

RE-MIND
Memories
from
Before
During
and
After
Treatment
BY S.A.N.E



MEMORIES FROM BEFORE

WILDERNESS

At church services and school role calls, we had readings from the New Testament. The main character of those readings was a man who lived 2,000 years ago. He went into the desert to talk to God and the Devil. A strange story to tell impressionable youngsters. We all got tales of the little people, fairies, trolls, pixies and elves. Jesus, however, was a historic figure. How he came out of the desert at thirty, older and wiser was never really explained. At thirteen, he had to be rescued by his parents from the temple, where he was exhibiting an early form of this latent talent.

A common practice in those days, with a person who didn't measure up to the status quo, or went beyond, was to be taken into the wilderness and left. When he didn't return, "justice was seen to have been done". If, however, he did come back, controlled and of a balanced nature, he tended to be revered, at least by the ordinary people. The common people appreciated the confirmation of their thoughts in the wisdom of his words. In certain parts of the Far East, such people still appear.

The (Great Soul), Mahatma Gandhi, was a shining example. The architect of Indian independence, he practiced the Hindu ethics of truth and non violence. He maintained they were the cornerstone of all religions. Jesus and Buddha would appear to have been singing from the same hymn sheet.

Becoming a customer of the so called mental health services, the wilderness I encountered was an academic mine field. The general public, including the professionals, were totally blind to where I was coming from. I appeared to be beyond their collective, primitive Hippocratic oaf mentality, then. This inability to appreciate where I was coming from continued over my twenty years of drug treatments, motivating me to search for an alternative path.

ALTERNATIVE PATHS

At twenty, when my mind first opened up, my subconscious awareness of persistent abuse came to the fore. There were no academic mechanisms in place to appreciate this reality, or help me. No explanation of why, or to what purpose, I was being misunderstood was ever forthcoming. How I could be guided back to where I'd been, before I was

anaesthetised, was never even mooted. All that had been written about me was: "*attention seeking*". Of course I was!! I wanted to know what was going on and why. Strangely enough, I'm still waiting.

The psychiatric fraternity certainly isolated me from myself, my peers and themselves, with E.C.T. and habit-forming body and mind-numbing drugs. Initially, on these preparations, your body language and overall appearance can scare people. If friends see you coming, they cross to the other side of the street. This usually happens during the reprogramming phase. The depth of disturbance the individual has had to take will dictate how long this may be.

The struggle to keep at bay, perchance overcome, the twenty years of side effects, withdrawal symptoms and compounded body/mind, limited conscious awareness I had to put up with, as the years pass has become palpable. The sixties and seventies were a no-fun-trip for me, being charged with electrical and chemical interventions.

FIRST VENTURE TO THE UNKNOWN.

As a child, my first venture into the unknown was at ten. My parents bought an African ebony figurine. It was placed on my bedroom mantle-piece. One night I prayed to it to wake me up at eight o'clock. The next morning I woke at eight. That was the first and only time I used an idol.

When I was thirteen, in church we were singing, "Amazing Grace". The minister asked if anyone wanted to come forward and be saved, I got this uncontrollable urge to go forward. Surprise, surprise, I did.

At eighteen, I bought a pair of waterproof shoes with my first wage. I went for a walk in the country by a river. There were cows grazing on a football pitch as I came by. I stopped to observe them. One of them spied me and slowly ambled over. I reached out and rubbed its muzzle, at which it shied away. What I hadn't noticed was that the rest of the herd were circling me. The river behind me was shallow, with my new shoes on it would be a dawdle. Stepping from pebble to pebble, I crossed the three meter stream without mishap. Walking up a cart track, I then climbed over the entrance gate to the road. Reaching a bridge across the river, I stopped to gaze over the scene before me. The cattle had followed me into the stream and were trying to work out their next move.

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At twenty, I cycled to a sixteenth-century church. Going in, I sat on the back pew. As the service progressed, the sun shining on the pulpit wall traveled till it rested above the minister. This event,

plus the sermon moved me to such an extent, I forgot I had my bike with me. I then boarded a bus to our holiday home in the village. My father, not

being a cyclist, had to walk the three miles, there and back to collect my bike.

Prior to my forgetfulness with the bike, I'd had a year in depression, being on an accelerated rise through emotional upset, or nervous breakdown, to grandiosity. When my antics became full blown, I was incarcerated in our "Hallowed Halls", in Morningside.

REFLECTION

Upon reflection, my performance was a testament, a last resort, to highlight the anger and rage I felt as a consequence of abuse. This was never really taken seriously as the prime mover of my condition. When I was twenty, an open mind in free flow must have been a terrifying experience in the sixties for a blatantly naïve society in denial to accept, never mind understand. Madness is not so much a state of mind, more a state of supreme consciousness.

The precursor to my problem was being isolated for over a year, in an office on my own, with very little encouragement or work to do. As an apprentice I didn't understand any of this and I can assure you, it was no joke. Non appreciation or understanding of what abuse was, to me, or by anyone I came in contact with, not even the professionals, seems unbelievable. Education - what kind of education had they??

Because of their lack of insight into where I was coming from, I found myself on a twenty year downhill

...six incarcerations, in "Our Hallowed Halls".

roller coaster. Drug and E.C.T. induced states affecting body and mind and soul were their standing order. During my innings, I had the distinct privilege, of six incarcerations in "Our Hallowed Halls".

My five recurrent admissions were triggered by pressure of work. This entailed coming off the mind/body coordination inhibitors I was on, to satisfy my bosses' production requirements. The side effects and withdrawal symptoms from the preparations I was

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on were never explained to me. If, however, they were, I was in no mental condition at the time to take them in, or retain the information. The drugs, in effect, seem to have been twin safeguards put in place to protect the public from my outbursts and keep the professionals gainfully employed. The foundation stone of this establishment from 1809 reads: "An asylum for the cure and relief of mental derangement" - where mental derangement means to have been *made* insane. This was certainly not my experience during my

twenty years under containment on psychiatric preparations.

