

# In A Nutshell

2 "I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space..."  
Wm. Shakespeare

Autumn 2006

## Carrying His Cross

by Anonymous

He was bound to carry his cross – the only problem was that sometimes he was confused about what his cross really was. He knew the Christian Sacred Scriptures thoroughly by this point in his life, but somehow the knowledge was not being translated into his legs, i.e. a true spiritual walk, because his life was encumbered with the crosses of the past. He knew the scriptures that spoke of the Apostle Paul's 'thorn in the flesh' that was given to him from the Almighty to keep him humble, however it seemed that in his own life, he had three or four 'thorns in the flesh'. Most times he attributed this fact to the abundance of blessings in the material realm that had encompassed his life. No, he wasn't rich in finances, but his needs were always taken care of.

“..somewhere along the way, he had bowed to the pressure...”

Somehow, he accepted the fact that there may not be his ultimate vindication in this life, as he had once, early on in his spiritual journey, hoped for and believed in. This belief had made him fierce and vocal in the face of his sufferings and his oppressors, but, somewhere along the way, he had bowed to the pressure of repeated blows to his body and soul and had accepted the fact that vindication might not come through his own tenacity or vocal opposition (or even those times when he had lashed back at those who had oppressed him). He had taken 'the lower road' and, deciding that he was getting nowhere by opposing his oppressors, he began to see the journey in much longer terms of time and he also began to believe that there was no vindication in this life but only after Christ's return, 'the time of the restitution of all things'.

Basically, he had slipped into an easy and comfortable form of contentedness that revolved around his living space and his minor employments, some of which had been a part of his life for years. He

almost felt, when he ventured out into the streets and buses of the city, that the floodwaters of Noah's time, in a spiritual sense were covering the people that he saw, that spiritual death was the constant companion of living in such a populous and thriving Mecca of industry and culture. When he did run into someone he knew, in his travels, he was always thankful for a bit of conversation and fellowship to break up this sense of

spiritual death and allow him a chance to communicate. Lately he had been thinking about loosing spiritual words on buses to the general public, but knew that he might face opposition from the transit authority or others onboard. So he hid his faith deep inside and wondered whether spiritual community would ever, once again become a part of his life.

It was a problematic situation, a Christian believer outside of the bonds of Christian community most of the time, and only rarely being able to articulate and communicate 'the faith', feeling almost overwhelmed by the flood waters of

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Noah – the spiritual death that seemed to be around him everywhere.

In his attendance of church communities, he had found relief for periods of time, a kind of 'doing good' or 'doing the right thing' feeling, but he had not been rooted into one particular congregation to the point where spiritual interaction and the flow of 'the loving exchange' had brought forth fruit in the form of disciples. Perhaps the reason he could not commit to any Christian community was because of his former involvement in very extreme, tight-knit church life that had been almost cultish. He had experienced so many spiritual 'revelations' and 'highs' in those days and he now knew that, subconsciously, he compared other Christian communities to those intense 'crazy lovers of Jesus' experiences.

Yes he was 'carrying his cross' and many times the weight of it had seemed too enormous to bear, yet he still clung dearly to the promises that told him that 'life would come out of death' and that 'death cannot hold the resurrection life'. He realized, when he looked at an overview of his past, that main theme of death and resurrection seemed to stand out clearly and had been repeated many times over.

Now, many times, his former tenacity and zeal to 'do the work of the Lord' seemed almost laughable. Maybe, as the songwriter says, he was just 'waiting for a miracle.' But, he also well knew that his very existence, his day-to-day life was a miracle of the loving-kindnesses of a Heavenly Father and for that, he was thankful. ■

## Bob Loblaw

by Jim Gifford

Writing for me is a wonderful way to occupy time and exercise my mind. It allows me to produce by means of a talent that I have been honing for over thirty-five years.

Although lately I've been prolific, there are dry spells, looking anxiously at a blank sheet of white paper on the word processor. In this vein, I recall former Vancouver Sun columnist Denny Boyd's treatise on the subject.

The piece in question began with him saying he had writer's block. Then he went on to fill up several paragraphs about this dilemma. He made lemonade out of a lemon.

My recurring concern revolves around the fact that today we are so inundated with information that

language seems to have lost much of its meaning and purpose, namely the art of communication.

A student of inner silence, daily I deal with the paradox of also being a wordsmith who, as well, loves the art of conversation. One day I saw a billboard ad that struck home. It read "a wise man once said nothing."

Chatting to a pal about the lack of ease I experience in my craft, I mentioned the sense of 'running off at the mouth.' Whimsically, she suggested a good pen name: Bob Loblaw. ■

The Editorial Board of **In A Nutshell** welcomes letters, articles, and poetry on mental health issues from you, our readers.

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# Excess Baggage

by Satya Devi

In the pre-dawn hours, a thick mucous haze still rims the shoreline, and in those hours when madness and conception are likely to occur, I tiptoe out to the tiny rickety porch to put my rubber boots on. Crazy lady is clairvoyant, at least within the family where madness and hatefulness run so close as to be identical twin incest, although she broke the 150 year tradition of that Loyalist Hamlet when Dad went on a few leave passes during the war, the big one, as he once called it, although he never talks about it except in dreams that terrorize him and he calls out, but cannot utter to the outer world when he's awake. I cannot repeat a dozen sentences he said to me in our whole lives together.

Before I am out of bed and on the floor jerkily trying to dress like a flickering Charlie Chaplin movie, I have a sense that Crazy lady knows that I'm awake and is already conspiring to sabotage the seashore excursion. I can never reckon whether she doesn't want us to go at all or whether she wants us to go and spend two hours in misery, guilt and punishment. She doesn't want anything that isn't her idea, and if it is her idea, then she changes it if everyone agrees with her because she says we're only saying "yes" to please her, which is true.

Hunched together in the porch, we never give in to the fact that it's never going to be a perfect getaway and put our boots on. Then the drama begins as every light in the house goes on with her carcass hitting the floor and it's "Stewart, what's going on?"

"I'm just taking Tiga out for a walk on the shore before work."

"Why does she have to go everywhere with you?"

"Why don't you come along, then?" Dad says with his eyes on the floor, helpless, pathetic.

"No, never mind," and then she starts crying and he runs over to help her into the creaky rocking chair, where she falls apart and breathlessly threatens, "It would solve everything if I had a heart attack while you were gone out."

"No, no, Bella, we'll stay," Dad says, almost kneeling to her now, as the rocker creaks and thuds unrhythmically and finally after a minute that seems like an hour, she looks away, hand on chin, and in a child-like whine says, "No, it's okay. Go." My brother shifts positions in his end of the room in bed and rolls

off in an annoyed guff back to his thrashing sleep.

As dad and I finally take our leave, I am looking at my feet as I walk down to the shore, and I've never been able to walk with my head up since, as I've learned to ignore my peripheral vision and to hear only the sounds of the footsteps, as a form of deafness by elimination, and don't really hear much more of the exchange between Dad and Crazy lady. We left her still in the rocker and she was viciously pulling and rattling

her rosary beads, and I figured she was laying down the law with God, too.

We walk along the kelp and eelgrass. It's the only time I spend with Dad and he tells me not to run or I'll hurt myself, and he walks off at a pace I couldn't keep even if I ran like mad, and as usual, he is ahead and out of sight and I am out of his mind, and He's having his communion and, at-one-ness with Neptune, or some

great God he loves and fears. He had told me once that the sign of a good Welshman was to rise early, hate the Royal family, and mind your own business.

