

In A NutShell

A Publication of the MENTAL PATIENTS' ASSOCIATION



In This Issue

Features:

Freedom and Privacy.....	pg. 1,11
Summer Picnic Success.....	pg. 2
Clear on the Concept.....	pg. 2, 3
In Search of the Elusive Democracy.....	pg. 3, 4
Remembering Darryl.....	pg. 6
In Memorium.....	pg. 10
Famous Manic-Depressives.....	pg. 15

Columns:

Underdog.....	pg. 5, 11
Pastoral Reflections.....	pg. 10
Nuts for Nutrition.....	pg. 12
Minute Particulars.....	pg. 14

Stories:

Painless Parker.....	pg. 13
----------------------	--------

Poetry:

The Sea of Silence.....	pg. 8
To One So Dear.....	pg. 9

Added Features:

Letters to the Editor.....	pg. 5
Bookworm Book Review.....	pg. 7
Laughs with Lewry.....	pg. 7
Announcement and Bulletin Board.....	pg. 15, 16

Cover Graphics: by Carel Moisewitsch - As an artist and human being, Carel is deeply concerned about attitudes and issues relating to mental illness and the attainment of acceptance and wellbeing for those involved.

'In A NutShell' is a publication of the Mental Patient's Association, 1731 W. 4th Ave. Vancouver B.C., V6J 1M2, (604) 738-2811. The MPA is a non-profit organization that offers a variety of programs in HOUSING, VOCATIONAL, RECREATIONAL, and SOCIAL ACTIVITIES for former mental patients. For more information on any of the above programs or housing waiting lists, please phone the office at 738-2811.

Editor: Jim Gifford Co-Editor: Dennis Strashok Page Lay-out on PageMaker Software

The opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the individual writers and not necessarily those of the MPA. Donations toward the cost of "In A NutShell" will be graciously accepted by the MPA.

Freedom and Privacy

Part I: Two Sides of the Same Coin

by O. Wirsching

The protection of privacy and access to information is one dull subject that needs to be broken down into chewable chunks - kibbles and bytes one might say. This series of articles will explore the background, contemporary developments, and most importantly, the issue of patient access to health care records. It may also be wise to look at the basic principles espoused by "trusted experts" bent on leading us into the "new" information age. The new part refers to proposed legislation for British Columbia that is aimed at creating fair policies on public access to government information; what kinds of records should remain private and confidential; and the general feeling that more information be made available for citizens who expect politicians to make good on promises of an "open" government.

The Access to Information act and the Privacy Act are federal statutes that were enacted on July 1, 1983. It took 15 years of lobbying to pass the law because the powers that be were afraid of being embarrassed by once-secret files. After all, the government risked losing an election if certain cover-ups and indiscretions were made public. It was not the first such law to be passed in the world. Sweden, for example, has had such a law

ever since 1756, and the United States passed its Freedom of Information Act in 1966. The U.S. legislation was used to uncover evidence about the criminal break-in at the Watergate complex, which eventually led to the resignation of former President Richard "I am not a crook" Nixon.

The other side of access to information is privacy. This means preventing access or unauthorized disclosure of personal information that the government has in its data banks. Personal is defined as any information identifying a person's marital status, national or ethnic origin, race, age or color. It also includes social insurance

numbers, addresses, blood types, medical or criminal histories, and even fingerprints.

So much for the Feds. On the provincial level, only Alberta and B.C. are without freedom of information and privacy legislation. It seems that we are always the last to get antiquated laws changed. The sun rises in the east and by the time it sets in the west, nary a ray of hope is left! There is no right of access to personal information, and privacy rights are only protected by other branches of the law. Policies developed by government institutions are biased, contradictory, and self-serving. B.C. has its Privacy Act that operated like a catch-22 in that there is no requirement to protect personal information when a person's privacy has been violated. The legal

(continued on pg. 11)



Carol Campbell carries MPA placard, led by the Highlanders and Mounties, at 'Walk for Schizophrenia'.

Summer Picnic Success

by Dominic Patten

It has now been proven without a doubt - the Members are more powerful than the staff. Members soundly thrashed staff in the Tug-O-War at this year's Summer picnic. Brad Carpenter and Gary Grant were just two on the team that dragged the staff into the mud. Some staff members think that if Brahm hadn't been so busy cooking burgers for everyone that he could have saved the staff team!! But, in my opinion, if Frank and Barry Niles weren't enough then its obvious the staff team were

destined to lose. Next year will have to be the re-match down at Ceperley Park again.

As well as Tug-O-War, the picnic also included a potentially messy Egg-tossing contest and a Softball game. But not everyone can to play- some just came to hang out and eat. From Brahm's burgers to apple pie to fresh watermelon to potato salad to ice cream, there was a feast to be had. I ate so much that I spent most of the afternoon lying on the grass. One of the best things about the picnic was

that all different types of people from all the different parts of M.P.A. got the opportunity to meet each other. People from the Residence program met people from the C.R.C. as did people from the Court Worker project and the Hampton Hotel. The beautiful summer's day only made a good time better.

