



phoenix Rising

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THE VOICE OF THE PSYCHIATRIZED



To our readers -
a special holiday
issue - art, stories
& poetry from
"Out of the Ashes"

Are you rich?

Do you know someone who is?

Phoenix Rising desperately needs help to keep on publishing.

You may have noticed that we are not able to keep to a regular quarterly production schedule, and that the magazine has been thinner lately. This is the result of our extreme difficulty in getting funding on an issue-to-issue basis. It means that we have to put a lot of time and energy into applying for funding and, worse, that we never know until the last minute whether we have money to put out a given issue or not.

We can't go on this way forever. Please, if you (or someone you know) can help us out with a generous donation, send (or have them send) a cheque or money order to *Phoenix Rising*, Box 7251, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1X9. Thank you.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE
ART, STORIES & POETRY
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EDITORIAL

Against all odds, survivors of psychiatry continue to bring forth extraordinary writings, drawings, and other creative work.

Some people think the art that comes out of our experiences is a form of "therapy" for us – that "letting it all out" is a way for us to "get well."

But ex-psychiatric inmates who realize we were never sick in the first place know better.

Expressing what happened to us is not just a way to "deal with our anger." It's also a means for letting the world know what abuses we have endured in the name of psychiatric "treatment."

Exposing what we've been through can be a painful, though satisfying, revenge. But it is also a weapon for preventing the psychiatric industry from doing further damage.

The aim of psychiatric "treatment" is to get us to lay down and shut up.

When, instead, we stand up and shout about it, we are not engaged in a "healing process."

We are engaged in a war.

Keep on fighting, and remember, think big.

Smash the state in '88!

Irit Shimrat
Editor

Write On, Shock Waves, Phoenix Pharmacy and News will be back in the next issue of *Phoenix Rising*. Please keep on sending material – it gets better all the time. We are especially interested in your experiences of racism, sexism and heterosexism in psychiatry, as well as psychiatric abuses in prisons and the "community mental health" arm of the social-control biz. Keep us posted, so we can keep you posted. Thank you.

Correction

Maggie Tallman sho 'd have been credited for the photo of Phyllis Moss on Page 21 of *Phoenix Rising*, November 1987 (Volume 7 Number 2). Sorry about that!



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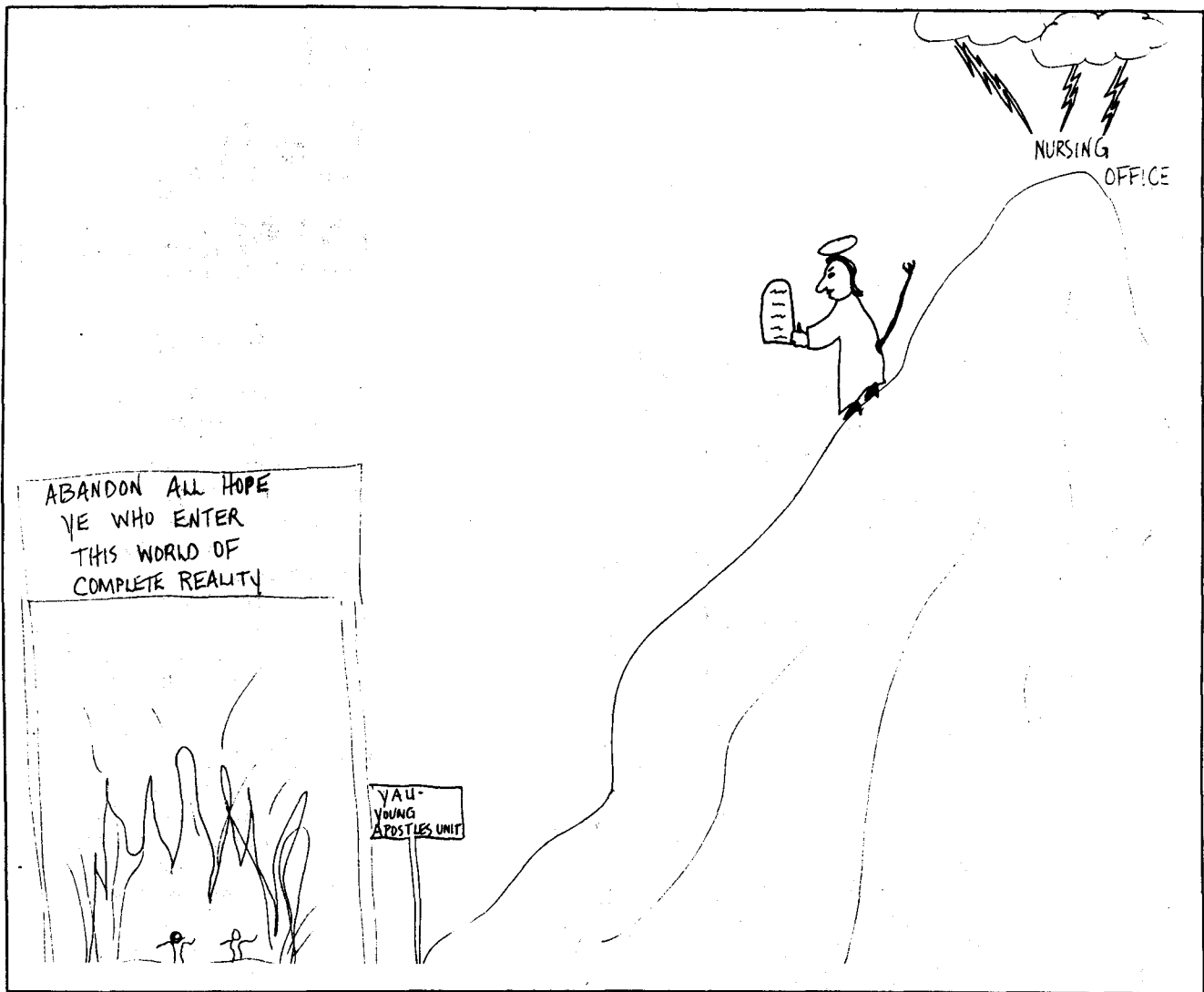
The opinions of the editorial collective are expressed in the editorial and in unsigned articles. Otherwise, articles, stories and letters reflect the views of the writer. We will not accept advertising which in any way supports forced drugging, electroshock, involuntary confinement, or psychiatry's medical model of mental illness. **Phoenix Rising** reserves the right to edit material submitted. Material should be submitted typed and double-spaced. Persons wishing to have material returned must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Phoenix Rising** is published quarterly by On Our Own, and may be contacted at Box 7251, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1X9, or by telephone at (416) 699-3194. Second-class postage number 5342. Copyright 1987 On Our Own. December 1987. ISSN 0710-1457.

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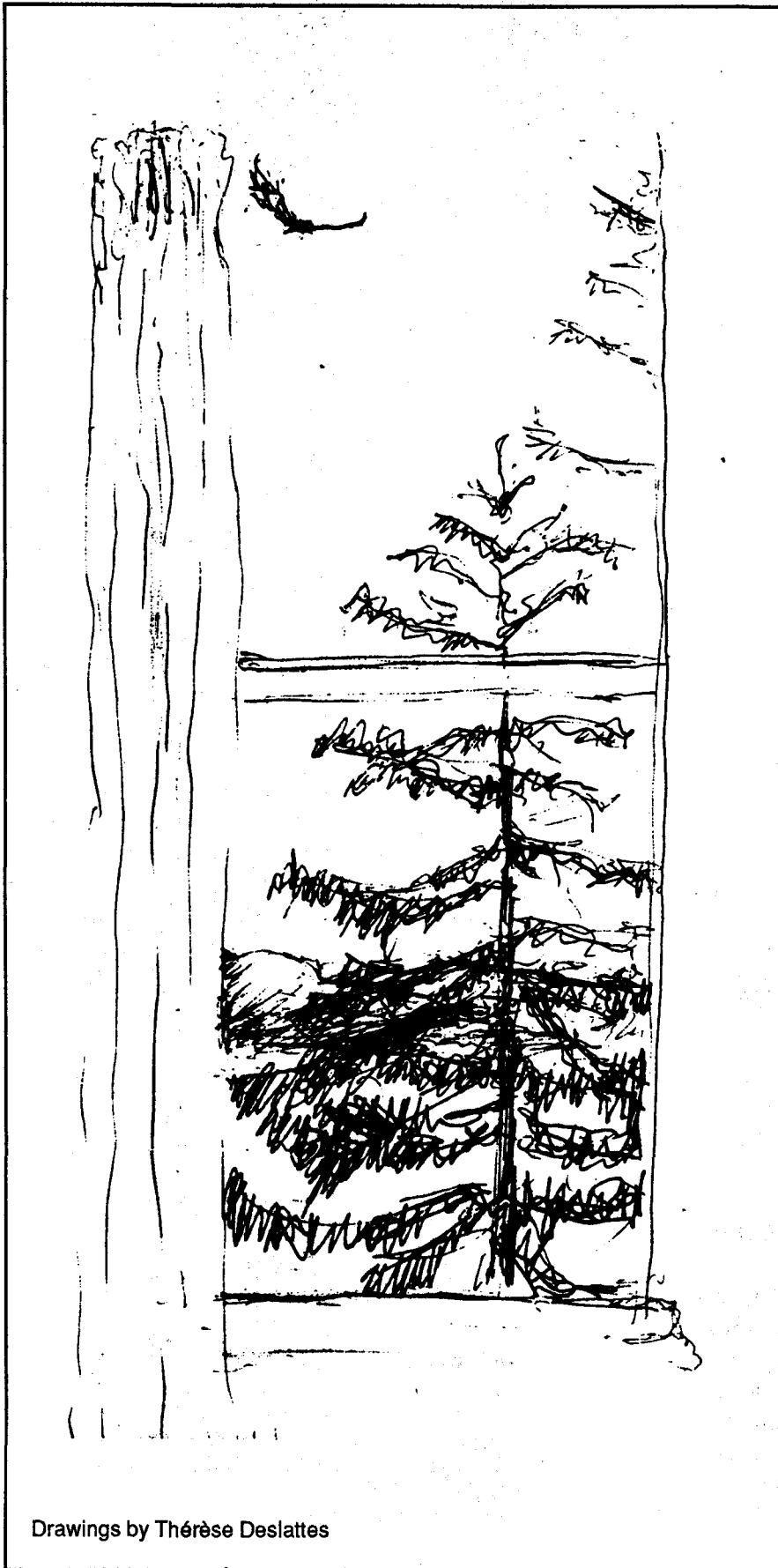
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (JOB SPECS FOR S.T.P.H. STAFF)

by Shawn

Y.A.U., St. Thomas Psychiatric Hospital



- 1 Ability to add $2 + 2$ and come up with 5
- 2 Must believe #1
- 3 Never think a patient is a human being
- 4 Carry your own wind-up key (for automatons)
- 5 Leave conscience in the same crackerjack box it came from
- 6 Ability to play "pass the buck" better than the best
- 7 Ability to believe in unreality
- 8 Remember the key phrase for any request – "That's hospital policy"
- 9 Arrange time to do personal business at hospital expense
- 10 Always, in every situation, be able to show your "God Club" membership card



Drawings by Thérèse Deslattes

A Defence of Being Different

by Lorna Green

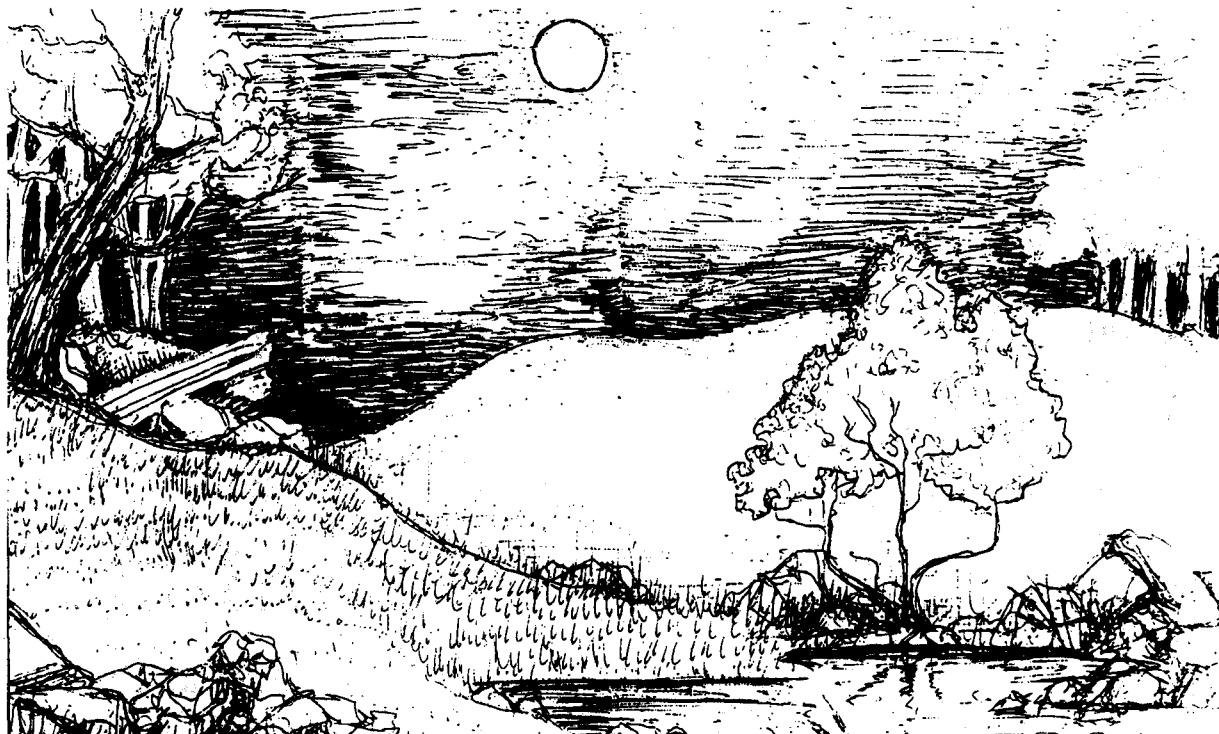
I am 48 years old. I have been hospitalized five times, first when I was 26, most recently when I was 46. No labels were applied to me until my fourth hospitalization, when, as a result of arriving in "mute stupor," I was designated "schizophrenic."

