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IN A NUTSHELL

October, 1980
Volume 6, Number 8 *

Newspaper of the Mental Patients Association Offices at 2146 Yew Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6K 3G7

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Tim, elected workshop coordinator in July, is seen here on the right with Brian during renovations to the drop in center.

New Wine In A New Jug

MPA has put on a pretty, new face. After a number of years in its premises on Yew Street, the organization has decided to renovate.

The renovations are immediately evident to passersby on Yew Street. The old buildings now sport bright and attractive new colors. Thanks to an excellent job by Ron Knight Painting and Papering, the interiors of the offices, drop-in center, television room and work shop, are bright and airy.

Richard, now coordinator with Fran at the East 4th. residence, guided the membership in choosing attractive new furniture for the drop-in center. The results have been deemed well worth the several thousands of dollars of expense.

MPA has also purchased a large 16 mm. film projector and screen so that members and visitors may enjoy short and full-length films in the refurbished MPA premises.

Hello Neighbors!

This is the first time *In A Nutshell* has been distributed to neighbors of the MPA drop-in center and houses in five locations throughout Vancouver. Like you, we have to worry about taxes, taking out the garbage, and getting along with the neighbors. So we thought you might be interested in us. This issue contains articles on health, science, politics and the arts. We hope you enjoy it. Since we're neighbors we'd like to hear from you. You may even want to put pen to paper and have it published in this paper. Or drop by for coffee and a chat with our members. Whatever, hello from us!

Wonders Never Cease with New Drug

By GARY C. THORNLEY

A recent news release from the Swiss/American drug company, Orsche International Ltd., has been passed on to me by a friend who is an editor.

I am not sure what to do with it. Perhaps it is best that I simply quote from this stunning piece of drug news and let the reader draw his own conclusions.

"We (Orsche) are pleased to announce that we will soon be marketing a new drug. We have named it Beazam (Chloro-

poximisdexide), and, when taken in doses of 15 mg. twice daily, it allows the user to hypnotize him or herself. The self-hypnosis should be carried out under the instruction and guidance of a psychiatrist skilled in the art of self-suggestion. It has proven very effective in treating 96.5% of those tested. Beazam will be on the shelves of your favourite druggist or clinic within three months' time..."

Sounds pretty vague. Until you go on to read the fine print. In the first place, Beazam did not work on white mice, gibbons or other laboratory animals. Apparently they are incapable of self-

hypnosis or are quite happy with the way they are. However, when administered to humans, Beazam allowed the patients (a sample of 300 hospitalized volunteers) to "...become what they always wanted to be..."

Some of the patients packed up and left the hospitals, launching into careers which ranged from professional boxers to movie actors and actresses. Some tried their hands at plumbing. There is one case on record where a 76 year old man, an East German resident, tromped around the streets of Proghorf, Germany, challenging Mohammed Ali for

Continued on page 2

"Patients' Rights Bill a Must"

MPA Renews Call for Big Changes in the Mental Health Act—Page 4



MPA members enjoy picnic fare at Kitsilano Beach August 6



Snort's Shenanigans Don't Daunt Doctor

By SIR FIGBY SNORT

I first met Dr. Laszilo Fuzzyhead shortly after being committed to a well-known psychiatric hospital. He was the psychiatrist assigned to handle my case and as soon as the necessary committal paper work had been dealt with I was ushered into his office by a nurse who told me to sit down and wait for the doctor. With that the nurse left and

I could hear the door being locked.

I was certainly impressed with the room. It had beautiful furniture consisting of an elaborate desk, four arm-chairs, 2 lamps, a TV set, 2 potted plants and a luxurious wall to wall carpet. I also noticed a bass fiddle, a set of golf clubs, a free-standing fish tank 8' long and 4' deep in which I could discern only one small gold-fish.

I proceeded to kick the leg off one of the chairs. I climbed into the fish tank to attack the fish. The tank collapsed and in the gush of water I swallowed the gold-fish. I pulled myself together and subsequently pushed the desk which was on coasters, and using it as a battering ram I smashed all the plaster off the walls, exposing the bare studs. Gleefully I grabbed one chair and wrecked the others. I impaled the bass fiddle on a lamp, ripped out the plants by their roots, and with a golf club shattered the TV screen. Using the glass pieces I cut the carpet into 2" strips.

All of this took a lot of effort and I stopped for a moment's respite. Then I heard the lock being turned and waited with some trepidation. The door opened and in walked a very distinguished-looking man. He looked around the battered room and said quietly, "I'm Dr. Laszilo Fuzzyhead. Please excuse the mess. The janitor is away on vacation."

Somewhat relieved, I could see I was going to enjoy my stay. ■

Wonders Never Cease, Contd.

Continued from page 1

the Heavyweight Championship of the world. He was quickly re-hospitalized.

Many of the users of Beazam became Social Workers, running into problems only when their supply of the drug was threatened. Apparently they made excellent social workers.

But perhaps the most bizarre case involved a group of British Columbian visitors to the laboratories in Europe who volunteered to take the drug. The group, a delegation from the existing Social Credit government of this province, was not affected, in any visible way, by the use of Beazam.

The Beazam people have offered the suggestion that the Social Credit sample are quite happy with the world (and themselves) exactly as it is.

It is interesting to note that the white mice, gibbons and other laboratory animals reacted in a similar fashion.

Gary Thornley is a freelance writer, associated with the M.P.A. ●

House Reborn After Fall

By COLLEEN WALSH

Last fall one of the houses in the M.P.A. residence program ceased operation. By the time West Seventh reopened its doors officially on March 1st it had received a face-lift and had two new coordinators. Geoffrey McMurchy, a long time M.P.A. member, and former Drop-In Centre coordinator, was elected March 18. I was elected to be his partner.

At that point West Seventh was still under construction, and was mostly unfurnished. The next two weeks were a whirlwind of second-hand stores, sales, and swap meets, as we raced the clock to have the house ready for operation by March 1st.

Fortunately for all concerned, we succeeded. On March 3rd two new coordinators sat down to dinner with five equally new residents.

I believe that collective living is a learning experience. It is also one that is filled with struggles. Between the time that the house opened in March and the time that we had our official Open House, May 16, Geoffrey and I learned a lot.

For instance, house rules were basic - the six rules of M.P.A. However, procedures differed from house to house - often arbitrarily - and just expressed differences in style of both coordinators

and residents. We had to figure out our procedures for house meetings, housework, shopping, dishes, disputes, overnight guests, failures to uphold the rules. Decisions had to be made as to the day and time of the house meeting. Should chores be done at residents' own convenience or as a group? Once or twice a week? Did the person who cooked dinner wash the dishes or should someone else? Should chores rotate weekly or could one person hold the same duties for a month at a time? How did one make up a shopping list? Who made it up? Where did one shop? These were only a few of the questions we had to answer.

We also had to establish good working relationships between ourselves and the local Ministry of Human Resources office, the local Care Team, and Long Term Care. Geoffrey and I did this by inviting the Financial Aid Worker to our house to meet us and the residents. I began to accompany residents to the Care Team for their initial visit, if they wished, to act in a supportive role. It also gave me the opportunity to meet the workers and psychiatrists from the Team, and allowed them to get to know me as well. We accompanied

Continued on page 9

LETTERS

Dear Friends at M.P.A.

On my first visit to your Drop-In Centre I was unprepared for what I would discover. I had brought along all my preconceived ideas and built-in prejudices about mental patients and "regular" people. That was a big mistake ... of course, I felt uncomfortable. It was very threatening for me to look at each one of you and see myself.

I decided, on my second visit, that I would leave all my prejudices, preconceived ideas, and fears at home - or better yet, lose them out the window so they wouldn't find me again.

I brought along some acceptance and friendship and trust instead. This time I fit into the atmosphere at the Centre much better. I stopped looking for differences between us and started finding neat similarities. I stopped judging and started feeling good about you and me.

Of course, it's hard to meet new people. I don't always know the right things to say or how to approach you, but if you'll be patient with me I'd like to try to get to know you better. Maybe some of those good qualities of love and understanding will rub off on me. Thanks for making me feel like an accepted member too.

With gratitude,
Monica Chapman
(another BCIT R.P.N. student)

P.S.

I would like to dedicate the following thoughts to the new friends I met at the Drop-In Centre - and especially to Mel who was my inspiration!

HIDDEN TREASURE

At first glance I hardly noticed the package lying by the roadside.

It blended in so well with the surroundings.

Just an old brown bag tied together with bits of string ... not much to it, I thought.

Perhaps at one time it had been of some use, but now it was crumpled, torn and dirty.

Cast aside as garbage and left to be trampled on by the busy crowd.

As I waited for my bus I watched the little brown package being kicked at and stepped on by all who passed by.

Most were not deliberate in their actions; just unaware, as I had been, that anything worthwhile was inside.

But as I watched, I wondered what this battered package could contain.

Was there something shining through the wrapping?

I moved closer, bending down to look inside.

Carefully, I unfolded the tangled wrapping and stared in amazement and delight at the treasure I'd found hidden inside.

Here was a priceless gem with a rare and unique quality that shone forth brilliantly when finally uncovered.

I was thankful that I had looked beyond the damaged wrapper after all. ■



Carol, left, and Sue embrace at August 6 picnic.

Mischief for Political Points

By

ARTHUR GIOVINAZZO

Is the Sacred Provincial Government gearing up for another landmark in legislative folly? Probably. Mrs. McCarthy is busy fanning the flames of controversy about "teenage prostitution", a controversy created largely by Vancouver's leading right wind rags, the Sun and Province.

For months the politicians and press have solemnly preached about the problem. They've demanded action, now guess who will give us the solution?

It's a neat political trick to rouse public opinion into demanding something you might otherwise have had a hard time pushing through into law. I think of the Heroin Treatment Act as a piece of needless, useless and dangerous legislation passed to solve a social problem after years of crisis talk about the "heroin problem". We get softened up by the judges and the police. Social workers, the local campaigners for action, can express sorrow for those afflicted. They demand the afflicted be treated for their own good and the government reluctantly complies. So now, Mrs. McCarthy talks about ridding "the disease from the streets", and I wonder what exactly she is

Women's Group Comforting

By **COLLEEN WALSH**

The Women's Committee regrouped once again in April of this year. It met for the first time in 1980 at Ann Lehman's house to discuss sexism and ways that we as women could best deal with it in our daily lives.

Topics of discussion have included: Relationships, Our Mothers, Children, Body Image and Fitness, as well as Images of Women in Advertising. The participants in the group have made a commitment not to discuss what happens within the group outside of sessions. In this way confidentiality

threatening.

If her department would provide assistance to under 19 year olds or would give them access to assisted housing, I think a good part of the problem would disappear. The largest number of teenagers involved in sex-for-money scenes are simply trying to survive. So what do teenagers on their own do if the government won't help? One alternative is prostitution. I'll bet Mrs. McCarthy a year's pay that two or three open transition houses would solve her problem. She should try some humane approaches to teen problems and forget ideas of another repressive detain-and-treat-them law.

Of course, the whole subject of life for teens on their own is very au courant. The popular new play "JUVE" at performances across Canada this year is taking an open look at some aspects of teen life. It seems the essential point is that teenagers try to find happiness like everyone else. They learn survival and struggle to grow through it all. If you don't give free access to basic life needs you cannot establish real or honest relationships.

I read in the Edmonton Journal (which incidentally

is guaranteed.

The group varies in size and the format is one of discussion. The focus of the meetings is partly information-sharing, and partially consciousness-raising. For myself, I find that the women's group has provided an opportunity to know some of the women at M.P.A. better - in a way that might have taken years outside the context of this group. There is a warm, caring kind of sharing that takes place at the women's group. It is also very supportive to its

is on to the problem of teenage prostitution) that parents of runaways prefer governments not to provide assistance to the young people, theorizing, I suppose, that this will drive them back home. I doubt it does, and here is our dilemma; are these runaways - or just abandoned and forgotten young people - entitled to human rights like any adult? I think they are. I oppose the presumption of others who want to make them wards or force them to behave in any particular way.

So, when you look at this whole thing, what we really have is the problem of a government of country clubbers out of touch with street reality. A group of right wing thinkers wanting to discipline and force all deviation into line, hence, the creation of mental patients, heroin addicts, homosexuals, and now teenage prostitutes. First make them a threat, then protect the public, lock 'em up!

The optimistic note, however, is that teenagers are amazing survivors, and with a little help from their friends can sail through Southam's storm.

We at M.P.A. should:

- (1) press the Ministry of Human Resources to provide teenagers with assistance free of unusual restrictions at age 16.
- (2) fight to get transition housing established for teens.
- (3) resist vigorously any campaigns directed against teens or which try to hound or harass teens surviving on their own.

It's hard to fight the current campaign without seeming to advocate the prostitution of teenagers. But if we keep focusing on treating them as we'd like to be treated, I doubt Mrs. McCarthy will succeed. Besides, she'll probably lose the next election. I'm not so hopeful about the Sun and Province. ■

For more on this topic, see page 16.

