

Xfile Mental Patients 4/20/09

# In A Nutshell

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

Winter 2009-10

## “Schizophrenia”: A Call To Self-Compassion

by Alex Winstanley

I would like today to talk about schizophrenia, maybe not as most people are accustomed, a sad story of victimization and loss, but as groundwork for intense self-examination. Schizophrenia changes the mind of the ill person so delicately, so finely, as the imbalance of invisible neurotransmitters pulse abnormally in the brain. This is enough for perception to become so warped the ill person can no longer distinguish between reality and illusion, enough for a person’s entire identity to be broken down. But this subtle change in brain chemistry does not have to dictate the end of the soul’s life, does not have to leave us a withered shell chain-smoking on the porch of a group home.

Maybe I should begin with my own story. At nineteen I was propelled into the extreme company of many unhuman beings, including angels, demons, and animals. My madness was a very creative time for me, so creative that I forgot about reality. I spent six months in hospital, raving. I do not want to romanticize the extremity of my condition—I was absolutely self-centered and wrapped in a masochistic obsession with my own importance. Being that focused on one’s ego hurts. When I finally got out of hospital I was crushed. From having been the next Messiah, to some human who can’t even get on a bus and lives in an eastside home with very sick companions, was a lot to absorb. But here is where the weight of my message comes in: I had been reborn, re-inhabiting my body with my self—a broken self—but mine. This shift is at the center of what it means to be human: a new manifestation of my own will.

Schizophrenia gives us the chance to work with the fabric of our will.

I see this mental illness as a game played by Nature, that strikes at individual minds, either through heredity, or otherwise. Oftentimes, when the mind feels so directly assaulted by voices and visions, it disengages from the will. Is this set up not the perfect battlefield for self-discovery? People with this mental illness are privileged to be fighting for the very phenomenon that makes us human—personality. And I can assure you that if you learn to tightrope along the precarious thread of your own consciousness, you will become a balanced, beautiful, deep, wise, and resourceful being, when you begin again to tread on ground. You will have a one up on all your friends, because of your bravery.

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*“...you will become a balanced, deep, wise, and resourceful being, when you begin again to tread on ground.”*

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Love people, head straight toward them, look them in the heart. People are reality. A reality more potent than a car or a book or a hallucination, because they are co-creators, and we live in each other. Kindness and compassion are the forces that cause us to grow and blossom; on the other side of the spectrum, coming into contact with any type of self-loathing and hatred, if taken with understanding, often provides the spark of life, the dissonant friction that makes us also yearn for peace and, sometimes, leads us to actually find and cultivate this peace, through, I repeat, kindness and compassion. An isolated being, marooned in illusion, needs more love than most, because out of that love only a bit will penetrate.

The illness called schizophrenia at first hides behind the eyes, a black abyss of paranoia and worry. When we feel fear or anxiety, it is a tremor that begins in the roots, sapped up as venom and vulnerability through all our faculties. And it does not cease. For days, months, years, the venom extends its poison even into dreams. But, at the center of all this mess, an enlightened inner power called peace and silence holds strong. If you are human, you have reservoirs of silence like the lullaby of a calm sea...Let your breath become your best friend.

Silence. Who could even conceive of it in the modern world? and even less, when hearing voices. For me silence is not necessarily the cessation of sound, but rather the fluidity of a rushing river. We consider the noise of a river to be peaceful, because of its constancy; the fact that it continually undergoes change yet remains whole. Thus can be our minds, full of energy and torrents of thought, but whole, clear, life-giving. This is true silence: to be moving within the life

force, alive within the greater universe, in communion with other beings, at peace. This is the silence schizophrenic men and women yearn for: to fit in, to be harmonious.

Often men and women with mental illness are awkward, speaking at the wrong moments, moving with rigidity, and generally not fitting into either their bodies or society. This is a result of breakdown of identity. Identity, on a deep level, is a definition of self. It is, as much as the body, a mold for our souls to fit into; and when there is great turmoil in the soul, the identity cracks and anxiety rushes in. I wish (me included) for all

mentally ill people to stop being ashamed of their awkwardness, but to embrace it as a mark of their depth. We are engaged in an existential battle for our identity; and we should be proud of what we are learning. When you feel awkward or strange, be proud, for you are on a crash course for deep wisdom, a wisdom that speaks beyond appearances.

We all tell a story about ourselves. Stories are powerful dictators not only of the individual, but also of society. These stories can nourish, but they can also destroy. There is a war going on inside every schizophrenic person's mind; a war between self-assertive love, and insecurity's self-hate. But we can get in charge of our stories. Among all the voices in our head is our voice, clear and true. In any way possible try to tease the voice you think with into the light. Write, speak, and think outside the box. What the voices try to do is lead you down into an imaginary and intensely destructive world. It is important to delineate yourself and

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voices in our head  
is our voice, clear  
and true."*

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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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# News Briefs From All Over

Compiled by Scott Dixon

## Hell's Bells

The Red Mill Museum Village in Clinton, New Jersey hosted a 'fright night' recently. The theme was "Asylum of Terror - Welcome to Hell."

"Dementia, paranoia, violent sociopathic behaviors, physical abnormalities and deformities... these are but a few of the afflictions that torment the wretched souls imprisoned within the walls of the Asylum" was the promise on a web site. The inmates are "locked up and abandoned by their families and friends."

"It's wrong," Emily Anne Schaeffer, an advocate for the mentally ill, told the Hunterdon County Democrat newspaper. "This year's event makes a "mockery" of the mentally ill."

## Movie On Up

Victoria resident Bruce Saunders has found an effective way to normalize, de-stigmatize, and educate people about mental illness and recovery. While in hospital in 1993, Bruce discovered a 100-seat lecture auditorium with a video projector, and the idea of showing films there for patients and ex-patients captured his imagination.

Thus began Movie Monday. Since its inception, a series of brilliant films have been viewed, and a parade of filmmakers and special guests have visited the modest theatre.

The first film presented was "Benny and Joon", a popular film with a mental illness theme. The post-film exchange was passionate and insightful. Bruce still has an illness that he has to manage, but he now has the great privilege of presenting the pick of the film industry to vibrant, engaged audiences - downstairs in the same institution where he was once so absolutely without hope.