I cannot bear labels, especially when they are merely a camouflage for the ignorance of the medical profession. For me, labeling is a way of saying "you're abnormal, you're not healthy, you don't count." I fretted under this label for two years. And then, on Christmas Day, my sense of being different from other people – of being "sick" – overwhelmed me. Refusing to be crushed by this negative sense of myself, I wrote the self-portrait that follows.

You may have been given labels too, because you have difficulty "fitting in." It is not necessary to consider yourself "sick," with all the negative connotations of that word, just because you are a nonconformist.

I urge you to resist the negative connotations of the label "schizophrenic," and avoid future hospitalizations. You may be on a spiritual path. If you are hospitalized again, I have one suggestion to make. *Help others.* There is no faster road to healing that I know of, and this will ensure that your stay is short.

This is my gift to all who, like me, have been labeled "schizophrenic."



Self-portrait

I am more in touch with the unconscious mind than many people. I write from the unconscious. My ideas come welling up from the depths. My thoughts are not "sick" thoughts, but the most beautiful there are, for our unconscious opens into eternity – into the realm of the spirit. I love to be alone, exulting in my own being.

Having grown up in intense family life in which I was always "caught in the glance of the other," I revel in the silence, the solitude, the hiddenness of my life. I enjoy spending much time brooding over ideas and staying in touch with my own feelings.

My rich inner life is totally inhibited when other people are around. As one of my "normal" friends put it, I go on "hold" if other people are there.

I first got in touch with the unconscious at the monastery of Pecos, New Mexico. I have practised for some time a life of prayer. I live without many of the defences that mask others, for it is a goal of the contemplative to live without defences, so that she can be approached by anyone. I see what others do not, because I live with my heart, with feeling. I experience a reality that people whose lives are wholly taken up with

external events do not experience.

Without defences, I am open and vulnerable to others. On the hospital ward, I have related to people on a much deeper level than in ordinary life. And I have experienced, there and in monasteries, some of the greatest mysteries of the spirit coming to me through relationships.

I need to share my ideas, thoughts and insights with others, but I am very sensitive to rejection in relationships. Relationships with people in the ordinary world are the hardest thing for me. I can usually handle only one person at a time. The child inside me lives close to the surface, and I need a lot of acceptance before I will reveal the treasures of my soul. But I need that child. She is the seer in me.

When I feel my oddness with other people, I often feel embarrassed about "knowing how to be." Then that little voice inside me says, "but you're just schizophrenic. You're sick." And I feel deprived of personhood and of the right to speak and be taken seriously.

I am amazed when I sit in the doctor's office and hear the meaningless conversation in the halls, everyone pitched up in high heels and business suits, clicking along in a great hurry

to go nowhere. We are supposed to be the ones "out of touch" with reality, and the daily superficialities of the nurses and doctors are taken to be what is real. My God, help us in this inversion of values, and the failure of real meeting.

With my love of solitude and silence, and communion with animals and plants, I may be out of place in the extroverted society that proclaims itself the norm. I live in a log house in the forest, open to the vastness of the land around me. No telephone, no electricity – just a man and a cat. I always experience culture shock on re-entering society.

Strange? Eccentric? Abnormally preoccupied with myself? Out of touch with reality? No. One's nature is one's vocation. So my needs for silence, for solitude, and for occasional deep friendships shape my life.

This I would say to the medical profession: don't try to change me. Understand me. And extend the same simple humanity to others whom you have labeled "schizophrenic." We are merely exploring some other level of the reality you have become accustomed to regard as ordinary.

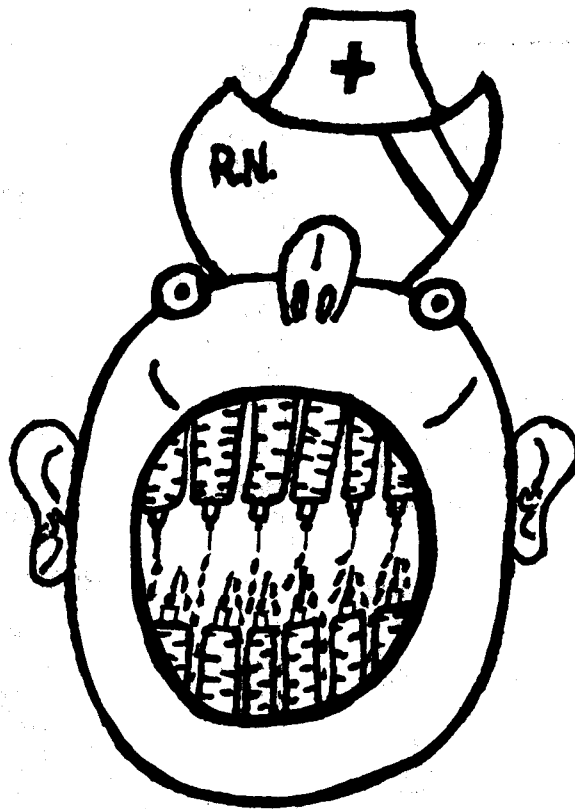
Madness

I stroll across the pastures of my mind
under a sky of grazing sheep
fabricating cartoon realities.
A thumb-whorl spins in circles of
a once-familiar identity:
billowing skirts of wind
waves scaling a thirsty shore
his eyes that were horizons without clouds.

I stroll across the meadows of my mind
a white figure in a green world
reaching out to the frolicking sky
I dream . . .
dismissing locked doors, plastic knives
Until a nurse approaches!
Smiling, her teeth are needles dripping medication.

The ladder of clouds dissolves
drifts away.

Evelyn Lau
(Age 15)



Drawing by Douglas Robinson

I Never Promised You a Nom de Plume

by Heather Duff

“Committed or Voluntary?” said Iris from her striped bathrobe, smoking a minikin butt. She wrote on cigarette packages with a pencil: Iris. I wrote on paper towels with a stolen felt pen but I didn’t sign my name. Besides I couldn’t see what I wrote from the drugged smear in my eyes.

“Get those cigarette packages copyrighted,” I said. “Someone might steal your name.”

“Who do you think you are, the Special Branch?” she said.

I was cogent and spinny. I was on the wall and off the wall, both and neither. I couldn’t look my real name in the face and call it me. “I don’t know,” I said, “I’m traveling incognito as a blue flannel striped mental patient.”

“They’re all cowards that bunch,

every one of them,” said Iris. “The only real he-men left are in East Germany.”

Christmas carol muzak in the background, phones, beepers, buzzers, little green lights on the buzzers, red Exit signs locked from the inside.

Nurse M told me she was going to take my blood pressure. She wheeled up the blood pressure trolley with its red and gold Christmas baubles that clanged on the metal. I said, “Well, you’re lucky to take my blood pressure.”

Nurse M said, “Why?”

“Because it is my blood pressure.”

She didn’t get the joke. She was sure I was what she saw – Patient 64-00896-7 of 4 West. Nurse M cut off the circulation in my arm with her velcro band, put the walkman into her ears. My elbow was itchy so I scratched it.

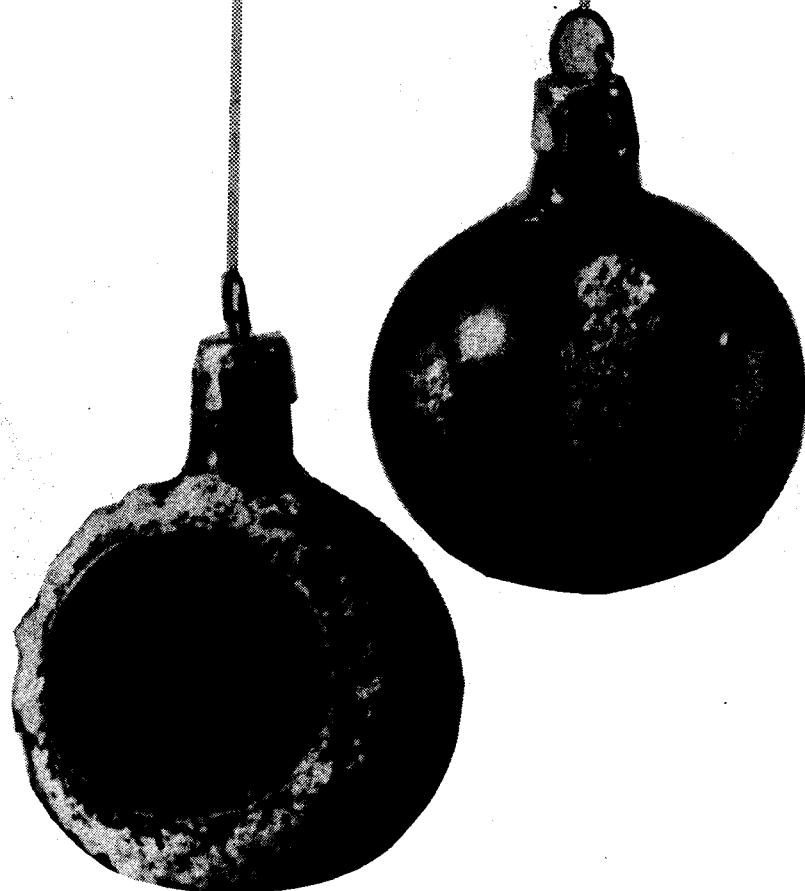
“Did you rub yourself?”

“Sorry,” I said. “I had an itchy elbow. How did you know?”

“I could hear it pounding.”

“Sorry.”

“Are you quite finished scratching your elbow?”



"I need Cogentin," I said. "I'm having side effects. I can't see a thing. My throat is so dry I'm choking on it. My legs are rickety and I've got the shakes all over."

Nurse M smiled. She liked that. It lessened her paranoia: beware of un-drugged patients, who might take over the world. She looked in my chart to see that I hadn't taken my twice-daily allotted Cogentin yet. She brought me two elliptical green pills in a little paper cup, and a cup of water.

"Those aren't my pills," I said.

"Of course they are," she said, re-adjusting the bobby pin that stuck her toy nurse hat on.

"Cogentin is flat and white and small, like saccharine."

Nurse M turned red. "These are someone else's pills."

"That's what I said. What are you trying to turn me into, a psychiatric patient?"

God knows what the green elliptical pills were – somebody's antidepressant, somebody's anti-psychotic, somebody's "non-addictive" sedative or other, somebody's M&Ms.

Nurse M&M needed something bad. She couldn't see. She was having side effects.

"It's the Nom de Plumes. They're after us," said Iris.

"Do you like my camouflage?" I said to Iris.

Iris was walking up and down the hallway in her orange fluffy slippers, shuffling on the waxed floor. She only walked on the right side of the hallway, obeying all traffic rules. This had been going on for hours. Nurse M&M was writing in her chart that Iris had been pacing for the last eight hours,

that she was agitated, hostile, manic.

I wondered what else one was supposed to do in a locked ward.

Several agitated nurses paced back and forth in the cramped hallway, carrying towels, stray lunch trays with spilling milk cartons, mops. I noted it on my paper towel chart, in shorthand because I couldn't see.

Iris was singing: "'Tis the season to be dying. Tra La La La La La La La La!" She stopped and spoke to me with her blue Gaelic eyes. "We Irish Atheists have a Desiderata Christmas," she said. "We go political, see. It's like having a vocation. A compass drives you on. Like it does Orangemen."

Workmen in coveralls were nailing boards over the windows because some nutcase had thrown chairs through them. Remnants of seasonal snow flitted before my blurred eyes, then disappeared with the smash of nails.

"You can't see a thing now except the plaster walls. It's a new experiment," I said.

"Whole Nom de Plume thing," said Iris. "There's got to be a president of this place, like in the United

States. Who's the president of this place?"

"Brian Mulroney," I said. "He's the Prime Minister."

"What's that?" said Iris.

Dr. Sauer waltzed in to the beat of two leather clipboards clacking together over the metal clips. He took out his silver pen, clicked it open, and began to interview Iris in the Day Room. He was an enormous man, looked like a mallard duck, with a greenish tinge to his head. With a Quack Quack here and a Quack Quack there.

He told me he had once taken 50 mg. of Chlorpromazine as an experiment in Med School, and had to take the whole day off work because he felt slugged to death.

I was on 600 mg. per day, and merely couldn't see. He told me I was on enough to kill a horse.

I sat in the corner in a semi-listless stupor, looking just like everybody else. Feigning acquiescence. Dr. Sauer didn't know I was recording everything he said, every last word. On my fifth paper towel of the day.

It was a play.

DR. SAUER
(*very politely*):
Is there anything I can do for you today, Iris? (*i.e. option: drugs or more drugs, Electric Shock for a variation*)

IRIS: Don't you fucking tell me whether I'm ready or not. I've been here since November 5th. Do you know that?