Continued on page 5

British Columbia needs a vastly over-hauled Mental Health Act. Under the present act, the most fundamental principles relating to freedom of the individual can be ignored.

1. Mental Patients' rights are not guaranteed by law.
2. The grounds for certification of involuntary patients are too broad, and review of the grounds for certification is difficult to obtain.
3. Mental patients do not have the right to refuse even the most extreme treatment.
4. Mental patients can be detained indefinitely behind locked doors without ever having broken the law and without ever having been sentenced by a court.

The members of the Mental Patients Association are not lawyers and we cannot present a draft proposal for a revised Mental Health Act set out in nicely phrased legalese.

However, M.P.A. members can, and properly do, demand that the revised act be written in such a manner that the abuses in the above mentioned points are eliminated. And we can, and do, propose a list of patients' rights that should be written into the legislation.

Mental patients have always been treated as prisoners with no basic rights. M.P.A. proposes that some basic amenities, and the person's right to them, be enforced and safeguarded. A hospital should not be a prison. It should, if anything, be a place where people can retreat from pressure in order to get over the effects of that pressure.

M.P.A. urges that the following Mental Patients' Bill of Rights be enacted as law in the Province of British Columbia.

A Bill of Rights

Each person detained in a mental health facility shall have the following rights, a list of which shall be prominently posted in all wards of all in-patient facilities and in all mental health centres. These rights shall be brought to the attention of, and explained to, any person being treated or detained in the facility. Each person in the facility shall have the right to:

- refuse all forms of treatment or therapy;
- to see visitors freely every day;
- to have a reasonable access to a private telephone, both
- to make and receive confidential calls;
- to have reasonable access to writing materials including stamps;
- to mail and receive unopened correspondence;
- to have provisions made so the person may register to vote;
- to have ready access to printed and verbal information
- to explain thoroughly the various treatments, their methods, procedures, benefits and effects;
- to have the choice of physician or other persons providing services in accordance with the policies of each agency and within the limits of available staff;
- to solicit and use independent medical and other professional opinion at public expense if necessary;
- to wear one's own clothes and use personal possessions and to keep and be allowed to spend a reasonable sum of the person's money;
- to have access to individually locked storage space for his own use;
- to have privacy within the space limitations of the facility;
- to be notified of the whereabouts and availability of services within the facility;
- to be given free access to reading materials from the library of the facility as well as publishers' book lists;
- to be allowed wherever possible to continue with educational or employment training;
- to refuse to work in the facility unless on a voluntary basis;
- to receive new and suitable clothing upon discharge and to have social security arrangements made in the facility if the person in question has no visible means of support;
- to see all hospital and medical records;
- to have all records destroyed after five years upon written request of the patient;
- to conjugal visits;
- to be present at all hearings or reviews in which there is possible loss of freedom;
- to sue any and all persons associated with injustices committed against the patient;
- to strict confidentiality of records unless written consent is given by the patient;
- to the least restrictive form of treatment available.■



MPA Renews Call for Patients' Rights Bill

By MARILYN SARTI

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**Abuses in
Mental Health Act
Must Stop**

Bubbling In All The Wrong Places

When I was working my time was departmentalized. Each hour passed clicked away another assigned activity.

At noon, I was out on the streets frantically looking for a seat in a crowded restaurant, not so much to eat, but more to get away from the office to have a coffee and a cigarette.

The morning was to try and wake up and the afternoon was to rejoice in the time passing closer to the hour I could get home. I am ashamed to say I never found much joy through work. It was probably my terrible attitude.

There was a certain challenge in endurance, fighting the traffic, trying to get everything together in time to get there for the next morning.

But now that I am unable to follow that routine, I find there is a different challenge in not working.

I can't get the same rush from buying in all those glittering stores because I don't have the cash. But there are compensations.

I am now free to go into a cafe after the rush hour and find a quiet seat.

I am free to take two hours to get dressed in the a.m. (or whenever) and I am able to go any place at any time and not feel the pressure of the clock.

I can read that favourite book I choose and talk to friends who are also unemployed on the telephone.

Walks are nice and doing housework easily slides into my timetable.

There is time now to get to know myself.

And, frankly, this is probably what's driving me crazy - getting to know myself.

So, if anyone knows of an

employer who is looking for an ex-manic-depressive, smoker, schizophrenic, confirmed ridiculous person, and non roller skater, by all means give me a call. Perhaps to manage a small munitions factory.

Oh! to be bright, alert, bubbly, personable like it says in the ads. My problem is, I don't bubble in the right places. ■



Jane's son James poses with his new wife Tsering, a Tibetan he met while studying in India. The couple continue to work and study in Asia and will be returning to Vancouver in May.

Bumblers Prolong Pain

By AL KUENZLI

person who has a serious health problem and an incompetent physician is too distressing to contemplate.

During the past six years, I have been examined or treated by a total of 42 physicians. They have been an interesting lot -- with varying skills and diverse personal characteristics. I could write a book about them -- what they have done for me and what they have done to me. It is encouraging that the competence of one doctor often will save you from the incompetence of another doctor.

At the moment, I am waiting to be admitted into a rehabilitation hospital. That will be a new kind of experience. I do not know what they are going to do to me, or for me, there. Certainly I will be seeing several more doctors.

The big problem is in my back. My head is sound as a silver dollar. A doctor who knew his stuff examined me recently and saw what was wrong immediately. The pain that I have had every day for more than two years is, at last, to be relieved.

My disorder is somatic. All of the psychosomatic crap that has been shoved at me has been useless, even destructive. The crude conjectures of psychiatry have obstructed effective prevention, diagnosis, and treatment.

I don't suppose that I will be an entirely "new man" after being in hospital. Maybe I will be considerably better for quite a while.

A doctor signed my birth certificate on July 24, 1923. With luck, it should be many more years before a doctor signs my death certificate. ■

He Without Sin

By MICHAEL MORIARITY

We in the West (Canada and the United States in particular) are very fast in self-righteously attacking the Soviet Union and the Eastern Bloc for its psychiatric and penal atrocities. There is no denying that their practices in these areas are totally reprehensible and I fully agree that the Soviets should be held up to the public for what they are. But what I do disapprove of is our pious claims of purity.

Canadians and Americans have only a slightly better record on human rights for prisoners (penal and psychiatric) than the "Red horde".

Ask anybody who has had a huge part of his brain cut out against his will (if he can still understand you) about his rights. Yes, we still do variations of lobotomies in North America.

Or imagine being forced into aversion therapy (aversion therapy involves electric shock for "improper

thought" and reward for "proper thought") just because you chose to sleep with someone of the same sex.

Or imagine being thrown in a mental institution because your parents think you are a behaviour problem, and you have no avenue of appeal.

In addition we have the joys of E.C.T., behaviour modification, over-medication.

Am I writing about the dark ages past? No, I am talking about the present. In conclusion, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone." ■

Women's Group, Contd.

Continued from page 3

members.

The best sessions have been those which were well attended; so if you are a woman and a member of M.P.A., consider this an invitation to our next meeting. Signs are posted at the Drop-In Centre and meeting times are announced in advance. Hope to see you there. ■

UOMO VAGUE

How to avoid dry, unruly "porcupine hair"



Don't miss next issue's personal grooming article.

THE NUTSHELL ESSAY

Of Curteisy & Vileinye

By CATHY BATTEN

Several people in the past have written essays for the NUTSHELL, saying what M.P.A. has done for them or, in some cases, what M.P.A. has done to them. I want to write a bit of both.

To M.P.A. I owe most of the happy periods of the last nine years of my life. Without the company and support I have found there, I could easily have wound up back in a mental hospital. I've discovered skills I didn't know I had, and achieved a sense of purpose. Perhaps most important, through knowing a large and outspoken group of people I have been able to find out what kind of person I really am, as distinct from what kind of person I suppose myself to be. If a large number of people tell me I have a particular fault, virtue, or idiosyncrasy, I'm well advised to listen to them. Nobody can learn this sort of thing in a psychiatrist's office. Rarely if ever does he see his patients under normal circumstances.

I could just go on throwing bouquets at M.P.A. - it is tempting. But now I should go on to what M.P.A. did to me - and something I've seen it do to masses of other people. Nine years ago I was painfully shy, and overly rigid about asking anything that could be construed as a personal question. Now I find it hard not to ask questions that are really personal and none of my business. What's worse, I sometimes do it to people who know nothing of M.P.A., and must wonder what on earth is the matter with me.

Furthermore, I've learned bad manners in general - especially at meetings, but also at other times. (Here I am referring not to small committee meetings, but to our large, often unruly Business and General Meetings.) And many M.P.A. people are far worse in this respect than I am. The rationale behind all this bad behaviour seems to be that it's natural and healthy to express our emotions. But I wonder - is it always so? That's an organization we're trying to run, not a gestalt group.

Once I was complaining to a friend of mine about someone, concluding with, "Anyway, I'm more intelligent than he is." His reply was, "The greater the intelligence, the greater the responsibility." It's the perfect answer to intellectual snobbishness, isn't it? - the idea

that anyone who claims superior intelligence must take on a greater burden, and castigate himself more severely when he fails in good behaviour. I would go further, and say, "The greater the degree of natural emotional control, the greater the res-

able to say so, and stop attending meetings altogether.

Make no mistake: I'm not saying that expressed anger is never justified. It's a powerful and effective tool, used sparingly and when the situation is serious enough to warrant its use. I can't



ponsibility." It is just that a freaked-out person who disrupts a meeting be told to leave. But it's sickening to hear a whole roomful of people hound him out with loud cries, as if he were a two-headed monster, when one knows full well that in all likelihood, some of these same people will shout, rant and insult each other during the course of the meeting.

As I see it, the result of a public confrontation is usually the exact opposite of "clearing the air." If the people who fight are usually friends, they have then the task of sorting the matter out in private - or else it doesn't get sorted out at all, and they become enemies. They will likely have involved at least one innocent bystander - perhaps a member who rarely finds the courage to speak - and that person will be hurt but may feel un-

able to speak for others, but as for myself - how I yawn and turn off my attention when A shouts for the fourth time in the same meeting! And how I sit up and listen when B, who hasn't spoken with anything but perfect civility for months, unexpectedly (and coherently) blows up!

Another thing I've noticed is the cavalier treatment we give some speakers in meetings. If someone is speaking in turn, and to the motion, we can't interrupt. But if his speech is confused, or even his viewpoint unpopular, we eye each other "with nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," and make sarcastic remarks quite audibly. Rarely does the chairperson try to do anything about such a situation.

Lastly, I want to speak about courtesy in the abstract. (And by "courtesy" I don't, of course, mean rigid conventions like "never put your elbows on the table when you eat.") The medieval con-

cept of "curteisy" - dignified and gracious behaviour even to intimates - seems outmoded now. (Its opposite was "vileinye," which means not wickedness, but uncouth behaviour.) Fortunately, I've read enough C.S. Lewis to know that the fact that an idea is old ("old-fashioned" is the common expression) doesn't invalidate it. All we modern thinkers could be wrong on a point, and some twelfth-century thinker quite right.

Courtesy, as I see it, is something that preserves the necessary distance between people. And the distance is necessary, because we are all, finally, alone. We cannot read each other's minds, so we should avoid tramping on forbidden ground. The very length and closeness of a relationship may make some subjects taboo, and some faults not to be criticized.

I want to close with a quotation from Albert Schweitzer's *Memoirs of Childhood and Youth*:

Is there not much more mystery in the relations of man to man than we generally recognize?..None of us can really assert that he knows someone else, even if he has lived with him for years.... To this fact, that we are each a secret to the other, we have to reconcile ourselves....To analyse others - unless it be to help back to a sound mind someone who is in spiritual or intellectual confusion - is a rude commencement, for there is a modesty of soul that we must recognize, just as we do that of the body....The one essential thing is that we strive to have light in ourselves. Our strivings will be recognized by others, and when people have light in themselves, it will shine out from them. Then we get to know each other as we walk together in the darkness, without needing to pass our hands over each other's faces, or to intrude into each other's hearts. ■

"I find it hard not to ask questions that are really personal and none of my business..."

DIVINE DISHES



THIS ISSUE'S RECIPE BY FRANK SERRAVALLE

STUFFED EGG PLANT PARMESAN

Cut an eggplant in half. Boil in water until medium soft. Cut out center and put aside. Let Cool. Blend 1 lb. hamburger, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 cup parmesan cheese, two eggs and a little parsley. Stuff eggplant with this blend and the center, adding a little water. Top with tomato sauce. Bake at 300 degrees Fahrenheit until brown.



Fran tries out the recipe at the East 4th. residence, where members declared it a success. Fran said she would have used some garlic with it.

A Sally Ginst This Here Twaddle

By SAGE BRUSH SAL

I be gittin a mite tired o all em politikars yakkin an yakkin bout what theys call Canadian Culture. Bunch o twaddle!

