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PERIODICALS



INA NUTSHELL

MAY 1980

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Newsletter of the Mental Patients Association.

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IN A NUTSHELL

A STORY OF DEPRESSION

It began last September, although there had been a history of a nervous breakdown back before that in England. My brother appeared in very good health from the time he emigrated to Canada fifteen years ago, but then over the last two years as one or two of his friends in England died, he seemed to get somewhat depressed, but not unduly so in my opinion. Then, out of the blue, we got a call from his neighbor one evening - my brother had been unable to stand being on his own any longer, he had waited four days and nights without sleep and without calling me to let me know, then finally called his neighbors and told them. My husband and I rushed up from Seattle and arranged an appointment with a Mr. Richard Argue and later with Dr. Kay at Burnaby Psychiatric Clinic.

My brother decided he had better go into the Clinic as a patient for a while. As a believer in trying other methods first, I nevertheless decided I must do what he felt was necessary. It was not that he wanted to go into a psychiatric clinic, in fact he hated it, being of the old school that believes to be emotionally sick is something of which to be ashamed. The drugs he was treated with seemed to make him worse and as he was allowed out he went home one day and tried to commit suicide with pills of all descriptions, including the ones given him by the clinic. His neighbor found him and he was rushed to Burnaby General and subsequently returned to the Burnaby Psychiatric Clinic. Finally, about seven electric shock treatments were administered which seemed to bring him back to something like his old self again, though looking older and not quite the same as he had been.

He returned to work and managed fairly well for a few months, although he complained of hearing loss from the shock treatments. Then again one evening he called me to say he didn't think his treatment had worked too well after all as the depression seemed to be returning. We rushed up at the week-end to be with him and tried to forestall any further deterioration with our support. He explained that he felt it

was the loneliness and we tried to tell him how much we cared for him and that we were his family although he had none of his own. He held up for a while longer, then it was back to the Burnaby Psychiatric Clinic. The same kind of treatment but with different drugs this time failed to bring about any improvement once more, and again the electric shock treatments were resorted to. Again several weeks later he was released but we noticed very little improvement this time and his depression was obviously still there, but this time he was worried that his brain was damaged by the shock treatment as his memory and hearing had deteriorated. After a few weeks he resumed work and out-patient visits with his Aide, Mr. Argue and his psychiatrist, Dr. Kay.

We called from Seattle to speak to Mr. Argue and Dr. Kay on several occasions and tried to explain to them that my brother was not doing well at all on his own and that we felt he should be somewhere where he was being taken care of. They insisted that he must learn to do things for himself and that they would continue encouraging him to get about and meet people and do things. In short, he must pull himself together. We went up often trying to comfort him but he got more and more depressed ... more and more unable to cope with everyday things and wanting people to stay with him all the time.

We were dissuaded by Mr. Argue and Dr. Kay from taking him by the hand and doing things for him. They said he had to help himself. We were afraid for him but the message was always the same. Being his only relative nearby, I had a nervous breakdown with all the worry, as often happens in such cases.

On our last visit he was obviously much worse. He picked at his nails and trembled, trying to tell us how frightened he was and how he couldn't even go out on his own now.

In desperation, we made an appointment to see Mr. Argue and hopefully his doctor, Dr. Kay. Coming all the way from Seattle we hoped Dr. Kay could spare us a few minutes but it was not to be. We did see Mr. Argue, however, and for about an hour I sat there and practically pleaded that we be allowed to help him by getting him into a Nursing Home, since a doctor's authorization is needed. We were willing to pay; he should not be alone, I said. Mr. Argue disagreed and said the best thing was for them to keep working with my brother. Sick at heart I finally gave up and told my brother we must be leaving, we had stayed three days and my own health was beginning to deteriorate again. He was terrified and also said he felt that he had overstayed his welcome at the Clinic and they didn't want him back. In any case, it is a small though pleasant facility, not really geared for long stays by patients. We finally left him with one of his kind friends who visited him often.

Next day, my brother, still trying to do as he was told, went to work. Then he came home and hanged himself.

Why am I writing this article? Because depression is on the increase. The story of my brother could be anyone's story. If you need help, all that will be available will be what was available to my brother and it may fall short of what is needed. What is needed is Convalescent home-type places where people who are lonely and frightened can stay and be treated for whatever

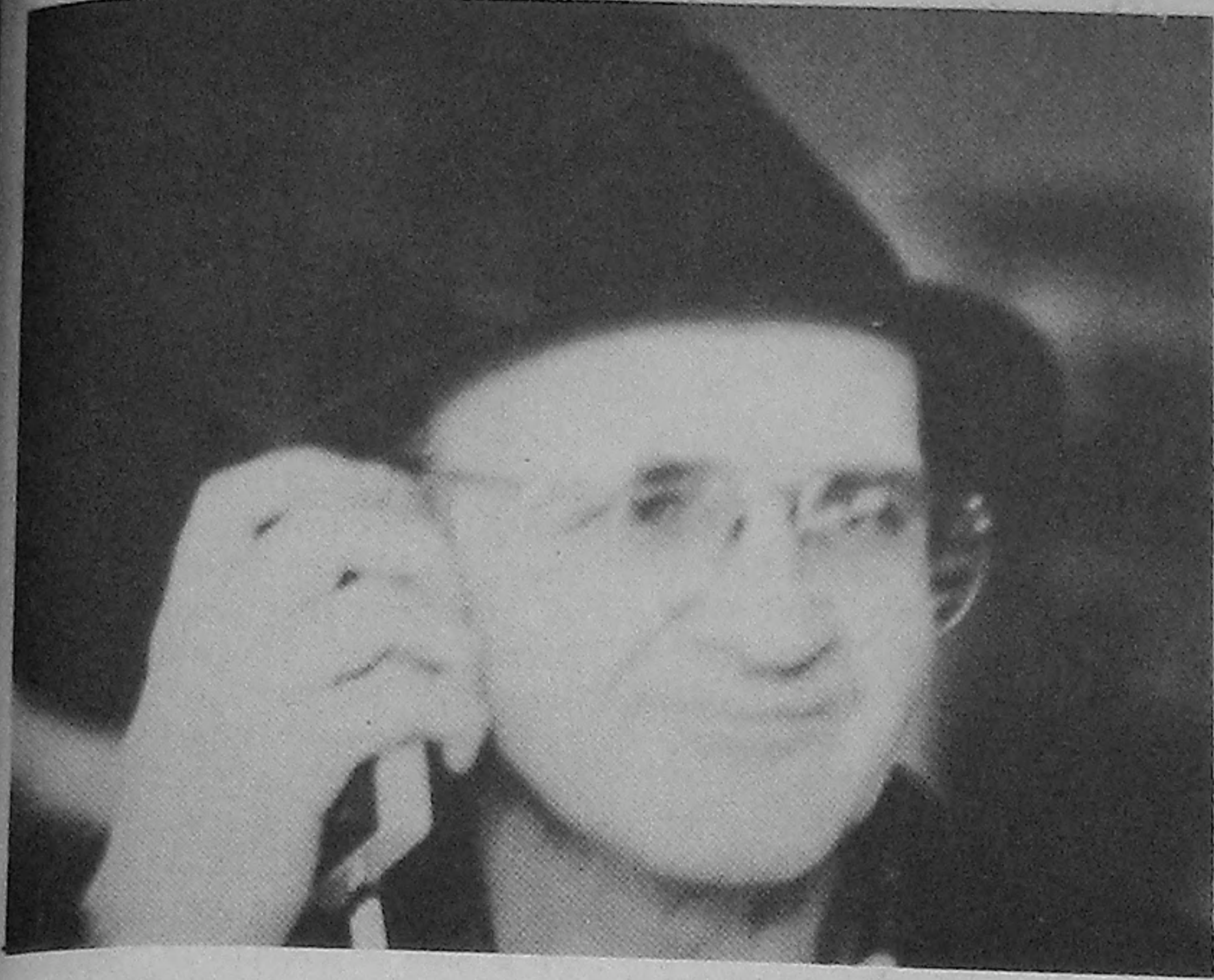
period of time is needed until they are well enough to take care of themselves. Also, with some choice as to their treatment, such as bio-feedback, acupuncture, vitamin shots, or any other wholistic methods that may help, as well as the more conventional treatments.

