the sea and the mountains. And, of course, the sky. The floor is laid with non-static wall-to-wall carpeting. The lighting casts a soft glow. Super-Planner's super desk, with its unitized chair, is highly polished and clear of papers, a sign of high efficiency. A telephone stand contains a well-used white touch-button video telephone and a yet-to-be-used red video telephone. The rest of the furniture is spare and utilitarian except for enveloping security chairs. Super-Planner, alone, is nestling in his chair, palms together with fingertips grazing his upturned chin. His gaze is fixed beyond this world. A subdued gong sounds and the lighting flickers. There are times when Super-Planner requires a secondary sensory signal to bring him back from out there.

SUPER-PLANNER: Come in. (*Junior-Planner enters, whereupon Super-Planner gives him his full attention as he does to all his callers.*) Good morning, my boy. You are looking bright-eyed and bushy-tailed today.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Good morning, sir. (*Pauses.*)

SUPER-PLANNER: What is it?

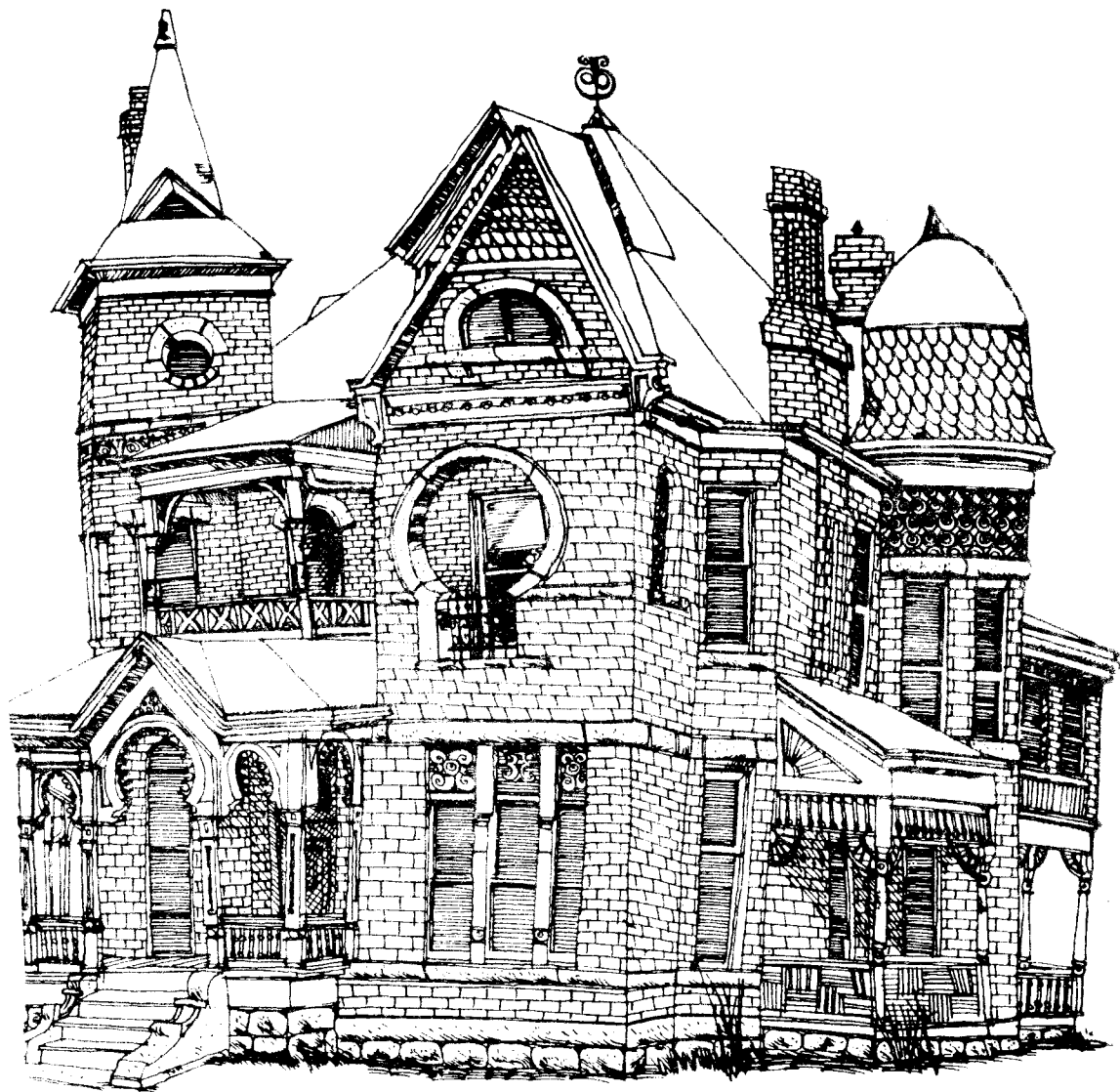
JUNIOR-PLANNER: I've come to rap about the project assigned to me.

SUPER-PLANNER: Rap? (*Appearing puzzled and then comprehending.*) Oh, yes. Have a chair. Which one were you allotted? I have so many works on my plate it is becoming difficult to keep them sorted out.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: The slope on the south side of False Creek, sir.

SUPER-PLANNER: Perhaps you had better fill me in, son.

Cont'd. page 9



bee hive from page 8

JUNIOR-PLANNER: There is a proposal to rezone the sixteen blocks bounded by Ash Street, Eighth Avenue, Hemlock Street and Sixth Avenue. This will then become a high-rise area. At present these blocks are occupied, in the main, by large, older type, single family dwellings. The owners have converted these to low rental units. Unfortunately, before the rezoning public hearing notice was published, word leaked out and the press began publishing sob stories about the loss of housing for in excess of one thousand low income citizens.

SUPER-PLANNER: God, how can we improve the city when we keep running into interference? Please excuse the outburst, my boy. Do go on.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: My idea will produce housing for thousands of low income people and still permit high-rise development. *(Pause. Super-planner raises his eyebrows.)* Taking one north-south double block at a time, we would excavate between Sixth and Eighth Avenues at the Sixth Avenue level. In each excavation we would build a four storey concrete structure measuring seven hundred feet on each side. *(Pause)* We would probably have to make an allowance for the Eighth Avenue sewer, though.

SUPER-PLANNER: I suggest that, in your report, you refer to this - er - pipe as the "east-west interceptor".

JUNIOR-PLANNER: *(Nods.)* Each structure, after providing for hallways, stairwells, utility and recreation areas, would be made up of twelve by twelve by eight foot high cubicles, all of which would have connecting doors. Four cubicles in a square would constitute a basic unit. That is, living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. A basic unit, and, ideally, there would be twenty-eight hundred per structure, would house a single person or a couple. A cubicle would be added for each two children in a family.

SUPER-PLANNER: So far, so good.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: To make all cubicles interchangeable, each would have connections for a modular kitchen and a modular bathroom.

SUPER-PLANNER: Excellent, my boy.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Since there would be no windows, the north wall of each cubicle would have connections for a picture window size colour television monitor. This would be fed by a camera mounted on the top of a thirty storey high-rise. It would either pan the view to the north at a narrow angle or remain stationary at a wide angle. Because this service would be at public expense, only one monitor would be permitted for each family.

SUPER-PLANNER: This is only fair economics-wise.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: One final point, sir. In anticipation of the development of the south shore of False Creek as parkland, we could build a people-spiller under Sixth Avenue which would empty onto the flats.

SUPER-PLANNER: A people-spiller? Oh, don't bother to explain the term now. That parkland may be years away.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Well, sir, that about covers Phase One. Phase Two would be a three storey parking facility on top of the first structure and Phase Three would be construction of the thirty storey high-rises above that.

SUPER-PLANNER: Have you calculated how many people would be accommodated upon the completion of Phase One?

JUNIOR-PLANNER: The eight structures would house in excess of forty thousand of the disadvantaged.

SUPER-PLANNER: What is the code name for Phase One?

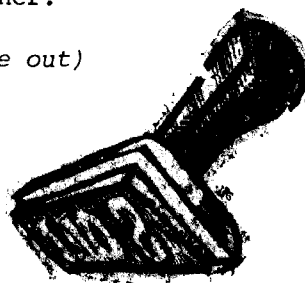
JUNIOR-PLANNER: We had thought of calling it "Rabbit Warren".

SUPER-PLANNER: *(Agitatedly.)* Good heavens, my boy, you mustn't use that. The term suggests irresponsibility, sloth, promiscuity and moral turpitude. *(Pausing to give the matter thought.)* I have it! Call it "Beehive". That connotes thrift and industriousness. Fine qualities. *(Pause)* Carry on with your good work, son. One day you may be Super-Planner.

(Fade out)

THE END

-Gerry Walker



t h r e e

DROP-IN CENTRE REPORT

The Drop-In Centre has been busy lately, with the moving of the West End Residence to 1982 West 6th, with the help of K.I.N.D.

The basement of the Drop-In Centre is being renovated to accommodate an expanded Arts and Crafts program which will include macrame, leather work, candle making, sewing and knitting, tie-dying, batik, painting and sketching -- and anything you can think of yourselves. If you want more information, or have some ideas, get in touch with Koko.

We are also planning to put a ping-pong and/or pool table in the basement. If you know where we can get one, either donated or to buy cheaply, please let us know.

One of the other activities scheduled is a photography workshop with Tom Linnm, which will explore different photographic techniques. This activity will make use of an OFY project that provides a studio free, charging only for photographic paper used. If you are interested-contact Tom.

Another group that is helping us is the Mobile Workshop, a LIP project. They take people on field trips to see and do many interesting projects. Most recently they took us to Wreck Beach where sand candles were made. If you are interested, come to the Drop -In Centre on Thursdays at 12:00 noon.

We have obtained passes from U.B.C. Empire Pool for the use of MPA members throughout the week at various times. Cost to the individual is 25¢ a time. Please check with (Glen) Underwood for the schedules and further information. (738-5177)

-Tony Diakos

EAST END REPORT

*East is East and West is West --
Maybe the Twain Should Meet.*

In December it was decided at one of those incredible talkathons we call general meetings, that an east end MPA should be organized. With the aid of a good deal of LIP (grants that is) it came to pass. By February things were under way. With the help of Alice Stark, who donated living

room furniture and drapes and the Angelus Hotel, we got our happy home together. Tina was our first house mother. John, Cliff and Ray started things. Carla and Josey joined the group. Then Red came along to keep things hopping for awhile. Tina abandoned us for marriage, Rick, Stuart and Rolly joined us.

Landlord problems drove us from our first house and we moved in April to 369 East 21st. Mike and his pals were not the world's best housekeepers! After two days scrubbing, painting and tripping to the garbage dump we had things all set up again.

Around this time our halo began to get a bit tight! We were held up as a shining example to all of MPA. Granted, our house managed to get clean, our shopping was done, meals got cooked, even the

-continued on p. 13



Making sand candles at Wreck Beach.