He told the Victoria Times-Colonist, "One of the best results has been the ability to shed the baggage that comes with the secrecy of having a mental illness, and to make something construc-

tive out of our family's challenges of mental illness. I now see the healing effect of that openness on a weekly basis. Although I've still got an illness that I have to manage, it's been a very positive move for me and my family."

## Lawyers In Short Supply

The Globe and Mail newspaper reports that the B.C. Legal Services Society - the body that administers legal aid in B.C. - is closing five regional offices and laying off up to 54 staff.

Offices will close in Kelowna, Kamloops, Prince George, Victoria and Surrey. Attorney General Mike de Jong said the system is facing tough times because of the economic downturn. The cuts are expected to affect the mentally ill who encounter the criminal justice system.

B.C. NDP attorney general's critic Leonard Krog said, "At the very same time we can put half a billion dollars into a roof on BC Place, we can't help the poorest British Columbians keep a roof over their heads," he said.

## Don't Do The Crime...

A mentally ill British man is facing execution after being convicted of smuggling heroin into China. Akmal Shaikh, 53, from north London, was arrested after a suitcase he was carrying was allegedly found to contain 4kg of the drug, with a value of £250,000. Emails seen by the *UK newspaper The Observer* reveal that Shaikh was recruited in a sting operation involving criminal figures in Poland, Kyrgyzstan and Tajikistan. His defence was that he was duped by the gang and had no knowledge of the drugs. Shaikh genuinely believed the gang were his friends and were grooming him for pop stardom. In fact, say lawyers and friends, he was, and is, suffering from delusional psychosis.

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## Suits For The Homeless

Homeless people in chilly Boise, Idaho are suing to overturn the city's ban on camping in public places. The Associated Press says on any given night between 2,000 and 4,500 people are homeless in Idaho's capital city, and only about 700 of them will be able to get a bed or a mat on the floor in one of the area's shelters. The others have no choice but to violate city ordinances against camping or sleeping in public, the filing states. Police regularly hand out tickets to the homeless campers.

Homeless advocates sued the city of Portland, Ore., last year over an anti-camping ordinance, a case that is now in settlement negotiations. In October, the California city of Laguna Beach created a sleeping area for the homeless in response to a lawsuit that claimed the city was harassing disabled homeless residents. The American Civil Liberties Union sued Santa Barbara, Calif. in March contending that an ordinance banning nighttime sleeping on public property unfairly criminalized the homeless.

# Lost Soul

by Jim Gifford

Bundled up, I was returning home on the bus. A winter's eve, snow had been falling for a few hours, and was settling, and starting to gather.

At a stop, a raggedy man got on, a worn-out blanket over his shoulder. He had no fare and the driver beckoned him to take a seat. I recognized him instantly as Paul.

We had attended high school together and, subsequently, had both suffered breakdowns. I had since found a niche in the world. Such a goal seemed beyond Paul's grasp. Homeless, he was broken-hearted by a past of pain.

I invited him to my modest suite in an old rooming house and, while he had a hot shower, down the hallway, I made a meal. He devoured my cooking and then, over tea, he talked. Later, Paul slept in my bed while I stayed up reading and writing. In the morning we shook hands and parted company.

Several months later we met downtown. Groomed and suitably dressed, Paul told me he was living in a halfway house and was taking courses.

A few years later, at closing time at the café where I was waitering, there was a knock on the door. It was Paul. Down-and-out, he was starving. The owner went to the kitchen and returned with a bag of goodies. Paul, groggy with hunger, grabbed the food and, turning quickly, disappeared from the door.

Later, I saw him, empty plastic dishes at his side, hovelled in a store entrance. Over the years, his bedraggled figure could be seen shuffling

along the streets of Vancouver. He is a lost soul.

May he find the grace to rise above his circumstances. I wish him well.

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his bedraggled  
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## Quote:

"For each of the four hundred and four bodily ailments celebrated physicians have produced infallible remedies, but the malady which brings the greatest distress to mankind - to even the wisest and cleverest of us - is the plague of poverty."

Ihara Saikaku

# So What Do You Do?

by reinhart

I'm a human being. I'm a person. I'm an individual. I'm a man. I'm a schizophrenic and I'm a writer. More or less in that order.

For several years all my friends were either mental patients or ex-mental patients. It was a comfortable and convenient environment because we could all relate to one another's struggles. We had all walked that proverbial mile in each other's shoes. Also there was very little judgement involved in our little community. I can't say that there was no judgement whatsoever – that would not be accurate. Unfortunately, some patients considered themselves superior to others who did not respond as well to treatment as themselves. It was somewhat of a pecking order to determine who was the craziest. Another aspect of judgement was the severity and type of offense that some patients committed when they broke the law while they were actively and severely psychotic. I'm a better man than that guy because of the horrible thing that he did, they would say to themselves. These attitudes would be revealed during gossip sessions.

Within the past seven years I have met and become friends with several so-called "normal" people. People who did not have any mental health issues. Regular people with regular jobs who pay taxes, either had a car or were saving to buy one. People who were working toward buying a house, dating to get married and hoping to raise a family. All the usual things that people do and yearn for.

When I met these friends of mine I was very upfront with them. I freely admitted that I have a mental illness, that it's called schizophrenia and that I take medications to control this illness. I guess that I was very lucky because these friends of mine accepted me as I am – warts and all. They welcomed me into their homes, invited me to dinner parties and outings and even trusted me with their children. If I had to do it all over again,

I'm not sure that I would do things the same way. Here's why, my friends!

Naturally, my "normal" friends have other "normal" friends of their own. I would meet these friends and be introduced to them at dinner parties or outings. It always starts very innocuously. "Hello, my name is Mary, Joseph, David, whatever, etc." "Hi, my name is reinhart, it's very nice to meet you." Then comes the part that I always dread. "So, what do you do for a living?" "Well, I do some volunteer work." "Oh, really, what kind of volunteer work?" "I do a little bit of writing for a news-magazine." "Like, what kind of magazine

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*"Instead of going down that long, lonesome path to spilling my guts, I could try a different approach."*

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is that?" "It's a mental health advocacy news-letter." Once that fact has been revealed, I can just clearly hear their wheels turning. I can almost read their minds. "What's this all about?" "What's the connection with mental health?" From then on things take a turn for the worse. "So do they pay you for your writing?" "Well, they give me sixty bucks a month." "So how do you support yourself?" "I'm on a disability pensions and a modest rent subsidy."

