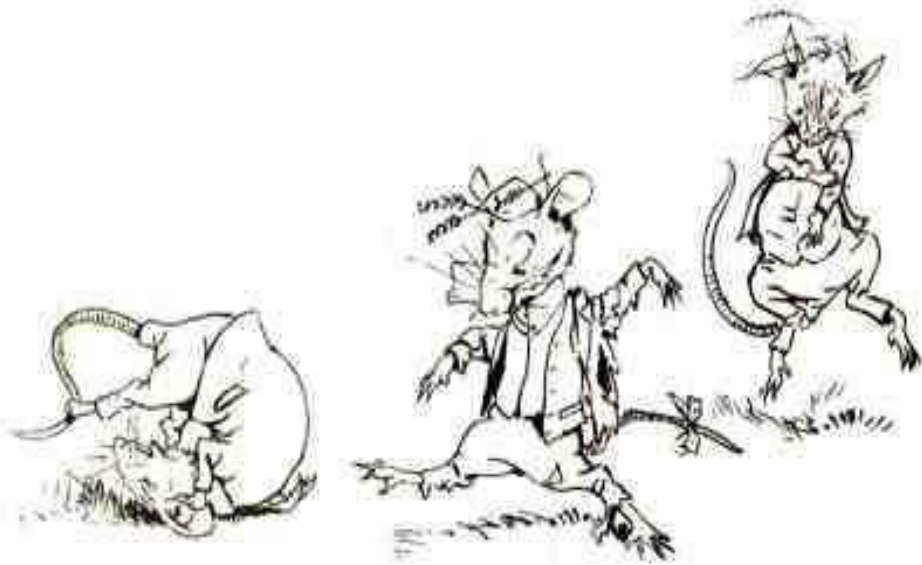


Mice and CATs

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And soon each Mouse went out of his mind,
These three Sad Mice.





Three Blind Mice

*Three Blind Mice
Three Blind Mice*

*See how they run
See how they run*

*They all run
After the farmers wife*

*Who cuts off their tails
With a carving knife*

*Did you ever see
Such a thing in your life*

As three Blind Mice

The origin of the 'tale' of Three blind mice!

The origin of the words to the 'Three Blind Mice' rhyme are based in English history. The 'farmer's wife' refers to the daughter of King Henry VIII, Queen Mary I. Mary was a staunch Catholic and her violent persecution of Protestants (like an OPRESSOR) led to the nickname of 'Bloody Mary'. The reference to 'farmer's wife' in 'Three Blind Mice' refers to the massive estates which she, and her husband King Philip of Spain, possessed. The 'Three Blind Mice' were three noblemen who adhered to the Protestant faith who were convicted of plotting against the Queen - she did not have them dismembered and blinded as inferred in 'Three Blind Mice' - but she did have them burnt at the stake!

INTRODUCTION TO "MICE and CATS"™

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I Note from the Author(s) and interviewees

MICE & CATS™ - THE "F" WORDS IN PSYCHIATRY

These "F" words are the – Fake or False: feelings (thoughts), symptoms and other observational notes written after the event from "MENTAL NOTES" taken virtually (in their minds only) by both Psychiatric Doctors and Nurses (the CATT's) in the public health system in relation to their patients (the blind MICE).

These "F" words are a result of the use of some of the worst of modern day man made technologies – the drugs of mankind - both legal and illegal. The Psychiatric (CATTs) the Psychiatrists and Psychiatric nurses use the F words to be "Right" to be able to back up their Opinions with a capital 'O' and to make patients take drugs with little or no controls or protection for their health.

Drugs are a huge industry with large financial gains for all involved except the mice (patients). These drugs are being taken by 'Involuntary patients' or 'blind mice' in public hospitals, in the streets and under Community Treatment Orders (CTO's). There are those who are under oppression by CATTs, stuck without power being drugged by the public mental health system and the people who work within it. The others are also victims of the illegal drug trade-oppressed again though by their weaknesses and habits and the social order both formally and informally that allows this to happen.

"The Mice need help – just like the 'three blind mice'!"

This is the major theme of our story.

This book is a novel but it is based on the experiences of real people during 2003 - 2005 in Australia. It demonstrates the problems of the Public Mental

Health System in Australia and in most other Western nations of the world. In developing countries and in Eastern nations globally the story is different but is an equally sad comment on society today.

John Steinbeck wrote "Of Mice and Men" in 1937. Erving Goffman wrote "Asylums" in 1961, Ken Kesey wrote "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" in 1963. All these books as many others, place the study of society at the centre of their work. They describe the structural interdependency between an individual and society as indestructible and essential to the human condition. They discuss in their storylines ideas that any social order is stronger than any individual, or number of, which compose it, all actions therefore affirming the social order and strengthening it.

We write in this book about our current social order in the technology times of the 2000's and about a horrifying system of oppression and evil authority. Like Steinbeck we as a group - myself the author and journalist and the patients, staff and families interviewed write in the form of a play/novelette. We write jointly and anonymously and the main characters write as three 'involuntary patients', ("Blind Mice"). They write for themselves and for their peers (fellow patients) in the public mental health system. All characters in the book are based on real time interviews during 2005/2006. Everyone involved owns joint copyright on the book given by proxy to the first author to try to gain funds to help Mental Health Research and Support groups.

As the first writer, the Interviewer and a psychologist I volunteered to take notes from all discussions to be able to write this book, both with the principal 3 authors (characters) and from the other patients and staff interviews. The book could be much longer and if a film script is developed the notes about all 18 patients interviewed will be used to develop realistic dialogue.

