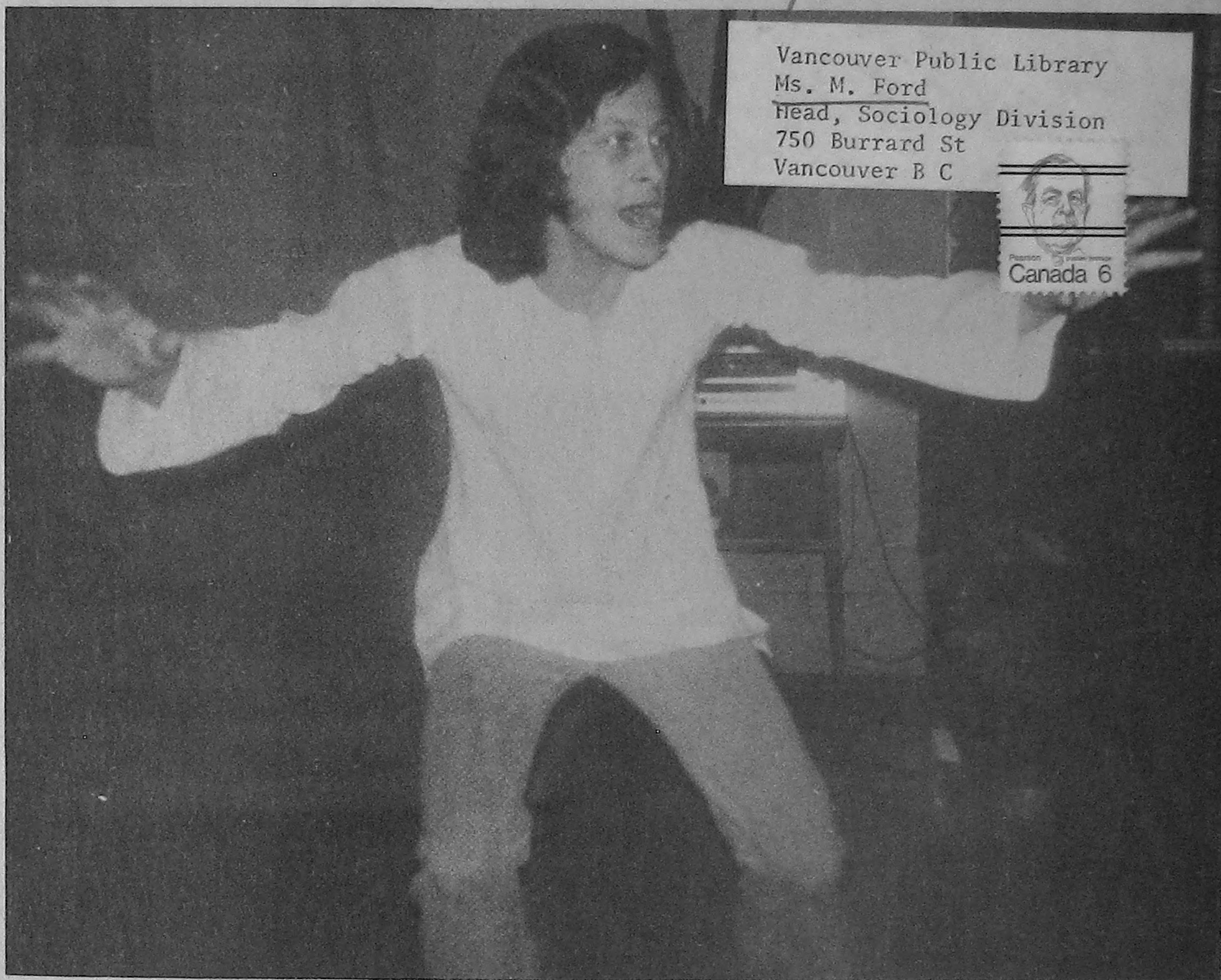


IN A NUTSHELL

VOL. 3, No. 8

MENTAL PATIENTS ASSOCIATION NEWSLETTER

MAY - 1975



Vancouver Public Library
Ms. M. Ford
Head, Sociology Division
750 Burrard St
Vancouver B C



FLASH — MPA BEATS ARTS CLUB
first baseball win in four seasons!

GENERAL ELECTIONS ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4TH: 7:30 P.M. 2146 YEW ST. TELEPHONE 738-5177. 2 office co-ordinators, 1 research co-ordinator, 1 secretary, 2 transportation co-ordinators, 6 drop-in co-ordinators, 10 residence co-ordinators. (see page 1)

mpa general elections

Every six months at MPA all co-ordinator positions are once again open for election to anyone interested in running. The purpose of our bi-annual general elections is to encourage as many people as possible to get involved - not just old members but new people wanting to work and learn at MPA.

Fairly recently we established a policy of hiring at least 50% ex-patients to co-ordinating positions. We hope this policy will help overcome some of the difficulties in job finding for ex-patients and in turn maintain a good balance of viewpoints. For everyone, it offers a chance to work within a system of mutual support and to experience something about everything in general.

The elections start off with each candidate giving a short talk on themselves and why they would like to work for MPA. This is followed by a 5 minute period of questions and comments from the floor. After all candidates have spoken for a particular position, ballots are cast and counted and then the next position is considered.

Members of the elections committee this time round are:

Nancy Smith: 738-5177 or 738-1422

Bonnie Martin 253-6996

Bill Carter 874-9422

Rick Mennie 738-5177

For more information give one of us a call or better still, come to the drop-in at 2146 Yew.St. and get acquainted with us in person as soon as possible. Applications must be submitted by 4:30 p.m., June 4th. You may submit a written application or just give your name to Jane Mullens, our secretary. It is advisable to try and come around and introduce yourself before election night. The salary is \$563/mo. The elections start promptly at 7:30 p.m. June 4th, 2146 Yew St.

Everyone is welcome whether you are running for a position or not.

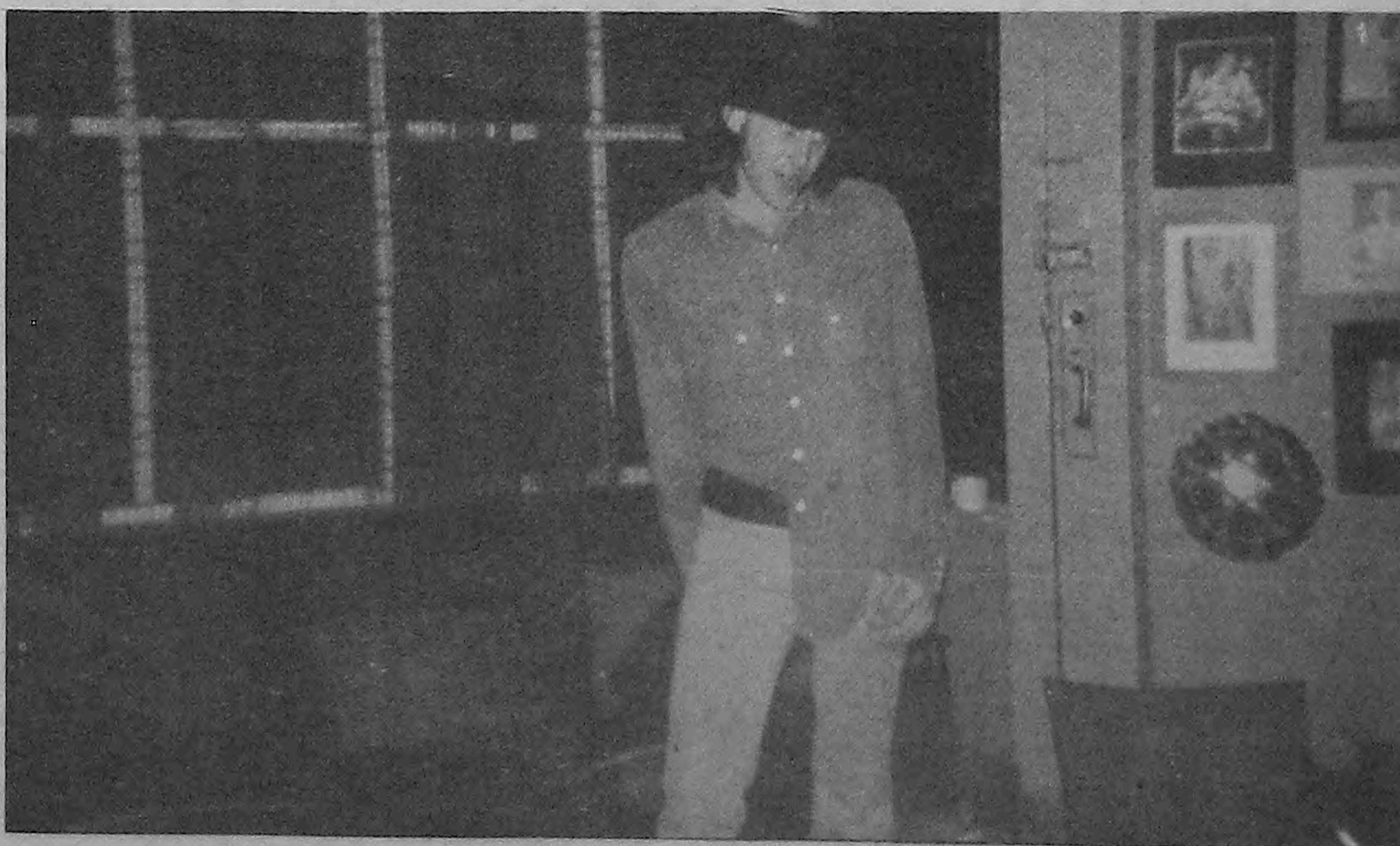
There are 22 positions to be elected:

- 2 office co-ordinators
- 1 research co-ordinator
- 1 secretary
- 2 transportation co-ordinators
- 6 drop-in co-ordinators
- 10 residence co-ordinators

Two all candidates meetings will be held on May 21 and 28th at 1 p.m. to give a brief description of positions available and answer any questions.



Three candidates running for a position at a previous election put on by the MPA drama group.



Lloyd, our transportation coordinator has resigned to go travelling. His position is up for grabs at the election.

Come to the MPA drop-in centre for the day where you are welcome to sit around and talk to ex-patients, play pool, take part in any activities, drink coffee, use the phone, etc.

MPA co-ordinators will be glad to talk to you about housing in Vancouver, your legal problems, where to find inexpensive restaurants at reasonable prices, places to go for entertainment or dancing, hostels where you can spend the night if you have a weekend pass, and bus tours of the city.

HOW DO YOU GET HERE?

Catch the 933 Lougheed Pt. Coquitlam bus at the Tuck Shop. Get off at Hastings and Granville Sts. in downtown Vancouver. Transfer to a 10 UBC or a 7 Dunbar bus and get off at Broadway and Yew Sts. Then walk down Yew to 6th Ave.

