

# In A Nutshell

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

Autumn 2010

## Cats Like Edges

by Janet Roddan

Sometimes, when I pick up my orange cat Zizi, he worms out of my arms, launches himself into the air and then touches down lightly on the hood of my red truck. He strolls; tail flicking, up the hood, past the side mirror and out along the narrow, down sloping ledge beside the driver's window. He pokes his head inside the cab if the window's open but usually he angles his body to face the drop off and sidles along the thin, sliver of an edge. Once in awhile I hear a scratchy, little miaow but mostly, his eyes glisten and he stares intently as a current of energy travels along his whiskers right down the length of his spine and up to the tip of his tail, which seems to vibrate a little. When I lay out my paraglider at launch my heart beat has already started to accelerate.

And even before I take my wing out of the pack I've already looked at the trees and the clouds and the windsocks to check the direction and velocity of the wind. Sometimes I kick up some dust with my boot to see what the air looks like close to the ground. Then I get busy.

I live in a cabin with my two cats. I never wanted children until I turned forty but the romantic notion only lasted a few years, so I practise on my kitties. "Gentle," I growl as Zizi threatens to pounce on the smaller female, Kuzu. My 'little girl' a ginger cat too, but she still looks like a kitten to me and I try to protect her. Once I watched her race down the road, right past me, chased by a German Shepherd. I flew after them, afraid of what I might find. But when I got to the bend, she pounced out from behind a tree; her hair was standing on end, her tail like an enormous flame, she looked twice her size! I tried to scoop

her up and cuddle her but she wouldn't let me. She shook herself off then pranced away, hardly touching the ground, electrified, bristling with energy and proud of herself. Kind of how I feel after a good flight.

Paragliding engages me like nothing else does. Launching is a dance between my wing and me. When I'm ready and the time is right, I lay my glider out and carefully untangle each set of thin lines which cascade down from the wing and are attached to the risers which I connect to my harness. This quiet ritual reassures me and these few moments to make sure everything will unfold smoothly, focus me. I clip in, double check my buckles turn to face the wing and take a step or two backwards to pull the wing up off the ground so the wind will catch it. Sometimes I give the risers a little

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jerk to cause the glider to bite into the air. When it's inflated & over my head with no line twists I turn and run. My whole body senses the wing's attitude, "Is it sluggish, does it snap into place overhead, does it threaten to overfly me?" The pilot must always control the wing and not the other way around. Although now, in launching I let the wing lead me in this part of the dance. If the wing pulls me right, I run in that direction and brake the opposite side to keep it flying straight and over my head. My wing can fly 36 kilometers an hour so when I'm running as hard as I can and I feel my risers lifting off my shoulders and pulling ahead, it means that the wing is overtaking me. This is the launch moment. A dab on the brakes, which slows the wing slightly and alters its flight angle which motivates it to lift me up off the ground. Launch choreography involves physical agility, listening to my wing, responding without over reacting, timing, and then putting down my head and going for it. Running over the edge in order to be carried off the earth like that is one of the most sublime sensations I've ever had. And if I was a cat, I'd purr.

Once in the air, flying becomes more cerebral. For me, it's an active meditation. Responding to an ocean of air, fluid, invisible and ever changing, makes for a bonfire of neural activity. Mania never felt this good. I am as single-minded as I can be, present to each moment. But sometimes I hear myself thinking, "Look at me! Look how high I am!" These lapses of attention are usually punctuated by a collapse or a need to correct my wing, which immediately brings me back to the present.

I wear a vario which is a small instrument that beeps when I'm gaining altitude. When I hear it start to 'talk' I turn my wing into the thermal and begin circling in its lift. The earth 'breathes' and releases thermals which are ascending columns of air, like the bubbles that rise from the bottom of a pot of boiling water. We ride these columns of air up sometime to over ten thousand feet. The temperature gradient influences how strongly these thermals travel upwards and suck us up

along with them. I've often flown in lift of 3-5 meters a second, which is about a thousand feet a minute, a fast elevator ride. But very strong lift can rocket you up anywhere between 20 to 60 miles an hour. Where there is lift there is sink and both these forces can play havoc with a wing. If half the wing is collapsed by a strong thermal you may find yourself in a spin which can quickly become uncontrollable, like speeding on black ice. The 'what if' scenarios that I

imagined kept me on the ground for years. Self-doubt is poison in this game.

I've taken a long time to learn how to fly. A friend of mine laughed once and said, "You're just a late bloomer." And now, after many, many years I've finally built enough confidence in myself to trust that I will respond effectively to the bucking bronco that my wing can become. But it's now though, that I am in the real danger zone, because I've learned to I like it. Once I launch, I am like an animal, a human animal, sniffing out a scent. And I laughed again at another friend's comment. When I told her that I didn't have any symptoms of menopause, "No hot flashes or night sweats!"

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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 honorarium - \$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

## Double-Standard Oil?

"Mental illnesses brought on by difficult situations surrounding the BP oil spill on the US Gulf Coast may be less visible than other injuries, but they are real," according to the American Psychiatry Association. "An entire way of life has been destroyed and this is causing anxiety, depression, post-traumatic stress disorder, substance use disorders, thoughts of suicide and other problems."

According to the *New York Daily News*, the official BP claims administrator had said it was "unlikely" that money from the \$20 billion relief fund would be used for claims in which the main complaint involved mental health issues.

In the end, BP promised to provide \$15 million for immediate mental-health aid for coastal residents as they continue to struggle with joblessness and depression stemming from the Gulf oil spill. (That's less than 1% of the total relief fund.)

## Laughter - The Best Medicine?

David Granirer got the idea for creating Stand Up for Mental Health when he was teaching standup comedy at Langara College. "Every so often," the 49-year-old counselor and comic told the *Globe And Mail* newspaper, "I would see people go through these incredible transformations - and I realized this was powerful therapy."