Knowed why?

I be goin to school o late cause folks bin tellin me "Sal, ya gots ta larn how to read n' rite."

Well sir: them be fine soundin words - Canadian Culture - but ya knowed where all em schoolbooks I be readin comed from? Yank land - thats where. Evir last one o em.

Now I ast you - how in tarnation be a body goin ta larn bout Canada if'n theys

aint no books writ by Canadians bout Canada for yer schools in all ourn 114 yars?

So - jest don' make no sense t'all fer em ta yak bout this here dadgummed Culture what we aint got.

Hole thing be theys usual sillyness o grabbin wrong end o horse.

If'n yer schools aint got no books bout us means folks caint larn nought bout us an if'n folks aint larnin bout us theys caint knowed nought bout us so's how theys 'posed ta rite bout us fer em movin' piture boxes what theys be making all ta fuss bout!

See'd what I means? ■

INTERNATIONAL VIEW

Electroshock article stings national mag

By Ron Lowman Toronto Star

OTTAWA — A complaint by a psychiatrist about an article on electroshock therapy in Canadian Weekend magazine has been partially upheld by the Ontario Press Council.

The voluntary council, in an adjudication announced today, said that on such sensitive issues, all publications should make efforts to see the public is "as fully and fairly informed as possible."

This should be done either by giving fair treatment to different views within the same article, or in two articles published simultaneously.

Canadian Weekend, which has been succeeded by Today, was distributed by 20 Canadian daily newspapers — including The Toronto Star — Saturday editions as a weekend supplement. It had no independent circulation.

Although it did not participate directly in the press council, it was distributed by seven of the council's nine daily-newspaper members. Under the council's constitution, it may consider a complaint against a non-member only if that publication agrees. Canadian Weekend did.

Dr. David S. Heath, a Kitchener psychiatrist, complained about the article entitled: The Shock Of Your Life, published Dec. 9. It featured the case of a Hamilton man named Ted, who was discharged from hospital in 1964 after 20 electro-shock treatments for schizophrenia (a psychotic disorder sometimes called "split personality").

A youth at the time, Ted reported extensive memory loss resulted.

Heath complained the article didn't inform the public in a balanced way and as a result would mislead, or unnecessarily frighten, people.

The doctor also objected to an accompanying illustration; an artist's picture of a man "who appears to be undergoing electro-shock therapy while awake. Understandably, he looks terrified."

Alleviates depression

Electro-shock therapy is no longer given without an anesthetic, the doctor said, and is used only rarely for treating schizophrenia. It had helped many patients suffering from depression.

Heath said general circulation magazines shouldn't publish one-sided medical articles, since their readers would lack background knowledge needed to assess the merits of the argument.

Canadian Weekend argued before council members that a general circulation magazine is justified in publishing

a medical article that doesn't give equal weight to both sides of an issue, provided the viewpoint is supported by an examination of the literature involved.

It said that two reputable United States magazines, the New Yorker and Atlantic, had published articles on electro-shock therapy far more critical than its own.

The magazine said it had examined the issue thoroughly and provided the council and Heath with a list of references for statements in the article. It also made space available for a long letter from Dr. Heath and had obtained one from the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry in Toronto.

Supporters' letters

It published 45 column inches of letters from supporters of electro-shock therapy.

The council's adjudication said it did not believe it should rule on the merits of any medical therapy and say whether it was good, bad, effective or harmful.

A consensus had yet to be reached on electro-shock therapy by the scientific jury and in examining the case, the council had read and heard of strongly-stated conflicting opinions held by doctors, psychologists and psychiatrists.

The council didn't dispute the maga-

zine's right to publish a point of view on any controversy. Society needed a full, vigorous and fair discussion of all controversial matters, certainly when they involved the functioning of the human mind and the quality of life.

While the council applauded the publication of later critical letters from Heath and from the Clarke Institute, it felt the original article erred heavily "in dramatizing a case from the 1960s, including the use of an artist's very vivid picture."

Although the magazine had a right to take a position on the matter, the press council believed it should have given more attention to evidence and views on the other side, so that people could make up their own minds.

Lobotomy craze left thousands in a haze

GLENN FRANKEL

... of The Washington Post.

WASHINGTON

HIS HEAD JERKS from side to side in constant motion. So do his restless eyes, which roam the drab concrete walls of Building 94 at Eastern State Hospital in Petersburg, Va., where he is confined. His mind wanders too, jumping from thought to unconnected thought, never settling on one for more than a few seconds, often doubling back to something he has said just moments before.

His name is Edgar and he is the product of one of the most bizarre and disturbing episodes in United States medical history: the years from 1936 to 1960 when between 40,000 and 50,000 Americans were subjected to brain operations — often without their knowledge or permission — in a popular crusade to cure, or at least render manageable, the nation's mental patients.

Today, an estimated 200 to 500 lobotomies are performed annually by perhaps a dozen doctors in the United States. But the medical standards and legal restrictions of 1980 bear only small resemblance to those of the heyday of the lobotomists.

Children as young as four and adults as old as 70 had their brains cut by the surgeon's knife. Besides vast numbers of the mentally ill, those lobotomized or subjected to other experimental psychosurgery, included drug addicts, alcoholics, hyperactive children, juvenile delinquents, homosexuals, and the mentally retarded, according to studies published at the time.

In almost every case, doctors permanently removed or destroyed tissue from brains that were physically normal in order to alter what they believed was aberrant behavior. In most instances, because they did not remove part of the skull, doctors used "blind cut" procedures and could not be certain of the extent of the damage they were doing.

In many states, including Virginia and West Virginia, the operations were performed not by surgeons but by ordinary doctors with little or no surgical training.

"Some patients were greatly helped, and many were improved enough to eventually be discharged. But the price for many was irreversible brain damage — their emotions flattened, their minds remained docile, dull and vague.

"It was a tragic and unfortunate chapter in psychiatry," says Dr. Alan Stone, Harvard University professor of law and psychiatry and president of the American Psychiatric Association, whose monthly journal avidly promoted lobotomy until the 1960s. □



“The Cold War was used as the excuse for the crimes against unknowing subjects during the entire programme.”

The use of institutionalized mental patients as experimental subjects for medical and non-medical research has a long and morbid history but nothing has created an uproar as much as the experiments done in the early 1950's under the auspices of the United States Central intelligence Agency.

In the wake of the Second World War, the threat of international communists loomed in the minds of every citizen in the Western Free World. So much so that the "Cold War" became foremost in the minds of most American and Canadian citizens.

Not as well known were the internal policies involved with the struggle for power within the United States Intelligence Network. The forerunner of the CIA, the Office of Strategic Service (OSS), played an integral part in the war-time operations against the enemies of the western allied forces and in the post war re-structuring of Nazi Germany. However, what is not as well known was that OSS and the United States were as interested in the Nazi death camp experiments for their own use.

What precipitated this interest was the work the OSS had already conducted into the use of hypnotism and other covert means to affect human behaviour. Research was conducted for a manner in which key enemy officers and high ranking officials could be neutralized in order to shorten the way by assassination and other means. What

the OSS and the British Intelligence hoped to achieve was a state in which a hypnotized agent could infiltrate the enemy ranks and upon a given cue, execute his mission on a robot-like basis.

Information gleaned from the war records of Germany showed similar research had already been instituted and thus the Americans became very interested in the procurement of this technology.

German War Records

In 1947 the CIA was created and in that year they proceeded to build on the information taken from Germany and from their earlier research. The programme never really got going until in 1949 when the Hungarian Communist Government put Josef Cardinal Mindszenty on trial for treason. With a glazed look in

Cold War Victim

Mental Patients as Cold War Guinea Pigs

his eyes, Mindszenty confessed to crimes of treason he apparently did not commit. This trial and a string of trials in Eastern European countries seemed staged, eerie and unreal. The CIA men felt the Communists had developed some secret method of changing and controlling behaviour. In 1950 the CIA instituted the first formal programme on mind control. The project was code named "Bluebird" and from this date

1970's in various forms. The "Cold War" was used as the excuse for the crimes committed in the name of "National Security" against unknowing subjects during the entire programme.

The most famous examples of mental patients being used unwittingly as guinea pigs in the Mind Control Programme were the experiments at the Allen Memorial Institute, located in Montreal at McGill University. The experiments

By J. SHUMACHER

CIA Experiments

in Mind Control

Produce Uproar

forward the behaviour control programme had a bureaucratic structure.

Truth Drugs

One of the first operations involved a team of behavioural experts who travelled to Japan in mid-1950 to perform lie-detector tests on military personnel. The U.S. Government intelligence network was very concerned that because of the claimed advances the Communists had made in behaviour control that the very ranks of the Military was being infiltrated. By the use of sodium amytal and other so-called "truth drugs" suspects were intensively interrogated to find their true purpose.

By 1951 the head of the CIA Mind Control Programme, Morse Allen, approached famed psychiatrist (whose name much like many others was deleted from the secret documents) on the possible use of electroshock treatments to probe the memory banks of the intended victims. The doctor replied that he had not tried this but would in the near future. The psychiatrist also mentioned it was possible through extensive electroshock treatments to reduce the subject to a vegetable level.

In 1952 another private doctor was approached to develop neurosurgical methods and techniques, presumably lobotomies and other non-medical methods of brain surgery for behaviour control uses.

Memory of Hitler

Even though the Mind Control Programme started when the memory of Hitler was fresh and Stalin was alive, it continued well into the

at McGill were engineered by Dr. Ewen Cameron, a Scottish born Canadian psychiatrist, and revolved around his theory of "deprogramming" a person.

According to the theory, Cameron defined "deprogramming" as breaking up existing patterns of behaviour, both the normal and the schizophrenic, by means of particularly intensive electro-shocks, usually combined with prolonged, drug-induced sleep.

The therapy was induced by using sleep-inducing medication, including 100 Mg Thorazine, 100 Mg Nembutal, 100 Mg Seconal, 150 Mg Veronal and 10 Mg Phenergan, administered three times a day. The net result was that the patient was kept asleep for 15-30 days, and awakened only three times a day for more of the sleep cocktail and electroshock therapy. Cameron would administer a local anaesthetic, attach the electrodes and administer 150 volts in the Page-Russell method. This entailed an initial one-second shock, which caused a major convulsion, and five-to-nine additional shocks in the middle of the primary and following convulsions.

McGill Experiments

Cameron would continue this regimen of sleep-electroshock treatment for 15-30 days, with some subjects involved for as long as 65 days. Fifty-three people were subjected to Dr. Cameron's deprogramming experiments at McGill in the late 1950's.

“Psychic Driving”

Additional experiments done added a technique called "psychic driving", where, in a follow-up to wiping the person's memory clean through the deprogramming, taped messages would be played for up to 16 hours per day in an attempt to re-structure the person's mind into more desirable personality traits. At times Cameron would apply electrodes to the victims' legs in order to shock them once the message was finished.

The use of LSD as a tool for mind control was investigated by Cameron as early as late 1956. Dr. Cameron tested LSD with psych driving on many patients, including Val Orlikow, whose husband David became a member of the Canadian Parliament for Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Suffering from what was called a "character neurosis started with post-partum depression", she entered Allen Memorial as one of Cameron's personal patients. He placed her under his version of LSD therapy. One to four times per week, she was injected with LSD mixed with either a stimulant or a depressant and left alone with a tape recording of her previous session. In the course of two months she was given LSD in this combination at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11....

Weight Training Easy Method

Women Unafraid To Be Strong

By ROCKY

"Such strenuous living
I just don't understand
When in just 7 days
I can make you a man
Dig it if you can!"