The tides of Point Edward are wild and high, and bash their brains out on the rugged reef. We have only a limited time at the edge of the earth and then we have to trail up through the woods to turn the light in the lighthouse off. I use my arms more than my legs to manoeuvre through the rocks and high tide. Soon I turn upward to a cliff to return from the shore as my father is no longer to be seen and I will never find or catch up to him. When I get to the top, uprooted shrubs in my hands that have saved me from slipping back, I see a familiar figure impatiently waiting by the roadway. He has walked miles and with his hands behind his back, as always, the Prince Phillip strut, and his muscular body looks meticulously dressed in his shabby farming clothes. Now I skip along beside him and we ask each other how far we went, and then remain silent as the sun begins to flutter along the horizon like a frightened butterfly. His footsteps softly thump and I imitate like a new recruit back to the farmhouse.

Those dark hours still come and like many obstacles in my path, I've never learned that the sun will absolutely come, nor have I ever built up the defences to the pre-dawn devils. There is the job, the

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*"...I figured she was laying down the law with God, too."*

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big bright fast city, the adornments of my preference, to assure me that I am somewhere else and running my own life and all that is over. I have evidence that I have changed, spread all around me like a fortress, and familiar new rituals to perform, and a few friends who know me by name. They do not know, though, that every darkness is that darkness and it falls upon me without warning, day or night, and all that happened years ago and miles away comes bashing up at me, and there's no one waiting impatiently at the top of the cliff.

Nor can anyone know how I felt when I got a letter from my godmother readdressed several times over, a sort of miracle in itself in these days of postal service, that he died earlier this month, and something about my brother building an addition onto his home in Ontario and nothing about my sister whom I haven't spoken to for years, and something else vague to fill the page that I didn't really read and then tore the letter up and put the pieces in every trash can at the prison, and continued on to whatever I was doing before with the automatic endurance I plunge into self-righteously as though I had a choice.

It was typical, though, that I should find out like that because my brother had called me a coward for never going back there, after that summer Bella went berserk in public and the neighbours had to pull her off me in the front yard, and then strange-looking civilians called social workers appeared and police and relative, and we three children were packed up and deported out of the tarpaper holocaust; my brother to his grandmother's, my sister to her aunt's, and me to protestant relatives because Crazy lady didn't have any more relatives, so she put a huge tin cross on a heavy tarnished chain around my neck, and with a cardboard suitcase, dirty clothes and hair, and my favourite doll, a boy doll I called Baby Stewart, packed off to the aunt and uncle I despised.

After that summer, Crazy lady never left the house ever again, and sometimes my brother visited

and my sister even moved back, but I left and never saw them again except for once, ten years later, I saw my brother in Ontario for an afternoon and we spent one nice hour where he showed me old family photos, and then he called me a coward, and then I never saw him again.

I could write to him, though, and ask for a photo; for some reason I think I might not always remember what they look like, and I don't have a photo. If I send him \$20.00 in cash and say please send me a negative of Mom and Dad and me at my Baptism, he might do it.

My father would be about my age now at the Baptism, and it would be really strange to see someone and have to look to see what someone who was always older and bigger and stronger and powerful looks like, side by side to me now.

I wonder if there was some unspoken understanding between my parents like I saw with Dad and the sea, that maybe on the night I was conceived, there might have been some peace and joy on the other side of the hard-on, Crazy lady's skirt lifting up like a gentle

wave.

I ran my eyes across my mind to see if there was anything unusual or a strange dream that might have been coinciding earlier this month, sort of an omen, but there's nothing really.

I was sitting on the dining room floor of the nuthouse this morning before sunrise, with a coffee and a cigarette, and it was still very cold and I didn't have enough on even wrapped in a blanket, and I cuddled

and rocked myself back and forth against the building into an autistic lull, trying to visualize my father scurrying through the shore cliffs, and I tried to get him to turn around so I can say good-bye, but he doesn't turn or acknowledge, and then I feel a tremendous sense of lightness and then relief, as though while he travels he lets go of excess baggage he cannot take across certain borders, and off into the obscure day he disappears, like a thief in a trance. ■

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*"...I feel a  
tremendous  
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ness and then  
relief,"*

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## Quote:

"The most powerful ties are the ones to the people who gave us birth ... it hardly seems to matter how many years have passed, how many betrayals there may have been, how much misery in the family: We remain connected, even against our wills."

Anthony Brandt

# Minute Particulars

by Andrew Feldmár

I witnessed a scene in a home for the aged that made my heart sink and my stomach tighten into a knot. I was visiting my 91-year-old mother-in-law, and so was the consulting geriatric psychiatrist. He sat down and turned her wheelchair towards him. He asked her a barrage of questions, including if she knew who he was. He didn't wait to make a connection with her; he had no time. From what her caretakers told him, he suspected that she might have had some frightening hallucinations. His questions were leading, not taking seriously the few interjections she made. When she bravely asked, what are all these questions for, who are they for, I could tell from how he looked at her, and how he responded, that he made a mental note of *paranoid ideation*. He ended up spending more time with her chart than with her. He told me that he was trying to make a differential diagnosis that would decide what medication would be best for her.

She was only recently moved into this facility, having lived for decades in close proximity to one of her daughters, as an active member of a close-knit community. Any child, even if unmanageable, suddenly taken from her home, and deposited into a formal caretaking facility, would be expected to feel traumatized, displaced, and homesick. There was not the slightest indication that the geriatric psychiatrist had any empathy for the existential predicament this old woman had suddenly found herself in. He treated her as a machine gone faulty, not as a person in a stressful and troubling situation.

I would have thought his job would be to help her speak the unspeakable, to help her express her rage, despair, anguish and fear. Who knows what symptoms one could generate while desperately trying to avoid thinking and feeling what was real? She might have felt relieved if a kind and sympathetic stranger would have articulated for her the obvious: "You are, just now, going through a terribly difficult transition, aren't you? You might have hoped secretly that one of your four children would see you to your deathbed. Even if rationally you know that none of them could have

coped with the increasing complexities of taking care of you, you may still feel abandoned by them all! Must be frightening to have arrived at, perhaps, the last stop before you die. And to have to prepare for the end among strangers, hired hands, not your own flesh and blood."

Oh, but we mustn't upset her, nor anyone else! So, give her drugs, manage her into compliance, and help her deny that there is anything wrong or tragic going on. All this is, of course, understandable, given the caretakers' priorities and resources. It isn't efficient to spend quality time with the residents; it's costly and unmanageable. But from my mother-in-law's point of view the objectifying look, the institutional efficiency must have added a whole new confusing layer of mystification and degradation to her already considerable suffering.

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*"...the objectifying look, the institutional efficiency... added a whole new confusing layer..."*

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Last week, I was heading across the U. S. border at Blaine, WA, like I had done often and without any trouble in the past. The man in the booth directed my car over to the nearby building for inspection. There was a long lineup, mostly people of color, young and old, men and women. The officer who finally beckoned me seemed friendly, asked routine questions, but took away my passport and my keys. They were going to search the contents of my car without me being present. While my car was being searched, the officer asked what my profession was, and when I told him that I'm a psychologist, he typed my name into his Internet Search Engine. Before long he was lost in reading an article I wrote and published in the Spring 2001 issue of *Janus Head* (<http://www.janushead.org/4-1/feldmar.cfm>).

And then it dawned on me that I'm in trouble. The article is about the use of certain psychedelic substances (*entheogens*), such as LSD-25, as adjuncts to psychotherapy. I speak of some of my own experiences as early as 1967, and as late as 1975.

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As far as the officer in charge was concerned, I have used "illegal narcotics", and therefore he had grounds for refusing to admit me to his country. Suddenly, from one moment to the other, I have been degraded to an unwanted, unwelcome enemy of the State, a threat to Homeland Security.

I was detained for over three and a half hours, then turned around and sent back to Canada, never to be admitted, unless I apply for and then granted a Waiver.