Mr. Granirer's own experiences with depression, suicide and trips to the psych ward galvanized the observation into a therapy program that is now international in scope. Four women from PACE (Prostitution Alternatives Counseling and Education Society) in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside - and their comic turns - will be the subject of an upcoming documentary to air on CBC Television. Noting that all the women are doing this because they want to make positive change, Mr. Granirer says, "Once you've done standup comedy, you realize you can do much more than you ever

thought you could. For these women, it's something as small and powerful as realizing they can now do a job interview with confidence. They were all stars tonight."

## Take Two Tylenol, And Call Me In The Morning

New University of Florida research shows that acetaminophen (the active ingredient in Tylenol) seems to relieve social pain from hurt feelings. In a pair of related studies researchers found that people who took acetaminophen daily for three weeks reported less emotional suffering over time. They also showed less activity in regions of the brain that respond to social rejection than those who took a placebo.

"We believe that this shows at least some evidence that the physical and social or emotional pain systems are inherently linked and that it might be possible to treat," University of Florida researcher Gregory Webster told Florida's *WPTV News*. "Maybe, some day an insult or social pain can be handled by simply by taking an over-the-counter medication."

## We've Heard This Song Before

*BBC News* reports that a mental health ward may be closed in a Shropshire community hospital under plans to treat more people at home. Officials said more home help may lead to the closure of a ward at Whitchurch Community Hospital. The proposal is said to be not about saving money, but as a way of modernizing mental health care.

# The Essential Art of Listening

by Rose Ananda Heart

In ancient times, people gathered around nightly fires to share stories and to learn how to listen for listening was a vital part of maintaining harmony ensuring the healthy evolution of the community. Medicine stories, shared orally by gifted storytellers brought to life the legends of the ancestors during these sacred gatherings. At council meetings, a talking stick was passed around the circle, so that everyone had an opportunity to speak and be heard for the individual voice was important to the wellness of the whole. Children too were honored as teachers within these tribal societies for they were playful spirits embodying the wisdom of innocence. To become like the mindful mother tuned in to the needs of her suckling infant, one needed to hone the receptive skills associated with the feminine in order to remain balanced. The original people of earth understood our indispensable connection to all creation. Our ancestors recognized the importance of allowing for stillness in order to discover the truths of both the inner and the outer world. These two-legged ones learned to harken to the language of the stones, the plants, the animals, the stars, the sun, the moon, the elements and their spirit guides.

Listening is a vital faculty, necessary for the maintenance of peace within the domain of intimate relationships between friends, lovers, our children and the natural world. It seems that the art of truly listening has been lost within the hectic busy-ness of the modern world with its many external distractions. Because of the emotional distresses that contemporary humans carry due to an unnatural version of living that often fails to meet the requisite needs of the child, many of us have an incessant need to be heard in order to relieve ourselves of this accumulated hurt. This need for energy from others is like an insatiable hunger, a fire in the belly that is out of control. As a result, rather than offering an attentive ear to those who want to share with us, we end up competing for airtime, unable to give another the support required to maintain trust, harmony and intimate bonds. The common practice of butting in to compare personal stories

is really a means to gain the floor, and it fails to fully acknowledge the speakers unique experience. Without the structure of the sharing circle, it is difficult to heal this malady within current culture. To further exacerbate the problem, some of us are introverts who often play an accommodating role, allowing the extroverts to monopolize the center stage, even though this means the loss of the input of those that tend to think deeply about important issues.

When I first participated in a 16-week fundamentals class in co-counseling in 1990, I began to consciously practice the art of listening with those who were also choosing to acquire this helpful skill. Co-counseling, founded by Harvey Jackins in the 1950s, taught me how to pay attention in a manner that supports the freeing of the vastly intelligent nature of humans. Based on Re-evaluation Counseling theory, I learned that in order to recover all of my inherent abilities, it was necessary to discharge discordant emotions that kept me separated from my inner wisdom and the benign nature of reality. In order to fully support another, I needed to give her/him my relaxed and thoughtful awareness as well as my unconditional love, becoming like a deeply rooted tree, the encouraging witness, fully present. Along with validation, and reminders of the truth that serve to contradict any disturbing distress recordings, this process involves listening without judging or criticizing, without offering suggestions or advice and allowing for the discharge of emotional debris held within the body of the one doing the talking. Emotional discharge includes weeping to release sadness, making loud growls and other sounds while beating a pillow to release anger, shaking and dancing to release fear and anxiety, laughing to release embarrassment, or stretching and yawning to relieve physical tension. When a person lets go in this way, she/he is better able to give the gift of mindfulness to another, and is better able to think clearly about the problems she/

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# Family Coping

by Michael Crain

Something I've noticed more recently is family members and loved ones of people who have a mental illness. I recently attended a conference for family members of people with mental illness and noticed a lot of similarities among family. The main thing I heard from everyone I spoke with was fear. There were a number of different reasons for fear and concern, and it became clear that family members of people with mental illness struggle a great deal with anxiety.

I cannot speak from experience in terms of being a family member of someone who has mental illness. In my family, I'm the one with the mental illness. However, I do feel drawn to try to address this fear that I observed. There are several things about this fear that concern me and some other issues about family that I hope to address in this column.

As I observed from the conference, the consistent fear was not only for the well being of the family member, but it was also a sense of powerlessness to be able to do anything to help. Let me begin by saying that if you love your family member, love is a great beginning point of help. A number of parents that I've met struggle with how severely affected their child is by mental illness. Imagine how much more difficult this would be if you were not there providing love. Love, as with most things in life, is always a good place to begin.

The next big thing that I feel that can help someone with a mental illness is to meet the person at whatever level he or she is on. If the person is stubborn or unwilling to accept that they have a mental illness or refuses treatment, no amount of pushing from a family member is going to help. My parents are both retired and I'm in my late 30's, and yet if they try to push me too hard to think or act a certain way, even to this day we fall right back into our roles of teenager rebelling against the parents. Be concerned and caring, but choose your battles carefully. You do not want to end up alienating someone who may be in need of help, especially if they are the aforementioned loved family member.