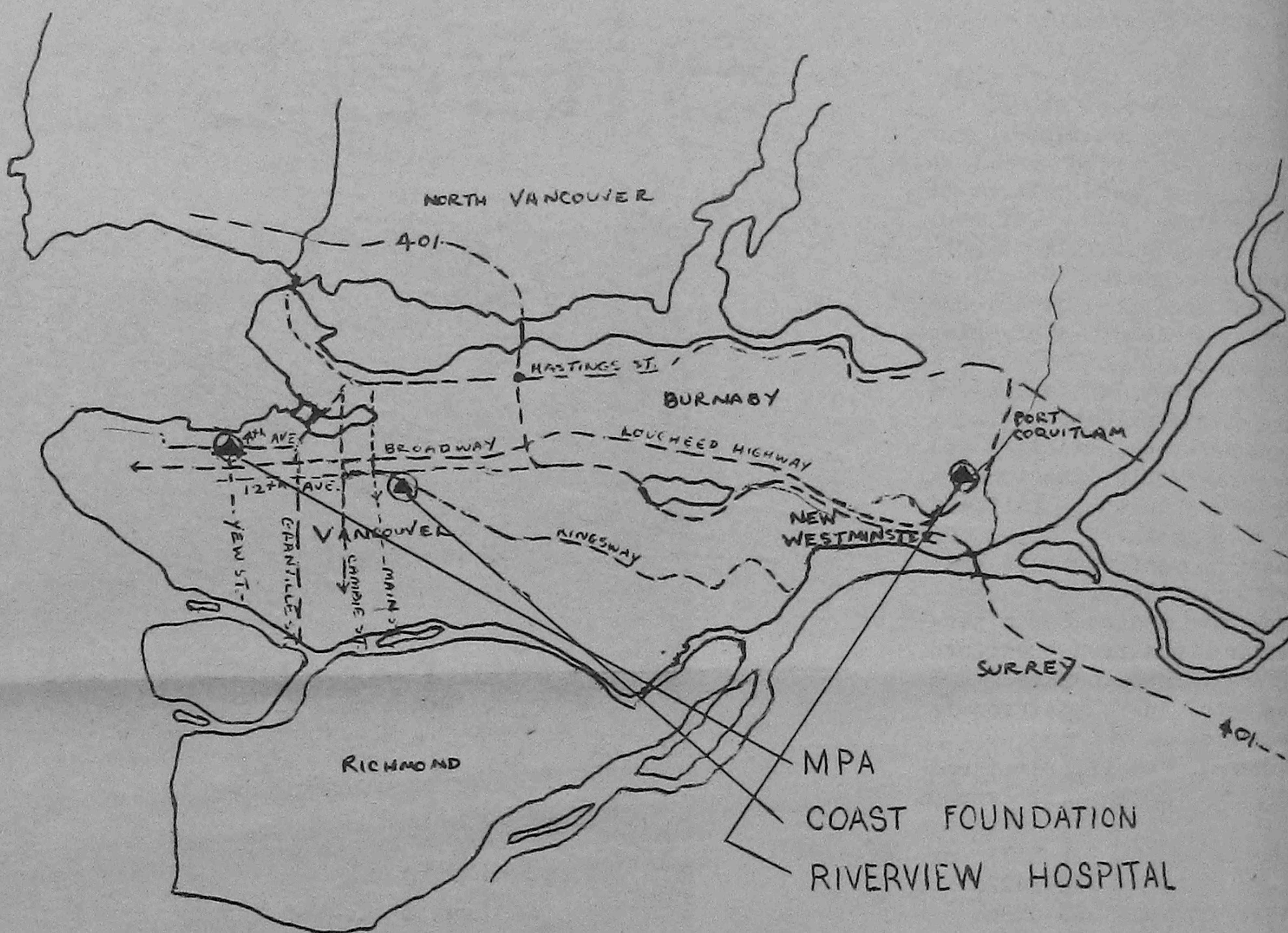
WHERE ELSE TO GO?

If you'd like to go to the Coast Foundation Drop-in Centre, 876 E. 18th Ave., travel to town the same way but get off the 933 Lougheed bus at Main and Hastings. Walk up to Pender & Main and transfer to 19 Kingsway. Get off at 18th and Kingsway. See you soon!

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

Buy a 50¢ bus pass on Sunday and you can travel on it all day. At other times fare is 25¢ from 10-3 every day and after 7 every night. It's 40¢ other times.

got a day pass? NOWHERE TO GO? come to mpa



CHANGES IN VOP

From now on the people of VOP will have to come in and sign registration forms every six months and also be reviewed by their social worker at this time. The registration paper work will waste the time and energy of the executive quite effectively. Not only that, new people coming on the programme will have to lose the day care subsidy as they are only allowed to claim \$25 no matter how many children they have needing day care. This will be a great hardship for the single mothers particularly. It will only be a matter of time before all day care is taken off the VOP people's allowances.

Transportation allowances are being knocked down to \$4 maximum from \$15. To get

the \$4, you must come down individually to the local community resources board to claim it every month and stand in line. How humiliating and unnecessary. The handicapped people will not be able to do this as they will have no way of getting there. So we have the two groups who need VOP most, single mothers and handicapped hurt by these moves.

It is time VOP members realize the serious threat of these moves by the VRB. I personally would like to see all people in VOP at MPA to attend the next general meeting as we will discuss what to do about this serious threat to our program.

ELSIE OSTERMEIR

WOMEN'S PAPER IS BACK!!

THE PEDESTAL IS BACK! The Pedestal will be publishing again soon. We are a new collective and we're coming out as a lesbian-feminist newspaper. Our focus is on women creating alternatives to the patriarchy. Hopefully the paper will be every other month and will feature analysis of the women's movement, international women's struggles, true life lesbian adventures, reports from different parts of B.C. and Canada, columns on her-story, art and music, city and country survival skills, food magic and much much more. FIRST ISSUE AVAILABLE FROM: THE PEDESTAL COLLECTIVE, 6854 INVERNESS, VANCOUVER, 324-2421; and WOMEN'S BOOKSTORE, 804 RICHARDS. Contributions and support welcomed. Yearly subscriptions \$3.00. Donations will be much appreciated as we did not receive any funding.

DESIGNED ?

dear

Unfortunately I was resigned to reading a letter "designed" to lead the "simple minded", unsuspecting MPA membership down the garden path.

For openers, the article was a cleverly conceived piece of contradiction and condescension. Note your own words: "DIC coordinators spend most of their time and emotional energy dealing with being treated as an orderly..." Next paragraph you say: I think this happens partially because coordinators are elected because they are together...", - later you say: "to survive in hospital you have to learn to stay on the best side of the nurses and orderlies..." - "you learn to get along with the power people", and "you also learn how to play with their minds".

So far, the quote DIC coordinators unquote seem to be getting the short end of the stick - "treated" as orderlies, having their minds "played with" by designing ex-mental patients who know the ropes. By the way - do you?

After this attempt to portray DIC coordinators as power people (obviously your intent, but your point not necessarily made), and simultaneously as pawns to MPA members' "diabolical minds", you slither into an allegory involving some apartment building (MPA's intended one I hope), where a horrible accident kills a person through what appears to be sheer clumsiness. (Is this a resignation or a mystery novel?). Could he have been pushed, etc. Now, thank God you get through to the first really meaty contradiction. Remember how the coordinators were being "mindfucked"? Well, suddenly, the first reason for a huge member-paid member gap goes like this: "getting paid for being a member is indicative that you are pretty important to MPA so you are treated as such". Instantly through the power of your



denis

magic fingers, coordinators are not being "mindfucked" anymore but are respected, even important. So important that only "we" receive any "information-power" from the God of MPA. Personally, the members keep me posted - I'm too busy being "manipulated" to hear God's edicts.

Denis, don't you ever proof read what you write? Because as you unceremoniously make us "high priests" you are also writing in ever-decreasing circles.

And you bet your booties that we burn out sometimes. You ought to know. Of course 9 coordinators sharing the work would be easier for all. Don't forget that Humphrey does do a lot around the Drop-In. Jane does the massive amount of correspondence plus answering

calls, many from members. Stan is more low profile, but we wouldn't be where we are now "structurally" without his business knowledge and horse sense with people. Finally, when Barry isn't helping people, erotically bent, at home, he is dealing continually with the same thing at the Drop-In.

Your "collective" idea has merit, Denis, but over all you've said a lot and you've said very little.

A contradiction to ponder.

I'm getting tired of writing now, but just remember that MPA members are indeed not stupid, and throughout your article you treated them as 7 year olds. I'm sure we realize a "collective" is a group of people who meet to do a particular duty. That, my friend, is what MPA is, or had you not noticed?

And is it a crummy place? I notice you drop in more regularly now than when you were a "high priest". Also, MPA will change as time goes on, not to meet your needs, but rather all the members needs.

Yours,
William Helem.

DENIS



BILL

MPA THEATRE GROUP RESURRECTS GENERAL MEETING

For three weeks preceding the General Meeting the MPA theatre group held underground, secret, clandestine and elusive meetings at a hidden rendezvous and the Arts Club. The purpose of these mystic trysts was to become evident at the General Meeting under the agenda item of "surprise".

Of course when surprise came up there was a chorus of "We're not ready yet" so the meeting dealt with a few more agenda items and then came the long awaited surprise. "We're ready" Denis Blue announced. He proceeded to introduce three candidates that were running for the office position. Candidates were: Ashita Pentex, Melvin Twit and Rock Garden. The speeches were a bit confusing for people who are not accustomed to MPA meetings as all three candidates spoke at once but seasoned MPA veterans understood every word and elected Rock Garden by a landslide.

The next big event was "Terry Tremalo and the Outpatients Side Effects Choir" in their stunning rendition of the old Beatles pop song "What would I do if I ran out of tranks" or "I get by with a little help from our shrinks" followed by Professor Huber from Germany.

The Professor with his regurgitating drain, incestuous in vein, kept compelling those wishing to attend the washrooms in agony while discoursing on his personal theory beyond personal comprehension. His new book "101 Personal Crises You Can Evoke at Will For Profit and Pleasure" is now available



