

In A Nutshell

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

Autumn 2008

Receiving A Love Of The Truth

by Paul Strashok

When Jesus, the Messiah, was here on earth and he stood before the Roman ruler of his day, Pontius Pilate, He made the statement that He had come into the world to "bear record of the truth". Pontius, in his reply, asked, "What is truth?" This question reveals not only the darkness that is in the unenlightened human condition, but also a sort of carelessness and lack of concern for the things that really matter in our human living.

The philosophers, throughout the centuries, have asked this question "What is truth?" They have thrust at it with the sharp, questioning swords of their intellect, elaborated on it with their imaginations, tried to pin it down through the use of word-play and discussion of semantics, yet, I find in my own experience that such exercises, rather than clearing the muddy waters, only create more questions and cloud the issue even further.

The word philosophy means the 'love of wisdom', yet the Christian sacred scriptures reveal that "Christ is made unto us wisdom: (1Cor 1:31). After his death, burial, and resurrection, the anointed One was poured out in the Holy Spirit to become our wisdom. (It is interesting to note that Sophia or 'Wisdom' is personified as feminine in Prov. 8, therefore we can conclude that Christ (or Messiah lit. anointed of Jah) contains both the masculine and feminine aspects in His resurrection, ascension and the pouring out of Himself as the Spirit.

At one time an instructress was teaching us concerning Cognitive Behavioural Therapy. I challenged her concerning this teaching and said,

"Where is the power behind it?" She simply said, "The power of the truth!" In this modern world in which we live it is very easy to become envious of others (sometimes I think that the only functional families are on television!). But if we have a sober

assessment of our situation, we must admit that, in our society, we have a great abundance of prosperity and a lifestyle that many others truly envy. Cognitive Behavioural Therapy can teach us not to think too highly or lowly of ourselves, and that is a scriptural principle as well.

'Receiving a love of the truth' is a principle also found in the scriptures. It represents a safeguard against 'believing a lie' and being led astray.

"Cognitive Behavioural Therapy can teach us not to think too highly or lowly of ourselves..."

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I remember in my school days at the U of A in Edmonton, I had had some spiritual experiences and was very interested in Comparative Religions. Our Professor was a very gracious East Indian man who would have us over for supper and play classical music for us and listen to our 'psychedelic rock'. One day in our class a Christian believer stood up and asked "Is it not true that the Christian faith is the only one that has the concept of 'grace' in it?" The professor thought for a moment or two, then answered, "That is true." He was somewhat nonplussed by having to declare that, but he knew it was true.

'Receiving a love of the truth' allows us to admit the truth when we find it and not shy away from it. That professor, no matter what his bias was, admitted the truth. I give him credit for that. For those of us diagnosed with a major mental illness, there are also truths to be safeguarded. Living in a big city in the midst of millions of people, we must protect our minds and hearts from being invaded by the atmosphere around us. We must 'safeguard' our minds from external voices and pollution of thought, yet still be careful to entertain strangers as 'angels unawares'.

For myself, I find it very difficult to just 'wander' in the city, I must have a goal and a destination to feel comfortable that I am accomplishing something. Living where I do in East Vancouver, the atmosphere can become quite chaotic at times, so I tend to be a 'homebody' and I feel comfortable with that.

One of my housing workers told me that he was at a party and they were playing a parlour game. The question came up "Have you ever met a perfect person?" He answered "Yes" when everyone else had said "No". As they all badgered him as to who the perfect person was, he finally answered "Jesus is a perfect person". I also commend him for standing up for the truth. He has a

love of the truth and that is why I feel comfortable around him.

In summation, there is truth to be found in many ways, beautiful music, artwork, poetry, and even sincere thespianism. These things can move one to tears. Truth is found in many ways and forms. Let us not deny it or shy away from it.

*"...there is truth
to be found in
many ways,
beautiful music,
artwork, poetry,
and even sincere
thespianism."*

Quote:

"Life is more an art than a science;
less a business than a calling."

Daniel Strad

The Editorial Board of **In A Nutshell** welcomes letters, articles, and poetry on mental health issues from you, our readers. Authors of writing that is accepted and published will receive an honourarium - \$50 for articles over 500 wds, \$25 for shorter articles, \$10-\$15 for poetry depending on length.