Dr. Frank n Furter

The general approach to improving mental health seems to have been too "top heavy" that is, from the neck up. Much emphasis on medication, counselling, analyzing and conversation - endless examples of therapy and support that ignore the body. Some people are looking at concepts of well-being from the outside in. The '80's are witness to countless numbers of joggers, tennis addicts and exercise enthusiasts - all attempting to look, feel and be healthier. No longer do people feel guilty for pampering their bodies and caring enough about their general condition to stay well-tuned. The fringe bene-

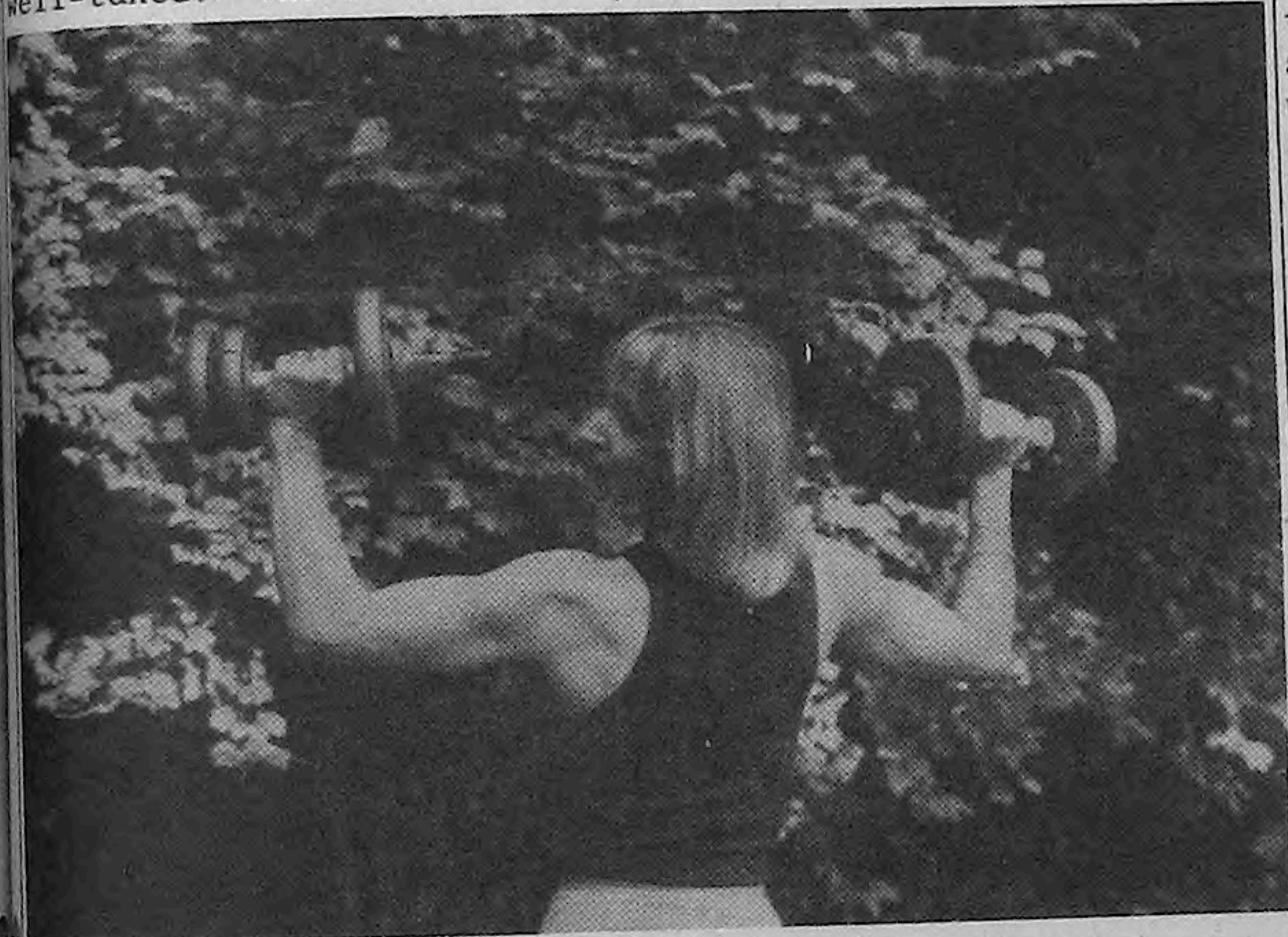
fits of a clearer head encourage continuance. Is there any question that a brain can function better inside a body that's active?

Let's look at one of the quickest, most easily accessible methods of getting in shape. Weight training. Though it has gained some popularity in the past couple of years it is still shied away from, especially by women. It has been seen as the narcissistic pastime of dull-headed, Charles Atlas types. (Tennis was once looked on as the sport of the elite, soccer was for jocks, and spas catered to "vain middle-aged women". These are now commonplace activities.)

One of the main things that sets weight training apart from other forms of exercise is the deliberateness that one applies in using them. It is geared to working specific muscle groups individually. You isolate body areas - and tone, devel-



Eve shows off muscles she built up in weight training.



Weight training can be both healthy and attractive.

op, or build strength according to your wish. To begin with - some form of cardiovascular warm-up (such as biking, jogging, etc.); some stretching exercises, and then you can begin. Most experts recommend a workout three times a week. There are numerous gyms and community centers that offer individualized programs. Despite popular misconception, you do not have to build mass (it's hard for women to do so anyway). Rather you can tone and firm muscles to replace fat.

Fifteen years ago women with strong minds were con-

sidered "freaks" - maybe the '80's will see these women unafraid of looking strong. For a city over-run with wet-T-shirt contests and strippers it is easy to see why female beauty is exemplified by "Charlie's Angels". The day may come (as one doctor put it) "when well-stacked could refer not to breasts, but to biceps".

So whether or not you wish to enter the next Western Canadian Body Building Championship - or just take the appearance of your body under conscious control - the all-over benefits may go to your "head". ■

Valium Valtzer, Contd.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.....

as therapy for herself, and finishes by writing it, as well, for others. As she says:

"... it is terrible to make the discovery that you have ... been a victim of the individual and collective ignorance of a profession that, because it is essentially unmonitored, attracts into its ranks a brand of charlatan that wouldn't dare practice in other branches of the medical profession."

She survives the ordeal, and is deeply scarred. What about others? I recently read an article in a Canadian magazine about Valium. The information that it presented was astounding. Canadians spend \$30 million a year on diazepam (the generic name for Valium). Fifteen percent of the women, and ten percent of the men, in the Western world take Valium.

According to Dr. Yvon La Pierre, a psychopharmacologist who has spent ten years studying Valium and works out of the University of Ottawa, the Royal Ottawa Hospital,

and the Ottawa General Hospital:

"Valium is a fantastic drug ... By inhibiting the release of chemicals in the part of the brain which is the seat of anxiety, it decreases the strength, and irritability of the electrical activity there. It modifies the anxiety ... (it) also relaxes muscles ... reduces heart palpitations, stiffness of the neck muscles, difficulty in swallowing, backache, tension headaches ... And you know it's one of our safest drugs... The dangers of tolerance build up and addiction are very slight."

Would Barbara Gordon agree with this glowing tribute to Valium? I doubt it. Especially, knowing that seventy-five percent of the Valium that is prescribed is for anxiety - a purely subjective diagnosis.

In her afterword Ms. Gordon writes:
"Because of my strong feelings about medical mismanagement, because of the prevalence of drug-abuse - and the soft core, prescription-pad variety is abuse all the same - I felt I had to tell my story." ■

The Road Not Taken

By PETRA GRAVES

-- If I hadn't gone crazy, my life would be vastly different. I would still be married to that bald headed banker and I would still be ironing those damned white shirts for the office. No doubt I would have 2.7 children and a mind calcified by coupons and floor wax.

-- If I hadn't had that disastrous affair with the cool promoter. I would still be looking for a "mover" with a big car and a long line of bullshit. Because it sounded good. And because it hurt and I thought I didn't deserve anything else.

-- If I hadn't made a lot of mistakes. I would still be living in a dream world, living on impossible ideals. Expecting everyone to be

perfect. Unable to forgive and unable to feel.

-- If I had stayed at one job forever. My face would be lined with boredom and despair. I couldn't say I'd really tried to find The Holy Grail. I couldn't say I'd tried much. I would always wonder what if ■

HOUSE REBORN, CONTINUED.

Continued from page 2

each of our new residents to the Long Term Care Office in order to be present for their assessments.

By May 16th, it became apparent that we had established rapport when representatives from these agencies attended our Open House, along with M.P.A. members. They were all pleased with the improvements at West Seventh.

Continued on page 13

despite Old Guard Obstinacy

Food Research Promises Hope

By **GEORGE LANDRECHT**

PSYCHO-NUTRITION by Carlton Fredericks, Ph.D. Grosset and Dunlop, 1975. 210 pages

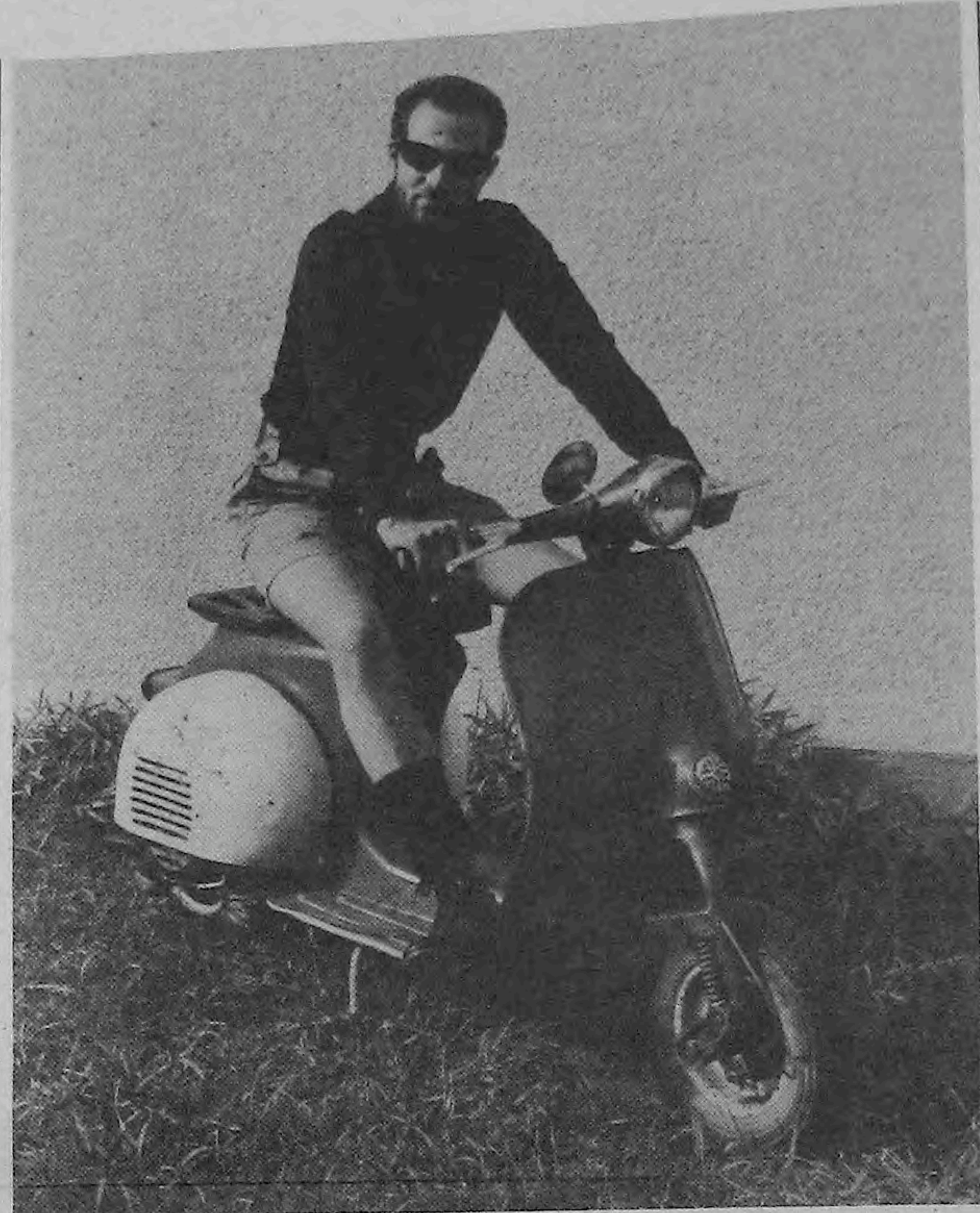
Psycho-Nutrition is an outline of advances being realized in the application of nutritional therapies on mental disease. This new approach derives from knowledge being uncovered at the forefront of the sciences of nutrition, neuroallergy and biochemistry. Mother Nature drops another veil to reveal the functionings of the body and mind on the molecular level. We begin to see that health, mental or otherwise, is a question of the proper molecules being supplied and the individual's subsequent success in their utilization.

From this concept of the right molecular-tool-for-the-job comes the term orthomolecular therapy.

Working intuitively from observations made by nutritionists, experimentation with large doses of vitamins (Mega-Vitamin therapy) netted results which prompted further interest in the effect of body on mind. It was thought that, since physiometabolism re-organizes matter into psychochemical compounds to suit the needs of the glands, muscles, tissues, etc., the needs of the mind could be seen to be met by a parallel psycho-metabolism which transformed subjective experience into feelings and thoughts, hence psycho-nutrition. 'Remember what the dormouse said: "feed your head".'

The author presupposes his readers to be familiar with nutrition and psychiatric terminology. Fortunately the descriptions of the individual case histories tell the real story. These anecdotes constitute the scientific control in experimentation since "... lack of response to all the orthodox treatments provides a baseline against which to plot (the) degree of response (in the individual) to the orthomolecular therapies."