Something else to consider is what the anxiety you have is doing to your loved one. Anxiety and fear are things that we all pick up on in others. If someone who has a chronic illness is in this environment, it can be detrimental to the person and cause the illness to become worse. Try to keep this in mind if you are around or live with anyone who has a chronic illness, mental or otherwise. Another thing around anxiety is to be sure to take care of you. Don't become obsessed with the illness. Be good to yourself and do things for you as well. This will help to avoid burnout and improve your relationship with the person who is ill.

The other thing I notice from family members, and I hope this will change, is blame. In the past, mental health practitioners placed the blame for mental illness on the upbringing of the child. I would like to think that we have now entered an age where this philosophy stacks right up there with the use of leeches and the snake oil salesman in health care. Clearly the family is not to blame for mental illness. I feel this statement is so important that it bears repeating. If you are the parent of someone who has a mental illness, you are in no way, shape or form responsible for your child or children having mental illness.

The last idea I want to close with is that things will be okay. Things may not be what you hope or wish for, but they will be okay. Approaching acceptance and seeking to be as well as one can be with a chronic illness is my hope for everyone who has a mental illness and my hope for families as well. Maybe your sibling isn't going to be a concert pianist. Maybe your son isn't going to be the next Prime Minister or lawyer or accountant. Maybe your daughter won't be the CEO of a fortune 500 company or host the next great late night talk show, but if you are patient, offer support and help your loved one find his or her way, maybe he or she will be the next Winston Churchill, Kevin Kline, or even Albert Einstein.

# The Do's and Don't's of Handling Childhood Flashbacks

by Cassandra Freeman

*The following are tips based on the experiences and research of the writer*

## **What flashbacks are:**

I have had about 100 flashbacks in the last 17 years. Flashbacks are fragments of memory that are sensory, auditory, visual, sense of smell or a combination of these. They can last for a split second or minutes at a time. The problem with them is that they often come with a huge emotional impact and not enough information to determine exactly what happened. On the other hand when one is over you may experience a sense of relief or even feel smarter. Many people believe that this is because you couldn't handle what was happening as a child, so memories were lodged in the wrong part of the brain - therefore you might feel better when one is released.

## **Do something creative and relaxing after you've had one**

Since flashbacks take you back to being a child, it's important to recognize that hurt child and do something that will relieve the emotional anxiety. I often draw rainbows with crayons or paint something that I had fun with as a child. Activities like this also bring me into present time. Go easy on yourself. Find one friend that you can talk to about it or just get some support from them. Don't expect them to believe you that "x" happened to you but ask them simply to believe that something traumatic happened.

## **Know that if you have flashbacks something traumatic did happen to you**

There is still a whole lot of stigma and emotional denial in the general population about childhood flashbacks. Describe some of them to a trauma

counselor, preferably one who has experienced them in their lifetime and can verify you are having them. Take extreme caution however, when deciding what actually happened. I have experienced parts of one flashback 10 years apart and what I thought was a sexual act was actually a very painful experience at the doctors when I was 3. In those days no one told a 3-year-old what was going to happen. It was a huge betrayal and that component often makes child flashbacks more difficult to get over

## **Be as grounded as possible while you are experiencing them**

It may take months or years to figure out what was happening. Or you may not figure them out at all. Keep working or have a life with a planned and fun schedule. I was working on set as a producer with my mind split between several different things that were happening. Then I had a flashback. It took a split second, I had no idea what the content was and I didn't care because I was doing something I loved.

## **Get as much support as you can**

When they first began I went to a group at VISAC in Vancouver and it was the best thing I could have done at the time. All the women had similar "flashback" experiences and one even drifted in and out of present time during sessions. I learned how to use all of my senses to ground myself to bring myself out of the "child state" I inevitably get into. Re-evaluation counseling was especially helpful in finding people who would simply listen.

## **Don't meet with your family and spill your guts**

I had the most unpleasant time of my life sitting with a psychologist and my family and reading out in graphic terms the flashbacks I was having, even

though at that session I didn't accuse anyone. To make a long story short, I have faced a wall of denial from my parents ever since. They simply cannot believe that anything that terrible happened to me when I was a child. That wall still remains 14 years later. If I could do it again I might simply tell my parents I was having a difficult time and needed to be alone for a while. Then I would go out and party as hard as I could! But without alcohol as it may act as a trigger.

### **You do have control over your own mind**

After having flashbacks for about seven years I decided I no longer wanted to experience them. I

wanted to live in the present and not the past. For the last 10 years, that decision has cut down the flashbacks from once every two weeks to once every few months. I was also encouraged to do this because of a book I read that said flashbacks can trigger hallucinations. At this point I know that there were two incidents at the doctor's when I was very small. But I've given up trying to figure out what the rest are about. At 49 it's time for me to have a good time and for the people who hurt me, well 'what comes around goes around'.

# Recovering Self with Others

by Zoran Gotsii

Recovery is never a single handed effort. It is a life process. It is more of a deepening, that engages the very core of our being, all aspects of our being and many people in supporting roles. Recovery is an ongoing and sometimes complicated: struggle, expression, dance and unfolding process that requires both assertive persistence and loving patience simultaneously. It is a process where we need to claim our initiative, direction and power, just as much as we need to fully receive, give and share in what is a greater collective affair. For by healing ourselves, we lead the way and allow for others to heal too.

Think of all the resources of energy, effort, courage that you have had to draw on from within yourself. This is super commendable! It's not easy to figure it out, but hero journeys are never faint. Also, think of all the people who have walked with you on your healing journey. When we acknowledge with gratitude how much we have achieved, worked for, gained, learned; it only serves to fill us up with strength for the next step, and the next one after that. Try it, get into a feeling of gratefulness for all the little things. Or write a list of all that you have achieved, using your own standard by really patting yourself in the back for whatever it is, no matter how simple. It only matters that what you have done becomes meaningful for you. Also, it is really important to acknowledge all the people who have friends or family or full hearted professionals, and genuine supporters that come in so many guises; all the people that participate in healing as joint project.