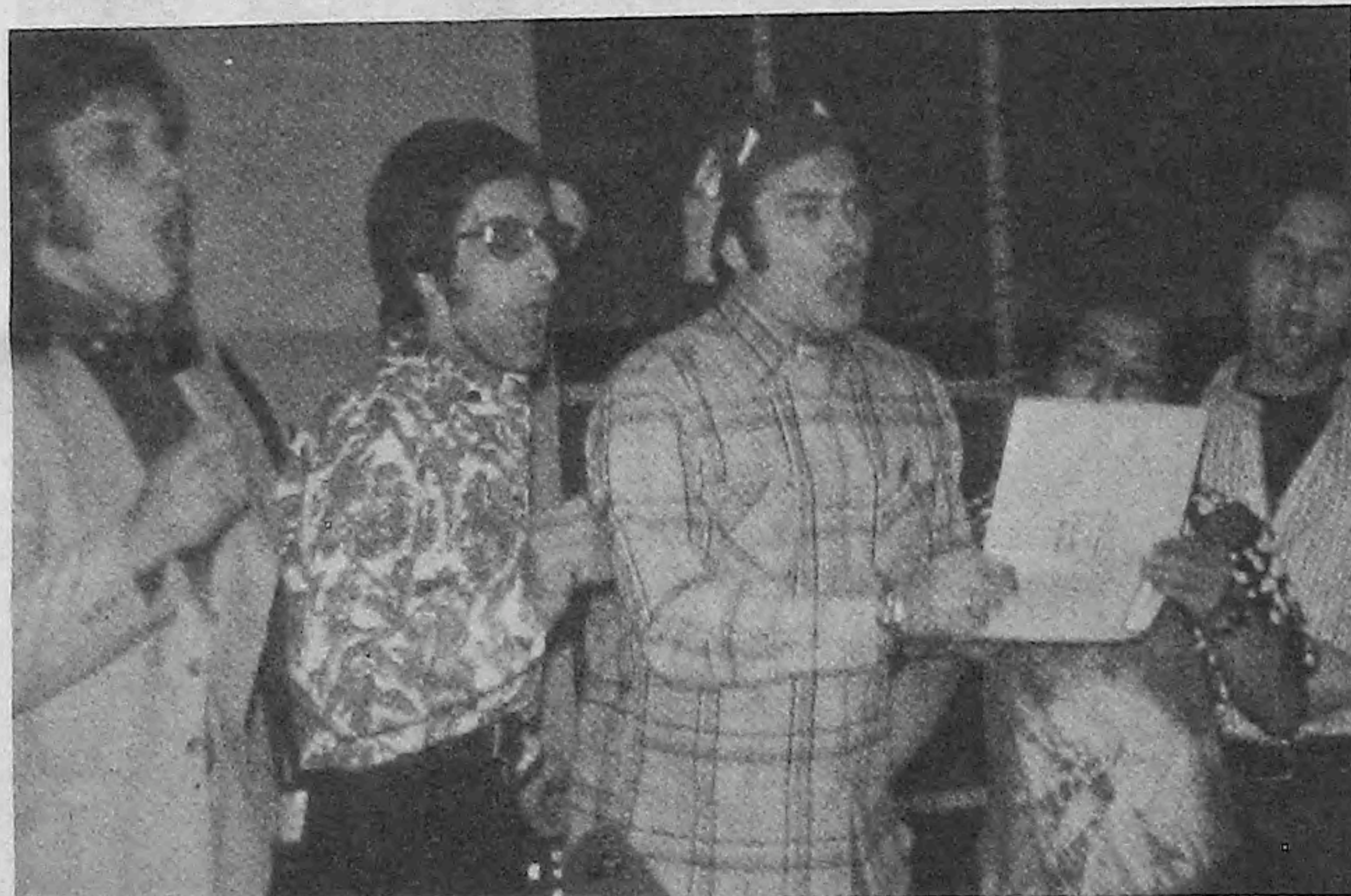
DIRECTOR

at 1000 Masochist Ave., Bullturkey, New York. Despite the serious nature of the lecture there were a few moments of enlightening kindness as when the professor returned the tennis ball he snatched from Nancy Smith when she picked him up at the airport.

The next speaker introduced was the Right Reverend Oral Fixation making his west coast debut in Vancouver under contract to Moneybone Productions. After a brief discourse on his views he proceeded to show the amazing power behind his convictions as he administered to one poor soul and in the name of the mighty powers of MPA compelled him to rise from his fetal position on the floor and take his place among the co-ordinated of MPA.

The program was rounded off by Terry Tremalo and the Outpatients Side Effects Choir in their rendition of the MPA song. Terry and the group will be cutting a demo record to be sent to all the major music industries and expect their first album "Looney Tunes" to be released soon so watch for that one.

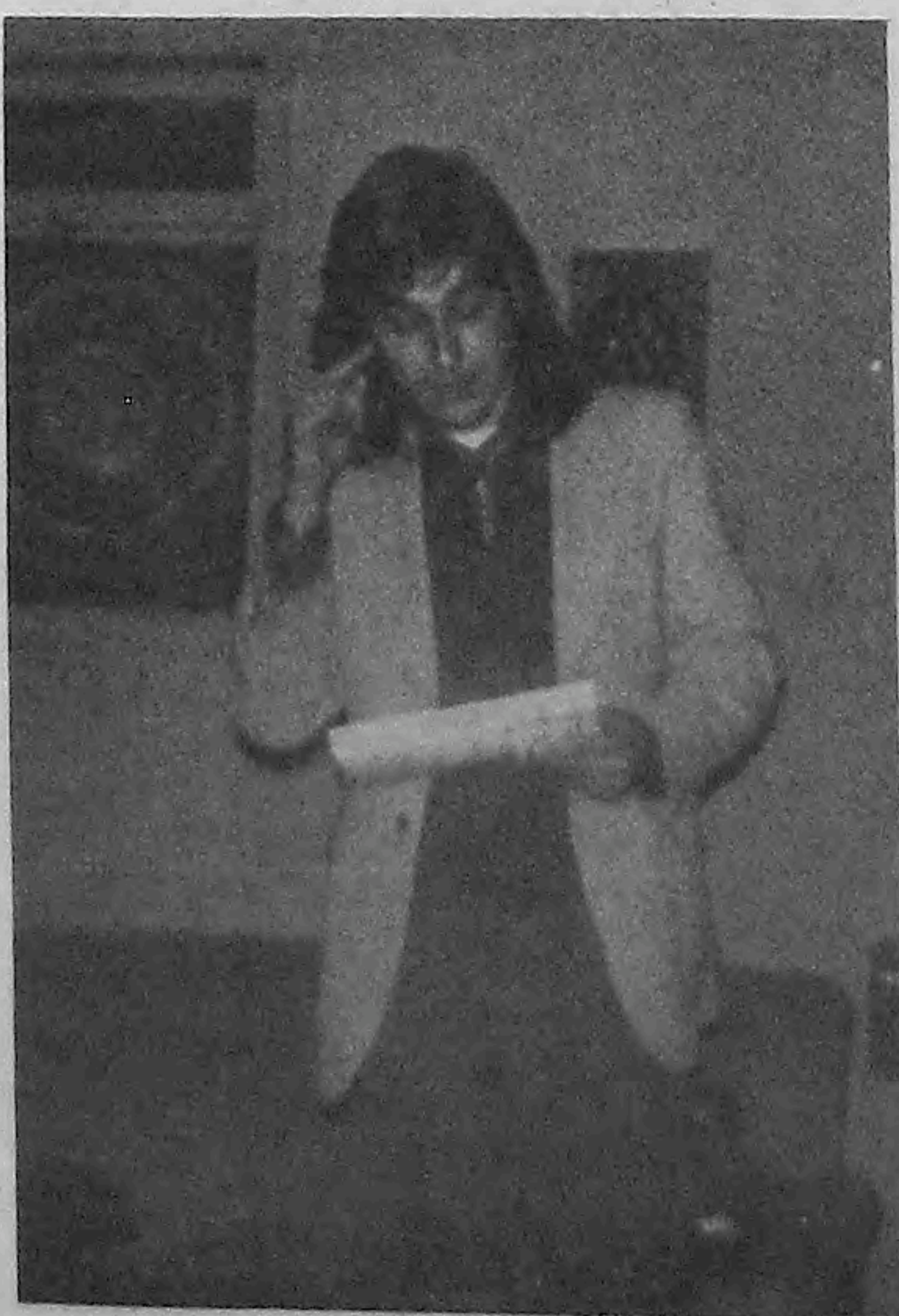
In conclusion, Mr. Gary Pogral, director and arranger of the fiasco has asked me to express his dismay at the lack of response and appreciation by the audience and his regret that since no one enjoyed the performance, the drama group wishes to make it known that we shall not return again.