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One for George Carlin

by Satya Devi

At one time in India, there was a Hindu Sage so revered and worshipped by his devotees that he had to give his lectures and prayers outside the Ashram, in a huge, splendid garden. His followers always sat spellbound and worshipful.

But, there was one old man, who did not bow down to the Sage, and continually heckled the Sage's lectures, shouting out, "This man is mad! Don't believe a word he says" or "Don't listen to this man, think for yourselves, find your own answers, the man is a fool!"

Needless to say, the devotees were outraged by the man's behaviour and constant heckling, and often protested that he should be removed from the garden, but the Sage always motioned to them to leave the man alone.

Time continued to go on, and the heckling continued right along with it. After many years, the heckling old man passed away, and the students and devotees were elated and rushed to tell the Sage of the good news, but to their shock, the Sage fell into an insoluble grief and wailed despondantly. When, after hours of wailing and grief subsided somewhat, the students asked the Sage why he was so upset over the passing of the man who had caused him so much anger and resentment, and the Sage said, "Now, I have no one to keep me honest—all of my students and followers and devotees take everything I say as infallible and never question me, or think things out for yourselves—I could tell you anything and you would believe it, that is not true following - it's blind faith-it's useless!"

.....

One of our dear philosophers and hecklers, George Carlin, died last month at age 71. It's hard to imagine when he was not with us. He started out his earlier skits with, "I was kicked out

of Las Vegas for saying shit in a lounge whose main entertainment was a game called Crap". And then, of course there are the seven words that one can never say on TV—the first year I was in Toronto, it was hard to get a record or cassette of his acts. I was working as a coding clerk on the Toronto Stock Exchange and went to the only business Christmas eve's party I will ever attend. Everybody was getting piss drunk on the free booze and my boss told me I had a bright future in the firm. Yeah sure, an 18 year-old file clerk from Cape Breton who'd been there 4 months, so he went on to another clerk. The head Honcho's Black chauffeur, who drove the limo behind him as he walked down Bay Street to his office, was last seen grabbing the Boss's Secretary by the ass and headed behind the stock tickets for a few rounds of "hold me down and fuck me". I was about to leave when one of the other workers there said a few of us

were going to pass around a bottle of gin in her car in the parkade and she had this cassette of George Carlin and the "7 words" to listen to, and that sounded appealing, so off I went. There was a Puerto Rican mail clerk who enticed us into buying a joint from him— (Hey,mon!)—and we were indoctrinated into many of the radical things, and in under 6 months, I had come from being a hick from the Maritimes to cutting edge, big city.

Jon Stewart on his Daily show had a moment of Zen for George Carlin, showing a cut from the first Gulf War, recorded in 1992, where Carlin was saying, behind the scenes there is "DICK" Cheney and "COLIN" Powell—looks like somebody's getting fucked in the ass' _ — and the Networked bleeped it in 2008!

So, we need someone like George Carlin, someone who heckles and upsets and says, what we need to hear, that the Emperor has no clothes. ■

"...we were indoctrinated into many of the radical things..."

"We must learn to welcome and not fear the voices of dissent. We must dare to think about 'unthinkable things' because when things become unthinkable, thinking stops and action becomes mindless."

James William Fulbright

Newsbriefs From All Over

Compiled by Scott Dixon

Eight Days A Week

Thumbs UP to the *Globe and Mail* newspaper for its ground-breaking eight-day series on the state of mental health care in Canada. Among the recommendations:

Create a \$10-billion, national mental-health fund.

Commit to a national mental-health plan that lays out specific goals on 1) how to reduce the impact of mental illness on individuals, families and the community, 2) how to prevent mental disorders and 3) how to promote mental health and wellness.

Combat the stigma: Canada needs to focus its anti-stigma efforts on debunking myths about mental illness.

BUT

Thumbs DOWN to the same *Globe and Mail* for this headline that ran soon after the mental health series:

“How a Madman’s Blade Cut Reunion Short”

(This even before the suspect in the Greyhound bus beheading murder underwent a psychiatric evaluation.)

Hot Flash

The BBC reports that an estrogen patch might protect women with schizophrenia or other severe mental illnesses from psychotic feelings. Australian scientists found that women given the sex hormone estrogen were less likely to report suffering hallucinations or delusions. A bigger study is needed.