Fundamentally, developing a strong connection to one's center and core is an essential

starting point. We have to grab this core in whatever way we best can. Recovery means we develop better ways to grab our integrity, or power and our love. Your center, is that place deep within yourself, where strength, courage, wisdom, clarity and love are drawn from. It is that aware part of you that is observing how you are unfolding. And it is that place where we make a choice about how to best respond to the situation or lesson right in front of us, and in our bodies. We are the classroom!

Common sense stuff like: good nourishing foods, balanced rest, healthy doses of exercise, medications as necessary, stimulating culture and play are all but a few basic ways that a solid sense of center is first established. Basically wellness is built on taking care of one's body, and being able to identify what your body needs. Am i hungry? Am i tired? did i sleep ok? And even when we have intellectually learned this, positive community serves as a healthy reminder of what you already know...

Recovery is building a set of essential skills that are greatly complimented with allies and friends on the road; even pets can help. We are all familiar with the many supports available. These relationships often function as reminders of what we need to integrate ourselves and eventually be able to do on our own; or become living reminders for someone else. All parties involved are part of the fabric of recovery. The idea is that recovery is about grounded balance and stability first, in order to later allow for creative and social expressions to flourish and play of each other into a greater healing of communities and hearts.

# A Forgotten Poem

by Mary Phyllis O'Toole

December 28<sup>th</sup>, 2009

A few days before the new decade began I decided to go through, sort and organize my small apartment; somewhat of a symbolic "out with the old and in with the new". I began with the chest of drawers that held my handicrafts and handicraft supplies. As I went to remove the shelf paper and shake the drawer to remove dust, a few pages flew out between the shelf lining and the bottom of the drawer. Thinking it was just a handicraft "to do" list, I went to throw it out but took a quick glance at the top paper. It read "Kill Me Please", after the shock of reading the phrase I realized that it was a poem I had written back in 1977 or early 1978, just over 30 years ago. It read as follows:

## KILL ME PLEASE

I see visions of a beautiful white palace  
And little children playing by the sparkling  
fountain  
And a lover to take me in his arms

These visions are gossamer, glistening webs in my  
mind,  
Taunting me while I live my non-existent drudge  
of day,  
Every night I do the books of the hotel  
Every day I sleep while people laugh and play,  
Each night I awaken, only to add the figures  
again,  
While the glistening visions dance in my head.

I cannot take the bottle of pills to smash those  
visions,  
I can only struggle through the nights and days,  
While those visions taunt and torture  
I can kill myself so easily,  
It is those visions I cannot kill.  
So, kill me, please.

At the time I wrote it I suffered from schizophrenia, which made it difficult to tell what was real and what was not. In my mind there were two worlds, the real world that everyone experienced and the insane world known only to me. Both minds were constantly battling for supremacy, debating with each other what was real or what was not. The first verse of the poem reads:

"I see visions of a beautiful white palace,  
And little children playing by a sparkling fountain,  
And a lover to take me in his arms."

In my insane mind there existed a planet called Xanandu. On Xanandu, there was a beautiful white palace with sparkling fountains and children playing by it, and a handsome suitor. On earth there were slums, children starving, a lack of clean water, and no boyfriend. Xanandu was one planet, one country and no wars while Earth had many countries and many wars.

The second verse of the poem goes on to say:

"These visions are gossamer, gleaming webs in my mind.  
Taunting me while I live my non-existent drudge of day,  
Every night I do the books of the hotel.  
Every day I sleep while people play,  
Each night I awaken, only to add the figures again,  
While the glistening visions dance in my head."

Around the time I wrote the poem I was a night auditor in a hotel, working the graveyard shift. My job was to count the cash in each register at the end of the day which should equal the total of receipts from the restaurant and hotel rooms and then record it. The same cash reconciliation was repeated every night.

The third verse reads:

"I cannot take the bottle of pills to smash those visions,  
I can only struggled through the nights and days,  
While those visions taunt and torture  
I can kill myself so easily,  
It is those visions I cannot kill.  
So, kill me, please."

(continued on pg.16)



# song of few words

by reinhart

when you told me that we can't be lovers any more  
but that we can still stay friends  
empty words i thought of today's romantic trends  
when you walked out you didn't even bother to close the door  
i expected most of all i'd miss your naked body  
i started checking out other chics but most looked gaudy  
the fashions of today are either in your face or just a bore

i'm singing of what used to be  
i'm singing how you set me free

i think that from now on i'll just stay celibate  
some friends i decide i might even let go  
solitude is much less complicated don't you know  
when the fever gets too hot i guess i'll masturbate  
for now i won't even think of love  
i don't even want to shake your hand without a glove  
lovers who can make it last, them i must congratulate

i'm singing of what used to be  
i'm singing how you set me free

more than the regular sex i miss being intimate  
truth to be told we're not really lovers, not really friends  
we're more like deep sea divers who come up with the bends  
oh yeah, we love the deep as though we were on a date  
the ocean has seduced many a man  
every sailor takes a kick at the can  
until the siren song does seal his fate

i'm singing of what used to be  
i'm singing how you set me free

the curtain of night descends and i'm thinking of you  
the stars come out and i'm seeing your eyes  
i guess it's too late since we've already said our good-byes  
and you've probably found somebody new  
time goes by and we see less of each other  
my feelings have changed and i desire no more to be your lover  
but i still have fond memories of all the things we loved to do

i'm singing of what use to be  
i'm singing how you set me free

# Shadow Love

by Ely Swann

I can no longer see my face  
in a begging bowl. The sound of coin  
rattles my spine.

She has too many children. The highway-veins  
on her fat legs point to no escape.