Thanks should go out to all the people who worked to make the picnic possible. They really did a good job. Special thanks should also go out to the Membership as a whole. No matter what others may say, it's people, not planning that makes a good time. See ya next summer!!



Clear on the Concept Member-run Mental Patients' Organizations What They Are & How They can Work (Excerpts) by Gloria Scribner & Dominic Patten

In the last two hundred years medical science has solved many of the mysteries of the human condition. Virus and plagues that once ravaged the species have all but disappeared in many cases. Yet within the towering monolith that is western medicine cracks have developed, cracks which undermine the practical usage of the achievements of medical science and reveal the inadequacy of the scientific method as a healer. In recent years we have seen the growth of a parallel community designed to aid and assist those who have fallen through the cracks

of the monolith. We have seen a variety of groups and organizations, based on the self-help method, becoming acceptable supports or alternative avenues for addressing a variety of ailments in society. Self-help groups typically endeavor to provide the emotional support and practical solutions for dealing with the specific conditions common to all their respective members, an avenue often overlooked in the medical science maze of prescriptions, hospitalization and containment.

There is an old saying that "the rich are eccentric and the poor

are just crazy." In many ways that saying sums up the issue of focus in the beginning stages of a mental patients/former mental patients member-run organization. It addresses who those in need are and what those needs are. As in any context, it is the defenceless and the victimized who should be the facilitators of their own protection, dignity, and respect. Therefore, participation in such a group should be exclusive to those who are or have been mental patients. Only those who have suffered the stigma and the cold shoulder of the social fabric can truly claim an understanding of what their wishes

(continued next page)

Clear on the Concept

(continued from previous page)

and needs are. While the exception can always disprove the rule, generally every instance in which there is equal participation, or significant participation, by non-mental patients in such a group, the non-mental patients always end up running the show. Control and power becomes centralized in the hands of the professionals and the so-called "normals", so that within the confines of their own group psychiatric patients become once again disempowered.

If to be an empowered individual is to have a place of merit in a community, then that place in the community must be as an equal member of the community. Non-mental patients in a mental patients/former mental patients member-run organization have certain social, emotional, and economic advantages that render them, at the very least, first among equals in such a community. That is why it is necessary to focus the criteria for membership in the group to current and former mental patients,

to maintain the equality of dignity and respect. Now, some would say that such a policy is a reverse form of discrimination. But they are wrong. The criteria is, at its core, an acknowledgement of difference among various groups in greater society, an acknowledgement of societal power relationships and an attempt, by disavowment, to undermine the illegitimate process of disempowerment that mental patients and former mental patients are commonly subjected to. In establishing their own community, mental patients and former mental patients are adding their experiences and voices to the collective of competing communities that make up society. And in that process, granting their needs and their issues a priority in the agenda of social relations.

In George Orwell's acclaimed, and often misunderstood, 1984, the ruthless O'Brien states to the helpless Winston, "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human

face-forever... And remember that it is forever. The face will always be there to be stamped upon. The heretic, the enemy of society, will always be there, so that he can be defeated and humiliated over again." In our present day, 1992, there are many victims of society, such as mental patients and former mental patients, who would say that O'Brien is referring to them, to their face, to their fate. They are the victims of too much probing and too little listening, they are the physical guinea pigs of pharmaceutical corporations and disinterested doctors. It is for them, that we must aid in the removal of "pop psychology" stereotypes from the self-help model and acknowledge the powerful good it can do for those it serves. Science will never answer questions of the human character and Love will never answer the questions of pure Biology. But the love of one's self that can evolve out of a sense of self-respect and dignity can answer the truly important questions that we all seek in one way or another. To answer these questions is to fill in the cracks.



In Search of the Elusive

Democracy

by Dale M. Kuster

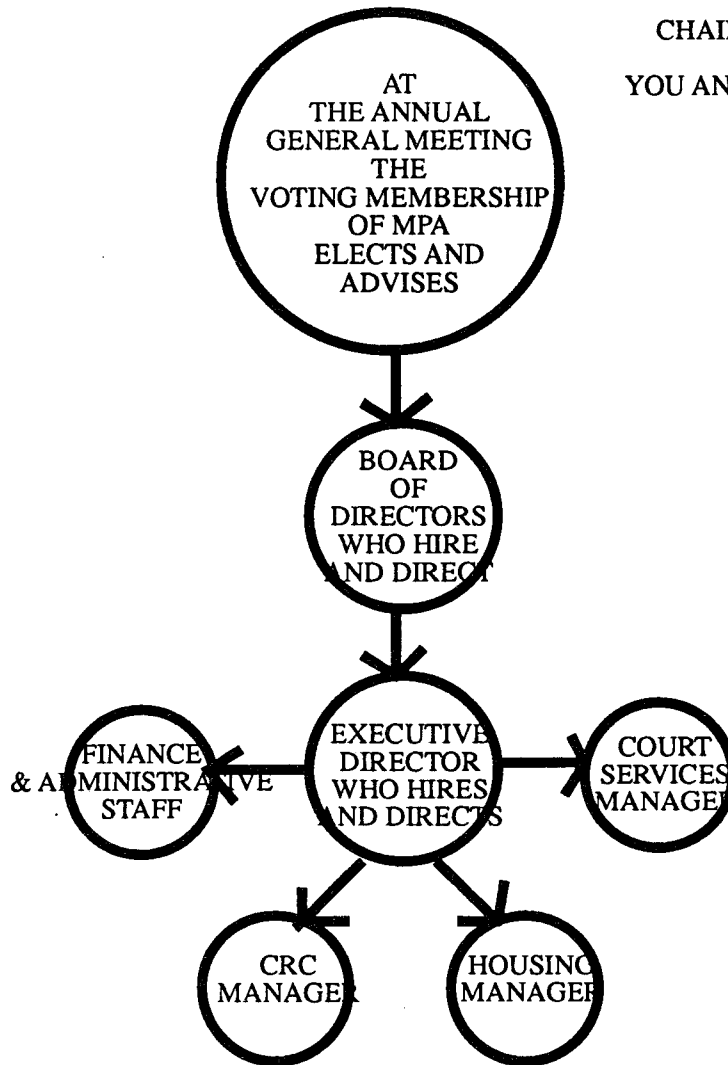
We are members of an association with a democratic Con-

