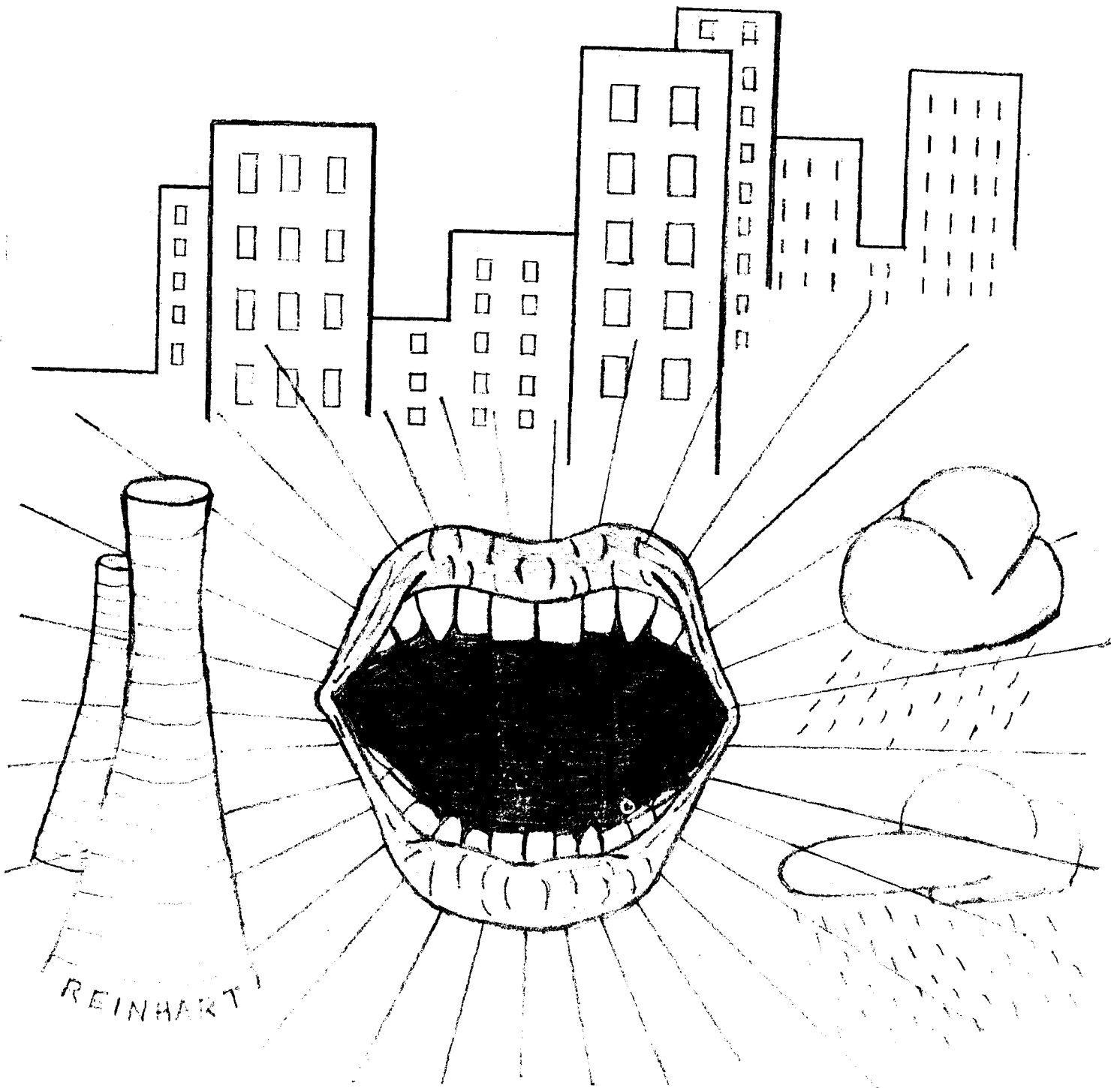


Fall 1998

In A NutShell

A Publication of the MENTAL PATIENTS' ASSOCIATION



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Marginalized No Longer!!!

Broken Brains or Wounded Hearts: What Causes Mental Illness

by Ty C. Colbert, M.D.

A Review of the Book by Byron Fraser

“Madness is not necessarily a dysfunctional stratagem.”

— Thomas Szasz

Who says there is no progress? After having initial widespread success and significant impact in the late 60s and early 70s, the antipsychiatry movement was generally considered to have been effectively marginalized for many years while the “new psychiatry” — biopsychiatry — heralded by the likes of E. Fuller Torrey and Nancy Andreasen, et. al., came to the fore. Now all that has changed and the antipsychiatry movement is back bigtime with a host of new literature attacking every aspect of the medical/disease model and it’s attendant institutionalized coercion (to name just two of the most significant recent works, there are Alvin Pam and Colin Ross’s **Pseudoscience In Biological Psychiatry**, 1995 and Herb Kutchins and Stuart Kirk’s wholesale demolition of the DSM-4: **Making Us Crazy**, 1997). The book that probably really turned the corner was Peter Breggin’s 1991 best seller,