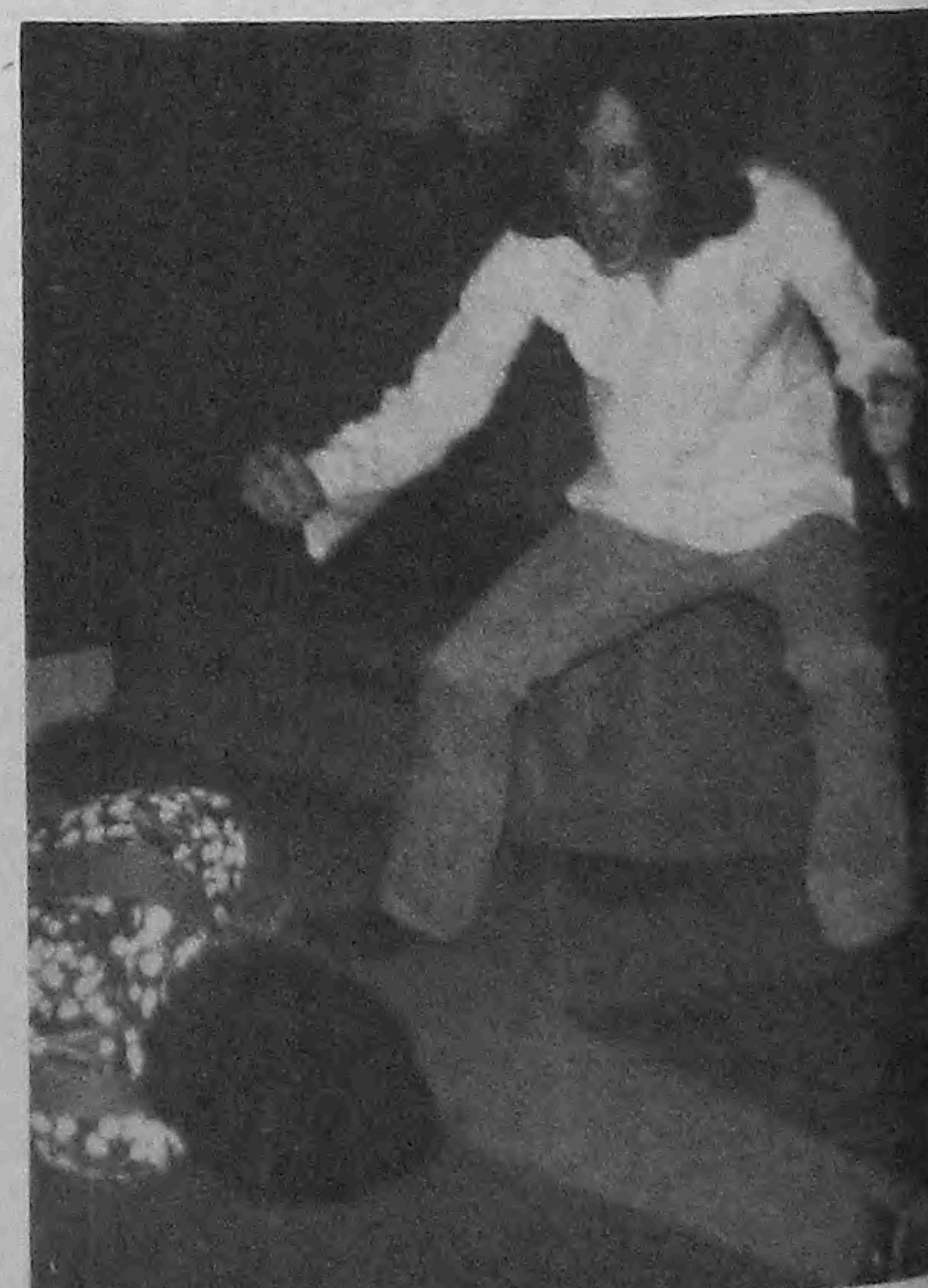
TERRY TREMALO AND THE OUTPATIENTS SIDE EFFECTS CHOIR



THE RIGHT REVEREND ORAL FIXATION



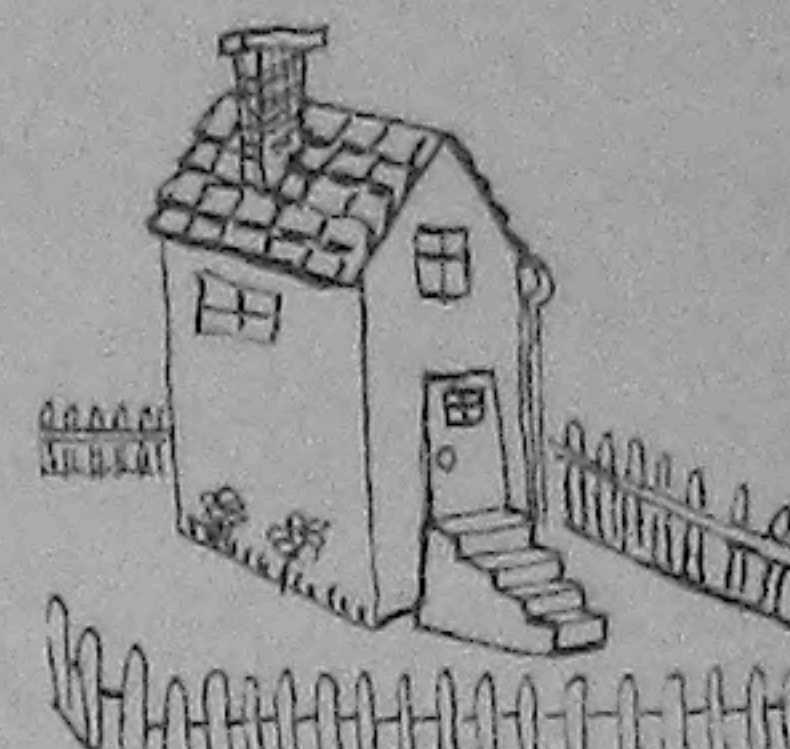
DR. HUBER



THE RIGHT REVEREND ORAL FIXATION

VEEC.

VANCOUVER EMOTIONAL
EMERGENCY CENTRE
NEEDS OUR SUPPORT



V.E.E.C. is unique. The Vancouver Emotional Emergency Centre is a home, a community, a sanctuary, a family, a place to come when you're freaked out. I came to work at VEEC last October. I had just spent two years at graduate school getting an M.S.W. and getting frustrated by the work situations that I found myself in, where I was part of a hierarchical power structure in which "the clients" were practically some separate species. Societally imposed rules were keeping me locked into a space of being a perpetual "helper" for someone who was bound by their role and social station to be a perpetual help-ee.

This is where VEEC comes in. Ideally VEEC represents a way of life where roles are minimized and flexible. As much as I help you today, you help me tomorrow. My helping a person consists of opening them to their strengths and exploring the personal and societal roots of the problem that brought them to VEEC. Together we learn how to feel, respond, support, and act upon the world around us.

A person in a life-crisis will find VEEC to be like an emotional first-aid station, providing nurturance, support and counselling in a home setting. Our work includes getting to know the person and developing a sense of trust; determining the source of a person's pain and encouraging them to express feelings openly and honestly; helping to establish honest, cooperative relationships among residents, volunteers and staff; and assisting a person in the discovery of alternate ways of living which will help the person cope better with future life crises.

The staff is a collective of twelve people. No one is the boss all the time. We take turns doing the things that need to be done, like serving on various committees. We take turns chairing

the business meetings, presenting staff enrichment programs, facilitating house group meetings. We work at being open and caring with one another. We are committed to our own personal growth and development.

This seems to have some kind of effect on the atmosphere here at VEEC. People who come to VEEC often say simply that it feels good. What does that mean specifically? People are allowed to freak out; allowed to feel bummed out, angry, hateful, ecstatic. People are really listened to. Their feelings are heard. This is a contrast to traditional psychiatry's "feeling-clouting" response to freak-outs. The deadening effects of prescribed mood-altering drugs do nothing to get to the source of a person's freak out. VEEC is a drug-free environment.

We attempt to focus on encouraging each other to take personal responsibility for getting our needs met. A person who comes to VEEC would probably find themselves spending a lot of time talking with staff, volunteers, other residents or doing life-positive things like going for a walk, watching the sun go down, learning how to macrame, helping prepare a meal or awareness games. It can be a time out from daily life to take a look at oneself.

We feel VEEC is an important complement to existing Vancouver mental health services. It is a 24-hour residence crisis facility. It provides a sane health-promoting approach to dealing with people's emotional crises. The per diem cost of residency at VEEC is much lower than any other inpatient facility in Vancouver, (\$49 per day at VEEC as compared to \$76 per day at V.G.H.). Approximately 85% of staff time is spent in direct contact with the residents.

There has been a 54% increase in use of psychiatric facilities in B.C. over the past year. At the same time bed-patient ratio is decreasing. This gap is partially filled by VEEC which in the past year housed approximately 276 people. Approximately 400 requests for residence were turned away because we were filled to capacity.

In short we have proved ourselves as a viable mental health crisis facility, providing an alternative to hospitalization in a psychiatric hospital or no treatment at all.

THE FUNDING FUSS

We will be running out of funding at the end of June 1975, and cease to exist as a service in Vancouver, unless the Departments of Human Resources and Health come to some recognition of the need for the facility and agreement to cost-sharing. We have received funding from L.I.P. and the Non-Medical Use of Drugs Commission.

You can help by writing letters of support to VEEC (220 west 6th) and to any people that you know who may have power and influence. The volunteer program is an important part of VEEC. If you have energy to put out in this direction call about the next volunteer training session (872-7914); there will also be a benefit dance for VEEC on May 31st at Kits House, 2305 W 7th -foot-stomping hoe-down music.... live. Your support would be greatly appreciated and you stand a chance of having the time of your life.

We don't want this humane low-cost, community - based response to the increasing demands for psychiatric facilities to pass on like so many other good projects which have been denied funds on the arbitrary whims of government.

CATHY KIDD

We weep together
Your tears blind my eyes and
my heart tears.

Low in a nest of wheat and
thistles the seagull is left
behind.
A remembrance of the casual
wave and sunlight vaguely
distant.

Blistering heat pounds upon
the hollow wing
Hardly leaving room for the
gentle breeze which dies as
soon as it begins.
Yet there is time to carry
it further and he breathes a
wistful sigh--
A gentle smile welcoming the
smooth wave of air.

Blinded and wounded the
struggle is long
Amidst sharp pangs from
thistle spears.
He fears surrender which his
shield will not allow to
pass.

Death may come -- lie still
No need to suffer pain.
The blood-soaked wheat is in
sympathy with each throb of
a distant drum to which sor-
row has no part...
But don 't leave me here with
a bullet in my chest.

BEV MENNIE

Red Kites
red cellophane kites
shaped like a dog
that howls
at blue clouds
clenched into a fist
changing sexes at will
to please the muses
libra on the scales
sunday looking east
into a tunnel of noise
never hearing
stars explode
never hearing
dogs burning

Gordie Williams



can you hear my whisper
Among the golden women
Whom you have met
This present time?
They cannot have a soul
to bow and sing before.
The unknown will soon con-
quer the breath of absurdity
Which dwells in your house.
The truth can whisper
Through your draughty door
and bring an aroma
far sweeter than any you can
imagine
Let it drift by
And you will wither too.

BEV MENNIE

THE VILLAGE

Raven wears a hat
and a man in his wings
carries the sun
in his mouth
places it in a box
drums throb at his approach
nite slides thru his eyes
with a forest full of lies
some were poisoned
some will grieve
villages climbing the totem
o tribes ago in silver
o clans ago whispering
in golden discs

Gordie Williams

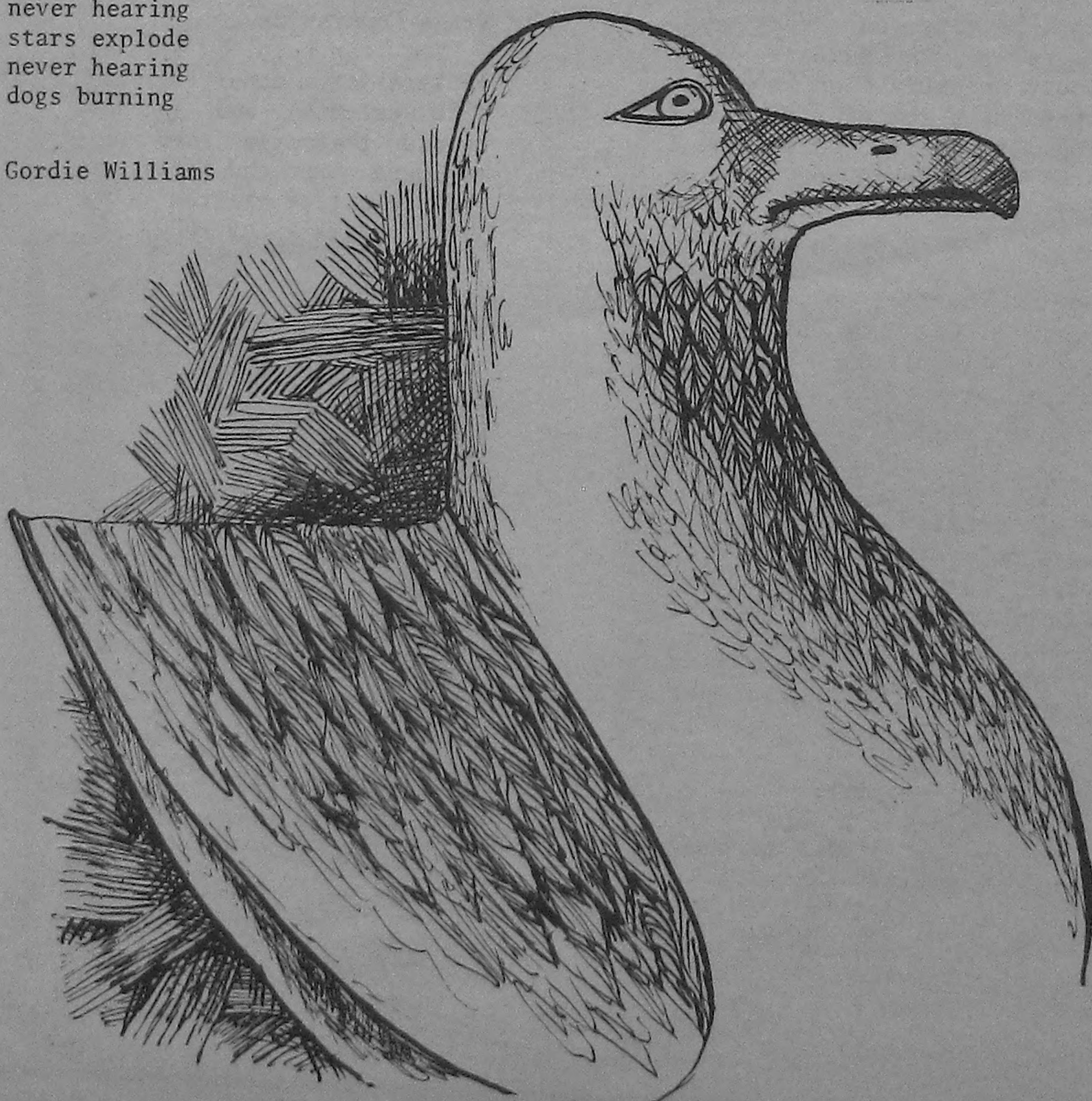
BURIAL

I wear a stovepipe
to the funeral
playing the last rite
on a cigarette
ashes in the wind
tell of flowers
he will be
even I see his
boneshape
imprinted
upon the water
or in candleflame