I shouldn't have been surprised, after all, as I didn't heed the ancient Alchemists' dictum, "Do, dare, and be silent!" And yet, the experience of being treated as "one of them," was shocking. The helplessness, the utter uselessness of trying to be seen as I know myself and as I am known generally by those I care about and who care about me, the reduction of me to an undesirable offender, was truly frightening. I became aware of the fragility of my identity, the brittleness of a way of life.

Memories of having been the object of the objectifying gaze crowded into my mind. I have been seen and labeled as a Jew, as a Communist, as a D. P. (Displaced Person), as a Student, as a Patient, a man, a Hungarian, a refugee, an émigré, an immigrant... Now I was seen as one of those drug users, perhaps an addict, perhaps a dealer, one can't be sure. In the matter of a second, I became powerless, whatever I said wasn't going to be taken seriously, I was labeled, sorted and disposed of. Dismissed.

Whenever someone in a position of power (geriatric psychiatrist or U. S. border guard) reduces the other in a position of powerlessness to a member of a classified, labeled group, all connection gets severed, relationship becomes impossible. The powerless one will not be seen, heard or truly considered again. If I am one of them, then I am out of focus, blurred, unrecognizable. This is degradation. This is alienation. This is soul murder.

## The Very Last of Nine Lives

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

Ceso was a Tomcat on his deathbed. He'd had a life full of injury, mostly through catfights of his own making; however, it was his recent stroke, which left his right leg paralyzed, which was going to result—directly or indirectly—in his death. Though Ceso (pronounced Sesso) knew full well that his human family members loved and adored him since the very day they had adopted him as a rejected, black, runt kitten, he also knew that the one closest to him, Jordan, intended to put him to sleep if his grim condition did not improve. So there he lay, on the carpeted sitting-room floor in the late-summer sun piercing the window, a dying 12-year-old cat.

But, letting out one of his frequent hairball hacks, Ceso noticed movement through the corner of his eye. He turned his head, and, to his dismay, it was a black kitten; Jordan had just brought her home from a farm out in the country. The kitten—"Mimi," was her brand new name—walked into the sitting room, followed by Jordan, who formally introduced the two felines to each other. Jordan then left the room and hadn't been gone two seconds before Ceso hissed at her. He, spitting and growling at Mimi, then got up on his front legs, his ears bent back. Their eyes had met, and the two felines locked into a telepathic communicative connection.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?!" he demanded of her. "This is my place!"

Mimi replied with a hiss of her own; her ears pulled back and her tail went up, its hairs going erect. And it was a tense, five-second silence that followed, as they stared at each other with wide-open eyes.

"I'm not stupid," said Ceso, "I know why you're here—and I know it's not for my companionship."

Having said that, he relaxed and laid back down onto the carpet; Mimi did likewise.

"Maybe you know why I'm here, but I don't," she retorted. "I want to go back and play with the others. Why am I here?"

"You're here to take my spot, as family cat—I'm on my way out. I'm going to die."

"Die?" Mimi asked, as her eyes widened. "Where? Here?"

"No, they take me to the doctor and let him do it; but they tell me it's painless. Besides, it's my time to go," Ceso answered, taking a deep breath and letting it out. "I'm old. And I feel terrible."

"Why do you have to die? Are you really old? How old are you?"

Ceso then let out a sharp hairball hack, before stretching out his good leg. His neck muscles then briefly twitched because of a flea.

"From what I've been told, I'm 12 years old. But the last time I saw the doctor, he said that 'physiologically' ..."—Ceso curled his paws into quotation marks as he talked—"... I'm 16 years old, probably

because of all the beatings I've endured at the paws of other cats ..."; and for effect, Ceso swung his right paw at Mimi's face, intentionally just missing her. "...You know something? I think I'm lucky to have made it past kitten-hood at all."

He laid his head down onto the carpet and slowly stretched out. All was then still and silent for about twenty seconds, as Ceso slowly fell asleep.

Then Mimi slowly crawled up to Ceso's paw and sniffed it; her eyes opened wide, before letting out an inquisitive yet gentle "Meeooooow?"

"What?! No, I'm not dead yet," Ceso suddenly demanded, lifting up his head and eyes opened wide. "I said they would get the doctor to do it, didn't I?"

A brief silence ensued, and Ceso's neck muscle twitched as his eyelids relaxed. "Why were you lucky to have made it past kitten-hood?" Mimi inquired, just a second before Ceso let out another hairball hack.

"I was locked out of my birth home when I was four months old—and on a very cold, foggy autumn night, at that. Left to die."

He reached over his good leg to scratch his neck before continuing with his story. "I walked out through the open back door, into the back yard and into tall, wet grass—over my head. Then the door slammed shut and locked."

Five seconds of silence followed before Mimi asked, "Didn't you go back and cry?"

"Till my throat was sore. Nobody answered. The next morning, Jordan came through his backyard and into mine after he'd heard my persistent crying all night long. He picked me up and put me into his coat, then knocked on the door. Nobody answered, so he brought me here and adopted me."

Ceso's neck muscle again twitched; and he reached over his leg and scratched his neck rapidly, his eyes open to their fullest.

"Damn flea!! They can make life a real bitch, you know! Why in the Hell the Creator allowed their parasitic existence is beyond me!" Ceso cursed, before settling down a bit. "I guess I'll be able to ask Him 'why?' myself, soon enough." His eyelids then slowly settled.

"What about the others?" asked Mimi. "Weren't there others?"

"You mean siblings? ... Yeah, two sisters and two brothers," he replied, letting out yet another hairball hack. "But they didn't have a persistent obsession with open doors, like I did. I had a tendency to wander through any open door, especially the back door. Mr. and Mrs. Shultz probably thought I was in the house with the rest of them, then shut and locked the door just before going away somewhere."

"Somewhere? ... Where?"

"If I knew where, don't you think I'd tell you that in the first place?" was his rather abrasive answer. "You're not too bright, are you Mimi?"

Then, to her amazement (eyes opened wide),

Mimi noticed the small, cloud-like formation just above Ceso's left pupil. "What's that?! What happened to your eye?! Does it hurt?"

"It's called a battle scar," he returned. "And, no, I don't feel anything."

"Battle scar?"

"I got clipped by Bonzeye, two houses down," Ceso said, half closing the scarred eye. "He's an asshole, you know. Stay away from him. He'll scrap you whether or not you're a girl."

He then let out an intense hairball hack, when Mimi inquired of him, "How long ago did it happen?"

"A long time ago, all right?"

Ceso then yawned; and Mimi, suddenly sitting up and her eyes opened as wide as will go, saw that he had only one out of four fangs in his mouth. "What happened to your teeth?!"

"Too many questions!" Ceso snapped, his eyes opened wide, and let out a loudly reverberating hairball hack (the hacks seemed to only worsen each time).

Mimi took a step backwards. And seven seconds of silence passed as he regained his composure.

Completely disregarding Mimi's latter question, Ceso went on about Bonzeye: "He clipped me just before I got 'neutered' ..."—Ceso again curled his paws into quotation marks—"... about eight years ago."

A brief silence followed, and then Mimi asked, "Neutered?"

Ceso seemed to have not even heard her one-worded question: "Now that I think about it, maybe the two incidents are somehow related. They say that cats get into a lot of fights when they're not neutered. And that fight with Bonzeye was the fight of my life," Ceso emphasized, half closing the scarred eye. "I was gone for three days; they told me they thought I had wandered off to die somewhere. I almost lost my eye, you know."

"What about your teeth? Did Bonzeye knock them out, too?"

"No, Bonzeye didn't 'knock them out, too,'" he corrected her, thick sarcasm in his voice. "They fell out."

He then stretched his body, his eyelids relaxed, and a muscle twitch appeared to move from the tip of his tail, up to his neck.

"Fell out? ..." Mimi asked, "...You are old!"