Toxic Psychiatry: Why Therapy, Empathy, and Love Must Replace the Drugs Electroshock, and Biochemical Theories of the ‘New Psychiatry. And, of course, Thomas Szasz has steadfastly continued to prolifically plant vital thought-seeds in the Implicate Order which, after a seemingly delayed gestation period, are now experiencing a dynamic existential outing in the Explicate all over the place, the upshot being that the whole question of whether or not this “thing” we call the “mind” is or is not ontologically distinct from this “thing” we call the “brain” — or whether or not the medical categories “health” or “illness” can be meaningfully scientifically nosologically applied to “mind” (a subject which Thomas Szasz explores in his recent (1996) book **The Meaning of Mind: Language Morality and Neuroscience**) — remains as much an open and pertinent question as ever. What has seemingly been missing from the overall anti-biopsychiatry critique, however, to make it’s scientific revolution complete, has been a dy-

namic, coherently articulate alternative paradigm to counter the long-standing medical/disease model. We now have this in the wonderful new (1996) work of Dr. Ty C. Colbert explicating his Emotional Pain Model.

Space does not permit more than just the briefest sketch of the theoretical substance of **Broken Brains or Wounded Hearts** but hopefully this will serve to stimulate readers to consult this vital source. The book consists of three sections outlined in a little over 300 pages. The first deals with an overview of and update on the latest research pertaining to the medical model (the truth behind the psychiatric medication, twin and adoptive inheritance studies, the search for defective genes, and brain imaging studies, etc.) The second explains The Emotional Pain Model and it’s applications for understanding multiple personalities, addictions and compulsions, hate and self-hate, and violence towards self and others — and much

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As I Sit Here Brooding

by Stanley Burfield

Co-owner, Expressive Designs

As I sit here brooding,
the blues in the background
smiling for me,
I tell myself
I am alive,
that I contain
every vital ingredient,
lacking only, maybe,
softness,
as in this floating vapour,
brightness, as the sun
glancing from glistening
likenesses of greatness,
peace, as in the green beyond the
door.
My eyes instead
brood always on the distance,
hands grasp too forcefully
the empty air.

I wear this black hood
because I cannot take,
as I know I should,
my birth and death
like nothing happened here.

This is another of a series of poems written at the flower auction, early in the morning, half asleep, cup of coffee in front of me, with a bleary vision of some sort of beauty streaming before me eyes. I've found that at such times, not wanting to be in touch with anything other than more sleep, I sometimes can see more of my whole life than when I'm wide awake. This poem went like that,

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one line at a time, my real feelings of my life filling in the blanks when my imagination was too sleepy to create. Rather than being a description of myself at that moment, it is more a memory of a decades-long brooding, a lifetime's slight despair at not having accomplished much, of having wasted most of my time, distracted myself away.

Lately I feel better. Our store is seven years old now, something Linda and I have both put a lot of work into. Also, I've kept my marriage alive all these years - to one of the sweetest, most natural, most real people on the face of this green earth. And I've written quite a bit of poetry. So my life isn't as bleak as it once was. I just have to keep updating it.

The collective wisdom of the ages advises us not to live in the past. Or the future, for that matter. The moment seems to be where it's really at. To live elsewhere is to avoid present reality, to avoid life. I think the tendency of many of us, including myself, is to avoid the past and the present, to concentrate on the future, to put off living fully until we're up to scratch. But what to do about it. I have a hard time thinking the solution is to live totally in the present. It strikes

me that this is also a common way of avoiding life.

Take a hypothetical situation. You're sitting in a cafe, and someone at another table, a woman, say, catches your eye for some reason. You respond to her clothes, the way she sits, moves, how she talks to her friend, moves her head, her hands. You like some things, others you don't. And then you think that, as much as you've studied her, you still know hardly anything about her compared to what her friend knows. You digest that. And then it dawns on you that this entire episode in the cafe is but the very end point of the woman's life to date, and that to really know her, you have to know her life, or much of it. And would undoubtedly be different if she had lived a different life. This woman is not the person you see sitting in that chair. She is actually her whole life, going back to the beginning. She is shaped something like a long tube going backward through time, and what you see of the person is just the cross section at the very end of the tube. To really see her, you have to see the tube, not a cross section of it, but you can't because you can only see the present. So you have to imagine. You have to ask questions, find out as much about the person's past as you can (Novelists are good at this. And the best novelists can actually present entire people to you, their whole tubes, running the length

(Continued on next page)

As I Sit Here Brooding

(Continued from last page)

of the book. This, by the way, is one of the best attributes of a good novel, that it can demonstrate what a real life is really like - the feeling of the entire thing all at once, and so get you to see yours as well, to take it seriously).

Now think of relationships. Many relationships are quite superficial - basically two people playing out roles they've picked up from TV, or from their parents or friends. These are not only just the final cross-sections of their lives interacting, with the rest of their lives cut off and dying, but, being roles, they're not even their cross-sections. Rather they are just two peoples ideas of cross-sections. (How depressing can you get?) Compared with that, Linda and I have a pretty good relationship. We accept each other's peculiarities quite well, and know a lot about each other's lives, more than anyone else does. But, even better, for ten years now our life tubes have been intermingling. In other words, rather than saying we know each other, I can say our lives know each other. Our lives!

