

In A Nutshell

Spring/Summer 2001



A spring scene reminds us of nature's beauty and the abundance all around us. Enjoy!

Out From the Urban Crush-Rush

by D. Paul Strashok

Spring is upon us and with it the warm days and sunshine (we hope) that leads into summer. Last spring I took a trip to Edmonton, Alberta, to attend the joyful wedding of a longtime friend and

brother in the mental health scene. I found the trip interesting and liberating, but I basically hopped on a plane and travelled from one major urban centre to another. One thing I missed last summer was a camping trip, although I did take in some enjoyable picnics. I encourage every consumer/survivor who reads the 'Nutshell' to make use of the different opportunities presented by the various mental health agencies to get out of the city for a few days and take in a camping trip. I have been on at least 7 or 8 trips over the years and there is healing in getting out of the urban crush-rush and into nature.

One of the favourite places I have been to a few times is Golden Ears Park. I have good memories of the blue jewel of Alouette Lake set in the midst of mountains towering above it, my body bobbing on the surface of the cool lake, looking up to see azure sky, bright sunshine streaming down on all sides, green mountains to the east and north and feeling as if I didn't have a care in the world. The hiking trip along the side of the mountains was demanding but rewarding as we viewed deep crevasses and hidden spots where wildlife roams. The trail ride on horseback was a memory of the Old West (I believe I even wore my cowboy hat) as the surefooted animals took us along steep mountain trails they had traversed many times

before, never once missing a step, falling, or throwing a rider. There must have been about 20 of us on that trail ride including campers, and expert guides.

There are other memories as well—memories of pitching tents, brewing 'cowboy' coffee over an open fire, helping with the meal planning and preparations, singing around the campfire, and making new acquaintances as well as renewing old ones. One of the distinct advantages of going camping as a group with one of the mental health agencies is that everything is well-planned out and all the supplies, including sleeping bags, tents, and food are supplied (sometimes there is a small personal fee to pay beforehand—mainly to reserve a place and make sure that you show up for the trip).

So I urge all the readers of this newsletter who are consumers/survivors to get out of the city this summer and enjoy a wonderful excursion to one of the many parks and campgrounds that surround the lower mainland area. You'll be glad you did!

*"get out of the city
for a few days
and take in a
camping trip"*

In This Issue:

Underdog.....	p. 2
The Chinatown I Remember....	p. 3
Branches Over the Wall	p. 6
Minute Particulars.....	p. 4-5
Bookworm	p. 8-9
They Cheque Out My Value.....	p. 7,9
Poetry	p. 10-13
Byron Fraser's Review	p. 14-18
Quotes	p. 2, 3, 19
Bulletin Board	p. 19
Artwork by Reinhart	p. 20

MPA
#202-1675
W. 4th Ave.
Vancouver, BC
V6J 1L8
Tel: 604 738-2811
Fax: 604 738 4132

Spring/Summer, 2001

Underdog Spirit of Love

by Jim Gifford

In a rooming house I lived in a decade ago, there was a poster in the entrance hallway that always caught my eye. It showed a photo of French Impressionist painter, Claude Monet, looking very bohemian with a beard, in a hat, cigarette dangling from his lips. Beneath the picture was a quote by him that struck me deeply.

'People say they don't understand my painting, as if it is necessary to understand, when it is only necessary to love.' I felt then, and believe now, it is as true about life as it is about his art.

To experience the attitude of a love for life is basic to one's health, on the physical, mental, emotional, social, and spiritual dimensions. Amid the chaos and turmoil of our world, it is vitally important to be joyous. Although we must allow for times of grief, when loss occurs, despair is another matter.

Despair has a quality of disease about it, a giving in to negatively analyzing one's circumstances. Unlike grief, it is not a state of healing process but rather destroys the spirit. Just remember all problems have an integral solution within their context.

We need to see in all persons, places and situations, the mystery of life, moving beyond judgmental labeling. At a personal level, I no longer brand myself as an ex-mental patient, manic-depressive, consumer, but rather intuit the mystique of my being.

From this vantage point, I aspire to refrain from putting limiting tags on others, but regard their special and unique attributes with reverence.

Like Claude Monet, I sense a state of wonder and awe, the Peace Beyond

Understanding at the Centre of Consciousness which we may call the Spirit of Love. ■

*"it is vitally
important to be
joyous"*

Quotes From The Roundtable

by M. D. Arthurs

"if man is to survive, he must evolve beyond competition and natural selection"

"the rats keep winning the rat race"

Warning! Do not abruptly stop psychiatric medications! Most psychiatric medications are powerful drugs and should be withdrawn from gradually under the care of a physician or other health practitioner.

"In A Nutshell" is a publication of the Mental Patients' Association, #202 -1675 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, BC, V6J 1L8, ph. (604) 738-2811, fax (604) 738-4132. The MPA is a non-profit organization that offers a variety of programs in ADVOCACY, HOUSING, 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 (604) 738-2811. Editorial Board: Jim Gifford, Ron Carten, Reinhart, Byron Fraser, D. Paul Strashok.

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

The Chinatown I Remember

by Sam Roddan

At a very early age I learned to love the sights, sounds and smells of Chinatown. On a Saturday, when my Dad was busy at First United on Gore Avenue, I was out with my pals kicking the can along Pender.

In the shops along Pender, the air was filled with the sounds of roosters crowing cheerily in their wooden crates stacked along the lanes. The roosters were mostly big, cocky Rhode Island Reds with long tails, tossing combs and sharp yellow spurs. A regular customer

would carefully inspect the roosters, make his pick and, while he waited, the rooster would be plucked of his bright plumage and hung up by its spavined feet in the open shop window with his white creped skin wrinkling over its twisted neck.

Sometimes the customer would want the feathers for pillows and cushions. Some of us often picked up a few scattered tail feathers for our caps and strutted along Gore Avenue kicking the canned heat tins into the ditch and glad to be still alive ourselves.

Nearly every shop had its own counter. Orange and speckled rock cod with heads as big as baseball mitts were stretched out on platters. Their moist eyes stared reproachfully at the passers by. Fresh shrimp nestled together in great mounds beside halibut steaks, chunks of tuna, white fish and mackerel. Flounders always seemed warped and thin, like brown speckled pancakes.

Often I have seen fat little porkies running happily around the back of the shop. Little did they know that soon they would be sizzling over a charcoal

fire. And many of them curing in the hot sun, covered with maggots and flies which enriched the flavour and for many, their taste appeal.

Every street entrance along Pender below Main was rumoured to be a gambling den. Elderly Chinese huddled around tables at the back of dimly lit rooms. Here they played games such as fan-tan, pai-gow, Chinese bingo, ma-jong, fifteen wu.

When you walked slowly past the gambling dens, strange perfumes drifted from the doorway. Church people said this was opium stench and for goodness sakes, if you want to be an addict, just stand there and gulp it in.

Chinatown was, for us, spread out like a big racial quilt. In my time, its boundaries were never clearly marked.