I wish I cd write a poem
beginning w/those two lines

Standing at the corner of 12th & Guelph
Out of my mind with desire

I felt then all kinds of things,
the desire, pain, joy, to be feeling
anything that clear (is this the poem?)
the transparency of praxis, the sweat,
I wanted to love

(your image coming
at me, straight at me, goony--
and then Brian did something, it
was like a sleight of hand, a
card trick (stop. This is not about Brian.
This is about you. I wanted to love
you then (stop) to (stop) we were newspaper
boys, as we had all been. That was
what it was like then, after the (stop)
our routes, to throw ourselves down on
the grass (I saw you beyond my ideal,
you were not beautiful, you were goony,
I loved you, I wanted to roll around
with (stop) in your arms & smell yr
sweat, unshaven face, all your many,
loose, loose-jointed, head tilted,
upward, back, speedster. I was so
happy to feel that, sweating myself,
in the muggy, dull (stop) there
was no sun, I'm not looking for
perfection. I want that relation
(is this the poem?)

that I never got enough of on
the paper routes, I know
it will be this way when we are in
the trenches (women would laugh, my WWII
image, we can't even imagine, I see
myself passing you the gun, we kiss
under a hail of
bullets? stars? The revolution
will have to make room for us,
the revolution in our own bodies
will have to (We were doing a route
for the GRAPE, to open up distribution.

- George Stanley

UNIVERSAL COMEDY

light years away,
The struggle of EARTH,
Is looked on as;
A ridiculous comedy.
The inter-galactic,
Beings laugh.
Millions of years
Have passed since
Mutual goal was gained
Yet on earth,
Humans are too
Busy finding fault;
Dissent grows as
New groups are formed
To realise the old ones.
Integrationists, Liberationists,
radicals, socialists, communists,
fascists,
Gays, straights, hippies,
Bikers, etc,...Everything
but people together!!

- D. D. Rempel

Comfort

I want to go to the beach
when everybody sleeps.
I want to see the wild ocean
and the holy night.

And yet the old woe embraces me again.

On the water a boat dances.
It lures me out into the storming sea,
away, away for ever from hate and distress
into the sea, into the night,
into happiness, into death.
I untie the rope,
and freedom laughs behind the mist.
And I sail with joy into the night
to flee from dolor into death and peace.

Once only I look back.
A friend's hand
beckons me.

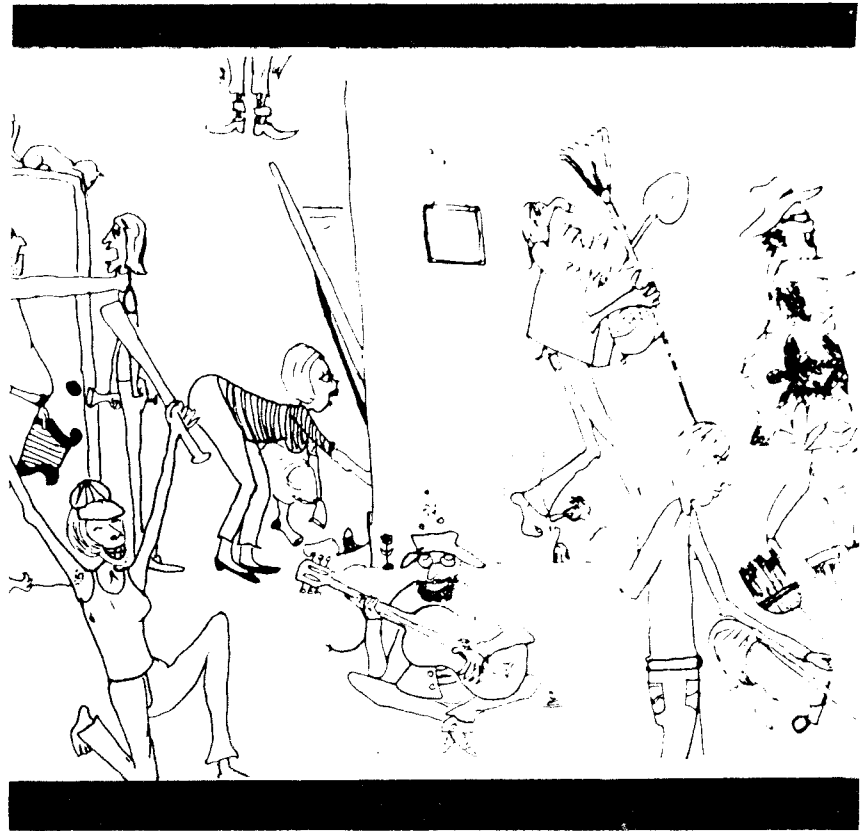
And as I see this
I forget all hatred and misery.
The old woe embraces me again,
but I turn my boat
back to the land,
and kiss my true friend's hand.

- Ursula Hoold

r e p o r t s

washing got washed. We just didn't spread it around when things didn't work so well. There was a day when we sorted out sixteen loads of wash that was stacked in a cupboard. The garbage used to block the back door sometimes and the Dishes! No one ever wants to do the dishes. We tried schedules for cooking and cleaning. We threw them out. Mainly we depend on our three house meetings a week to sort ourselves out. The real value of these meetings is to give everyone a chance to air grievances, to be good and sweet and kind or just plain bitchy, as the case may be.

In the meantime our members changed. Ray decided on the marriage route. Bob came from the Maples and has been boxing his way through most of us, even our visitors yet. We refuse to publish his win-loss record. Our rules about violence might tend to incriminate him. Harry and Vince passed through. The two Franks came but we couldn't have two people with the same name so we promoted one to coordinator. We have problems keeping our women for any length of time. Wendy, Mary and Joan were with us for very short stays. Joyce and Marci visit for weekends and time out from Crease - if they've been good. Denise has had more stamina than most - but maybe Rick had something to do with that! Clyde moved in for awhile but once he got everything organized he decided to try things on his own. George



has added his sunshine personality to the group. Gary is educating us to more healthy ways of eating, but he's having a tough time breaking us in.

-cartoon by Hilary Phillips

We have given up the one month short stay idea and people can stay as long as they need. When problems arise with people in the house, the house members decide how to handle things. We have asked some people to leave. This has been done in case of violence and refusal to be considerate of the group as a whole. We get into hot water every now and again and we're pretty thankful for the West End response to our yells for help last month when things got a bit heavier than usual.

After a couple of months planning we took over paying our way at the East end, starting in June. Since Koko joined we are sporting new tie-dye curtains in the kitchen, Denise made a dress, Bob made candles and got frustrated doing macrame. George is still waiting for a taste of Koko's buns. Everyone else ate them. The four-foot square garden has expanded to twenty-five feet and might even get planted this month. We're aiming for a fall vegetable crop. How about East meet West at a Harvest Supper?

-Fran Phillip

... f r o m



FARM REPORT

I thought you would be interested in what is happening with the farm. We have at present a small but very fine garden. I brought in some radishes and a big bag of lettuce. A garden is a gold mine. Even with a small one you can feed a family of five all winter if the harvest is canned or frozen. To this end, Marilyn has offered to teach people to can, make jam and freeze vegetables.

NEW FARM

There is a new farm under consideration. Central Mortgage and Housing is going to look it over and we should know soon whether or not it is acceptable. If not, I'll find a place to rent.

The new farm looks fantastic with ten acres and a good year round creek in back. There's an 8 stall barn, a 4 bedroom house, a small greenhouse, a chicken coop and a garage. There are also 3 gardens - all planted. One contains corn, enough to keep MPA going for quite awhile.

The people living there now have been selling some of their vegetables to pay taxes. The rest is put away and lasts all winter. With our peoplepower and initiative, MPA's food bill could be cut in half. We could cut egg bills to 20¢ a dozen for good, fresh eggs. Raising calves for veal and pigs for pork are two other real possibilities.

The new farm will not be as isolated at the present one. I feel it is a

good thing to belong to the community to avoid becoming alienated as a farm and institutionalized as people. We would also waste less time travelling around.

PURPOSE OF THE FARM

The farm used to be a 'rest home'. This is no longer so. The purpose of the farm now is:

- a) To provide an environment away from the excessive hassles of the city, To make room for people to grow together out of chaos and into a more meaningful existence,
- b) To provide Gestalt therapy as a path to becoming more alive and open to others,
- c) To give people an opportunity to help things grow by living with animals and nature (to enable them to see that we share the world - we don't own it), and
- d) To provide produce and meat to MPA houses at a more realistic cost and screw the big S's - Safeway and Super-Valu.

PROGRAM PARTICULARS

I will continue to coordinate the program which will be a good balance of work and play. The Haney area has great recreational facilities. There are 30 miles of hiking trails close by, good fishing and camping, and 5 lakes I know of for swimming.

The (proposed) house holds 10 people at most. Each will pay \$65 / month

-continued on p. 15

people

rent and food. The rent will be used as mortgage payments. The initial period at the farm will be a 3 month program at the end of which people will be expected to try and find employment while remaining part of the farm community. Presently there is room for 4 people interested in the program.

All people who come to the farm will be expected to commit themselves for the 3 months because its not going to work if people are constantly coming and going. Those who are interested may come out for two days after which they will decide whether they want this and we will decide if we want them to stay.

If Tony is elected, he will be cooking and helping people out with his years of living experience. He is a fine cook and has more than enough knowledge for the job. He is dependable which is necessary. No cook, no meals. He has proven his dependability time and time again and has been cooking for some time now. Ed, who is new, has been brought up on a farm, likes it and will be a great help to me.

If you are interested, come on and try it out. If there are no people there is no farm community. PHONE & YOU CAN BE PICKED UP AT THE CLEARBROOK BUS STOP. ASK FOR MICHAEL.

-Michael Musclow

P.S.

I would like to thank Lloyd for all his efforts while he has been at the farm. He has put a lot of himself into the place - more than we all know. Anything new grows like a child, from crawling to standing up and falling down until it stands on its own two feet. Lloyd has so far made the existing place a reality and its a good foundation to work from.

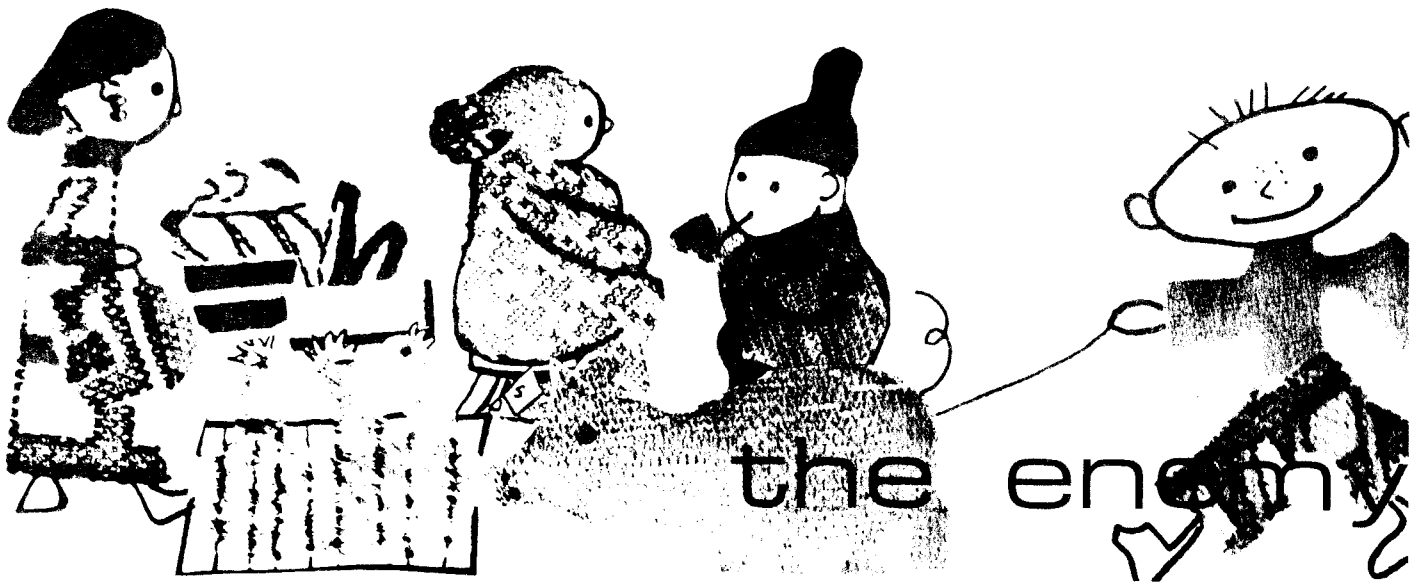
Farm is at:
4444 Glenmore Road,
Matsqui, B.C.
Phone - 853-0161

t h a n k s

Many thanks to the Vancouver Community press for supplies and to Barb Coward and Brian Loomes for their labour on the press and camera.