What is needed is a more open mind on the part of the Medical and Psychiatric community to try different, more natural forms of treatments. But most of all, a commitment to take care of emotionally and mentally sick people the same way the physically sick are treated. Would a person who is in pain with cancer or some other disease be told to pull himself together and do for himself? Would a person with a broken leg be told to get out and walk about? The answer obviously is that they would be cared for until, hopefully, they could manage to recover and once more be able to take care of themselves.

It seems that people with emotional and mental problems are somehow different. They don't seem to get the same kind of sympathy. I would like to say here that the nurses of Burnaby Psychiatric Clinic were very kind to my brother when he was in there. My message to the public is to fight for something better, for different treatments where a person can have a choice and most of all that they be taken care of like any other sick person.

If you want this you'd better get together and fight for it. Otherwise, this story could one day be yours and one of your loved ones, and the pain will be with you forever, as it will be with me, his sister.

- Mrs. C. Thompson



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Statement
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Stephen Gerry

**SAGE
 BRUSH
 SAL**

Ya been in any o yer Hospitals o late? Lands a body aint safe an that be ta truth.

Ya caint get no Doc when ya needs em an ya surely caint get no nurse.

I were next ta gal what jest had her an opration an she had her buzzin thing on fer more an 3 hours an still no nurse come. I ended up doin what ta fool nurse should ha done an I aint no nurse. Happen whole time I be in there.

Found me out some'at.

Nurse onced took a 3 yar course - lived at hospital and had theys pracice mixed wi ta theory. Nows I hear tell they takes 2 yars - just theory. Well lands, course theys dont knowed that they be doin - caint. Sure be hard on yer pts. - fact be it danged scarey. Wish who

be in charge of such things would get some smarts an switch it back again.

I keeps tellin ya a body aint safe near any of em Medical types or theys Hospitals.

Tell ya some'at else. Onct Hospitals be made fer pts. Aint so now. Yer fool Hospitals be made fer em what works in em not em whats be sick. S'true. All a body has ta do be ta look at em wards an then looks at all o em Docs an nurses lounges.

Reckon t'll be them Politickars fault. All theys care bout be money an theys got it cause theys cut back on all ta portant things what plain folks needs.

I be dad gummed fed up wi lot of em.

- Sage Brush Sal

**in praise
 of
 patients**

A patient is an important person. If there were no patients, there would be no hospitals. If there were no hospitals, a lot of cart-pushers and floor-polishers would be out of work. Nurses too.

A patient is a patient. A patient is a person who can receive the news sweetly that his doctor will not be able to see him today.-

A patient is a person who can attune his night-time being to the snores of companions.

A patient is a person who can gulp pills nicely. A patient is a person who can give small amounts of blood, for unknown purposes, with serene nobility.

In all, I would say that patients are pillars of the world. Wherever they are found, their fortitude is superb.

Now and then, we find patients who are impatient and impertinent. The system makes its peace with them. They are not always loved.

- Al Kuenzli

It is my feeling that the subordinates of the department heads are using tyrannical acts to maintain power for the medical psychiatric/psychological profession.

This unleashed, and somewhat unrestricted, power is why many patients and ex-patients - confined unnecessarily - feel that the Department of HRS provides services which could be, and should be, classified as arbitrary and despotic.

However, in spite of all that is said and done about the mental health system, I feel that each state, local, and federal government is wholly responsible and is liable for blame. The large funding to keep persons involuntarily confined is coming from our own governments.

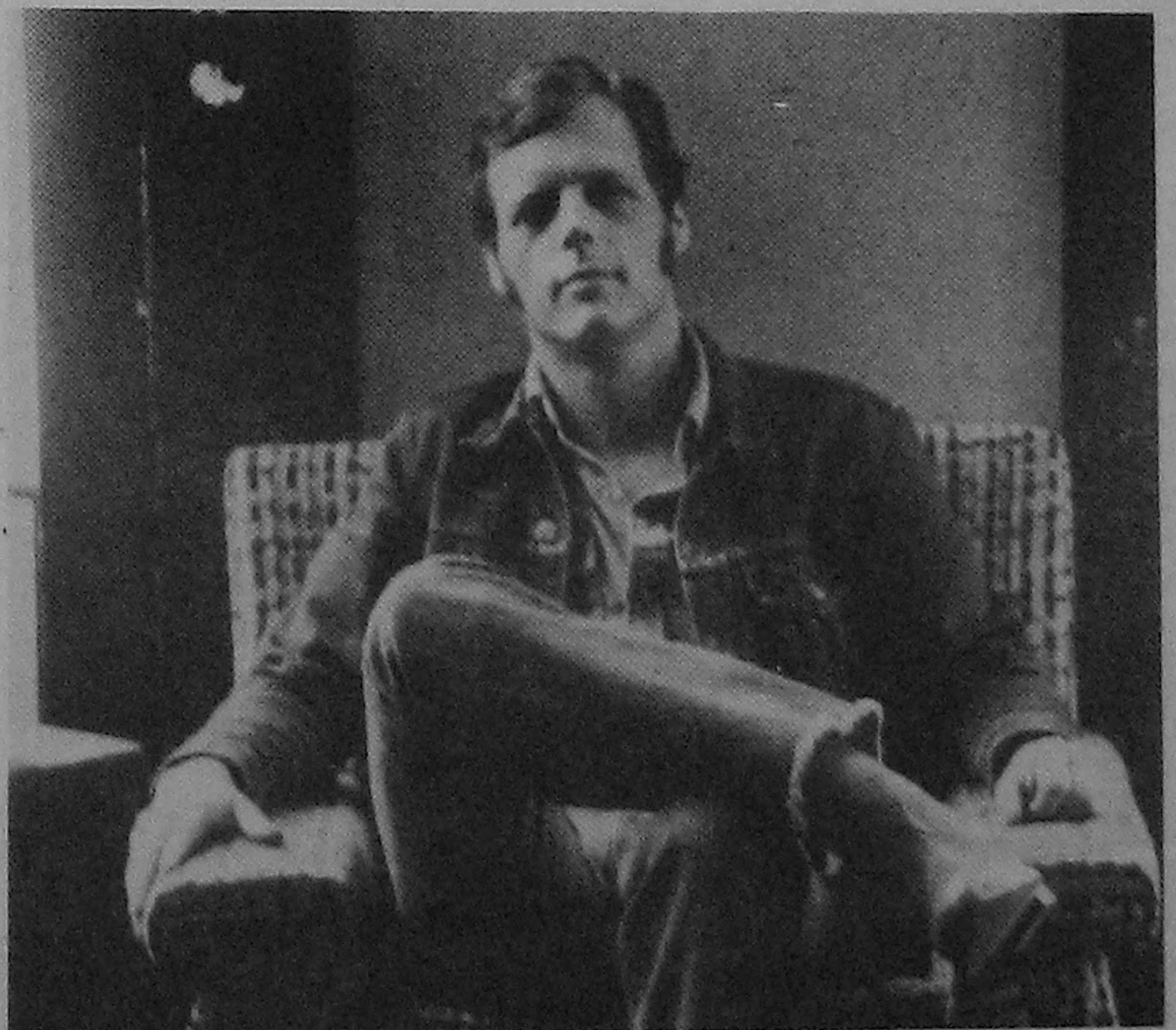
In addition to my feelings, I must say that fear is what allows this monomania of psychiatry and psychology to continue. To experience even 90 days against one's will inside the locked wards of a mental hospital will demonstrate the inhumanity of the profession and the system. But I ask: What official in his right mind would place limitations on this system? Fear of being locked up is what keeps these officials from placing restrictions on the system of mental health.

In any case, it is known by radicals to this system that the model and study of deviant human behaviour is non-functional in reality. Alcoholism, drug abuse and deviant behaviour are social problems. There is no sure cure for either of these problems, and the sooner the

jerks in the profession of psychiatry/psychology learn this as fact, the better.

Unlike capital punishment, the field of psychiatry/psychology goes unchecked for violations of many, many constitutionally guaranteed rights of the people, by the people, and for the people.

These are my own personal feelings and need not be taken as fact although they should be. These words and statements should be shared among the Movement. I am at present an involuntary patient at the Florida State Hospital and I am determined not to allow myself to be humiliated, disrespected or degraded. I shall remain a patient until the day comes when outside attention comes in to clear up the wrongdoings of this institution. I'll be here when that day comes - to rejoice - and to say "I told you so" to the other patients and staff of this hospital.