DR. SAUER: Yes, well –

IRIS: Am I Voluntary or Committed? Voluntary. I came here on my own so I can leave on my own, thank you very much.



Photos by Konnie Reich

DR. SAUER: I'm sorry, but I don't think you can go yet.

IRIS: You shrinks with your money, fancy positions. I want to leave today. I have to earn a living. Not like you.

DR. SAUER: I don't believe I can possibly discharge you today.

IRIS: Discharge! Discharge! You have no right to "Discharge" me. I'm Voluntary. I can leave whenever I want. Have you read the Mental Health Act lately?

DR. SAUER: Yes, I've read it.

IRIS: Well, as long as I'm not committed by my family, I can leave whenever I want.

DR. SAUER: I'm not ready to discharge -

I leapt out of my chair and stood on the coffee table, between the ashtray and a pile of *Good Housekeeping* magazines with photographs of plum puddings on them.

"Discharge! Discharge!" I said, "It's a conspiracy to make us all content. Here I am a half-brain wishing for a whole brain."

Iris began to sing soft Gaelic melodies: "Do not hang me like a dog in his lonely prison cell." All she needed was a Celtic harp.

"Would you like another 100 milligrams?" said Dr. Sauer.

Iris and I decided to commit him. To the room at the end of the hall with the thick plastic bubble jammed in the door as a window. It would help him to

mellow out.

According to the Mental Illness Act, you needed the conspiracy of two.

The heat hadn't been working for four days. I overheard Nurse M and all the other Nurses of the Alphabet saying that the heat worked in all the wards except 4 West. Well, at least the heat was on for the *bona fide* sick people. I guess they all figured we wouldn't notice, since we were all over-medicated. Actually, it made everything worse, because we all thought the cold air was only a side effect and kept asking for more Cogentin. Then more Chlorpromazine to deal with the delusion of Antarctic conditions, then more Cogentin and so on.

I couldn't sleep, so they upped my dosage. "I can't sleep. I'm freezing," I told Nurse K, the night nurse. She yanked aside the white curtain and entered into the little stage where my bed was.

Nurse K sighed, snuggling into her pearl-white mohair sweater. "Here, wrap yourself in this." She gave me a flannelette sheet with blue stripes

on the fringes, like Mother Teresa's habit. I wrapped myself up in the sheet, then shivered inside thin blankets on my tilted metal bed.

Betty in the bed on the other side of the curtain had just come back from Shock Treatment so she was woozy from the anaesthetic. There was an unfinished gingerbread castle on her night-table, made in the Christmas Crafts for Loonies Workshop. It was covered with jelly beans, smarties, ju jubes. The liquorice drawbridge hung by an icing thread. Betty was making real progress. Not like the rest of us. She put her hair in pink plastic curlers every night and watched *The Young and the Restless* every day. She kept all the Nurses of the Alphabet updated on Nicky's exploits with the guy who was using her nudie photos as blackmail.

Dr. Sauer would let her out on passes soon.

The next morning we sat in a row in the hall, wrapped in our flannelette sheets, coughing under the Seasons Greetings wreath. It was a Victorian asylum. Alphabet Nurses wearing mohair sweaters paced up and down

before us, none of them wheezing at all.

I drew a cartoon of Iris, in a paper towel. In the cartoon she was squatting in the hallway, wrapped in her sheet, smoking a butt. She spoke from inside a sketched bubble: "It's the whole Nom de Plume thing."

Nurse M&M stopped in front of me and smiled. She leaned over me to look at the cartoon. "That's beautiful," she crooned.

"It's not meant to be beautiful," I said.

Nurse M&M pointed to the blanket in the cartoon. "Is that a security blanket?" she said.

"No," I said, "It's a cheap flannelette



Season's Greetings

mental ward sheet. Have you checked the temperature of this place?"

Nurse M&M and her thing about security.

"Don't let Time slip away," I said to her. "It needs to heal. Count the clocks in the city. Ask them if they have families to spend Christmas with."

Nurse M&M clutched her yellow knit sweater.

"I beg your pardon," sang Iris, "I never promised you a nom de plume."

On Christmas Eve, they dragged in a screaming woman. They said she had the DTs, whatever that was. They put her in Dr. Sauer's Bubble Room. Nobody knew her name. She was just the Nom de Plume thing. The unknown screech in our timeless greeting of seasons. They had her hooked up to intravenous but she kept thrashing around.

I couldn't see what was going on but I intuited that they were tying her to the bed. That's what the Bubble Room was for – bondage games. Everyone was jolly. Especially the Nom de Plume thing herself: here in this zero-degree room in the inn she had sought, in fragile passivity, to get out of December.

Iris chewed the tobacco out of the end of her cigarette. "Nom de Plume," she said.

"What do you mean Nom de Plume," I said. Everything was so repetitive. It was driving me crazy. Iris was manic again, polishing the hallway in her orange fluffy slippers, chuckling to herself. I paced along beside her, dragging my flannelette sheet behind me. It was wrapped around my head with the blue faded stripe down one side. I knew darn well that I looked just like Mother Teresa. Iris couldn't

accuse me of being one of the torturers.

"I dunno," said Iris. "Just Nom de Plume."

"You mean nameless?" I said.

"Yeah, nameless," said Iris.

"It's the unknown screech of the Eve of Father Christmas. It tells him where there isn't a chimney," I said. The plastic white name label on my left wrist had shrunk in the bathtub and was cutting off my circulation. The words "Patient 64-00896-7, 4 West" had water droplets inside the plastic.

I was afraid it was cutting off my identity.

I was scared of losing my name in the number, but even more scared of not losing it. I wasn't ill. I was just sick of the body that went with my real name.

"My wrist is too tight," I said to Nurse M&M. "My blood can't breathe anymore."

The Nom de Plume thing in the Bubble Room didn't seem to even need to take breaths. She just screeched on and on into the Eve of Christmas. Nurse M&M didn't understand this but was counting out pills

with her pill counter. As if somewhere in the pile there was the "right" pill for the "right" patient.

"Take another 100 milligrams," said Nurse M&M.

"It's a nameless screaming," said Iris. "The opposite of echoes."

She stopped at the entrance to the Day Room. "When we were kids," she said, "We'd go out to the moors and sing out to the mountains and it would echo back. We'd see who could sing the loudest. That's an echo, when you make the mountains sing back at you."

"When we were kids," I repeated, "We'd go out to the moors to see who could sing the loudest. That's an echo, when you make the mountains sing back at you."

"But this screaming is so nameless," said Iris. "It doesn't even rebound."

"It just stops," I said.

"It's pointless," said Iris. "Somebody should turn down the hearing aid."

I left Iris in the hallway with shiny foil garlands that dangled over everyone's striped pyjama legs. They floated now. From the locked door with its sign:

"Visitors Please Check Out at Nursing Station." Past the Day Room, past the nursing station, toward the entrance to the Bubble Room. Each one stopped abruptly at the doorway to the Bubble Room, then turned to march back toward the locked door.

The pacers became one manic herd as the screams, louder now, hammered against their own dead end.

"Somebody save me!" screamed the woman inside. "They're torturing me!"



Iris shuffled toward the locked door. She touched it and a buzzer went off. Everyone jumped into the air as if electroshocked with 175 volts. The door wasn't really locked, just bugged.

"Get me out of here," called the unknown voice. "Save me! I'm being tortured!"

For the nurses it was Silent Night. They chatted in the nursing station about upcoming mince pies, styrofoam candy canes, and trips to Hawaii.

"Somebody save me!" I knew I was being paged by that voice, that I couldn't possibly ignore my call any longer. I looked both ways before I crossed the hall, making sure no one recognized me. The plastic name label was cutting my wrist in two. I shivered, wrapping the flannelette sheet around my head. I pushed the door open and stood in the doorway to the Bubble.

The woman's hospital gown was hoisted up past her waist so I could see her ragged cotton underwear, the elastic gone from the legholes. Her wrists were strapped to the head of

the bed with thick green plastic restraints, gold buckles. Festive. She looked like a reindeer. Her intravenous was rattling back and forth on its wheels beside the bed. The right foot was strapped down, too, and Nurse M&M stood there alone. She held up the left foot, chilled blue, its veins bulging out. The left foot was thrashing in the air, trying to kick Nurse M&M away.

Nurse M&M was into S&M.

The woman looked me in the eye, scanned my flannelette security sheet with its faded blue stripe down one side. "Mother Teresa!" she cried, "Save me!"

I got to the bed and tried to unbuckle her right foot, which was the closest one to me. Nurse S&M was shaking all over with the DTs. "For Christ's sake hold this damn foot for me," she said.

I didn't know who to save.

Nurse S&M grabbed my hand and jerked me over to the bed. She handed the thrashing left foot to me and held it down against the cold plastic mattress. Nurse S&M let go of my arm and strapped the green

plastic over the foot I was holding. She pulled the gold buckle, tight.

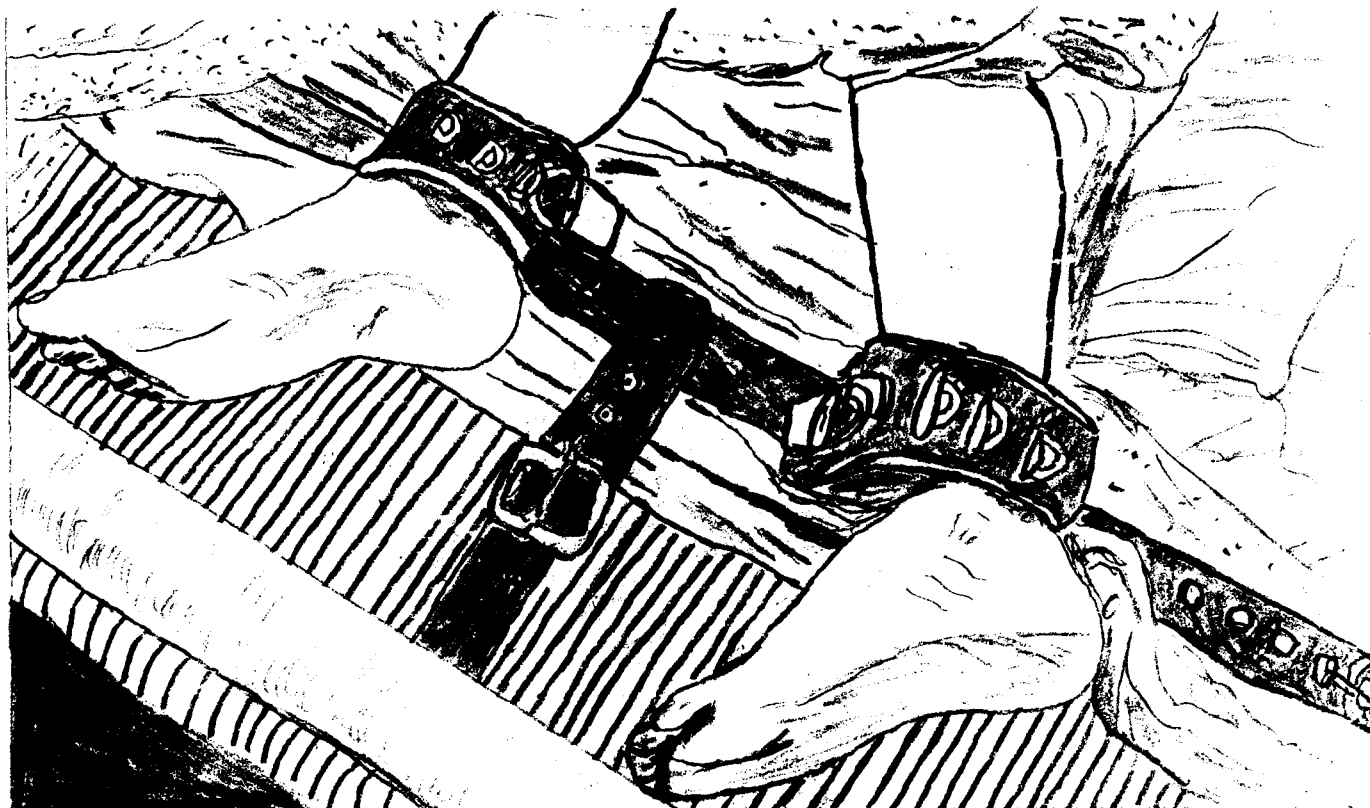
Veins bulged around the chained ankles.

I didn't know why I was helping Nurse S&M. Besides, if I freed the chained woman, where would she go? I had to suck up to the government, otherwise I couldn't help anybody. I needed to save myself.

Patient 64-00896-7, 4 West: making real progress.

I needed to sculpt my name from numbers, shape my real name into a body, commit myself to myself. Listen to me! Listen to me! I am Teresa Ann. I am reshaped clay, born in the clinical abyss, despite its best efforts to keep me demented.

The woman looked at me with brutal-grey eyes and stopped screeching. Though chained, she was serene. Iris stood in the doorway to the Bubble Room in her striped bathrobe, smoking a minikin butt. "Teresa Ann!" said Iris to me: "Did you do that voluntary or were you conscripted?"



Drawing by Douglas Robinson

Shrank

Two steel eyes, and a long railroad car
of steel led to Big Brother and the Thought Police.

Two headlights of a car . . .
streetlamps
"Look, they're coming!" . . .
Four-year-old Thought Police
in a steamy summer night.

It was not necessary they took
a machete to my soul . . .
O my soul, full of rage and parsley,
ambition only for truth . . .

Explain this to an industry of KING TUTS:
People line up to see them in museums of horror,
They sell you away to torture for
more than thirty pieces of silver,
something like 80 thou . . .