He told me about his part in  
Mai Lai. While I gave him head, he told  
war stories.

Dreams spill down the sewer  
"Forgive us our trespasses." Barred  
from Church doors, they  
workshop in the darkness.

The Lord's Prayer was written in a  
Brothel, for fishermen.

Your kiss reveals more than  
it conceals.  
Take off your glasses, Iscariot.  
That's better.  
There isn't a soldier in sight.  
Lay the night.

# In Broad Daylight

by Ely Swann

A friend of mine just burst  
into flames and burned  
to death; he'd found out  
everything there was to know.

stood on a corner and screamed  
it's obvious, it's obvious, and  
then I saw him combust  
and the streets cleared for miles.

The light coming from him was  
blowing bodies up off the ground  
nothing else burned, just him, in his  
knowledge, so perfect, so utterly terrifying.

Afterwards, I found only two  
charred twigs, & arranged  
them to mark the spot with an X  
and stood there waiting to vanish myself

saying,,, it doesn't matter it doesn't  
matter, everything is renewed by  
fire, although I didn't burn or even  
get warm & rush hour traffic was starting.

# The Brocksville High Haunting

by Frank G. Sterle, Jr.

"Who in the Hell are you?! ... In the name of God, I demand that you identify yourself!"

Cindy actually already knew who – what – it was that was mostly behind the havoc at Brocksville High School; however, her obsessive-compulsive condition strongly compelled her to extract from the dark entity its truly malevolent nature.

"Dee, maybe you should leave it be," advised her mother, standing in Cindy's doorway. "Maybe you'll just piss it off ... Dee?"

Cindy's consciousness was half in the physical world and half in the other world – the spirit domain.

"Who are you?!" the 17-year-old psychic/medium again demanded. "For the last time, what's your name?!"

Nothing but silence followed for about half a minute. She then opened her eyes and turned to look up at her mother.

"He – *it* – told me its name, Mom; and it told me what it wants to do at the school."

"It's good that you're happy with your spiritual accomplishments, Dee, but you really have to think about your health – your heart."

But Cindy (who preferred her mom's version of her name – Dee – for it omitted the 'sin' in 'Cin-dy' and enabled her to ignore the "witch" label cruelly pasted on her by many ignorant schoolmates) felt that her heart was good enough. Besides, that dark spirit, for whatever reason, would not physically assault her, and she was not prone to 'possession.'

The demon, "Elevant," is the only spirit that can, and does on occasion, follow Cindy home, and it even 'invades' her dreams. It, in some of her nightmares, shows her vividly its perspective of all of the death that occurred at the school over the decades. "It's like it was 'all in a day's work' for Elevant," as Cindy put it.

The day before, she read library and school archives (albeit Cindy mostly used her psychic/medium abilities to uncover the morbid facts of Brocksville High's history) revealing that during the late-1940s and early-1950s, a deadly influenza epidemic in Brocksville (not to mention outlying areas within the state of Kansas) filled the local hospital to the hilt with, mostly, sick teenagers. Thus, the school was closed and utilized as space

to house and care for the sick youth who could not find room in the hospital wards. As it turned out, seven of the sick teens during those hard times died on the school grounds. It wasn't until about two years after the influenza outbreak fully subsided that the school reopened, because its rooms were urgently needed to seat the town's large number of high-school-aged youth.

It was approximately five decades after the school reopened that the real horror story occurred at Brocksville High: two 17-year-old students (Tim Williams and Allan McCallester) who were rejected by their peers and tired of being bullied and beaten by three bullies in particular (i.e., Patrick Grevenson, Joey Steiner and Daryl Reese) took out all of their frustration, with AK-47 assault rifles, upon an entire classroom of 31 students, including the three bullies.

"You three are about to go to Hell," said Tim – according to a hospital-bed-ridden Patrick, a week later, upon awakening from his coma — with a gratified grin before the pair shot the bullies who'd given the two gunners such a miserable three-and-a-half years at Brocksville. But, ironically, they failed to kill Patrick, the only survivor of the mass shooting. After they felt they'd gotten enough payback, Tim and Allan each put a bullet through their heart with a .45 caliber handgun.

The three bullies had taunted Tim and Allan, calling them "losers," "faggots" and, especially daunting to the two, "dead men" every time the bullies would bump — often physically as well as figuratively — into the two, lanky 'nerds' in the school's hallways.

But the psychic/medium, Grade 11 Cindy (besides greatly assisting in actually identifying spirits' identities *and* considerably helpful in pacifying otherwise good spirits' unrest) felt sure that the two 'nerds' eventually, in death, accomplished what they failed to do in life — 'finish off' Patrick, albeit through indirect means:

One late afternoon, while, accompanied by one other schoolmate, finishing off studies in the very same classroom in which the mass shooting took place, Patrick was said to have been frantically yelling out something about seeing the bloodied, bullet-riddled apparitions of all of the

students murdered by the shooters, with the gunmen, holding phantom firearms, accentuated in the foreground. Horrified, he desperately tried to escape the frightening vision through the shut classroom door, but he was denied exit for some 'inexplicable' reason.

"I could see him pulling the door open about a foot but being hindered by something," said the lone witness in the classroom that afternoon. Finally, unable to tolerate the vision any further, Patrick, out of his mind, leapt through the third-floor classroom windowpane. He was found dead and all cut up from shards of broken glass early the following morning by the school's janitor.

(Due mostly to the politics of the situation – i.e., Patrick's pathetic deadbeat parents were not deemed worthy of adequate consideration by the county sheriff or coroner in regards to his parents' loss and the actual cause of the boy's reason for leaping through the school window to his death.)

Cindy told her mother the very next day that she had seen Pat's spirit in proximity of those of his two disembodied bully counterparts. She also sensed that the three bully spirits "stick together like peas in a pod; and their spirits still bully the school's living nerdy students."