Gordie Williams

River's Blood
did you look after my land
in my moments of dejection
I've returned from the down-
trodden
I come with rifle
death in my left hand
clenched like your face
my moccasins trample stone
into earth and make die
out of your shape
til there's nothing but bone
you're my enemy
from across the water
yet our blood type
is the same as the river's

Gordie Williams



MPA SMOKERS

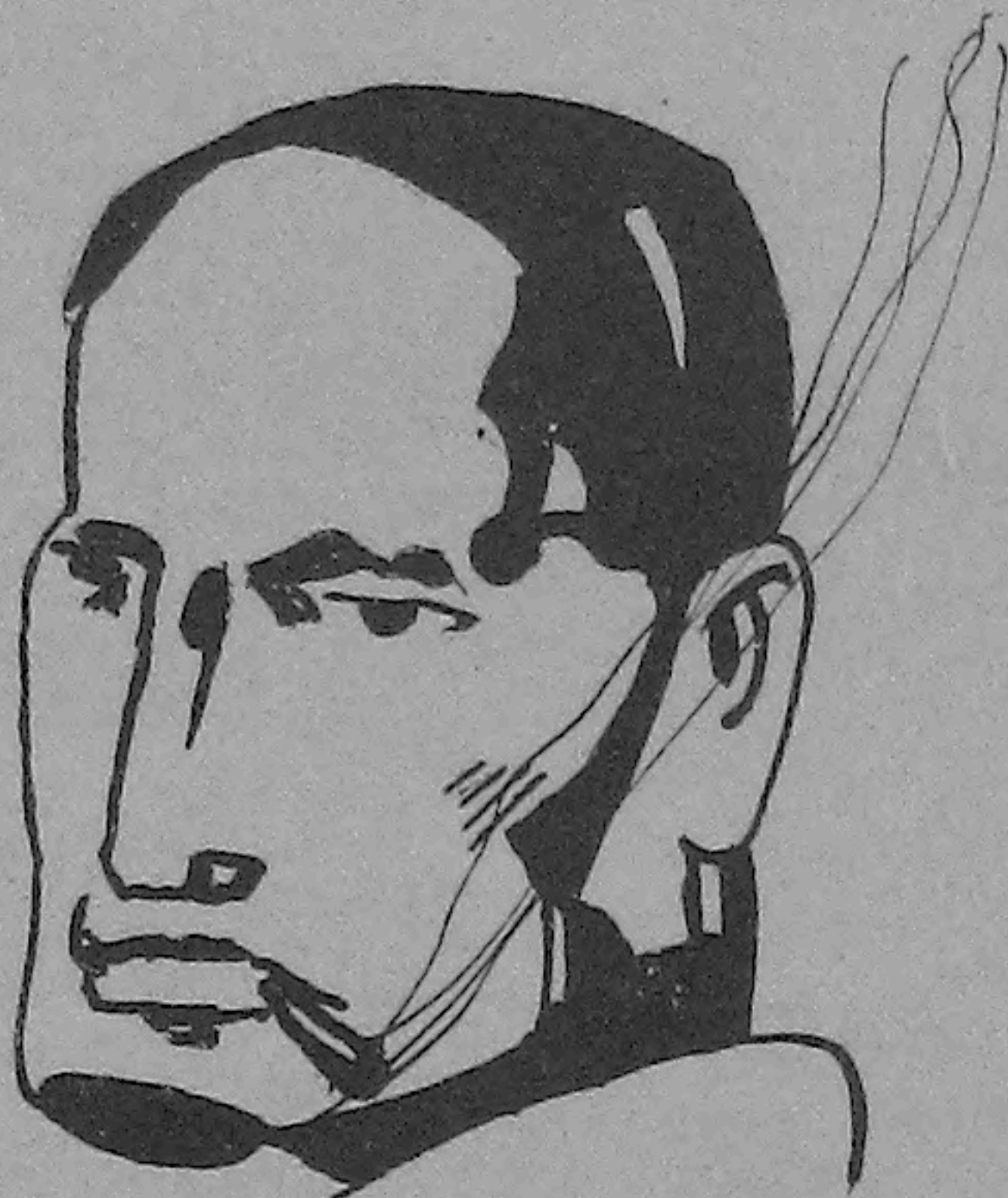
His mouth is a furnace
 smoke flowers puff
 and hiss with every breath
 each blossom dissolves
 blue grey mist

he inhales
 and his pink eyes flicker

i cough

his face smoulders
 with every cough

Lid Strand



NICOTINE

My lips are trembling
 My fingers are numb
 For a cigarette
 I'd kiss your bum.
 And without one
 I will suck my thumb.

Oh nicotine,
 my lungs are green
 I need to toke,
 Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!
 I'm a slave to my cigarette
 One puff is not enough.

And I'd rather be seen
 By a cigarette machine
 Than in a padded cell
 In my own private hell
 Without my NICOTINE.

This Mistress

comes in the night
 past rock 'n' roll strollers
 & boulevards of candlelight.

Shining On!

She bites his teeth
 & the sound of metal & mercury
 fills the room

& this manboy raven from Venus
 with hands of milk
 tied around his back

waits.....

for

The Last Long Lash

..remains.....

until he learns to forget,
 this manboy with hands of milk
 that play upon the strings of harmony.

She's a robber of painful memories
 with her claws digging into his back
 to relieve the sting of sure-fire grief
 she's a robber that comes in the night
 this mistress on an astral flight.

Olaf Wirsching

Dr. Samuel Lickelock

I once knew a man who suffered
 so exquisitely that his
 eyes were perpetually wild
 with an adverse fire.

He could stand for hours and
 menace the wind with his
 taunts and complaints.

In poetry he imitated Frost
 In conduct he imitated
 America.

He told me that ye shall enter
 the kingdom howling.
 But I didn't believe him.
 He was crazy, wasn't he?





spectacular discovery

I went into Riverview twenty years ago. I had many shock treatments. I have been on heavy medication for almost twenty years but nothing helped me. I've had trouble with my eyes all this time. I've had double vision. I've had my eyes tested many times, but I always pass the eye test and the doctor says there is no-

thing wrong with my eyes. Last December I had my eyes tested and I passed the eye test again but I told the doctor I wanted glasses anyway because I see double all the time. I got the glasses and that changed everything. I was taking 300 milligrams of pills a day when I got the glasses and now I am

only taking 50 milligrams a day. My doctor says I am ready to go to work. I feel great and I really feel like working for the first time in twenty years. All because I got these glasses, I have been looking for work.

Edwin Henry.

S. N. A. T. T. I.

There's an old army expression, SNAFU, which stands for: "Situation Normal All Fucked Up." This expression has always appealed to me because of its use of the word "Normal." I visualize it thusly:

Situation "Normal"
(all fucked up)

Even so, I suspect that the expression is not completely satisfying to the average mental patient. For one thing, the phrase "all fucked up" is vague - it lacks precise information content and is therefore intellectually unsatisfying. As, some people don't use coarse language.

I said to myself, room for improvement there must

be a way to precisely pinpoint the peculiar nature of normal situations."

"I suppose so," myself replied, (I frequently discuss things with myself), "You know it must be short and snappy so why not 'SNATTI'?"

"Of course!" I responded, "That's it."

SNATTI

SITUATION NORMAL
ABSURDITY TENDING TOWARD INFINITY

"Come, Come," me interrupted, "You must realize that SNATTI implies a mathematical relationship and that would require a unit of absurdity, which would be absurd of course. Besides, all that you can really say at this point is that absur-

dity varies directly as normalcy increases - or is it inversely?"

"To determine this experimentally it is necessary to define a unit of absurdity, which would naturally be one 'absurd' and a unit of normalcy - perhaps a 'normal', and then develop a technique of measurement for the absurdity and normalcy of situations. Then, of course, you measure the absurdity and normalcy of a large random sample of human situations and publish the results."

"Publish or perish" I replied.

"Isn't that absurd," said myself.

"It's normal in research" said me.

LEN LORIMER

come laugh

Linda Haidei.

There's a new tranquilizer out that doesn't relax you but lets you enjoy being uptight.

BBB

A fellow went to his doctor and said "Doctor I'm very worried. I keep thinking I'm a pack of biscuits."

Doctor says "Those little square ones?"

"Yes" he says.

"Then" Doctor says "You must be crackers!"

BBB

Talk to me in schizophrenic. "I'm sorry, I'm of that nationality but I don't know the language."

BBB

Did you hear:

About the psychiatrist who specialized in very insecure people, he has a couch with a safety belt!

BBB

About the new miracle drug that has no side effects? That's the miracle.

BBB

Life is like a game of cards
When you're in love it's hearts
When you're engaged it's diamonds
When you're married it's clubs.
But when you die it's spades

BBB

Do not fear going forward slowly. Fear only to stand still.

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If you want to avoid criticism say nothing, do nothing and be nothing.

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"I suppose so," myself replied, (I frequently discuss things with myself), "You know it must be short and snappy so why not 'SNATTI'?"

"Of course!" I responded, "That's it."

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problem letter

I received a letter from a girl who lives in Winnipeg who asked me for advice. She feels that she has a problem. I personally don't think so, but I'll let you be the judge.

Dear Sir:

I'm in trouble and need your help. I am twenty six years of age. I take dope, drink, smoke, use obscene language, dress sloppily, very seldom take a bath and constantly read comic books. I feel that I am a healthy normal Canadian girl. I have loving parents, my mother loves the man next door and my father loves the woman across the street. They let me have a pet. I have a large collie dog. I shaved all the hair off him and painted him to look like a zebra. He looks cute but he sure doesn't like me. I had a younger brother, but he got lost one day when we went into the country to have a picnic. He wandered away and we just didn't bother looking for him. I have plenty of money because every week when my dad gets his pay we have a poker game and I cheat. My lover lives down the street, he is a doctor. Dr. Jeckle to be precise. He is a very strange person, he sometimes takes a frothy drink that

changes his personality and his appearance. Hair appears all over his face and huge fangs shoot out of his mouth. I don't like him when he is like this because I feel that he must waste a lot of money buying toothpaste to clean his damned fangs.

To get to my problem. Lately I feel as if I am falling in love with his brother. His brother has been a hopeless idiot since birth. He babbles a lot and eats food with his hands and is very sloppy but I feel that he would have a great future as a politician. On the other hand Dr. Jeckle would never be home as you know doctors don't make house calls. Should I marry Dr. Jeckle or the idiot. I await your decision on this important matter.