Benny Pastinski, police reporter at the

Daily Province, put it this way:

“East Georgia was practically a Jewish ghetto. Union Street was ‘Little Italy’, like Prior. East Pender was Oriental. But everyone knew each other’s swear words very well.”

After the war, many of us vets made nostalgic visits to Chinatown. But most of us ended up at Rose Pryor’s Chicken Inn on Keefer. Rose ran a tight ship. She always had a big stick under the counter and was never afraid to use it on a hostile drunk. The table was covered with shiny oilcloth and sardine tins served as ashtrays. But at Rose’s Chicken Inn, we got the finest chicken in the world. And when we tired of that who could forget Mother’s Tamale and Chili Parlor presided over by the famous Mrs. Alexander. ■

*“Chinatown
was, for us,
spread out like a
big racial quilt.”*

Quotes From the Roundtable

by M.D. Arthurs

“consensual sex is always good,
and sometimes it’s great”

Minute Particulars

by Andrew Feldmar

When I was 16, I left my family, my friends, my city, my country, my language and arrived in Toronto as a refugee. I felt very alone, cut off, separate. Uprooted and not yet settled, isolated by a less than rudimentary comprehension of the English language, I felt abandoned and anxious. Some people's style is to be depressed, others' suspicious, others' optimistic, others' anxious. Mine was to be sexual. At times frantically sexual. There were days when I masturbated more than 20 times. Often I promised to myself never to do it again, yet in an hour I was jerking off once more. I felt guilty for being so bad. I didn't know then that guilt is not the price paid for being bad but the price paid for the privilege of continuing to be bad. It is easier to feel guilty than to change. The sexual excitement generated by masturbation relieved my separation anxiety, my despair about feeling alone without any hope of meaningful connection. At the time, I believed that masturbation was dirty, unhealthy and a sign of weakness; I felt addicted, driven, and compulsive. The more I think about it the clearer it seems that my masturbating had nothing to do with sexuality; it was a self-nourishing, self-soothing activity, like thumb-sucking. Which reminds me that pictures have been taken of fetuses inside the womb which show them putting thumb in mouth and playing with and holding onto the pulsating, live umbilical cord. Could it be that holding onto one's ejaculating, pumping, pulsating penis when masturbating conjures up the soothing memory of having held onto one's umbilical cord when all was one, before one got exiled from the womb and cut off from one's nourishing placenta? Anatomically, the penis is not all that different from the umbilical cord (e.g., both have three blood-filled channels, two of which are alike and a third which is different). Could it be that in promiscuous (indiscriminately mixing) sex one is only looking for the lost placenta, that is why it's so impersonal, so dehumanizing? The need to plug in can be overwhelming, and finding oneself alone, at loose ends, can be terrifying. Some cannot sleep alone, many masturbate

before they can fall asleep. In the womb, when all was one, we mostly slept.

One of the most frequent sexual problems that brings couples into therapy is that **he** wants more sex and **she** wants more intimacy. From where I stand it's clear that both want to feel connected but don't know how. When he wants access to her body, she experiences him as a needy infant who wants to nurse. For her that is not a turn on. She hates being needed, it's so impersonal. She wants to be desired, loved, known in the most intimate, personal way possible. She wants to be special, unique. She wants sexual feelings to arise out of the excitement **between** them. She wants tenderness and closeness. She doesn't want to be fucked, she yearns for sexual communion. He thinks she is just controlling and withholding and he feels punished and angry. "If only we could make love, intimacy and tenderness would follow," says he. She counters, "If only we could get close, sex would surely happen."

"guilt is not the price paid for being bad but the price paid for the privilege of continuing to be bad."

My hunch is that men suffer from separation anxiety more than women do, at least in our society. A boy gets separated from mother's body in a more drastic way than a girl. After losing access to mother's breasts, girls grow their own, boys don't. Girls tend to maintain physically and emotionally intimate relationships with other girls, whereas boys tend to shy away from such closeness. As a result, boys, and later men, crave sex as the anti-anxiety medication for the unbearable loneliness and separateness that is their lot. Women feel depersonalized when used compulsively as soothers or pain killers. They dream of desire arising freely, simultaneously, from the dance of intimacy.

I could never understand the notion of sex therapy. Sex is such a delicate phenomenon arising from the relationship between the lovers, that it cannot be loaded down by burdens that need to be dealt with elsewhere. All sexual dysfunctions, difficulties arise out of problems in relating to the other. Or to self. Or both.

For example, one man came to see me because his performance anxiety was so high that more often than not he either couldn't get an erection or if he did, he soon lost it. He planned every move, he rehearsed every maneuver, to no avail. Soon we realized that all his life he had relied on his will. He made himself do things through sheer force of will. He succeeded in many areas of his life, he was richly rewarded for his determination. If his penis would have functioned like a finger, he would have had no problems at all. Muscles constitute the organ of the will, and if an erection would be a muscular achievement, our man could have produced one on demand. He was baffled by sexuality and was frightened to surrender to it, to relax into it. He thought of his penis as a tool that suddenly he seemed incompetent to use. It took a long time for him to allow the life that lived him to

flow through him, to learn to trust his own mysterious aliveness, to step out of the way, to stop interfering with something ancient and wise and spontaneous.

*"Life can give
birth if we only
let it."*

More and more women find it hard to step out of the way and allow natural childbirth to unfold. Our tendency to be willful and controlling, our wish to do it right, interferes with an archaic process that every woman knows. Creating a safe environment where a woman can forget herself and is allowed to regress, relax in her own way, will make it unnecessary to teach her breathing techniques, or anything else. Life can give birth if we only let it.

Sex, birth, martial arts: avenues to transcend the willful and busybody ego. Heroes learn to surrender. ■

World Assembly for Mental Health

The 26th Biennial Congress of the World Federation
for Mental Health
will be held at Vancouver, BC, Canada
July 22-27, 2001

For more information Fax or Mail to:
World Assembly for Mental Health 2001
Conference Secretariat
Venue West Conference Services Ltd.
#645 - 375 Water St.
Vancouver, BC, Canada V6B 5C6
T: (604) 681-5226 Fax: (604) 681-2503

Mad Pride Day

Sunday, July 22, 2001 3pm to 5pm
Protesting Globalization of Psychiatric
Human Rights Violations
In front of Vancouver Convention Center
by Support Coalition International
For more information:
www.mindfreedom.org

Branches Over the Wall Pursuing or Pursued?

by D. Paul Strashok

As the old saying goes, "Physician, heal thyself." In my dealings with the psychiatric profession, I have found that the insights into my so-called "mental illness" have had to come through hard lessons and trials and the pondering of my past in the light of present spiritual truth.

The problem with modern psychiatry is that, although they propose to treat diseases of the mind, they have been taught in their many years of schooling to believe more in biological brain than metaphysical mind. The result is also a denial of that part of humanity that is so closely linked with mind, the spirit.