Uncle Sam Wants You

The US Defense Department’s Military Health System has launched a behavioral health Web site that will allow service members to anonymously seek mental health treatments for maladies such as combat stress and post-traumatic stress disorder in what the agency called a “stigma free” environment. About 300,000 U.S. troops suffer from major depression or post-traumatic stress from serving in the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. (*Next.gov.com*)

Force Off

According to the *Associated Press*, the New Mexico Court of Appeals says an Albuquerque ordinance requiring treatment for some mentally ill people conflicts with state law and can’t be enforced. The ordinance mandated outpatient treatment for mentally ill people who were determined by a court to be a threat. Its opponents said it gave the city too much power to force treatment.

It’s A Bird, A Plane - No, It’s A Crow

Adam Duritz, lead singer of the Counting Crows band has talked frequently about his battle with mental illness. In *Men’s Health* magazine he wrote that... “every night I go out on stage and have this incredible emotional connection between me, the band, and the audience. Then, just like that, it’s over. I go backstage, back to the bus, back to my hotel room, and sit there all by myself. That deep connection is yanked away in an instant. It’s like breaking up with your girlfriend over and over again, every night.”

On Stigma

by Jim Gifford

Although diagnosed manic-depressive, and hospitalized several times, I never identified negatively with my dis-ease as a stigma. Strongly motivated to write, I saw my illness as both a curse and a blessing, like other poets and artistes who have been similarly affected.

Over the years, sharing my life with others, I found them both supportive and encouraging. In my openness, they'd mention relatives or companions who suffered like me, our dialogue being a means to education and enlightenment.

However, there are some in our society who fear and marginalize those like myself. Recently, in my neighbourhood, a banner advertising a fitness center proclaimed 'Prozac is Out; Exercise is In'. This sign ignorantly minimized the dilemma of the mentally/emotionally afflicted.

After all, you'd never say, for example, 'Insulin is Out; Exercise is In'.

A study has revealed more Americans are afraid of going through a breakdown than they are of dying. This fear has its roots in a dread of losing control of one's life, descending into an abyss, and causing profound change in one's psychic identity.

For, in psychotic states, you are thinking and acting outside of the normal box and having experiences that are taboo in our culture. Yet you may emerge to a richer inner world,

newly -tapped creativity, and be a gifted 'wounded healer'.

By example, you may aspire to dispel the angst and misunderstanding about 'breakthrough breakdowns', thus transforming stigma into a powerful and possibility attitude.

"This fear has its roots in losing control of one's life, descending into an abyss..."

Quotes:

"In charity to all mankind, bearing no malice or ill will to any human being, and even compassionating those who hold in bondage their fellow men, not knowing what they do."

John Quincy Adams

"Where there is charity and wisdom,
there is neither fear nor ignorance.
Where there is patience and humility,
there is neither anger or vexation. Where there
is poverty and joy, there is neither greed nor avarice
where there is peace and meditation, there
is neither anxiety or doubt."

St. Francis

George Blight's Flight

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

How could something like this happen to me...!? I've heard or read about such things, but to have such a horrific experience actually happen to me ... It's nothing but the epitome of an ordeal! A vicious ordeal!

George Blight was told throughout most of his 57 years of life that he had some sort of positive-fortune-telling ESP, or the potential for one – though why he had it was never clearly explained to him by all of those tarot card readers he'd paid handsomely; however, what was happening to him was clearly real and horrific.

Indeed, he was experiencing it all: stuck on a 747 jumbo jetliner, caught in a wind shear and plummeting down towards the darkened eastern Atlantic Ocean, somewhere off of the southwestern coast of France; with travel bags and pillows falling and sliding every which way, and hundreds of oxygen masks dangling from somewhere above.

Oh, God! ... If only I had taken the Concorde or ... how could not one – just one – of those countless card readers warn me of this death trip. Peter did want to meet with me just yesterday — he'd probably have known. But then again, he's a "fortuneteller" who's not always accurate in his foretelling of future events, and especially so with such negative ones.

Oh, my God, I'm going to die!!