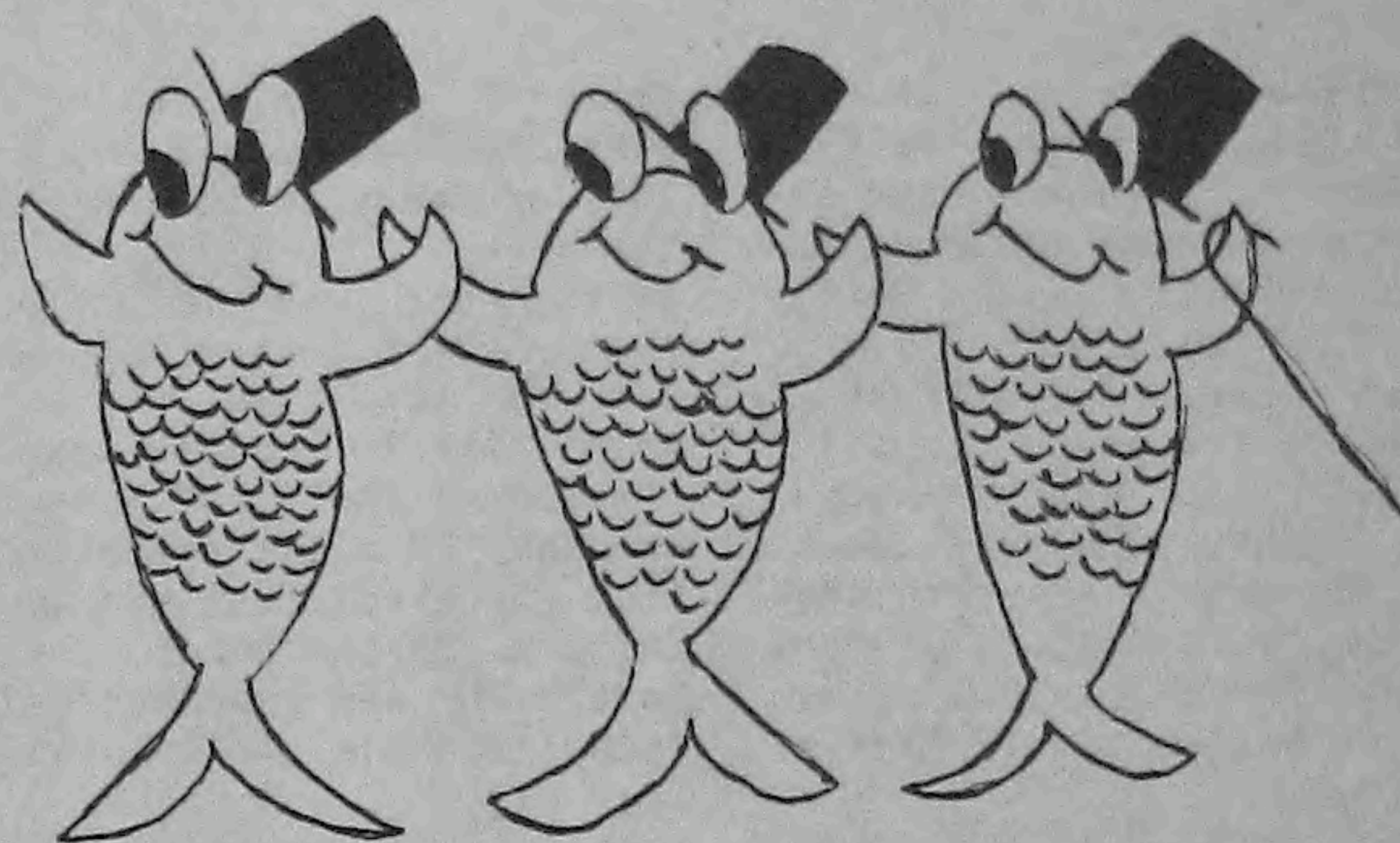
Yours Sincerely
Mary Plump

P.S. Could you loan me \$5.

Well, as you can see she has a problem. I couldn't make up my mind which one she should marry but I did send her a tube of toothpaste for Dr. Jeckle and a knife and fork for the idiot.

Sir Figby Snort.

GALLOPING GOURMET



On Saturday, May 10th, at approximately 5 p.m., one of our more notable members named Mike Cutforth, came walking into MPA with a star fish, which he collected during an outing in the van to Whytecliff Park. He proceeded from the front door to the kitchen, turned on the stove, filled a container with water, put the starfish in and then brought it to a boil. When the starfish had turned from purple to pink he brought it out, laid it on the counter, produced a large knife, then cutting it into small pieces

he put it into his mouth, chewing rapidly with a look of great enjoyment on his face as he swallowed the morsels.

The Drop-In Centre coordinator, nauseous at the sight, phoned Poison Control for advice. Poison Control said that some species are dangerous to eat and to induce vomiting. So Mike had to swallow several cups of salted water to prompt the return of the starfish. I would like to add this little comment. MPA is a pretty fishy hangout.

Your roving reporter.



come on up and see me sometime

ROBINSON CRUSOE INTERVIEW

While delving through old files at the British Admiralty office I came across an account of an interview conducted by Philip Twitt an obscure journalist, which throws a different light on the famous Robinson Crusoe ship wreck episode. The interview was conducted in the late eighteenth century upon the return of Robinson Crusoe's return to his native England. It goes as follows.

Mr Twitt: May I call you Robby...?

Mr Crusoe: By all means, and I shall call you Twitt.

Mr Twitt: How did you enjoy your shipwreck?

Robby: It was most exciting. I especially like the gurgling sound when the ship went down.

Twitt: How did it feel when you realized you were the only survivor?

Robby: I had a feeling of elation, because I owed a lot of money to the rest of the crew.

Twitt: What was the first thing you did when you came ashore?

Robby: As I recall I dug a very large hole in the sand and buried all the floats from the wreck that was drifting in to the beach.

Twitt: Why did you do that?

Robby: Because I am an ecology nut.

Twitt: As I understand it you had a goat for a companion as well as a supplier of milk?

Robby: Yes. There was a goat washed ashore but she stank so much, that I wouldn't have anything to do with her. I lived on one half of the island and she lived on the other.

Twitt: I understand you were there for years. How did

you manage to survive?

Robby: I was lucky enough to be near shipping lanes; and once a month I would hitchhike a ride to England, collect my welfare cheque, buy supplies and hitchhike back to the island.

Twitt: You sure look scruffy with the ass coming out of your pants and that long lousy looking beard. Why didn't you take care of your clothes and at least shave?

Robby: For your information I tore the ass out of my pants while scrambling over coral looking for shell fish and I purposely grew a long beard so I could tie one end of it to a tree and pluck it like a guitar. I spent many a lovely evening plucking my beard and singing dirty songs.

Twitt: I heard that you fought off a bunch of natives that had come ashore to

cook up a captive cannibal style and that you had saved his life?

Robby: Not true. They came ashore to attack the goat sexually, but left because they couldn't stand the smell. One of them stayed for awhile because he had a cold nose and had no smell of sense. He fell in love with the beast, but swam away as soon as his sense of smell returned.

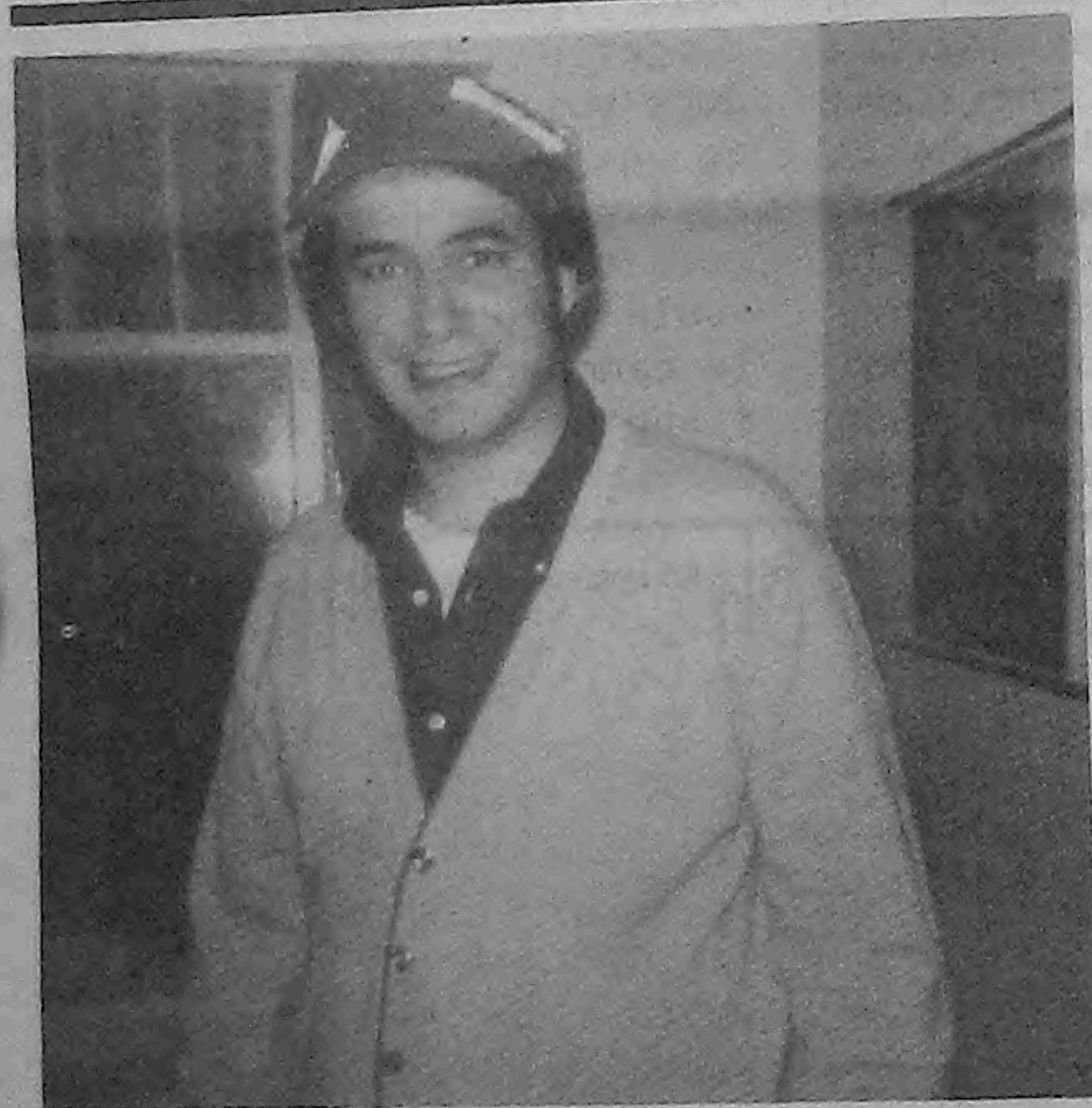
Twitt: Are you thinking of going back to the island?

Robby: Just as soon as I collect my welfare cheque.

Twitt: I think I'll go back with you. I've never had a sense of smell.