I have learned over the years that the crises I have been through have almost always been related to spiritual perception, interaction, and spiritual seeking. These questions were vitally important to me in my late adolescence and early twenties, a time in which I was most vulnerable and open to the power and persuasion of gurus, prophets, and influential, popular teachers of spiritual truth. It is no secret that a large part of the reason for the 'hippy' counter-culture was the lack of spiritual values that came out of the materialistic 1950's. In my spiritual seeking, I became a 'Dharma Bum' for a period of time, yet I never really cast myself into 'the void', so to speak, for my family ties remained strong.

I remember that when the young love of my life said we should settle down and get married I responded "I can't get married, because I haven't found the truth yet." Looking back I know now that the truth was presented to me at different times in my early years, but I blatantly rejected it, thereby incurring a cycle of chastisement so that my heart could be truly opened.

One day, when I was about 17, I was having an argument with my Dad over the war in Vietnam. It wasn't an informed, articulate discussion on my part; it was just a manifestation of the so-called gender-gap. I didn't know or understand the arguments for or against the war, I just knew that my generation was against it

and that I was in 'solidarity' with them. At the end of the debate, my Dad threw up his hands in disgust and sadly declared, "I have failed in bringing you up properly. The church says I should bring up my children to be Christian, and I have failed." (How that relates to the war in Vietnam is quite debatable). I almost laughingly responded, "Everyone knows that if Christ were here today, he would be in a mental asylum." There are still many atheists, agnostics, and existentialists that believe that today. I now understand that my view of Christ was skewed by 20th Century living and I had not learned the fundamental spiritual truth of "putting new wine in new wineskins".

"I now understand that my view of Christ was skewed by 20th Century living"

One Saturday morning in 1968 while I was attending University of Alberta, Edmonton, a young man who I had barely known in my community, approached me in the Students' Union Building. He presented to me, out of a little Campus Crusade for Christ brochure, "The Four Spiritual Laws" which are intended to lead a sinner to

Christ. I literally ran away from him, calling him 'crazy'. It was soon after that, I left University, 'turning on' and 'dropping out'. Looking back, I wonder what caused me to be so closed to the truth of the gospel and I know, now, that young man was sincerely seeking to share his faith.

I know today that many of my familial relations would look at me and just consider me to be a casualty of the 1960's, but I would never turn in my past for an easier path, for out of the turmoil and confusion has come a strong and solid foundation for "the life that now is and that which is to come". These days and the insights that go with them are the days of promise and peace. As for the psychiatric profession, I have never felt compelled by the axiom "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em," although I have met others who have. The talents in my life are to be applied where opportunity arises and, hopefully, those talents will be able to bring forth glory to the One who gave them.

They Cheque Out My Value Based On How Many Dollars

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

"What do you do?" I'm asked.

I reply, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, what do you do for a living?"

Already I can see the conventional mindset about to challenge my value — my worth as a member of my (or perhaps more accurately, their employed) community.

I am left but to finally respond, "I'm currently unemployed".

However, although I'm not officially 'employed', I do have what basically amounts to a job — indeed, I contribute to society — albeit one with no independent paycheck.

I can recall one psychologist saying that according to the 'being employed' mindset dominant in our society, Jesus Christ and Mohandas Gandhi must have been failures, for they were not "employed". Of course, there are many who'd react indignantly to this analogy: "How can you compare yourself with Christ and Gandhi?" Nonetheless, if I may use an analogy to justify the above-mentioned analogy: one of the two lines may be a meter wider than the other, but they are both definitely parallel.

I once told a worker at a paper-recycling centre that although his mentally handicapped employees, all paper sorters, were getting paid literally next to nothing, they were doing far more good for our planet's environment — and, thus, for the human race — than the one million a year criminal defense lawyer, whose job it often is to get murderers off the legal hook. Agreeing, the worker replied, "I guess it all depends how you look at it". But with the serious ecological/resource-conservation reality, the recycler comes out on top, no matter "how you look at it". Even if there wasn't the CVP-status disincentive — i.e., if you start a paying job and then lose it, you can easily permanently lose your \$100-per-month CVP cheque — I doubt that I would actively seek out 'employment'. Yes, I have the necessary knowledge to be employable; but I do not have, among other employable qualities, the under-pressure coping skills that are required of an employee, especially when employed by the private sector.

Nevertheless, social services perceives and treats me in a manner that says, "Hey, if you're physically intact, you should be digging ditches, even if the rain's splattering onto your glasses".

A Farewell for the Welfare Client

Your endurance of tormenting anxiety is quite believable and understandable as you await the endless
..... weight in the waiting room of the gargantuan monolith Welfare. "Oh, God!" you inevitably scream into your mind's ear with your mind's vocal cords, "my stomach's pulling itself out of my abdomen and forcing its way forward, as though it's pushing forward into the future — into what I'm going to suffer when my name's eventually called by Welfare." And you wait intensely, awaiting the time, the second, that you'll *finally* be called, your presence belatedly requested; you'll follow Welfare down the endless corridors (left, right, right, left, straight) and into Welfare's inquisitions office, one with countless Welfare-clients' names, ages, addresses, SINS, employment histories, assets, marital status, etc....
In Welfare's office — on Its desk, walls, filing cabinets, and within Its computer — Welfare checks many papers and informations, many times, to make sure that It has no reason (excuse?) to deny you your "benefits", to refuse you "government monies", "taxpayers' dollars". "Oh, sorry," Welfare says to you (with tainted crocodile tears, at the very most, as Its feigned sympathy), "but you didn't include your SIN on your paycheck stub last month. Sorry. Next cheque-issue date is three weeks from now."
Welfare then stares at you, Its eyes telling you that you may indeed leave, now; and you get up and depart. "Farewell," Welfare wishes you in closing the bitterly fruitless meeting — one of callous red tape entangled with apathy and false hopes. "Farewell," It says, "and don't forget your Welfare Annual Review next month ..."

(Continued on pg. 9)

Bookworm

The Courage To Love: Principles and Practices of Self-relations in Psychotherapy

by Stephen Gilligan
W. W. Norton & Co., 1997
Reviewed by Andrew Feldmar

Philosophers are lovers of wisdom, whose wisdom is their love. Robert Thurman wrote that the “engine of language never idles, . . . and so even this here now is leading either to bondage or liberation.” Bondage is the trap of automatic habit patterns of cyclic, repetitious living. Stephen Gilligan, Ph.D., studied with Milton Erickson and Gregory Bateson, was influenced by the martial art of *aikido*, by Buddhist writers (e.g., Thich Nhat Hanh) and by others, including Erich Fromm, Carl Jung and Robert Bly. He studied hypnosis and trance phenomena, discovering how powerfully words can shape our consciousness. He ends his introduction with the message, “May you read the book as a poem to awaken yourself and others!” He regards psychotherapy as a rigorous poetic practice rather than a literal scientific truth. Gilligan’s aim is to replace bondage by freedom and creativity.