"What is the disability pension for?" "Well, I have a mental illness called schizophrenia. I take regular medications and for all intents and purposes, I do fine."

Lately it's occurred to me that I could do things differently. Instead of going down that long, lonesome path to spilling my guts, I could try a different approach. When people ask me, "so what do you do?", I could simply respond by saying, "I am a writer." Period. No embarrassing revelations required. I'm a writer, I write poetry, short stories, articles and essays. I don't know why this hasn't occurred to me before. No, that's not true – I know exactly why I haven't done things that way in the past.

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The reason is that I have never considered my writings prolific enough or of a high enough standard for me to dare to call myself a writer. When I look out there and see Kafka, James Joyce, Goethe, Thomas Mann, Isaac Asimov, Frank Herbert and many dozens of other real artists, I am humbled beyond all measure. How do my pathetic scribblings compare to such genius and literary talent?

But, I guess we can't all be great. Over the years, I've assembled enough poetry to fill half a dozen

small volumes. I've written half a dozen short stories and about a dozen or so articles and essays. As far as I know, Walt Whitman wrote one great book of poetry and he is considered one of the literary giants. If memory serves me right, the book is called "Leaves of Grass". What the hell, the next time somebody asks, "what do you do for a living?", I'll simply reply, "I'm a writer". That's all. Period. And I'll leave it at that. No further explanations required. Fucking rights, I'm a writer – that's my story and I'm sticking with it.

# In the Grind: The Complexities of Caffeine

by Michael Crain

Mmmmmmm, coffee! So much of who we are in this society revolves around getting a caffeine boost to see us through times when we are dragging our heels. The three o'clock wall is often met with a warm cup of tea. For many people mornings begin with the sound of the automated coffee maker burbling into being. Waking up is hard to do.

Yet for people like me who have bipolar disorder (BD), we are told of the evils and ills of caffeine. Stay away! Terrible things happen if you drink it! Do you want to manage your illness well? BEWARE OF CAFFEINE!

This is a message that I've come across time and again in mental health. Mental health professionals have told me this. Countless scientific and non-scientific articles have held to this belief. So after long consideration, I decided it was time to put these claims to the test. I wanted to stay away from caffeine because it is evil. It will do evil things and cause me harm, and I want to be able to say "Hey look at me! I'm managing BD well! I'm taking the healthy road!"

I have been drinking caffeine since I was ten years old. When I was growing up my father would average about ten mugs of coffee a day, and my mother would split her intake between tea and

coffee for about four mugs a day. The household very much revolved around the intake of caffeine, and I came to be part of the household quickly. So the idea of making a break from it seemed harsh. Still, the stuff is evil, right?

Having gone through the difficulty of quitting smoking, I knew this would be similar. When I quit caffeine, I figured I'd go through withdrawal

for about two weeks, and then spend another two weeks feeling lousy and run down, and then kudos to me! Hey everybody, I'm caffeine free! I'm doing what the experts say I should!

So I quit caffeine, and sure enough, the first two weeks were sheer hell. I was not a cheerful person. All I wanted to do was sleep, and the headaches were brutal

but I got past this. The next two weeks were also unpleasant but I got past this also.

Then something happened that I'd not anticipated. None of the experts warned me about this one. My mood began to slide. One of the ways that BD has affected me throughout my life is depression and suicidal ideation. In my late teens and early twenties especially I struggled with feelings of wanting to end my life and deep depression. Since being diagnosed with BD in my later twenties, I've worked hard to try to understand BD, but more importantly understand what

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*"So I quit caffeine, and sure enough, the first two weeks were sheer hell."*

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having BD means to me. So the dark pit of depression is exactly where I don't want to be. The way I was sliding back into this was not only a concern, but something I wanted to get a handle on as quickly as possible.

I spoke with some of the experts in my life who help me manage BD and explained everything that was going on. The only thing that we kept coming back to that was different was my giving up caffeine. There weren't new stressors in my life and things were relatively the same as they had been a month ago. So one of the experts suggested trying having caffeine again and to see what happens.

So I did. The coffee maker that had been sitting dormant for a month was pleased to see me again, and the wonderful smell of coffee percolating wafted throughout my place. Sure enough, my mood improved dramatically. The pit receded quickly over the next few days, and my body that was still struggling with withdrawal let out a deep sigh of relief. Everything was right again in the world.

My concern with this experience is the same as it is with any experience in the area of managing BD. While experts are knowledgeable and (one hopes) want to see us doing well, they may not be as expert as we give them credit for. In this

case, as in any case, the background of the individual is more relevant to maintaining health and well being than the sweeping generalization of what should and should not be. In my case, not having caffeine was worse for my mental health than having it.

So enjoy getting past the three o'clock wall and let yourself wake up in the morning with a caffeine kick. Remember that knowing yourself is more important than

what anyone else knows. Staying well may not fit the snapshot that the experts have, so don't be afraid to break out the family album if you need to.

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*"There weren't new stressors in my life and things were relatively the same as they had been a month ago."*

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# Marijuana Is Not Mental Health Friendly

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

As a former frequent cannabis consumer, I—along with most of my cannabis consuming peers of that time who I've bumped into these last dozen or so years—can attest to the permanent damage that marijuana can cause to a cannabis consumer's body and mind.

At age 14 or so, soon after quitting public high school at the end of Grade 9, I got myself into the intoxication-craving mode when I accidentally inhaled a drag I took from a cigarette, from which I received a very soothing rush of blood to my brain. Of course, when the head rushes ceased, and I became addicted to nicotine, I required a new drug, so I tried, and I really liked, marijuana—the 'gateway drug.'

A now-deceased friend of mine used to observe how out-of-it I'd get when I'd smoke cannabis, and I'd observe bewilderment in his

facial expression; this was because we used to always assure one another that we'd never get hooked on the stuff. Soon enough, in order to be a part of my life, and for him to be a part of the cannabis-consuming community in which I dwelt, he got himself started on marijuana.