stitution. The founders sacrificed greatly to gain support for and form our Association and were

careful to see that the members' votes ultimately ruled the policy and direction of the organization.

(continued next page)

CHAIN OF COMMAND
BETWEEN
YOU AND THE EXECUTIVE



Democracy is a concept worth safeguarding. Hundreds of millions of men, women, and children have died in wars in our lifetime to protect this wonderful concept.

We members of the M.P.A. are very sensitive people. Many of us are recovering from illness, injuries of one type or another or an inability to cope with the harshness of the ordinary world. We do not like to 'rock the boat'.

Yet democracy only works

if you vote and you must attend meetings to do so. Communication is an integral part of this process. It is very important that we are made aware, well in advance, that a meeting is to take place and the address. Not all of us frequent the Community Resource Centre, the houses or the Hampton Hotel.

We are a large organization with a budget exceeding 3 million dollars a year. M.P.A. is the best chance most of us have to show the community at large that

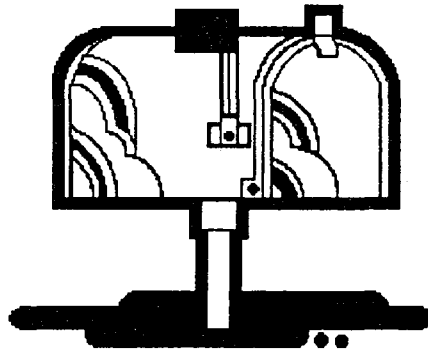
our votes ultimately control our organization.

But, if we do not vote, 'leave it to the other guy' and neglect to go to meetings, we may risk losing control of our institution. Let's do our homework and get out to vote.

In the famous words of Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts: 'Be Prepared'.



Letters to the Editor



(Ana is the young Costa Rican girl adopted by the M.P.A. through World Vision)

Dear Sponsors,

By this means I greet you, hoping that you are enjoying good health.

This letter is to thank you for all the support you have given to us because when this project

was started in our community, I and my family were crossing a terrible economic situation.

So, I and my family will always be grateful with you and with God, because nothing moves without the hand of God.

Again, thank you very much.

Good-bye.

Ana Melissa Salas

Underdog by Jim Gifford



Today a newspaper report exposed another example of militant attitudes so often expressed in our society. Two Christian fundamentalists, preaching salvation door-to-door, confronted an unsympathetic gay couple. The churchgoers began haranguing the residents, telling them they were going to hell for their beliefs and lifestyle. Fanatical intolerance bares its ugly head.

(continued pg. 11)

Dear Editor:

I am a Mental Health Advocate working for the B.C. Coalition of People with Disabilities. I am a part of the Mental Health Empowerment Advocacy Program. The program features two Mental Health Advocates who are from the mental health community, namely Tracy Moore and myself, Angie Dorge.

The philosophy behind our program is to return power and responsibility to persons with a mental illness and to help individuals self-advocate wherever possible. More specifically, our mandate is to advocate on behalf of individuals with a mental health disability who need assistance, to provide direct assistance in obtaining benefits available through the Ministry of Social Services, and to educate mental health consumers on their rights and to share self-help skills.

Thank you for considering plugging our program.

Sincerely
Angie Dorge
Mental Health Advocate

The Poor

The poor don't know their function in life is to exercise our generosity.

Jean Paul Sartre

Remembering Darryl

by Ozed

In 1971, when M.P.A. took the first difficult steps to becoming a society, a budding young poet wrote: "If we are to be really truthful in what we say, we may find ourselves observing a new day. When all that we perceive to be exacting perfection is actually procrastination that's in dire need of correction, So beware the use of slander and keep your tongue in love. Truth is a virtue you say - well now I have said mine."