Gilligan thinks that “every symptom reveals and replays an act of violence.” According to him “violence, whether physical or psychic, is a common relational event that casts a spell or curse upon a person that may last a long time.” Gilligan writes, “it was Nietzsche who suggested that for the first part of life, we are camels, trudging through the desert, accepting on our backs everybody’s ‘shoulds’ and ‘don’ts.’ Camels only know how to spit; they don’t think for themselves or talk back. As the camel dies, a lion is born in its place. Lions discover both their roar and the art of preening. The lion may be a little shaky at first, so support and encouragement are vital. But once the camel begins to die (e.g., signaled by depression), there is no turning back. Symptoms occupy the space between the death of the camel and the birth of the lion. A therapist can be a good midwife during this liminal phase.” Symptoms can be seen as archetypal expressions, as a break in beingness, as a break in belongingness, as a break in relatedness, as a cry of the unacknowledged self or as a disconnection from the heart center. Symptoms, therefore, are always welcome communications that must be listened to rather than suppressed or gotten rid of.

Gregory Bateson warned therapists about the

temptation to confuse the idea of manipulation with the idea of a cure. Then he turned to the disciplines of meditation: “They’re about the problem of how to get there without getting there by the manipulative path, because the manipulative path can never get there.” R. D. Laing wrote in a journal in 1988 that “embarking on meditation, seriously, is one of the, if not the, most important decision to make in life.”

I like the story that starts off Chapter 2: “One day a man approached Ikkyu and asked: ‘Master, will you please write for me some maxims of the highest wisdom?’

Ikkyu took his brush and wrote, ‘Attention.’

‘Is that all?’ asked the man.

Ikkyu then wrote: ‘Attention. Attention.’

‘Well,’ said the man, ‘I really don’t see much depth in what you have written.’

Then Ikkyu wrote the same word three times: ‘Attention. Attention. Attention.’

Half-angered, the man demanded: ‘What does that word *Attention* mean, anyway?’

Ikkyu gently responded, ‘Attention means attention.’”

Our parents, family, teachers, television have all been distracting us from the free, spontaneous, autonomous flowing, roving of our attention. Someone always seems to know better what a child *should* pay attention to. Very rarely have I been encouraged to follow my own desire, my own interest. No wonder we lose ourselves, we forget our essential nature. Meditation and psychotherapy removes the coercive, persuasive, know-it-all voices that lead us astray. We are referred back to our own experience. We are taught for the first time to take ourselves seriously, to pay attention to lived experience rather than continue to navigate through life with an arsenal of received and unexamined notions.

The word *Self-relations* comes from the notion that there are two of you. There is your *Cognitive Self* (lives in the head, uses language, makes decisions, meanings, strategies, evaluations), and there is your *Somatic Self* (lives in the body, at the indestructible

“tender soft spot” at the core, in the belly, through which life flows with all its bliss and horror), and then there is the relationship between the two. If you identify mostly with the *Cognitive Self*, you will feel alienated from the flow of life, you won't experience yourself *in* it. I think of the two Selves as horse (*Somatic*) and rider (*Cognitive*). Gilligan defines the *Relational Self* as the experience of both *Cognitive* and *Somatic Selves* simultaneously, without an identification with either.

The book is filled with Irish good humor, common sense and a heartfelt concern for those who

struggle and suffer. One of the most important ideas, Gilligan calls the *sponsorship* of experience. “Without mature human presence,” he writes, “experiences will have no human value.” An unintegrated response repeats itself until integrated. “On this point, nature seems eternally patient and forever cruel. It may take years or even generations, but a *negative experience returns until human presence is brought to touch it with love and acceptance and integrate it.*”

Gilligan's presence fills his writing with love and acceptance. Reading *The Courage to Love* is a profoundly encouraging experience.

They Cheque Out My Value Based On How Many Dollars

(Continued from pg. 7)

Also acting as a formidable hindrance to my employability: I cannot help but all-out try to perfect my job performance; and the more I attempt to do such, the more I seemed to screw up — thus angering my employer, which results in greater amounts of my self-esteem and confidence being chipped away.

But the way I see it, sooner or later it won't matter anymore, anyway.

At the current direction and rate-of-change of society's fiscal ideology — i.e., “TAX CUTS ALL AROUND!” — I believe that our social safety net will eventually disintegrate until it is but a shell of its former, fairly-adequate condition. According to the prevailing, contemporary libertarian philosophy and prevalent moral-relativism, only the richest shall (should?) survive. One staunch libertarian-capitalist I debated on the *Christian Science Monitor* newspaper's debate website was angered by my emphasis of the cruel nature of unhindered capitalism; he/she replied that “Your ideology and goals are extremist. You want to make all people equal. Have you ever noticed that as we age we become more experienced and often more wealthy. Your ideology would prevent each human being the luxury of aging with normal grace ...”

Hence, according to this person, I — the one propagating that *all* people should share in what the world has to offer — am the immoral party. With today's dog-eat-dog consumer/capitalist mentality, up is actually down, and white is actually black.

Also, I've noticed that, with rare exceptions, as a person acquires great wealth, the more compelled that person feels to amass even greater wealth.

It's not only sad, but it's also quite frightening.

The above-mentioned may be why contemporary mainstream-party (including modern NDP) politicians, while strongly supportive of health-care and education funding, find it politically necessary to distance themselves from (that proverbial third leg of the tri-legged chair) the social services, or Welfare, ministry. For, as I bluntly put it in a political perspective: “Everybody tends to hate the welfare recipient”.

And there's not that much respite for the handicap-status welfare recipient. There's resentment towards those of us with the \$45 annual bus pass; from what I've read in the newspaper, there's such bitterness regardless of the fact that the bus pass holder may be much too nervous and too preoccupied to drive himself around, let alone having to deal with the plethora of reckless drivers and road-raged maniacs out there.

I guess it's true about humane nature that it's difficult to feel empathy/sympathy for the less fortunate unless one endures the potentially bitter fruit of life himself; it appears that if we cannot relate to the misfortune, we subconsciously question whether it really exists.

So, until that day when the mentally-ill/misfortunate begin to really matter to all of society — until that day when man can manage to obey the but one of the Ten Commandments that states, “Love thy neighbour” — this world will remain for many a place antithetical to the longed-for utopian society.