Salah



She reached the door and opened it and she was safe. She put the bag of groceries on the table and straightened up and took a deep breath. Now it was over and she wouldn't have to go out again until tomorrow. Slowly she took off her coat and put on the kettle. She sat down with her pencil and pad trying to work out her grocery list for tomorrow. It would have to have 5 items to stand for the 5 words in "I love you very much". She struggled with it but it wouldn't seem to come out right. She turned off the kettle and continued. Suddenly it all fell into place -

Lettuce
Oranges
V8 juice
Eggs
Radishes

She put it away satisfied and lay down on the bed. It had been a terrible walk. She took it every day and each time it became worse. It was only 4 blocks but it seemed like 20 miles.

She had started out today almost in a frenzy of fright. She had shaken like a leaf while she dressed. At ten o'clock exactly she walked out into the street as she did every day. If she didn't do it, she would have no food and she would not survive.

This morning she had held her purse in that special way she had decided was the least dangerous. Calming herself she had walked out into the open with the sun glittering on the snow. In just that certain way she had decided was the least dangerous, she carried herself. She walked with

her head down to show her very great humility. Although she couldn't see them, she knew there were observers at the windows of the tall apartment houses that lined the street. She felt like running but with great control and courage, she kept her step steady and regular.

There were people she met who turned their races from her. She knew where they came from and she felt fear and contempt. There were others who looked deeply into her eyes and gave her strength. Her friends had sent them.

Nearing the store, she suddenly slipped and fell. A man grabbed her under the arms and helped her up. Glaring at her, he said something but deafened by fright she couldn't hear him.

Finally reaching the store, she gathered the groceries in the order of her shopping list and took them to the same cashier she always used. This was her contact. This was where she left her messages. Her messages were about how she was getting along. She might say, "I got a green light this morning" or "Watch the garbage". Today she said, "Bad morning."

Coming out of the store she saw the man who had helped her up. She knew he would follow her home. She held her walk to her usual steady gait but terror gripped her heart. He was right behind her all the way. She didn't turn and look but she could feel his eyes on her back.

She reached the door and opened it and she was safe.

letters cont.

-from p. 6

has published, never by what sort of person he is (with the result that some incredibly nasty people reach high positions where they have plenty of scope to do damage) and equally "all right" to hold a student in utter contempt because he uses misplaced modifiers or can't understand "The Waste Land".

I've told you about the group I'm involved with, the Mental Patients Association. It is certainly less exclusive than any other group I've known. There is a real, determined effort there, to make strangers welcome and to judge people only on grounds of what they are, not what they think. Most of us have a strong feeling of being misfits ourselves, and that makes us reluctant to exclude other people, for fear the same thing will be done to us.

But even here "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others". It's "in" to be involved in radical politics, "out" to be conservative in whatever degree and for whatever reason. Along with the political emphasis goes an enthusiasm for communal houses, encounter groups, Women's Liberation--anything that represents the New Culture. And the advocates of all these things are ready to missionize for them at the drop of a hat.

I don't want to get sidetracked into a discussion of the value of Maoism or communes--even if I had the knowledge to deal with either. What bothers me about their advocates is that they are my exclusive Christians all over

again. I can't say that they hold the rest of us in contempt as people, but they tend to brush off our questions and objections to their theories as showing only that we are not yet sufficiently enlightened or aware to accept what they say. Once again I find myself and others the object of missionary endeavour; do this, and ye shall be saved. And I don't like it. But I still much prefer the company of the "lost" to that of the missionaries.

I've been wondering just what brings about this exclusive quality in groups devoted to a common end. (An example occurs to me here; a well-known team of encounter-group leaders in Vancouver carefully screened all applicants, so that those who ask awkward questions won't get in. Heretics are not wanted; the excuse given is that they would not benefit from our programme". And I can tell you, if you don't already know it, that the almost sacramental attitude adopted by many people taking part in encounter-group ritual can look terribly funny.) I suspect the biggest reason for establishing an orthodoxy and demanding that group members adhere to it, is that for most people it is far too challenging and painful to engage whole-heartedly in an endeavour, while being forced frequently to consider that they may be wrong. It is so much easier to surround oneself with people who think in the "accepted" way; one can then avoid having his assumptions challenged, and being forced to take his opponents into serious account.

I think it was questions like these that made Simone Weil decide not to be accepted into any group. She speaks elsewhere of wanting to move among people of all types, sharing their outlook as much as possible: "...so as to love them just as they are. For if I do not love them as they are, it will not be they whom I love, and my love will be unreal." Well, that's how I feel too. I am afraid of assuming any religious, political or social attitude that will prevent me from encountering other people on a level, on their terms as well as mine. An inner circle of the right-minded is a very comforting thing to have, if what one really wants is to be constantly assured that one's own beliefs are right. But I'm still wondering if it isn't possible to have a group with a common purpose that is capable of questioning not only its own methods, but its aims and assumptions as well. MPA comes closer to that ideal than any other group I've known. But not half close enough.

I'm telling all this to you partly because I remember you've written somewhere that no two people ever can, or should, fully agree. That, I think, is what I'm really getting at. I want to be able to respect other peoples' individual opinions as much as I do their individual personalities.

When are you coming out here again? I want you to come and see MPA properly for yourself, and see what you think of it. And, of course, above all, I want to see you.

Yours, with respect and affection,

Cathy

Quotations taken from Simone Weil's Waiting on God.

Lanny Beckman took a holiday

Perhaps it was sneaky of me, but I hired a private detective to report on Mr. Beckman's activities. The following is the report sent back by Acme Detective Agency.

Mr. Beckman left Vancouver on Flight 962 bound for Los Angeles. At the first stopover at the Seattle Tacoma airport, Mr. Beckman asked for and was granted permission to leave the plane during the fifteen minute refuelling. He said he wanted to make a phone call.

I followed him into the airport lounge and watched as he consumed six double bourbons and a pint of vodka - all within five minutes. He then took a large bottle of Chlorpromazine pills out of his pocket and with an elastic band borrowed from the bar, he proceeded to sling-shot the pills at passing passengers. A security guard escorted him out onto the tarmac. He then boarded the wrong plane and after a nine hour flight, landed in Acapulco, Mexico.

After landing, he was confronted by the Mexican custom officers who were all set to put him on the next flight back, but Mr. Beckman explained that he would beat them up if they tried. They allowed him to stay. I then followed him down to the beach where he dug a hole in the sand and promptly went to sleep.

The next morning after a shower and a shave at the local hotel washroom, Mr. Beckman wandered back to the beach and taking his shoes off, waded out into the ocean up to knee depth. In all fairness to Mr. Beckman, he meant no harm, but only wanted to enjoy the cooling water effect and the peace and serenity of the early morning Mexican scene.

It was then that fate intervened. As he turned to go back to his sandhole, he stepped on a sleeping lobster. The lobster was in a foul mood after searching the ocean floor all night looking for a female lobster. The battle was on.

All I could see was a thrashing of arms and legs, lobster claws and water spray. Then, all was quiet. I ran down to the scene as fast as I could, but too late. The lobster had won the battle and with one claw holding Mr. Beckman's shirt collar and the other claw doing the dog paddle, he was slowly but surely dragging Mr. Beckman out to sea.

It was a desperate situation and it called for desperate methods. Luckily, I had a pair of scissors handy so I swam out and cut the collar off Mr. Beckman's shirt. The last I saw of the lobster, it was heading for the South Sea Islands dragging the collar.

Mr. Beckman was unharmed and was grateful for the rescue. We became close friends and spent the next week touring Mexico together, visiting as many insane asylums as time would permit and enjoying the company of the Mexican inmates. We gave each person a Chlorpromazine tablet as a gesture of our friendship, and promised to return someday to live with them.

The return trip was uneventful except for the mid-air collision with another airliner and running out of fuel fifty miles from Vancouver. I sure hope Mr. Beckman enjoyed his holiday, as I know that I did.

-Sir Figby Snort
Acme Detective Agency



"Is Lanny at home?" asks Sir Figby Snort as he inspects Mr. Beckman's sandhole.

recipes



POPPIA

- 4 c. rolled oats
- 1/2 c. coconut
- 1 c. wheat germ
- 1 c. chopped nuts
- 1 c. sunflower seeds

Brown above in oven
in a large, flat tin

- Mix:
- 1 c. honey
 - 1 c. oil
 - 1 tsp. vanilla

Pour this mixture over
the toasted grains.
Toast in 325° over for
one hour. In the last
10 mins. add raisins or
dates, etc.

TEMPURA BATTER

- 1 1/2 c. whole wheat flour
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 1 1/2 c. water or milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 to 2 tsp. baking powder

Whisk flour into bowl.
Add egg and vinegar. Stir
slightly (texture should

be lumpy and soft, not
smooth).

Vegetables - carrots,
onions, potatoes, parsley
and spinach leaves - may
be fun to try.

Shrimp - peel the shrimp
except the tail, slit,
dust with salted flour,
then dip it into tempura
batter and fry.

Squid can be used.

GREEN PEA RICE

- 2/3 c. green peas
- 2 1/2 c. rice
- 2 3/4 c. water

Method 1

Wash green peas, and set
aside. Wash rice and
drain 1 to 2 hrs. before
cooking.

Into heavy pot put rice,
add the water with 1 tsp.
salt, 1 tbsp. oil, peas.
Mix well and cook as
usual.

Method 2 (brown rice)

Wash rice 2 hrs before
cooking. Put 5 1/2 cups
water and 1 1/2 tsp. salt.
Cook as usual. When rice
starts to boil, put in
washed peas and mix
lightly. Turn down flame
to medium for 5 mins, then
low for 8 to 10 mins, then
turn off flame.

FIG BARS

- 3 c. sand
- 4 tbsp. cement
- 1 c. water
- 2 c. crushed rock

Stir water into cement in
large mixing bowl, slowly
add sand and mix well.

Next, add crushed rock and
fold gently. Drop over
large spoon onto well-
greased cookie tin. Bake
at 350° one hour or until
hard.

Give cookies to child
at plus

ELECTION - FARM POSITION

There will be an election to fill the vacant farm position at the General Meeting, Wednesday, July 26th at 7:30 p.m. All written applications must be in the office (3191 W. 10th) no later than Tuesday, July 25th, 1972.