While promising no panacea, the author remains optimistic about the professional limb he has chosen to climb out onto. There are those who would like to tranquilize it limp. A recurring theme here is the AMA (AMA does not, as Lily Tomlin has tried to suggest, stand for Anna-Maria Alberghetti) quack-watch crackdowns on practitioners dabbling in this arcane pseudo-science. The APA (legitimate only by default of any pre-existing alternative)



The author, elected MPA transportation coordinator in July, is seen here posing as the young Marshal Badoglio.

feels free to attack this new mode as if psychiatric practice were a defensible position. The "shock-talk-drug crews" would sooner electroconvulse, insulin shock, psychoenergize, antidepress and tranquilize, than allow their authority to be undermined by a mode of treatment which is, by its very nature, harmless

to the individual. No tardive dyskinesia or chemically induced Parkinsonism here; these side reactions are the result of the wrong molecules being superimposed on an internal environment, already in molecular conflict, for the control of symptoms only! The drugs responsible have never cured.

Professional obstructionism is cleverly disguised as scientific skepticism by an establishment which confidently stakes its own reputation on the lives of others.

Interestingly, the case studies of a number of professionals (psychiatrists, psychologists) are disclosed. One senses their discomfort, growing to fear, as they begin to recognize the symptoms, often diagnosed in others, of a major mental illness overtaking them. Ironically rejecting the treatments, which, until now, they freely prescribed for others, they turned, without hope, to an orthomolecular practitioner. Successful treatment brought converts back from the wall.

Hypoglycemia or low blood sugar is a symptom shared by the autistic, the hyperactive child, the mentally retarded, and approximately fifty per cent of the schizophrenics. The author lists fourteen separate and distinct causes and suggests there are as many combinations of causes as there are people. In the event of sugar supply dropping off to a low level, all the tissues of the body have alternative sources of energy except the brain, which is dependant on glucose, exclusively, for its energy. The mechanics of sugar supply and demand is a molecular phenomenon best understood by the example of diabetes. Sufferers of this disorder are unable to control levels of sugar in their bloodstream due to their bodies' inability

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE....

Book Details Penal Horror Story

By **PATTY SERVANT**

GO-BOY is the story of a life spent behind bars. It dramatically focuses on the inhumanity in the Canadian prison system from the point of view of one of the people this system has been used against.

In 1954, Roger Caron was first sentenced to fourteen months for breaking and entering. He was sixteen. One month later, after attempting to escape, he graduated from reformatory to adult jail. Thus began the twenty year criminal career of "Mad Dog Caron," bank robber and car thief. The ironic part is that he never held up a bank successfully and was usually back in jail a few months or weeks after his release.

GO-BOY details the dehumanizing events that made it impossible for Caron to succ-

eed on the outside. This young man grew up in an environment of strict inmate codes and harsh punishments and injustices by the authorities, with no emphasis on rehabilitation.

Twice Caron was sentenced to the "paddle", a torture instrument that would be more at home in a medieval prison. It has holes in it designed to flay the skin off naked buttocks while the prisoner is chained up. Even more horrifying is the use of solitary confinement - for periods up to two years. A narrow cell, two blankets, metal bunk, and a naked light bulb on 24 hours a day. It is designed to break a man's spirit. It was effective only in driving Caron to an unbalanced state. He was transferred to the Penetanguishene institution for the criminally insane,

where he received shock therapy and all the other psychiatric goodies before being transferred back to the "pen". When he broke prison rules again, he was offered a deal. He could have the paddle and six months solitary or he could volunteer for psychiatric "experiments". He chose the latter, much to his regret.

He does not seek to glorify in any way his years of incarceration; only to describe how one man was caught in the vicious cycle of this country's penal system.

GO-BOY was eventually his salvation - a project he could throw himself into to pass the years. Roger Caron is now out on parole and working on his second book. GO-BOY won the Governor General's Award and Roger has won his place back in society. ■

Craziness Due To Bad Nutrition

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

ity to produce insulin. This hormone is secreted by the pancreas to facilitate the utilization and storage of excess blood sugar. Attention to diet, compensation for stepped up caloric demands (due to stress - both physical and psychological), and controlled intake of artificial insulin, assure the diabetic's blood sugar levels stays within the boundaries of optimum performance.

Hypoglycemia is the corollary disorder; the result of a trigger-happy pancreas which snaps into over-production of insulin at the mere mention of coke and Hershey bar. The precipitous drop in glucose levels caused by this flood may induce insulin shock. The chapters dealing with this subject will be of benefit to those who wish to find their way out of the junk food maze responsible for their "mental illness".

Neuroallergy (allergy which assaults the nervous system) is shown throughout the book to be a major or contributing factor in mental illnesses, which, until now, were assumed to be caused by faulty toilet-training. Reactions to allergens is not restricted to hives and sneezing. For some, the consequence of their allergy can

- plasticizers used in cheese wrap transfer alien hydrocarbon molecules to fat and protein can set off neuroallergic reactions in sensitive individuals
- blood chemistries can become polluted with toxic compounds such as acetones and pyrroles
- carbonogenic material used in wrapping and grilling (wax and saturated fat)
- Chlorestrol buildup from saturated fats contribute to cardio-vascular disorders
- an estimated 60% of schizophrenics have, as part of their problem, a sensitivity to wheat protein (gluten) causing psychoallergic reactions which masquerade as psychosis.
- moulds may cause psychoallergic reactions in sensitive internal environments.
- heartburn, gas, etc.

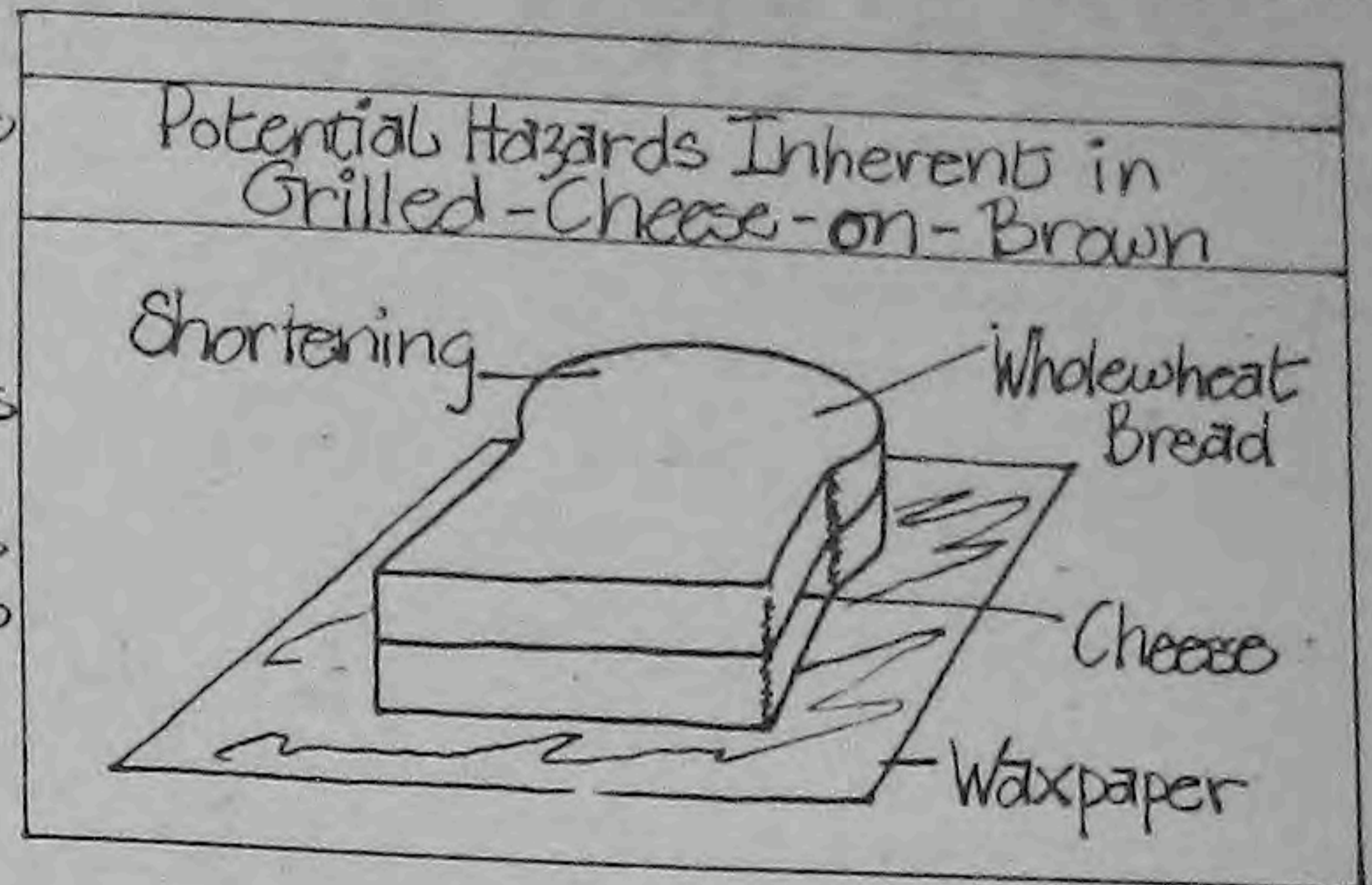
even be mind manifesting. An account is given of an allergic reaction causing brain tissue to swell (viewed during surgery). Hives on your skin may be annoyingly itchy, but at least you can scratch!

The result of this swelling produced psychoallergic reactions in the individual; which is to say, instead of watery eyes after exposure to the offending compound, he suffered episodes of major psychotic illness.

Sensitivities to wheat protein (gluten), hydro-carbons, and moulds are common among the many tested.

Psycho-Nutrition offers immediate help to those willing to read and apply the precepts presented. The tragedy of vegetable-patch-institutions, peopled with the victims of an approach which has, as its only resort, the sadistic and devastating tools of shock-and-drug nightmare technology, should be resolved now. The challenge can be

met. Why are you nuts? The possibility now exists that your craziness is on account of nutritional deficiencies, neuroallergy or hypoglycemia reinforced by dangerous eating habits. The facility for finding that out remains elusive. Included, by the author, is a directory of medical societies whose members include orthomolecular practitioners. Seek them out. Demand the alternative as your right to humane treatment. Stop the zombie-makers! ■



Guinea Pigs, Contd.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8....

at least 14 times.

Cameron, once president of the American Psychiatric Association and the World Psychiatric Association, had headed the Allen Memorial Institute since it was established from funds from the Rockefeller

Foundation in 1943. The funds directed from the CIA to support the experiments done at the Allen Memorial Institute channeled through the Society for Human Ecology, a solely CIA supported group, which, in 1961, became a member of the World Federation for Mental Health.

Dr. Ewen Cameron resigned from the Allen Memorial Institute in 1964 and in 1967, at the age of 66, died while climbing a mountain, but only after many years of doing criminal experiments along the wishes of the CIA scientists who manipulated him.

In Vancouver, at Hollywood Hospital, a now-closed private psychiatric facility, hundreds of people were given LSD for the treatment of alcoholism and mental illnesses until the centre was closed in 1975.

The first experiments there, using LSD, began in 1957, at a time when LSD was available only through Sandoz of Switzerland. It is interesting to note that the CIA had gotten control of the total production of LSD as early as 1953.

A key member of the CIA Mind Control Programme was Harold Abramson. Abramson, and several other doctors, formed the International Association for Psychodelytic Research, based out of Hollywood Hospital. Abramson's role in the experimental programme was to set up and monitor the various CIA interests around Canada and

the United States.

It is not clear whether the use of LSD on psychiatric patients at Hollywood Hospital was manipulated or not, but it is clear that the use of the treatment was monitored by Abramson for the U.S. Intelligence network. The information thus gleaned was forwarded to other programmes for verification of results.

The need for protections to prevent future intrusions on patients' rights becomes paramount in any discussion on legislation and thus any changes to the B.C. Mental Health Act need to consider the unwitting involvement of mental patients in any form of experimental programmes.

Patients held in hospitals are an attractive and captive audience for experimental treatments and the misuse of the mentally disturbed as guinea pigs by intelligence agencies needs to be strongly condemned. It strikes deeply at the question of psychiatric ethics, and any psychiatrist involved in such programmes, or experimental treatment on patients, should be criminally prosecuted, and forced to cease his/her involvement in such programmes. ■

ULTIMATE FATE

As punishment for bringing In A Nutshell out three weeks late, Nutshell editor Charles ("Pop") Korne undergoes a traditional WPA ordeal. Unrepentant, Korne declared his solidarity with the exiled government of Pol Pot.



A shocking story of psychiatric neglect

Valium Valtzer Lead To Hell

By COLLEEN WALSH

I'm Dancing As Fast As I Can
-a book by Barbara Gordon

I'm Dancing As Fast as I Can, by Barbara Gordon, is a personal story of Valium addiction. The author comes off tranquillizers cold turkey (on the advice of her psychiatrist), experiences a total psychotic breakdown, and attempts to put the pieces of her shattered life together again. More than this, though, *I'm Dancing As Fast as I Can* is a book, as the author herself says, about "the collective ignorance of the psychiatric establishment" and the "prejudice and suspicion that greet a mental patient" wherever she or he goes. This book deals with the over-prescription of drugs in our society - the pill for every pain type of drug abuse that is so prevalent today. It also addresses the matter of the individual and collective choices that women must make in today's changing world.