Now, I have the wupped-white-woman-blues,
I frequent the voices of black slaves,
I know sitting in the cotton field
sewing a hole up everywhere
to stop the bleeding.

"What's the use of your goddamn books?"
Zorba said.

I, too, spit on your agony
and closets full of skeletons
and upper-class pious sentimentality.

Attach your name to a dance of rage?
even *that*, *profanity*, MY SUICIDE.

I spit on your "self-reverence" . . .
What is there to "revere"?

I don't believe in hate,
yet there is a season for everything,
embracing and hate . . .

A time for hate . . .
THIS IS IT.

I'll never kiss your ass,
you are no soft, wide-eared,
dumb-wise animal,
just
an
idiot.

Donna Lennick



May 26/81
SEFF

Drawing by Margaret Yao

Phoenix Rising /13



Movie Night

by Norma-Jean Lefebvre

Jeannie, your face will stay like that forever if you don't stop doing that this instant, the voice inside tells me as I struggle with my house keys. Thank you, mother. Leave it to you to invade my worst moments with your nagging clichés. Yeah, so the film wasn't exactly a pleasant view — but hell, even if my face did stay like this it couldn't possibly be any worse than the reality of your harpy voice in my head right now. The girl in the film heard voices too, and somehow I know they belonged to her mother.

The house is dark tonight as I stumble blindly through the front room. Shit, I think, smashing my toe against a broken vacuum cleaner, why the hell does everything in this place seem to find its way directly into my path?

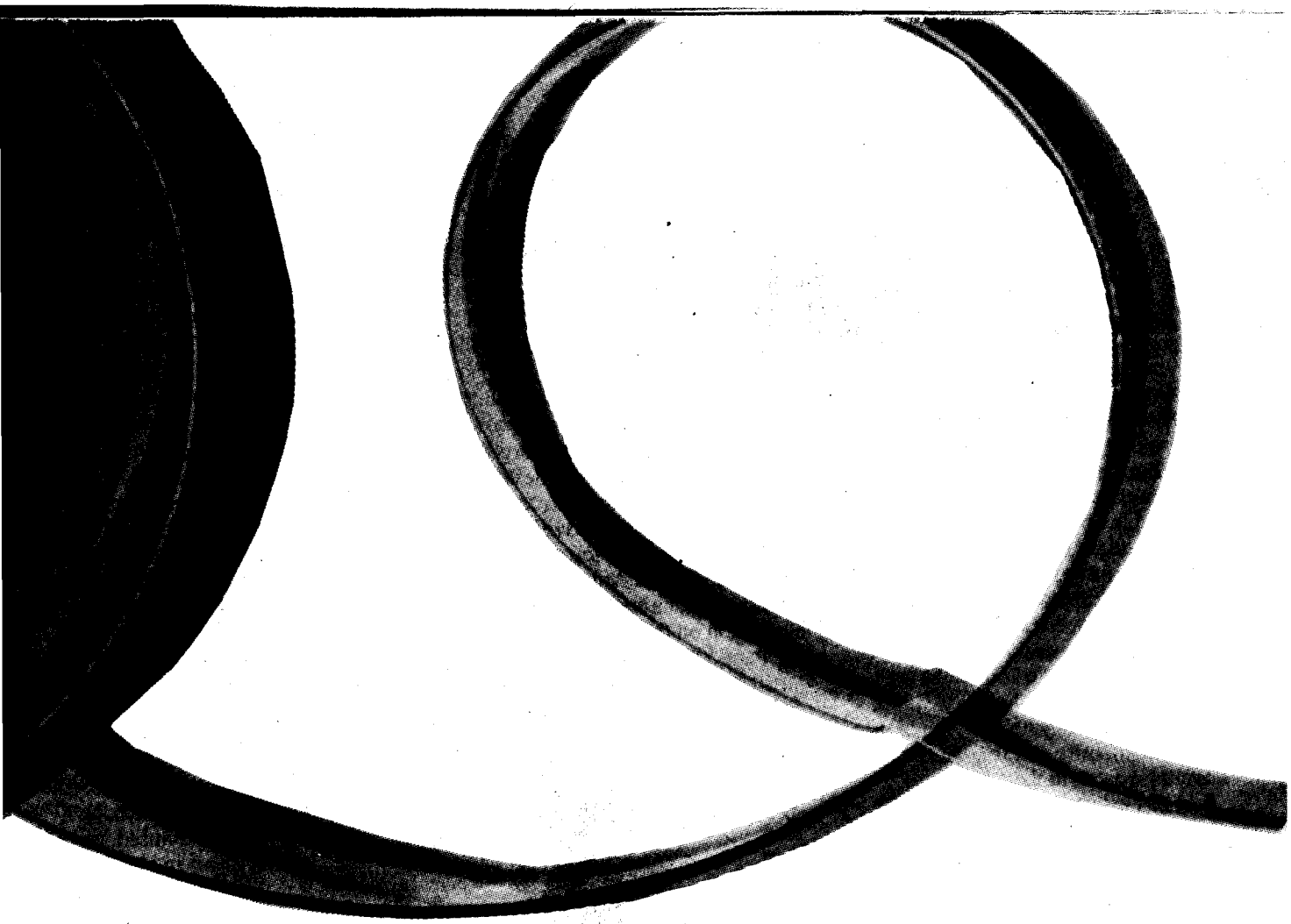
Betty had a much healthier attitude about things than I do. When things got in her way they just went straight out the window. Dishes, radio, trash, books, pots, pans and the fucking fruit off the table. Christ, even the goddam food had no importance in her determination to eliminate the unnecessary. Shit, I admired her character. Very Zen, remarked a voyeuristic old man behind binoculars, enjoying her sweeping rages. You know they said she was insane in the film, but I know the truth. I am the insane one, for allowing a broken vacuum cleaner to demolish my already precarious balance. And this is no movie.

The fifties' television clock on the counter tells me it's twelve midnight. The *Popular Mechanics* home-project wall lamp glows in the

kitchen softly. It reflects on the grey splattered table, complete with matching chairs. The black ghetto-blaster is on so low it's making a liar out of itself. The LED lights flicker wildly to gentle red flame patterns illuminating from the lamp's starburst chrome pipes.

I am home again, but what does it mean? Sometimes I sit in the pink-walled, green-tiled bathroom, on the toilet seat covered with purple shag. I slice my wrists with a broken disposable razor, just to see the red liquid drip into the white *faux* marble basin, and feel for a moment.

Darius always seems to sense those moments I hide there and uses the French cutting knife to jimmy the bathroom lock and bust in on me. Thinking of it now reminds me of Norman Bates in the shower, but I'm



not showering, and the knife is for salvation, not for annihilation. I always let him get in, because hell knows there's really no way to keep him out. I even tried once, and failed miserably; besides, the razor isn't for annihilation. It's for remembering.

Betty gouged out her eyes so she wouldn't have to see anymore. Or maybe she just tried to get to the source of those voices screaming in her head, uninvited.

There was no baby for Betty and Zorg, and she didn't want to hear the failures laughing at her anymore. It was her gift to him, but it all went wrong, and she couldn't bear it a moment longer. She couldn't live because it hurt so deep inside to love and live a lie.

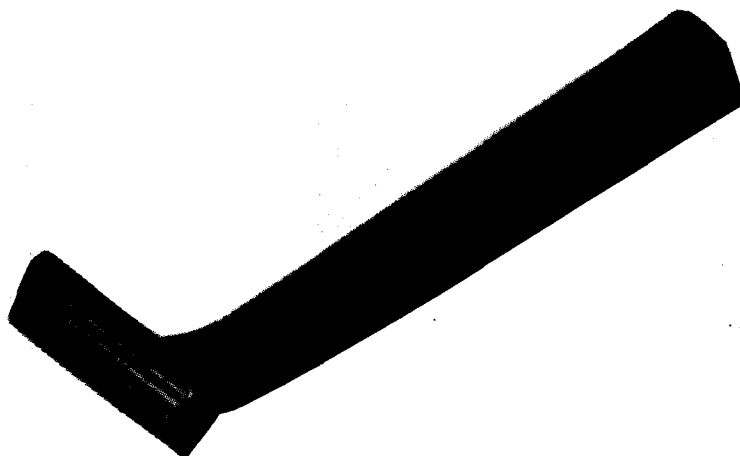
I remember when Darius first told me the big lie. It was really just his big lie, but it hurt so deep inside that

I chased him murderously down the street. I was shouting profanities beyond even my furthest imagination. I kicked and bashed him with all my rage, crying and tearing the shirt off my back. Screaming at cars driving by and exposing my pendulous breasts. All the while this was going on, I was thinking to myself, you can't hurt me, I can only hurt myself. Fuck, Goddamn bastard,

fuck. The big lie was hidden long before the baby died and all I could see were red lights and shiny knives and it hurt till I pissed my pants right there on the street. Darius hid the big lie and we made love and the gentle little flame of desire grew in my belly and then died there.

Four months later I smashed my hand through a glass door window and cut it, but it didn't hurt, Betty. It

was just like the door in the movies when you smashed your hand and ran away bleeding. It didn't even hurt. You didn't dare remember the real pain after, and neither did I. Well, not until now, Betty. Not until now, when I saw you on the screen tonight. And you know what they say – oh mother, no, please, please go away – The mirror never lies ...



Warriors

by Ken Obidowski

When Arn Small returned from the war, he gave up his guns. The time spent in Europe had changed his life, and he knew it. The bullets and the bombs that killed men who were just a few feet away left their images so deeply ingrained in Arn's memory that the thought of taking up arms revolted him. He was tired when he came home then – and now, 20 years later, he felt used up. He wondered why he'd ever come back. His family and friends were becoming hostile in the face of his laziness and his aversion to the world around him.

So, on the insistence of his family and the recommendation of his doctor, Arn surrendered himself to a psychiatric hospital. He felt that the real reason he consented to this was to get his family off his back. They could not accept the fact that he would not fulfill their image of what he should be. And now, as he stepped out of the car and stood, bag in hand, watching his wife drive away, he hoped that what he had come for would not take long.

The sounds of men talking coupled with laughter and coughing greeted Arn as he stepped off the elevator onto the third-floor Veterans' Ward of the Mount Hamilton Asylum. Before him, a white figure of a nurse sat behind an oaken

desk, writing intently into a large book. He walked up to the desk and laid the admittance form (filled out the night before) just above where she was writing. The top of the form read, "The patient Arnett Howard Small to be admitted for psychiatric evaluation on this, the fifth day of April, 1965." Without looking up, the nurse pointed to Arn's left. "First door on the right," she said.

The door was open, so Arn entered. No one was inside. The stale smells of tobacco and perspiration that were just beginning to permeate his sinuses entered the room with him. A wall of books towered menacingly before him. High narrow windows with reddish brown curtains drawn back allowed a generous amount of sunlight to fill the room. There was a large oak desk, dark brown leather wingback chairs, and a couch of the same material. Of course. The "shrink's" couch, he thought, amused, as he sat down in one of the chairs.

"Mr. Small!" a voice bellowed from behind. Arn stood up. "No, no; please sit down. Have you been waiting long?"

"Nope, just got here," Arn replied.

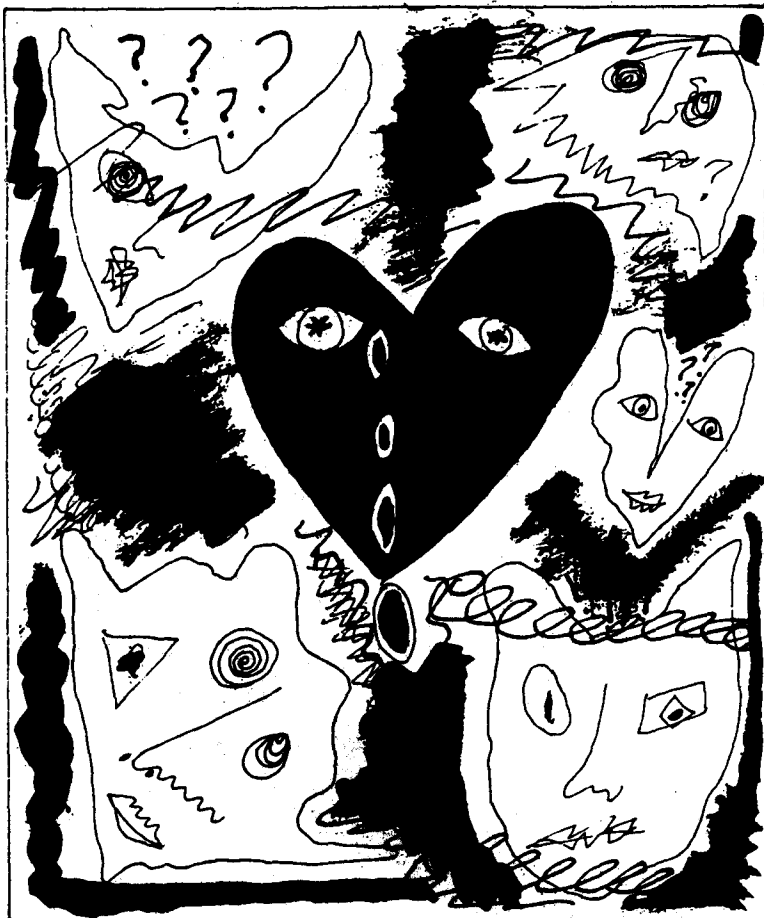
"Good," said the doctor, moving behind the desk. He leaned over to shake Arn's hand.