Peter might have foreseen this ordeal but decided he was likely wrong – as he is with such major matters as airline disasters – and thus realized that since I told him that I really should make this trip, he didn't want to scare me for nothing into cancelling my reservation on this flight. The son of a bitch assured me that I'd foresee such a disastrous event like this ... "You have it in you, Big George Guy," he said.

But then it came. The gradual sensation of the huge aircraft leveling off (albeit quite slowly), with its nose and tail becoming parallel with the calm ocean below, all with the alleviation of the ear-piercing whine of the aircraft's plummeting four, powerful bypass-turbine-jet engines.

His life was spared. Every passenger's life was spared - all 356 of them. Although it was cold

comfort (to George, at least) to hear the pilot's reassurances that the aircraft did indeed fly into a wind shear and that everything now was O.K. "But, just in case, please remain seated with your safety belts on and secured."

It was important to him, he found, to appreciate the lives of the others and their survival.

Oh, thank God! He whispered to himself as he closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. *Thank, God!!*

George, at 57 years of age and diagnosed with manic depression, closed his eyes with praise, as two drops of greasy sweat rolled down his forehead and onto his glasses, making their way down onto his pale cheeks.

Thank, God.

When the plane finally landed, George found himself fumbling his fingers while trying to consume the state-of-the-art medication his psychiatrist prescribed him just about a month prior; he was so shook up that he thought that he might not be able to even get the tablets into his mouth. Finally having washed down his medication, he hustled himself to the baggage claim and then outside to catch a taxi to the nearest hotel with vacancy just for the night. There was no sense in going for a nicer hotel deeper into the city, since he was catching an early flight to glorious Cairo – and away from the rest of the world, stressful as it is — the next morning and would not have the time to enjoy any of Paris' posh hotels.

George, rather than allow the taxi driver to see just how badly his hands were shaking, simply dropped an adequate amount of francs onto the driver's lap, bolted out of the vehicle and jogged to the hotel's entrance.

Regardless of his ordeal, George found himself hungry, and it was around breakfast time back home in the eastern U.S. However, he knew that there was a good chance that his unstable condition could embarrass him in the dining room, say, with a prawn shaking off of his fork and onto the table or, even worse, the floor.

*"...caught in a
wind shear and
plummeting down
towards the
darkened Eastern
Atlantic Ocean"*

(continued on pg. 11)

Obsidian* Wings

by Alex Winstanley

Alone in the busy streets,
with obsidian wings
on my back
I still can't fly
for I have shattered the bones in my wings.

Grey buildings bloom orange in the sunset

and I feel the patter of rain
in this dreary Vancouver lane—
my name inscribed in graffiti under a bridge.

I talk to another homeless Jesus.
It is divine as long as I listen
and he keeps talking.

* A volcanic rock used by the Aztec as spearheads, found in
the countryside of Mexico

Losing the Monkey

by Paul Strashok

Reaching out,
reaching in,
“as in, so out”, she said
so turning my mind
towards quarks
and cosmic strings
as if metaphysical mind
could be placed in the box
of biological brain
claiming that this is the freeing from the box,
just another view
on this incredible mix
of spirit and matter,
thought and feeling,
breathing and bone
known as mankind -
now setting foot on the moon,
now sticking a junkie’s needle in the vein
but sometimes the need to explain
is as the junkies curse.
So let the truth fall open
out from this mind
expressed by word and deed.
In my fondest dreams
I am standing in a crowd.
I look up and,
simply believing,
by faith alone,
I begin to rise off the earth
and while that faith is focused
on the heavens,
I continue to rise
as naturally as was always meant to be,
more real than the waking state.
Put that in a box
and compare it to some man-made machine!

George Blight's Flight

(continued from pg.6)

Thus he'd splurge and order room service for dinner, with a soothing bottle of white wine.

Having just washed down his last mouthful of sirloin steak with some wine, George kicked off his shoes and threw himself backwards onto the bed. He thought about how even living with mental illness, life is not that bad after all. For the last 13 years, he'd been the successful, wealthy financial advisor with a large firm, the father to three healthy teenagers and the husband of a beautiful, also-successful lawyer.

And I did just survive a jetliner's plunge thousands of feet down towards the icy Atlantic Ocean.

But still overwhelming all of the good stuff on George's proverbial list was the fact that he, for the last half-dozen years or so, had found life to be unbearable – his good job and the three healthy children he had with his lawyer wife (all of whom are worried about George's recent depressive attitude and short-notice trip to Egypt) had become, simply, unfulfilling.