As for the massacre, when flowers are left in memoriam at the shooting site, the pedals wither within seconds to the horror of the donors, all of which is followed by an inexplicable, intolerable stench. Cindy says that "it's the work of the demon, Elevant."

Ironically, some students who were/are bullied, says Cindy, bully the most helpless of the student body, and Elevant, while enjoying the suffering, nonetheless holds the most hatred for bullies who bully their lessers; and it procures the most contempt for them by the other human spirits: "They're the real cowards! We should show them what Hell can really be like!"

Cindy strongly sensed that Elevant was manipulating the living students who are being bullied, whom she is 'counseling' to not go the way of the gun or any form of violence – to *not* go the way of Tim and Allan.

Upon arriving to school the same morning as she'd interrogated the demon that called itself Elevant, Cindy had heard from her schoolmate and only friend, Justine (who, though not born with a 'sixth sense,' was fascinated by the paranormal), that two of the school's 'nerd' students had heard what sounded to them like "a dozen simultaneous whispers" coming from the storage-space beneath the gymnasium stage, which, 'coincidentally,' is where the influenza-sick students' portable bunk

beds from the mid-20<sup>th</sup> century were being stored – including bunks utilized by sick youths who'd succumbed to their intense illness – after being disinfected. It was thought, at first, that in the early 1950s, the beds might be of future use (nothing was wasted during the Korean War); however, over five decades later, they'd been completely forgotten. In November of 2005, just about a year before the two 'nerds' heard the "simultaneous whispers," when the school's janitor tried to remove the bunk beds for disposal, he had heard "a bunch of whispering, all at the same time. And it got louder and louder; that's when I left." Then, when told by the school's principal (who, knowing the school's increasingly-infamous reputation, was sympathetic to the janitor's discomfort) that the bunks eventually had to be removed, the janitor very-reluctantly went back at it.

"At first, they simply would not budge," explained the janitor. "And when I did yank two out a foot or so, they were yanked back, twice as hard!"

When some school staff tried to give a hand and pull out the old beds from the storage space, the beds, again, were yanked back twice as hard by an unseen force that squeaked out a disembodied, "No!"

It was only a week later, in the school's machine shop, that one student working alone was abruptly startled by a horribly distorted apparition and inadvertently cut off his thumb with the electronic saw he was using.

Meanwhile, desks in completely empty classrooms move about aggressively, even pinning one student against the chalkboard; when she screamed in utter fright, the invisible force let out an equally voluminous screech of its own.

There also was the ghostly lunchroom food-fight reported: one boy almost lost an eye to a flying plastic fork that appeared to come from nowhere, while the only female student there had her shirt and bra ripped open by phantom hands — her bare chest was slapped with spaghetti and meat-sauce. She then ran to the girls' washroom where multiple ghostly hands molested her until she finally wrapped her stained shirt closed and bolted out of the washroom, screaming. (Cindy identified the sexually-aggressive spirit as "a non-human entity" unrelated to the school-time, violent events of the past; however, "it's still very attracted to the angry, evil energies" – it thus

**(continued on pg.16)**

# Are Psychedelics Making a Therapeutic Comeback?

by Bob Krzyzewski

One of the main challenges of being a current events writer is staying alert to the headlines. Although I had another piece well underway, I couldn't resist three articles in two days on a resurgence of psychedelics in therapeutic applications.

Researchers from London, Zurich and our own Vancouver, B.C. hit the newsstands at the time. I'm going to preview the National Post article of August 20, 2010 entitled "Ecstatic Research, Research Awaits Ecstasy Approval" as it co-features Psychologist Andrew Feldmar, frequent *In A Nutshell* contributor (*Minute Particulars*), and local private practice psychotherapist.

Psychedelics in general have had an extremely tumultuous reputation since their discovery in 1948 by Sandoz laboratory chemist, Albert Hoffman PhD. After his first accidental ingestion he reported strange sensations, altered perceptions and a distorted sense of time. It wasn't until the sixties when the hippie movement embraced LSD and Timothy Leary became its outspoken advocate that it really entered public consciousness. Then Haight Ashbury, acid rock, the Beatles, tied dye clothing created a huge social phenomenon.

In the heat of this fray a Harvard University Theology graduate student named Walter Panke published a study in which university students were prepped for religious connections and took an LSD trip in the campus chapel on Easter Sunday. His study, published as "LSD and Experimental Mysticism" in the *Journal of Health and Religion*, Vol. 5, 1964, posited that the combination of "mental set" and a conducive physical setting (in this case, the Harvard chapel) contributed positively to the feelings of spiritual connection and even spiritual union which students reported.

The current local researchers are Dr. Ingrid Pacey and Psychologist Andrew Feldmar, and they are applying to use methylenedioxy-methamphetamine (MDMA), known as Ecstasy on the street, in a double-blind study as a treatment for post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

In the background to their application there has been a quiet push in the U.S. not only to decriminalize these drugs, but also to make them available for legitimate psychological research. A prominent figure in the U.S. named Rick Doblin, PhD, is the founder and executive director of the Multidisciplinary Association for Psychedelic Studies ([www.maps.org](http://www.maps.org)).

Doblin, a graduate of Harvard University in Public Policy, founded MAPS in 1986 with the main objective of establishing MDMA as a Federal Drug Administration approved prescription medicine. He is a step closer to his objective because the FDA has recently approved the experimental use of MDMA with war veterans. A preliminary clinical trial application was published in *The Journal of Pharmacology* where "10 of 12 patients treated no longer suffered from the disorder after treatment." This is hugely significant in a country where perhaps millions of veterans are suffering from PTSD with little hope of recovery.

If you saw the Robin Williams movie called "The Fisher King" you see a vivid portrayal of a person suffering from PTSD without therapy or active social supports. It's a harrowing roller coaster ride between hallucination and consensus reality.

Doblin is quoted in the National Post article, saying, "The purpose of using psychedelic drugs such as MDMA to treat post-traumatic stress is that these drugs wake you up while pharmaceutical drugs often put you to sleep."