VOP

The next VOP meeting is on Sunday, July 30th at 7:30, at the Drop-In Center. We expect to see all of you there.

VOLUNTEERS

The next volunteer meeting is Tuesday, July 25th at 8:00 at the Drop-In Center. Please phone Kathy Carney at MPA - 738-5177 or at home - 738-0387 if you are unable to attend.

HOUSING

We are trying to buy Canada but so far only have an interim agreement on B.C. Actually, we have found a large old house which we're trying to buy but so far have not been able to pin the owner down to a reasonable price.

THURSDAY IS POLITICS NIGHT
at MPA

July 27, 8 p.m. - How Mental Patients Get Legally Screwed

It has been decided to hold get-togethers every Thursday night at the drop-in center to discuss (ugh) politics. Over the weeks we'll be covering topics like: oppression of mental patients, sexual discrimination, racism, capitalism and socialism, Canadian nationalism, ecology etc. The first topic, on July 27th, will be "How Mental Patients

Get Legally Screwed! Come out and yell and scream. It'll be good for you.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following people have mail at MPA - West 10th

Carson, Beryl
Cook, C.W.
Cleveland, Bob
Etherington, Rick
Evans, J. (3)
Faygel, Susan (2)
Fisher, Fred
Hagglund, Rolly
James, William
Lustig, Robert
Peterson, Jean (3)
Plane, Justin
Pollock, Tom (2)
Pybus, Sam (2)
Robertson, Ian (2)
Turnbull, J.

GENERAL MEETING

The next General meeting to be held Wednesday, July 26th at 7:30 p.m. in the Drop-In Centre. They occur regularly every Wednesday.

GRANTS

MPA received an operating grant of \$8,178 from the Kinsmen. We also received one of over \$5,000 from Youth Vista Society to be used to establish an MPA house for adolescents. Fortunately, however, we did not get the opportunities for Youth grant to establish a center in the east end for women.

CRAFTS

There is a crafts workshop happening every Thursday. People should meet at the Drop-in Center, 10th and Trutch at 1:00 p.m. Different activities such as sand candle making, clay casts, etc. take place. Seven more weeks remain this particular program. See Koko for more detail.

SING-SONG NIGHT

There will be a sing-song night on Saturday, August 5th. Bring your voices and your instruments (friends, too).

LADIE'S COFFEE PARTY

Free. Wednesday, July 26. 1-3 p.m. St. James United Church, 10th & Trutch. Live music. Prizes

IN A NUTSHELL

MPA NEWSLETTER

no. 14 July '72



-cover by Glen Underwood

NEW HOUSE FOR MPA

After many, many months of hunting, of energy and concern from a lot of people --a West End Residence was at last found. The hunt has been frustrating; it was difficult to find a house that would meet the needs, both domestic and financial, of the residents --let alone find one in the Kits area. But success has come. And well deserved it is! One fine point is that this house is the result of the request in the Bob Hunter column. Don White, ("landlord") was the only person to respond to this request. At first the lack of response by other people was disappointing--but it appears that one response is enough if it's fruitful. The \$325.00 a month one-year lease should run smoothly. There are good feelings about Don as a "landlord".

For a short time before the lease was signed, it was feared that it might not come through. Without Don's knowledge seven new residents had moved in and Don was hesitant to put them out. The tenants were asked if they could find somewhere else to live within the next week. The people had not moved in as a group, so it was not too hard for them individually to find places. They were offered help and were told the basement room could be used in an emergency. When they left, they felt alright about it and understood our need.

The move began at 1:00 p.m. Friday, July 7th. Everything went smoothly... a combination of muscle power, people power, and caring. Ironically, the first night in the new res-



idence was very quiet---so quiet in fact, the residents had trouble sleeping and trucked over to the drop-in centre.

This house is a private residence. Financially its self-sustaining. Its a home. It's the residents' trip, and they are feeling this, too. It's comfortable and the atmosphere is relaxed. People are opening up. House meetings are happening. It's a home instead of a hurricane. The address is 1982 West Sixth.

It's a nice, tall house. Natural brown-colored paint covers the wooden shingles. The enclosed back yard is covered in tall grass. The neighbourhood is quiet (except for the Hydro trains which occasionally pass). The neighbours are nice--Tony's commune is just down the street. Kits Beach is a comfortable walk, and 4th Avenue shops and scenes are close by. A cozy balcony on the second floor overlooks Sixth Ave.

Wooden stairs lead to the full-length porch and front door. Left of the entrance foyer is the wood-

en stairway; straight ahead the hallway leads to the large, bright kitchen. Double-glass doors on the right open into the living room with its large bay windows. Directly through wide, sliding doors is the dining room, where the residents will sample each other's cuisine. Hidden inside one wall of the diningroom is a large fire place and inside the opposite wall is a large stained-glass window. Hopefully, these will be uncovered.

At the end of the dining room is a small counter with shelves dividing it from the L-shaped kitchen. The back door opens onto a sundeck.

The second floor has a separate bathroom and toilet, three bedrooms and a kitchenette. Two are at the back of the house and one is in front, connecting to the kitchenette and balcony. One bedroom has been freshly painted and set aside for potential women residents. At present, three beds are reserved for women--hoping to create some balance in the home. This is an obvious conscious attempt to welcome women.

On the top floor is a large back bedroom and a smaller front bedroom. All the windows are large and the bedrooms light and airy. The high-ceilinged basement has one bedroom as well.

The prejudice suffered by ex-mental patients in housing is strong--the need for a "home" is strong, too. And now its finally happened!

Untying the knots

No discussion of radical psychology would be complete without a treatment of Ronald David Laing, the Scottish psychiatrist whose experiments in therapy and treatment of schizophrenics have turned the established psychiatric world on its head.

Laing attacks convention and standardization where ever it appears thinking, correctly, that established practices are wrong and do nothing but harm. He has made the political underpinnings of his theories clear. Society is monolithic and based upon standardization and conformity. It cannot ultimately tolerate anything else.

Thus people who are labeled schizoid are those who have chosen different ways of dealing with an alienating environment. Society eliminates them through the standard mental institution.

These institutions, like all social entities in-mass society, deal with ways to dehumanize the individual and to rob them of creativity and autonomy. Thus schizophrenics are treated as diseased and the offending organ, the brain, is deadened through electroshock and drug therapy so the "patient" can join his or her glass-eyed counterpart on the streets of the metropolis.

Laing fights precisely this process and provides social reasons why.

The family, says Laing, is a complex set of reactions and interactions designed to confuse, deceive and enforce conformity on all its members. It is self-propelled (within the web of the larger society) and self-perpetuating. It is the basis of the socialization process, it sets up the categories of THEM and US by its inward-looking nature and kills any possibilities of de-institutionalized co-operative living in the bud.

The family is followed by other institutions whose economic and political purpose are the same.

More than any contemporary psychiatrist, Laing, by his work, has shown where standard



psychiatric theory is leading its practitioners, either to its acceptance or its rejection. Laing, needless to say, rejects it. His focal point is the experience of people in their environment be it society, the mental institute or the family.

In the intellectual tradition of existentialism, particularly of Jean-Paul Sartre he is preoccupied with giving new interpretation to common every day oppressive situations which have been taken for granted in the 20th century.

He is, in this sense, opposed to the dominant

Western rationalist tradition in which the ultimate rationality of the social system is explored and affirmed. From his researches into psychic disorders Laing concludes that our society is not entirely rational and its many irrational aspects should be accentuated to throw light on the plight of the individual in the 20th century.

The positive aspects of this line of thinking shows up in Laing's critique of the existing society; one which by its very nature drives people insane.

It does this in time-worn, subtle ways but if Laing is correct then there is not much difference between what we would consider sane or an insane person. The "insane" person is the one who ends up in a mental institution. The revolutionary implications of such a statement should be obvious. If we are driven insane in the belief that we are sane then the existing order's oppressiveness is formidable.

Furthermore, our experiences take on a new dimension and level of awareness.

The irrationality of our lives within the system becomes more obvious as we conform to a set of institutional rules without any purpose except the regulation of our behaviour along lines other than those we would choose were we free to do so.

So-called madness is simply one of the more extreme reactions to this process of dehumanization. Laing's therapy involves living through this created madness and reaching new levels of awareness about our own real situation in the world. We must realize that as madness is a survival mechanism it is also its own cure.

Put simply any cure for socially induced madness



involves recognizing the disorder of society itself and the accompanying recognition that people are having it done to them by their social roles which are expected, nay, coerced to fill.

-Dick Betts.

a knot

After R. D. Laing.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his
crown
and Jill fell down
and the meaning came
stumbling after.

-George

SOME THOUGHTS ON "MENTAL ILLNESS"

Very often at the MPA I hear people say that they are schizophrenic, psychotic, manic-depressive or what not. All these labels are classified by psychiatrists and the general public as "mental illness".

I feel that these labels are completely meaningless when it comes down to that one shrink categorizes you as a manic-depressive, another as a paranoid schizophrenic and still another as a psychopath. This was so in my case, and I must say, I don't feel mentally ill at all.

Thomas Szasz writes in his book Ideology and Insanity: "The expression "mental illness" is a metaphor that we have come to mistake for a fact. We call people mentally ill when their personal conduct violates certain ethical, political, and social norms. Finally, the myth of mental illness encourages us to believe that social intercourse would be harmonious were it not for the disrupting influences of mental illness." (p23)

EDITORIALS

I'd also like to quote R.D. Laing, whose research is particularly concerned with schizophrenia. In his book The

Politics of Experience he writes:

"There is no such 'condition' as 'schizophrenia', but the label is a social fact and the social fact is a political event." (p.100)

But what can we as mental patients or ex-mental patients do about it? It seems to me that human well-being can be achieved only if we are willing to confront frankly and courageously our ethical, personal and social conflicts. This means having the courage to face up to real problems and not to look for solutions for substitute problems - for example, fighting a headache with aspirin or a blue mood with alcohol instead of facing up to a conflict with a boyfriend, girlfriend, husband, wife, landlord, welfare, unemployment insurance, etc. In other words, we have to be honest with ourselves, stand up for our rights and take responsibility for our own life.

What I'm trying to say is that "mental illness" was born out of a metaphor. In the past, people who behaved differently than the average person were looked upon as if their mind were not working all right. Later, the "as if" was dropped, and people who did not conform to society's rules and regulations were diagnosed as being "mentally ill". They were incarcerated in mental hospitals - mainly against their will - doped up with tranquilizers and zonked out with ECT (electro-convulsive shock therapy).

This is where society is still at, for the thought of major "mental illness" - as our culture understands it - creates a huge unwarranted fear; fear of what an "irrational" person might do, although this irrationality may just express a revolt against this society and a scorn for its convention. Hospitalization usually results in - as most of us know - ostracization, incarceration and punishment, which, of course, increases rather than decreases any emotional problems.

What we have to realize is that so-called neurotic ills are nothing else but universal human unhappiness. Most unhappiness is created by our own self-deceit (we don't want to see what we really are) and also by the political system we live in. A lot of our unhappiness we could do away with by trusting each other at the MPA, talking openly about our troubles, stopping the manipulation of each other and by not getting at each other's throats because of individual differences (I'm thinking in particular of our female/male relationships).