SCHIZOPHRENIA

SCHIZOPHRENIA AS POSITIVE DISINTEGRATION

REALITY

There was once a king who called one of his subjects and told him to go out into the kingdom and search for weeds. The subject did as the king had asked and returned to report to the king. "My lord, I have searched across your kingdom from one end to the other for weeds and I found that there are indeed weeds everywhere, in every corner of the kingdom. To my left, to my right, behind and in front of me, everywhere, I saw nothing but weeds." The king thanked his subject for the report and called another subject.

The king ordered the second subject to scour the kingdom in search of flowers. The subject did as the king had asked and then returned to report. "My lord, I have done as you have asked. I have been to all areas of the kingdom and I have found that there are flowers everywhere, of every imaginable description. To my left, to my right, behind and in front of me, everywhere I turned there were flowers of great brilliance and colour. Your kingdom, my lord is indeed filled with many flowers."

The moral of this story is, of course, that those who go in search of weeds will find weeds, and those who go in search of flowers will find flowers. Similarly, those who go in search of pathology will find pathology and those who go in search of health will find and promote health.

GROWTH

Growth is the dynamic state of positive change and it often occurs in response to a confrontation with crisis. In the process of working through a crisis situation, individuals often experience increased tension, emotional disharmony, fragmentation and disorganized behaviour. This kind of disintegration is usually deemed negative by traditional psychiatry. In fact, disintegration can be a useful, if not essential, element of personality development. As Kazimierz Dabrowski suggests, the evolution of personality is primarily developed through dissatisfaction with and fragmentation of

the existing psychic structure - a period of disintegration and finally secondary integration at a higher level. In order for a new and stronger sense of reintegration to take place, the original sense of integration must be broken down and changed. Thus, in the process of growth, individuals will often experience a period of disintegration before arriving at the new and stronger sense of reintegration and wholeness.

This is similar to the dialectical process of thesis confronted by the antithesis resulting in a new synthesis. This is the way in which humans evolve personally, collectively and historically.

SCHIZOPHRENIA

Extreme change and challenge involve extreme processes. It is possible that in some cases, an acute schizophrenic break is the necessary process to meet the crisis, to experience extremes of disintegration before arriving at the new and stronger sense of reintegration.

We live in a society that rigidly defines what "reality" is. But this reality is merely a consensus of the majority. Those in power define our reality and define who is the best judge of this reality. This reality, however, is merely an artificial construct that we consent to believe in. Reality is by no means the absolute that we are taught to believe. Some people may become so disenfranchised with this consensual reality that they seem to have no choice but to opt out temporarily and function within the parameters of their own altered state of reality.

Mental health professionals are forever telling schizophrenics that their behaviour and speech is "inappropriate and irrational". In fact, the behaviour and speech which is defined by social norms as being inappropriate is often extremely appropriate to their feelings. The so-called "bizarre" behaviour that is exhibited may be the first time that the behaviour of the individual is congruous with her or his feelings. Mental health professionals are simply not able to understand this, or simply refuse to look at other poss-

ible ways of perceiving reality.

For instance, recently a young woman told me that she was concerned about the future world food shortage. She was told by another staff person to stop talking about that "stupid garbage". I was told by the staff person that this particular woman was "superficial and lazy". When I explored her feelings about the food shortage with the woman, I found that her fear centered around a terror that humans would resort to cannibalism. And her fears were based upon her feeling of being very much afraid of being "cannibalized", eaten up, consumed by her parents. She had taken her fear to an extreme, to a "delusional" level, but nonetheless, this "irrational concern" clearly reflected her very real feelings, and her statement was congruous with those feelings. It wasn't "inappropriate" at all. But these feelings were then totally invalidated by the staff who called them "stupid garbage". In my opinion, it was not the young woman who was superficial, but the staff's opinion that was superficial.

DRUGS

The limited use of drugs with acutely schizophrenic individuals in the process of positive disintegration can be useful especially at night if the person is not able to give themselves the rest that they need from the crisis. However, there is a definite tendency to abuse the psychotropic drugs for use of control, or for the convenience of the staff. Often when a person shows anger or agitation and acts on that anger, they are immediately and completely sedated. They are deadened with drugs so that they can not only not act on the feelings, but they cannot even feel the feelings anymore. The person is again put out of touch with his or her feelings by a staff that is theoretically there to help the individual become congruous with those feelings. People should be allowed and encouraged within reasonable limits to express anger or other "disruptive" feelings.

SELF-HEALING

Humans have a remarkable capacity for self-healing. If a person in an acute schizophrenic break is helped

to explore and work through her/his feelings, hopefully, they will reach a new sense of reintegration, above the former level of integration. Gregory Bateson² suggests that schizophrenia is a "vast and painful initiation rite conducted by the self" and that it has a definite course to run leading to the birth of a new identity. Psychotherapy (as positive guidance) is not only possible with certain schizophrenics, it is essential. Otherwise they may never get past the initial disintegration. It will be covered up, rather than worked through. Schizophrenics are not out of touch with their feelings, they are, on the contrary, exquisitely in touch with them to a painful degree.

This is in no way romanticizing or mystifying the terrifying experience of being acutely schizophrenic. Nor is it advocating this approach with everyone. It is merely advocating a more sane and rational approach and offering an alternative for those who are in the process of positive disintegration so that the self-healing process can be facilitated.