This was the subject of my last poem on the street, "All This Stuff". Since then, I've discovered that most readers I've had feedback from didn't quite get the essence of it. At the same time, I've come to value it even more

than when I wrote it. The poem says that, to our lives, all the stuff we collect round us at any point is invisible, including our jobs and most casual acquaintances, all except the deepest relationships, and the culture and landscape our lives have been embedded in. All our stuff is momentary, and comes and goes in the blink of an eye, compared with the extent of our lives, and with the extremely slow forward movement of their endpoints, lives whose many pasts and single present are held together by the glue of memory. "All else our lives walk through/unaware."

Just now, while writing this in the Bread Garden, I am listening to a teenage girl describe to her two male friends how her girlfriend slit her wrists, how the blood went all over her clothes. How they all responded. Another isolated endpoint. The girl spoke of her immediate reactions, all kinds of them. And those of other people. Her friend's life was ignored (and especially so by the friend herself, knife in hand).

Young people have a particularly difficult time accepting their lives. They haven't yet accomplished big things. And all their lives they have been taught that they are just learning, just preparing for life. Real life is ahead of them. Society practically

defines them that way. The purpose of all youth-oriented institutions is either to train young people to be something that they yet aren't, or to just get them off the streets. There is little encouragement to simply experience. Consequently, later, as adults, they will find little of value to remember. Too bad. Childhood is the time when experience REALLY happens. When a person is truly open to reality, to the feeling of it, to all the details of it, all the stimuli, to situations saturated with their own true and subtle moods. Later these people will be removed to one degree or another, by concepts, advice, similar memories, all manner of irrelevant associations that tend to obstruct and cloud original experience. And yet so many of us trivialize this real living as being just the struggle of children who haven't yet arrived. The really sad thing is that, as adults, we still find we're not to be taken seriously, for any number of reasons. Starting with the fact that we're only one of millions. And ending somewhere in the trash bin of failures.

If a person limits his perception of his life to that endpoint, he can seem depressingly small and lonely standing there in the street in the midst of the hubbub. But if he sees himself as

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Minute Particulars

by Andrew Feldmar

Both Freud and Hans Selye came to the conclusion that we die of our defenses. Both our psychological and biological defenses have a tendency to run amok into overkill. Consider one of R.D. Laing's Knots: "My mother loves me. I feel good. I feel good because she loves me. I am good because I feel good. I feel good because I am good. My mother loves me because I am good.

My mother does not love me. I feel bad. I feel bad because she does not love me. I am bad because I feel bad. I feel bad because I am bad. I am bad because she does not love me. She does not love me because I am bad."

You are a small child and suppose that in fact your mother doesn't love you. She mistreats you, hurts you, shames you, resents your mere existence. The pain of realizing that "I feel bad because she does not love me" is unbearable. It would lead to DISASSOCIATION (detaching from association) if you had somewhere to go, if you could give up your attachment, if you had any

power. Instead, defensively you DISSOCIATE (cut off, separate from your very own experience) and pretend until you believe that "She does not love me because I am bad". Now the pain is anesthetized, she is good, you have hope, just make yourself into a good kid and she will love you for sure. This anesthesia can last until you die, robbing you of your life (experience), wasting it with people and in pursuits you ought to have disassociated yourself from at the first sign of mismatch. Many of us have been homeless from birth. Suppose home is "a place of peace and quiet/ a place to laugh and cry and dance and sing/ a place to eat one's bread in gladness/ a space for love/ wherein one is cherished by those one cherishes/ a place one misses/ a place one prefers to any other place/ a place one runs back to/ one's home." To find such a home, it is necessary to re-connect with my experience, however painful, and turn away from, disassociate from my loveless beginnings.

In Budapest, Hungary, where I was born, I lived through war and a revolution, I survived the Nazis and the communists, my mother, my father, and their divorce. At age sixteen I left them all and found my way to Canada. I found a home with my wife, son and daughter, A few months ago, my 25 year old daughter met me in Budapest for a week and I showed her around, Upon returning to her school, she wrote the following poem:

(untitled)

feet on foreign concrete
walls beside me
holes scattered there
by bullets
blood pours out
down dirty wall
calls to me this blood
tries to find a home
in my body
this blood bleeding
out of the wall
this forgotten life
now dead
this forgotten pain
now alive
take me
for recognition
for life
has been stuck
waiting years
for me
to walk by

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UnderDog by Jim Gifford



To paraphrase Dr. Andrew Weil, conventional medicine has been a disaster in dealing with mental illness. In this regard, I have for many years sought alternative holistic treatment for my malady, what I like to call 'moodswing'.

My first breakthrough in research came in a flash. On page 35 of 'Hypoglycemia', Paavo Airola writes that what a nutritionist calls hypoglycemia, a psychiatrist diagnoses as manic-depression or schizophrenia, actually a high/low blood sugar problem.

This book is chock full of valuable information on nutrition. Interestingly, this blood sugar problem is apparently caused by adrenal exhaustion, brought on by a long period of indulging in sweets, a factor common to most of us as children. 'Sugar Blues' co-authored by actress Gloria

Swanson, is a vital resource on this topic.