Ceso took a deep breath, sighed, and then released what would be his very last hairball hack. Following a few more seconds of silence, Jordan walked into the room with a pet's traveling cage and with heavy tears in his eyes. He slowly picked up Ceso and gave him two kisses on his cheek. The two felines stared at each other as Jordan slowly, gently placed Ceso in the cage, closed the cage door and left the room.

[www.mentalhealthconsumer.net/FrankGSterleJr](http://www.mentalhealthconsumer.net/FrankGSterleJr)

# Tardive Dyskinesia: A Consumer Perspective

by Susan Trapp

To start off, we must ask the question, "What is Tardive Dyskinesia?" Some of the signs I have noticed in people I know are twitching of involuntary muscles like those around the eyes. Also blinking of the eyes is another movement. There is also grinding of the jaw. This causes pain and stiffness and you think you have problems with your teeth. You go to the dentist and he takes x-rays and can find nothing wrong. Also your tongue moves around in your mouth and protrudes. I have also seen restless legs. Even a tremor develops. There is a constant repetitive movement of the involuntary muscles.

What cause Tardive Dyskinesia? It comes from taking antipsychotic drugs for a long time. Especially at high doses. Antipsychotic drugs are in two categories. The Typical ones are the older drugs and have been around for years. One main one is Chlorpromazine. Consumers who have been these drugs are more likely to develop TD. The second drugs are the Atypical antipsychotics and they have been around for a relatively short time. Examples are Clozapine, Risperdal and Olanzapine. People on these drugs are less likely to develop TD. But since people have been taking these drugs for a short time it is not set in stone whether you can develop TD on them in the long run. If you have been on the Typical Antipsychotics for a long time and you have been changed to the Atypical Antipsychotics you are still at risk to develop TD.

The main problem is recognizing TD. Thomas Hansen M.D., William L. Brown M.D., Ronald Weigel Ph. D. and Daniel Casey M.D. have written an article on the "Underrecognition of Tardive Dyskinesia and Drug-induced Parkinsonism by Psychiatric Residents." In this article it was said that researchers recognized TD more often as opposed to psychiatric resident physicians. Also psychiatric resident physicians

failed to recognize mild cases of TD. Also underrecognition of TD occurs with general psychiatrists.

When a course was given on EPS or the part of the nervous system that controls movement, recognition improved. Another problem was the options for treatment. Prevention was the number one treatment. Other options are withdrawing the offending drug and using another drug that is less likely to cause TD. This

is probably the most successful option. Many consumers have been through this procedure. It may take time but there is hope that the TD will go away, but there is no guarantee.

There were other options brought up by Dr. Alan Wong, a psychiatrist at the Kitsilano Fairview Mental Health Team at an information session which had not been mentioned on the Internet. This was probably because drug companies are funding research and

they are basically concerned with new drugs as being the answer to treating TD. These other options were exercise such as Yoga, Tai Chi and stretching. He said that since TD affects certain muscles of the body that these exercises would be helpful. Also exercise helps cognitive thinking which is often impaired with people with TD. He also recommends omega 3 fatty acids, antioxidants and vitamin E. One other helpful comment was to avoid caffeine as this would make TD symptoms worse.

You are probably wondering what can consumers do about TD? We need to educate ourselves. We need to learn about TD. This is all about the process of recovery. We need to take responsibility for our illness and our care. Recovery is not just about treating the symptoms of mental illness but improving the quality of life of consumers. Preventing TD is a big step! ■

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*"...exercise helps cognitive thinking... often impaired with people with TD."*

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## Quote:

"The first wealth is health."

Ralph Waldo Emerson



# The Handyman's Delight

by Ben Nuttall-Smith

I chose to live high on that hill  
above the ocean, in that tiny house  
that needed so much care  
from top to bottom and where rats  
scurried then sat glaring  
from basement corners. Those same  
rats ran across my bed at night and  
tickled with their whiskers while I tried  
in vain to sleep to the coughing  
and the sputtering and the squeaking of the  
oil furnace reeking while centipedes and spiders  
crawled across my pillow in the dark.

Smoky rays of morning sun  
peeped through the rickety blind that hung  
by a thread over the sliding glass  
doors to the patio with the cracked  
cement. Ants marched single file,  
in snaking columns, under the door to the  
Coca Cola can that sat in front of the dusty  
brick fireplace full of soggy  
newspapers  
and rusty tins.

All that was better far  
than natter, natter, natter.

## Padded Cell

by Ben Nuttall-Smith

My ship sails cursed with leaks and groans  
and violent tempests loom  
like monsters on the jagged waves  
to drag me to my doom.

I've sailed too far and out of reach.  
The night is filled with screams  
and rattling chains and cracking whips  
and terrifying dreams.

I cannot flee, I cannot hide.  
My head is racked with pain.  
I'm curled up in this padded cell –  
the worst stage of "insane".

# The Old Soul

by Jim Gifford

The Old Soul  
With no ambition,  
Holds out his bowl  
In Utter Submission.

Begging for alms  
Is a poor monk's habit,  
Studying the Psalms  
Like Moses, his Tablet.

In radiant smile  
He offers kindness,  
With The Spirit's Style  
Of Mindfulness.

God speaks  
In little things  
'Mid silent peaks,  
Peace that brings

His Heart's Content  
In place and time,  
Without lament  
Of worldly crime.

In ethereal ease  
And robust health  
That does please  
His Inner Wealth.

In the still  
Of midnight's hour,  
'Tis God's Will  
To give The Power.

That he receive  
Blessing's of Love;  
That he conceive  
From Heaven Above.

Awareness to see  
The present unworn;  
Free to Be  
As he is born.

# The Old Soul

## (continued)

In Eternity's Light,  
Passage beyond death;  
In the might  
Of each Breath.

Not asking much,  
Accepting his lot,  
His energy is such  
That he is sought

By those driven  
To succeed,  
For His Nature Divine  
Makes them plead

His case in the courts  
Of mortal man,  
As their generous supports  
Spread across the land,

And those with less  
Are given more  
For the rich bless  
From the near shore

As, on the far side,  
Across waters of Baptism,  
The Old Souls abide  
Healing the schism,

Like Good Shepherds  
On the Rock,  
From lions and leopards  
Guarding the flock,

In Unity of Creation  
To The Source  
The Spirit's Elation  
Shows on life's course

As The Old Soul  
With no ambition,  
Holds out his bowl  
In Utter Submission.

# The Dance of Life

by Oliver Cross

"The essence of the Art of Peace is to cleanse yourself of maliciousness, to get in tune with your environment, and to clear your path of all obstacles and barriers."

"Eight forces sustain creation: movement and stillness, solidification and fluidity, extension and contraction, unification and division."

"One does not need buildings, money, power, or status to practice the Art of Peace. Heaven is right where you are standing, and that is the place to train."

"To practice properly the Art of Peace, you must: calm the spirit and return to the source; cleanse the body and spirit by removing all malice, selfishness, and desire; be ever-grateful for the gifts received from the universe, your family, Mother Nature, and your fellow human beings."

"As soon as you concern yourself with the 'good' and 'bad' of your fellows, you create an opening in your heart for maliciousness to enter. Testing, competing with, and criticizing others weakens and defeats you."

"All the principles of heaven and earth are living inside you. Life itself is the truth, and this will never change. Everything in heaven and earth breathes. Breath is the thread that ties creation together."

"If you have not  
Linked yourself  
To true emptiness,  
You will never understand  
The Art of Peace."

"The Art of Peace is not easy. It is a fight to the finish, the slaying of evil desires and all falsehood within. On occasion the Voice of Peace resounds like thunder, jolting human beings out of their stupor."

"Each and every master, regardless of the era or place, heard the call and attained harmony with heaven and earth. There are many paths leading to the top of Mount Fuji, but there is only one summit—love."