Regarding societal problems I'd like to point out that even good old Sigmund Freud certainly was preoccupied with the repressed character of all civilized men. Freud's original goal was to help the poor and disadvantaged. If he were alive, he himself would be in the forefront of the critics of psychoanalysis today. As Herbert Marcuse expressed it in Eros and Civilization: "Behind all the differences among the historical forms of society Freud saw the basic inhumanity common to all of them, and the repressive controls which perpetuate, in the instinctual structure itself, the domination of man by man." (p. 257)

By conclusion I'd just like to say:

MENTAL PATIENTS OF ALL COUNTRIES--UNITE!!

-Ursula Honig

I DON'T LIKE IT THIS WAY

MPA may not be for everyone...but how did it happen that it is not a place for women? (Or, why is MPA male-dominated?) How does it happen that the majority of women stay at MPA only a short while? "Its too heavy", is the main reply, "too many sexual hassles" is the other. MPA functions on the ideals of a participatory democracy. However, if "democratic" means only "majority rule" and as women and their needs are a minority here, then it would seem that their oppression is democratically perpetuated. But democratic also means "equality of rights, opportunity, and treatment". Though it is true some males have to handle "come on's", it is also true that most women have to handle "come on's" not just occasionally, but continuously. Because of this imbalance of treatment, women are pressured from MPA. The argument that the female is free to reject the "come on" is chauvinistic and narrow. (Is a black free to reject his oppression?) A freaked or shakey woman has enough to handle. A confrontation may well be the "straw that broke the camel's back"--amply depicted by MPA's history.

Women have been intimidated in this society; they have been trained to think of themselves as inferior, as second-class citizens. They have been trained to be compromising and submissive, to automatically place themselves and their thoughts second in importance to those of men. They have been trained not to fight--so they leave, the only peaceful answer. Their liberation cannot come about solely through the percentage of "angry" women who are willing to fight for their place. It has to come about through their own awareness, and the awareness of men. If we want more women here at MPA, then we have to do something about it. The new and token awareness is not enough--time and energy have to be spent undoing old patterns. MPA is attractive because it can offer an alternate to society, an alternate living style. Should women not be included in this?

Open communication is encouraged here, it would be good if this open communication could expand to explore female conflict. We could experiment to find the difference between "open and friendly" and a "sexual approach". Most of us are insecure as to the type of vibrations we emit. "I feel I am being friendly, but I am afraid he will think its a come-on."



"Is she being friendly, or does she expect me to make a play?" "How is he reading me?...How is she reading me?"

Groups can be part of the answer--groups where the main topic can be learning to communicate on a non-sexual level, groups where both sexes can understand each other's conflicts and fears on sexuality; groups where we can practice friendly and open approaches and gain confidence about how we come on.

Separate residences is another way--not ideal--more an acknowledgement of reality Like a band-aid, this separation should be temporary, it should provide a resting place and a learning place, a preparation for the mixed residences that most definitely should be happening.

But the fact remains, women are being oppressed at MPA--do we want to do anything about it?

- Barb Bussigel

letters

June 22/72

Dear Co-ordinator:

Would you please print this in the next Newsletter as I would like this to be discussed at one of your meetings.

Could the Mental Patients Association be changed to Mental Pressure Association, thereby retaining the initials M.P.A. but speeding the elimination of the myth of mental illness which has caused so many people to have so much cruelty inflicted on them. At the same time, the new terminology would include any person in the community who is undergoing mental pressure and requires a healing center where his hand is held as he goes forward in life.

I also believe that the MPA could have a slogan such as PEOPLE DON'T OWN PEOPLE as a basis on which to work from within as well as from without.

And finally, how about bringing together all the talented MPA members and giving some free public concerts as a means of introducing the MPA to the public so that not only can you dispel many of the misconceptions regarding this 'strange bird' they have been ducking, but also to relieve their own minds of any mental stress that they themselves are undergoing.

Good luck MPA. This is the time, at long last!

Alice A. Stark

OPEN LETTER TO A FRIEND

Dear M----,

The more things change, the more they are the same. I used to think only Christian excluded people for being unorthodox in thought. Now I think it's a common principle of groups everywhere. This thought reminds me of something Simone Weil said--I wonder if you know the passage?

There is a Catholic circle ready to give an eager welcome to whoever enters it. Well, I do not want to be adopted into a circle, to live among people who say "we" and to be part of an "us", to find I am "at home" in any human milieu whatever it may be.... This may seem to contradict what I wrote to you about my need to be merged into any human circle in which I moved. To be lost to view in it is not to form part of it, and my capacity to mix with all of them implies that I belong to none.

I feel the same doubts that Simone Weil does about entering into groups. There was a time, as you know, when I hung around the fringes of various Christian circles, always expecting something decisive to happen which would draw me inside. But the more I looked at these groups, the less satisfied I was. They seemed to be founded on a principle of exclusiveness; only someone who said the right things, in the proper devotional language and

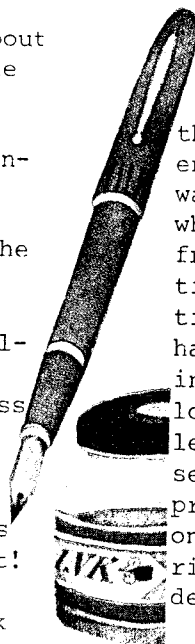
tone, could be a member of them. All others were seen as lost souls who were not to be taken seriously or dealt with except as potential converts. As I never mastered even the vocabulary of these people, much less understood or accepted their assumptions, I continued to be an uncomfortable hanger-on. I wanted friendship on equal terms--and that was the last thing I was likely to get. I have heard someone say that Christians are told, by Christ, to behave in an entirely different manner toward non-Christians than they do to each other; to extend fellowship to the elect, and, I imagine, condescending charity mixed with missionary zeal toward everyone else.

Well, I don't think this will do. Such an attitude gives Christians a chance to become ingrown, to communicate only with each other, so that they become more and more assured of the rightness of what they believe, and less and less self-critical. There is nobody to raise doubts and ask awkward questions. It becomes too easy to assume that the Christian worldview is the only one.

But it is not only Christians, or even explicitly religious groups of any sort, that adopt such attitudes. Academics--many of them, at least--manage to live in a world in which it is permissible and natural to judge only by academic standards. It becomes "all right" to evaluate a man only by what he

-Continued on p. 17

**The
errors
of
our
ways**



PEOPLE'S PSYCHIATRY SHEET 1

by Michael Glenn

from THE RADICAL THERAPIST

I HANDLING PSYCHIATRIC EMERGENCIES

You and your friends can handle many psychiatric emergencies. The crucial elements are trying instead of drawing back, and trusting your own intuition. This sheet is meant as a simple guide, saying no more than common sense, but legitimizing people's efforts to help their sisters and brothers in trouble. Experience is, of course the best teacher of all.

1. The first thing to do is LISTEN. Don't be in a hurry to give advice. LISTEN first; try to understand what's happening, what the person is feeling. Get into the person's FRAME OF REFERENCE.

Look for a "handle" to their situation. Try to figure out what's oppressing them, what's making them feel the way they feel. Once you've done that, you can start looking for options, for a way out of the dilemma.

2. You need to be CALM. If you can't be calm, find someone else who can be. As you listen, try to be accepting; don't start laying your trip on them. If they feel something, they have a reason for feeling it; respect their integrity. If you're calm and listening, you can start responding to them, which will help clarify the situation.

3. Understand how people's SELF-ESTEEM can be shot to pieces by crassness, inappropriate humor, or a casual air. Most people in emotional distress are feeling empty and helpless. Try not to make them feel worse about themselves. Look for the genuine assets in them, and in their situation. Try to restore their self-confidence.

4. Follow your hunches and your feelings: they're almost always right. Get in touch with what you feel, then think about it. If you feel sad, chances are the other person feels sad. If you feel scared, chances are the other person is scared too. If you feel angry, chances are the other person is angry too, or manipulating you. If you feel confused, chances are the other person feels confused too. Go ahead and say things like "I'm really confused

by what you say," or "You must really feel horrible about all that." Use feelings, not ideas, as your main guide.

5. Don't be ashamed of being ignorant or feeling helpless. The other person probably feels the same way. Therapy is a human act, not some mysterious mumbo-jumbo: ask questions if you're ignorant; admit it if you feel helpless. Don't pretend to know what you don't. (That's mystifying the other person.)

6. Let the other person tell you in their own way what's wrong. Don't make them follow your rules. Don't get them to "act out their feelings" or do things you learned in some groovy encounter group. This isn't fun and games: if you're trying to help a sister or brother through a trying time, you'd better accept the responsibility that goes with that.

7. People become disturbed in different ways. Some are horribly depressed; some in a state of panic; some violent; some confused and irrational; some incomprehensible. Almost everyone in an emotional crisis is terrified of LOSING CONTROL. They want to feel some kind of support, some kind of protection. Try to give them that.

Try to talk in as quiet a place as possible; if you can see them again, let them know that, and do it. If you can help them deal with their problem without losing control (and humiliating themselves), you are doing good work. (At some future time they may want to relax their control: but they'll do it some place that is protective.)

8. In the same line of thought, if you feel they are out of control, or that they are too much for you to deal with, don't pretend what you can't do. Decide on bringing someone with more experience to see them, or think about a hospital.

Many people are horrified of mental hospitals. You and your friends should know which hospitals in your area are good and which are atrocious; which shrinks are sympathetic and which are absolute pigs.

If a friend is too disturbed to handle, get them to someone who can help them calm down or to a hospital. It's foolish to take chances with people's lives, especially if they are dangerous to themselves or others.

Don't get hung up on the rhetoric of we-should-all-be-able-to-take-care-of-one

-another. Sometimes we simply can't. Then it's good to know what your options are.

9. Tell people what you're doing. Don't mystify them. Don't make phone calls behind their backs, or agree with them when you're planning something else. No matter how flipped out someone is, there's always a part of them that's aware of reality: speak to that part, and they'll respond.

10. If you start feeling bored, try to focus in on the problem. That's where you should be anyway. What's going on? How can you help? How can they help themselves? Do they need a hospital? a shrink? medication? (although medicines are grossly abused, sometimes they're useful; especially if they can keep a sister or brother out of the hospital). What is the real problem, and what are their options?

11. A word about DEPRESSIONS. . . Life in this oppressive society is filled with insults, painful experiences and real losses. Not only is our SELF-ESTEEM smashed time and again. We also have to endure separations from people close to us - friends who leave, who die, who are killed, who go to jail, etc. There's a natural healing-overafter such a loss, but it takes time.

Don't expect people not to feel these human feelings. Help them integrate their experience and feelings into themselves.



Often, DEpression is a cover for OPpression. If there's no "real" loss going on, look for the oppression that's making the other person feel like shit. Help them understand that it's not "in

People's Psych.
from page 7

their heads" but in the real world that such oppression exists.

Help them get in touch with others who share their oppression. Agree with them that they're not bad or crazy. Help them get angry if they deserve to get angry.

12. A word about PARANOIA... Paranoia, as radical therapist Claude Steiner has said, is a state of "heightened awareness." Paranoid feelings are almost always justified, at least in part. Don't argue with them; try to see where they're true and what that means for the person.