This was one of the many poems Darryl Rempel wrote when the Nutshell was only two pages long! He also participated socially as a member and later worked as an East End Coordinator. He seemed to know what was going on with people when conflicts threatened to overwhelm. When the chips were down, he joined the rescue party and provided comfort and support during a crisis. He talked about fleeting friendships, quick turnarounds, and believed not in labels, but people working together.

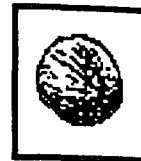
Darryl lived and breathed Fourth Avenue. He knew brokers, fakers and candlestick makers. He always had an apartment that looked like home (and a motley crew which took turns using his couch). Realizing that privacy was more important than catering to spiritual seekers, artists and just

plain stoned folks, Darryl closed his door to all but the best-behaved malcontents of the time.

I remember cruising in a used car late with him at midnight, and coffee served by waitresses in brown uniforms. We got to know their names, that was all: (sigh). A few laughs, some cheap talk, and we were gone again, deep into the neon night, uncovering the soul of man and machine. Mercury and Electra 225. We had miles to go before our sleep, but back at the apartment, the couch never moved an inch.

For the past ten years, Darryl had been receiving treatment for lymphatic cancer. Unfortunately, chemotherapy not only killed diseased cells but healthy ones as well. The after-effects can be painful too. He once described it as "the cure that could kill you". After frequent doses of treatment, there came a period of remission and Darryl would carry on as usual. He could be seen delivering decorations for the local florist, but had to give up his job

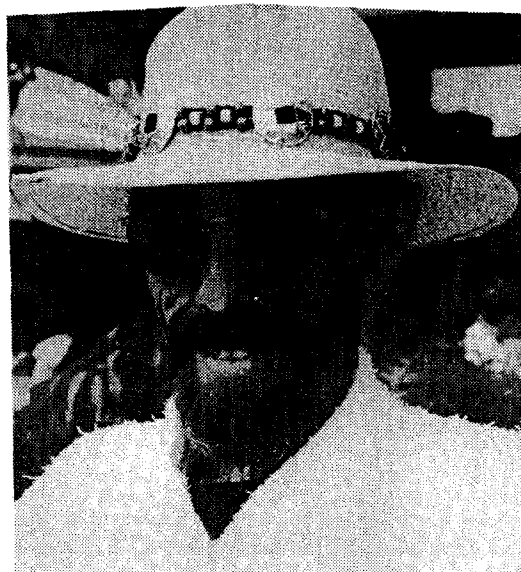
last year. The doctors were unkind and told him he would be in hospital for "the duration". I visited him often, as did friends and family. Darryl passed away on July 20, 1992. Farewell, old soldier, your battle is over. To me, you will always be what a true friend is all about.



Psychoanalysis

Psychoanalysis is confession without absolution.

G.K.Chesterton



Darryl Rempel

Bookworm

The History of Shock Treatment

Edited by Leonard Roy Frank

San Francisco, 1978, 206 pages

(excerpted from Mar. 1979 'In A NutShell' review by Don Weitz)

Frank's *The History of Shock Treatment* is a compelling and brilliant piece of work, an...expose of the psychiatric atrocity called electro-convulsive therapy (ECT).

In chronological order, Frank has organized a wealth of documentary evidence: highly personal and emotional autobiographical accounts of what electric shock felt like from scores of inmate-victims; poems; obscene ads pushing the latest shock machines as well as anticonvulsant drugs; an 'ECT Death Chronology' (reporting 384 deaths through 1977); a 'Shock Doctor List' which includes the names and hospital affiliations of doctors who've admitted using ECT; a glossary explaining key psychiatric concepts; a 177-item bibliography on electric shock.

Four original articles near the book's end feature an ex-inmate's personal account of hospitalization and shock treatment, Dr. David Richman's scathing attack on shock and psychiatric drugs, a clarifying piece on the key legal issues involved, including a crystal-clear definition of informed consent and a 'model statute' to restrict or ban all shock treatment, and an excellent account of NAPA's (Network Against Psychiatric Assault) continuing fight against ECT.

The weight of evidence Frank has assembled clearly shows electric shock damages human brains, causing some permanent memory loss or weakening of intellectual abilities, and that informed consent is rarely, if ever, obtained from the 'patient'.

Too many concerned and well-intentioned people are still brainwashed by psychiatric mythology and intimidated by psychiatrists' powers. Leonard Frank has done us all a good service in producing this book which demystifies electric shock and other forced psychiatric 'treatments'. It is claimed such treatment is for our 'own benefit' when, in reality, it is used to control people

who dare to be different or are 'out of control'.

Thomas Szasz, author of 'The Myth of Mental Illness' has stated 'what the rack and the stake were to the Inquisition, what the concentration camp and the gas chamber were to National Socialism, the mental hospital and electroshock are to Institutional Psychiatry.'

Although this compendium of indictable material against electroshock treatment was published almost fourteen years ago, ECT is still very much in use, although psychiatrists and hospitals are more secretive about its application. It is time society awoke to the terror and injustice that electroshock treatment is perpetrating, and bring this travesty to an end.