—O'Sensei

We dance our way through life. Dancing occurs in context, we do it together. When we dance we want to join a group, not be singled out. We want to be accepted. Being separate makes us feel self-conscious. When we dance we also want others to join in, not simply watch.

We are born part of a group. We are welcomed into a family. Our family teaches us how to dance with them.

Dancing is stepping around one another. It is being aware of your partner or partners, moving with them in time and into space... without leaving the group. Dancing is harmless. It doesn't hurt you and it doesn't hurt those around you.

We lose efficacy when we bump into each other. A lack of aesthetic accumulates when the goal of the dance—the will of the dancer—becomes making contact with self or others rather than moving into space. We want to avoid attachment to things.

We can become confused in our training. If we learn on a busy dance floor where people are always bumping into each other, we may never truly have or get used to the experience of clearly moving into space. Dance floors may grow busier over time. Experienced dancers may not mind it and may still be able to keep sight of the goal, while younger dancers may become confused or overwhelmed. Older dancers need to protect and watch out for younger dancers to ensure the future of the dance.

We dance face to face, we fight front to back. Once we make contact with our enemy, we must not let go. When we fight, we seek to face the back of our enemy, not exposing our own. Then we are safe. Then our enemy is powerless.

We cannot be more specific about the fundamental nature of movement in a dance, in terms of body parts and motions, because we are flexible, fluid creatures and there are actually endless possibilities. When we talk about the general case of relating without specifying the object of relationship—we can dance with anyone, or even anything, in motion—we talk about the spirit. Spirit is between all of us. Spirit connects us now, in time, and space.

# A Short Review of My Life

by Terrence Levesque

The Germans were advancing on all fronts. Then came the announcement. Hitler was dead. He committed suicide in his bunker in Germany. The Allied Army moved in and brought the war to an end. Berlin was eventually divided between East and West. That was 1945 and I was born two years later in 1947, in another country and in another time. Thirteen years later in 1960, affluence and revolt came upon the land. I was a teenager and I acted and did what all teenagers do. All of our generation were being influenced by the times. This included many of the programs then on television, by the booming music industry, by radio, by movies, by cars and what the older kids were doing.

In 1963, John Kennedy was shot and killed. In 1964 my father, Tom Levesque died and that same year the Beatles hit North America.

At that point in time I was finishing high school and was playing many different sports at school. In short, I was an athlete and I received my high school letter for athletics. I also began to play chess and throughout my life have taken an avid interest in the game. I had many high school friends who subsequently disappeared from my life. I graduated from grade 12 at Burnaby North High School and then I left high school behind me.

In 1966, I left Burnaby and went to live in Port Hardy on the northern tip of Vancouver Island. I was employed as a logger in the forest industry and I quickly became known in the town, making a new set of friends. These were people I worked with, partied with, laughed and joked with and some of them have remained clearly in my memory to this very day.

Someone I met in Port Hardy in my early days was to be my wife. Her name was Patricia Ann Keuber and I loved her dearly. From 1966 until 1975 I was in and out of the forest industry and in that time I managed to obtain a University degree in Psychology from Simon Fraser University. I received my undergraduate degree in May of 1974. At the end of 1975, I left Port Hardy and the forest industry, became separated from my wife and returned to Vancouver, where most of my family still lived. I obtained a divorce

from Pat in 1979. Around that time, I seriously gave some thought to becoming a writer, and as it turned out I have been writing steadily for the past thirty years. Many of my stories have been about the people, places and times I have lived in.

In 1980, Pierre Trudeau was re-elected as Prime Minister of Canada and there was a great battle between the separatist forces of Rene Levesque and Pierre Trudeau in Quebec. By 1984 I had made a new set of friends and was once again dating and doing odd jobs. I was writing a lot of poetry at this time and I did manage to send three full books of poetry to

Vantage Press in New York city. In 1985 I had my first poem published in The American Poetry Anthology in Santa Cruz California. By 1985 I was writing full time.

The next year, several close friends, as well as two of my uncles, died. I was living in South Burnaby at the time and was quite aware that the decade of the nineties was right around the corner. I had, by this time, been diagnosed as having a mental disorder of schizophrenia and was being

treated, as it turned out over the years, by several different psychiatrists. I have taken medication for this disorder and the symptoms have been alleviated, but not without more than one stay in the hospital.

In 1988 and 1989, I flew to Alberta on a holiday and enjoyed a two-week stay with friends of my family. In 1990 I took an apartment in North Burnaby and stayed there until the beginning of 1993 when I made a move to Kitsilano and joined the Mental Patients' Association. Bill Clinton had, by then, burst upon the scene as the American President and, in Canada, Jean Chretien became Prime Minister.

Throughout the decade of the nineties, I wrote steadily for M.P.A. publications. I continued to write on through the beginning of the new millennium and the millennium madness. We are in a new era. George Bush has been returned as the current American President. There is a war in Iraq – it still goes on. As Bob Dylan once sang – 'the times they are a-changin''. How true! And maybe one day I may get to Heaven.

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*"I had... been diagnosed as having a mental disorder of schizophrenia..."*

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# Bookworm

## Get Back in the Box:

### Innovation from the Inside Out

By Douglas Rushkoff

HarperCollins, New York, 2005

Reviewed by Andrew Feldmár

Although this is a book about business, when reading it, I was struck by how much of it seemed relevant to being a psychotherapist, and what's more, to being alive here and now, at the beginning of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century. This is a creative, passionate, playful, articulate and clear approach to what holds the secret of success, filled with world-changing ideas, as well as practical advice. Rushkoff seems to have picked up the scent of the future, and it's not so bad. "I believe we are currently living through a shift as profound as the original Renaissance," the author states. By renaissance, he means a moment of reframing. "We step out of the frame as it is currently defined and see the whole picture in a new context. We can then play by new rules," he promises.

The dawn of the first Renaissance was in the thirteenth century. By the 1500s, persons were thought of as separate entities, human agency became important, and a meritocracy was born with its concomitant struggle for autonomy and individualism. This tendency towards differentiation and individual freedom seems to have peaked and, according to Rushkoff, unless we swing back towards communalism, cooperation, collaboration, openness, and transparency, we'll run into a dead-end.

Rushkoff urges individuals, as well as businesses, to reinvent ourselves, "not based on some abstract plan but rather through the natural expression of your core competency." By "core competency" he means true expertise. Rushkoff shows how crazy-making it is to put power into the hands of managers who can manage any business, without understanding or having the experience, core competence, that the actual business requires. When counseling centers, such as the ones in universities, are managed by bureaucrats who have no inkling of what therapy or counseling is about, the centers become unhappy, incompetent, useless places for both the counselors and the clients or patients. Love and attentiveness are not efficient. "Changing one's own child's diapers is economically unsound,"

remarks Rushkoff: from the point of view of a corporate executive it is "dirty work" that should be delegated to a low-wage babysitter. An efficient management kills the enterprise of caring it sets out to manage.

One of the chapters is entitled *Social Currency: What people really value, and why*. Social currency is what you have or know that you can share with other people. Jokes, for instance, can serve as social currency.

Or stories, or the things we buy, travel experiences, can all be ammunition for the next e-mail, the next conversation or phone call. We want to interact, and we want our interactions to be exciting, surprising and riveting, so they can go on forever, and not terminate. Steve Jobs, CEO of Macintosh, is quoted from an interview, "I think we are having fun. I think our customers really like our products. And we're always trying to do better. But I think we're leading the industry and we're having a good time."

Rushkoff goes on to say that "Jobs may just as well have said he is leading the industry *in* having a good time. And this is not only a great way to keep people coming into work with a smile on their faces, but also the easiest way to keep them innovating, as well. When people are really at play, the object of the game is no longer to win the game but to keep the game going."