I enjoyed the book. It is well written, and is, as they say, "an easy read". Barbara Gordon, at age forty, is an Emmy award winning documentary producer for C.B.S. who has been living with her lover Eric for five years. She has also been seeing a psychiatrist for ten years at the point where the book opens. She is beginning to have doubts about this doctor: "So many visits for so many years. What am I doing here? Then I reminded myself. Even though we don't seem to talk about anything that matters, I get the Valium from Dr. Allen. And I knew how much I needed that."

She takes Valium for the anxiety attacks which plague her, and have begun to increase in intensity. She also ups her intake of Valium, hoping to alleviate these attacks, without success. She tries to discuss this problem with her psychiatrist. "Look, you're a doctor...The pills aren't working anymore. I'll face whatever it is that is causing this...I need your help."

Her psychiatrist's response to this plea for help is to suggest more medication and stronger medication - Thorazine. When she objects, he offers her Lithium. She rejects both, and as she leaves his office thinks: "Again I had the prescription (for Valium) and no answers. The same anxiety."

Ms. Gordon decides that she will go off Valium and phones the same doctor for advice on how to go about this. He tells her to do it

cold, and not even to drink: "Withdrawal from Valium can cause more serious complications than withdrawing from heroin. Months later I would see other addicts ... being withdrawn from Valium 5mg. a week over a long course of treatment. I was taking 30mg. a day and went off it cold ... I blew my head open."

This was the beginning of a total psychotic breakdown for Barbara Gordon. The physical symptoms were horrendous:

"... a creeping sense of anxiety ... like little jolts of electricity, as if charged pins and needles were shooting through my body. My breathing became rapid and I began to perspire ... My scalp started to burn as if I had hot coals under my hair. Then I began to experience funny little twitches, spasms, a jerk of the leg, a flying arm, tiny tremors that soon turned into convulsions."

She is unable to sleep at night. Thoughts from the past, from her childhood become incredibly clear, and she begins to share these experiences with Eric. This initiates a fifty-seven day period of horror that takes place in her apartment, either alone, or with her lover. He stops going to his law office and alternates between caring for her needs, and degrading her. He changes from the warm, loving man she knows to a sadistic brute, and eventually lapses totally into abusing her - verbally, emotionally and physically. She can no longer even remember who she is. After nearly two months she reaches a point where she realizes that she needs medical attention. Eric will not take her to a

doctor, nor will he allow her to go on her own. He tells her that he is the only one who loves her, the only one who will care for her, and that "they" will lobotomize her.

In a moment of lucidity she is able to trick him and two of her friends come to her assistance. She is then admitted to a mental hospital where she remains for seventeen days. There she acquires a new doctor, a new diagnosis, and a new prescription for yet another kind of drug.

Upon leaving the hospital she commences on what she calls "the great shrink hunt" and runs across several whom she considers belong inside the institution that she just left.

The first is Doctor Popkin

"Thank you, Barbara, for touching the wall."

I realized I was talking to a lunatic.

- who is both saddened and excited by her experience and seems to want help from her! "... before I knew it, I had lost the ball and we were embarked on a 30 minute analytic discussion of why Dr. Popkin felt sad ... I couldn't afford, either financially or emotionally, to help Dr. Popkin with his problem."

Her next encounter with a psychiatrist is even more disastrous and potentially more expensive!

"During our consultation he showed me how the therapy worked. 'Touch the wall Barbara' he said. I touched

the wall. 'Thank you Barbara for touching the wall' ... And so it went for 50 minutes and I realized that I was talking to a lunatic."

Eventually she finds a psychiatrist who seems somewhat more realistic. She sees him regularly. After months of "treatment" he diagnoses her as schizophrenic and gives her Thorazine. He tells her that she won't really mind it, and that it will help her!

"I took the pill, a small, round, white capsule, and within thirty minutes I had fallen into a stupor on the bed. I felt as if I were in a coma. When I woke up my tongue was so thick I couldn't talk and the sense of unreality was worse than ever."

Despite this she attempts to follow her psychiatrist's advice and continues to take the Thorazine, hoping that these side effects will disappear. As time goes on she finds herself incapable of feeling anything, and unable even to function. On the advice of her friends she seeks out a new doctor. He doesn't believe that she is a schizophrenic, or that she needs Thorazine. He recommends a hospital.

It is there that Ms. Gordon encounters her first effective therapist - a woman. She continues to go through the after-effects of her withdrawal from Valium. But she begins to look at the underlying causes of her anxiety and begins to piece her life together again - without drugs. It is a long and tortuous process:

"I had thought depression meant simply sadness. I didn't

Continued on next page



Colleen relaxes with a friend in a photograph during a restful week-end in Cumberland, B.C.

Nicholson Shines in Kubrick's Film

By NINO ODDO

A magnificent aerial shot shows us the mountains of Colorado, under which we see an automobile travelling along the highway - in it a family is headed towards the majestic Overlook Hotel. The father (Jack Nicholson), the mother (Shelly Duvall) and the son (Danny Lloyd) have chosen, under the direction of the head of the family, to become winter caretakers of this imposing edifice, built as summer lodging for wealthy and noble guests from all over the world. The father, a retired school teacher, writes as a hobby. But he has the ambition to write novels seriously - he is by temperament patient and tranquil, demonstrating no animosity towards his family. The mother is a rather absent-minded housewife who seems secure and content in the emotional and financial certainties provided by the institution of the family. But the young son is special because he possesses supernatural powers of telepathy. In fact, little Dan has a friend who speaks to him through his finger, telling him stories or making suggestions. At the same time, this power is accompanied by visions and telepathic presiments of things that will take place in an unknown future. The family has been warned at a previous caretaker ended up strangling his entire family. But that notwithstanding, the family arrives at their destination and begins a life of routine in the immense space of Overlook Hotel where a seemingly profound, oppressive quiet surrounds and submerges them. Phantasms which inhabit a certain room soon appear. An escalation of events reveals that Nicholson has

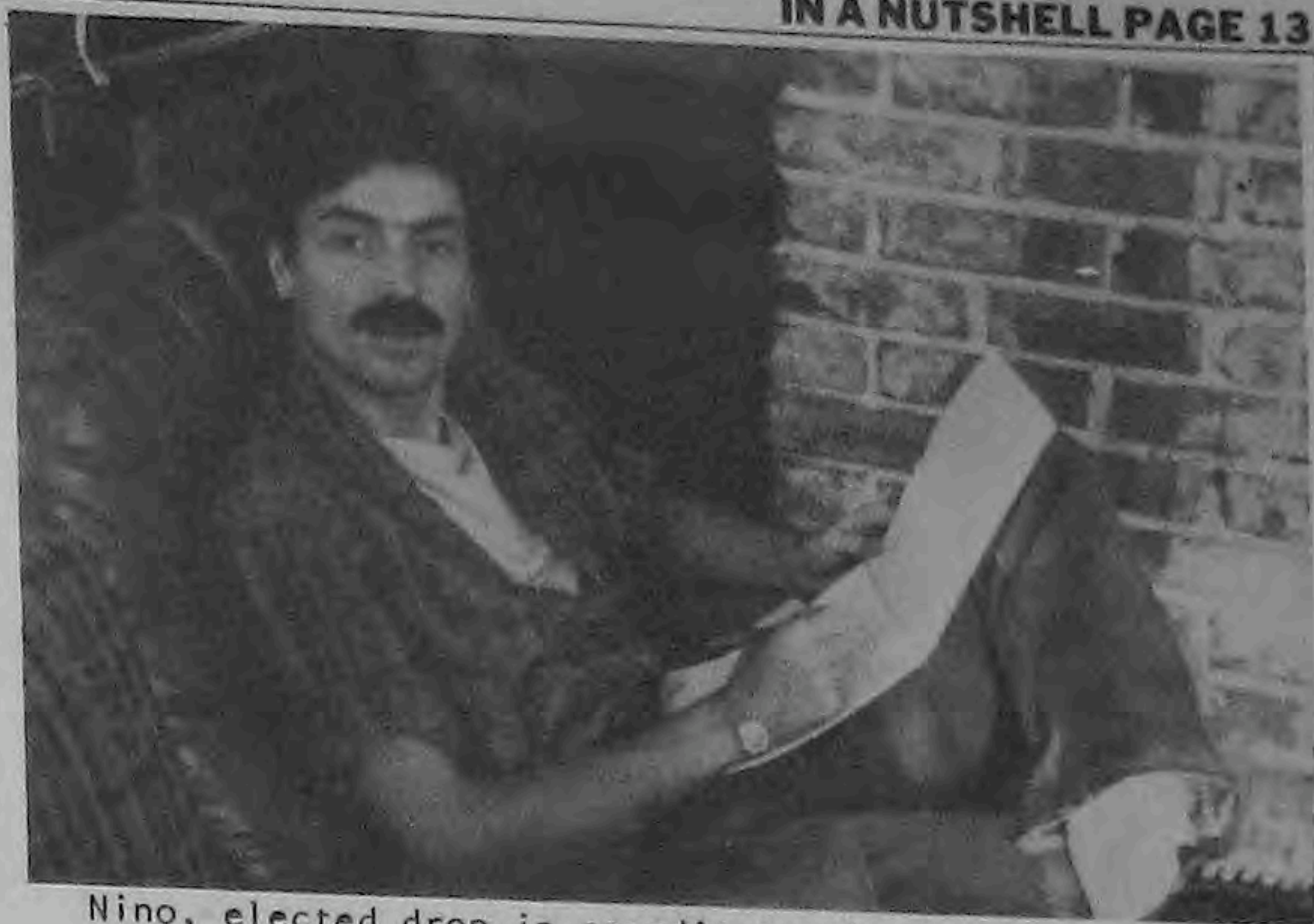
designs on the life of his son and then his wife, designs which appear "rational" to him as he blames them for the collapse of his hopes to become a writer.

In the second half of the film, director Kubrick presents us with the classic horror film, tempered naturally by Kubrick's own style. For some things - perhaps none other than traditional elements of the horror genre - there are no explanations. These are the supernatural elements which we've already met in the film. An example is the mysterious opening of the large refrigerator room where the defenceless wife has locked her husband - it can be nothing other than a ghost whose surprising degree of materialization allows it to perform this feat. Do ghosts now open doors and cook themselves lunch?

Another unexplained event involves the chief cook of the hotel. He has the same powers as Danny. He knows that the ghosts live in a certain apartment of the hotel and that an ugly situation can result. This is why he is the first to intuit what is happening. Despite these powers, he boldly enters the hotel without even the most minimal precaution and loses his life as a result.

For a director of Kubrick's calibre, these loose threads in the dynamic of the film do not pass unobserved. I think Kubrick has confirmed again that he is a master of cinematic technique. He succeeds excellently in all the aesthetic aspects; but it seemed to me that the ultimate meaning of the film he has placed beyond his reach. One could do more in a simple horror movie. Can we be so sure that he succeeds, as certain film critics are?

During the film Nicholson



Nino, elected drop in coordinator in July, draws up shopping list for drop-in center.

portrays the figure of a man who goes crazy. His is an insanity which comes from the place, obviously, rather than anything to do with ordinary problems or mental illness.

It is, however, an interesting representation of insanity, in large part due to

Nicholson's bravura as an actor. His metamorphosis during the film is fascinating and semi-frightening. Nicholson's uniquely histrionic performance confirms the reputation he acquired after *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* as one of the best contemporary actors. ■

Valium Valtzer, Contd.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE..

know one felt crazed, insane, dumb, dead, numb, enraged, hysterical, all at once. Depression is a killer!"

During the course of her therapy she comes to many realizations:

"My films had been about social and political oppression. Still, I was not prepared for being oppressed, for being victimized, for being in a mental hospital. I had filmed people talking about the pain that comes with poverty ... mental illness ... yet now I realized that I had never experienced it wholly, or even fully understood those people."

As a woman, and a feminist, she makes connections between what happened to her, and what happens to many women:

"...The primary problem with the tranquillizers is that you are unable to articulate your anger. As long as you take them you are incapable of feeling the anger necessary for change."

This is a problem shared by many women. Women who are anxious over real problems: the frustration of being stuck at home, the frustration of being stuck in a boring, low paying, dead end job. Often these women have never had the opportunity to try, never mind succeed at anything outside the limited roles that are prescribed for them by our society. It is these women who become the victims of tranquillizers. These women who, as Ms. Gordon's therapist puts it, are torn "between the new freedoms available to them - and

old patterns of dependence, of being defined by others."

Valium prevents them from dealing with the problem - by damping the symptoms. Ms. Gordon says to her therapist at one point:

"I have a haunting, almost obsessive picture in my head ... Thousands of women, all across the country, being given pills by male doctors. Men sedating women, tranquilizing them, helping to rob them of themselves. It's obscene."