The Right Honourable

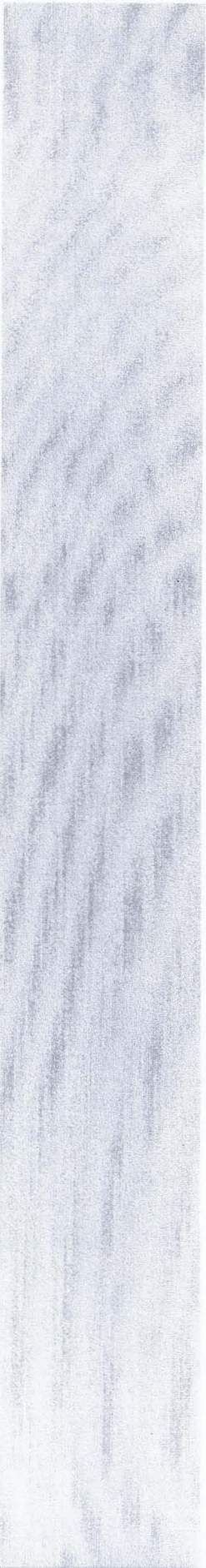
by Reinhart

At 3:00 PM on the 14th day
of the 27th summer Olympiad:
the foot racers are sprinting
to the finish line,
the tumblers hurtling through midair
with exquisite timing,
to stick the landing,
the divers flying from 10 meters
into the deep end, splashless,
boatsmen propelling their crafts upon the
mirror surface of the lake,
their muscles rippling with inertia,
cyclists spinning their wheels,
in pursuit of one of the three round medals.
One way or another we are all racing
against the clock.

The Right Honourable Pierre Elliott Trudeau
crossed the finish line
in his 80th year, and incited the news anchor-
man to interrupt our games,
And turn our attention to life;
specifically this one life.
And from across the nation the reports came in.
The man was a giant,
A brilliant visionary,
bold, charming, outspoken,
with a delightful sense of humour, a red rose and
pirouette for the cameras.
Excusably arrogant considering his intelligence
and force of conviction. Some say
he was a genius.
A new sort of politician.
He took on the issues of the day and spoke his
mind, regardless of popularity,
and traditional political strategy.
And when he burst on the scene
32 years ago,
the polls said we loved him:
teenage girls screamed and worshipped
and elected him into office.

Mr. Trudeau was born into wealth,
with all the advantages money can buy.
Well-traveled since his youth;
with opportunities and connections few enjoy.
He studied at the finest schools in the country,
and abroad – Harvard – Paris, France.
He familiarized himself with, experienced
and visited many of the cultures of the world.
And when he was sufficiently groomed
to grasp the reins of power,
he launched an election campaign
that stunned the critics and
seduced the voters.
Young, energetic, athletic, sexy, clever.
We saw him on TV, on horseback,
on the ski hills, on water skis,
now and again communing with nature in a canoe,
and provocatively running from the crush
of adoring fans.

Of course the skeptics came to test him;
hoping to trick him with controversial
questions while the cameras were rolling.
But the right honourable Elliot Trudeau
was hip to the game,
and light years ahead of the doubters.
He teased us with cryptic remarks
and debated circles around his opponents.
Elliott was inspired by his own good
fortunes and wished to share a “beautiful
world” and future with all Canadians,
including the poor.
He tempted us with the prospect of
“a just society”.
Once in office, he expanded social programs
and relief for the unemployed.
We marveled after his mental gymnastics,
were proud that this witty character,
who could hold his own and more
with any other leader on the globe,
was one of our own.
We cast our ecstatic ballots,
and crowned him our Prime Minister:
and kept him as such for 15 years.



Pierre ruled longer than almost all other
leaders this country has brought forth.
The times were turbulent,
the challenges momentous.
He reassured us, stating,
"Reason before passion".
Under his leadership, capital punishment
was voted down in the House of Commons.
"It is senseless to punish killing
with more killing."
Homosexuality was decriminalized.
Sodomy was no longer punishable by law.
Pierre said, "The government has no place
in the bedrooms of the nation.", and
"There is a difference between sin and crime."
As for himself, he won the heart of a
beautiful, young princess, and enchanted
the nation coast to coast.
When Quebec erupted with separatist violence
and kidnappings, our charismatic liberal
declared war on the terrorists
with the conviction of a fascist.
Pierre invoked the "War Measures Act",
and when asked how far he'd go,
declared, "Just watch me."
Our Romeo had balls!

Pierre Elliott saw further
than most men of his day;
debating global issues with thinkers like
Marshall McLuhan and Timothy Leary and
Fidel Castro and Mao Tse Tung.
He elevated Canada to the role of international
advocate for peacekeeping and the
promotion of human rights. He
encouraged mediation instead of confrontation.
He earned the respect of the entire world.
At summit meetings of the world's heads of state,
he was summarily consulted
for his unique and penetrating insights.
At home
Canada's premier statesman
was singularly most instrumental in securing for us
our own completely sovereign constitution;
free from the throne of England.

The work of amendments goes on,
and Quebec's signature is still absent,
but Pierre Elliott's place in history is
guaranteed: for his role in repatriating
our law of the land.
And as a coup de grace, he instituted our
most defining legislation – "The Charter of Rights".

But there are forces in the lives of nations
that no man can control.
After 10 years of "Trudeaumania",
inflation raged across the land.
Taxes were going up.
Unemployment was going up.
The debt and deficit were skyrocketing.
The standard of living was going down.
Labour strikes crippled a wounded
economy. And
after several years of domestic
dissatisfaction, and civic unrest,
the country slid inexorably into a recession.
The populace was hit where it hurt most –
in the pocketbook.
The economists were helpless;
as they always are when times are bad:
and we were left standing on the thin line
between love and hate –
needing desperately someone to blame for
our bleeding and troublesome economy.
And Trudeau's reasonable face kept
popping up on millions of annoying
little TV screens across the land.
So when his railway car went by,
we pelted it with rotten tomatoes;
laughing and screaming our heads off.
Trudeau looked out the window
and gave us the finger.
Now we hated him.
And when we started whining,
and heckling his speeches, complaining,
and booing,
he told us all to fuck off,
and retired.
And so we bury him today, by the thousands,
saying, that's that, he's earned his sleep.

What's Wrong With The "Mental Health" System--And What Can Be Done About It

A Draft Policy Prepared for the Re-evaluation Counseling Communities

(1991, 83 page booklet. Available from: Rational Island Publishers,
P.O. Box 2081, Main Office Station, Seattle, Washington 98111, U.S.A. \$3.00
T: 206-284-0311/Fax: 206-284-8429/
e-mail ircc@rc.org)

Review Essay by Byron Fraser

"Don't be separated by the reason; unite in the goal."

- unknown organizing principle.