Rushkoff mentions and relies on one of my all-time favorite books, *Finite and Infinite Games* by James P. Carse. Rushkoff writes, "Instead of using surprise to vanquish one's opponents, surprise becomes a way to sustain everyone's interest in what's happening. In Carse's words, 'Infinite players play in the expectation of being surprised. If surprise is no longer possible, all play ceases.'" *THE ART OF PLAY BEATS THE ART OF WAR*, blares the title of the next section. The art of play, infinite play, for me is well symbolized by the Hindu spousal pair Shiva and Shakti in a tantric consort image, locked in the embrace of eternal, ongoing, passionate intercourse. At once the most sacred and the most mysterious path to higher consciousness, tantra is the Sacred Union of opposites. Taoists refer to these

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*"We want to interact and we want our interactions to be exciting..."*

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energies as yin (from yoni, i.e., the receptive principle) and yang (the active principle). There is no winning, no losing, no domination, no submission, just the infinite play, the endless dance of Shiva and Shakti delighting each other, surprising each other till the end of time.

Attention to detail communicates care. "A company's real relationship with a customer is not communicated through the marketing," Rushkoff writes, "however compelling it may be. It is communicated through the cup holders in the doors, the easy-to-read LED display in the cell phone cover, the user-friendly menu on the digital video recorder, or the leak-proof absorbency of the baby diaper. Companies speak to us through the details and quality of their products: the feeling of discovering a knob on a dashboard just where your hand happens to reach; finding a copy of the assembly instructions on the company's Web site; getting dropped off right next to your rental car after simply giving the bus driver your name; or coming across an extra pocket in your parka for a cell phone that some dedicated designer has had sewn in there seemingly just for you. The anticipation of one's desires feels awfully close to true love."

The radical ideas presented by Rushkoff are actually very simple. "Having exhausted the alternatives," he states, "we come to realize that the easiest path to satisfaction and profitability is to do something well, and to do it with and for other people." Raymond Ackerman, a successful free-market capitalist, who started at the bottom, also became a consumer advocate. In his biography, he writes, "I've always said that following the principles of consumer sovereignty and caring for people is precisely the way to make money and to be successful. It is an absolute fact that the more we ploughed into staff benefits, the more we gave to charity, the more profits rose.... The division between caring and making profits does not exist." Near the end of his book, Rushkoff puts it this way: "Those of us smart or lucky enough to get back into the box are free to develop a framework of playful abundance that fuels unending inquiry and innovation. Discovering this bounty of creative potential takes our attention off of selling to people and puts it onto serving them."

During the present renaissance many new models are appearing, all of them insuring progress and success through collaboration, through recognizing the power of collectivism and rendering the need for competition between individuals obsolete. "Social networking tools such as Friendster, Linked-in, Dodgeball, and Meet-up not only give people the ability to connect with others, they also function as dynamic maps of a person's connections at any given moment," says Rushkoff.

I remember R. D. Laing saying that he believed intelligence was not an individual's characteristic, that it was a social phenomenon: "You can be only as smart as the company you keep!" Rushkoff would heartily agree. Competition, strife, ambition for wealth or achievement can lead to isolation and unhappiness. Numerous studies have shown that the more money we accumulate, the sadder we get.

*"Competition, strife, ambition for wealth or achievement can lead to isolation and unhappiness."*

"The New Renaissance Person is not motivated by competition, ... but by a quest for deep, playful inquiry and a desire to bring this renaissance sensibility to others," states Rushkoff and goes on advocating "liberation from the illusion of personal concerns and the need for competitive strife." He sounds like a *bodhisattva*, a Buddhist for whom personal salvation is not enough; he works on the salvation of all sentient beings. The last sentence in the book reads: "We all make it, together, or none of us really does."

Psychotherapy, as I have come to know it through the past four decades, is also a deep, playful inquiry, hopefully resulting in liberation from the illusion of crippling personal concerns and harrowing comparisons and worries. The most effective remedy for human suffering seems to be *enjoyment*. You cannot enjoy yourself and continue feeling anxious or fearful or depressed. And enjoyment can be cultivated. Developing a core competency that could be of service to others may go further in alleviating depression, anxiety, and other varieties of mental anguish than any medication or therapy marketed and sold by today's psychiatry and psychology. Rushkoff's book may prove to be very therapeutic: he encourages, he demystifies, he reframes. I couldn't do better myself. ■

## Quote:

"Art begins in imitation and ends in innovation."

Mason Cooley

# Judge Not, That

by reinhart

Scripture admonishes us; "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Millions bandy the term about like one more well-worn, comfortable platitude; innocuous and inoffensive as chitchat about the weather. The phrase permeates our culture, yet paradoxically, yet understandably, only on a superficial level: because most don't take it seriously. Most would say that the phrase only applies in some idealistic or religious sense. That it has little relevance in the real world. Usually the phrase is glibly invoked when someone wishes to gloss over, excuse or rationalize some transgression of theirs. And, by and large, it would be these same people who, when it is they who are transgressed against, would be the very first to cry foul, and call for revenge. One sees then every day, on the evening news, talking about "closure".

"Judge not, that ye be not judged." is also little understood. This being so even though the phrase is further clarified by the following verses of Scripture:

"For with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

This difficulty in understanding the phrase, "Judge not that ye be not judged.", is to be expected; because all of us, both intuitively and consciously, realize that judgement is a necessary part of life. Every day we are called to make dozens of decisions; and most decisions involve some sort of judgement. Throughout our lives we are called upon to judge between what is good and what is bad, what is right and what is wrong, what is true and what is false, what is harmful and what is harmless, what is of benefit and what is a detriment, etc., etc.

Consider the judge sitting on the bench. Are we to say to him: "Judge not that he be not judged"? His entire career, and most of his life, consists of judging guilt and innocence, and pronouncing sentence on the guilty. Who would deny that judges are necessary? Who would deny that no society can function without law and order? And that, therefore, judgement is also necessary; and in fact, indispensable.

Indeed, Scripture also encourages us to be "people of discernment", and that we are to "judge righteously". An entire book of the Bible is called "Judges". These judges ruled Israel before the monarchy was instituted, and they resolve disputes among the people in much the same way the courts do today. Simply put, the judges judged.

But now we seem to have a contradiction. On the one hand Scripture tells us, "Judge not", and on the other hand it tells us, "discern... judge righteously". The contradiction is resolved upon closer examination. Scripture must always be read within context. And

Scripture states:

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*"...all of us, both intuitively and consciously realize that judgement is a necessary part of life"*

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"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."

"Judge not, that ye be not judged.", read in context, refers to an absolute sort of judgement. The second part of the phrase, "that ye be not judged", implies the ultimate, final, absolute judgement by

G-d. The wicked to damnation, the penitent to salvation. And thus, a sense of this finality, indisputability and severity is also implied in the first part of the phrase, "Judge not", and we are cautioned to refrain from it.

Concerning judgement, there are two distinct jurisdictions. Judgement that belongs solely to G-d and, judgement that also extends to the discrimination of man. One might further one's investigations by considering the term "condemn" in reference to "Judge". The connection is presented in the preceding quote from Scripture. That is "...condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned..." What is the difference, you might ask? All the world, I may tell you. For whereas man has a mandate to pronounce judgement on certain things or situations, only G-d is, ultimately, able to condemn. Only G-d is able to pronounce absolute judgement. Condemnation is the prerogative of G-d alone.



Not only does Scripture allow man to "judge", it actually encourages him to "judge righteously". Man is called to judge actions, deeds, words, events, objects, situations, states of being, etc., etc. It is the prerogative of G-d, and His alone, to judge man in an absolute sense, or to condemn him. "Vengeance is Mine, saith the LORD." Ultimately, only G-d can judge man.