The close call on the flight, and his negative self-analysis were still not enough to keep him awake.

Soon, George closed his eyes and began to snooze.

"Hey, mister, what are you doing out there?" George asked the man standing outside, on the hotel's 14th-floor ledge. "Get back in here before you catch a cold; it's a freezing wind out here." He was the same bellhop who'd delivered George's room service not even an hour before.

"Stay the hell away!" the man warned. "Or I will jump!" The man had been dead quiet until then.

"C'mon, guy; things can't be all that ..."

But the bellhop was adamant; he had been very serious in his unrelenting desire to leap to his death, and that's exactly what he did. He leapt forward and went down to the pavement below and into eternity. George could even hear the blunted crack of the man's bones hitting cement.

"Oh, shit!"

George snapped out of his slumber and found himself lying on the bed with only about a half-hour having passed. But by then, it was 9:56 at

night, an hour of the day, which wasn't that noticeable with the lamplight placed just next to his closed-curtain window.

The lamp-lights were meant to light up the hotel name's letters plastered between two lamp lights just on the other side of an adjacent room.

He sat himself up and wiped the thin layer of sweat from his forehead with the palm of his hand.

"Man, it seemed so real," he mumbled, as he got up and went over to the room's sole window.

It both bewildered and somewhat bothered George as to his rather nonchalant attitude towards the man in his brief dream who was going to end his own life. "C'mon guy; things can't be so bad ... " *What a stupid thing to say; what was I thinking? Well, it was just a dream, and stupid things are frequently said and done in dreams.*

George Blight found that the windowpane was sticking to the frame, probably because not very many people open that window. However, after some strategic knocks by George, it eventually snapped free, and he lifted it up. A gust of brisk late-autumn, Parisian air blew into his

room and into his face.

He looked straight out over the lit-up airport and its runways no more than two miles away, before looking up and over to the city, which was lit-up comparably to that of London and maybe even New York.

George then began to repeat in his mind the ordeal he endured in the plummeting airliner (which had occurred only four-and-a-half hours earlier) when he was alerted by what sounded like a seal squeaking. At first, he thought the sound might just be coming from some birds outside. But when George went to and looked out of the window, to his left, he was stunned to see a man on the hotel's outside ledge, quivering from likely both fear and the cold night air. The man was not very well built, a fact alone evident by the small

"...he... had found life to be unbearable - his good job and the three healthy children he had with his lawyer wife... had become, simply, unfulfilling"

(continued page over)

uniform into which he was able to fit; he wore that included a strap-on cap, and he appeared to have been crying.

"Hey, you're the bellhop who served me my meal," said George, his speech much affected by his nervousness. "Why the hell are you out there? You'll fall and kill yourself."

"You are very bright, you are," replied the bellhop, in a French accent.

George noticed how for a man determined to take his own life by jumping off of a towering building's ledge, the bellhop heavily leaned back against the hotel's brick siding while clasping onto anything out there that he could grab. Then again, George recalled hearing somewhere that when some people determined to kill themselves by jumping off of high places, such as a bridge, they flail wildly on their way down in a futile attempt to hold onto something — anything. *It must be instinctual, I guess.*

"You're not going to jump, are you?" George really did try to not sound so stupid: "Please, let's talk."

"There's nothing to talk about, mister! Now, get lost!"

"I can't just walk away," explained George, who, being only five-foot ten-inches in height and rather overweight at 290 pounds, did not in particular wish to go out on the ledge so as to join the bellhop in his apparently-imminent, very-violent desired destiny.

"Please, mister, leave me alone," begged the bellhop. "There's nothing to talk about."

"Sure, there's plenty to talk about ... For example, the jet plane I was flying in just a few hours ago actually almost plunged into the ocean. I sweated for God to spare my life, and here you're going to snuff out yours. Oh, the bitter ironies in life."

George, who found himself then pondering over whether he could've sounded more cavalier than he did, then noticed that the bellhop on the ledge was not holding so tightly to the siding of the hotel as he was before George started to ramble to him; and the man was beginning to slowly lean forwards.