Soon enough, I (and often with three of my pot-puffing friends) would mix unrolled tobacco and marijuana to get more out of the consumption while utilizing less pot, which was expensive to kids of our modest means. I'd hold the smoke from the burned mixture of the two toxins in my blackening lungs for as long as I could; thus, I'd be depriving my brain of oxygen and killing more

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of its cells and/or neurons. Needless to say, naught was my worry, except for 'when is my next high?'

After a few years of cannabis consumption, my undiagnosed psychosis, (which soon enough became clinical psychosis, which had lain dormant until some months after I quit consuming all intoxicants) caused me to become very irritable whenever I smoked pot. However, I soon learned that not only did mixing alcohol and pot get me much more wired, I meanwhile did not suffer from the irritability—though I must have annihilated all the more cerebral capacity because of it.

For those marijuana fans who demand more than my anecdotal evidence of pot-produced damage, I easily came across some startling facts published in an article in London's *Guardian* newspaper; it was authored by hospital consultant and professor of psychiatry at the Institute of Psychiatry, Robin Murray:

"In the mid-90s, a Dutch psychiatrist named Don Lintzen, from the University Clinic in Amsterdam, noted that people with schizophrenia who consumed a lot of cannabis had a much worse outcome than those who didn't. This was confirmed by other studies, including a four-year follow-up at the Maudsley Hospital. Those who continued to smoke cannabis were three times more likely to develop a chronic illness than those who did not consume the drug," Murray learned.

"Why does cannabis exacerbate psychosis? In schizophrenia, the hallucinations result from an excess of a brain chemical called dopamine. All

of the drugs that cause psychosis—amphetamines, cocaine and cannabis—increase the release of dopamine in the brain. In this way, they are distinct from illicit drugs such as heroin or morphine, which do not make psychosis worse." In other words, psychosis is *considerably worsened* by cannabis consumption.

Furthermore, there is at least one other alarming reason why cannabis consumers should be weary about their habit: contemporary marijuana is far more potent than the 'weed' I consumed in the early 1980s. (And to make their pot

purchasers higher with cannabis of less potency and thus of less value, some pot producers were known to spray their already-harvested crops with toxic chemicals. I do not know what goes on in contemporary dope dealing, but in my day, there were too many of such health-hazardous rip-offs involved with the purchasing and selling of cannabis.)

Anyhow, I had consumed cannabis from about mid-1982 until May 25, 1986. A female friend, on that very day, rolled the last 'joint' I would (if I can help it) ever smoke.

Indeed, if pro-pot activists propose legalizing marijuana for practical reasons—e.g., less pressure on already-overburdened law-enforcement and justice systems—that's a clear and debatable motive; but there's simply way too much of the misinformation out there implying (or shamefully and dangerously outright declaring) to our impressionable youth that cannabis consumption is harmless.

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*"In other words, psychosis is considerably worsened by cannabis consumption."*

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## Quote:

"A strong and well-constituted man digests his experiences (deeds and misdeeds all included) just as he digests his meats, even when he has some tough morsels to swallow."

Friedrich Nietzsche



# Schizophrenia: A Call To Self-Compassion

(continued from pg.2)

entwine *your* voice with *your* will. Write in a diary, paint a picture, critique a movie; for once it is good to fall in love with the sound of your very own voice.

When I was in hospital my mother called almost every one of our family members, and I had a barrage of visitors every day. I learned to paint, converse, play the harmonica, and even though I could barely speak without revealing an unhealthy obsession with my own cosmic importance, I connected, and felt their reality and love. Ever since I have left that hospital, I have not stopped making connections; and I have physiologically forged a new me, among the very caustic chaos of voices and mad hallucinations, I have found my voice, and it is an existential phenomenon of pure joy.

I would now like to redeem the term "Mental Illness". First, mental, or mind, does not have to be reduced to the intellect, but includes the body and the heart. Taking this more holistic definition, we may discover that the mind is also the site of the great theater of human drama, a majestic hall filled with the communal beauties and uglinesses of all of mankind. To have an illness of the mind is to have parts of this hall draped in darkness, where perception falls away from reality. The

experience of this shadow can be frightening, but it can also awaken spiritually what humans have always been good at doing, rushing through the spots of light left over, adapting through love.

I want the word "schizophrenia" to no longer be whispered hurriedly at the backs of buses, or be pronounced with mechanistic certainty by the doctors and nurses, but to become a bold battle cry on the front lines of self-creation. I want people, when they hear our diagnosis, to stand taller and collect their thoughts, because in front of them is a being whose very consciousness is as transformative and changeable as Shakespeare's or Dante's. The only reason all you see

is a slightly hunched, timid creature is because we are in the making. But when we are made, baby, you better watch out, cuz we are going to dance down the labyrinthine hallways of our own heightened mortality without shame—in ownership of the soul, the body, and these flashes of the mind. We are the modern mutants, taught in the furnaces of consciousness the healing power of compassion, perseverance and strength. We are journeymen of alternative consciousness, original, and free.

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*"...mental, or mind, does not have to be reduced to the intellect, but includes the body and the heart."*

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## Quotes:

"Ofttimes nothing profits more  
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and  
right.  
Well manag'd."

John Milton

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to soveriegn power."

Alfred Lord Tennyson

# Thrivers

by Paul Strashok

We would stand in our measure  
unhindered by self  
and the Father's good pleasure  
leaves us not on the shelf;  
ultimately concerned with every human's need  
the grace of giving sets us free from greed  
and the motion, the moving, the revolving of the spheres  
teaches us wisdom to number our years –  
from Messiah's first entrance to the final curtain  
the presence and process of life is certain.  
The vanities fade in the light of pure presence  
and we return to solid bread, free from all leaven.

Beware of the leaven, Messiah once said,  
leaven of falsehood and that not of bread  
leaven is a curse on the pure bread of life  
so we bend, we mold, we take up the knife;  
no longer victims, we are more than survivors.  
We're thrivers, at last, I say we are thrivers.

Thrivers in life, word and deed,  
from the prison of past we are liberated, freed  
to stand and abound unfettered by chains  
to metaphysical minds from organic brains.

For the mind and logos that once created  
run free in power, their force unabated  
for now we lie on the other side  
of the fullness of times, the great divide.

No longer simply wounded  
but bearing a thorn in our side  
we live, walk, and ultimately thrive.

Just barely coming through no longer our cause  
we turn, consider the future, stop, and then pause;  
on the road of compassion, each has his share  
at the crucible of suffering, we've learned to care.