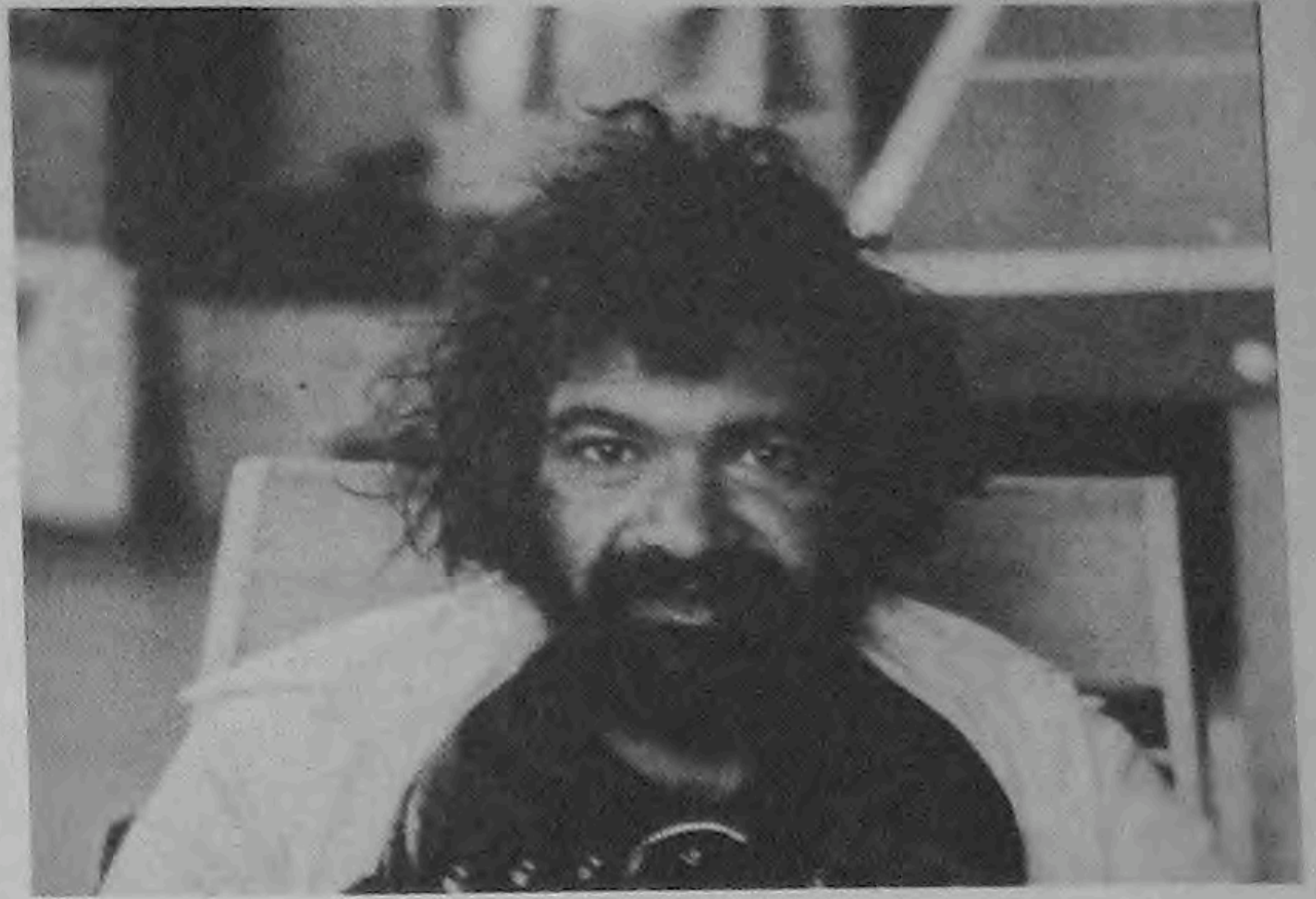
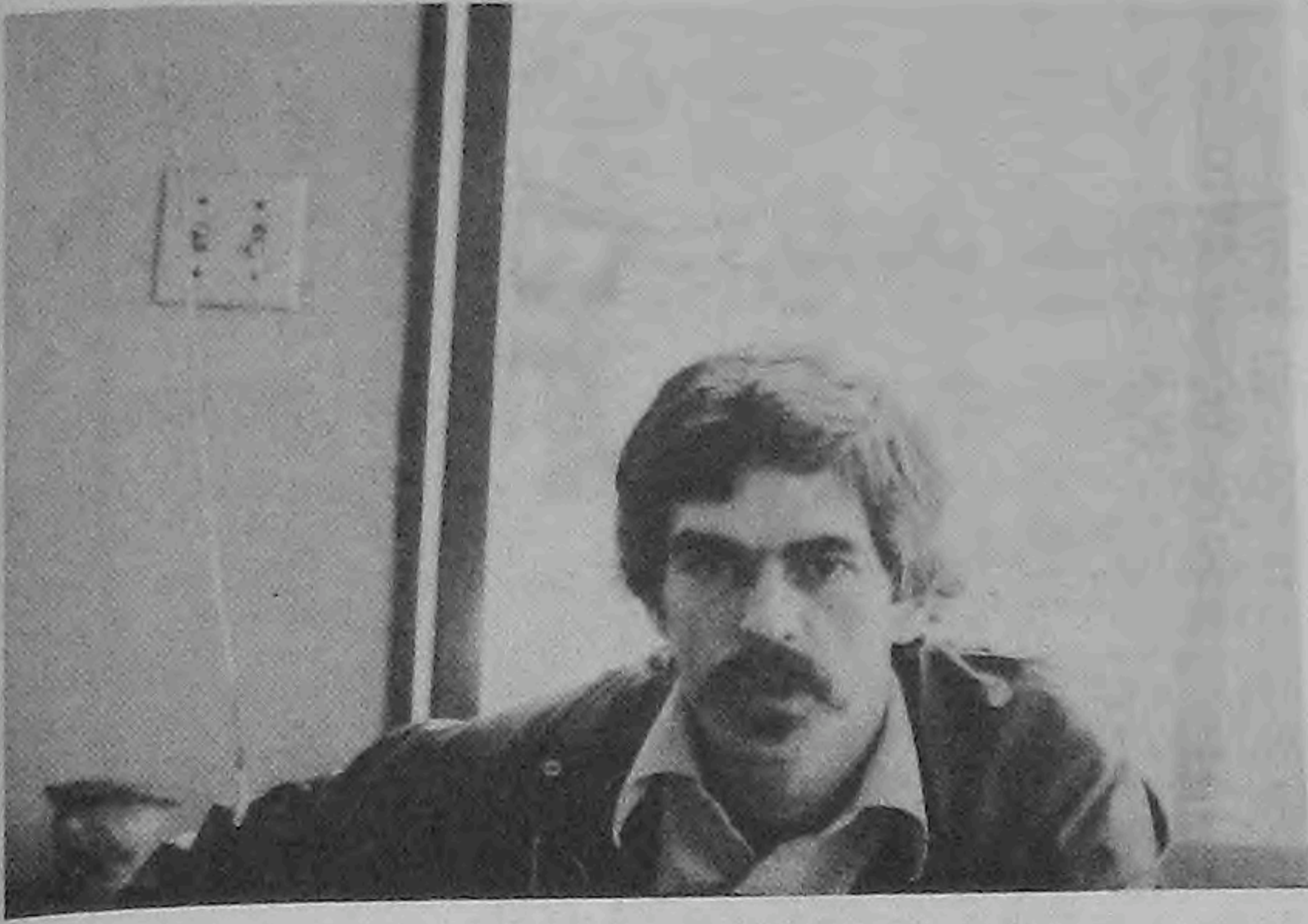
FOOTNOTES

¹ Dabrowski, K. Positive Disintegration. Great Britain: J & A Churchill Ltd. 1964

² Bateson, G. (ed.) Percival's Narrative: A Patient's Account of his Psychosis 1830 - 1832. Stanford, Calif: Stanford University Press, 1961.

(I wrote this article in response to a psychiatrist who recently told me that there was nothing that could be done for psychotics but drugs; that psychotherapy was useless for psychotics and that they should not deal with feelings; and that some people were better equipped by reason of their training to judge reality. I am an ex-mental patient and have also worked within the mental health system.)

- Kristin Penn



A VICTORY FOR PSYCHIATRIC INMATES

On March 31, a Media, Pennsylvania judge overturned the convictions of four members of the Alliance for the Liberation of Mental Patients arrested on April 17, 1979 while trying to distribute literature to Haverford State Hospital inmates. The four, Diane Baran, Bob Harris, Lenny Sereda, had been found guilty of "defiant trespass" last May 2 and fined \$300 each. (Lynn Sereda has since moved out of the state.) Judge Joseph deFuria ruled at the March 31 appeal that there was insufficient evidence for the convictions.

Members of the Alliance, which is based in Philadelphia, were attempting to distribute literature about the legal rights of psychiatric inmates ("mental patients"), about the dangerous effects of psychiatric drugs, and about the firing of ALMP member Lenny Lapon from his job as a paralegal at Haverford State Hospital. Lapon had been a strong advocate of inmates' rights during his employment at Haverford. The literature which the Alliance members were distributing also suggested ways in which inmates can protect their legal and human rights while incarcerated. Haverford director John Fong ordered the Alliance members -- all former inmates themselves -- to be arrested for trespassing.

During the hearing in Media about 30 ALMP members and supporters filled the courtroom. While there was a court recess for lunch, supporters marched in a cold rain down State St. and then rallied in front of Borough Hall. They distributed a leaflet to passersby which read in part "We

believe that Haverford State Hospital should be put on trial, not Diane, Lenny, and Bob. People are railroaded at commitment hearings. They have committed no crime, and are not even accused of doing so, except for the 'crime' of 'mental illness'. We believe that mental illness is a myth - people's feelings of rage, frustration, and despair are labelled by psychiatrists as symptoms of a disease, rather than being seen for what they really are - natural reactions

to living in an exploitative and unjust society where profits are put before basic human needs. It's no accident that members of oppressed groups such as women, blacks, old people, lesbians and gay men, and poor people are found in disproportionate numbers in psychiatric institutions. An issue in this case is the right of inmates to have access to advocates, and to information that crucially affects their lives."

At the rally, Lenny Lapon spoke of "the horrible atrocities I observed working at Haverford. One man was tied with restraints, spread-eagled across two beds for five days, 24 hours a day - that was the first time. The second time, it was for eight days. Afterwards he was in bad shape; he could only hobble." The ALMP was also protesting the forced drugging of inmates with drugs of the phenothiazine class such as Thorazine, Stelazine, Haldol, and Prolixin. Said Lapon "one side effect is a form of permanent brain damage called Tardive Dyskinesia which develops in a significant number of cases." Tar-

dive Dyskinesia is characterized by grotesque and uncontrollable jerking of the face and limbs.

Lapon had been fired from his job with the American Bar Association legal advocacy project in March of 1979. While working at Haverford, he had been actively advising inmates of their rights and distributing Alliance literature. This was perceived as a threat by Haverford administrators who put pressure on the project to have him dismissed. After an article by Lapon that was critical of the public defender William Halligan appeared in the ALMP newsletter, Halligan increased the pressure for dismissal. (Halligan, who supposedly represents inmates at commitment hearings, is also the personal lawyer of the hospital director, John Fong.) After Lapon was fired, fifty-nine inmates signed a petition asking that he be re-instated. At a grievance hearing held before members of the board of the advocacy project, it was decided that Lapon was not fired for reasonable cause and he was able to collect back pay for the time during which he was wrongfully fired.

Ten days after he was fired from his paralegal job, Lapon went to Haverford to visit friends who were inmates there. Even though it was during regular visiting hours and Lapon was peacefully talking to his friends, he was ordered by hospital authorities to leave. When he refused, he was arrested by the State Police. These charges were later dropped.