"Whoa, guy — be careful out there!" George suggested to the suicidal bell-hop while trying to not sound patronizing. "Believe me, life's worth living," he urged, again sounding foolish, futile and desperate. "I mean ... I mean things will ..."

It all, though, did not matter: the bellhop decided against George's pleas. However, it would not have mattered what *anyone* would have said to him; things were, at least in his perspective, simply that bad in his life.

The bellhop jumped out as far as he could and fell like a rock down onto the recently paved street below. George believed that if it were not for the noisy vehicular traffic down there, he would have heard an audible thud of the man's body hitting the earth.

George could not believe his eyes. And he'd dreamt basically the whole thing just minutes before. *How did I know? Was my dream just that — naught but a dream followed by an extreme coincidence? Or did I have a premonition — a small peek into the future?*

He'd dismiss it all if it wasn't so disturbingly accurate. So very accurate. *But then, again, why didn't I foresee the airline ...*, he began to ask himself. *Oh, but nobody died in that incident; the plane didn't even crash.*

In his "dream," the man was dressed the same way as the bellhop who'd just killed himself. And, most importantly, the subject of his "dream" leaped to his death from the same ledge just outside the window, as did the bellhop in reality.

What's all of this about? How the hell did I know?

Nonetheless, George realized that the city's police would probably want to talk with him as to whether he saw or heard anything relevant to the terrible incident. But he decided that he had nothing to offer: George's chance to communicate with the bellhop before he climbed outside onto the ledge and thus perhaps have prevented his suicide, was gone forever. Besides, he did not want to lose sleep over it all and then miss his Cairo flight in the morning because of a sleep-in.

"I should leave well enough alone," he said to himself, firmly. "Yeah, that's what I'll do — leave well-enough alone."

If police came to discuss the matter with him, he'd just reply that, "I didn't hear a thing. I must've slept through it all."

At about 7 a.m. the next morning, George got out of bed and dressed before going downstairs to see if there was a newspaper that mentioned the suicide the night before. He doubted it, though, for the city is very large, and there must have been

"George could not believe his eyes. And he'd dreamt basically the whole thing moments before."

other more pressing matters about which to report than one low-wage worker taking his own life.

Scanning the publications at the newsstand, he found that many of them mentioned that there had been a record setting high in the rate of suicides the day prior. Indeed, one prominent newspaper printed as its main headline, "High Number of Suicides in City an Anomaly, says Sociologist." Then George, having paid for the copy, looked through the pages, stopping only to read, "Astronomers Scan the Sky for Hale-Bopp Comet's Closest Fly-by and its Tail's Mysterious Elements."

George Blight did make his extensive way to the great pyramids of Egypt, just before he, a fairly overweight man, suffered a fatal aneurysm in his heart. The bitter irony of the matter is that only about ten minutes before he suffered the aneurysm, he had an explicit vision during a nap in which he could see himself grab at his chest before falling to the floor. He immediately awoke fearing the worst, which caused his already-high blood pressure to rise considerably before he dropped dead. A catch-22, perhaps...?

Listen to the Gyroscopes

by Oliver Cross

In the shadow of a jumper,
The highway opened up in front of us
With the road officially closed behind us,
Not to disturb the insanity,
We raced on,
A secret,
Thank you.

After hours,
Loosen the grip
Only to feel
The cramp,
Unwittingly gripping tighter
And tighter
To control the throttle.

The engine's finally running well,
Hummmmming.

Traffic's good, lean
Ever so slightly,
It's enough.
Look far,
Gauge the rest
A little throttle
Up she sits

On the return trip,
We take the exit
Just before the bridge,
An homage,
Sleep tight...
Take care, thank you,
Bless you.

Rolling home,
Slowing,
She finally stops
And needs a kick stand
Not to fall over.

Good night,
My love,
Dreams are coming...
Thank you.

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.)