# ODE: to the Hater & His Emotional Pain

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

As he continues on his road of hate,  
he endures his emotions at *The News*  
that the brave ethnic group known as the Jews  
have blasted Arabs at quite a large rate,  
Semites who have decided the harsh fate  
of Palestinians who've naught to lose  
by leaving bombs, regardless of world views,  
at the feet of their enemy so great.  
And he who hates does not hesitate, wait,  
to condemn the Jewish people, to use  
the injustices to hate the whole State  
of Israel, for the Arabs they'd abuse,  
though that hater for himself does create  
anguish—it will be but him who does lose.

## I Hate It When I Hate!

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

Dear God, I really hate it when I hate!  
I'd sooner pound myself with draining cry,  
the antithesis emotional high,  
and then I my own soul do castigate  
as dark hate fills my heart with foul freight,  
though I'm told I'm not that bad of a guy,  
oh, Lord! why does it my mind occupy?  
I'd rather go emotionally straight.  
What would good people say, such as my mate?  
what would she say to 'an eye for an eye'?  
as my anger would smolder and inflate,  
well before I pause and ask, 'Why  
do I my fragile psyche agitate!?'  
so I inhale followed by a deep sigh ...

# Knowing More Than Most People Would Believe

by Oliver Cross

*"It has taken 50 years for the medical establishment to change from the old 'vitamin-as-prevention' paradigm to the 'vitamin-as-treatment' option. Even today, most doctors think about vitamin research as clinical use in terms of deficiency only. In my opinion, doctors know less about vitamins than their secretaries or spouses."*  
—Dr. Abram Hoffer (1917 – 2009)

I was diagnosed schizophrenic when I was 23 or so. Typical I suppose. After my initial five weeks of hospitalization, my head was spinning. I didn't trust anyone. I was kept against my will and was learning to come to terms with the side effects of anti-psychotic medication and the fact that I was being told I would need to be on it for the rest of my life. My mouth was so dry, I couldn't pee, I had bad tardive dyskinesia (which I think is unimaginable to anyone who hasn't experienced it), and I was only able to sleep short stretches at a time. I wasn't sleeping the whole night through. My dreams were changing. I no longer had any sense of how to interpret them and I couldn't find anyone to help me. I no longer felt I could rely on the people who I was turning to for help prior to my hospitalization. They seemed less willing to engage me, but that could have been my perception through the haze of medication. I knew that no one had listened to me and my concerns prior to my hospitalization. I had started to recall memories of childhood sexual assault. Those were very difficult for me, and my parents were of the sort who believe that sexual assault doesn't really exist, that adults are always right and are not to be questioned. They gave me no compassion and thought I was simply strange for wanting to stay in bed all day sometimes. I had to go through this myself, and I had no place to heal

For my parents, believing I was crazy was easier to believe—an easier pill to swallow—than that I was hurt. If I was hurt, they needed to take some responsibility perhaps and they didn't want that. Coming to terms with the fact that I was crazy was a little odd and unexpected, but let them off the hook.

I also had started to become more interested in my family, my family background. All our extended family was overseas, and were people who had never visited. So many people we, me and my brothers, had never seen. I was curious. My parents sidestepped my inquiries and never answered my questions to my satisfaction. Instead, I was met with sugar-coated, unrealistically simple responses followed shortly by awkward silences. When I persisted, they became even more

evasive. I wanted to know what and why. I think my parents resented my inquisitive mind and wanted me to shut up. They didn't want to talk about the past, and didn't want me to bring it up for them.

I don't remember this, but apparently when I was about a year old, I broke both my collarbones. My parents told me it happened when I fell out of my high chair. It's far more likely my parents abused me.

For these reasons, I was not being heard by anyone near me and was

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*"...I was met with sugar-coated, unrealistically simple responses followed shortly by awkward silences."*

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being silenced and everything possible was being done at that point to ignore my questions and concerns. I believed that I had been wrongfully treated. I felt my diagnosis was avoidable, had people been compassionately interested in helping me and giving me what I needed to heal in a timely manner. In other words, I was at war. I was prepared to lie to the people around me who purported to love me and had surrounded me in this world of lies that blamed me for so much of what had gone wrong with my life. Lies were the only weapon I had, without the power to change my circumstances or someone who believed in me.

All of this happened so fast. My GP at the time was providing follow-up care after my hospitalization. I told him how uncomfortable I was physically. He told me how anti-psychotic medications are really not very specific in terms of their effect in the body, they are really like using a shotgun to kill a fly (a symbolism that I remember noting I interpreted correctly at the time), but it's the best treatment that we have. As I said, my head was spinning and I didn't trust anyone who had participated in my hospitalization. My GP was one of the two doctors who signed the committal papers. He talked about a doctor in Victoria who was treating schizophrenia with vitamins. If I had a disease that needed to be treated with powerful anti-psychotic medications, how could it be treated with vitamins? If what I had could be treated with vitamins, why was I being treated with powerful anti-psychotic medications? That made no sense.

We are subjective creatures. Without a grounding force or energy around us, we become ungrounded or do not find ground. I was crazy as a hatter. I'm thankful for the drugs in that time, which kept me from accidentally killing myself.

Years went by. I struggled with regular hospitalizations ranging from six to nine months apart, on average. Basically every year I was in hospital at one time or another. Almost each time was accompanied by a fresh new diagnosis, which really didn't help convince me there was anything wrong with me. Rather, it showed me plain and simple evidence of psychiatry's incompetence, of its willingness to treat me with such certainty while still being so inconsistent in what might be wrong with me. Things came to a head when in one of my episodes I spent a few thousand dollars followed by a period where I didn't work for a few months. With my new debt I suddenly needed to make more money. I also knew that I had to change if I wanted my dreams to stay alive. The cost of seeing most of the good doctors I found was not cheap or covered by medical insurance. I saw it as an investment in my education. My therapist referred me to a physician, an ex-psychiatrist who started practicing medicine much more generally and made house calls. In our talks I learned that he left psychiatry when drug treatments were becoming more popular because he didn't like the way the profession was changing. He had needed to declare bankruptcy in order

to make his escape. He referred me to the doctor in Victoria who my GP had mentioned after my very first hospitalization. I was more open to trying new things at that point. I needed something different. What I was doing was no longer working. I remember mentioning to my mother my intention to see the doctor in Victoria. She said flatly, "That doesn't work." I went anyways.<sup>1</sup> The vitamins really saved my life. I remember being able to start to think more clearly and learn again, to feel the breath of new ideas without the pressure and fear of illness pressing in upon me, because the vitamins carry no side effects and allowed the doctor to support reducing my medications. I felt myself becoming more honest again. My hospitalizations did not suddenly,

magically disappear, but I started to notice the time between hospitalizations gradually increasing and the duration of my hospital stays starting to diminish. In my last couple of hospitalizations, I really only needed a few nights of good sleep before I was released.