On April 17, Lapon and

six other Alliance members returned to Haverford to distribute literature about the reasons for Lapon's dismissal. Since they had notified the inmates that they were coming, they were met in the hospital driveway by a large crowd of inmates, employees, security guards, state police, reporters and camerapeople (the latter had been asked to be there by the Alliance). Alliance members were told they could not cross an imaginary line drawn by security chief Mills. Four members crossed the line and were charged with trespassing. They were taken to jail and a few hours later released on \$500 bail each. Two weeks later District Judge Burton fined them \$300 each, plus court costs, the maximum penalty. At the appeal hearing, Judge deFuria sustained a motion by the defendants' attorney David Ferleger for a "demurrer", or a ruling that insufficient evidence had been presented by the prosecution. DeFuria stated "Dr. Fong does not own Haverford Hospital."

The ALMP meanwhile has filed suit in federal court against Haverford administrators to demand access to the institution. The Alliance plans to actively continue its organizing efforts there and at other psychiatric institutions.

Jenny Collins
c/o ALMP
1427 Walnut St.
Phila. Pa 19102

P O E T R Y

ON INSANITY NO. 1

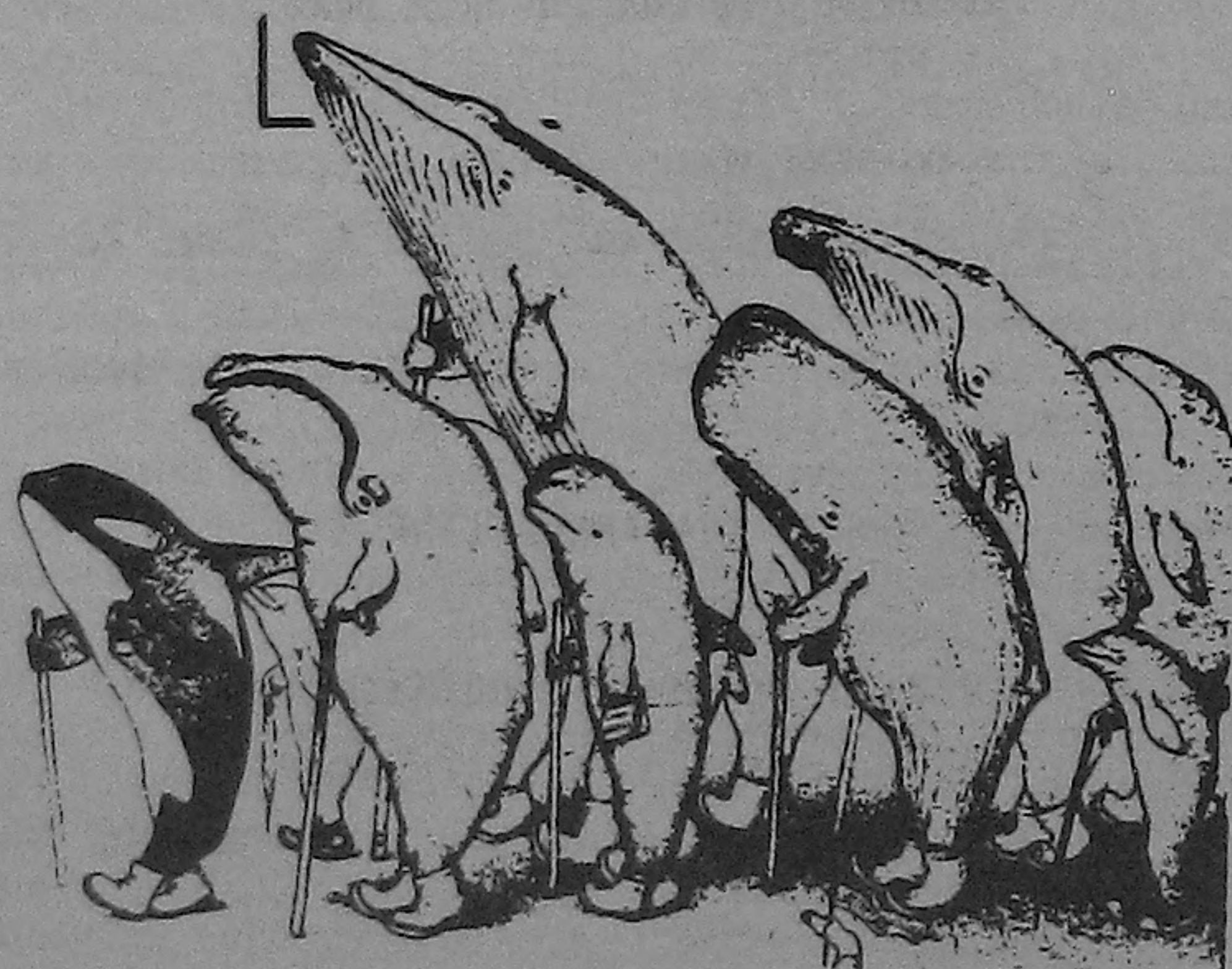
What is it like to go insane?
 What rewards do you receive
 for your incredible performance
 on the taut wire of a psychosis?

Voices tear at my heart
 until the pain becomes
 unbearable.
 Then I erupt
 fighting Armageddon
 with psychic lasers.

ON INSANITY NO. 2

I have a pet dragon:
 the fantasy that I am Jesus Christ.
 For three years we used to ride
 together
 through the streets and alleys of Vancouver
 breathing fire.
 Then one day riding high over Granville bridge
 he shot out from under me
 straight out over the edge
 and disappeared in a funnel of foam.
 He is still alive but I have cut out
 his tongue.
 We are friends now, as a gorilla
 eats from his keeper's hands.
 I must give him a decent burial
 even though
 on a dark winter's night
 his steam invites me out again.

- Al Todd -



The Ojibway

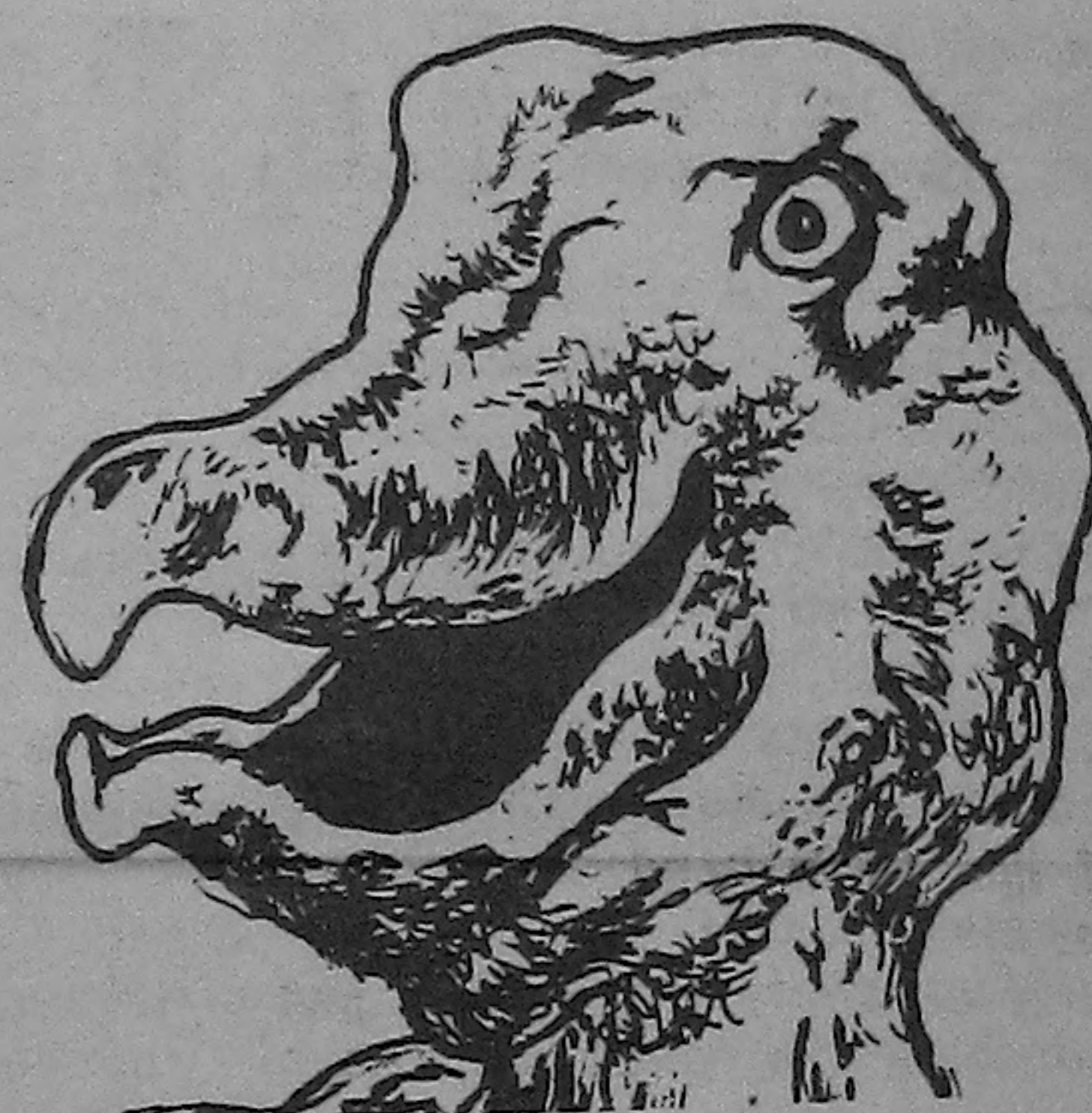
He raised his eyes
 To the cold blue skies
 Seeing a bird in flight
 And the clothes he had worn
 With the pockets all torn
 Changed to soft buckskin as night
 Began pouring around him on some skid row flat
 But strangely the night grew lighter
 The walls fell away
 as the bright final day
 grew bluer and greener and whiter.
 In the clearing his people
 Sat telling their stories
 of Indian lores
 And Ojibway glories.