As her therapy continues and goes well - she realizes that there are others in the hospital who are not as fortunate.

"In a mental hospital, getting a good therapist is like a crapshoot for your soul ... You cannot choose a doctor in a mental hospital, or get rid of an inept one. In a hospital, any attempt by the patient to change doctors is viewed by the staff as a wish to avoid working hard in therapy. It's always the patient's fault, the inept doctor is always protected ... We would never treat our bodies the way we permit doctors to treat our minds. Never! ... I explained the psychic roulette of mental hospitals, the feeling of helplessness which is one of the most terrible emotions that all mental patients experience."

Fortunately, Ms. Gordon's story has an essentially happy ending. She, after leaving the second mental hospital, searches until she finds a therapist who is good for her - who meets her needs. She starts to write this book

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.....

House Reborn, Contd.

Continued from page 9

That the house was in good running order by the elections was due to the help that Geoff and I received. Alex, Marilyn, Sue, and Betty from the office staff were always available to answer questions and provide assistance when it was needed. The other residence coordinators were extremely supportive to us whenever we encountered new problems that required outside help. The weekend before the house opened, and in subsequent times, coordinators dug in,

helping to clean the house and readying it for the residents who would move in.

At the present time I am no longer a coordinator at West Seventh. I miss working there. The experience was a good one for me. The residents became friends who taught me new things about myself and working with others. My experiences working in the residence program have led me to look forward to its expansion. Hopefully, in the next years we will see more homes added to our roster, and who knows? maybe I will have the good fortune to be working in one again. ■



Ascension begins
with breakage.
The human will
asserts itself
like a hand
held aloft
in the darkness.

Only in the dark
can light be loved.

Your voice - yes, it is as
strong as ever.
i am not scared
that you are gone.
after everything you are
still with me.

Look - there in that oil
ribboning on the sidewalk
see - there is rainbow
in that oil
we trample over.

You have a way
of keeping close
and listening.

today my face looks
unscathed in the mirror
no record of trials
i examined carefully
with an eye to truth
scars have healed.

the daylight weans us
to darkness
and when at last it falls
it augurs well
of light to come.

i remember you -
God of Israel and Jacob -
all of you distilled
into dark dirt
and rain and mud
and lovers and children's hands
have i overlooked anything
you have made
there you are
in front of me
like life whole and really close.
thank you.

- Felicia Fox -

PAPER FLOWERS

Vase held
Paper flowers
Brilliant red and orange,
Vie against drabness of one room
walk up.

- Wanda Allen Moore -

WHAT NOW?

Gremlin! What next
do you intend to do?
Again you hid my pen.
You're always hiding things
from me. I put them back
where they belong and when
I look for them, they're gone.
I set my pen right here,
I think. Ah, there it is
beside the telephone
where I dropped it as the bell
shrilled.
It wasn't you at all.

- Wanda Allen Moore -

Flame burns away
old hurts and newer
confusions.
Heat tears apart the dim light
of a city light
forcing a new vision of renewal.
The night
a forest of dreams
growing wild - like with glances of thought.

- Donald r Steele -

TEARS ARE A GRAPHIC PAIN

My tears are in the sky,
hiding between clouds of doubt.
The fault shifts with time;
water fills my heart.
I falter between the sands
of travelling onwards.
My family has gone;
nobody knows me,
the song sings subtly in the night air,
the street sighs under the weight of a broken humanity.
I am passing on alone.

- Donald r Steele -

MISE AU POINT

I DON'T WANT TO COMPLAIN, JUST TELLING FACTS TO
 HELP YOU REALIZE. EXTRACT HEART FROM EVENTS, CON-
 DENSE, FIND EACH LINE A NEW MUSIC, ONLY NEW
 THINGS IN LESS WORDS AS YOU CAN, DON'T REST AT
 ALL BECAUSE YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT DEATH AND WHY.
 THERE'S NO ANSWER YET. DON'T WRITE YOUR SEARCH,
 DON'T LOOKOUT, FIND AND SAY THEN SHOW ME PLEA-
 SE. SURE I CAN HELP YOU. WHIT NEW STYLES AND
 NEW WAYS, WE CAN EASILY CHANGE THE WORLD
 I'M ALWAYS WORKING, NO TIME TO LOOSE FOR MONEY
 YOU, THEY CAN HELP ME BUT THEY DONT. PLEASE
 ASK THEM WHY THEY JUST BORE ME, EXACTLY
 LIKE YOU MANY TIMES. FREEDOM WILL BE JUST
 A WORD UNTIL WE'LL FORGET IT TO BE AND DO.
 DO REPOSE WORKS YOU DON'T LOVE AND DON'T
 SPIT ON MY BREAKFAST. I STAY AND WILL, BECAUSE..
 I'M FINE AND SOME NEEDS ME (?) UNTILL SICK-
 NESS AND FARTHER. I JUST LOVE US AND VAN-
 COUVER'S A FRIEND OF MINE THAT WILL NEVER BE
 ALL OR TOO MUCH, BUT SOON I'LL SHOUT AND ACT
 AND I REALLY DON'T KNOW HOW. I DON'T THINK
 FIRST WHEN I MOVE SO I JUST SPARE NOT TO MISSED
 YOU. I DON'T MIND ABOUT MY BLOOD AND PAY TO
 KNOW, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SO DO SOMETHING OR
 FORGET ME. I'M STRAIGHT AND SENSITIVE; WHEN
 I APPRECIATE VIOLENCE, THAT'S 'CAUSE I'M NEVER
 SCARED EXCEPT BY LOVE. ARE YOU SCARED? I HAVE
 NOTHING, NOTHING TO LOSE, SURE YOU HAVE, SO
 KEEP YOUR PACKS BUT LET ME ENJOY; WHEN
 YOU'RE CONFUSED I KNOW WHY: THAT'S GOOD FOR
 YOU. I CREATE AND IT'S HARD, NEVER ASK ANY-
 BODY ANYTHING. I PAY FOR AND NEVER PAID
 TRY TO SCREW IN THE STREETS THEN LET'S TALK
 BUT PLEASE SHUT UP WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL
 YOU CAN'T IMAGINE ALL IVE SACRIFICED AND
 THAT ISN'T YOUR PROBLEM. I DO WHAT I WANT.
 WHAT DO YOU WANT ARE YOU BEAUTIFUL? TALK
 ABOUT, I DON'T KNOW, YOU NEVER ANSWER, JUST
 YAWN. I AM. ARE YOU? DO YOU HAVE A PLACE TO
 SHIT? I DON'T HAVE TO THANK YOU. THAT'S MY
 OWN WAY, THAT'S ECKSTASY. WHO NEEDS HELP?
 14-8-80, M.P.A. 2146 KEW ST. VANCOUVER, B.C.

Handwritten signature or scribble.

Masterful merriment moves mountains
 with candor maybe.
 Marching maids meant for mild men
 press stones still tonight.
 Brave brilliance beams circling
 silently sought
 Center of sight and thought
 Cherish change to shock
 Crusted, crawling chance to chalk
 Watching wailing places
 Worried faces, serving silly sadness
 settling upon waves, since I was
 seen saved sailing seas of satire.

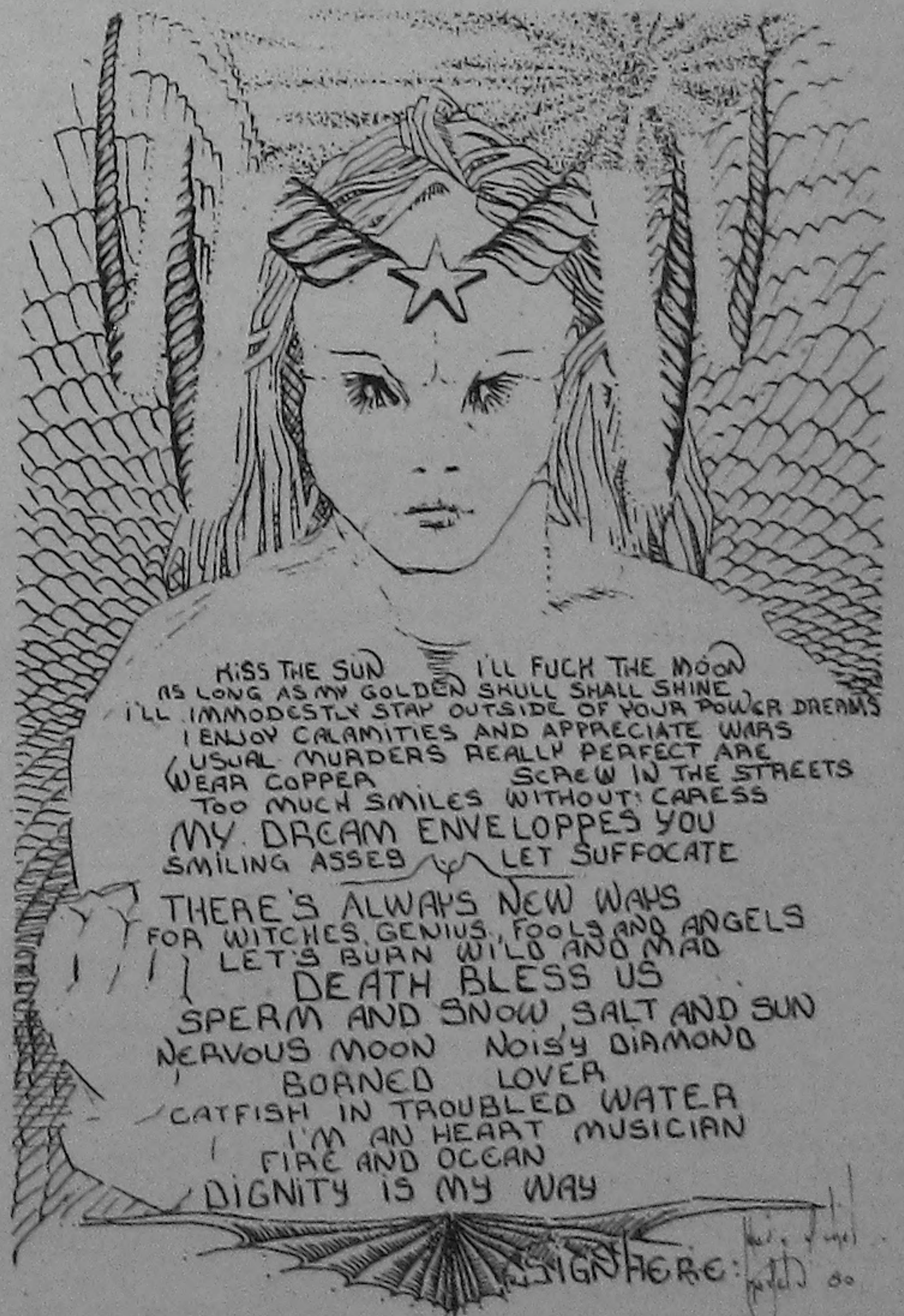
- Ian Anderson -

Feast your eyes on this or
 Sink your teeth into that.
 Fast moving hens
 Lay in tens
 Gobbly gook eyes and belly button skin.
 Dressed as smooth as sin.
 Slurping blessed friends
 Pretend he's wobbly books
 polluted pleasantries,
 Blurbing awkwardly along dry trance
 Balancing trees as countries
 Charms challenged trends
 When more men destined, bend
 Send for eggs, coins, pregnant pens.