In another report, this one based in Zurich and published in *Nature Neuroscience Journal* citing brain-imaging studies, said that "Psychedelics act on the brain in ways that could help reduce symptoms of various psychiatric disorders." The report continues, "The drugs could be used as a kind of catalyst, helping patients to alter their perceptions of problems or pain levels, and then work with behavioural therapists or psychotherapists to tackle them in new ways." The report highlights the following point: "Psychedelics can give patients a new perspective – particularly when things like suppressed memories come up – and then they can work with that experience."

This seems like a common psychoanalytic perspective, which could be called “induced abreaction”. Typically, a client is in psychotherapy for a long period of time to create a “transference” with the therapist. This is a highly unsafe interaction with clients who are repressing memories of extreme violence. Psychedelics can create a combination of circumstances more therapeutically effective.

A third research project is managed by the Centre for Addictions and Mental Health in Toronto. There they are building on research from Yale University, where the liquid anaesthetic, ketamine, also used as an illegal club drug known as “special K” or “vitamin K”, was administered to seriously depressed patients. Researchers speculate that a novel effect of ketamine is to increase neuronal connections within 40 minutes of ingestion, which immediately relieves acute depression and bipolar symptoms although mimicking LSD and causing vivid hallucinations and sensation of floating outside the body. A single dose of ketamine rapidly and significantly improved symptoms of depression in “treatment resistant” patients.

Ronald Duman, Professor of Psychiatry and Neurobiology at Yale, published a small study earlier this month on patients with bipolar disorder. 70 per cent of participants responded positively to ketamine versus six per cent who responded positively to placebos. Duman commented, “It’s like a magic drug. One dose can work rapidly and last from seven to ten days.”

But the magic doesn’t stop there, as experiments in rats suggested that ketamine both increased synaptic connections and repaired connections between neurons damaged by chronic stress. Duman further commented that ketamine may be able “to reverse the effects of stress on the brain.”

At a time when baby boomers are affected by high rates of dementia and Alzheimer’s disease this is possibly a major breakthrough. Researchers are modest in their expectations, stating that the goal now is to identify other substances that can have similar beneficial effects and can be easily administered and don’t have the potential for abuse. Another Canadian psychiatrist, Dr. Pierre Blier at the Royal Ottawa Mental Health Centre, cautioned that dosages should be kept very low, but summarized the results as “very encouraging and promising.”

These research trials are creating new hope for severe cases of depression and bipolar disorder. However, these research initiatives are all based on the traditional medical model, which provides external solutions in the form of pills. I have recently written extensively about the holistic models of recovery where the client is in active participation in his or her own recovery. The treatments I refer to utilize non-invasive therapies such as meridian tapping (EFT), meditation, exercise, visualization, breath work and a healthy diet. In the long run, the client is responsible for his or her own recovery. ■

## Hope in Muddy Waters

by Paul Strashok

Just to let you know that some things stand sure  
in a world of chaos we can still find the pure  
and I have know the darkness of the man-handling cure  
Yet I wait for heaven’s light breaking through from above  
the stirring of the heart with agape love.  
Being hemmed and bordered on every side  
can cause us to look upwards, find freedom inside  
For the promise was never to those who would shrink back  
in the midst of the warfare, when under attack  
but to those who would wield the armour of heaven  
in thought, in heart, in spirit, fully given.  
So bring on your muddy waters, you children of mere men  
Jesus will calm them and shine and shine again.

# The Brocksville High Haunting

(continued from pg.13)

lingers there, especially so with the two gunmen and the three bully spirits.)

On some occasions, in the music room, musical instruments will play on their own, almost always playing the then-hit-tune 'Tequila' over and over again; they'd stop only when a living person dared to enter the classroom and yell out loud for the spirits to "Stop!"

Perhaps most notably, the gym teacher of 33 years resigned his post at Brocksville High because of the frequency of multiple phantom basketballs slapping the gymnasium floor, though always during the same hour – between 8 am and 9 am. It's always during the same period that the murdered students' male victims would be using the gymnasium for basketball practice.

Soon, the school was christened, The Brocksville High Haunting, with more infamous reputation to come.

Cindy noted the Hollywood-horror-movie cliché regarding the spirits' appearances and non-lethal assaults – i.e., only when the living are in small numbers are there such ghostly activity, for it's far more frightening for the victims that way and much less likely for interference by the boldly brave who dare to help.

She also sensed that there's definitely much "residual haunt" (mostly from the extremely emotional mass-shooting and the terror it procured) at the school, almost as much as the

quantity of the "entity haunt." While Elevant parades itself amongst the human spirits as a human entity, Cindy realized that only she and the demon know that the human spirits are deceased.

Cindy believes in God and that "He cares very much about his creation"; she also believes that the souls destined for Heaven go there immediately upon their Earthly death. The souls that stay, however, are destined to wander upon the earth, usually within the immediate vicinity of the location of their death, until they're 'ready' for Heaven. The remainder go the way of the realm of the Godless – and appropriately so, for they learn upon arriving there that it is indeed where they truly belong.

But as it were, the only living student Cindy did not save through her 'counseling' is herself. Her death was caused by a faulty heart valve, which all of the unimaginable stress of dealing with the paranormal caused to collapse altogether.

The whole decades-long haunt and extreme drama encouraged school programs to be established to combat schoolyard bullying – teachings of zero tolerance.

Cindy was cremated, and her ashes spread at a belated memorial for all of the students whose lives were lost at Brocksville High since its inception.

To this day, Cindy's spirit is occasionally spotted on the Brocksville High School grounds.

## A Forgotten Poem

(continued from pg.8)

The clash of the two minds; in one part of my mind I believed both Xanandu and earth existed, the other part knew only earth existed battled for supremacy. The vision of a beautiful planet where I someday may go contrasted with the reality of earth and was constant turmoil in my mind. The thought that Xanandu existed made life on earth less palatable, less livable.