The process of being hospitalized was still demeaning and I still had to lie to the doctors in hospital about what I knew about my medications because vitamins aren't recognized or allowed as a valid

treatment in mainstream psychiatry, although hopefully that is changing more and more.

I still wasn't satisfied. I wanted to live a life free of medication and free of hospitalization. Each time I was released I slunk back to my doctor in Victoria as if I had failed and asked him what I could do, what could be done. He offered me more vitamins, changed me the doses slightly, listened to me...

I remember at one point during such a visit he leaned forward in his chair, rested his elbows on his desk and looked at me. "There comes a point in your treatment where the outcome depends on what you believe. You have to ask yourself, do you believe the vitamins can help you? Do you **believe** that you can recover?"

It was in this time that meditation and acupuncture were most helpful to me. There were times when I got anxious simply from memories of the past, afraid of going back. As a whole, there's so much negative thinking and lack of hope around

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*"Without a  
grounding force or  
energy around us,  
we become un-  
grounded or do  
not find ground."*

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(continued page over)



the idea of people recovering from mental illness once and for all in our society, it's staggering. With so many people believing and so much invested by our society in education and infrastructure based on the idea that mental illness is a one-way trip, it's almost impossible to consider that this might be wrong. To think about it almost makes one sick. There is so much pressure to remain sick. So much fear around being sick. Acupuncture, meditation and massage helped me relax when I got triggered, I found. I still take care of myself.

The treatment that we receive as mental patients really comes down to how our family is willing to see us treated. After my first diagnosis and hospitalization, my parents were afraid that I would grow up to make simple arts and crafts. Instead, I completed two more university degrees and assumed a professional career. I think about joining the healing professions. God knows I had

good teachers. After ten or so years in the industry I chose, however, I feel I'm finally getting good at my role and feel fairly comfortable. Maybe someday. I don't miss the fight. Healing does not require that I participate. I do, however, in large part keep the ignorance I perceive around health and healing in general out of personal conversations, so in a way I hold back.

I wouldn't be able to write this without the love of my life, my partner, who allows me to think of all these things as in the past rather than as ongoing. She is everything that I wanted.

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<sup>1</sup> As a footnote, I would like to thank my parents for my musical education, which started me on the right foot even though it was totally counterintuitive for them.

## Splitting Wood

by Jan Roddan

Sometimes, if I'm feeling out of sorts, I come out to my woodshed and split wood. Last winter I almost ran out of it in the middle of a cold spell which is serious because my cabin is heated by my wood stove and I often cook on it as well. This year I got a load delivered mid summer which I've already pitched and stacked in the woodshed.

My father first turned me on to splitting wood. We had a fireplace in the living room of the house where I was raised. I used to wake up to hear the fire crackling and his typewriter clacking along. My dad was my hero. I modeled myself after him. He was also bipolar; manic-depressive they called it then. But he couldn't talk about his illness. Mental illness was a dark secret, especially in those days. And like many of us, during his good spells my dad would lose all recollection of his downside.

I like splitting wood. I love working with dry wood that splits all the way through with just one or two strong blows. Periodically during the winter I develop tendonitis in my right elbow. Then I have to hold the sledgehammer in two hands. Stacking is almost as satisfying as splitting. It's like working a puzzle. Arrange and set

each log so it fits into its place and won't landslide when wood is stacked on it from above. This year my woodshed is almost full and it's not September yet. Sometimes I just go out there and smile.

My neighbor came over the other day to buck me some wood from trees, which had been felled several years ago. The big rounds weighed a lot. So I piled them into the back of my truck and drove them into the driveway where I split them before throwing them into the woodshed. A couple of the rounds had rolled part way down the hill and stopped propped up against some rocks at the edge of the road.

A few days later I thought "I'll throw those rounds into the back of my truck and finish the job." I pulled to a stop, part way up the hill, turned off the motor, left the truck in gear and pulled on the emergency brake. "I wonder if I should put a wedge behind the tire?" I thought briefly. As I reached for a good rock, the truck jerked backwards. I was able to push the rock behind the tire before the wheel rolled right over it and began to roll backwards down the hill. I didn't hesitate. I grabbed onto the door and ran backwards with the

truck until I could swing myself into the driver's seat. It was only when I was sitting inside the truck that I thought, "This could go wrong."

The gravel road winds up off the lake road to my cabin. In places the road is quite steep and it crosses several dry gulches. A two-wheel drive will make it down the road in the summer but a four-wheel drive is a must in the snow. Last winter I had parked at the bottom of this same hill because it was too slippery to make it to the top in the new snow. Then it snowed non-stop for four days. I had enough food and wood so I only peeked my nose outside long enough to go pee or call for my cat. It took me 2 days to shovel my truck out and I couldn't get up the hill for a month after that. A friend later told me that when it snows you have to keep getting out there and driving the road so you pack the new snow down.

The truck was picking up speed. When I hit the brakes I was rolling past the spot where I'd left my truck parked last winter. The truck slid to a stop a foot before a large chunk of rock and a few feet before the bottom of the hill where the road turned sharply. Not much further and I would have gone over the edge and down into a rocky gully.

I look at the skid mark each time I drive by, and shiver. I could have gone over the edge—again.

I have gone over the edge several times in this life. I laugh about it now and say, "I joined the I should-have-died-but-didn't club." Three times that I know of, and how many close calls that I'm not even aware of??