USING YOGA & OTHER PHILOSOPHIES

Personally, all the time I was on drugs, I was searching for a way, to tap into the pathway to knowledge I had stumbled upon at twenty, but this time under my control. My access was being blocked by prescription drugs and lack of training in detachment. Strangely enough, I only managed to escape these induced states, by going to Yoga classes. Reading Hindu and Buddhist philosophy on discipline toward self management, I learned how people survived before Christianity, the industrial revolution and psychiatry. The confidence I gained allowed me to go forward in trust, with my innate abilities.

The last Yoga class I went to, a whole herd of odd-balls turned up. The order of the day was gaunt young men, with stubble chins, complemented by big women, with pony tails in leotards. At the end of class, you sit cross legged, with your upturned hands, index finger and thumb joined on each knee, saying 'Om' three times. During this exercise, I felt my back being pushed in. I was too naïve to look round. When the lesson ended I did, there was no one there. I went down the stairs to change. In the process, I sat down twelve times before I got my trousers on.

When I climbed the stairs to exit the building, I was alright. Somehow I had changed. This was the first time in my life, I felt I was on the right track. It took me a while to realize what it meant. A breakthrough with dawning enlightenment.

The next thing that happened was I had a stomach pain. My G.P. said this could be due to the drug I was on. After an examination by a specialist this proved to be unfounded. I had stopped the drug I was on by this time. "Forewarned is to be forearmed", I told the psychiatrist when I went to give a blood sample. She wasn't too chuffed. I explained the new regime I had adopted, designed to take the place of the neuroleptic I had been on.

Twenty years later, I legally got my notes back. All she had written at the time was, "He'll be back".

A month after my Nirvana experience, my charge hand pulled me aside and said, "Bert, best thing you ever did - your Yoga". As I had become aware myself, my whole persona had been racked up a good few notches. Confirmation by my charge hand was a great incentive to continue, "into the great blue yonder".

"A PATH SELDOM TRAVELED" IN THE WEST.

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In the ancient texts on individual survival, I found that students on spiritual quests would ask when they heard voices, or saw visions, what was going on. Their spirit guides advice was always the same, "It's all part and parcel of experience on life's journey".

In the Lamaseries libraries, there are hundreds of years of lived experiences recorded. With the academics I encountered, the mysterious, or mystical journey I had inadvertently stumbled upon at twenty was not on. It was hardly surprising since I had found, "a path seldom traveled" in the West. In the fullness of time, I have become adept at utilising the safeguards I managed to take on board, along the way.

More recently I read about Boadicea, the lady who faced up to the Romans in Britain, around the time of Jesus. The initiates in her tribe, herself included, consulted the ancestors before engaging in battle. Our forefathers who were barbarians were into mysticism, spirituality and heightened awareness, which including the advent of visions and voices. Those experiences were common place in the pagan world and with Jesus, before materialism and psychiatry, condemned them. I find this very strange!!!

TELLING THE TRUTH WAS NOT ENOUGH

It has taken me fifty years, to reappraise and accept what I insisted the problem was. Telling the truth was not enough to get attention, I had to resort to extreme behavior to gain attention, to my extreme chagrin. Punishment by the abusers was reinforced by the professional applied blanking treatment. By law I am not permitted to claim for injury more than three years after the fact. Unfortunately, I have only just woken up to the fact. This is certainly not my fault. It would appear I have inadvertently proved how effective drug treatments are in keeping people quiet. Fifty years of suppression.

Going beyond the understandings of the status quo and

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beyond conditioning is the only way forward for humanity. Yet no-one will be first to do this. However, you can only achieve enlightenment by being at one with yourself, nature and the universe.

Our present day society doesn't appear to have a look-in, in this field. Ignorance, arrogance and stupidity, are the preeminent qualities exhibited on all levels. A proof of the pudding has been highlighted recently with the advent of the bank fiasco and the M.P. perks. These two examples are only the tip of a gigantic iceberg, as we all know.

The customers of the mental health services demand a positive approach from the caring professions. Listening skills, empathy and compassion are key components toward recovery.

Staff satisfaction for a job well done would be the obvious reward for the positive utilisation of enhanced updated expertise, coupled with a more settled home life for staff and customers.

The penultimate advance in the West would be to go beyond the present day psychiatric remit. It would involve opening the door to spirituality, toward the revelation of mysticism. The only difficulty I found, in the final analysis in this field, access is by invitation only. This however should not deter anyone from taking the first step. The prerequisite of necessity does not require an academic qualification but tenacity. The acceptance of one's true place in the greater order being paramount.

In Oxford there is an ongoing research project for people with stress related conditions. They are using Buddhist based techniques. (This information I got off the Internet.)

...how I managed to remain psychiatric drug free for the past thirty years

I wrote to the specialist concerned of my experiences and coming out of drug treatments, using ancient systems. I also emphasized the need to persist, until the required standard is reached. I got a reply, stamped in red, confidential. He was going to use my notes as a reference to how I managed to remain psychiatric drug free for the past thirty years.

All of my life, I have had the distinct impression of not being alone.

Being at one with an inner consciousness, nature, the universe, God - or whatever your personal belief or understanding - is your choice. The body is the vehicle and the psyche is on the journey.

Psyche is mind, soul and or spirit.

Mind : One of two basic states of existence, the other being matter.

Soul: Regarded as the entity that survives the body after death.

Spirit: The force or principal of life that animates the body of living things.