

Asylum the Best is based on my own professional, social and personal experience of caring, sharing and working with those who have suffered mentally.

In my experience I have found many societies who fail their most vulnerable, my society has not failed as badly as some and has changed from time to time, but it is still better placed than most to do a lot better.

I believe that a mature society should never rest on its laurels and should be judged on how well it looks after its vulnerable members. In particular, its vulnerable children, its elder members, and those in society who suffer mentally.

A society is only truly mature when the values and principles of altruism are seen as a strength and not as a weakness. In a material world unfortunately human weaknesses such as jealousy, envy and greed prevail.

Therein perhaps lays a challenge to us all, to recognise and come to terms with our own prejudice, to change ourselves first then maybe influence others to change.

I feel that conflicts and prejudice can only be resolved when we first recognise and deal with our own prejudice, then and only then, can we have hope for others.

Our modern world needs more mature and legitimate democratic societies. I believe a new political order as described in *An English Creation* may go a long way to achieving the reform our society desperately needs.

Asylum The Best

Napsbury an asylum in Colney, a fine Victorian place
Many left and forgotten, out of mind out of space
Most well cared for, to return to the human race
So called normality, more like a rat race

Such a fine hospital, like many others it's beat
Gone much-needed asylum, sanctuary and retreat
Good care and good treatment, and welcome respite
Now closed when most needed, for odd reasons, old wrongs
Gone so many good things, no one listened all along

The pride and the prejudice, of the anti brigade
Ran down all the asylums, over many a decade
Yes some disasters and many dastardly a deed
But never as many as some others made

Our most vulnerable suffer, with their kind kinsfolk
Fallen fowl to the values, of do-gooder yoke
Out with the baby, went bath water and ball
Asylum and sanctuary, and respite most of all

They say it's all failing, this community care thing
A success for so many, for others a loose limb
In big general hospitals, many take a last breath
Those citadels of sickness, some empires of death

For psychiatry, it's a crack
Second best, placed at the back
No space for a car, or many a bike
Don't want you here, psyche take a hike
In these citadels so dour
A bad taste, it's all sour

Mad, bad, and vulnerable, mixed up as one
Staff battle bravely, 'till all hope is long gone
More white papers and spurious reviews

Distant mandarins, don't care, only bad news
More failings, human suffering, shit happens, why bother
Society's prejudice, more political fodder

The need the security, asylum and "Retreat"
From life and society, that's got many downbeat
A few special places, in each area we desire
How many more corpses, to drag from the quagmire?

Long to find sanctuary, a Retreat, a Napsbury again
In a modern domicile, of space and refrain
Living up to the values of those long gone
Not good enough for me, not good enough for anyone
All love it and live it and pay for it we must
We're failing our people, for so many, so unjust



Napsbury Hospital Nurses 1915c

<https://www.stalbansoutofsightoutofmind.org.uk/content/place/napsbury/napsbury-st-albans-uk>



Louis Wain 1960

<https://www.stalbansoutofsightoutofmind.org.uk/content/people/louis-wain>

The Electrical Life Of Louis Wain

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Electrical-Life-Louis-Wain/dp/B09QFW6XB1/ref=sr_1_1?crid=2ITVH76ZJ39RH&dib=eyJ2IjojMSJ9.kbNaNLdgsnLAFczb6VAEdw.cKvIH5_H1mXHi2VCrZlIZb2wzsSCBqcywMqyA2vuHGA&dib_tag=se&keywords=The+Electrical+Life+of+Louis+Wain&nsdOptOutParam=true&qid=1734184307&s=instant-video&sprefix=the+electrical+life+of+louis+wain%2Cinstant-video%2C66&sr=1-1