These facts concur with the connection between moodswing and liver deterioration. Abuse of alcohol, which is high in sugar, is often the self-imposed remedy for manic-depressives. Paul Pitchford's 'Healing With Whole Foods: Oriental Traditions and Modern Nutrition', discusses this fact (recommending chlorella) and offers much insight into this dis-ease.

Two especially significant B vitamins that allow for emotional and mental wellbeing are niacin and pantothenic acid. St. John's Wort has received much positive press lately for easing depression and is wonderful for alleviating moodswing. You may take capsules, put tincture drops in water or juice, or take St. John's Wort tea. I also apply Hypericum Oil, massaging it between my eyes, on my face and temples, and along my spine, from tailbone to back of neck. For me, this feels very therapeutic.

I believe, and this is supported by research by Leo Sannella, that often extreme mania results from Kundalini energy shooting upstream in the spinal cord through the chakras. This is verified by the kind of

psychic turmoil Indian Pandit Gopi Krishna, went through after his 'breakthrough breakdown'.

To this end, I have had cranio-sacral therapy, this releasing blocks in my chakras that have built up since I first had such a 'breakthrough breakdown'. This therapy is liberating traumatic events of a lifetime, many having occurred after I was diagnosed as manic-depressive, resulting from negative times on asylum wards and ensuing conflicts. This cranio-sacral therapy has also cleansed my cells of residue poisons from countless medications.

After initial bouts of adrenal rush (a last gasp), I was drained, by repeated manic episodes, of vital energy, which has now been reclaimed by regular doses of royal jelly, panax and siberian ginseng, bee pollen, gotu kola and foo-ti-teng.

One night, I listened to an acupuncturist on the radio who remarked chronic bipolar affective disorder can be greatly helped by treatment, specifically (I believe) the heart and liver meridians.

Finally, holistic lifestyle changes are imperative. In this context, allow me to comment on manic-depression in a larger context. Our society suffers from this malady. Let me give an example:

I was a young teenager when, in November of 1963, President Kennedy was assassinated. The world went into a deep

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Rites of Passage On Commercial Drive by Sam Roddan

It was at Sugden's Shoe Store, corner of Kitchener and Commercial, that I bought my first pair of Oxfords. They were heavy and clumsy with thick leather soles. To my mind, my Oxfords were part of my rites of passage. I was finished forever with short pants and could now move into Plus Fours and long pants. All this in the summer of 1931.

Mr. Sugden was a short, plump, red-faced man and took great pride in his work. He had a philosophy about foot wear I still remember to this day. No cheap imitation leather for him and certainly no Panco soles, a kind of plastic hybrid very popular in place like the Army and Navy.

"A well-shod lad, on genuine leather," Mr. Sugden said, "can travel the rough road to success. With cowhide under his feet, he can take the bumps with a grin and a smile."

The walls of Mr. Sugden's store were lined with hundreds of shoe boxes. I don't recall any labels or numbers on the boxes but no matter the size or style of the shoe, Mr Sugden always knew the right box and opened it up with his own special flourish.

"Here are the little beauties," he would say. "And with my very own stamp of approval."

Compared to Hastings East or Cordova or Powell, Commercial Drive, in my day, was stable, even ultra-conservative. A favourite place for an evening stroll where the background was the lilt of Italian, Scandinavian and Portuguese mixed up with the burr and twang of the Lowlands.

Loggers in a week-end binge stuck to Cordova and Powell, to the gin palaces on Union, to the opium dens behind the Chinese laundry places along Pender. Store fronts all had awning shades and billboards plugged up the streetcorners. Neon lights were still not fashionable.

The No. 4 streetcar rumbled and rattled along Commercial. It ran from Cedar Cottage to the heartland of Vancouver. The conductors and Motormen knew most of their passengers by name.

Cultural affairs were taken care of by the Little Theater at 637 Commercial. In this grimy and tottering structure many of us had our first taste of the living stage with plays like WAITING FOR LEFTY and later, OF MICE AND MEN. Further up the Drive was the Grandview Theater which rivalled the Beacon on Hastings for a Saturday matinee.

One of the most popular establishments on the Drive was the Manitoba Hardware. It carried everything from carpet tacks to pots and pans, stove pipes, screen doors, jewelry, blinds, light bulbs, electrician's tape and shoe leather for some repairs. A popular saying along the Drive if you couldn't find a needed item was, "Try the Manitoba."

Some of the other busy places were the O.K. Barber Shop, Zacks and Sons-Dry Cleaners, the Betty Lou Beauty Parlor, the Crystal Dairy, Victoria Produce. And not far from the Cozy Corner Apartments was the parking lot for the ever-ready combination hearse and ambulance limousines.

The Victoria Produce at 1743 Commercial was always crowded with housewives getting their supply of fresh fruit and vegetables. It was famous along the Drive for bananas on the stalk, big pineapples and deep gold-red pomegranates.

Every kid with a spare nickel in his pocket patronized the Crystal Dairy. Here you got a double ice-cream cone and often a bottle of free skim milk which your mother wanted for her soups and baking powder biscuits.