I clearly remember my first exposure to politics, when I was about 8 years old, came via my best friend in elementary school whose father was very active in the Carpenters' Union and a prominent member of the Communist Party of Canada. Some discussion in class on the general subject arose, my friend avowed himself to be a "socialist", and later, when asking him to expand upon what this meant, he said: "Well you have to admit that it's better than capitalism, don't you?" I said, "I don't know" because, at the time, I really hadn't the foggiest idea what "socialism" or "capitalism" were. And the truth was that politics was never discussed in my family household, partly, I was later to learn, because my mother's family were ardent social democrats, my grandfather on that side having been one of the founders of the CCF (predecessor of the NDP, for all you youngsters) in Quebec, and my mother having been one of their vigorous campaigners in her youth in the working-class Montreal suburb of Verdun, while my father's people were something like 7th generation Canadian farmers descendent from some of the 78th Regiment of Fraser Highlanders who had settled in the Glengarry County area of Ontario after taking part in the Battle of the Plains of Abraham—and therefore, I later gleaned, pretty much cultural and Party-politics-wise "conservatives" (one of my father's uncles, for instance, was a close associate of John Diefenbaker). So nary a word was spoken about the subject and the pretty much unspoken rule was: "If you are interested in any of that, you're on your own and welcome to it—go fend for yourself." And thus began a lifelong preoccupation with matters political philosophical—which continues to this day—all beginning with many happy hours spent with the aforementioned friend, pouring over materials from his dad's fairly extensive (basically Marxist-Leninist

oriented) library, Communist Party literature, and interesting publications from or about the Soviet Union, like "Northern Neighbours", etc. (I even carted home an edition of Marx's *Capital* at age 10, somewhat to the consternation of my parents, but of course was not then able to comprehend much of it.) And, if you are now wondering why I am including this autobiographical snippet by way of preamble, it is because the material being reviewed, dealing with the mental health system does have a "political edge" of a decidedly Leftist sort, and I believe I owe it to our readership to be up front about "where I'm coming from" politically, from the standpoint of intellectual honesty, so that there is no confusion about "hidden agendas" and such.

Just to round out the picture a little bit more, then, after my initial exposure to a lot of socialist literature, at age 12 I discovered a book in the Burnaby Public Library called *The Naked Communist* by W. Cleon Skousen, which was a national bestseller in 1961 in the U.S., and which fairly ripped the "veil of ignorance" (and "innocence") from before my eyes with respect to much of the true history of State-socialism and international communism in practice—in the *real* world—not just in theoretical/ideal Utopiaville, or the powder-puff propagandistic literature I had seen. The horrendous details of the Stalin-Kruschev State-imposed terror-famine in the Ukraine during which millions perished, the purges, the Gulag (though Solzhenitsyn's major work on this was not out yet), the police-state, massive human rights violations, and persistent and chronic State-induced economic impoverishment, were all laid bare. This is now the well-known historical record of every country where State-socialism has been attempted (U.S.S.R., China, Eastern Europe, Cambodia, Ethiopia, North Korea and on and on. To get some idea of the scope of this, see the recently published bestseller from Europe, *The Black Book of Communism: Crimes, Terror, Repression*, by Stephane

Courtois, et. al., over 800 pages which document the internal **murder rate** alone, of communist regimes to date, at approximately 100 million.) but at that time the record—and verdict—were far from in; many still thought that the Soviet Union and Communist China, etc., were “noble experiments” which would eventually triumph “once they got the bugs out” (a phrase which conjures obvious “other” connotations for those of us who have felt the sting of The Therapeutic State’s psychiatric social control lash!) and that socialism generally was somehow “progressive”. In any case, I followed this up with the discovery of Ayn Rand’s **Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal**, in 1966 (when I was 15) and Eugene Lyon’s **Worker’s Paradise Lost: Fifty Years of Soviet Communism—A Balance Sheet**, the next year—amongst other works—which pretty much dispelled the last of my illusions or misconceptions about the practicability or humaneness of State-socialism in action. Nevertheless, I continued to read numerous theoretical works about socialism in all its multifarious manifestations and by numerous socialist authors—and to be, by and large, very well disposed towards, and appreciative of, many Leftist social-political critiques (though differing a good deal about proposed solutions, ethics, and economics and such)—while my own ideological odyssey veered off on an explicitly libertarian-anarchist tangent (which I will [thankfully?] spare the reader further details about here). The point is that, for very much needed trenchant sociological-political critiques of the current “mental health” system (and, yes, “mental health” **does** deserve to be in quotes!), coupled with an extremely insightful and well-developed model for coping psychologically with “the human predicament”, for dealing efficaciously with the emotional pain and suffering incurred in everyday living, you cannot do much better than reading the above-mentioned booklet and many of the other materials from the Re-evaluation Counseling Community based in Seattle (who also have numerous affiliate-groups in many countries, virtually worldwide). To give credit where credit is due, these folk, of unmistakably “orthodox” Leftist ideological persuasion, for the most part, under the guiding-light of RC founder, Harvey Jackins, have pioneered both an analysis of what’s wrong with the current system and an “alternative framework” for action and healing that are eminently worthy of consideration. End of Preamble.

I first heard of the RC community, I believe, around 1980, from some Communist Party friends I knew in Seattle, in conjunction with some Prisoners’ Rights Movement work I was involved in on behalf of a communist anarchist friend of mine in a group called the Anarchist Black Dragon Collective, but I never

actually got around to reading any of their literature until just the last couple of years. My friend was very close to Claire Culhane, who helped him get a book published through Pulp Press here in Vancouver, and whom, interestingly enough, I had the privilege of doing a 2 ½ hour taped interview with later in 1992 for our F.P.I. inmates’ magazine, when I wound up doing my own incarceration time. Tragically, our mutual ally was “suicided” in Walla Walla Prison in 1981, but Claire’s heroic work for prison reform and abolition at least finally received some much overdue recognition with an Order of Canada award a couple of years before her death, circa 1995, I believe. In any case, I digress.

When I finally got around to reading **What’s Wrong With The “Mental Health” System**, I must confess that I was totally “blown away” (to use language which surely “dates me”) by the impressive theoretical work outlined therein. This is probably one of the most powerful, poignant—and **still** timely, though it was first published ten years ago—polemics deconstructing the insidious and fallacious ideological underpinnings of establishment biopsychiatry ever penned. But it also presents a dynamic model of a highly “workable” **constructive** alternative emotional/psychological healing paradigm—which has the additional virtue of being extremely well-constructed conceptually and very skilfully articulated. The latter, I understand, was mainly the work of Janet Foner (for many years Co-coordinator of Support Coalition International and editor of the **Recovery and Re-emergence** RC journal) and Jamie Alexander (long-time co-counselor, activist, and writer), both mental health system survivors, following up and building admirably upon the initial work of Harvey Jackins & Co.

On that note, I should say that the “RCers’ ” analysis looks at the mental health system from a decidedly “survivor”-oriented perspective, as sometimes contrasted with/against the “consumer” or just “ex-mental patient” designation on the commonly used C/S/X spectrum-scale¹. And, while I do have great admiration, heartfelt empathy, and sincere respect for all the work these people have done over many years—and while I myself am, in some important respects, a “survivor” of 5 years spent in what was known as one of the worst “snake-pits” in Canada (the old F.P.I. Institution)—I must confess that I steadfastly refused to self-identify with this term ever since I first heard it applied to ex or current mental health system “users” over a decade ago. My reasons for this were basically identical with those expressed by Wendy Kaminer in her brilliant 1992 work of social criticism, I’m

Dysfunctional/You're Dysfunctional: The Recovery Movement and Other Self-Help Fashions.