Laughs with Lewry



First person who says he's going to give me a lobotomy gets a piece of my mind.

The Sea of Silence

by I.B. Iskov

Lost in an ocean filled with fear.
My thoughts immersed, like sunken ships.
Broken dreams and shattered hopes
Are locked within my frozen lips.

The sea of silence captures me.
An endless rhythm in my brain.
Chained to the waves of misery.
Groping for my life in vain.

A puppet in the hand of fate.
Glued to the strings of destiny.
Dancing to a demon's tune -
A cruel and heartless melody.

Like the wind, a careless breeze
Carrying all my memories.
Scattering leaves of shame and scorn
In swirling, falling pillories.

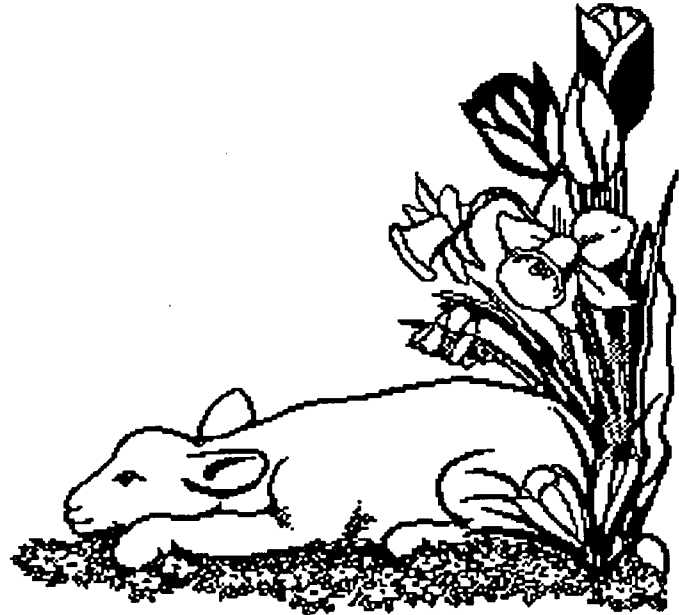
My screams engulfed in salty tears
That fill the ocean of my soul.
A prisoner in the sunken ships -
No flag of hope upon the pole.

To One So Dear

by Karen R.

Dedicated to Derek Mark Johnston, 1965-1992

The beauty of time passeth away
Beneath the skies of summer's grey
Upon a midnight of a full day's clear
To once which I held so dear
The moon's full bright indeed tells a story
Of a passion long lost amongst a glory
Of laughter, love and liberty
Growing amid an arid sea.



In Memorium for Derek Johnston, 26 years

Derek will be fondly remembered for his bright mind, social manners, and well-groomed appearance. His exceptional potential was very evident as was his struggle for freedom.

His joy of life was struck down yet his spirit lives on.

Peace Be With You, Derek.



*Derek Johnston attending
General Meeting*



Pastoral Reflections

by Rev. John T. Ballard
Kitsilano Bible Church

Have you ever felt so low that you didn't want to go on? Life just doesn't seem worth the effort any more. David, the same David who defeated Goliath, had similar feelings of despair. He writes in Psalm 42:3,5; "My tears have been my food night and day! Why are you in despair, O my soul? And why have you become disturbed within me?" The answer to that question is multitude. There are many causes for depression, ranging from disease to the loss of something important to us. Oftentimes, the depressed person doesn't know the source of their

depression. They're just depressed and want to give up. When we feel that way, we can learn from the Psalmist David on how to overcome depression. He had been betrayed by a number of close friends and his enemies mocked at his faith in God by saying, "Where is your God? He must have forgotten you!"

With this kind of oppression, David recognized and verbalized his despair. He let it all hang out, but he didn't just let it end in a giant pity party. Having expressed his sorrow, he began to look back on happier memories in

the past. He thought of celebrating joyously in the house of God. He remembered the festivals and the fellowship at those times. He reassured himself that, as dark as the present moment, the light would return. "The Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime; And his song will be with me in the night." He began to pray, "A prayer to the God of my life." It wasn't a repetitive prayer of helplessness, but a confident prayer of deliverance. "Why are you in despair, O my soul? And why have you become disturbed within me? Hope in God for I shall yet praise Him, my Saviour and my God."

Why not take this prescription to heart? Start today on a different path.



Underdog

(continued from page 5)

This afternoon at the MPA, one member explained why we need to invite radical doers like 'The Sea Shephard's' Paul Watson to help advocate our case. I disagreed, feeling such doctrinaire activism breeds division and alienates establishment people and institutions who could be persuaded to assist us. The virtues of The Middle Path of moderation was my point.

As a student of colloquial English, I love the expression 'making ends meet.' Implied is the process of uniting differences or polarities in one's nature whether personal or societal. Dialogue with, and tolerance for, other opinions and ways of life, based on compassion, communion and humility, is much needed in today's alienating and obsessive-compulsive world. Philosophically, I feel a detached sense of integrity with life's complexities is vital and necessary to survive.