A familiar street has its special lights and shadows. On corner lots we played baseball until dusk. On maple trees we carved our initials, cryptic signs,

(Continued on page 13)

A Life In Passing

by Terry Levesque

It was the story of boy meets girl, progressing to a passionate affair. The coming and going of two lovers. However, this state of affairs did not last and one day his world came crashing down. He went his way and she went hers. They had come to a parting of the ways. He was heartbroken, despondent and mentally unstable. Recovery took some time and he regained his mental stability only with the help of professional advice. He lost his wife, his job and his home. He wandered from place to place, finally returning to his parents' house. There he stayed until he once again felt well enough to go out into the world.

He met several girls after this and he drifted into casual relationships. But he felt that he was at loose ends and he could not see a direction in his life. How would he proceed in straightening out his life? This was a question that eluded him. He continued with the counselling and lived a day-by-day existence. This went on for many years. Time was passing, the world was turning. He had, however, "dropped out", and the world was now passing him by.

By this time he was much older and he was no longer a young man. Much of the ardor of

his youth had disappeared. He no longer had that wanderlust, nor the enthusiasm of youth. He became a thoughtful, kind and caring person, a person that, through experience, had done and seen much. He was resigned to the fact of having to live below the poverty line and he wondered if he would ever truly settle down in a normal relationship. He did not have the money to travel and so he lived in his small, little world. He was often lonely and the world at large was of little interest.

He did, however, stay in contact with family and friends, and in time he became involved with several organizations. He regained his mental stability and came to see himself as a lucky man. There were many aspects of life that he could not handle and he needed help in doing so. All in all, however, he felt that he was doing alright. He read widely, watched television and listened to the radio. He would often go out for coffee and once in a while would take in a movie at the theatre.

To him, life was an experience. It was a journey. There was heartbreak, loneliness, sickness, death and taxes. Yet he could see the joy, humour, happiness and warmth in life. He would

persevere and he would get by. He was happy in his own way. Much of life was still ahead of him. A new age was coming. He would be a part of it. And, with time, he would see the dawning of a new day.



Living Well

A decent provision for the poor is the true test of a civilization.

Samuel Johnson



Older

by Gloriane Paradise

The sun is waning, the golden radiance
Transformed into silver strands of the moon
The wine is vintage, it has matured with the
Turning of many pages
Now it reflects the blush of fuschia rose petals
Falling from the stately stem
Covering the earth with deepest sleep
A ruby imprint penetrating, imbedding the immortal soil
I have travelled many a mile
My earthly garment, my body
Reflecting the passage of time
The struggle, the pain, the wonder and the joy
Have woven the tapestry of the Master
Deep within every particle of my substance
No longer does my countenance mirror
The uncharted horizons, the seemingly
Blank canvas of youth
Awaiting life and history to make its mark
Rather, my garment and my soul reflect
The beauty, the grace, the time tested and true
Fortress of life and experience
Fully consumed, savoured
As a chalice of bittersweet wine
At times overwhelming, potent
Then tasting like a mystical nectar
But leaving in my throat and innermost being
A golden glow of gratitude and thanksgiving.

Untitled

by Tiffany

I live in the shadows of a love that has faded once upon a time. I live with the memory of something that was so grande and someone who felt the world at each rotation. Where have all the words gone and the rhyme that once was so fluid has been filtered of it's purity. Oh, how I dream of a life of simplicity and one without pain and heartache. Just once can I feel the freedom of that life which once upon a time tasted so sweet with honey. Will I remain in compliance with the surrounding entities that control my existence or walk barefoot in sand of which the grain is of gunpowder? Twisting and turning, tumbling and twitching shall mine own carried out with great emotion and heartfelt journeys. Narrow the road that leads to an abandoned shelter that has no purpose except to be. Love gone to dust that blows and blows but never seems to settle. How can this be with one of such promise can be executed without even as much as a blade? Blame not the one who cast out without a compass but the one who's compass points in the wrong direction.

Crescent Beach Epistle

by Jim Gifford

Western esoteric tradition tells us the Universe Is Mind, a Great Thought of God The Maker, by means of an Infinite Imagination. The concept Mind Over Matter has led to our reshaping the environment to our needs and, consequently, to progress, technological advances, and the Conquest of Nature.

Christianity's Stewardship of the Earth, expressed in the Biblical Book of Genesis, Newton's classical physics that implies the universe is machine-like and consists of parts, and Descartes' maxim, 'I Think; Therefore I Am', have also given impetus to the scientific developments and achievements of recent centuries.

Quantum physicists are on the leading edge of a paradigm shift of worldview, having made discoveries into the essential nature of matter such as the perception of wavicles (waves/particles) and the realization that the observer effects the activity of the observed. The conclusion, today shared by many thinkers in other fields, is that the world is inter-related and interdependent.

The idea of waves and troughs confirms the fundamental Law of Vibrations, known for thousands of years by both eastern religions and western esotericism. Thus the up and down moodswings of manic-depressives is integrated with the interplay of the universe. The intensity of this state may lead to 'psychosis', which is simply ac-

cess to the dark underworld of Mind, the depths of collective and genetic archetypal psychic energy that dwell in the unconscious. Symbolically, they appear among normal people only in dreams although they act as a shadow force in our daily lives. Their powers arise to awakened awareness in mystics, artists, and those in self-transforming dis-ease.