What Wendy said publicly in print, which I had been saying privately for years (though I was unaware until just a year or so ago that anyone else had ever said) was that, you know what?, all suffering is **not** relative and, horrendous as conditions are/have been/ for many people "in the system", to co-opt and indiscriminately use the word in some sort of "survivor" – sheik fashion to encourage a "cult of victimization" (and anyone who thinks **this** is an exaggeration is invited to just go survey major segments of the still-flourishing "support"-group scene), or to try to feign some bogus equivalent-victim "status" by hitchhiking on the obvious connotations of the word with holocaust survivors, not only trivializes the very real experiences of the latter but—as in the case of John Bradshaw speaking of "the holocaust of the family", etc.—is downright offensive (see pages 81-85 of her book). Now Wendy is a Jewish lady whose views some might want to dismiss as ethnocentric bias or classism but I happen to totally agree. The subject especially grates for me, as many will already know, because of the pernicious—and extremely insulting—psychopolitics-type circumstances while I was incarcerated of, after a lifetime of working and associating with Jewish people in numerous capacities, being accused by mental health staff of being a "racist" and/or "anti-Semite"—and even threatened with criminal charges—for broaching the subject of holocaust revisionism while working on the inmate magazine. This engendered a furious maelstrom of hysterical knee-jerk reactionary behaviour and internalized reverse racism from the dominant-class PC-crowd desperately seeking an instance of their much-cherished fantasy-stereotype of a crypto-fascist/neo-Nazi Big Mack-Dad to lynch for automatically assumed and presumed intolerance—and via whom to attempt to derive "appropriate" pseudo-self-esteem by being duly indignantly and self-righteously spitefully intolerant of. One of the funniest incidents resulting from this great object-lesson in bigotry was when, a young devoutly Christian social worker, having read about all of this in the "medical" records, asked me at our first Outpatient Clinic interview, "Who were your main intellectual influences when you were growing up?" I replied, "Well, my first major mentor was Ayn Rand, the novelist/philosopher, all of whose published work I read between the ages of 15 and 17." And his response was: "Ah yes, Ayn Rand, the White Supremacist"! Of course, Ayn Rand was a Russian Jew who lived through terrible hardship as a young woman during The Revolution and emigrated to America shortly thereafter and whose parents died in the dreadful conditions surrounding the wartime siege-of-Leningrad. She was not only an adamant "anti-

communist" but also a virulent life-long anti-fascist, as I myself have been to this day. Towards the end of my "supervision phase", when they had assigned the Jewish staff-psychiatrist and a suitable "person of colour" worker, hoping, apparently, for an aggravated "reaction" and/or to teach me truly "civilized"/domestic "universal love", I found it amusing to "buy into the 'diagnosis'" by saying things like "I can't understand why us neo-Nazi/anti-Semites just don't get no respect" or "Well, if I'm not a male chauvinist, and I'm not a racist, at least I should have the decency to be homophobic, eh?" (H. L. Mencken, eat your heart out!) Prior to this I had no real comprehension of what a premium is placed, by those programmed with ("schooled in") the 50-year old dominant-class "I'm-more-liberal-than-thou" stratum/paradigm/myth, on trying to find some white person—**any** white person—who could be even remotely construed as somehow fitting their hopelessly outmoded caricature-images of "prejudice", so as to keep their pathetic games of interpersonal one-upmanship and **actual** bias going. And so, I've been dogged by disingenuous "rumours", gossip, and insinuation/innuendo related to these slanderous tags ever since. You live and learn!

Well, I digress—again—(and I'm sensitive to that ever-present "narcissist"-jacket that THEY have waiting in the wings [you see, I'm not really "insensitive"?!]) but I felt these things needed to be said. To finish, on this junket, the term "consumer" for me is a fraudulent non-starter: 95% of mental patients would never exercise consumer-choice in favour of the treatments they now have no choice, let alone **fully-informed consent**, for the most part, about receiving. I simply call myself an ex-mental patient, when and if the occasion calls for it.

To return to the main subject-matter at hand, and by way of historical background, a distinction should be made between the development of Re-evaluation Counseling proper and the RC interface more specifically with antipsychiatry and/or mental health system critiques. As Janet Foner says (*Recovery and Re-Emergence No. 5*): "In 1977 MHSS (Mental Health System Survivors) liberation began to be addressed in RC." But the original beginnings of RC, according to Harvey Jackin's 1994 booklet, *How "Re-evaluation Counseling" Began*, date to 1952 when "teaching and practicing" first started with a small group of associates in Seattle. This was followed up by the first, and foundational, book of RC theory in 1965, Harvey Jackin's *The Human Side of Human Beings*, which had gone through 8 hardcover and 26 paperback printings, and been translated into 24 languages, as of 1997. I highly recommend it also as a model of clear

writing and rigorous (as he says—and it shows—somewhat “painstakingly” constructed) thought—accentuated and permeated by an abiding deep and generous spirit of humanism.

To try to give a “short course” in RC theory or even a critical assessment of the concepts outlined in *What’s Wrong With The Mental Health System* in the space allotted here, would be to do justice to neither, so I’m going to conclude here by relaying a few initial impressions and, perhaps, speaking meaningfully to some—apparently prominent—misgivings or misconceptions people might have about RC. The first thing which struck me, then, and I’m sure would occur to any literate person with even a general smattering of knowledge about “radical” thought, is that this theory is almost pure Wilhelm Reich, slightly warmed over and simplified for “common”/mass-consumption, with a few name changes and innovative accretions, but at its core, unmistakably virtually identical. There is the essential idea of built-up emotional-energetic “distress”, due to harms or wounding incurred socially/environmentally from a basically pathological-“irrational”/“unhealthy” culture (what Reich called “The Emotional Plague”), which needs to be released through “discharge” via therapy-which-is-not-“therapy” (It’s egalitarian “peer” or “co”-counseling, which is, nevertheless, delivered through an explicitly hierarchical “Vanguardist”-type, and apparently quite authoritarian, “leadership”-structure, replete with strict interpersonal “rules” governing personal aspects of one’s social life [please note: I’m not meaning to imply that this is necessarily a “bad thing”]), using as its core method a somewhat enhanced version of every professional analyst’s stock-in-trade well-known “listening technique” (see also: Jackin’s quite good essay on *The Art of Listening*), and finally resulting in “clear thinking” or the “exquisite rationality”/logicity (see also: Jackin’s *The Logic of Being Completely Logical*) via which we are able to better discern the real “reality”, through the re-evaluation process following upon proper emotional “cleansing”, as it were—which, of course, has important social-political implications and, if only wide-worldly spread and universally adopted, will get us “back to the Garden” where we organically-plantlike “Re-emerge”, etc. I hope this gloss doesn’t sound too glib or facetious; I really do believe that there is much of great value in this material regardless of the failure to attribute source references and influences in the “normal” manner (which, understandably, has left the group open to charges of cultism, parallels drawn with “the LaRouchies”², and/or of being “the poor man’s psychoanalysis”, etc.—which I can see some justification for).