This society makes all of us suspicious, mistrustful, manipulated: "paranoid". Help the paranoid person recognize the truth of their paranoia, and then help them to stop being immobilized or destroyed by their awareness.

13. A word about VIOLENT people. . . Violent people are often very frightened, and can be calmed down if you protect them and treat them as people, not monsters. Sometimes, though, people are just out of touch. Don't try to be a hero and endanger yourself and others. Do what you can without being foolhardy. Talk straight to someone who's violent; be reasonable, not threatening.

14. We all need to share experience in handling common psychiatric problems. You and your friends can build a list of halfway houses, decent hospitals, and other therapy resources. If you deal with these problems yourself, you can encourage others to do the same.

15. It's important to remember that the roles of therapist and patient are interchangeable. You may be helping someone today, and being helped tomorrow. That's the way it should be. Our common task is developing our skills, so we can help and strengthen one another and the movement for social change

HERE!HERE!....ON WELFARE??

10 new VOP positions are open at MPA now. See Kathy Carney.

code name: beehive

THE SCENE: Super-Planner's vast office atop the slim white tower. One full wall consists of cobweb laden pigeon-holes from which peep reports, studies, surveys, etc. The adjacent wall is partially covered with pigeon-holes, dusty but not yet webbed. Another wall is made of glass and overlooks the city but, because of the set-back, the ground cannot be seen. One can see the upper portions of buildings, the sea and the mountains. And, of course, the sky. The floor is laid with non-static wall-to-wall carpeting. The lighting casts a soft glow. Super-Planner's super desk, with its unitized chair, is highly polished and clear of papers, a sign of high efficiency. A telephone stand contains a well-used white touch-button video telephone and a yet-to-be-used red video telephone. The rest of the furniture is spare and utilitarian except for enveloping security chairs. Super-Planner, alone, is nestling in his chair, palms together with fingertips grazing his upturned chin. His gaze is fixed beyond this world. A subdued gong sounds and the lighting flickers. There are times when Super-Planner requires a secondary sensory signal to bring him back from out there.

SUPER-PLANNER: Come in. (*Junior-Planner enters, whereupon Super-Planner gives him his full attention as he does to all his callers.*) Good morning, my boy. You are looking bright-eyed and bushy-tailed today.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Good morning, sir. (*Pauses.*)

SUPER-PLANNER: What is it?

JUNIOR-PLANNER: I've come to rap about the project assigned to me.

SUPER-PLANNER: Rap? (*Appearing puzzled and then comprehending.*) Oh, yes. Have a chair. Which one were you allotted? I have so many works on my plate it is becoming difficult to keep them sorted out.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: The slope on the south side of False Creek, sir.

SUPER-PLANNER: Perhaps you had better fill me in, son.

Cont'd. page 9



bee hive from page 8

JUNIOR-PLANNER: There is a proposal to rezone the sixteen blocks bounded by Ash Street, Eighth Avenue, Hemlock Street and Sixth Avenue. This will then become a high-rise area. At present these blocks are occupied, in the main, by large, older type, single family dwellings. The owners have converted these to low rental units. Unfortunately, before the rezoning public hearing notice was published, word leaked out and the press began publishing sob stories about the loss of housing for in excess of one thousand low income citizens.

SUPER-PLANNER: God, how can we improve the city when we keep running into interference? Please excuse the outburst, my boy. Do go on.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: My idea will produce housing for thousands of low income people and still permit high-rise development. *(Pause. Super-planner raises his eyebrows.)* Taking one north-south double block at a time, we would excavate between Sixth and Eighth Avenues at the Sixth Avenue level. In each excavation we would build a four storey concrete structure measuring seven hundred feet on each side. *(Pause)* We would probably have to make an allowance for the Eighth Avenue sewer, though.

SUPER-PLANNER: I suggest that, in your report, you refer to this - er - pipe as the "east-west interceptor".

JUNIOR-PLANNER: *(Nods.)* Each structure, after providing for hallways, stairwells, utility and recreation areas, would be made up of twelve by twelve by eight foot high cubicles, all of which would have connecting doors. Four cubicles in a square would constitute a basic unit. That is, living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom. A basic unit, and, ideally, there would be twenty-eight hundred per structure, would house a single person or a couple. A cubicle would be added for each two children in a family.

SUPER-PLANNER: So far, so good.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: To make all cubicles interchangeable, each would have connections for a modular kitchen and a modular bathroom.

SUPER-PLANNER: Excellent, my boy.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Since there would be no windows, the north wall of each cubicle would have connections for a picture window size colour television monitor. This would be fed by a camera mounted on the top of a thirty storey high-rise. It would either pan the view to the north at a narrow angle or remain stationary at a wide angle. Because this service would be at public expense, only one monitor would be permitted for each family.

SUPER-PLANNER: This is only fair economics-wise.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: One final point, sir. In anticipation of the development of the south shore of False Creek as parkland, we could build a people-spiller under Sixth Avenue which would empty onto the flats.

SUPER-PLANNER: A people-spiller? Oh, don't bother to explain the term now. That parkland may be years away.

JUNIOR-PLANNER: Well, sir, that about covers Phase One. Phase Two would be a three storey parking facility on top of the first structure and Phase Three would be construction of the thirty storey high-rises above that.

SUPER-PLANNER: Have you calculated how many people would be accommodated upon the completion of Phase One?

JUNIOR-PLANNER: The eight structures would house in excess of forty thousand of the disadvantaged.

SUPER-PLANNER: What is the code name for Phase One?

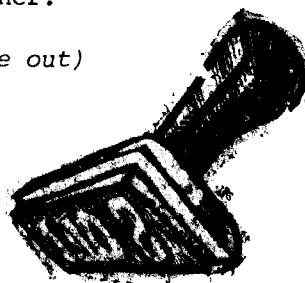
JUNIOR-PLANNER: We had thought of calling it "Rabbit Warren".

SUPER-PLANNER: *(Agitatedly.)* Good heavens, my boy, you mustn't use that. The term suggests irresponsibility, sloth, promiscuity and moral turpitude. *(Pausing to give the matter thought.)* I have it! Call it "Beehive". That connotes thrift and industriousness. Fine qualities. *(Pause)* Carry on with your good work, son. One day you may be Super-Planner.

(Fade out)

THE END

-Gerry Walker



t h r e e

DROP-IN CENTRE REPORT

The Drop-In Centre has been busy lately, with the moving of the West End Residence to 1982 West 6th, with the help of K.I.N.D.

The basement of the Drop-In Centre is being renovated to accommodate an expanded Arts and Crafts program which will include macrame, leather work, candle making, sewing and knitting, tie-dying, batik, painting and sketching -- and anything you can think of yourselves. If you want more information, or have some ideas, get in touch with Koko.

We are also planning to put a ping-pong and/or pool table in the basement. If you know where we can get one, either donated or to buy cheaply, please let us know.

One of the other activities scheduled is a photography workshop with Tom Linnm, which will explore different photographic techniques. This activity will make use of an OFY project that provides a studio free, charging only for photographic paper used. If you are interested-contact Tom.

Another group that is helping us is the Mobile Workshop, a LIP project. They take people on field trips to see and do many interesting projects. Most recently they took us to Wreck Beach where sand candles were made. If you are interested, come to the Drop -In Centre on Thursdays at 12:00 noon.

We have obtained passes from U.B.C. Empire Pool for the use of MPA members throughout the week at various times. Cost to the individual is 25¢ a time. Please check with (Glen) Underwood for the schedules and further information. (738-5177)

-Tony Diakos

EAST END REPORT

*East is East and West is West --
Maybe the Twain Should Meet.*

In December it was decided at one of those incredible talkathons we call general meetings, that an east end MPA should be organized. With the aid of a good deal of LIP (grants that is) it came to pass. By February things were under way. With the help of Alice Stark, who donated living

room furniture and drapes and the Angelus Hotel, we got our happy home together. Tina was our first house mother. John, Cliff and Ray started things. Carla and Josey joined the group. Then Red came along to keep things hopping for awhile. Tina abandoned us for marriage, Rick, Stuart and Rolly joined us.

Landlord problems drove us from our first house and we moved in April to 369 East 21st. Mike and his pals were not the world's best housekeepers! After two days scrubbing, painting and tripping to the garbage dump we had things all set up again.

Around this time our halo began to get a bit tight! We were held up as a shining example to all of MPA. Granted, our house managed to get clean, our shopping was done, meals got cooked, even the

-continued on p. 13



Making sand candles at Wreck Beach.

I wish I cd write a poem
beginning w/those two lines

Standing at the corner of 12th & Guelph
Out of my mind with desire

I felt then all kinds of things,
the desire, pain, joy, to be feeling
anything that clear (is this the poem?)
the transparency of praxis, the sweat,
I wanted to love

(your image coming
at me, straight at me, goony--
and then Brian did something, it
was like a sleight of hand, a
card trick (stop. This is not about Brian.
This is about you. I wanted to love
you then (stop) to (stop) we were newspaper
boys, as we had all been. That was
what it was like then, after the (stop)
our routes, to throw ourselves down on
the grass (I saw you beyond my ideal,
you were not beautiful, you were goony,
I loved you, I wanted to roll around
with (stop) in your arms & smell yr
sweat, unshaven face, all your many,
loose, loose-jointed, head tilted,
upward, back, speedster. I was so
happy to feel that, sweating myself,
in the muggy, dull (stop) there
was no sun, I'm not looking for
perfection. I want that relation
(is this the poem?)

that I never got enough of on
the paper routes, I know
it will be this way when we are in
the trenches (women would laugh, my WWII
image, we can't even imagine, I see
myself passing you the gun, we kiss
under a hail of
bullets? stars? The revolution
will have to make room for us,
the revolution in our own bodies
will have to (We were doing a route
for the GRAPE, to open up distribution.

- George Stanley

UNIVERSAL COMEDY

light years away,
The struggle of EARTH,
Is looked on as;
A ridiculous comedy.
The inter-galactic,
Beings laugh.
Millions of years
Have passed since
Mutual goal was gained
Yet on earth,
Humans are too
Busy finding fault;
Dissent grows as
New groups are formed
To realise the old ones.
Integrationists, Liberationists,
radicals, socialists, communists,
fascists,
Gays, straights, hippies,
Bikers, etc,...Everything
but people together!!

- D. D. Rempel

Comfort

I want to go to the beach
when everybody sleeps.
I want to see the wild ocean
and the holy night.

And yet the old woe embraces me again.

On the water a boat dances.
It lures me out into the storming sea,
away, away for ever from hate and distress
into the sea, into the night,
into happiness, into death.
I untie the rope,
and freedom laughs behind the mist.
And I sail with joy into the night
to flee from dolor into death and peace.

Once only I look back.
A friend's hand
beckons me.