The first time, I was sliding out of control down an avalanche gully. It takes approximately 8 seconds for a body sliding down a snow face to achieve terminal velocity. I kicked my crampons into the slope when my ice axe didn't slow me down and did the rest of the descent headfirst backwards. 1,800 feet is a long way to fall. I flew over some bluffs and began to bounce. Every time I connected with the slope the wind was knocked out of me and I blacked out for a moment. "I might not come out of this," I thought, and began to pray. "Please God, oh please God." After a while I could feel that I was slowing and I came to

stop in the avalanche run out zone with a basal skull fracture and a badly broken right ankle. I was flown away in a helicopter.

Twelve years later I was flirting with my boyfriend and fell off an ice climb in the Canadian Rockies. I had two axes, one in each hand, and 12 sharp pointy crampons on each foot. Selecting where to hit the ice is a little like chopping wood. There is a rhythm to ice climbing, a beat created by the axe throws and the crampon kicks, secure placements help build confidence, which enables the climb to become dance-like. Fear squeezes my heart and releases adrenalin into my system, which often works to make me stronger. This time though, I

was distracted by this new relationship that sent its own blend of hormones and pheromones coursing through by blood. So I threw him a kiss and before I could re-adjust my balance, I popped both my ice tools, fell 50 feet and landed at his feet.

Last year I flew my paraglider into a boulder, which I thought I would clear. I bounced 20 feet into the air, hit the slope for a second time and rebounded back into the air. I would have flown away but my wing settled me gently back onto the slope. I was

able to walk away, with some assistance; but suffered a 60% compression fracture of lumbar one. I've since had my eyes retested. Twice. No change in my prescription. But both my depth perception and judgement at close to 50k an hour need work.

A three-time member.

When I was diagnosed bipolar, I spent five months in the alleys of the East end of Vancouver smoking crack. Who knows just how many close calls I missed having there?

Some friends suggest that I not tell people these stories. "It doesn't make you look very smart." Others tell me not to talk about being a bipolar addict. "You don't look like an addict. It'll give people the wrong impression." Maybe so. But my dad couldn't even talk about his manic-depression and I've learned how freeing it is, to call a spade a spade. And sometimes when I sit by the crackling fire, I shake my head and wonder at the mystery of it all.

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*"I have gone over  
the edge several  
times in this life...  
Three times that I  
know of, and how  
many close  
calls...?"*

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# Is The End Nigh?

by Bob Krzyzewski

*"Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day..."*

*Pink Floyd*

There's a lot of hype surrounding the release of the Hollywood movie, *2012*. The trailer shows a tidal wave covering the towering peaks of the once picturesque Himalayan Mountains, while a fleeing monk looks on in shocked disbelief.

We've probably all heard of the Mayan prophecies by now, and particularly, the ominous phrase "the end of the Mayan calendar", which through the writing of many doomsday prophets, has become synonymous with the "end of the world."

The calendar that's caused all this speculation is a Mayan time record device, called the "tzoltk'in" which is a sacred calendar based on a 260-day cycle, divided into nine "periods". These periods are very interesting, as they chronicle the "inner" progression of events as they unfold according to subtle energy shifts.

A useable metaphor based on the dynamic changes that occur in the life of a seed as it becomes a fully blossoming plant. Consider this hypothetical progression, that a seed is planted in the soil, where it gestates for a period of time, and then a membrane is broken as a root begins a downward descent. Presuming enough water is provided, a shoot begins to rise up to the surface of the earth, and a stem begins its search for sunshine, as photosynthesis begins. As the shoot grows it becomes a stem capable of bearing leaves, and when the leaves fully grow they bear blossoms, which flower and then produce airborne seeds which are scattered and the cycle begins anew as these seeds find a home in new soil to grow again.

So this calendar chronicles these types of progressions, which are an "implicate order" (physicist David Bohm's term) underlying the structure of time. It's not so far fetched to imagine that the flow of time is a type of a release of energetic wave/particle that expands in a fractal progres-

sion. Everything else in nature seems to have these underlying, repeating patterns, so why not time itself, as demonstrated in the above metaphor of a seed duplicating.

The characteristic of time, in this model, does bear a certain critical factor, however. That is, that time seems to be "under pressure of human consciousness". Oddly, the more humans there are watching and interacting in time, the faster time goes.

Anyone who remembers the movie "What The Bleep Do We Know?" saw these phenomena

illustrated on the basketball court scene. So time is accelerating according to this cyclic model, and the nine periods end with the last phase actually occurring between 1998 and 2012.

Many people have speculated that experience bears this out both generally and particularly. Generally, young people experience time as meandering aimlessly into the

future, with lots of time to spare, whereas older folks lament that time slipped away mercilessly. Particularly, people these days are panicking that time is somehow speeding up, even as there are more sophisticated devices for keeping track of events, there just seem to be more events, so it's a losing battle.

I recently attended two workshop events with a Mayan interpreter and author, named Paco Alarcon Kahan originally from South America, now living in Los Angeles. He shared that not only is time speeding up, but that there is the phenomena of "more energy in the system". That is, that we humans are like electrons in a particle field, where we are "getting excited off of one another", thereby raising the psychic/spiritual temperature around us. The results in a kind of "amplification" in our personal lifespan, whereby things seem more intense all the time. So being under mental/emotional pressure is a lifestyle for North Americans for sure. But have you noticed how other cultures "less developed", are catching up to our harried pace much quicker. Laptops seem to be

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*"...people these days are panicking that time is somehow speeding up..."*

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as common in the Sahara desert, as in stock trading boardrooms.

Where does the relief lie for all this acceleration? We must choose, says Kahan, to live a life of essential choices. We can, he explains further, only live this way if we "follow our hearts, not our heads" Our brainy thinking has led us astray too much, as our current technological mayhem indicates. We have to lower our centre of gravity and find inner connection with our hearts.

Recent research at The Heartmath Institute demonstrates that the energetic field radiating from the heart is many times more powerful, communicative, and intuitive than that measured from our cerebral cortex. We have to learn to sustain connection with this stronger energetic field, and learn to interpret

its signals, follow it's guidance to make more holistic decisions.

We can begin to do this by communing with our deep selves in meditation and begin asking for direction. Ask for an inner "yes" signal, and "no" signal. These may come in the form of a colour, an inner voice, a distinct feeling, a symbol, even a cartoon, or George Burns type 'elder figure"

Begin by going for a two week test-run, whereby you ask lots of questions, but none too consequen-

tial. You ask, and wait to see what you receive internally. If nothing comes up, wait and try the

whole thing again. But more likely something will begin to shift and you'll receive inner signals, maybe not too distinct but nonetheless discernible. This phase can then be extended to occasionally serious questions, and keep track of your results.