Arn stared for a moment at the outstretched hand before him, so clean and perfectly formed, jettisoning out from a crisp white linen cuff. It was soft and cold. Arn felt the butterflies in his stomach begin to rise.

"My name is Dr. Stein. May I call you Arn?"

"Yeah, sure – and I'll call you Doc."

"That will be just fine, Arn. Now, if you will just excuse me for a moment, I would like to



why?

Erglis 2/1/67

Drawings by Kristine Starr Erglis

read the file that your family doctor sent."

The doctor jabbed a small black metal box on his desk. A red light went on and a voice crackled forth:

"Yes, Doctor?"

"Nurse Willis, would you please bring Mr. Small's file to my office?"

"Yes, Doctor."

Arn watched Dr. Stein lean back in his chair and fold his hands neatly onto his chest.

"So tell me, Arn, do you know anyone who has been here before?"

"No."

"Well, Arn, about one of every five people has been to a place like this. So the chances of you knowing someone who has been here are pretty good. The reason I bring this point up is that I want to assure you that patient confidentiality is regarded as being sacred here."

The nurse whisked into the room and laid a file folder on the desk.

"Thank you, Nurse Willis."

"You're welcome, Doctor." As she turned to leave, her hand swept the folder onto the floor at Arn's feet.

When Arn bent over to pick up the spilled paper, he noticed his family doctor's signature at the bottom of a page that ended with the line "Recommend schizophrenic testing and subsequent treatment." Arn reread the word "schizophrenic," trying to memorize it.

Nurse Willis snapped the paper from Arn's hand. "Thank you," she said, and shuffled it back into the folder, which she then put directly into Dr. Stein's hand. "Sorry, Doctor."

"Oh, that's alright. No harm done."

Arn looked at his empty hand, where the paper had been. "Gee, Doc, you weren't kidding about confidentiality. The nurse won't even let me read my own file."

"Ha, ha, that's a good one," Stein chuckled.

"Oh yes, very funny," giggled Nurse Willis on her way out the door.

Arn felt intimidated; he felt as if she'd taken the paper because it was wrong for him to be looking at it.

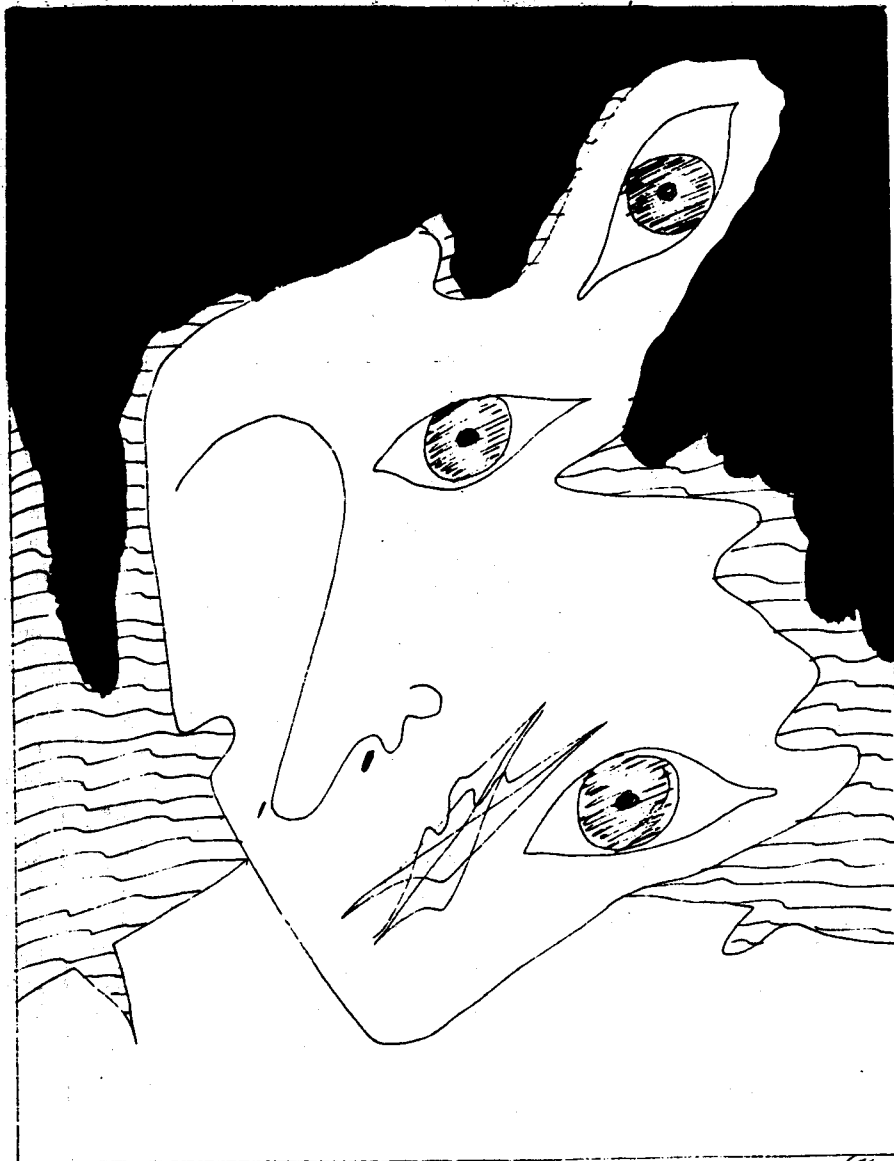
But he could not prove what he felt, so he decided not to pursue the matter. Instead he enunciated the word "schizophrenic" over and over in his mind.

Stein flipped through the papers, scanning them quickly. School, factory, army. He stopped at the psychiatric assessment taken during new-entry basic training, noting that Arn's Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory was high on the schizophrenic scale. He skipped the rest and went to the last page, which was the family doctor's assessment: "Complaints and history of present impairment: Depressed and apathetic.

Feels that he is unable to fulfill his role and responsibilities. Diagnosis: Severe depressive reaction. Prognosis: Uncertain. Present treatment: Chemotherapy. Limitations imposed by the impairment: Loss of drive and creativity. Difficult interpersonal relations. Comments: Recommended schizophrenic testing and subsequent treatment."

Arn's signature on the admittance form was the last thing Stein read. That's all he needed to see. Arn was in his care now.

Stein looked up. "Have you been taking your medication regularly?" Arn turned away, sucking in his cheeks, his throat dry. "Yes," he lied. He never took it anymore. It took



up periscope

10.04.86
Ergi
© 25/5/86

away any edge that he had, and made him feel like he was burning up inside. Worst of all, when he took the pills and drank, he always felt like crying. Before, drinking had made him feel happy.

"Arn, do you know what is meant by the term 'mental illness'?"

"Sick in the head, I guess. Crazy. Nuts. Wait a minute – you're not saying I'm crazy, are you?"

"Well, Arn, sometimes with mental illness we cannot always find a disease, but we know it's there and, even though we cannot find it yet, we can treat it and cure it."

For a moment Arn was stunned. Then his blood boiled with rage. The word spewed out. "Schizophrenic! You want to test me to see if I'm crazy. That's what it said on the paper from my doctor."

"Yes, Arn, we want to test you. But please don't be alarmed. Like I said before, about one in five come to places like this for the same reasons. People you know; I'm sure of it. I don't believe you are crazy or nuts or anything like that. You just have a problem, and I want to help you with it."

Arn had never considered the way he felt as being that bad. Calling it an illness with no disease but with a cure did not make sense to him. He was speechless, because words could not explain; and there was that line in the admittance form that read, "Only to be discharged upon attending physician's permission." He thought of jumping up and running away. But when he saw this in his mind, he decided it would be a crazy thing to do, because from this moment on, he would have to do everything he could to prove he was not mentally ill or schizophrenic, or whatever – and get out.

"How long is it gonna take?"

"I really can't say, Arn. It may be a few

days, a week, a month, or longer."

Arn hung his head and stared at the creases in his shoes. He had never thought, even in his wildest imaginings, that the way he felt would come to this. Tomorrow, he thought, I'll get out of here. I'll pass the testing and be released.

"So, if you have no further questions, I'll get a nurse to show you to your room. Tomorrow, we'll begin the tests."

"Yeah, sure. Whatever." Arn hung on the last three words. What did he mean, "begin the tests"? What kind of tests? How many? Would they hurt? What if a mistake is made? What if I fail?

He decided not to ask, sensing that the more he cooperated, the sooner he would be able to leave.

"Oh, by the way – I will not be administering the tests. My colleague, Dr. Cam, will be in charge of that," said Dr. Stein matter-of-factly as he buzzed for the nurse.

"Yes, Doctor?"

"Mr. Small is ready to go to his room now."

"Yes, Doctor."

Stein slipped the papers into the folder. Arn stared out the window into the sky as the clouds rolled into the sun, darkening the room. A man

in a white suit strolled in. How typical, Arn thought.

"Would you come with me please, Mr. Small?"

Arn picked up his bag from between his feet and, when he stood, Dr. Stein got up and extended his hand. It took all Arn had to reciprocate.

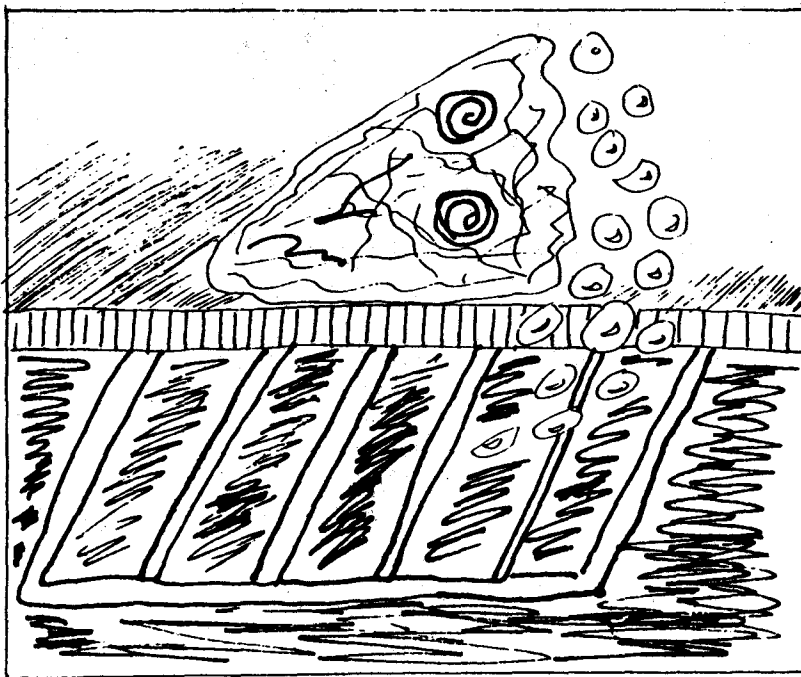
"Don't worry, Arn. Everything will be just fine. I'll check in with you during the tests." Arn nodded. He thought to say thanks, but his mouth was so dry it felt as if it was pasted shut.

Dr. Stein stared at the dent Arn had left in his chair for a moment, then hurried off to another appointment.

Arn awoke before dawn. His pillow was wet against his cheek. He thought he had cried in his sleep. The shame that accompanied this thought caused him to forget about immediately. For a moment, he thought he was in the barracks at new-entry basic training, but suddenly he realized where he really was: Room 301, Veterans' Ward, Mount Hamilton Asylum. The other three men in the room were still asleep.

One of them had been sleeping for two days now, which was not unusual; there were always three or four patients on the ward who slept for days on end.

Arn clearly remembered the past two weeks. But the time before that was a haze of images and sensations that made no sense, except for the constant urge to piss and the enormous relief that accompanied doing so. There was the word he kept remembering: schizophrenic. What did it mean? Where had he heard it? It had often crossed his mind during the past two



Losing my Bubbles.

5/86 Engle

weeks, while he was cleaning the floors and doing other odd jobs around the ward.

When he caught his reflection in a window or mirror, he noticed that he was always smiling. His family, when they visited, always remarked on how happy he looked, and told him he seemed like a new man. He agreed with them, although he could not remember ever having felt any different.

He had the urge for a cigarette, but dared not smoke before it was allowed – he had heard from other patients that any misbehaviour could result in a delay in getting discharged; and, for the last three days, both Dr. Stein and Dr. Cam had told him that he would be getting out any day now. Arn had a feeling that today was it, so he turned his pillow, closed his eyes, and went back to sleep.

At 8:05 that morning, Drs. Stein and Cam sat in Stein's office, sipping coffee over the staff report on Arn Small and discussing the possibility of releasing him.

"Well, for starters, Ben, he's received all the electroconvulsive therapy he can handle for a while. I'd say for a year, at least. And he's responded quite well, I think, if you consider the consistency of his behaviour as noted in staff reports for the past two weeks

as being indicative."

"Yes, I agree," replied Stein as his eyes fixed on the words "perpetual grin" on the first page of the report. This was a definite sign of maximum electroshock therapy. "Now, what about psychotherapy? Do you think he needs to continue with anything on the outside?"

"As far as the depressive factor is concerned, I doubt it, Ben. The LSD treatment zeroed in on its source almost immediately, and the 21-day psychic driving session was, in my opinion, more than enough to destroy his ability to recall any significant emotional war experiences. To put it succinctly, I feel that we have suc-

ceeded in converting Mr. Small's depression into an obsessive-compulsive neurosis that he should have no trouble dealing with on the outside – and that includes returning to work."

Stein adjusted his glasses and passed his hand over his bald pate. "Well, I'm going to instruct his family doctor that chemotherapy is in order if he deems it necessary."