Organizations (General)

www.mind.org.uk www.power2u.org www.mhselfhelp.org www.wnusp.org www.tao.ca/~pact
www.u-kan.co.uk www.mentalhealth.com www.icspp.org www.oikos.org www.icomm.ca/csinfo
www.aapd-dc.org www.mindfreedom.org www.geocities.com www.mdri.org www.breggin.com
www.cvdinbase.ca/mh-atlas/ www.szasz.com www.antipsychiatry.org www.peoplewho.org
www.walnet.org/llf www.mentalhealth.org.uk www.fsu.edu/~trauma/ip.html www.radpsynet.org
www.contac.org www.buildfreedom.com/ft/psychiatric_survivors.htm www.samhsa.gov
www.nucknfuts.com/index.php www.cam.org 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 www.m-power.org www.narpa.org
www.protectionandadvocacy.com www.echr.org www.popan.org.uk www.advocatweb.com
www.gamian-europe.com www.hri.ca www.hrweb.org www.iahf.com www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm
<http://members.aol.com/jimhofw/jimho.htm>

Alternatives

www.talkingcure.com/index.asp www.alternativementalhealth.com www.medsfree.com www.mosher-steria.com www.transtherapy.org www.patchadams.org www.healthfreedommovement.com
www.weglaufhaus.de www.elcollie.com www.stopshrinks.org www.lstpm.org
www.emotionsinbalance.com www.the-bright-side.org/site/thebrightside/ www.doctoryourself.com
www.emotionsanonymous.org www.projectresilience.com www.bu.edu/cpr/tr/alternative/
www.religiousfreedom.org www.wildestcolts.com <http://stopbadtherapy.com> http://nht_amhl1.blogspot.com <http://essence-euro.org/iasp/> <http://myweb.tiscali.co.uk/erthworks/nonmain.htm>

Drug Information

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

Children & Youth

www.voice4kids.org www.aspire.us www.hearmyvoice.org www.ritalindeath.com www.p-a-r.org
www.adhdfraud.org

Tardive Dyskinesia/Dystonia

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

Bulletin Board

The Self-Help Resource Association of BC (SHRA) conducts regular Facilitator Training Workshops for Self-Help and Mutual Aid Support Groups. They also publish a Directory of Self Help/Support Groups in Greater Vancouver with over 600 listings, many of them dealing with mental health. SHRA is located at suite 306 - 1212 West Broadway, Van. BC V6H 3V1 Tel. 604-733-6186 Fax. 604-730-1015 e-mail shra@telus.net . Website - www.selfhelpresource.bc.ca

Vancouver/Richmond Mental Health Network sponsors many self-help groups. Office at #201 - 1300 Richards Street, Vancouver, BC V6B 3G6 Tel. 604-733-5570 Fax: 604-733-9556 e-mail vmhn@vcn.bc.ca

Named after Vincent van Gough's homeopathic doctor, Paul Gachet, **Gallery Gachet** works to provide a safe, borderless place of artistic expression. It is located at 88 E. Cordova, Vancouver. Tel. 604-687-2468

Ron Carten, Co-ordinator of Vancouver /Richmond Mental Health Network has a new blog on-line at www.aimstest.ca. Check it out for interesting information and dialogue on consumer/survivor issues.

Websites Of Interest To Consumers/Survivors/Ex-Mental Patients

(continued from previous page)

Electroshock

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

Forced Treatment

www.freedom-center.org www.namisce.org/newsletters/August01/MindAid.htm www.hri/doccentre/docs/gosden.shtml www.garynull.com/issues/Psych/Index.htm www.psychlaws.org www.kqed.org/w/hope/involuntarytreatment.html

Mental Health Law

www.bazelon.org www.ac.wvu.edu/~knecht/law.htm www.psych.org/public_info/insanity.cfm www.forensic-psych.com/pubs/pubADment.html www.psychlaws.org www.imhl.com www.ialmh.org www.justiceseekers.com www.safe-trak.com/main/competencyl.htm www.abanet.org/disability/sites.html www.experts.com www.expertpages.com/psychiatry-psychology.htm www.psych.org/advocacy-policy/leg_res/apa_testimony/testimonysub-crimeposted91800.cfm www.ilppp.virginia.edu/ www.law.cornell.edu/topics/mental_health.html www.helpforparents.net/LegalResources/1LegalResources.htm

History of Mental Health Care

www.psychiatricsurvivorsarchives.com www.webcom.com/thrive/schizo/kdarch.html www.cwu.edu/~warren/addenda.html www.epub.org.br/cm/n02/historia/psicocirg_i.htm

Online Publications

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

Orthomolecular Medicine

www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/hofferhp.htm www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/ www.orthomed.org