However, an incident at Oakridge Mall earlier this week hit home with its estranged thrust. While selling tickets for an MPA raffle on a Mazda Miata, an affluent man around forty approached the car. As he gazed at the vehicle, I inquired 'like to buy a ticket?' His ensuing brief comments treated me as a deadbeat and I was called a 'nut.' After he left, I seethed with

anger which soon transformed into 'righteous indignation.'

Why, I thought, must we, afflicted past or present with a sickness, suffer verbal and other forms of abuse because of the aggressive ignorance of a few people. Such narrow-minded and misinformed attitudes are an attempt to belittle our worth and self-esteem as human beings and must be answered.

Earlier that afternoon, an older woman stopped by the raffle table, helped me with a crossword puzzle, talked freely about her manic-depressive neighbour and bought a ticket. What struck me was her kindness and openness. Yes, many people do care for and respect their fellow man.

Yet, when confronted by

negativity, are we the underdogs to cower beneath the weight of prejudice or be provoked to fight 'the good fight' for acceptance and justice.

Reflecting on what appear to be my incompatible views in this column, I remember the quote 'consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds.' My mixed feelings confirm there are many vital angles of truth, like spokes in a wheel, expressed with degrees of passion, from extremism to middle-of-the-road, in each time and place in history, and within each of us.

Let us expound these myriad voices with clarity and simplicity as the moment dictates and their veracity will be evident.

And, in the growing pains of change, as we move onward and upward, may 'man's inhumanity to man' surrender to the eternal power of loving our neighbour.



Freedom and Privacy

(continued from page 1)

action itself would create a public spectacle too painful for the aggrieved party to endure.

So, why should we have access to information? The first reason is to protect individual rights - to give the average person access to information about themselves, and the right to correct that information. The second is to provide the public with information on

product safety, environmental hazards, and so on. The third, and most important of all, is the need for greater government accountability; to keep the public informed of the decision-making process; and to examine government mistakes of the past to ensure they are not repeated in the future.



Nuts for Nutrition

Carole Falconer with Jim Gifford

Carole is a Registered Dietary Nutritionist and has a Masters Degree in Education. She worked at Riverview Hospital for twelve years. Presently, she is employed by the Greater Vancouver Mental Health Services Society in the offices of Mental Health Residential Services.

Editor: Tell me about 'One Pot Meals'.

Carole: 'One Pot Meals' is a booklet done on request of Lookout (a Downtown Eastside emergency facility). From Lookout, people do not necessarily get into apartment living or a group or boarding home directly. Often, they wait a period in a hotel with only a hotplate. I checked...to see what...people could get hold of and collected recipes from a number of places, putting together low-cost one pot type meals.

Editor: I understand you give workshops to groups.

Carole: My first workshop was with the boarding home operators. I walked them through what a dietician does when she plans a menu and the factors to be considered. A while ago, I worked with the M.P.A. house coordinators and outreach workers. One of their biggest questions was how do we motivate people to eat in a healthy way. That's a very key issue.

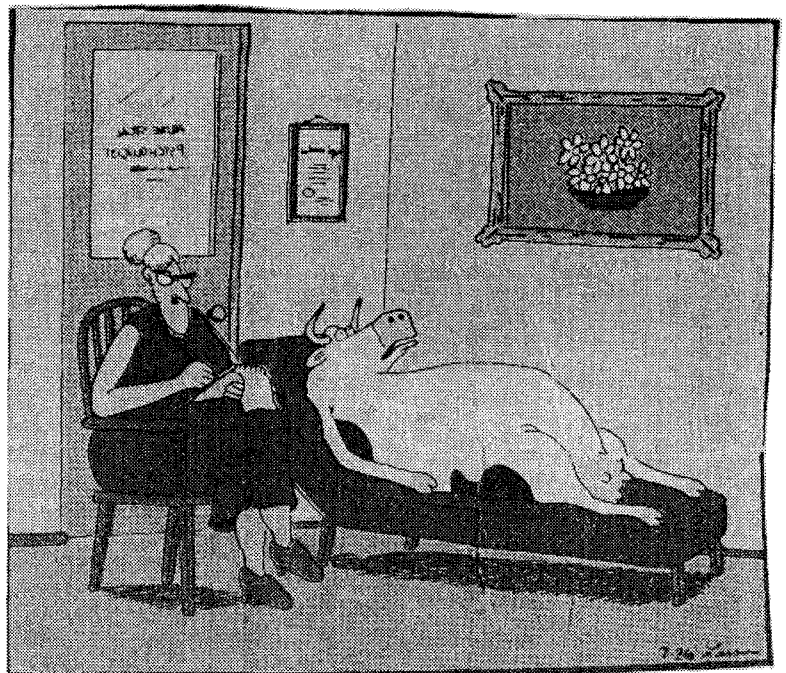
I did a needs assessment to look at the nutritional issues for clients in the community. I asked questions about eating habits and things that could be a problem. There were clients who did not know how to eat well, who couldn't afford to eat well, and who chose to spend their money elsewhere. There was also a large consumption of coffee, a large sugar intake, and eating fast foods.