Norm Sommer

I'll Meet You My Love

I'll meet you my love
 On the sands of Mars
 Though sand may not exist on Mars.
 But the scientists say
 That there's lots of dust there.
 But I'll meet you my love
 On the sands of Mars
 It seems a good place for us to meet
 Though sand may not exist on Mars
 After all my love
 You don't exist
 - Either

Len Lorimer



WASTED

I woke up this morning
 And took a look outside
 And I could clearly see
 What's become of me.

Love can break your heart
 Love can tear you apart
 I've never wanted anything more
 Than to marry the girl next door.

I sighed a big sigh
 Pretty birds flying high
 The streets are long and dry
 The trees are like guards standing by.

Riding high on a silver lining
 Looking through the window of a dream
 Summer's here and the birds are singing
 Sun shines through the summer steam.

Been holding up here all winter
 Pushing needles through my veins
 Now the sun shines through the window
 Everything has stopped .. the snows .. the rains.

Been thinking over everything
 Many a dream I've had in here
 Of girls .. of cars .. of bikes and home
 Every thought filled with fear.

Riding high on a silver lining
 Looking through the window of a dream
 Summer's here and the birds are singing
 My tears pour down like streams.

Grant Stoddard

PAGE

THE STUFF IN MY CUP

I often spill the stuff in my cup
I guess I don't know which way is up.

Maybe up is something we forget at birth,
Maybe up is any direction from the center of the earth.

If you want the map of your flag to be unfurled,
Just stand on your fingertips and twirl the world.

Maybe I don't know which way is up, cause the world is round.
But you can find Jesus in the lost and found.

Do you drink old-fashioned cokes to gain powers?
I'd rather sit and snort the flowers.

What is the truth? The eyes have it.
What is a lie? Dag nab it.

Hell is low so hello.
Byes make me cry so hi!

- Don Morrison -

ROADS OF TAR

Been walking these streets so long
The years .. they've just come and gone
Hardly know me or my dreams
It's been so long now it seems
I've had a place to rest my soul
And lovin' you's my only goal.

Problems .. troubles .. struggled with many
Peace on earth .. Lord is there any
Love .. it has been kind
But not enough for the time
And the time it took to go this far
I'm lookin' down the roads of tar.

Tired of these broken roads
Tired .. need rest .. my heavy load
My dreams have been many
But now can't recall any
I need a place to rest my soul
And lovin' you's my only goal.

Problems .. troubles .. struggled with many
Peace on earth .. Lord is there any
Love .. it has been kind
But not enough for the time
And the time it took to go this far
I'm lookin' down the roads of tar.

Grant Stoddard

Sin and Splendor

A Christ of cant, crucified in gold
aloof above a wretched peon
he whom his last peso can't withhold
lest his soul into purgatory
it be sold
humbly offers hard-won coin
fearful now as he was of Gods of old
a pauper in a palace, prone
to grovel, his new-found sin to atone
then silently to steal away
to bear the burden of a beast
while secure in sanctified splendor
a portly priest preaches peace
then sits prayerfully down to pious feast.

- Ronald (Mark) Jewell -

SIN AND SPLENDOR

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Ronald (Mark) Jewell



"This meeting was called in order to discuss the meat. It has been pointed out that there is no more meat. A motion has been made to fight over the bones."



Law Talk

YOU & YOUR LAWYER

by Gordon Hardy

Column 1

*God works wonders now and then:
Behold! a lawyer, an honest man!*
- Benjamin Franklin

There are more nasty cracks made about lawyers than any other professional group.

Just about every philosopher, comedian, and newspaper has taken a dig at one time or another at the black-robed creatures who preside over so many human transactions, whether it be buying the family house, taking the mechanic to court or dividing up uncle's estate.

But it takes more than a sharp ribbing to discourage eager men and women from going into a profession that can offer wealth, power and prestige. Also, many careers in politics and business have been launched from a law office.

There are about 4,000 practicing lawyers in B.C., a considerable increase over the past few years.

If anything, it is the hard competitive work at the beginning of a law career that many young people find daunting. Entrance to the Law School at the University of British Columbia requires a university degree and very high marks. Then follows three tough years studying the theory of law.

"The courses at law school are very heavy," says Rod Holloway, a young Vancouver lawyer, "and I think to get through it you have to use a nose-to-the-grindstone approach."

"From my own experience, I found the first four years at university fairly easy but law school was a great shock," he said.

One of the effects of law school training, Holloway says, is to drive students in the direction of conservatism: "It's geared towards teaching law as it is, rather than what it should be." he says.

Just last year (1979) the chief justice of the B.C. Supreme Court, Allan McEachern, criticized the legal profession for its failure to speak out on major social problems like gun control, abortion and prison reform.

Law school can also have the opposite effect of radicalizing the student when he sees "how the law does not provide the remedies that are necessary for the kinds of social problems we face today", Holloway says.

Veteran Vancouver lawyer Mary Southin says she thinks "there is a shift in the kinds of people that are becoming lawyers today."

"There was a time a few years ago when people thought you could go to law school and come out and change the world," she says. "Now people go to law school who want to practice law."

She says people who go to law school today are less "scruffy".

It is when they graduate from law school that law students cut their teeth on the reality of law practice. They must article, a kind of apprenticeship, for a year, for a year with a lawyer or a law firm, called the principal. The principal must have been in practice for at least four years.

Competition among students for articling positions is fierce, particularly for places with prestigious senior law firms.

If the principal is satisfied with the performance of the articling law he will recommend that the student be called to the bar. This means being offered membership in the lawyers' exclusive professional association, in this province the Law Society of B.C. Only members of the Law Society can practice law here.

Before being called to the bar, candidates face a thorough examination in criminal, commercial and family law as well as civil litigation, conveyancing property, wills and estates, and ethics.

Even then the young lawyers' struggle may not be over. A 1978 report which surveyed graduates of the University of Toronto Law School showed that new lawyers, particularly women, were finding it hard to find jobs.

The report found that about half the graduates in 1973 got jobs with the firms they articulated with, a figure that has dropped ever since.

The public may think of lawyers as fat cats in three-piece suits but many have had lean years before putting on that second chin.

Column 2

"Our wrangling lawyers are so busy here on earth, that I think they will plead their clients' causes hereafter, some of them in hell."
- Robert Burton

A prominent Vancouver criminal defence lawyer, H.A.D. Oliver, once described his line of work as "selling a somewhat unattractive product to 12 unwilling purchasers."

The 12 "purchasers", of course, are the jurors who must judge his clients, some of whom have been accused of pushing hard drugs.

Oliver was one of ten top national defence lawyers identified by The Canadian Magazine in an informal poll of judges, lawyers and criminals who were asked, "if you were in big trouble - murder, rape, heavy fraud, drug peddling or whatever - who would you get to defend you."