In any case, while I’m no authority on the subject, Harvey Jackin’s *modus operandi* seems entirely sensible, and “forgivable”, given what I know of his background and the social milieu in which he gave birth to RC. As most people know, Reich was a radical Freudian analyst and Marxist-later-turned-Communist Anarchist who fled Europe for the U.S. (he was also Jewish) in the 40s and whose literature was widely-read in Leftist and/or “Progressive” circles worldwide after the initial publication of his pathbreaking *Character Analysis* in Berlin in 1933 (I read a good deal by and about him personally in my late teens when he was “all the rage” in the New Left circles I used to frequent). In the 50s he was persecuted and prosecuted by the U.S. government, all of his publications seized and destroyed in one of the more famous instances of American “book-burning” (Of course the Canadian government now does this every year to a far greater extent than the Nazis ever did, but this is thought to be “in good taste”. Some of us still remember when it wasn’t!), and wound up dying somewhat ignobly in Leavenworth Prison amid the Red-Scare and anti-communist/Cold War hysteria years of the 50s.

Jackins, likewise an affiliate or “fellow-traveller”, as they were then known, of Hard Left factions in the American Labor Movement during the 40s and 50s (very similar to Lyndon LaRouche’s later career-path, it seems), was apparently linked to factions considered to be puppets of Internationalist Communist and/or Soviet, and therefore, of course, “Un-American” control and duly blacklisted, threatened with prison, and summarily ousted from his AFL local with a rather vicious and severe beating. I do not doubt that this is true, from what I’ve read and heard about the Labour history of those times, and from my own experience as a member of three different unions. The point is, however, that given what Jackins endured (and I speak as a person who has been severely physically battered on more occasions than I care to remember, and threatened numerous times, for my own ideological work), he can hardly be blamed for being less than completely forthcoming or “candid” about direct sources, and affiliates, and whatnot. As I read him, he sounds like a very sincere man trying to do the best he can—“the right thing”—in difficult and/or openly hostile environmental circumstances.

As far as charges of “cultism” go, while I can see how this would arise in certain instances, and may be a “partial truth”, I view it the same way I do that levelled at the Ayn Rand Objectivist Movement and other phenomena I’m personally familiar with—viz.: is a “cult of personality” the fault of some charismatic and gifted “leader”/authority-figure and their “system”, or is it a

function of the fact that, in any given society, a large number of people exist without a modicum of critical thinking capacity who, for a variety of True Believer syndrome reasons, are just waiting and wanting to be, more or less "passively dominated"/led, to have all their thinking about important life-issues done for them (i.e., allow their heads to "be used" rather than "using their heads")? Well, leaving the obviously coercively-cultivated State-propaganda cases, where people have little or no choice but to be indoctrinated, to one side, I don't think one can just go around willy-nilly castigating every systematic ideological product, or its author(s), on the basis of *ad hominem* attacks on the behaviour of some of the "followers"; remember Marx's: "I am not a Marxist"! So the only really relevant question for me here is: does the body of work, as presented, seem to have intrinsic merit? And these days, when everyone seems to be asking: "Is there anything left of the Left?," really worth considering? I would have to answer that, yes, as in the case of this critique of orthodox psychiatry, there is much that is vital and worthy and deserving of respect, respect for good work done, regardless of past temporary contextual differences. On that basis, I heartily recommend giving this material a read.

Notes:

1) For more on the development of this categorization, see: Chamberlain, Judy (1990) *The Ex-Patients'*

Movement: Where We've Been and Where We're Going". *The Journal of Mind and Behavior*, Vol. 11, Nos. 3-4, pp.77-90. Also: Everett, Barbara (1994) "Something is Happening: The Contemporary Consumer and Psychiatric Survivor Movement in Historical Context." *JMB*, Vol. 15, Nos 1-2, pp. 55-70. And, more recently in the Canadian context: Everett, Barbara (2000). *A Fragile Revolution: Consumers and Psychiatric Survivors Confront the Power of the Mental Health System*. Waterloo, Ontario: Wilfred Laurier University Press.

2) For some pretty good general background on the Lyndon LaRouche phenomena (his early Marxist background, union activities, publishing ventures like *New Solidarity* and *Executive Intelligence Review*, possible KGB funding, and involvement in Presidential politics, etc., see: Chapter 10 - "The 'New Dark Ages' Conspiracy" in George Johnson's *Architects of Fear: Conspiracy Theories and Paranoia in American Politics*, 1983, Los Angeles, CA: Jeremy P. Tarcher, Inc, pp. 187-210.

Endnote:

A local RC contact-person who has authorized me to give her name and phone number for further information is Cassandra Freeman: (604) 872-4638. ■

To past supporters of MPA - THANK YOU!

For those of you who would like to make a donation to the "Nutshell" and to be on our mailing list just fill out this card, cut it out and send it to:

MPA
#202 - 1675 W. 4th Ave.
Vancouver, BC, V6J 1L8

YES, I would like to support the Mental Patients' Association
with a tax-deductible donation of:

\$20

\$50

Other

Official Tax Receipt Requested

Cheque Enclosed _____

Bulletin Board

The Self-Help Resource Association of B.C. (SHRA) conducts regular Facilitator Training Workshops for Self-Help and Mutual Aid Support Groups. They also publish a quarterly newsletter and the Directory of Self-Help/Support Groups in Greater Vancouver with approximately 600 listings, many of them dealing with mental health. The latest edition (2000-2001) of the Directory is now available for \$12.00 or \$10.00 at the office if you drop by and pick it up. SHRA is located at Suite 306 – 1212 West Broadway, Van. B.C. V6H 3V1. T: (604) 733-6186. Fax: (604) 730-1015. www.vcn.bc.ca/shra

The Alternative & Integrative Medical Society (AIMS) at UBC publishes the free AIMS Wellness Directory: Lower Mainland Guide to Complementary Health. It contains approximately 250 paid and many unpaid listings dealing with a broad spectrum of mental, physical, and spiritual aspects of healing. For a Directory and/or more info. about the Society, phone (604) 822-7604. Fax: (604) 822-2495. E-mail info@aims.ubc.ca. Web: www.aims.ubc.ca. AIMS, University of British Columbia, Box 81 – 6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1. Office: B80A Woodward Building, UBC.

Vancouver Women's Health Collective has peer counselling and makes referrals to support services, groups, and does advocacy work in health care reform. Their address is #1 - 175 E. 15th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., V5T 2P6. Info. by phoning (604) 732-5262.

Vancouver/Richmond Mental Health Network sponsors many self-help groups including a Women's Circle. Their address is #109 - 96 E. Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V5T 4N9 and the Co-ordinator of the Network may be reached at 733-5570.

Quotes From the Roundtable

by M.D. Arthurs

"an open mind is mostly an empty mind"

"one who is cruel to animals, is invariably cruel to people also"

"the most dangerous weapon is the mind"

"violence is the last resort of a bankrupt spirit"

"racists are created by those who didn't love them sufficiently"



REINHART