- Ian Anderson -

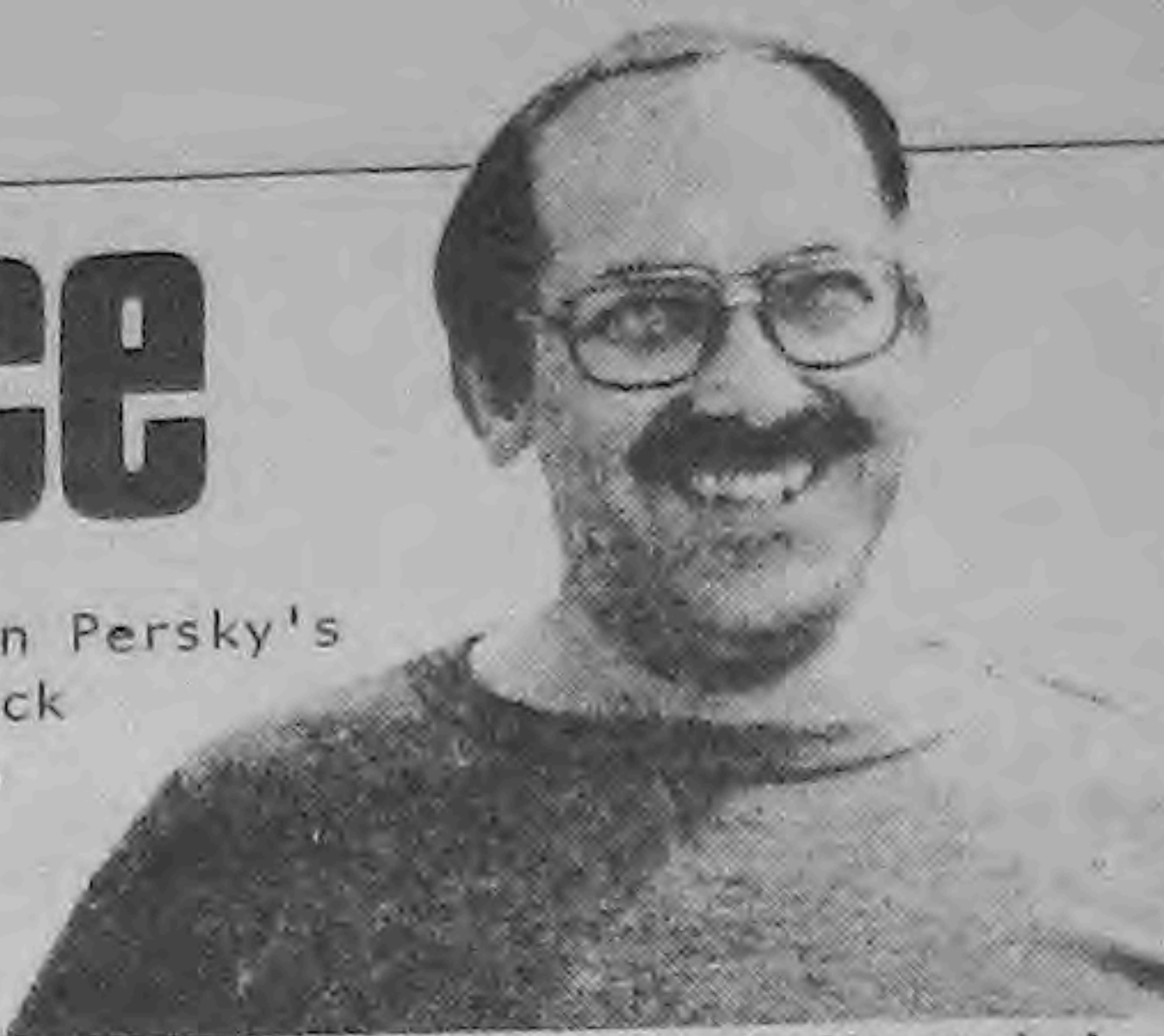
A long time ago
 They stole a hair from my bed.
 Now, a Xerox set at "N"
 And a herd on the Pampas
 Give small birds reason to be
 hysterical.

Brian Carignan



Cruising For Vice

This is an excerpt from Stan Persky's new book, *The House that Jack Built*. Stan is a former MPA office coordinator.



HIS NAME was Barclay. He was slowly cruising along Helmcken Street toward Granville in an ordinary passenger car at about 9:30 p.m. on May 8, 1975.

He noticed the young woman as he came to a stop at the intersection. She smiled. He smiled back. She approached the car, opened the door, and got in. Barclay smiled at her again.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," Barclay said.

"Do you want a girl?" she asked him.

"What do you mean?"

"Do you want to go out?"

"Okay," he said.

"It's \$30," she told him.

"I'm staying at the Dufferin," Barclay said.

When they parked at the back of the Dufferin, Detective Barclay of the Vancouver Police Department arrested Debra Hutt under Section 195.1 of the Criminal Code, which provides that "every person who solicits any person in a public place for the purpose of prostitution is guilty of an offence punishable on summary conviction," and she was soon convicted.

Debra Hutt would turn out to be a problem for Mayor Jack Volrich.

The voters hadn't asked for either morality or mausoleums when in 1976 they elected as mayor Alderman Jack Volrich of The Electors Action Movement. If anything, the citizenry seemed to be asking for more of the same mild-mannered reform initiated by TEAM in 1972 under the leadership of Volrich's trendy predecessor, Art Phillips. Yet no sooner had the 47-year-old Volrich draped the gold chain of office around his neck than he charged down Granville Mall in a campaign to "clean up" Canada's third largest metropolis. The mausoleums would soon follow.

For the next four years the mayor periodically donned his suit of armor and plunged into the muck. Pornography, prostitution, even the evils of Sunday shopping have all been passionate targets of the crusading big-city politicians during his two-term reign. Of course prostitution is the most enduring of social problems. Pornography and Sunday shopping, for all their allures, fail to provide the prurient interest aroused by real flesh and blood.

It's always been that way in Vancouver. As far back as 1903, Mayor Neelands appeared on the front page of the Vancouver Province to solemnly announce, "These women certainly have to go."

In those days the prostitutes were off the streets, sequestered in houses or "resorts" along Dupont Street, which was just about to become a main thoroughfare. "The location of these houses is far too central to be allowed to remain, now that the city is showing such a tendency to grow," said Mayor Neelands with the same judicious mixture of rectitude and concern for business growth that would be displayed by his successor three-quarters of a century later.

Vancouver Obsession

In rapid succession Volrich ordered copies of *Nudist Moppets* off the sleazy newsstands, threatened to ban *Playboy*, pestered the attorney-general to provide rigorous definitions of porn, lent the police department maps showing them the way to Davie Street, prosecuted furniture dealer Harry Hammer (for the sin of selling love-seats and other lascivious objects on Sunday), and as a crowning achievement created a special vice squad in the summer of 1977 to crack down on soliciting. Whether or not our Sodom-by-the-Sea deserved all that attention, you certainly couldn't accuse the mayor of not trying.

Jack Volrich was furious.

In a single stroke of nine pens, six months' work in the sink of iniquity went down the drain. On Feb. 7, 1978, the Supreme Court of Canada unanimously de-

ecided that Debra Hutt — the Vancouver woman whom police Detective Barclay picked up and arrested for soliciting three years previously — had been wrongfully convicted.

Given that civic officials would contemptuously ignore the Supreme Court decision, the opinion of Mr. Justice Wishart Spence in *Hutt v. Regina* is worth attending to if we want to understand why politicians, preachers, and other public prophets persistently miss the point about prostitution.

At issue was the notion of "soliciting" (not prostitution, which, it must be remembered, is not a crime). There are two items of import in the law: "public place" and the meaning of the word "solicit."

Although the court hadn't been asked to

Although Volrich must shoulder much of the responsibility for making a mountain out of a minor nuisance and for being extraordinarily insensitive to the fine points that constitute our freedom, the media haven't been altogether innocent either.

A reading of the two Vancouver dailies and a review of the television videotapes over the last four years demonstrates that every summer, with ritualistic regularity, the media have rediscovered prostitution and juicily reported the details above and beyond the call of mere reporting, while remaining impervious to more fundamental questions.

There are three somewhat separate issues involved in the "problem" of prosti-

"In all the salacious hubbub there has seldom been an expression of concern for the people at the center of the activity . . ."

decide anything about "public places," Justice Spence decided to offer some free advice, always a sure sign that the court is angry. When Debra Hutt was lured into the undercover cop's car where she tendered her carnal offer, was she in a public place?

"I'm strongly of the opinion that this officer's automobile was not such a public place," said the justice, "but a private place of which he had the sole control." In fact, if he had been asked, said Spence, he would have dismissed the conviction on the ground of misinterpretation of "public place" alone. But since he hadn't been asked to rule on "public places," he would rule on "soliciting" instead.

Since "solicit" wasn't defined in law, Mr. Justice Spence browsed through various dictionaries and decided that "solicit" meant to "importune, accost, or confront pressingly or persistently." Previous judges had already agreed that "something more" than the mere demonstration of an intention to make herself available for prostitution was needed if Hutt was to be convicted.

Where was the "something more" in this case? Mr. Justice Spence couldn't find it. "In fact," he wrote, "when one reads the statement of facts, one wonders whether the defendant solicited any more than [did] the complaining officer." Case dismissed.

That left Jack Volrich holding 280 now-worthless charges for soliciting. A month after the Hutt decision, Volrich and Police Chief Don Winterton called a press conference to throw in the towel. The police were dropping the charges. "Our hands are tied now in trying to deal with street prostitution," said Winterton. "If that's the intent of the lawmakers, well, that's their decision."

But the mayor wasn't giving up. "We now have to treat the situation as an urgent one in Vancouver," said Volrich. "Citizens should be able to walk the streets without being accosted by a large number of prostitutes roaming around and staking out territory."

The mayor had a simple solution. If the Supreme Court of Canada said the law hadn't been violated by the actions reported, then get the government to change the law to make the reported actions illegal. Just to dramatize the situation, Volrich spread fresh rumors of impending catastrophe. Pimp wars may break out in Vancouver unless street prostitution is curbed, declared the mayor. He announced he would make a personal tour of popular street-walker corners to study the problem first hand — from a police car.

tution, which, despite the voluminous talk and writing about the subject, have been largely ignored.

The issues are:

- Whether prostitution should or shouldn't be a crime (and concomitantly, whether soliciting should be removed from, or retained in, the Criminal Code).
- How to get prostitution off the streets (which is the real concern of civic officials, although they occasionally pretend they're fascinated by the "deeper" issues).
- The lives of prostitutes themselves.

(A fourth problem, juvenile prostitution, was dragged into the spotlight this summer, but it is so transparently a cover for other moral concerns, and can be handled so adequately under legal provisions for juveniles, that it barely deserves mention when talking about prostitution — although, certainly, youth problems are a legitimate issue in their own right.)

At the heart of the Criminal Code is the notion of legal harm. If you harm someone or some property, it's a crime. That is, at best, a shaky ground on which to curb someone's liberty because of prostitution. Worse, there is a glaring and possibly fatal contradiction: if prostitution isn't a crime, why should soliciting for prostitution be more objectionable than soliciting for automobiles?

The foregoing, more or less, has been pointed out innumerable times by the B.C. Civil Liberties Association in briefs urging the federal government not to toughen soliciting laws but to abolish them. It is just the sort of clear thinking that Volrich prefers not to share.

What he thinks about is getting prostitution off the streets. But on that, as on other moral matters, the Thoughts of (Police Board) Chairman Jack have been safely shallow, they have been remarkably ineffective.

If we grant for a moment that there is

some need to get prostitution off the streets, the pragmatic question is: if there's no legal justification for getting it off the streets, are there any alternatives to simply putting up with it?

The answer is: yes. Persuade the prostitutes to move indoors.

Although at first glance that may seem outlandish, it isn't so impractical. In fact until some bright-eyed civic official with the police commission decided to close down Joe Philliponi's Penthouse Cabaret in 1975, a good deal of prostitution was off the streets and discreetly sequestered in various nightspots.

Instead of persecuting prostitutes, it might make more sense for police, prostitutes, elected officials, and owners of straight and gay nightclubs to sit down together and agree to move the trade indoors, a solution that would benefit business, probably be more convenient for customers, and keep prostitutes from catching cold during the rainy season.

Of course such a cheerful solution might not produce as many votes as would loud moralizing. For a mayor like Volrich, who tends to substitute mausoleums such as convention centres and stadiums for concern with housing and transportation, and morality for civic democracy and community, that might not be the most attractive resolution of the problem.

In all the salacious hubbub there has seldom been an expression of concern for the people at the centre of the activity, the prostitutes themselves. There is harm in prostitution, and it's the prostitutes who suffer the harm. The only place where that has been adequately discussed is in the literature produced by the women's movement (unfortunately not the sort of thing on most mayors' reading lists).

Kinesis, the Vancouver Status of Women newspaper, carried a lengthy discussion of prostitution in its May 1979 issue. "The law does not prohibit prostitution. It punishes its visibility," the feminist paper said. Kinesis's insight is that sexual barter isn't exclusive to prostitutes and their customers, but is common in most sexual relationships between men and women. The "problem" of prostitution is that it reminds people of that reality.

Rather than seeing prostitution as violating some moral boundary, the women's movement sensibly argues that it should be viewed as part of the continuum of women's oppression. While in a sense prostitution strips away the hypocrisy that shrouds sexual relationships, its dominant characteristics are the degradation, misuse, and devaluation of women.

As well, there is the harm, which is not simply psychological, but physical — prostitutes have shorter lifespans, increased subjection to physical violence, subjugation by pimps, and association with drugs and crime. And to add insult to injury, there is persecution by legal means, which is directed almost solely at women.

The feminists do not concur in the simplistic solutions favored by mayors and constables. For a variety of social and economic reasons feminists believe prostitution will continue. Their short-term proposal is simply to do away with laws relating to prostitution.

There is no evidence that Mayor Volrich is troubled by these weighty matters. He's too busy, cruising the streets, on the lookout for vice. □

Next Issue:

The next issue of *In a Nutshell*, due for early January, will feature a major interview with a prominent MPA member, a report on the Other Holocaust, and a host of news and views, short stories, and photographs. The *Nutshell* committee welcomes submissions from all readers. They should be typed or well-written on doubled spaced lined paper. Deadline for the next issue is November 15. Please hand submissions to Jane in the office.