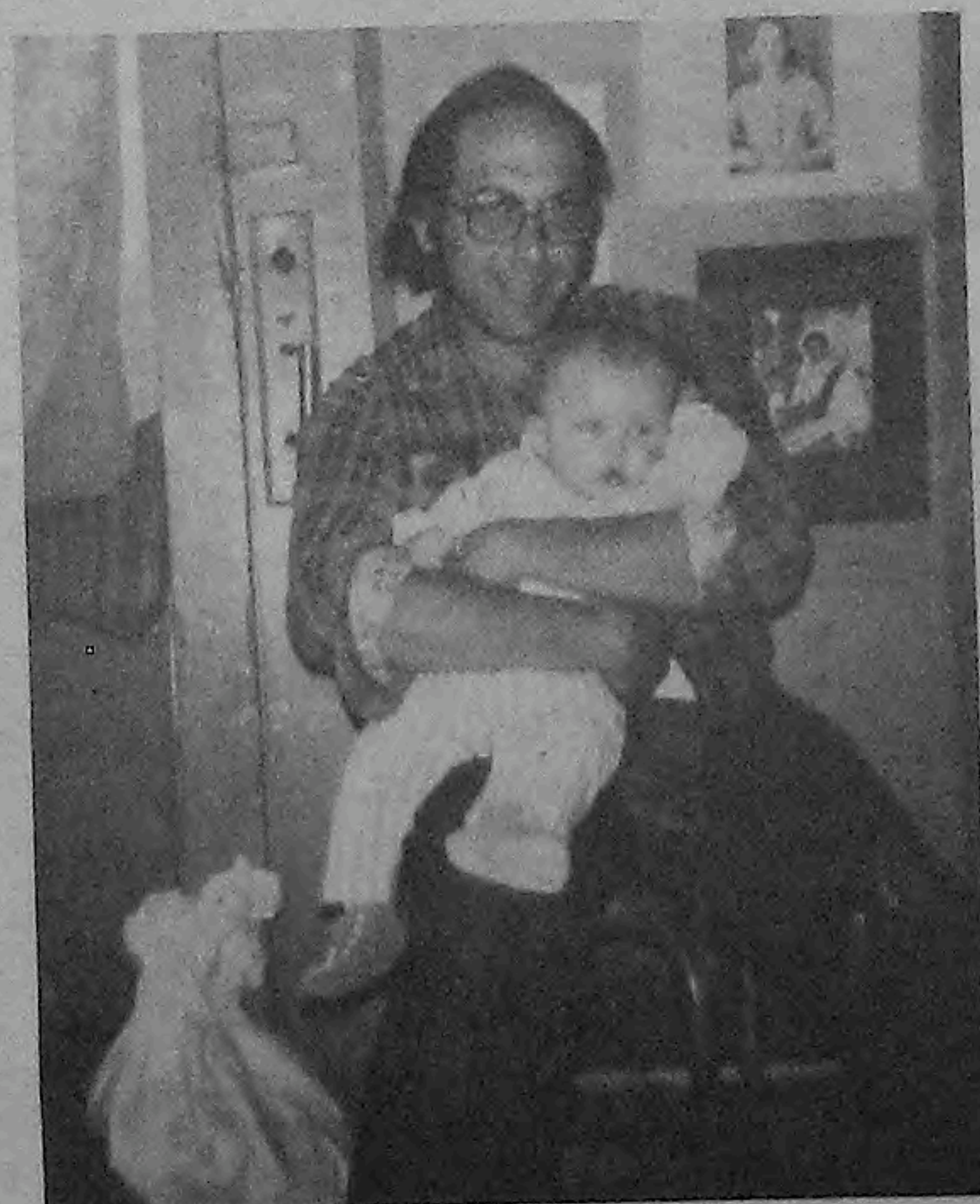
The interview ended there, but there is a notation written some ten years later to the effect that a Mr Twitt had applied for welfare for his goat.

Sir Figby Snort



"TERRY TRIMMER"
135 pounds of fun.

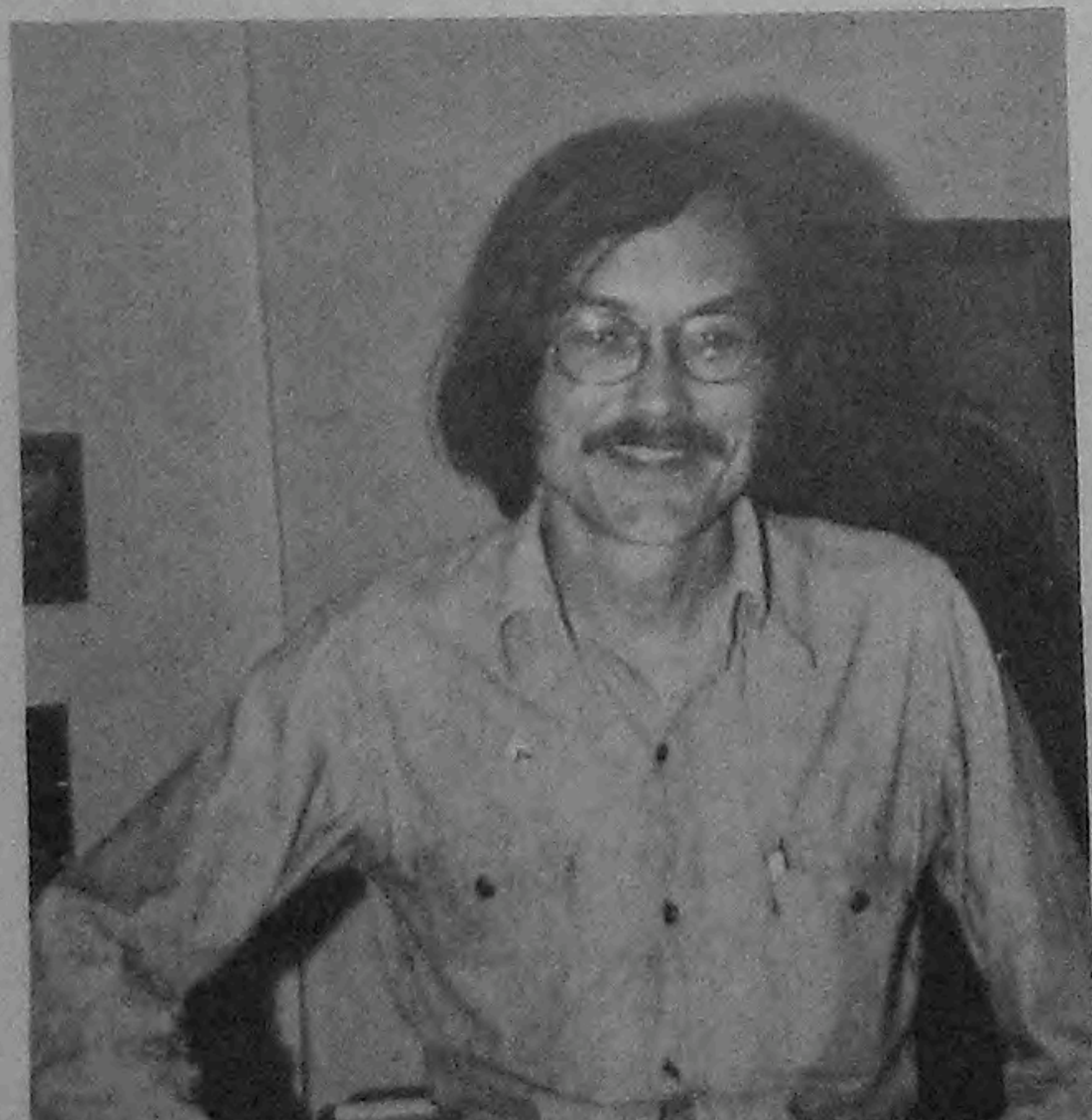
ROGUES GALLERY



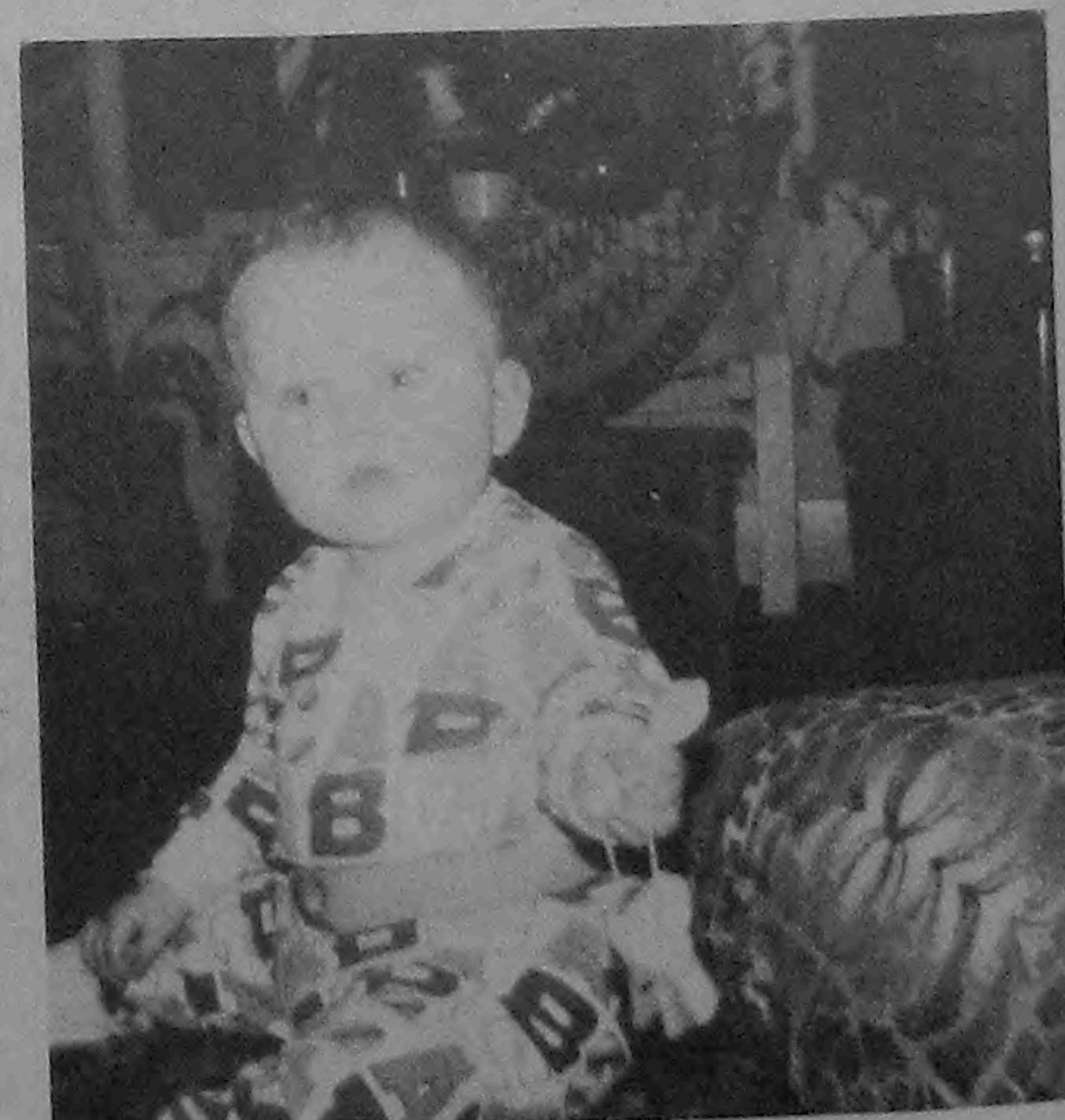
"STAN"
Into the women's movement.