"Sure, that sounds reasonable." Cam looked at his watch; it was almost 8:15. "So what do you say, Ben? Are you going to let him go today?"

"I think so. We've done enough here for now. It's up to his family to carry on. Besides," he added, signing the discharge paper, "we need the bed space."

"You've got that right, Ben. Well, I'm due downstairs in fifteen minutes, and I've got a full schedule for the day. All first-timers, too."

"Well, don't fret, Roger. Help is on the way. Two graduate students are in the process of being hired, and both were on the honour roll."

"Glad to hear it, Ben. You know, sometimes it seems like a war out there."

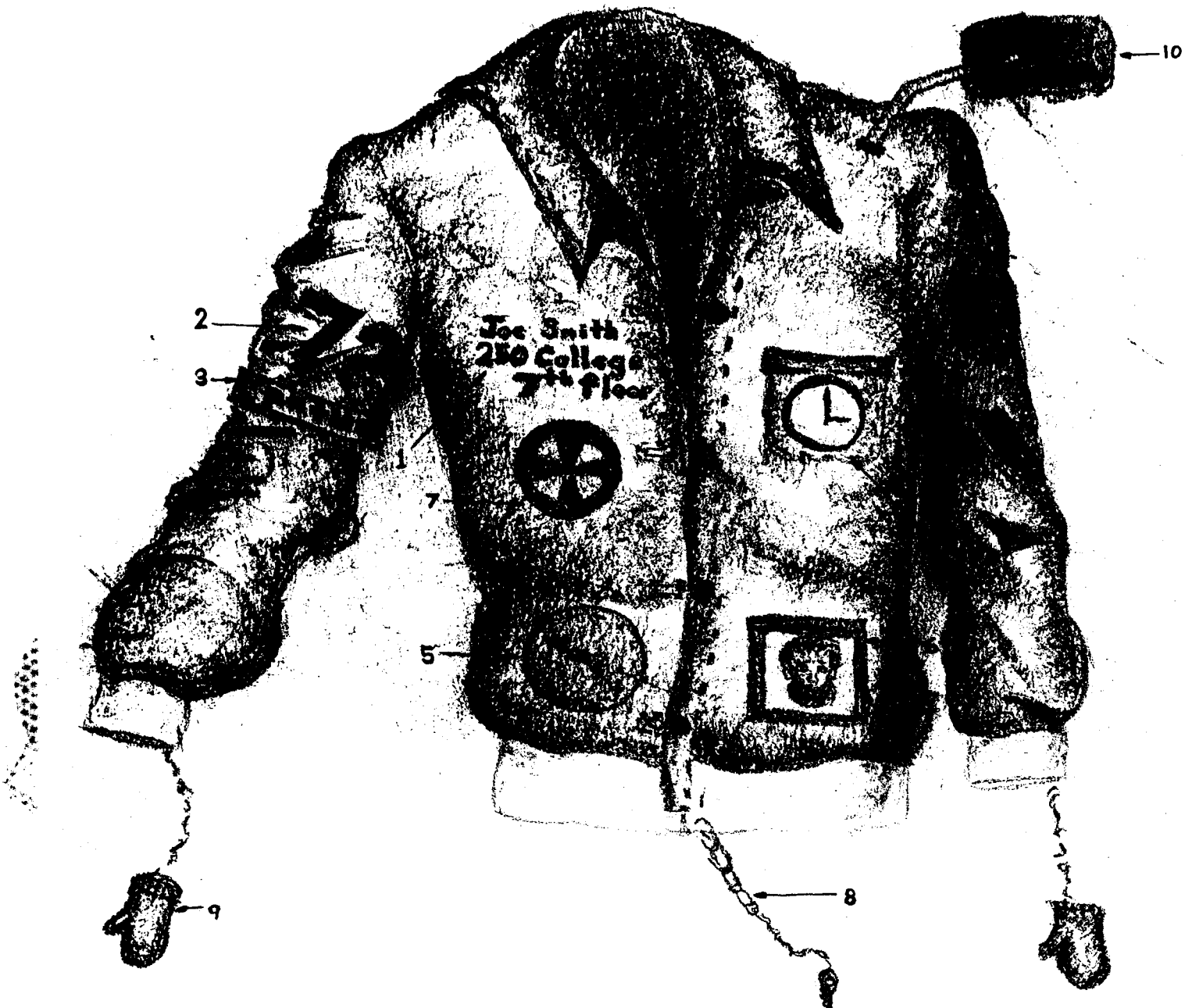
"It is, Roger. It's a psy-war."

The two men laughed together, with the smug omnipotence of generals.



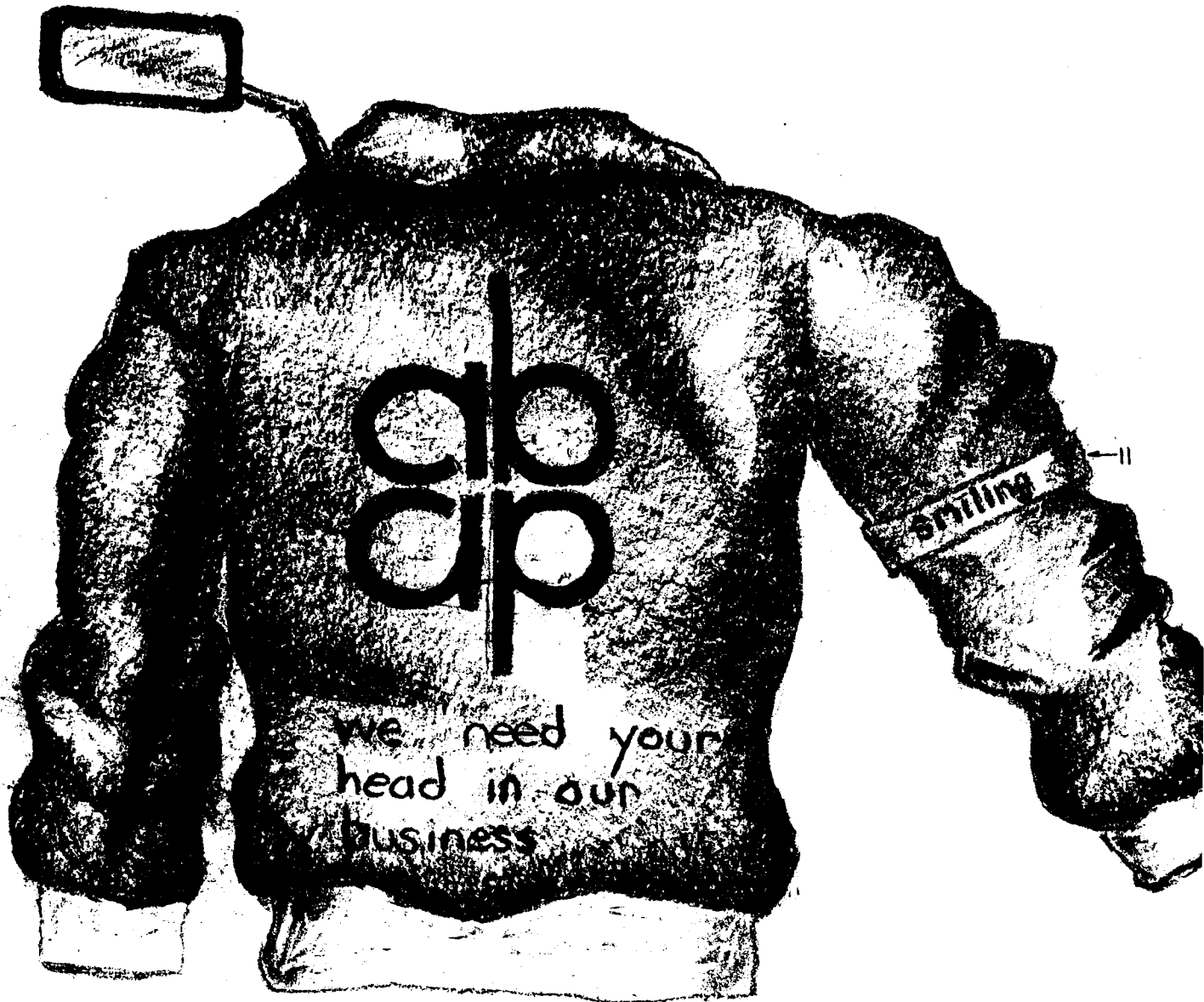
Egdes!

© W 14/5/86 9.04.86
Egdes



THE CLARKE INSTITUTE OF PSYCHIATRY CLASS JACKET, by Ryan Scott (Class of '77)

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 1 Name, address, floor number – for easy return if you are lost 2 Year of expected graduation (confirm with doctor) 3 Arm bar with designation “patient,” “staff” or “unsure” 4 Pocket with time-lock for “meds” release on pass 5 Circular pocket with rounds schedule enclosed 6 Picture of your doctor so you don’t forget what he or she looks like 7 Tape recordings of such answers as “Oh! I slept great,” “Oh! I’m eating great,” “Oh! My bowels | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> are fine” – to be used when too weak to reply yourself 8 Key chain made of paper clips, safety pins and rubber bands, and phony key to dummy lock on washroom 9 Matching mittens that can be strung thru sleeves (gloves were rejected as too complicated) 10 Rearview mirror (hopefully never to be used) 11 Proficiency bars, awarded for ceramics, cooking, asserting, supporting, psychodrama, smiling and volleyball |
|--|---|



Other features too numerous to mention include

- (a) False beard to wear in coffee shop and pretend you're staff
- (b) Pocket to hold re-chargeable appliances like calculators, razors etc., so ECT participants can carry them to treatment three times a week, thus performing a valuable service and aiding the energy crisis
- (c) When fully zippered up, you will disappear, thus escaping the "O.T." at exercise time (and, of course, a bottle of Absorbine Jr., should the zipper stick)
- (d) Rubber lined pocket for culinary disasters you can't possibly eat – enables you to return an empty tray, to your nurse's satisfaction

WARNING: Jacket destruct feature: Should you overstay your pass, the jacket will destruct, leaving you nude at the Eaton Centre, thereby causing you to take the first streetcar back, hopefully to avoid being noticed as AWOL

COST : Unfortunately, as designed, \$6,437.28. Under design is a T-shirt, which we hope will be available at a more reasonable cost.

Women and Psychiatry

Sarah Denison's mural "Women and Psychiatry" is part of "Women on Site," a project of Toronto's A Space gallery.

From Denison's "artist's statement," which accompanies the mural:

The problem of the relationship of women to psychiatry is quintessentially bound up with the definition of what is "normal" in this society. The classifications in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, determined by white males, depict "female" personality traits (nurturing, sensitivity, etc.) as unhealthy.

Women do not have the right to challenge social norms. This has meant a tremendous legacy of

abuse of women, through shock therapy, the use of drugs, and incarceration in mental institutions. These methods of "treatment" seek the quiescence of women, and invalidate the social reality that is often the actual basis of our "problems."

The mural relates how psychiatric classifications have affected the lives of three women: my mother and friends. Because they participated in every aspect of the mural's creation, their experiences are not commented on, but reproduced – through statements in the text, and in the images.

The women are large, assured, and non-aggressively dominate the environment, reversing the lack of control and non-person

status experienced in the psychiatric environment. Each woman is in the act of breaking through the solid wall.

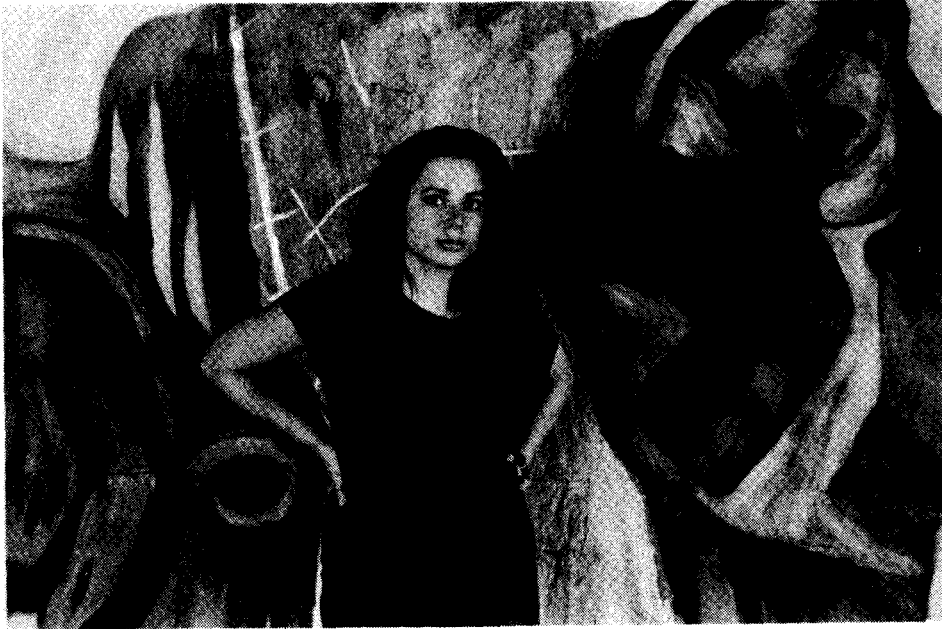
From the mural's text:

"As a single, working mother, I have struggled to survive and prove myself at my job. The doctors dismissed my concerns and gave me valium to control my 'problem.' I entered a general hospital to recover from stress and fatigue.

"Without my consent, I was unnecessarily subjected to large dosages of dangerous drugs and shock treatments. This has caused damage ... and I have



Women and Psychiatry, by Sarah Denison. Photo by Konnie Reich



Sarah Denison

spent many years in a psychiatric hospital trying to recuperate. The effects are permanent.”