From the knowledge gathered and my knowledge of food systems and nutrition, I came up with one thing I thought could help the situation. That is the concept of 'Collective Kitchens'. I approached Coast Foundation about going into partnership with me and, fortunately, they grabbed the opportunity. So we set up a collective kitchen last May.

We come together once a month with about five clients, donated food, a small budget, and client recipes. At this time, a week before welfare cheque, we prepare five nutritious meals. So those people get to take home good meals for their families for five days. I see them taking on responsibility and having fun. We call it the 'Make and Take Home Project'.

Editor: what is your philosophy behind nutrition and mental illness?

Carole: Say you're going to grow a plant. If you provide it with the type of fertilizer it needs, the type of soil, water, it is going to have a better chance of surviving if attacked. A good diet shores up a person. It will keep them at an optimum level of resistance and allow them to handle a mental illness better. It increases the coping power.



Maybe it's *not* me, y'know? ... Maybe it's the rest of the herd that's gone insane."

Painless Parker

by Sam Roddan

In my time, one of the most famous tooth-pullers along the Hastings Strip was Painless Parker. His office was in the Ford building, kitty corner to the Carnegie Library.

Painless Parker was built like a Mack truck. His arms and muscles bigger than Jack Dempsey's, the Manassa Mauler. His clientele was mostly drifters, pan handlers, bindle stiffs, and hobos.

Every Monday morning there was a line-up. Sometimes the crowd overflowed on to Main. Here strong men clutched at their jaws, whimpered, spat out wads of cotton soaked in Oil of Cloves. From the curb, the wads looked like candied popcorn. One or two men in the line-up took swigs of Vanilla Extract to deaden the pain.

The upper crust along Granville figured Painless Parker was the Grand Shaman of all medicine men, Faith Healer, an exorcist, illusionist, the Artful Dodger of practitioners of orthodontics, tooth replacements, falsies, and extractions.

But some of his best clients were society ladies. At night, they drove up in Moons, Grey Dorts, and Baby Grands. Sneaked in the back door. One lady arrived regularly in a shiny Duesenburg. Another in a Pierce-Arrow. Painless Parker obviously knew how

to please the ladies. Sometimes he could be seen dancing in the Alexandra Ballroom, or on special occasions, The Spanish Grill.

For the man in the street, Painless Parker charged Fifty cents, (payment in advance) for the removal of an ordinary incisor. Molars, cuspids, and wisdom teeth had their own special rates. No one knew what he charged the society ladies.

Painless Parker had two chairs. One was for the needle, the other, in a different room, for the pulling and yanking. Old Alex Brown, my friend, swore this room was sound-proof and the walls heavily padded, with plenty of brass spittoons in the corners.

In this life, nobody can be a complete success. I've often seen men stumbling out of the Ford

building cursing and holding their jaw in both hands and spitting out bits of teeth, gobs of blood. But these were the exceptions. Nevertheless, Painless Parker never guaranteed "satisfaction or your money back" like Spencer's or Woodward's.

Many people said he thrived on the pain of others. Sold his extractions to unscrupulous dealers who had them ground up like rhino horns for the black market in Hong Kong.

But old Alex Brown, who has been all around the world, swore Painless Parker was an honest man, knew his business, got on with the job he knew best. And we must remember, unlike those Faith Healers, there were some kinds of pain he never pretended to cure. Things like heartache, battle scars, broken promises, lost hopes and dreams.



Minute Particulars

by Andrew Feldmar

Ernest Becker wrote in Angel in Armor that the Demonic is real. It is engendered by the failure of men to act. It comes into being when men fail to act individually and willfully, on the basis of their own personal, responsible powers.

Jill arrives for her fifth session of psychotherapy. Almost before she sits down, she is already talking animatedly. This is surprising because during the preceding sessions there was a lot of silence, especially during the first few minutes. She tells me a dream that she found very disturbing. "I am involved in a series of events, each of which proves my incompetence and leaves me more and more frustrated. Such as trying to read a clock without success. My mother is there but she doesn't help me. Just stands there. I get furious with her and at last I throw her down on the floor and beat her violently." By now her vulnerable, gentle face is flushed and she is looking to me for an explanation of where this, for her, unheard of violence is coming from. But she doesn't allow the usual length of silence to follow. She begins again, "I am angry with her! But what to do with my anger?" Tears begin to flow for the first time. "She was awful when my father was dying. She was so cold! We used to go together to the hospital to visit him. He was in a coma, unmoving. A nurse told us that he might hear us anyways, many people recall conversations they've heard while

in a coma. Mother sat far away from him and talked of inane things, like the weather. And it was so difficult for me to talk to him. Especially with her being there. One night, I didn't want to leave. Mother insisted. So I said good-bye to father. I touched his head and just then saw one tear in his eye. And I knew he heard me. And yet I left with mother. A few hours later he died. Why didn't I insist, why didn't I ever insist on seeing him alone, without mother?" When father was well and she was young, it was he who made her feel incompetent, and mother's silence meant lack of protection. A dream and a memory. I felt she was angry with me, my silences, my therapeutic coma. She was looking for a tear in my eye. We agreed that perhaps the best use of her rage was to come to a fierce resolution not to allow the Demonic to come into being by failing to act authentically. Not an easy resolution to keep. the temptations to betray oneself are ever-present and ubiquitous.