Perhaps the best way to explain that clash in my mind is the following analogy. A mother, whose child has been missing for years, believes in one part of her mind her child will someday walk through the door, the next minute she imagines her child's mutilated body lying in the woods. The contrast in her mind is terrible and she desperately needs closure. She needs to know one way or the other what is real and what is not. And

so it was with me. I needed to know one way or the other "Was Xanandu real or imaginary?"

A few years later I could answer the question. My imaginary planet was an illusion. Three and one-half years after I wrote the poem I would be involuntarily committed to a psychiatric ward and the planet, so to speak, vanished into thin air.

That was then, this is now, In 1999 I was put on a new anti-psychotic drug and the "positive" symptoms such as delusions, hallucinations and thought disorder disappeared. Over the next decade the "negative" symptoms of schizophrenia such as apathy and social withdrawal gradually disappeared.



# The Essential Art of Listening

(continued from pg.5)

he may be facing. As well as getting physically close to one another, usually by holding hands to contradict feelings of isolation, co-counselors always share equal time, taking turns so that everyone gets a chance to feel heard and to discharge.

Another form of essential listening occurs when entering the silence through meditation and the practice of yoga, providing further occasion to heed the messages of our inner guidance, and the answers within the body. When we fail to listen, we pay a price, which may come in the form of physical illness, emotional tension, or a relationship crisis that could have been prevented. When we make all of our choices, conscious of the knowing self within, we will harm none, and every decision we make will be for the good of all.

Chanting, drumming, dancing, and ritual, all a vital part of the cultures of aboriginal peoples, provide us with an additional chance to enter the trance state where we can access information, not otherwise available. Connecting with the earth mother, with our animal friends, and with our human brothers and sisters, gives ample opportunity to improve our proficiency for tuning in to the wisdom that is all around us. Sharing within circles, where everyone gets to speak and be heard is fundamental to ensuring functional relationships within families, communities and the world. Without the ability to listen, our species ceases to be a supportive part of the web of life, so crucial to our survival here on this beautiful planet.

## Cats Like Edges

(continued from pg. 2)

To which she replied, "Yeah, but you've got more testosterone." Maybe she's right. It helps to be a little aggressive.

Of the two killers, Kuzu is the most deadly. When I come down from the loft in the morning, I regularly find mice, sometimes feathers and last week there was a dead squirrel with his head and two front legs gnawed off. She's up in the loft now, looking outside. Her yellow tiger eyes are focused on the clearing outside, her next prey perhaps, a robin, a stellar jay, maybe another squirrel. She's crouched at the very edge of the loft her weight forward on her front paws, her elbows tight into her sides, like springs. I rub her back and try to talk her out of all these murders but she doesn't take her eyes off what's outside. Her tail slides back and forth through the air like a graceful snake. It touches my arm and I can hardly feel it resting there, telling me in her way, "Be quiet, I know you are there, please don't distract me."

There is room for other thoughts, no distractions while landing, the final phase of the flight. Act three. And the truth is the times closest to the ground are the most dangerous. The higher I am the safer it is because I have a longer time to react if there's a problem with my wing. But there is no time for errors close to the ground. So landings are approached in a specific manner, usually planned in advanced but flexible enough to reflect changing conditions. I use a series of turns to arrive face into the wind. I pull all the way down on the brakes and flair my wing when I am a few feet off the ground and run the first few steps before the wing slows me. Sometimes I run like my little kitty, as fast as I can. If it's been a good flight I can't help but smile, washed in a sense of well-being. Relief, joy, satisfaction all pump through my veins. Life is good. I gather up my wing and walk across the field to fold it. And if I had a tail, it would be vibrating gently.

## 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/csinfo](http://www.icomm.ca/csinfo)  
[www.aapd-dc.org](http://www.aapd-dc.org) [www.mindfreedom.org](http://www.mindfreedom.org) [www.geocities.com](http://www.geocities.com) [www.mdri.org](http://www.mdri.org) [www.breggin.com](http://www.breggin.com)  
[www.cvdinfobase.ca/mh-atlas/](http://www.cvdinfobase.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.echr.org](http://www.echr.org) [www.popan.org.uk](http://www.popan.org.uk) [www.advocatweb.com](http://www.advocatweb.com)  
[www.gamian-europe.com](http://www.gamian-europe.com) [www.hri.ca](http://www.hri.ca) [www.hrweb.org](http://www.hrweb.org) [www.iahf.com](http://www.iahf.com) [www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm](http://www.benzo.org.uk/prawi.htm)  
<http://members.aol.com/jimhofw/jimho.htm>

### Alternatives

[www.talkingcure.com/index.asp](http://www.talkingcure.com/index.asp) [www.alternativementalhealth.com](http://www.alternativementalhealth.com) [www.medsfree.com](http://www.medsfree.com) [www.moshersoteria.com](http://www.moshersoteria.com)  
[www.transtherapy.org](http://www.transtherapy.org) [www.patchadams.org](http://www.patchadams.org) [www.healthfreedommovement.com](http://www.healthfreedommovement.com)  
[www.weglaufhaus.de](http://www.weglaufhaus.de) [www.elcollie.com](http://www.elcollie.com) [www.stopsbrinks.org](http://www.stopsbrinks.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/tr/alternative/](http://www.bu.edu/cpr/tr/alternative/)  
[www.religiousfreedoms.org](http://www.religiousfreedoms.org) [www.wildestcolts.com](http://www.wildestcolts.com) <http://stopbadtherapy.com> [http://nht\\_amhl1.blogspot.com](http://nht_amhl1.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/selfhep/tardive.html](http://www.power2u.org/selfhep/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**. **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 [office@wcmhn.org](mailto:office@wcmhn.org)

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

## 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/competencyl.htm](http://www.safe-trak.com/main/competencyl.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/LLegalResources.htm](http://www.helpforparents.net/LegalResources/LLegalResources.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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