“When I was in the hospital, the staff didn’t like my hair style ... my treatment was a *Vogue* magazine.”

“I enjoy reading, but I was not allowed to read, because many of the staff did not understand this as a pastime ... it wasn’t ‘normal’ to read for fun. Besides, it isn’t conducive to ‘healthy’ behaviour for a woman to want to be an intellectual.”

“Occasionally a nurse who liked to read was on staff; then it was healthy for me to read. Their treatments and rules are as subjective as that ... their ideas of what my personality should be molded into, what is normal for a woman to be, would alter with each change of staff.”

“When I was in the hospital I had trouble walking: my back, arms, and muscles were so cramped I could barely move. The nurses claimed I made it up so everyone would feel sorry for me. They viewed me as mentally immature, talking to me as if I was five years old.”

“They punished me for pretending to be crippled ... for being so childish. I was locked in my room (often without supper), tied up, sedated, given shock treatments that destroyed my memory and my ability to work.”

“I had no say or control over my life. Legally, I could not protest ... I had no human rights ... it was done so they could control me, for their convenience.”

“Later, I got a book on psychiatric medication to try and understand what was happening to me. The drugs they gave me had caused the severe muscle cramps and crippling.”

“I was feeling ill; my husband took me to emergency. I could not speak English. I was given drugs that clouded my mind ... I couldn’t think or concentrate or sit still.”

“They took me to a room on the top floor. I tried to talk to the nurses, because the drugs made me ill – but none spoke my language. After a few days, I was feeling worse, and was worried. I could not leave; they wouldn’t let me phone home.”

“When I insisted on getting a translator, they dragged me into my room, held me down and injected drugs.”

“When I woke up, my husband was there. He had been trying to find me for days ... they had mixed up my files in emergency, and sent me to a psychiatric ward.”

His Accomplishment

And now he could do nothing
But lie there
Contemplating
The state
Of his brain.

"My brain
Feels like old pea soup
Pouring into a slop bucket,"
He thought.

Was this . . . apt?
No: too verbose.

"My brain
Is barf."

Much better:
Pithy
And rich
In symbolic
Implication.

Did others
Ever pause
Really pause
To consider the state
Of their brains?

Did the doctor, doc-tor
With his wintry
Thick-skinned
Strides?

Did the nurse, nur-rse
So prompt
And pretty pretty?

Lolling his wired, chock-cropped dome
Over pillow
His lips
Numbed
Smiles
As more metaphors merged into mind:

Mud.
Silly putty.
Cement mix.
Pancake batter.
Crazy glue.
Fermented three-fruit
Marmalade.

Barf . . .

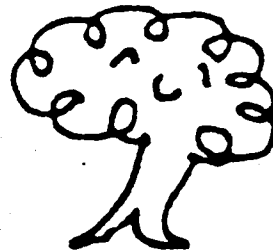
Barf . . .

(. . . snore . . .)

B.D. Campbell

psychiatrist says
"draw a tree"

so i go



psychiatrist says
"aha! infantile"

Eric Gerstman



Fine China

by Penny Wardell

I'm going to hide so deep inside of myself ain't no one gonna find me. I gotta hide 'cause if I don't, someone might break me. Sometimes I get hurt so bad, I feel like I'm made of fine china.

I wonder why my mommy does things to me? Like one time she put her fingers inside of me down there. I cried inside, 'cause she told me not to be a cry baby. It hurt me really bad. When I went to the bathroom the next time, it hurt, like it was stinging.

Sometimes when I'm in bed alone I touch myself really soft down there, not like mommy does. If she knew I was doing this she would tell me I was bad. A very bad girl. "You're a dirty little girl, Penny."

You know what? You're supposed to be gentle with fine china. Touch it lovingly and look after it with care, and I'm sure if you do these things it won't break.

Nope, no one is going to hurt me. I'm hiding. Sometimes I stop breathing. Maybe I'll die. Yes God, I want to die. I know I ain't supposed to be

thinking these thoughts, but I gotta. Stop breathing is one way, but I always turn a funny colour, and mommy yells at me, "Penny, you stupid little girl, stop that foolishness right this minute!"

Guess what, God? I'm gonna find a way, one of these days, and I'm going to be dead.

I can't write anymore, 'cause I'm breaking up inside, crumbling. I ain't fine china no more, 'cause I'm broke up into a thousand little pieces. Ain't no one gonna be able to put me back together again, ever.

Essondale

The walls have eyes
the windows teeth
the floors holes to sink into.

The staff are taught to speak
the appropriate words
taught to give needles to those
who will not
obey,
taught to assume
that what the patient says
is always incorrect.

Privacy is avoidance of
social contact,
pain is a sign that the patient
is not thinking
correctly.

Work is therapy,
play a sign that the patient is
irresponsible.

The psychiatrist on duty
will see his patients
at his pleasure.
Note particularly
that any patient who is
consistently depressed
should be given
electric shock.

Sex is, of course,
prohibited.

Should the psychiatrist
consider it necessary,
a patient may be forced to work
at a menial job
for ten cents an hour.

The average stay is six weeks
but most patients
are so pleased with their treatment
that they return.

They know then that
The head psychiatrist is God.

Al Todd



Drawing by Douglas Robinson

The Loony Bin

by Thelma Wheatley

We were on the mitch again, Enid and I. It was terrible to be like that, to have to do things like that all the time, every Wednesday. Just take off, after French with Frowzy Fran.

Instead of going straight to the gym that was a separate building behind the canteen, specially equipped, we just kept on walking out through the gates, along Terrace Road, and into Town. Or we cut through the upper gate behind the laurels, along Glanmor to Cocket stop. There was a small park there under the hill, overlooking the asylum.

We sat on the swings.

It is a funny thing really, not liking gym. All the other girls loved it. Right now this minute they would be swinging on ropes, jumping the horse, vaulting the buck, Miss Ackroyd snarling:

"Up and over! Part those legs!"

"Good, Patricia!"

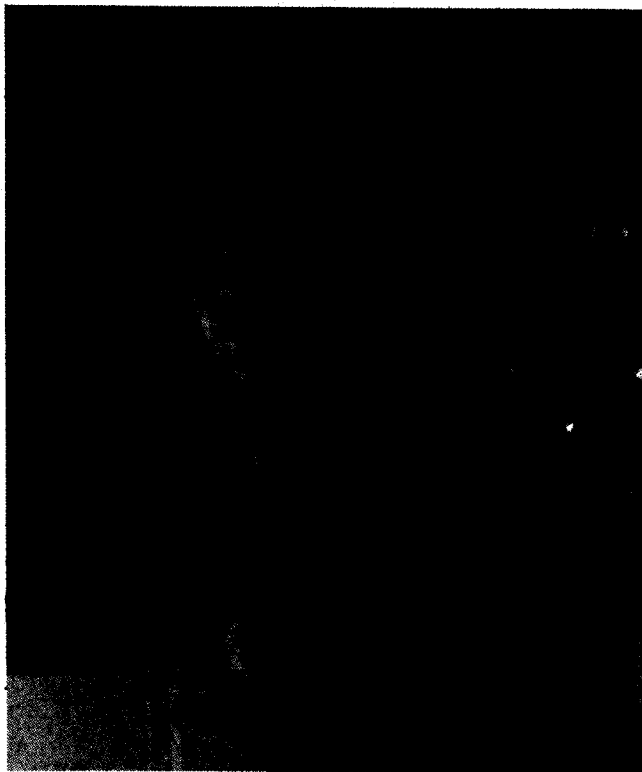
Afterwards in the change-room you were hot and sweating. You had to strip right down in front of everyone.

"Quickly through the sh'ars, gir-r-ls!" went Miss Ackroyd, her eyes glinting like little knives pinning you in place. She ticked off the names of the "indisposed": "Anderson. Elliot ... I say, weren't you indisposed last week?"

She turned on the taps full blast.

"Come along now, none of *that*, we're all girls here."

You had to take everything off, even your brassiere. It was really shocking, an absolute shock, all those breasts. It would have been bad enough if Enid weren't there, just



seeing the others – Ermen Wells' big ones tumbling out all soft and pinky, you thought of Aloysius Evans squeezing them under cover and you felt so angry, the way they jiggled.

But to have to see Enid.

I had never known she looked like that under her navy tunic. She had always been tall and gawky. It was such an awful shock, all that pale

brown fuzz. And when she saw me too, so different from her, my thick wild fuzz black as horse-hair, rough as grass; she'd never suspected.

We'd only ever seen each other as artistes.

She painted, and I wrote poems.

We couldn't *stand* it.

I wished that I could though; go quickly through the sh'ars.

We swung softly through the rain, our gym bags flopping against the ground. The swing creaked. It was a mournful place, the old park. No one came there if they could help it, except schoolgirls like us, on the mitch, or the odd old man. Leaves fluttered to the ground; we were getting sodden.

"That's where Myra's sister works, down there," said Enid.

I couldn't help shuddering. I didn't want to hear.

"They straps you down and puts on a switch and z-z-zt – you're zapped of your brain. Her sister's seen it."

"There's awful things happen."

It looked so quiet, so peaceful, the loony bin through the trees, with its flat windows and brick walls.

But as I hurried past on my way home between the branches, so stiff and black, hoping no one noticed, I knew I wouldn't want to end up there. Though there were those that already said that's where I belonged.

Jerry's Telethon for the Mentally Insane

by Grante Fox

Jerry: When I see my kids languishing in mental hospitals, I feel for all of them (sniff, sniff) – I get sooo emotional for them. They *need* treatment. Give now, so my kids can have a fate worse ... (sniff, sniff).

Neuroleptics are not only painful but expensive. Give now to SAVE my kids. WAIT! YES! IT'S HAPPENED! We have reached the \$13,000,000 point. Think of it, folks! Look at all the whoopie cushions and smoke bombs at midnight this money will buy. AND, best of all! Painful injections every two weeks. GOSH! there are now, today, simple methods for a real cure – but they are not nearly as much fun as TREATMENT and ... GOSH! ... telethons!

And gosh, folks, here is poor little Bruce ... a young but old lad stricken with a ... GOSH! ... BIOCHEMICAL BRAIN DISEASE! Come on up, Brucikins!! Come on folks! Give Bruce your very special support today, so that Bruce can be as normal as me! Let's give Bruce a big welcome as I sing, "For God's Sake, Bruce, Be Normal!"

Announcer (voice on): As little Bruce is carried onto the stage, there are snickers and loud guffaws from the gigantic studio audience. We ALL truly feel for little Bruce. It's true love. Poor lad ... I truly love him. Notice the drunken sick gait, the inevitable disgusting emaciated arms and contrasting large distended stomach,

bags under the eyes and thick-lensed glasses. They are all truly sings of mental disorder ...

Jerry is now embracing Bruce. Jerry *truly* loves the *horribly* deformed. Jerry absolutely loves his kids ... but wait! *How truly touching!* Bruce has thrown up all over Jerry's tuxedo ... true love. How beautiful.

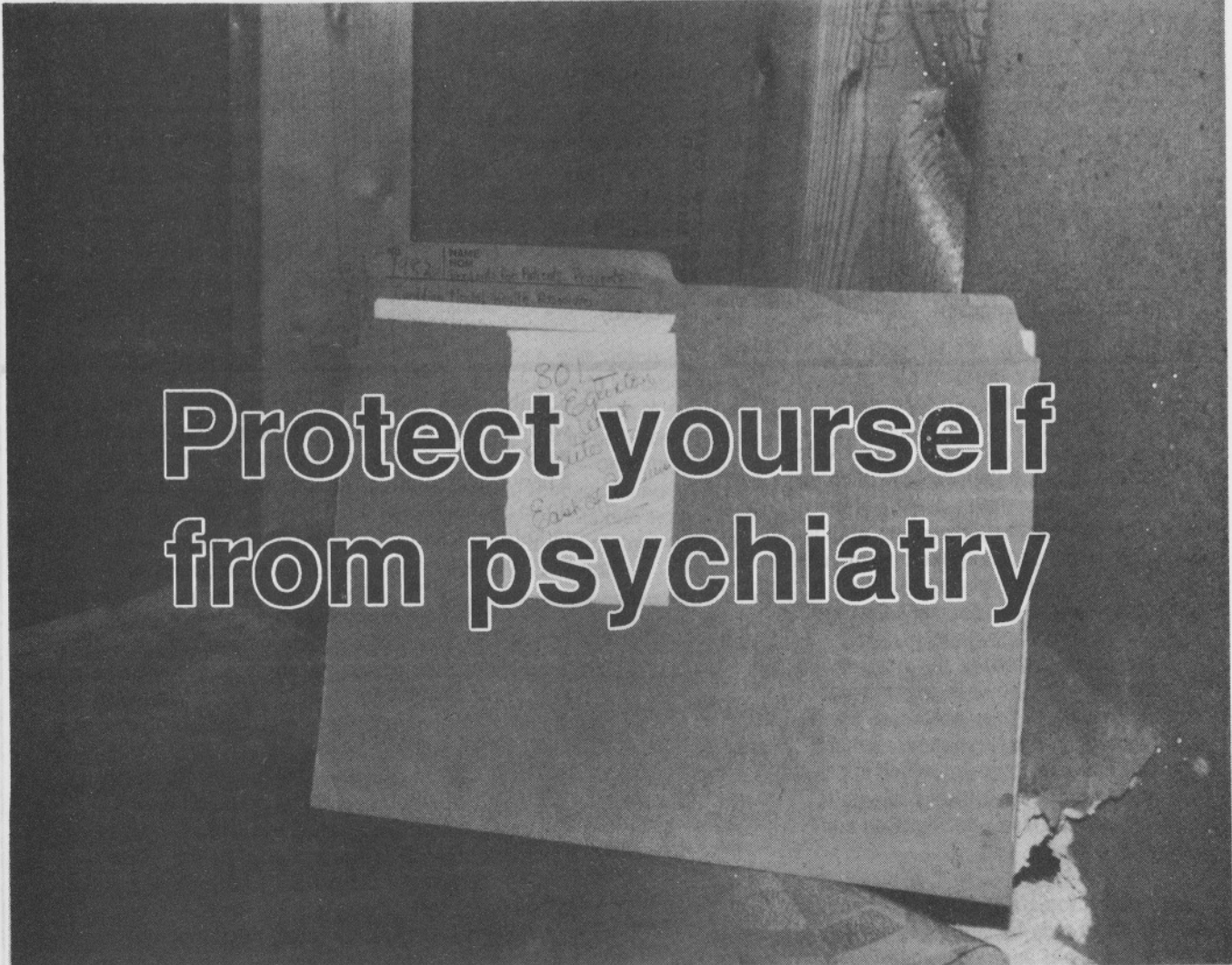
Jerry (wiping his jacket with paper towels): I still *will* love you, little Bruce. I love *all* my mentally insane kids. Little Bruce, can you believe it? It's truly true love. Fifty-five billion dollars just donated *with love* for my darling mentally insane. I'm in wonder at all the love generated. Give pennies today! How do you feel about pennies, little Bruce?