One afternoon, I was a guest in R.D. Laing's home. I was sitting on the couch and Laing was pacing up and down and around, speaking to me intently about something that was close to his heart. Abruptly my attention switched from Laing's words to my body signalling that I had to pee rather urgently. Now instead of excusing myself and heading for the toilet, I unleashed the demonic by my failure to act. Out of

a misconceived sense of politeness, I began to wait for an "appropriate" moment to leave the room. By now I couldn't follow what he was saying for my mind was taken up with more pressing matters. I seriously entertained the possibility that I was deliberately detained by Laing, who must know that I have to pee, but maliciously will go on talking without a pause until I lose control and will pee on his sofa. Notice how easily my failure to act got turned around in my mind and became his evil plot to embarrass me. At this point my discomfort was great enough to wake me from this little nightmare, I got up, excused myself and found the toilet.

Jill imagined, intuited, hallucinated, perceived that her mother didn't want her to spend time alone with her father but she knew that she did! I imagined, hallucinated that Laing didn't want me to go to the bathroom but I knew that I did! What failure of courage precipitated both Jill and me into the realm of the Demonic?

Alphonso Lingis writes that Aristotle listed courage first of all the virtues. "It is not simply the first on the list of equivalent virtues; it is the transcendental virtue, the condition for the possibility of all the virtues. For no one can be truthful, or magnanimous, or a friend, or even congenial in conversation, without courage. And every act of courage is an act done in risk, of one's reputation, of one's job, of one's possession, finally of one's life".



Famous Manic-Depressives: Sir Winston Churchill

by Jim Gifford

In 'Churchill: The Man' Anthony Storr says '...had he been a stable and equable man, he could never have inspired the nation. In 1940, when all the odds were against Britain, a leader of sober judgement might well have concluded that we were finished.'

Churchill alternated between his severe 'black dog' periods of depression and periods of high energy, elevated mood, increased irritability, tremendous drive, and impetuosity. All who worked with him marvelled at his enormously fertile mind and inexhaustible stream of invention which poured from him. Yet there

were also times of questionable judgement and many around him felt that, without severe restraint, many of his ideas, if put into practice, would lead to utter disaster.

His physician, Lord Moran, wrote about Sir Winston's melancholy and dark moments. 'The P.M. was in a speculative mood today, 'When I was young,' Churchill recalled, 'for two or three years the light faded out of the picture. I did my work... but black depression settled on me... I don't like standing near the edge of a platform when an express train is passing through... a second's action would end everything.'

One British cabinet minister said 'he is a mass of contradictions. He is either on the crest of a wave, or in the trough... When he isn't fast asleep, he's a volcano... He is a child of nature with moods as variable as an April day.'

Several years after the Second World War, Churchill returned to his old school, Harrow for convocation. The students were told to write down his every word as this would be a memorable moment and unforgettable address. Sir Winston strode to the podium and in his bulldog growl, summed his philosophy regarding the highs and lows of a lifetime. He simply said: 'Never; Never; NEVER Give Up!'



Jan, Sherri, and Ina with the XBV-201, MPA's 'secret weapon' to raise funds.

Introducing...

MPA's first independent fundraising effort

THE

MAZDA MANIA SWEEPSTAKES DRAW

(see over)

First prize is a '92 Mazda Miata, secondary prizes include a trip for two to Reno, a Membership for two to Fitness World and much more!

Tickets are \$10 or 3 for \$25

Draw date: November 30, 1992

Location: Community Resource Centre

1731 West 4th Ave.

Vancouver, B.C.

(604 738-2811)

Volunteers are still needed to help sell tickets in mall locations throughout Vancouver and the Lower Mainland.

If you want to volunteer or want to purchase tickets please call: Ina Hupponen 738-2811

License No. 777301 10,000 tickets printed



Bulletin Board

Community Resource Centre activities are an opportunity to flesh out you days with good times... fulfill some of those talents and enjoy the comradeship of fellow MPA members: 'No Time Like the Present'.

Offerings include a Men's Social Group, a Women's Social Group, Cribbage Club, Literature & Writing Group, Pottery and Sculpture, Aerobics and Work-out, Badminton, Volleyball, Floorhockey, and outside activities such as Cross-country Skiing, Picnics, and Movies.

If you have any ideas for activities, crafts, or just fun, let us know. To register, phone 738-1422, ask for Sue and see detailed information in the MPA monthly schedule.

CRC drop-in hours are 4:30 pm to 11:30 pm during the week and noon to 7:30 pm on Saturday and Sunday. Get into a game of pool, Nintendo, watch a video on Tuesday night or an early movie matinee on Friday. Bingo on Friday nights at 7:00 pm includes 5 chances to win cash prizes.

Gloria Scribner Farewell
Friday, Nov. 27th 5 to 7 pm
Community Resource Centre
1731 West 4th Ave.