For example: If I discover that my brother has stolen some valuable object, and I say to him, you have done wrong, you have sinned and you should ask G-d's forgiveness, then I have "judged righteously", and I am within my mandate. If, however, I say to my brother, you have done wrong, you have sinned, you are a bad, evil man, then I have condemned him and gone too far. This is the prerogative of G-d. Only G-d is able to "judge" the heart, mind and soul of a man. And therefore, only G-d is able to truly judge between who is evil and who is righteous. And thus, if I condemn my brother, I have myself sinned, and should heed the Scripture: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Or again, for example: If I discover that my brother has committed adultery, and I say to him, you have done wrong, you have sinned and you should ask G-d's forgiveness, then I have "judged righteously". If, however, I say to my brother, you have done wrong, you have sinned, you will go to Hell, then I have condemned him and gone beyond my mandate. For indeed, only G-d is able to say who goes to Hell, and who does not. Only G-d is able to condemn.

And, for example: If I say to my brother, you have done wrong, you have sinned, you will go to Hell; and fifty years later, on his deathbed, he comes to repentance and finds salvation, then I am proven to be, at best, a fool, at worst, a liar and a deceiver.

This issue is relevant to many Charismatics, Evangelical Protestant, Popular Revivalist and Jehova Witness

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*"It is the prerogative of G-d, and His alone, to judge man in an absolute sense..."*

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groups. (I am sure that there are others than these, and also many individuals within some further groups, such as Catholics, Baptists, etc., who struggle with the meaning of Scripture when it says "Judge not".) For, these groups, while their zeal is admirable, and much of their message noble, err greatly when they say: Unless you accept Jesus as we do, unless you believe as we do, and unless you do as we do, you will go to Hell. They are, as yet, unaware that this is not within their

jurisdiction. This prerogative belongs solely to G-d. They would be well served to further explore the Scriptures.

For Christians, and many others besides, the three greatest commandments are: Love the LORD thy G-d with all thy heart and all thy mind and all thy soul" – "Love thy neighbour as thyself" – "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you". It is no accident that each of these is concerned, either explicitly or implicitly, with love.

Therefore: "Condemn not, lest ye be condemned." ■

## Quotes:

"Judgment is more than skill. It sets forth on intellectual seas beyond the shores of hard indisputable factual information."

Kingman Brewster

"One cool judgment is worth a thousand hasty counsels. The thing to do is to supply light and not heat."

Woodrow Wilson

"Judgment is not upon all occasions required, but discretion always is."

Philip Dormer Stanhope

## **Websites of Interest to Consumers/Survivors/Ex-Mental Patients**

(This list is not intended to be comprehensive or exhaustive, and has left out many well-known sites that are widely available and easily accessible from local directories. — B.F.)

### **Organizations (General)**

[www.mind.org.uk](http://www.mind.org.uk) [www.power2u.org](http://www.power2u.org) [www.mhselfhelp.org](http://www.mhselfhelp.org) [www.wnusp.org](http://www.wnusp.org) [www.tao.ca/~pact](http://www.tao.ca/~pact)  
[www.u-kan.co.uk](http://www.u-kan.co.uk) [www.mentalhealth.com](http://www.mentalhealth.com) [www.icspp.org](http://www.icspp.org) [www.oikos.org](http://www.oikos.org) [www.icomm.ca/csinfo](http://www.icomm.ca/csinfo)  
[www.aapd-dc.org](http://www.aapd-dc.org) [www.mindfreedom.org](http://www.mindfreedom.org) [www.geocities.com](http://www.geocities.com) [www.mdri.org](http://www.mdri.org) [www.breggin.com](http://www.breggin.com)  
[www.cvdinforbase.ca/mh-atlas/](http://www.cvdinforbase.ca/mh-atlas/) [www.szasz.com](http://www.szasz.com) [www.antipsychiatry.org](http://www.antipsychiatry.org) [www.peoplewho.org](http://www.peoplewho.org)  
[www.walnet.org/llf](http://www.walnet.org/llf) [www.mentalhealth.org.uk](http://www.mentalhealth.org.uk) [www.fsu.edu/~trauma/ip.html](http://www.fsu.edu/~trauma/ip.html) [www.radpsynet.org](http://www.radpsynet.org)  
[www.contac.org](http://www.contac.org) [www.buildfreedom.com/ft/psychiatric\\_survivors.htm](http://www.buildfreedom.com/ft/psychiatric_survivors.htm) [www.samhsa.gov](http://www.samhsa.gov)  
[www.nucknfuts.com/index.php](http://www.nucknfuts.com/index.php) [www.cam.org](http://www.cam.org) [www.lino.com/~raiddat](http://www.lino.com/~raiddat) <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Antipsychiatry> <http://aix1.uottawa.ca/~nstaman/alternatives/OVNVinternational.htm>

### **Advocacy and Activism**

[www.mental-health-matters.com/activist.html](http://www.mental-health-matters.com/activist.html) [www.m-power.org](http://www.m-power.org) [www.narpa.org](http://www.narpa.org)  
[www.protectionandadvocacy.com](http://www.protectionandadvocacy.com) [www.cchr.org](http://www.cchr.org) [www.popan.org.uk](http://www.popan.org.uk) [www.advocatweb.com](http://www.advocatweb.com)  
[www.gamian-europe.com](http://www.gamian-europe.com) [www.hri.ca](http://www.hri.ca) [www.hrweb.org](http://www.hrweb.org) [www.iahf.com](http://www.iahf.com) [www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm](http://www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm)  
<http://members.aol.com/jimhofw/jimho.htm>

### **Alternatives**

[www.talkingcure.com/index.asp](http://www.talkingcure.com/index.asp) [www.alternativementalhealth.com](http://www.alternativementalhealth.com) [www.medsfree.com](http://www.medsfree.com) [www.moshersoteria.com](http://www.moshersoteria.com)  
[www.transtherapy.org](http://www.transtherapy.org) [www.patchadams.org](http://www.patchadams.org) [www.healthfreedommovement.com](http://www.healthfreedommovement.com)  
[www.weglaufhaus.de](http://www.weglaufhaus.de) [www.elcollie.com](http://www.elcollie.com) [www.stopshrinks.org](http://www.stopshrinks.org) [www.lstpm.org](http://www.lstpm.org)  
[www.emotiosinbalance.com](http://www.emotiosinbalance.com) [www.the-bright-side.org/site/thebrightside/](http://www.the-bright-side.org/site/thebrightside/) [www.doctoryourself.com](http://www.doctoryourself.com)  
[www.emotionsanonymous.org](http://www.emotionsanonymous.org) [www.projectresilience.com](http://www.projectresilience.com) [www.bu.edu/cpr/rr/alternative/](http://www.bu.edu/cpr/rr/alternative/)  
[www.religiousfreedom.org](http://www.religiousfreedom.org) [www.wildestcolts.com](http://www.wildestcolts.com) <http://stopbadtherapy.com> [http://nht\\_amh11.blogspot.com](http://nht_amh11.blogspot.com) <http://essence-euro.org/iasp/> <http://myweb.tiscali.co.uk/erthworks/nonmain.htm>

### **Drug Information**

[www.larsmartensson.com](http://www.larsmartensson.com) [www.drugs-and-medications.com](http://www.drugs-and-medications.com) [www.drugawareness.org](http://www.drugawareness.org)  
[www.outlookcities.com/psych/](http://www.outlookcities.com/psych/) [www.canadiandimension.mb.ca/v35/v35\\_5ab.htm#three](http://www.canadiandimension.mb.ca/v35/v35_5ab.htm#three) [www.nmsis.org](http://www.nmsis.org)  
[www.antidepressantsfacts.com](http://www.antidepressantsfacts.com) [www.socialaudit.org.uk/1.4.html](http://www.socialaudit.org.uk/1.4.html) [www.chemsense.com](http://www.chemsense.com)  
[www.prozactruth.com](http://www.prozactruth.com) [www.quitpaxil.org](http://www.quitpaxil.org) [www.talkingcure.com/archive/drugs.htm](http://www.talkingcure.com/archive/drugs.htm) [www.truehope.com](http://www.truehope.com)  
[www.astrocyte-design.com/pseudoscience/index.html](http://www.astrocyte-design.com/pseudoscience/index.html) <http://members.fortunecity.com/siriusw/Biochemical-Imbalance.htm> <http://groups.msn.com/SIDEEFFECTS> [www.benzo.org.uk](http://www.benzo.org.uk)