Bruce (mumbles):

I'm, I'm so very grateful ...

Jerry: And now, folks, with great emotion and, of course, ubiquitous love, beautiful little Bruce will sing for all of us here, and all you good folks out there, "What *Kind* of Fool Am I."

RIGHTS & WRONGS



Protect yourself from psychiatry

If you live in Ontario, a lawyer or legal worker can get you a copy of Form 44 under the *Mental Health Act* (or, if you are presently in a psychiatric institution, you can get a copy from a Psychiatric Patient Advocate or from a Rights Advisor). Form 44 allows you to appoint

a representative who can refuse treatment on your behalf if you are ever locked up and found incompetent. So get a copy of Form 44, pick someone you can really trust, and appoint her or him as your representative. You could save your life.

Form 44
Mental Health Act
APPOINTMENT OF A REPRESENTATIVE
UNDER SUBSECTION 1B (1) OF THE ACT

To the officer in charge of _____ (any psychiatric facility to which I may be admitted) _____ :
 I, _____ (name) _____ of _____ (address) _____
 hereby appoint _____ (name of representative) _____ [see Notes 1 and 2] to be my representative.

My relationship with my representative is that of (check one):
 family member _____ (specify relationship) _____, or friend, or other _____ (please specify) _____.

My representative's address is _____ and
 his/her telephone number is _____ (home) _____ (work) _____.

This appointment is subject to the following conditions and restrictions, if any: [see Notes 3 and 7] _____.

Dated this _____ day of _____, 19 _____

 (signature of witness)

 (signature of person)

 (print name of witness)

 (print name of person)

NOTES

1. Subsection 1b(1) of the Act provides, "A person who has attained the age of sixteen years and is mentally competent to do so has the right to appoint a representative who has attained the age of sixteen years and is apparently mentally competent to give or refuse consent on behalf of the person for the purpose of paragraph 2 of subsection 1a(1)."

2. Subsection 1a(6) of the Act provides, "A person authorized to give or refuse consent on behalf of a patient shall do so in accordance with the wishes of the patient if the person knows that the patient expressed any such wishes when apparently mentally competent and in accordance with the best interests of the patient if the person does not know of any such wishes."

3. Subsection 1b(3) of the Act provides, "An appointment may be subject to such conditions and restrictions, if any, as are contained in it and not inconsistent with this Act."

4. Subsection 1b(7) of the Act provides, "If a patient gives or transmits to the officer in charge a statement in writing appointing a representative, the officer in charge shall transmit the statement to the representative forthwith."

5. Subsection 1b(2) of the Act provides, "An appointment of a representative shall be made in writing in the presence of a witness."

6. Subsection 1b(8) of the Act provides, "A person who has appointed a representative may revoke in writing the appointment and may appoint in writing a new representative while mentally competent to do so, and subsection (7) applies with necessary modifications in respect of the revocation and new appointment."

7. A patient's representative may give or refuse consent on behalf of a patient who is not mentally competent if the person has attained the age of sixteen years, is apparently mentally competent and is available to give or refuse consent. See subsection 1a(1) of the Act.

The officer in charge of the psychiatric facility in which a clinical record was prepared may disclose or transmit the clinical record to permit the examination of the clinical record by any person with the consent of the patient's representative. See subsection 29(3) of the Act.

Where a patient is not mentally competent, the patient's representative is entitled to examine and copy the clinical record of the patient's observation, assessment, care and treatment in a psychiatric facility or a copy of that record. See subsection 29a(16) of the Act.

Psychiatric and other related medical treatment shall not be given to a patient where the patient is not mentally competent without the consent of a person authorized by section 1a to consent on behalf of the patient. A patient's representative can consent on behalf of the patient. See clause 35(2) (b) of the Act.

REVIEWS

**I Swear by Apollo:
Dr. Ewen Cameron
and CIA
Brainwashing
Experiments
by Don Gillmor
Montreal: Eden Press
1987
188 pages (\$24.95)**

Review by Bonnie Burstow

Don Gillmor's *I Swear by Apollo* documents the torturous brainwashing experiments that the late Dr. D. Ewen Cameron conducted upon unsuspecting "patients" at Montreal's Allan Memorial Institute in the 1950s and 1960s. Attempting to "depattern" people – or "wipe the slate [of their minds] clean" – then "repattern" them, Cameron combined regressive electroshock, sensory deprivation, LSD and forced sleep with "psychic driving" (forcing a person to listen to thousands of repetitions of a tape-recorded message). In so doing, he destroyed the lives of many Canadians.

Cameron's experiments were funded publicly by the Canadian government, and clandestinely by the CIA. Upon discovering the real nature of their "treatment," and the CIA connection, nine of Cameron's Canadian victims launched a lawsuit against the CIA. The Canadian government has not cooperated with them in their attempt to sue the Americans, and has neither acknowledged its own culpability nor offered any reparation itself.

I Swear by Apollo is readable and intriguing. The question Gillmor asks is: How could all this have been allowed to happen? Piece by piece, he puts together a series of intersecting stories. He traces the evolution of the methods used, outlines Cameron's "progress" as a psychiatrist, describes the CIA's involvement in brainwashing experiments, and discusses the psychiatric climate of the 1950s.

The CIA was supposedly afraid that the big bad Commies had perfected brainwashing techniques that it was about to use – or perhaps was already using – on American citizens. It began clandestinely funding experiments into brainwashing, which Gillmor claims were for defensive purposes only.

Gillmor imputes no ill motives to our government's failure to support its own citizens in seeking justice . . .

Hearing of Cameron's work in this area, the CIA approached him through one of its front organizations and offered him money to continue his research. Cameron took the money. Gillmor is not sure whether or not Cameron knew he was dealing with the CIA.

Gillmor depicts the psychiatric community of the era as having a publish-or-perish mentality, a conviction that it was on the brink of a major breakthrough, and a fear of criticizing "great men."

The most interesting story, of course, is that of Cameron himself.

Essentially, Gillmor sees Cameron as a benefactor and a humanitarian who was too ambitious and got carried away. Cameron wanted an instant "cure." Moreover, he was intent on getting a Nobel Prize for making a major discovery. So he abandoned scientific method and began experimenting haphazardly – operating on the principle that, if something seems to work, one should say it works, and keep on doing it.

Cameron managed to convince himself and many others that this abysmal failure of his was a success. He declared his "psychic driving" experiments "100 percent successful" (excluding from the experiments, and so from the results, anyone who he could not trick himself into believing had improved). Gillmor assumes that such selective perception is unusual. Clearly, Gillmor does not know many shrinks.

I Swear by Apollo is fascinating, informative, well written and well worth reading. But it is also the work of a wishy-washy liberal who is obviously himself smitten by the "great man." And that is not its only flaw.

Gillmor's attitude to the Canadian government's involvement in Cameron's experiments is absurdly naive. He actually calls the government-commissioned whitewash report on Cameron "well argued" (see "The Cooper Report," *Phoenix Rising*, June 1986).

Gillmor never suggests that Canada owes Cameron's victims any reparations. He imputes no ill motives to our government's failure to support its own citizens in seeking justice: "The Canadian government would just like everyone to go away happy." How sweet!

Despite his conclusion that Cameron acted unethically, Gillmor is painfully easy on Cameron. The one "patient" who defended Cameron is given a disproportionate amount of coverage. You are forever hearing how good Cameron's intentions were. But can someone so largely motivated by a desire for fame and a Nobel Prize really be described as having good intentions? Moreover, Gillmor suggests a number of times that Cameron was a great clinician, though a bad researcher. I hardly

think that the highly damaged recipients of Cameron's clinical care would agree.

Gillmor sees only one of Cameron's many serious faults: the impatience that resulted in Cameron's flying in the face of good scientific research procedure. Is the implication that, if Cameron had abused, tortured and damaged people while doing impeccable scientific research, everything would have been okay? Scientific method is hardly the major issue here.

Gillmor is at his worst when discussing Heinz Lehmann, the man who introduced Thorazine – and so, drug “therapy” – to Canada. Gillmor contrasts Cameron, the poor researcher, to the allegedly good researcher and benefactor Heinz Lehmann. Gillmor speaks of Lehmann as “separating modern treatment from its less attractive predecessors. The discovery of Largactil was the advent of effective drug therapy for mental illness ... Largactil heralded two concomitant discoveries; first, that there was a biological substrate to mental illness ... second, that patients could now be treated with sufficient success to enable them to function outside the walls of an institution.”

Obviously, Gillmor is a staunch supporter of the medical model of “mental illness.” As long as psychiatry looks scientific, Gillmor is full of applause. The irony is that, by introducing brain-damaging drugs into Canada, Heinz Lehmann has done far more harm to Canadians than Cameron and all his disciples put together.

Not surprisingly, Gillmor's respect for “good psychiatrists” goes hand-in-hand with a subtle contempt for psychiatric inmates. For all his concern for inmates' rights and well-being, you can hear him quietly snickering at inmates throughout the book. He refers to people on the back ward as “the lunatic element.” In speaking of his interview with Allan Memorial victim Jean-Charles Page, he reports Page's unconscious memory lapse in a way that makes you feel that he is winking at you behind Page's back. And he goes out of his way to mention “bizarre” behaviour on the part of psychiatric in-

mates.

Gillmor reaches the pinnacle of his condescension when he speaks of the October 6, 1986 demonstration held in Ottawa in support of Cameron's Allan Memorial victims (See “Mad News,” *Phoenix Rising*, December 1986). He manages to zero in on the only person who could be described as acting strange:

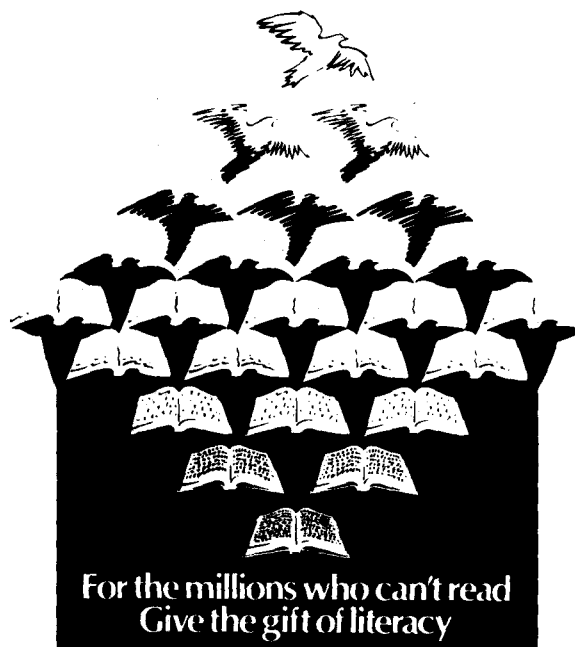
“A microphone was set up on the steps, and one of the protestors picked it up and talked wildly about Africa for a few seconds. Bonnie Burstow took the microphone from her and reminded everyone of their mandate to talk only about the Allan Memorial patients. The woman retreated to one side, smiling and talking gaily about castration.”

He later implies that this woman is an ex-inmate, commenting that many former “patients” “are incapable of contributing constructively to a political movement, and some, like the smiling demonstrator who talked of castration, make unpredictable allies in the effort to promote awareness of

the plight of the mentally ill.” Don't look at me! I don't know what it means – I'm only quoting.

Cameron lists all sorts of groups who endorsed the demo, but does not even mention the prime organizer: the Coalition to Stop Electroshock. And the factual errors in this chapter make me question the quality of research that went into the rest of the book. For instance, he refers to me as a psychiatrist. I've been called names that I don't deserve before, but this one really takes the cake! He describes me as having “moved through the small crowd offering support” when, in fact, I was simply walking around thinking about how to coordinate the speeches. Again, Gillmor's bias in favour of psychiatrists got in the way of his perceptions.

I Swear by Apollo is an interesting book and contains some good information. So by all means, read it. But you'd better hold your nose while reading – and it's not just Cameron who stinks!



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