If the legal profession had a star system, Oliver, as well as other successful criminal defence lawyers, would be the stars. They are the performers whose courtroom eloquence can make the difference between a guilty and a non-guilty verdict in cases that hang in balance.

Of course, as with any other performance, there are usually many hours of preparation behind any courtroom appearance, though it may appear effortlessly smooth.

People are often angry that defence lawyers like Oliver do such a good job at defending criminals. Another Vancouver defence lawyer, Rod Holloway, explains how lawyers themselves feel about defending the guilty:

"A lawyer's job in the legal system is not to judge his client - that's the court's job," he says. "They ensure that the client gets the protection of the law. The law says that the duty falls to the Crown to prove the case beyond reasonable doubt."

"Lawyers who do have trouble giving their advice to someone whose conduct may be morally reprehensible don't practice in those areas," he adds. "They choose something else."

The defence lawyer's opponent is the Crown prosecutor, also a lawyer, whose job is to organize the case against the accused. Government salaries for Crown prosecutors are often lower than earnings of a senior defence lawyer so many prosecutors tend to be young and less experienced.

In tough cases, though, the government may temporarily hire older and more ex-

perienced lawyers to act as Crown prosecutors.

Even though Crown prosecutors have a high conviction rate, these often overworked and understaffed public servants somehow are denied the glamor that mantles the shoulders of a successful defence lawyer. No one ever cheered the district attorney on the Perry Mason Show.

Fernand Cote, a senior Montreal Crown prosecutor named in an informal poll as one of Canada's top prosecutors, told in an interview a few years ago of a case where a judge had forbidden him to bring up the name of a Mafia chief as a friend and helper of three accused murderers. Cote cleverly bypassed the order by calling the Mafia man as a witness. The gangster never appeared - and probably wasn't intended to - but the jury had not failed to notice the connection. It convicted.

"It's funny," Cote commented. "The defence uses a tactic like that and it's called brilliance. But we use it, they call it dirty."

A Vancouver Crown prosecutor, Armand Petronia, says he prefers prosecution to defending clients because it allows him to see more to the interests of justice than to the specific interests of a client.

"A defence counsel's task is to get his client off the hook," he says. "But a prosecutor can look at the whole picture. He decides whether to go ahead with the prosecution, or whether to drop the charges or get a stay of proceedings."

Trial lawyers, Holloway says, have a very irregular lifestyle due to their work: "Something is always happening to prevent a regular kind of life. You have to interview witnesses at odd hours. You work through your weekends."

He says lack of a regular social life and recreation means that some lawyers seek relaxation in bars and lounges. A number develop alcohol problems.

In order to avoid this and other inconveniences, many lawyers avoid the practice of criminal law. Some choose instead to become "house" or corporation lawyers. No glamor here but good money, regular hours and clean work.

As business life and government fine print become more complex, big companies need more and more lawyers to guide them through it. According to John Wright, general counsel for Canada Permanent, company law has other satisfactions:

"In company law, you see a problem - and can often prevent it - before it hatches, whereas in private practice you get the problem after it's full-blown," he said in a 1976 interview.

Some lawyers serve clients in the area of civil law. This is the area of law that doesn't involve criminal matters and includes administering wills, the purchase of property, handling lawsuits for damages and so on.

Other lawyers choose family law over criminal law, which may be like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Family law seems to inflame passions like no other area.

Vancouver Sun columnist Marjorie Nichols recently quoted a judge in this regard as saying "if you see a lawyer under police escort in the province of Ontario, you can safely bet your lunch money that the lawyer probably is a specialist in matters of the family."

Column 3

"A man may as well open an oyster without a knife, as a lawyer's mouth without a fee."

-Barten Holyday-

When B.C. mining promoter Gordon Milbourne got a lawyer's bill for \$240,000, he decided it was a little too much.

He'd gotten the bill for complex legal work done in 1972 and 1973 regarding an agreement with a mining company for development of his claims.

First, he went to the registrar of the Supreme Court to have the bill taxed, or reviewed. This is standard procedure for clients

who think their lawyers have overcharged them.

The registrar slashed the bill to \$110,000 but Milbourne still balked at it. The B.C. Supreme Court affirmed the reduced bill but Milbourne took it up to appeal court which reduced it further to \$50,000. Milbourne had saved himself \$190,000.

Of course, most B.C. citizens will never face a legal bill as staggering as Milbourne's. But disputes between lawyers and their clients over fees happen "all the time", according to Rod Holloway, a Vancouver lawyer.

"A lot of problems arise between lawyers and their clients over billing, just like with garage mechanics, or anybody else," he says.

"Lawyers' fees are like other people's fees - you pay for the amount of time he has put into your case and for his expertise," he says. "Depending on his expertise, you may be paying \$30 an hour or \$100 an hour."

"It's certainly important the first time a client meets a lawyer to discuss fees. If the lawyer doesn't raise the issue himself, the client should."

Holloway says the bill should be itemized, outlining each specific thing the lawyer did and the time he spent on it. The client should be able to work the bill out.

He suggests that clients who feel they've been overcharged should take the bill to the fee review committee of the B.C. Law Society, the self-governing professional association for lawyers in this province.

This committee examines disputed bills to see if they're excessively high. And if it doesn't reduce the bill, the client can still

go to a Supreme Court registrar to see if he will reduce it.

What should a client expect from a lawyer?

First, he should select one who practices in the area the client has a problem in. This has become easier since a very recent ruling by the Law Association which now allows lawyers to list an area of preferred practice in the telephone book.

Clients in some larger communities like Vancouver, Campbell River, Cranbrook, Duncan, Kelowna, Nanaimo, Nelson, Prince George, South Cariboo (Williams Lake), Victoria, Vernon, and go to a lawyer referral service that groups lawyers according to their preference.

The lawyer, of course, must give legal advice. He must give reasonably prompt answers to the client's telephone calls or letters about progress of the legal work.

"But don't hound him, either," Holloway says. "Give him time to get the work done."

The client can also expect absolute confidentiality about anything he tells his lawyer: "A lawyer's job is to give his client the best legal advice he can," Holloway says. "It may be that his client is guilty as sin but he must keep that information confidential."

There is absolutely no legal way a lawyer can be compelled to divulge information told him confidentially by a client. But the issue of whether or not the police should be entitled to seize lawyers' files in certain cases is still being ironed out.

Veteran lawyer Mary Southin of the B.C. Law Society says, "You can't say the police can't seize lawyers' files at all because, unfortunately, sometimes the lawyers are in cahoots with the accused."

She says the only sensible way to handle the problem is by amending the Criminal Code to require that files seized by the police be sealed until a court decides on the legitimacy of the seizure.

"The law says that the duty to prove the case beyond a reasonable doubt falls to the Crown," Holloway says. "The client may reveal information to the lawyer that indicates he's probably guilty but if the Crown can't prove it, it's the duty of the lawyer to so advise the client."

"But a lawyer can't falsify the law before a court, or try to mislead it," he adds. "He can only give his client the rights that are protected in our criminal justice system."

In cases where the client knows he is guilty, Holloway says, it's best to be frank with the lawyer without jumping to confessions: "Allow the lawyer to do the questioning."

When the lawyer knows that the Crown - or prosecution - is in a position to prove its case, he will usually advise his client to plead guilty. This can benefit the client with a reduced sentence.

"It shows acceptance by the client of his guilt," he says. "Generally it shows that the client has taken a first step towards rehabilitation."



I A N

I thought I would like to write about myself to all of you.

In 1970, the Beatles were going strong, and I was a janitor on graveyard shift at Pacific Press.

I have a dream to sing, like Elvis Presley. My voice is quite flat now, but there are a few unknown secrets in the music industry which can create a beautiful voice.

I left Pacific Press in the spring of 1970, and hitch-hiked to Toronto, where I spent a glorious year. I lived in several hostels for a while, while waiting for my U.I.C.

I started hanging out at Rochdale College, a co-operative high-rise apartment building, which was something like a king-size M.P.D. Drop-In Centre.

Finally, I got a job at a warehouse on Bloor Street, for about three months.

With my money, I commenced taking singing lessons. The voice teacher said I had a beautiful voice, but I was a bit off-key and she couldn't teach me. So, I decided to take drama and modern lessons. These lessons were free.

While in Toronto, I grew my hair to neck length, and then thumbed back to Vancouver. It took three weeks to come back from Toronto. Long hair was a kind of liability then.