Today, en masse, we seem to be diving into the deep end of the Universal Sea of Mind, sinking, suffering cosmic pain, struggling to stay afloat. Our world is in crisis, of which the Chinese characters mean 'danger and opportunity'. We find ourselves in the midst of a manic-depressive breakdown, a World Millennial Psychosis, due to the Great Flood of information erupting like a tidal wave from the mass communications network, the Planetary Town Meetingplace.

In these times of polarity, immense human power is being unleashed, the godly lovingly counterbalancing the demonic. Many are drowning and must learn to swim, for you die to be reborn; lose your soul to gain it again.

The Magic Show of the cosmos is accelerating towards the coming Harmonic Convergence of Black and White Forces. Remember:: All is unfolding in Divine Alchemy, turning the terrible downpour of doom and gloom into the Pot of Gold at the End of the Rainbow, Break-through Light Streaming through the Blue Healing of the Universal Sea of Mind, the Grace of Consciousness Granting Peace of Mind Beyond Understanding of Knowledge's Duality of Good and Evil.



Laughs with Lewry

When you talk to a shrink, why do they call it free association?



BookWorm

Even Paranoids Have Enemies

Edited by Joseph Burke, et. al.

Routledge, 1998

Reviewed by Andrew Feldmar

In 1973, during the Sinai talks, Henry Kissinger accused Golda Meir of being paranoid for hesitating to grant certain concessions to the Arabs. "Even paranoids have enemies" is said to have been her reply. Webster's derives paranoia from the Greek para-, meaning 'beside', 'outside of' or 'beyond', and noos, meaning 'mind'. The word refers to delusions of persecution, or "a tendency on the part of the individuals or of groups toward suspiciousness and distrustfulness of others that is not based on objec-

tive reality". Note that the opposite tendency of being complacent or pollyannish when in fact there is an objective threat of persecution, does not constitute a psychiatric category.

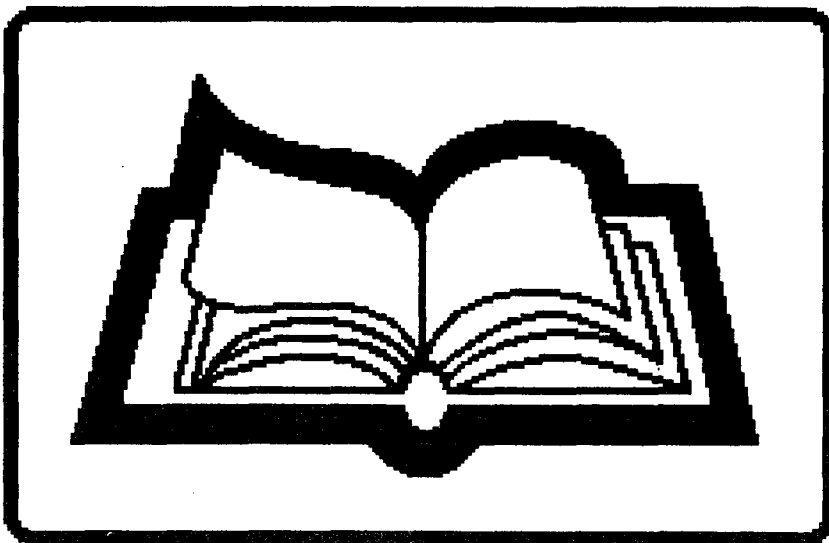
One of R.D. Laing's Knots comes to mind: "They are playing a game. They are playing at not playing a game. If I show them I see they are, I shall break the rules and they will punish me. I must play their game, of not seeing the game." Many psychiatrists would diagnose the above "I" as paranoid. If the "I" is accu-

rate, what's the diagnostic category for "them"? Normal?

Morton Schatzman, in a careful study of Judge Schreber, linked inner and external persecution; paranoia in later life correlates with actual assaults non a small child. The first psychiatrist systematically to study the psychological reactions of oppressed people was Franz Fanon from Martinique. "Mental Pathology," Fanon wrote, "is the direct product of oppression." Phyllis Chesler, Judith Lewis Herman, Jennifer Freyd and others have argued for decades that not only paranoia but also insomnia, flashbacks, phobias, panic attacks, anxiety, depression, disassociation, amnesia, shame, guilt, self-loathing, self-mutilation, social withdrawal, overeating, extreme forms of dieting, alcoholism and drug addiction, are all responses to previous trauma. I feel safe to conclude that if someone gets labeled 'paranoid', that person either is being persecuted in hidden ways or was persecuted oppressed, traumatized in his/her past. In either case, what we are dealing with are crimes against humanity, NOT mental illness.

children raised with family secrets, even if they themselves have not been traumatized, still lack the knowledge that they are trapped by the silence of their elders. In Questions for Freud, Rand and Torok write, "because

(Continued on next page)



Bookworm

(Continued from last page)

of the many mixed signals they receive from their family, they become confused to the point of not being able to discriminate between truth and falsehood, especially if the adults are stubbornly silent and dissembling by turns... being unable to discuss the upsetting events in detail, unable to express the wounds opened in their hearts, they cannot pity themselves, cannot grieve over their own bewilderment and sorrow." A sure-fire recipe for paranoia.