### **Children & Youth**

[www.voice4kids.org](http://www.voice4kids.org) [www.aspire.us](http://www.aspire.us) [www.hearmyvoice.org](http://www.hearmyvoice.org) [www.ritalindeath.com](http://www.ritalindeath.com) [www.p-a-r.org](http://www.p-a-r.org)  
[www.adhdfraud.org](http://www.adhdfraud.org)

### **Tardive Dyskinesia/Dystonia**

[www.power2u.org/selfhlep/tardive.html](http://www.power2u.org/selfhlep/tardive.html) [www.wemove.org](http://www.wemove.org) [www.dystonia-support.org](http://www.dystonia-support.org) [www.dystonia-foundation.org](http://www.dystonia-foundation.org)  
[www.iatrogenic.org/index.html](http://www.iatrogenic.org/index.html) [www.breggin.com/tardivedysk.html](http://www.breggin.com/tardivedysk.html)  
[www.caromont.org/16036.cfm](http://www.caromont.org/16036.cfm) [www.emedicine.com/neuro/topic362.htm](http://www.emedicine.com/neuro/topic362.htm) [www.drugdigest.org/DD/Articles/News/0,10141,513136,00.html](http://www.drugdigest.org/DD/Articles/News/0,10141,513136,00.html) [www.psyweb.com/Diction/tardived.html](http://www.psyweb.com/Diction/tardived.html) [www.thebody.com/pinf/phenos.html](http://www.thebody.com/pinf/phenos.html)  
[www.reglan-lawsuit.com](http://www.reglan-lawsuit.com) [www.ninds.nih.gov/healthandmedical/disorders/tardivedoc.htm](http://www.ninds.nih.gov/healthandmedical/disorders/tardivedoc.htm) [www.easyweb.easynet.co.uk/simplpsych/tardive.html](http://www.easyweb.easynet.co.uk/simplpsych/tardive.html)

### **Electroshock**

[www.ect.org](http://www.ect.org) [www.banshock.org](http://www.banshock.org) [www.idiom.com/~drjohn/review.html](http://www.idiom.com/~drjohn/review.html) <http://bmj.com/cgi/content/full/bmj.326/7403/1363>

# Bulletin Board

The **Self-Help Resource Association of B.C. (SHRA)** conducts regular Facilitator Training Workshops for Self-Help and Mutual Aid Support Groups. They also publish a quarterly newsletter and the Directory of Self-Help/Support Groups in Greater Vancouver with approximately 600 listings, many of them dealing with mental health. The latest edition (2005 - 06) of the Directory is now available for \$20.00 for individuals or \$25.00 for professional organizations (order forms available at [www.selfhelpresource.bc.ca](http://www.selfhelpresource.bc.ca)). SHRA is located at Suite 306 - 1212 West Broadway, Van. B.C. V6H 3V1. Tel: 604-733-6186. Fax: 604-730-1015.

The **Alternative & Integrative Medical Society (AIMS)** at UBC publishes the free AIMS Wellness Directory: Lower Mainland Guide to Complementary Health. It contains approximately 250 paid and many unpaid listings dealing with a broad spectrum of mental, physical, and spiritual aspects of healing. For a Directory and/or more info. about the Society, phone 604-822-7604. Fax: 604-822-2495. E-mail [info@aims.ubc.ca](mailto:info@aims.ubc.ca). Web: [www.aims.ubc.ca](http://www.aims.ubc.ca). AIMS, University of British Columbia, Box 81 - 6138 SUB Boulevard, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1Z1. Office: B80A Woodward Building, UBC.

**Vancouver/Richmond Mental Health Network** sponsors many self-help groups including a Women's Circle. Their address is #109 - 96 E. Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V5T 4N9 and the Co-ordinator of the Network may be reached at 604-733-5570.

Named after Vincent van Gough's homeopathic doctor, Paul Gachet, **Gallery Gachet** works to provide a safe, borderless place of artistic expression. It strives to be a place of healing and a center of artistic excellence. Founded in 1994 we provide opportunities to exhibit, perform, publish and sell work and to offer a place for support and community. "We aim to use the canvas of the outside world to educate and demystify the public on issues related to mental health and abuse."

## Websites of Interest to Consumers/Survivors/Ex-Mental Patients (continued from previous page)

### Forced Treatment

[www.freedom-center.org](http://www.freedom-center.org) [www.namisc.org/newsletters/August01/MindAid.htm](http://www.namisc.org/newsletters/August01/MindAid.htm) [www.hri/doccentre/docs/gosden.shtml](http://www.hri/doccentre/docs/gosden.shtml) [www.garynull.com/issues/Psych/Index.htm](http://www.garynull.com/issues/Psych/Index.htm) [www.psychlaws.org](http://www.psychlaws.org) [www.kqed.org/w/hope/involuntarytreatment.html](http://www.kqed.org/w/hope/involuntarytreatment.html)

### Mental Health Law

[www.bazelon.org](http://www.bazelon.org) [www.ac.wvu.edu/~knecht/law.htm](http://www.ac.wvu.edu/~knecht/law.htm) [www.psych.org/public\\_info/insanity.cfm](http://www.psych.org/public_info/insanity.cfm) [www.forensic-psych.com/pubs/pubADment.html](http://www.forensic-psych.com/pubs/pubADment.html) [www.psychlaws.org](http://www.psychlaws.org) [www.imhl.com](http://www.imhl.com) [www.ialmh.org](http://www.ialmh.org) [www.justiceseekers.com](http://www.justiceseekers.com) [www.safe-trak.com/main/competency1.htm](http://www.safe-trak.com/main/competency1.htm) [www.abanet.org/disability/sites.html](http://www.abanet.org/disability/sites.html) [www.experts.com](http://www.experts.com) [www.expertpages.com/psychiatry-psychology.htm](http://www.expertpages.com/psychiatry-psychology.htm) [www.psych.org/advocacy-policy/leg\\_res/apa\\_testimony/testimonysub-crimeposted91800.cfm](http://www.psych.org/advocacy-policy/leg_res/apa_testimony/testimonysub-crimeposted91800.cfm) [www.ilppp.virginia.edu/](http://www.ilppp.virginia.edu/) [www.law.cornell.edu/topics/mental\\_health.html](http://www.law.cornell.edu/topics/mental_health.html) [www.helpforparents.net/LegalResources/1LegalResources.htm](http://www.helpforparents.net/LegalResources/1LegalResources.htm)

### History of Mental Health Care

[www.psychiatricsurvivorsarchive.com](http://www.psychiatricsurvivorsarchive.com) [www.webcom.com/thrive/schizo/kdarch.html](http://www.webcom.com/thrive/schizo/kdarch.html) [www.cwu.edu/~warren/addenda.html](http://www.cwu.edu/~warren/addenda.html) [www.epub.org.br/cm/n02/historia/psicocirg\\_i.htm](http://www.epub.org.br/cm/n02/historia/psicocirg_i.htm)

### Online Publications

[www.mentalmagazine.co.uk](http://www.mentalmagazine.co.uk) <http://members.aol.com/asylumpub> <http://userpage.fu-berlin.de/~expert/psychnews/>



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