I had a good summer in 1971. Then, I left for Victoria. Everyday, rain or shine, I went singing in Beacon Hill Park. In the evening, I would sing to the exotic canaries that were locked up in a large bird cage. They chirped beautifully. That was such a beautiful time.

And then my problems began. Regrets, I've had a few, as Frank Sinatra would say.

My younger sister came down to Victoria, from up Island, and told me my father was dying. He died in 1972. I cried only once, some time after hearing about his death.

My first week in Vancouver, I was picked up on a jay-walking charge, and I spent the most terrible night in jail. That's the only time I've spent doing time.

I didn't have any problem getting welfare, so I moved to 18th & Kingsway, where the Coast Foundation started up about six months later. In February, 1973, the Coast Foundation hired me as a co-ordinator and I had a nervous breakdown, after eight months of work.

After a short stay in Riverview, I moved to a boarding home in West Kitsilano.

My medications were Valium twice a day, and sleeping medication at night.

I had a really difficult time explaining my thoughts to the Kits Care Team.

For the past three years, I've been on fluphenazine injections. And now, a combination of Nozanan (a muscle relaxant), and thirty milligrams of Dolmain. There must be a long-term tranquilizer that they are using at Riverview, which is non-addictive and that doesn't leave a hang-over effect.

It's not that I want to interfere with the Kits Care Team, but I was wondering if there is a doctor or psychiatrist at Riverview who is using the sleeping medications that I would like to have.

Beyond that, life is good to me.

Love,
Ian Rennie
Rocky Raccoon



MPA RIVERVIEW

DROP IN CENTER

M.P.A. has a small drop-in centre, on the grounds of Riverview Hospital, adjacent to the Post Office, in the same building as the Tuck Shop. Originally it functioned as the LEADER (Riverview newsletter) Office. In the early part of 1976 it became our Riverview Drop-In.

For the first few months it was staffed by volunteers. Subsequently it has been staffed by a variety of temporary work projects. These projects have striven to provide a comfortable place to socialize on the hospital grounds which is out of the sphere of influence of hospital staff. It also has served as a liaison between both hospital staff and patients and M.P.A. These projects have also on occasion taken patients to off-ground activities. These projects also have facilitated easier referrals to M.P.A. houses.

There were six projects in total (2 Canada Works, 1 L.I.P., 3 Labor (Youth Employment)). These projects were especially successful in employing patients and ex-patients as one project was expressly for the purpose of employing patients still in the institution; some of the people employed were discharged either directly or indirectly as a result of working on this project. M.P.A.'s initial Canada Works project employed one forensic patient who was subsequently released. One of three youth projects sponsored by the Dept. of Labor employed six disadvantaged youths in its four category positions.

These projects were also useful in that they served as fertile ground in training

coordinators for M.P.A. residences as well as the drop-in in Kitsilano, as five people made the transition and became successful coordinators for M.P.A.

During the periods when funding has not been available, the Riverview Drop-In has been staffed by volunteer labor. The problem of adequate opening comes primarily from geographic location as Riverview is an hour and a half bus ride from town. Presently this is partially alleviated by the M.P.A. Riverview trip every Thursday when our transportation coordinator goes out with the Housing/Office coordinator and one other coordinator (full time employees each take a turn) plus a group of volunteers.

Recently bingo has been popular with the people out at Riverview Drop-In. As we start opening more regularly attendance will increase. The drop-in has been a successful and valuable resource for both M.P.A. and patients at Riverview.

Alex Verkade
Housing/Office Coordinator
M.P.A.

IN MEMORY OF JAMES WALPER

Donations were made to M.P.A. by Mr. & Mrs. Wallace Martin and Mrs. D. Berg in memory of James Walper, Member, who passed away February 20th. The membership is most appreciative of the thoughtfulness, and shares the sorrow of his close friends.



MY TRIP TO ALBERTA

My trip to Edmonton started as soon as I received my handicapped allowance in Vancouver, my home city. I went to the car rentals people - Hertz, Avis, and Tilden - to enquire about a car to Alberta's capital city. I managed to buy an airplane ticket instead.

My plane trip to Edmonton was as I remembered it when I flew with my family to Toronto to see our relatives there. The meal and the two rum-and-cokes I drank accompanied the view of the mountainous country that is so characteristic of British Columbia, overall, as seen from my window seat.

I landed at Edmonton airport about half an hour or so after the Rocky Mountains were crossed and the city was out of view as the plane landed on the runway and taxied to the terminal.

I searched for a lost flight bag which I decided was very well not worth the impossible search by the RCMP lost-and-found there. I took the bus to the Macdonald Hotel in downtown Edmonton, and I managed to find a temporary room in the Cecil Hotel.

The next day, I looked in the want ads of the Edmonton Post for an ad offer about a more permanent residence. I found one near the corner of 98th Street and 103rd Avenue.

Once settled there, I took a look around the section of town I was living in and found my way to a very elementary drop-in centre set up by the church there. I went to see about welfare and I found out that single people's welfare had been phased out. I spent all of my money in the meantime, going to restaurants and buying a package of blank paper and a binder at a drugstore. Then it was time to look for a job.

I tried on my own in job-finding along the string of stores and restaurants on Jasper Avenue, and I managed to get one for a while in a Greek restaurant which really displayed its homeland traditions in the form of murals, authentic cooking, and dances in the evening. The person whom I had replaced came back after calling in sick and I was dismissed af-

ter making approximately fifteen dollars for half a day's work in the kitchen.

I managed to get some work at various temporary labor and Manpower offices around the vicinity where I lived and I got free meals at the Single Men's Hostel. I managed to get half a day's work tossing empty oil drums onto a truck where they were to be scraped and repainted for recycling back to various users.

When the month I had paid for in the house I was staying at had expired, I obtained lodging at the hostel to last for two weeks. I remained more or less constant but, for some reason, I had to get a bed at a place on 99th Street. It was getting cold then (it was the end of September), and I spent one night locked out (it closes doors at ten) and I had to spend much of the night at an all night store, killing time by asking for change to buy a coffee.

During the daytime, I managed to find bemusement in programming the computer at the university to simulate trials at a game that I had invented. By the time I had reasoned out all the mistakes on the computer program, the man in charge of "occasional runs", where there is no account made on the computer time spent, grew impatient and dismissed my claim to the computer. It was now time for the security guard to see me about my wanderings, as the cashier of the coffee shop on the top floor was wary of my getting loose change for the coffee machine there. I was driven to the medical centre at the university, where I eventually was advised to try Calgary for a better chance for accommodations and job-finding and then, if not a job, a trip back to Vancouver.

I managed to reach Calgary on the southward highway going into this city from Edmonton. I managed to find enough change for a coffee and a bus ride up to 7th Ave Southeast-southwest in the central part of the city. I made my way to the hostel and bedded down for the night.

I got two temporary jobs at a soft-drink bottling plant and also at a warehouse in the outskirts of town.

Going in to Canada Manpower was not so easy but it was just a block down and a few blocks east, getting turned down because a few job cards were misread by the woman in charge there.

I spent most of the other times, searching for places to get a bit of change for coffee, cigarettes, and beer, I finally got money for a last meal at the bus depot and a bus trip back to Vancouver along the Trans-Canada Highway.

- Frank Ireland

PATIENT BILL OF RIGHTS

1. Allow me my reality, though it does not conform to yours (consensual reality). Mine is valid for me at this moment.

2. Do not invalidate me by telling me that I am inappropriate or irrational. I am probably acting congruously with my feelings. My behaviour reflects my altered state of reality.

3. Do not completely deaden me with drugs. Allow me to experience and express my feelings within the limits of what I can tolerate and the limits of safety to myself and others.

4. If you can't help me, at least don't hinder me.

Letters

Dear Nutshellers:

Dear NUTSHELL Staff:

Mr. Stephen Gerry, an inmate at the Florida State Hospital at Chattahoochee, has asked me to relay this statement to you for the purpose of publication in IN A NUTSHELL.

Mr. Gerry may be contacted at Box 1000, Chattahoochee, Fl 32324.

Association for the Preservation of Anti-Psychiatric Artifacts
Box 9, Bayside, NY 11361
February 5, 1980

I've been reading your fine paper for two or three years, and the only money I've sent you has been the \$10 at the start. So here's \$20 to help you keep up the good work.

Kristin's poem "Epitaph" made a deep impression on me. As she probably knows, the only way to exorcise a hated ghost from the mind is to forgive it - easy to say, but tough to do. I hope she can manage it. She's got a lot going for her.

- Norman Houghton
Toronto, Ontario





ROGUES GALLERY