One contributor to this collection of essays examines the links between paranoia, groups and enquiry. He speaks of the tendency of individuals to exist in a mindless state, submerged, ab-

sorbed by a group-mind. Reason and inquiry are the enemies of prejudice and ritual. To entertain doubt and to realize our ignorance are the best antidotes to being swallowed up by the traditions and unexamined habits of any group. It is concluded that "Thought divorced from its human passions is sterile and dangerous. We need a necessary enquiry of emotional states and commitments. We need to track the promotional heirarchy of ideas into unthinking practices and attitudes. And we need to do these at the group level". This ought to be required reading for psychiatrists, as a group.

The Greek word for actor is hypocrite. The Truman Show,

a recent movie by Peter Weir, illustrates the drama of paranoia resulting from being surrounded by hypocrites. The book under review could be your passport to a sane environment where you could safely relax and mourn and grieve what was done to you, free of the stigma of mental illness and other props in the theater of cruelty, called modern psychiatry.



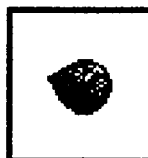
As I Sit Here Brooding

(Continued from page 3)

his entire life, he has considerable substance. And obviously the past length of him points toward a day-by-day future, giving hope.

My personal experience has been one of slowly learning to look seriously at my own real life, as poor as I may have seen it at any given point. I've found the whole thing to be dense, satu-

rated with colour and detail. It is a long, solid adventure. An adventure extending itself moment by precious moment. But the adventure itself, not simply the new moment, is what I am.



Rites of Passage On Commercial Drive

(Continued from page 7)

skull and crossbones, childish blasphemies.

In the lanes behind Kitchener and William we kicked at garbage cans, terrified stray cats, startled lovers embracing on back porches. We established our territorial rights with shouts,

threats and imprecations. Everywhere I still hear the lilt and sing-song of strange tongues filling the air with a strange and exciting melody.

Today, I often wonder whatever happened to the kids in my neighbourhood in the East

End who never got to school, were left cooped up in their backyard or out of sight of neighbours. The ones short-changed by genes and bad luck. The ones, in our terrible ignorance, we laughed at, made fun of. In my time no real refuge or place of peace for them. No therapy, little medication, little help.

Only God must know the fate of this great host of the unloved and lost.



Minute Particulars

(Continued from page 4)

hear the screams
Great Grandmother
Great Great Grandmother
beautiful faces
gnarled and twisted
faces unknown
dreadfully familiar
where I have feared to tread
tormented faces

I stop
before this wall
drawn to a hole
place baby finger
in the scar
all at once
sucked through
I am with old women
"here" they say
"this is a part of you
your blood
your bones
need this pain

see there, down below
young boy alone"

I look to see my father
3 1/2
without mother
without father
I see the fear
I see the childhood
vanish

I see the mother
my Grandmother
afraid for her life
silent invisible tears
dry even before
they hit the cold hard
surface below her feet

and a man
yes, my Grandfather
hauls heavy loads
sweat streams down
machine guns

all around him
pointed at his head
below the surface of his face
wife and child
keep his breath moving
keep him alive

my father a boy
comes to view again
everything in my body craves
to pick him up
to save him
hug and love him

arms return empty

"no" the old women say
"you cannot save your father"
this boy so helpless
his walls close off
his beauty crawls
under the bed
"it is his job"
they tell me
"he must save
himself"



Marginalized No Longer!!!

(Continued from page 1)

more. And the third points to "A New Direction" away from failed biopsychiatry and toward the new non-drug centers, feeling-level therapies, consumer-run self-help organizations and low-cost alternative treatment clinics.

Dr. Colbert's most relevant conclusion with respect to the medical model is that "...the truth is that researchers have never discovered a single defective gene or accurately identified any chemical imbalance that has caused an emotional disorder; nor have they ever proven that brain abnormalities are responsible for even one emotional disorder." Furthermore, he quotes prominent psychiatrist, Ken Barney, to the effect that "The idea that 'schizophrenia' is a hidden disease entity, with a soon-to-be discovered biogenetic 'cause'

has been thoroughly debunked.

A quote which gives the essential idea of The Emotional Pain Model is as follows:

"All emotional or so-called 'mental' disorders, whether they be schizophrenia, depression, mania, panic attacks, or compulsive behaviours, are defense mechanisms that the mind creates to deal with an overload of pain. This is the central difference between the medical model and the emotional pain model. The medical model presents the brain as broken or defective. The emotional pain model declares that nothing is wrong with the brain and, in fact, shows that the brain is often working **brilliantly** as it help create strategies to deal with the emotional pain of an investing heart."

UnderDog

(Continued from page 5)

funk. Three months later, BeatleMANIA hit with a vengeance.

The holistic art of life is in balance, equanimity, poise. We must give ourselves a certain detachment from the world and its Information Age. For me this has meant choosing life priorities in accordance with voluntary simplicity.

There are many holistic treatments and methods one may pursue on the road to effectively treating manic depression/bipolar disorder. The alternative practices in this article are a sampling of the options available to conventional and mainstream western medicine. May you find what works for you and be healed, thus 'making ends meet'.

