

problem is that this is a dead-end institution, a place where kids vegetate, without hope, in utter futility."

Wilkins, leaving Staten Island to accept a position on the faculty of the University of Missouri Medical School, summed up his feelings:

"Hammond is leaving but the philosophy that allowed Willowbrook to exist and grow into the kind of place it is now still exists." Another staff member added, "They still maintain that negative, ugly, attitude that, 'you can't help these people'."

Two of "those people" entered the conversation. One fellow dressed in a long winter coat, topped with a fur collar that grew into a tightly buckled red lumberjack hat, flaps down, spoke of his "occupational therapy" at the "school."

The insulated man explained that he had a job on the grounds of the institution, working as a porter in one of the kitchens. Working from 6 a.m. till after the evening meal he produced a crumpled piece of brown paper that unfolded to reveal 23 cents--23 cents, a salary that represented the generosity of a card carrying Civil Service Employees Association member. But, these things have been said before.

The insulated man leaves all his belongings on wherever he goes. He likes and needs his coat in winter, but, there just aren't any closets, lockers, or a simple drawer to stuff it into. One of the barrage of lawsuits now pending against the combine of the State mentions a man who digs holes outside his ward to hide his belongings. Instead of halting all construction the State might have conceded to build a few closets.

Rich, another of "those people," got himself an extended "occupational therapy" slot. He works as a messenger in Manhattan. From 9-3, five days a week, he travels to Manhattan, does his job and gets his reward, all of \$30 dollars. But, what can you do on the grounds of Willowbrook with \$30, the State saves him that wonderment. Rich must turn in his salary, every week. He is returned \$12 for "expenses." Rich doesn't want to stay at Willowbrook, but attempts to leave have been thwarted by forces he hasn't quite narrowed down. "My doctor says it's up to my mother, but, my mother says it's up to the doctor." A judge

in the recent Alabama case considered this type of situation "peonage" by the State.

Rich's money, the \$30 he turns into his building supervisor, goes into an account that can be used by the State to purchase clothing for Rich, or to make him pay for his stay. In the two months he has been working he hasn't gotten any clothes. He hasn't noticed any change in his accommodations either. So he figures the money is still there.

Nudity, or the lack of clothing to put on "those people," made quite a stir in the television coverage of the place. All those nude bodies elicited tons of clothing for the facility. So much clothing that two of the doctors of the institution recently spoke at a meeting of the North Shore Rotary and praised the generosity of the public that had donated enough clothing for "the next thirty years."

Naturally, as is likely to happen in an institution that large, the presence of 30 years worth of clothing didn't reach the staff members of Building 22 who recently prepared over \$2,500 worth of vouchers for clothing for the women of the building.

Strangely, the vouchers for clothing listed underwear, bras, sneakers, nightgowns—all the basic accoutrements that the institution is given \$52 a year per patient to buy.

The vouchers ranged from \$100-\$200 per patient and will serve as authorization to spend the private accounts of these women to purchase the goods at the community store. The "community store," the state store, is mandated to make a profit. This irony wasn't lost on some of the employees.

William Bronston said he had never seen any of the clothing from the last vouchers, that was four months ago. Other attendants only asked, "Have you ever seen those clothes? Hav you ever seen the quality of that stuff? Even if the clothes did come after one trip to the laundry they either wouldn't come back or they wouldn't be worth salvaging."

The "system" is an interesting development in the plot. The "system" becomes that big, amorphous entity that can never be pinpointed, and thus can never be held accountable. It's not the man immediately in charge of the facility, he's a victim. It's not the legislators who voted down the bills—they were only responding to

public concern for spending. It's certainly not the inmates, they've been deemed incapable of even controlling their natural functions. That leaves the person outside the fence--John Q. Public. And the public has been treated to a healthy dose of "guilt transference" by the continuing cast of political heavies who have made their way into the Willowbrook vacuum.

All during the early stages of the Willowbrook controversy individuals and groups spoke of their fears that public concern will dwindle and "Eye Witness News" will move onto the next "big story" in the "naked city." It looks like they have, along with a few others who are slipping into the shadows. But, hope is on the horizon, a new character has entered the arena.

The latest addition to the cast is the granddaddy of that national dollar-making scheme, Glen Turner—patriarch of "Dare to be Great." Glen's not asking the patients of Willowbrook to put up two thousand each to insure their profit. He wants to help. And Glen knows a good thing when he sees it.

In keeping with his earlier creations, Koscot Interplanetary is going to sponsor a "Fiesta" at the end of July in South Beach for "the benefit of the children of Willowbrook." 15 percent of the rides and 25 percent of the gate is reportedly planned "for the kids." That leaves 85 percent ride money and 75 percent gate money for overhead and profits.

The State Department of Mental Hygiene has dissociated itself from the "happening." It's against department policy to support any but non-profit groups. But, apparently, Glen's not daunted. He's put together bigger schemes. And besides he knows people. Long before Willowbrook Glen knew what parents, patients and staff have begun to learn—Everyone loves a parade.