Eventually, persistence will pay off, and you will grow into a more intuitive person.

As for the Mayan Calendar scenario, we can use our new skills to help us deal with such phenomena as time acceleration and energy intensification. Whether this is the end of the world, as we know it, only time will tell, but we certainly don't have to wait too much longer. In the

meantime, don't be mind controlled by a Hollywood movie to expect the worse. Positive expectations have demonstrated to create positive results, so don't let anyone else control your imagination or take your choice away to control your inner climate and expectations.

Happy Christmas Season to everyone.

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*"...the energetic field radiating from the heart is many times more powerful, communicative, and intuitive than that measured from our cerebral cortex."*

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## Quotes:

"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."

Edward Bulwer-Lytton

"But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, keep it and bring forth fruit with patience."

Luke 8:15  
King James Bible

## 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](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/esinfo](http://www.icomm.ca/esinfo)  
[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.advocateweb.com](http://www.advocateweb.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)



# Bulletin Board

**The Self-Help Resource Association of BC (SHRA)** has changed its name to **PeerNetBC**. They also publish a Directory of Self Help/Support Groups in Greater Vancouver with over 600 listings, many of them dealing with mental health issues. **PeerNetBC** is located at suite 306 - 1212 West Broadway, Van. BC V6H 3V1 Tel. 604-733-6186 Fax. 604-730-1015 e-mail [info@peernetbc.com](mailto:info@peernetbc.com) . Website - [www.peernetbc.com](http://www.peernetbc.com)

**West Coast 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](mailto: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

Check out the **Our Voice** website at [www.ourvoice-notrevoix.com](http://www.ourvoice-notrevoix.com).

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

(continued from previous page)

### 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>

### 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.psychiatricsurvivorsarchives.com](http://www.psychiatricsurvivorsarchives.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

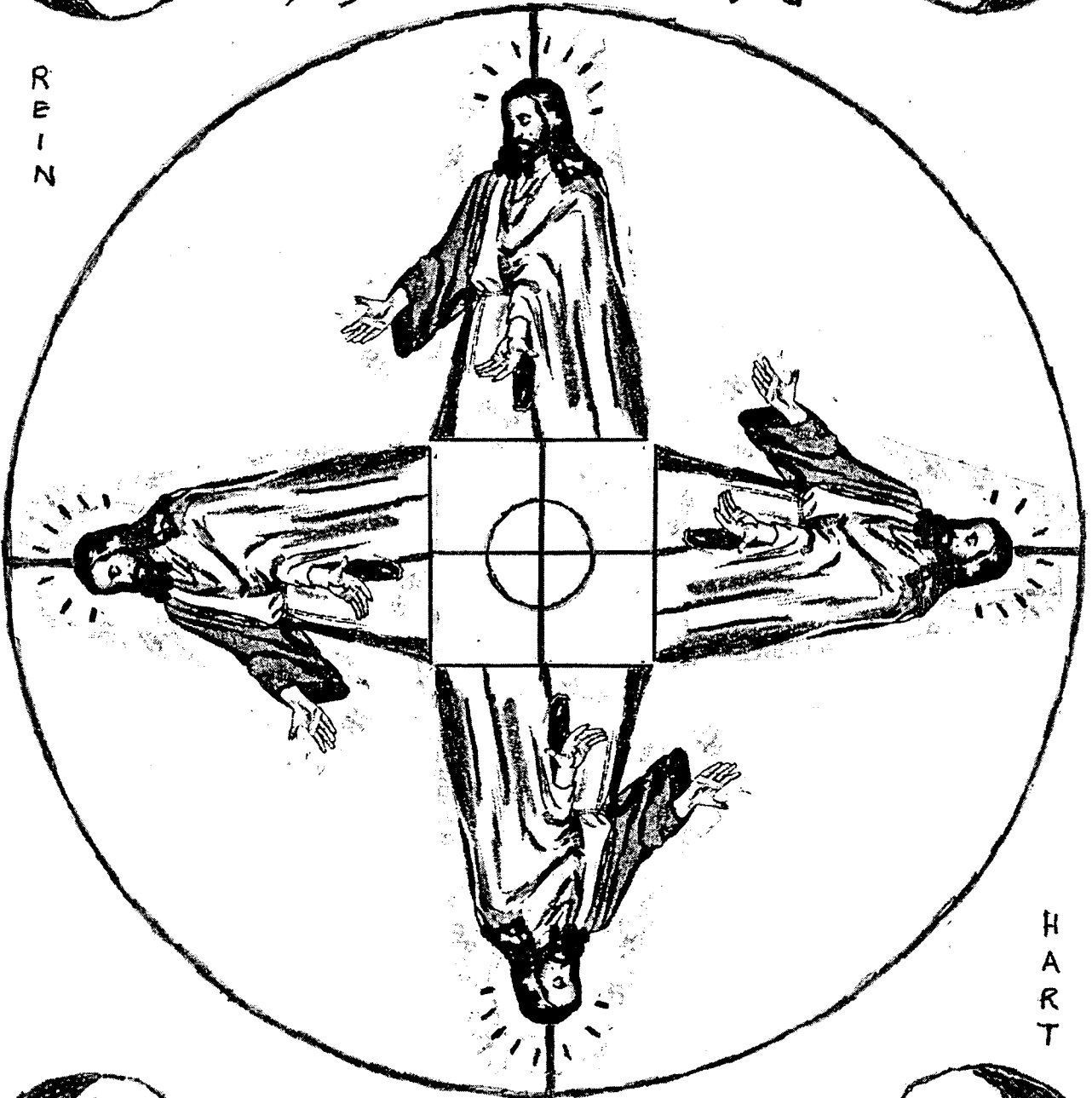
[www.mentalmagazine.co.uk](http://www.mentalmagazine.co.uk) <http://members.aol.com/asylumpub> <http://userpage.fu-berlin.de/~expert/psychnews/>

### Orthomolecular Medicine

[www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/hofferhp.htm](http://www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/hofferhp.htm) [www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/](http://www.islandnet.com/~hoffer/) [www.orthomed.org](http://www.orthomed.org)



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