Finally, to give just one instance of the "New Directions", Dr. Colbert relates how, at the San Joaquin Psychotherapy Center, in five years of serving even formerly considered "untreatable" 20 to 30 year veterans who biopsychiatry has failed to help — in an unlocked facility, without medication, shock, restraint, or seclusion — the hospital readmission rate is zero. And there have been no suicides or assaults.

Of course, there is much, much, more about the therapeutic implications spelled out in the book.

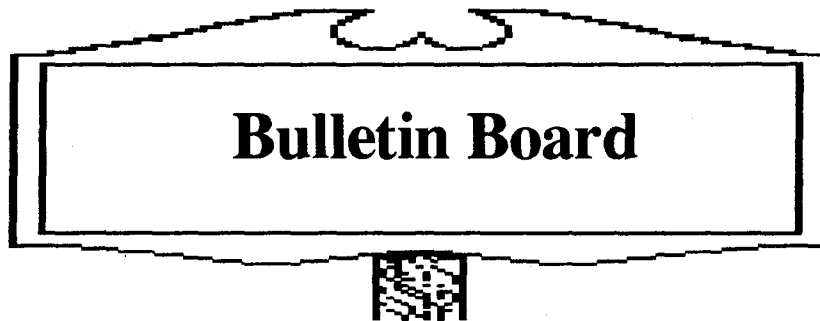
(Available from Support Coalition, P.O. Box 11284, Eugene, Or., 97440, U.S.A. Add \$3.00 for a sample copy of their great magazine, **Dendron**)



for \$26.95 U.S.

(Two very relevant sourcebooks pertaining to the above are **Natural Healing for Schizophrenia: A Compendium of Nutritional Methods** by Eva Edelman and **Depression and Mania: Friends or Foes?** by Dr. Ty Colbert available for \$27.45 U.S. and \$16.45 U.S. respectively from Support Coalition, P.O. Box 11284, Eugene, OR 97440, U.S.A.)





Four Corners Community Savings

If you have any suggestions for the Community Outreach Team or questions about electronic funds transfer, please call us at 606-0131 or drop in to Four Corners. We are located at 390 Main Street, right on the corner of Hastings and Main. We value your opinions and your business.

Mothers in Transition Support Group

Mothers who have lost custody of their offspring due to mental illness can meet other Moms of like mind and situation for coffee meetings.

We share experiences and interests. We hope in unison to lessen the burden of living without our offspring. We create friendships.

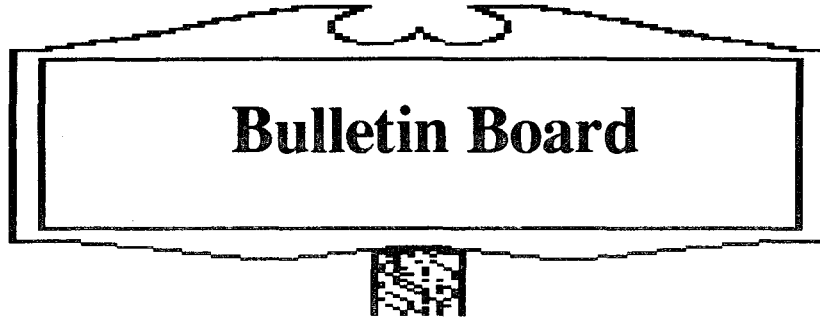
We meet one-to-one with Dawn and as a group.

For more information call dawn at 871-0151 and/or leave a message.

“Moments”

“Moments”, is a collection of stories by consumers in B.C. about special experiences in their life journey while working towards mental health. It is available through the Canadian Mental Health Association, B.C. Division, 405-611 Alexander St. Vancouver B.C., V6A 1E1, Ph. (604)254-3211

(continued on next page)

A decorative graphic of a bulletin board with a scalloped top edge and a small square notch at the bottom center. The words "Bulletin Board" are written in a bold, serif font in the center of the board.

Bulletin Board

Alternative Healing

Health Action Natural Society supports natural healing methods for mental illness. Ph 1-888-432-4267. Their local address is #202-5262 Rumble St. Burnaby B.C.

Vancouver Women's Health Collective has peer counselling and makes referrals to support services, groups, and does advocacy work in health care reform. Their address is 219 - 1675 W. 8th Ave. Vancouver, V6J 1V2. Info by phoning (604) -736 -5262

Freedom of Choice in Health Care, B.C. Chapter can be reached by phoning (604)-685-7835

Tsu-Chi Institute for Complimentary and Alternative Medicine is at 715 w 12th Ave., Vancouver, They do research; have a clinic, resource centre, and library . They can be reached by phoning (604)-875-4767.

Vancouver Richmond Mental Health Network sponsors many self-help groups including a Women's circle. Their address is #303 - 1212 W. Broadway, Vancouver. and the Director of the Network, Helen Turbott may be reached at 733-5570.

The Gaia Garden Herbal Apothecary at 2672 W. Broadway, Vancouver, V6K 2G3, can help with transition therapy for people with psychiatric problems going from orthodox medication to herbs. Their phone number is 734-4372.

Freebies:

For those in need: Free clothing; Dishes
Choose from a variety of donations
At Community Resource Centre, 1731 W. 4th Ave., Monday to Friday,
9 am to 9 pm on request.