"EVE & RICK"
The screw drivers at W. 11th

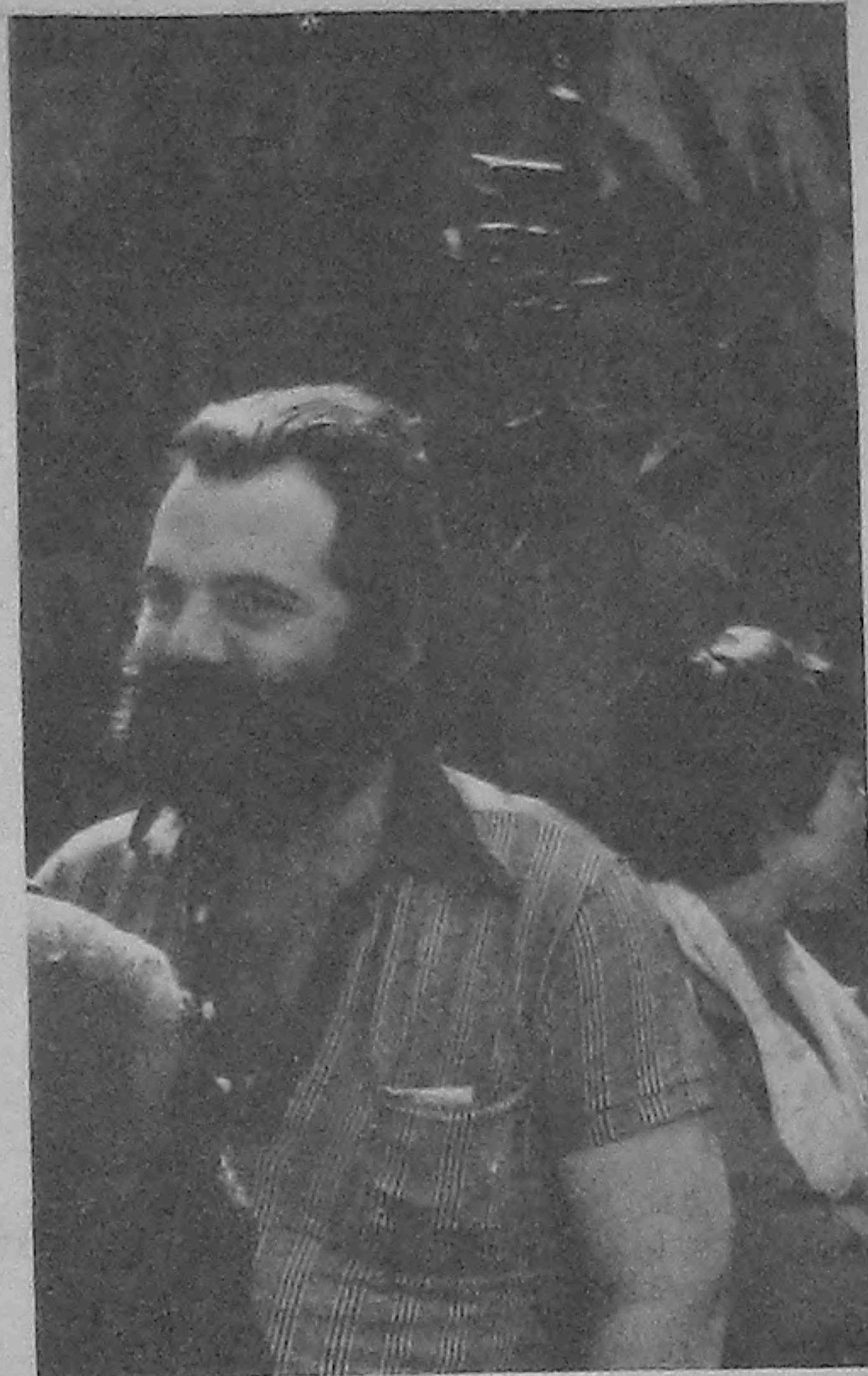
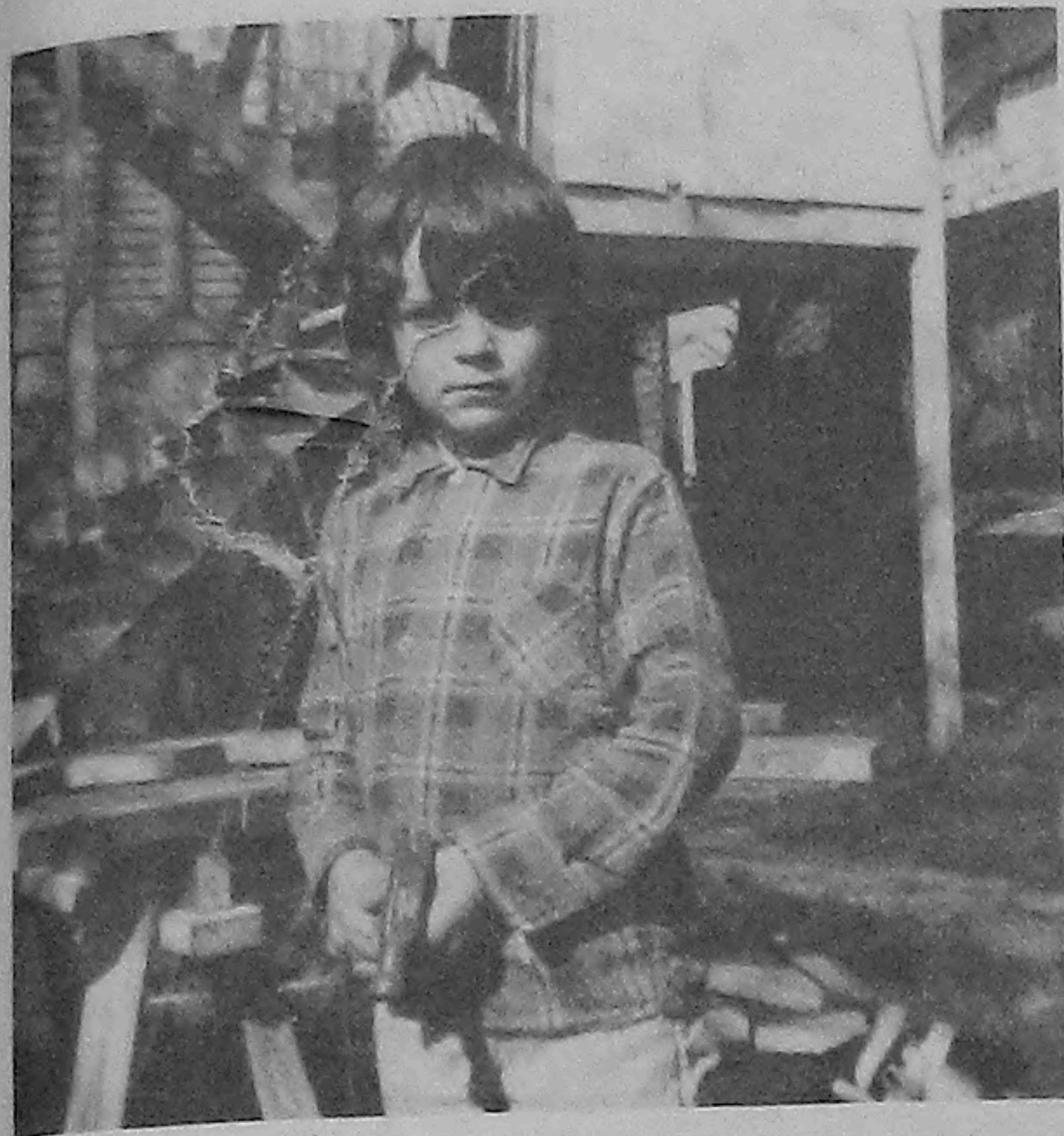


"BARRY"
I've got the time if you've got the.....



"NATASHA"
I've got the time.

"TREVOR"
Working on W. 11th



"BILL"
Impish resident of W. 11th.

"DORTHY"
Fuzzy drop-in co-ordinator



MPA Drop-In Centre 2146 Yew St. 738-5177
738-1422

MPA Residences:
1064 E. 20th Ave. 874-9422
1754 W. 11th Ave. 732-8222
1656 E. 4th Ave. 253-6996
2805 W. 7th Ave. 733-5733
2756 W. 10th Ave. (Womens) 738-7421

LEGAL HELP
Legal Aid Society 687-1831
Legal Assistance Society 872-0271

DROP IN CENTRES
Coast Foundation 876 E. 18th 879-2363
MPA 2146 Yew St. 738-5177
Vancouver Activity Centre (CMHA)
719 E. 30th 876-9511

CHEAP PLACES TO STAY
Jericho Youth Hostel (\$10 membership/
\$2 per night/ 4 night stay)
ft. Discovery and N.W. Marine 224-3208
YWCA 580 Burrard \$7.50 683-2531
YMCA 955 Burrard \$7 681-0221

HOSTEL BEDS (FREE)
Catholic Charities 150 Robson 683-0281
Lookout 412 E. Hastings 253-6418
Central City Mission 233 Abbott 681-3348
VRB Night Line (when hostels full) 733-8111
Crisis Centre 1946 W. Broadway 733-4111
(in a crisis only)
St Francis Hotel (women) Cordova
and Seymour. Days: 681-1920
Nights: 733-8111
Catherine Booth Home (women)
1190 Wolfe 731-7320
City Centre Youth Resources
52 Water 688-2565
Tribal Village (teenagers)
199 W. 6th 874-9009

PLACES TO EAT FREE
Harbour Lights (Salvation Army)
119 E. Cordova. 11:30 a.m./8 p.m.
Downtown Community Health Society
373 E. Cordova/ soup at noon
MPA 2146 Yew. Wed. dinner
Sat. breakfast
Kits House 7th & Vine
Wed. dinner

EMERGENCY
Fire and Inhalator 34-1234
Police/Police Ambulance 665-2211
Ambulance 872-5151

HOSPITALS
Vancouver General 876-3211
St Pauls 682-2344
Health Sciences UBC 228-3731
Riverview 521-1911
Lions Gate 988-3131
Burnaby Mental Health Centre 434-4247

CRISIS LINES
Crisis Centre 733-4111
Now (Youth Line) 733-4115
Vancouver Emotional Emergency Ctr 872-7914
Chimo (Richmond) 273-8701
Lifeline (Coquitlam) 526-4444
MPA 738-5177

FREE MEDICAL
Pine St. Clinic 1985 W. 4th 736-2391
V.D.Clinic (VGH) 828 W. 10th 874-2331
Reach 1144 Commercial 254-1354
Vanc'r Womens Health Collective
1520 W. 6th 736-6696
Downtown Community Health Society
373 E. Cordova 685-2744

FREE DENTAL
Vancouver General Hospital
9-12 weekdays: 876-3211
Emergency dental 6p.m.-midnight: 874-9848
Reach 1144 Commercial 254-1354

PLACES TO EAT CHEAP, GOOD FOOD
nr. MPA
Gladys Snack Bar 4th near Yew
Minnie-Vern W.10th near Yew
(open 6 a.m. to 3 p.m.)
Rice Bowl, Chinese food
Broadway & Main

OTHER HELPFUL SERVICES
City Centre Youth Resources 688-2565
52 Water 872-7914
VEEC 220 W. 6th
Kits Information Centre
2741 W. 4th 736-3431
The House (soft drug bums) 732-3301
2nd flr. 820 W. Broadway

DIRECTORY INFORMATION

MPA'S 4th ANNIVERSARY Party

SATURDAY, JUNE 7th, 7:30 p.m. AT
THE DROP—IN 2146 YEW STREET

DANCING!

LIVE BAND!

REFRESHMENTS!

GOOD TIMES!

FREE

COME ONE & ALL