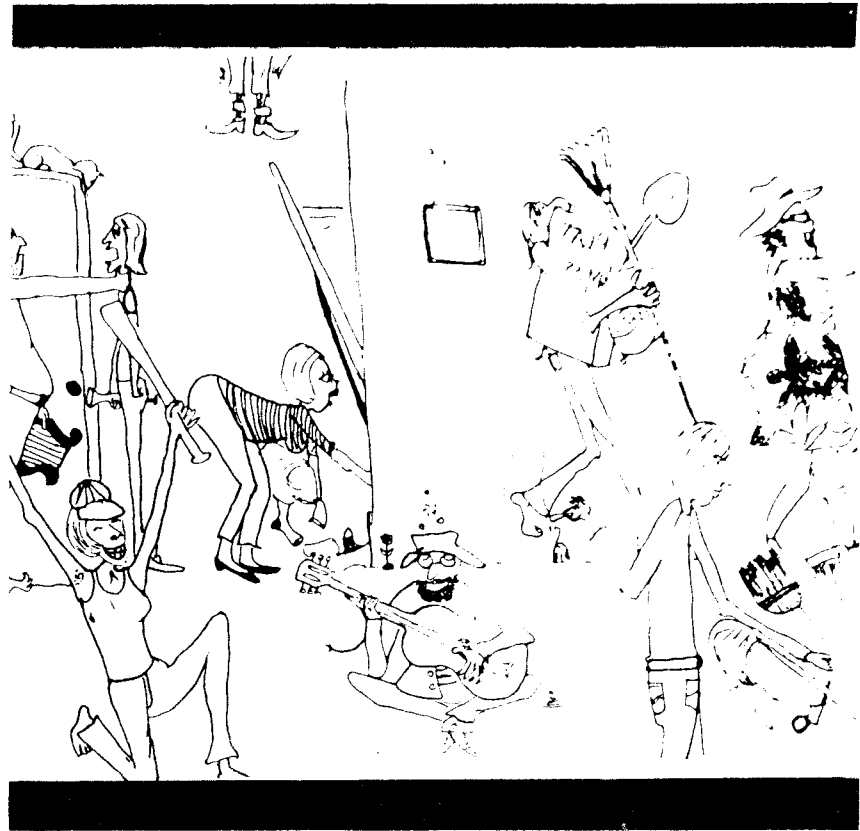
And as I see this
I forget all hatred and misery.
The old woe embraces me again,
but I turn my boat
back to the land,
and kiss my true friend's hand.

- Ursula Hoold

r e p o r t s

washing got washed. We just didn't spread it around when things didn't work so well. There was a day when we sorted out sixteen loads of wash that was stacked in a cupboard. The garbage used to block the back door sometimes and the Dishes! No one ever wants to do the dishes. We tried schedules for cooking and cleaning. We threw them out. Mainly we depend on our three house meetings a week to sort ourselves out. The real value of these meetings is to give everyone a chance to air grievances, to be good and sweet and kind or just plain bitchy, as the case may be.

In the meantime our members changed. Ray decided on the marriage route. Bob came from the Maples and has been boxing his way through most of us, even our visitors yet. We refuse to publish his win-loss record. Our rules about violence might tend to incriminate him. Harry and Vince passed through. The two Franks came but we couldn't have two people with the same name so we promoted one to coordinator. We have problems keeping our women for any length of time. Wendy, Mary and Joan were with us for very short stays. Joyce and Marci visit for weekends and time out from Crease - if they've been good. Denise has had more stamina than most - but maybe Rick had something to do with that! Clyde moved in for awhile but once he got everything organized he decided to try things on his own. George



has added his sunshine personality to the group. Gary is educating us to more healthy ways of eating, but he's having a tough time breaking us in.

We have given up the one month short stay idea and people can stay as long as they need. When problems arise with people in the house, the house members decide how to handle things. We have asked some people to leave. This has been done in case of violence and refusal to be considerate of the group as a whole. We get into hot water every now and again and we're pretty thankful for the West End response to our yells for help last month when things got a bit heavier than usual.

-cartoon by Hilary Phillips

After a couple of months planning we took over paying our way at the East end, starting in June. Since Koko joined we are sporting new tie-dye curtains in the kitchen, Denise made a dress, Bob made candles and got frustrated doing macrame. George is still waiting for a taste of Koko's buns. Everyone else ate them. The four-foot square garden has expanded to twenty-five feet and might even get planted this month. We're aiming for a fall vegetable crop. How about East meet West at a Harvest Supper?

-Fran Phillip

... f r o m



FARM REPORT

I thought you would be interested in what is happening with the farm. We have at present a small but very fine garden. I brought in some radishes and a big bag of lettuce. A garden is a gold mine. Even with a small one you can feed a family of five all winter if the harvest is canned or frozen. To this end, Marilyn has offered to teach people to can, make jam and freeze vegetables.

NEW FARM

There is a new farm under consideration. Central Mortgage and Housing is going to look it over and we should know soon whether or not it is acceptable. If not, I'll find a place to rent.

The new farm looks fantastic with ten acres and a good year round creek in back. There's an 8 stall barn, a 4 bedroom house, a small greenhouse, a chicken coop and a garage. There are also 3 gardens - all planted. One contains corn, enough to keep MPA going for quite awhile.

The people living there now have been selling some of their vegetables to pay taxes. The rest is put away and lasts all winter. With our peoplepower and initiative, MPA's food bill could be cut in half. We could cut egg bills to 20¢ a dozen for good, fresh eggs. Raising calves for veal and pigs for pork are two other real possibilities.

The new farm will not be as isolated at the present one. I feel it is a

good thing to belong to the community to avoid becoming alienated as a farm and institutionalized as people. We would also waste less time travelling around.

PURPOSE OF THE FARM

The farm used to be a 'rest home'. This is no longer so. The purpose of the farm now is:

- a) To provide an environment away from the excessive hassles of the city, To make room for people to grow together out of chaos and into a more meaningful existence,
- b) To provide Gestalt therapy as a path to becoming more alive and open to others,
- c) To give people an opportunity to help things grow by living with animals and nature (to enable them to see that we share the world - we don't own it), and
- d) To provide produce and meat to MPA houses at a more realistic cost and screw the big S's - Safeway and Super-Valu.

PROGRAM PARTICULARS

I will continue to coordinate the program which will be a good balance of work and play. The Haney area has great recreational facilities. There are 30 miles of hiking trails close by, good fishing and camping, and 5 lakes I know of for swimming.

The (proposed) house holds 10 people at most. Each will pay \$65 / month

-continued on p. 15

people

rent and food. The rent will be used as mortgage payments. The initial period at the farm will be a 3 month program at the end of which people will be expected to try and find employment while remaining part of the farm community. Presently there is room for 4 people interested in the program.

All people who come to the farm will be expected to commit themselves for the 3 months because its not going to work if people are constantly coming and going. Those who are interested may come out for two days after which they will decide whether they want this and we will decide if we want them to stay.

If Tony is elected, he will be cooking and helping people out with his years of living experience. He is a fine cook and has more than enough knowledge for the job. He is dependable which is necessary. No cook, no meals. He has proven his dependability time and time again and has been cooking for some time now. Ed, who is new, has been brought up on a farm, likes it and will be a great help to me.

If you are interested, come on and try it out. If there are no people there is no farm community. PHONE & YOU CAN BE PICKED UP AT THE CLEARBROOK BUS STOP. ASK FOR MICHAEL.

-Michael Musclow

P.S.

I would like to thank Lloyd for all his efforts while he has been at the farm. He has put a lot of himself into the place - more than we all know. Anything new grows like a child, from crawling to standing up and falling down until it stands on its own two feet. Lloyd has so far made the existing place a reality and its a good foundation to work from.

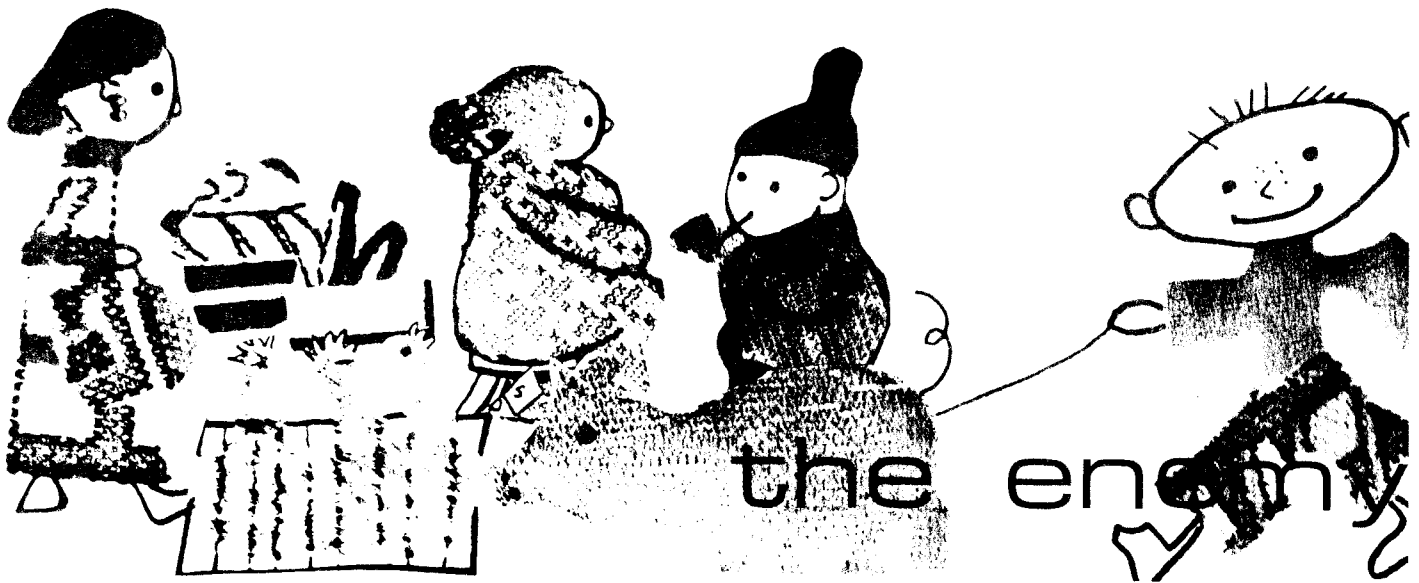
Farm is at:
4444 Glenmore Road,
Matsqui, B.C.
Phone - 853-0161

t h a n k s

Many thanks to the Vancouver Community press for supplies and to Barb Coward and Brian Loomes for their labour on the press and camera.



Salah



She reached the door and opened it and she was safe. She put the bag of groceries on the table and straightened up and took a deep breath. Now it was over and she wouldn't have to go out again until tomorrow. Slowly she took off her coat and put on the kettle. She sat down with her pencil and pad trying to work out her grocery list for tomorrow. It would have to have 5 items to stand for the 5 words in "I love you very much". She struggled with it but it wouldn't seem to come out right. She turned off the kettle and continued. Suddenly it all fell into place -

Lettuce
Oranges
V8 juice
Eggs
Radishes

She put it away satisfied and lay down on the bed. It had been a terrible walk. She took it every day and each time it became worse. It was only 4 blocks but it seemed like 20 miles.

She had started out today almost in a frenzy of fright. She had shaken like a leaf while she dressed. At ten o'clock exactly she walked out into the street as she did every day. If she didn't do it, she would have no food and she would not survive.

This morning she had held her purse in that special way she had decided was the least dangerous. Calming herself she had walked out into the open with the sun glittering on the snow. In just that certain way she had decided was the least dangerous, she carried herself. She walked with

her head down to show her very great humility. Although she couldn't see them, she knew there were observers at the windows of the tall apartment houses that lined the street. She felt like running but with great control and courage, she kept her step steady and regular.

There were people she met who turned their races from her. She knew where they came from and she felt fear and contempt. There were others who looked deeply into her eyes and gave her strength. Her friends had sent them.

Nearing the store, she suddenly slipped and fell. A man grabbed her under the arms and helped her up. Glaring at her, he said something but deafened by fright she couldn't hear him.

Finally reaching the store, she gathered the groceries in the order of her shopping list and took them to the same cashier she always used. This was her contact. This was where she left her messages. Her messages were about how she was getting along. She might say, "I got a green light this morning" or "Watch the garbage". Today she said, "Bad morning."

Coming out of the store she saw the man who had helped her up. She knew he would follow her home. She held her walk to her usual steady gait but terror gripped her heart. He was right behind her all the way. She didn't turn and look but she could feel his eyes on her back.

She reached the door and opened it and she was safe.

letters cont.

-from p. 6

has published, never by what sort of person he is (with the result that some incredibly nasty people reach high positions where they have plenty of scope to do damage) and equally "all right" to hold a student in utter contempt because he uses misplaced modifiers or can't understand "The Waste Land".

I've told you about the group I'm involved with, the Mental Patients Association. It is certainly less exclusive than any other group I've known. There is a real, determined effort there, to make strangers welcome and to judge people only on grounds of what they are, not what they think. Most of us have a strong feeling of being misfits ourselves, and that makes us reluctant to exclude other people, for fear the same thing will be done to us.

But even here "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others". It's "in" to be involved in radical politics, "out" to be conservative in whatever degree and for whatever reason. Along with the political emphasis goes an enthusiasm for communal houses, encounter groups, Women's Liberation--anything that represents the New Culture. And the advocates of all these things are ready to missionize for them at the drop of a hat.

I don't want to get sidetracked into a discussion of the value of Maoism or communes--even if I had the knowledge to deal with either. What bothers me about their advocates is that they are my exclusive Christians all over

again. I can't say that they hold the rest of us in contempt as people, but they tend to brush off our questions and objections to their theories as showing only that we are not yet sufficiently enlightened or aware to accept what they say. Once again I find myself and others the object of missionary endeavour; do this, and ye shall be saved. And I don't like it. But I still much prefer the company of the "lost" to that of the missionaries.

I've been wondering just what brings about this exclusive quality in groups devoted to a common end. (An example occurs to me here; a well-known team of encounter-group leaders in Vancouver carefully screened all applicants, so that those who ask awkward questions won't get in. Heretics are not wanted; the excuse given is that they would not benefit from our programme". And I can tell you, if you don't already know it, that the almost sacramental attitude adopted by many people taking part in encounter-group ritual can look terribly funny.) I suspect the biggest reason for establishing an orthodoxy and demanding that group members adhere to it, is that for most people it is far too challenging and painful to engage whole-heartedly in an endeavour, while being forced frequently to consider that they may be wrong. It is so much easier to surround oneself with people who think in the "accepted" way; one can then avoid having his assumptions challenged, and being forced to take his opponents into serious account.

I think it was questions like these that made Simone Weil decide not to be accepted into any group. She speaks elsewhere of wanting to move among people of all types, sharing their outlook as much as possible: "...so as to love them just as they are. For if I do not love them as they are, it will not be they whom I love, and my love will be unreal." Well, that's how I feel too. I am afraid of assuming any religious, political or social attitude that will prevent me from encountering other people on a level, on their terms as well as mine. An inner circle of the right-minded is a very comforting thing to have, if what one really wants is to be constantly assured that one's own beliefs are right. But I'm still wondering if it isn't possible to have a group with a common purpose that is capable of questioning not only its own methods, but its aims and assumptions as well. MPA comes closer to that ideal than any other group I've known. But not half close enough.

I'm telling all this to you partly because I remember you've written somewhere that no two people ever can, or should, fully agree. That, I think, is what I'm really getting at. I want to be able to respect other peoples' individual opinions as much as I do their individual personalities.

When are you coming out here again? I want you to come and see MPA properly for yourself, and see what you think of it. And, of course, above all, I want to see you.

Yours, with respect and affection,

Cathy

Quotations taken from Simone Weil's Waiting on God.

Lanny Beckman took a holiday

Perhaps it was sneaky of me, but I hired a private detective to report on Mr. Beckman's activities. The following is the report sent back by Acme Detective Agency.

Mr. Beckman left Vancouver on Flight 962 bound for Los Angeles. At the first stopover at the Seattle Tacoma airport, Mr. Beckman asked for and was granted permission to leave the plane during the fifteen minute refuelling. He said he wanted to make a phone call.

I followed him into the airport lounge and watched as he consumed six double bourbons and a pint of vodka - all within five minutes. He then took a large bottle of Chlorpromazine pills out of his pocket and with an elastic band borrowed from the bar, he proceeded to sling-shot the pills at passing passengers. A security guard escorted him out onto the tarmac. He then boarded the wrong plane and after a nine hour flight, landed in Acapulco, Mexico.

After landing, he was confronted by the Mexican custom officers who were all set to put him on the next flight back, but Mr. Beckman explained that he would beat them up if they tried. They allowed him to stay. I then followed him down to the beach where he dug a hole in the sand and promptly went to sleep.

The next morning after a shower and a shave at the local hotel washroom, Mr. Beckman wandered back to the beach and taking his shoes off, waded out into the ocean up to knee depth. In all fairness to Mr. Beckman, he meant no harm, but only wanted to enjoy the cooling water effect and the peace and serenity of the early morning Mexican scene.

It was then that fate intervened. As he turned to go back to his sandhole, he stepped on a sleeping lobster. The lobster was in a foul mood after searching the ocean floor all night looking for a female lobster. The battle was on.

All I could see was a thrashing of arms and legs, lobster claws and water spray. Then, all was quiet. I ran down to the scene as fast as I could, but too late. The lobster had won the battle and with one claw holding Mr. Beckman's shirt collar and the other claw doing the dog paddle, he was slowly but surely dragging Mr. Beckman out to sea.

It was a desperate situation and it called for desperate methods. Luckily, I had a pair of scissors handy so I swam out and cut the collar off Mr. Beckman's shirt. The last I saw of the lobster, it was heading for the South Sea Islands dragging the collar.

Mr. Beckman was unharmed and was grateful for the rescue. We became close friends and spent the next week touring Mexico together, visiting as many insane asylums as time would permit and enjoying the company of the Mexican inmates. We gave each person a Chlorpromazine tablet as a gesture of our friendship, and promised to return someday to live with them.

The return trip was uneventful except for the mid-air collision with another airliner and running out of fuel fifty miles from Vancouver. I sure hope Mr. Beckman enjoyed his holiday, as I know that I did.

-Sir Figby Snort
Acme Detective Agency



"Is Lanny at home?" asks Sir Figby Snort as he inspects Mr. Beckman's sandhole.

recipes



WONNA

- 4 c. rolled oats
- 1/2 c. coconut
- 1 c. wheat germ
- 1 c. chopped nuts
- 1 c. sunflower seeds

Brown above in oven
in a large, flat tin

- Mix:
- 1 c. honey
 - 1 c. oil
 - 1 tsp. vanilla

Pour this mixture over
the toasted grains.
Toast in 325° over for
one hour. In the last
10 mins. add raisins or
dates, etc.

TEMPURA BATTER

- 1 1/2 c. whole wheat flour
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 1 1/2 c. water or milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 to 2 tsp. baking powder

Whisk flour into bowl.
Add water and vinegar. Stir
slightly (texture should

be lumpy and soft, not
smooth).

Vegetables - carrots,
onions, potatoes, parsley
and spinach leaves - may
be fun to try.

Shrimp - peel the shrimp
except the tail, slit,
dust with salted flour,
then dip it into tempura
batter and fry.

Squid can be used.

GREEN PEA RICE

- 2/3 c. green peas
- 2 1/2 c. rice
- 2 3/4 c. water

Method 1

Wash green peas, and set
aside. Wash rice and
drain 1 to 2 hrs. before
cooking.

Into heavy pot put rice,
add the water with 1 tsp.
salt, 1 tbsp. oil, peas.
Mix well and cook as
usual.

Method 2 (brown rice)

Wash rice 2 hrs before
cooking. Put 5 1/2 cups
water and 1 1/2 tsp. salt.
Cook as usual. When rice
starts to boil, put in
washed peas and mix
lightly. Turn down flame
to medium for 5 mins, then
low for 8 to 10 mins, then
turn off flame.

FIG BARS

- 3 c. sand
- 4 tbsp. cement
- 1 c. water
- 2 c. crushed rock

Stir water into cement in
large mixing bowl, slowly
add sand and mix well.

Next, add crushed rock and
fold gently. Drop over
large spoon onto well-
greased cookie tin. Bake
at 350° one hour or until
hard.

Give cookies to child
at plus

ELECTION - FARM POSITION

There will be an election to fill the vacant farm position at the General Meeting, Wednesday, July 26th at 7:30 p.m. All written applications must be in the office (3191 W. 10th) no later than Tuesday, July 25th, 1972.

VOP

The next VOP meeting is on Sunday, July 30th at 7:30, at the Drop-In Center. We expect to see all of you there.

VOLUNTEERS

The next volunteer meeting is Tuesday, July 25th at 8:00 at the Drop-In Center. Please phone Kathy Carney at MPA - 738-5177 or at home - 738-0387 if you are unable to attend.

HOUSING

We are trying to buy Canada but so far only have an interim agreement on B.C. Actually, we have found a large old house which we're trying to buy but so far have not been able to pin the owner down to a reasonable price.

THURSDAY IS POLITICS NIGHT at MPA

July 27, 8 p.m. - How Mental Patients Get Legally Screwed

It has been decided to hold get-togethers every Thursday night at the drop-in center to discuss (ugh) politics. Over the weeks we'll be covering topics like: oppression of mental patients, sexual discrimination, racism, capitalism and socialism, Canadian nationalism, ecology etc. The first topic, on July 27th, will be "How Mental Patients

Get Legally Screwed! Come out and yell and scream. It'll be good for you.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following people have mail at MPA - West 10th

Carson, Beryl
Cook, C.W.
Cleveland, Bob
Etherington, Rick
Evans, J. (3)
Faygel, Susan (2)
Fisher, Fred
Hagglund, Rolly
James, William
Lustig, Robert
Peterson, Jean (3)
Plane, Justin
Pollock, Tom (2)
Pybus, Sam (2)
Robertson, Ian (2)
Turnbull, J.

GENERAL MEETING

The next General meeting to be held Wednesday, July 26th at 7:30 p.m. in the Drop-In Centre. They occur regularly every Wednesday.

GRANTS

MPA received an operating grant of \$8,178 from the Kinsmen. We also received one of over \$5,000 from Youth Vista Society to be used to establish an MPA house for adolescents. Fortunately, however, we did not get the opportunities for Youth grant to establish a center in the east end for women.

CRAFTS

There is a crafts workshop happening every Thursday. People should meet at the Drop-in Center, 10th and Trutch at 1:00 p.m. Different activities such as sand candle making, clay casts, etc. take place. Seven more weeks remain this particular program. See Koko for more detail.

SING-SONG NIGHT

There will be a sing-song night on Saturday, August 5th. Bring your voices and your instruments (friends, too).

LADIE'S COFFEE PARTY

Free. Wednesday, July 26. 1-3 p.m. St. James United Church, 10th & Trutch. Live music. Prizes