I agreed to transcribe these verbal writings for the key group of three and for the other patients – now also characters in this story. We hoped to publish the book and maybe later or simultaneously develop also a film script. We hoped to make an animated entertaining but documentary style multimedia film of our times. We hope the book will be published in both hard copy and digitally since as an e-book it could grow as others added their stories of Oppression in the Australian Public Mental Health system!

The characters of the book met at an Acute Psychiatry Ward in a capital city in Australia, for one week only, in the mid-year of 2005. They talk of this week and the preceding two years of their lives leading up to this week and for a short time after. After hospital all the patients were on CTO's (Community Treatment Orders) – still living like mice oppressed by Cats but again living in their homes alone or with their families.

As the interviewer and first author I have my own personal tale of sadness linked to the mental health sector from my fathers' suicide on the 7th May 2003. My father was clinically depressed after suffering from prostate cancer and on the day he died was to be assessed for a 3rd time by a public hospital geriatric CATT group after having previously been seen for over six months by a Private Psychiatrist.

The private psychiatrist had an opinion (with a capital O) that my father should be committed, even involuntarily for his own welfare both physically and psychologically.

This he had decided without any family discussion and he had set up with only my mothers and fathers prior knowledge, the 3pm visit by the geriatric CATT's on the 7th May 2003 that lead to my fathers death. The 7th of May was Victory day in the second world war and this would have been a meaningful date for my father to choose to end his suffering from depression and move to another energy and spiritual state.

*My Mother not understanding how serious this was for my father to consider being committed to a Psychiatric Hospital had gone out and left him for the day and had not asked myself or my younger sister Jude, both of us working at home during that week, to stay with him. Jude was starting a new marketing company and was working from her home office. I had recently returned from a working holiday in Beijing and was on two weeks SARs leave with my boyfriend Van from my substantive position at the Real Good University in this Australian Capital city. **I thank Van for being the most wonderful friend and lover from May the 7th 2003 onwards and for keeping me going when this tragedy nearly made me loose my mind and I couldn't sleep for days. You Van were' the love of my life' and I was your Van girl and I will always love you with my real heart!***

When my father committed suicide he weighed less than 50kgs and on the day he died he hung himself without the strong prescription glasses he always wore as a trade mark. He was wearing the dressing gown from our childhood years with him in England before we came to Australia in 1969 and he had marked the Christmas Carol book on the shelf opposite his place of hanging with a bookmark at the chapter –Stave Five – The End of It.

He did not leave a suicide note but to this day I believe these three things (found in July 2005 – or put together then by me) were signs from him to the family that I describe below. It was more his style to leave a deep message of love with a puzzle than to say in written or verbal words such important feelings. He was after all a reserved Scottish gentleman who as an Academic in the Sciences was not a natural 'expressor' of his feelings and thoughts other than the glorious concepts, visions and ideas that he would orate about sometimes for many hours during our growing years.

*This chapter (Stave 5) in a Christmas Carol (I was Christened Carol on Christmas day, 1960) is entitled 'The End of It' and states.."Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in! **"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!"** **"The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me..."**.*

*My father had always believed, as a genius and Mathematician and Physicist who lectured in Quantum physics and string theory, strange particles and PI that time was a man made concept linked to the physical body of mankind. **He believed when people died and returned to an energy or spiritual state, that time was irrelevant and they existed as a Christmas Carol states in Stave Five, in the Past, the Present, and in the Future simultaneously.***

He also believed as Scrooge says in a Christmas Carol at his time of death I think, that he could make amends to us by killing himself and leaving us without the worries of caring for him. I unlike the rest of my family am not angry with my father for this act. He and I believed in Euthanasia and I think he chose in his own home, in his own rooms

that he would have the best of times ahead in another state and that he could watch and care for us all and love us eternally from there, from that state.

He therefore believed when we were dead we were with the family and society of the past, the family and society of the present at death and the family and society of the future. He believed the energy or spiritual state was like a "Collective Mind" where all peoples learning's from their journeys here on earth were joined in chaos and shared with all for infinity- like π an infinite and very special number.

*The second clue was his not wearing of his thick prescription glasses, which were so much a part of his trademark or persona – I believe this was a message from him **"I can see!"***

*The third clue was his wearing of the dressing gown from our happy childhood days in Liverpool prior to coming to live in Australia as a foundation Academic family of Lavina University. This clue I believe meant **his eternal and unconditional love for the family** since it was in these early years that we all remember the very special love of our father who often looked after we children when Mum went out shopping. Of course we also remember and still have our Mother's love and she like us misses my father very deeply!*

He used to record on old reel to reel tapes our young, passionate English voices and our songs and happy laughter of childhood. He used to do puzzles and drawings with us and discussed huge issues about people and society and the planet in simple ways we as kids could understand. He taught us then like all through our growing years by the Socrates questioning method and I thank him deeply for his teachings and mentoring and love through-out my life from birth until the age of 42years when he died aged 69years.

I believe his special love symbol xxx->00, a mathematical sign for infinity meant with this dressing gown clue that he loves us all unconditionally and absolutely for all eternity.

Well he ended his life, sadly for us at least, in the bodily sense on the 7th May 2003 at about 12 noon. I wish everyday we could still talk together and argue and laugh as we used to and I miss his guidance and mentoring at a very deep level. But in exploring his death and many aspects of spirituality and alternative views of mankind and our existence and purpose in life, I have changed and I hope I have grown as a person.

I donated his corneas and skin to the Coroners court on behalf of my family on the 7th May 2003 – as a good Psychologist following "Coping strategies as taught by a wonderful woman Professor Enid Fullerton" would do. I believe my father would approve these actions and the psychological reframe of the tragedy of suicide to life giving donations. And I know my mother Jasmine and myself and my family feel fabulous every year in September at the Recipient / Donor organ gathering where together we share and some pray, giving thanks for the 'gift of life out of death'.

*I will end my introduction here with a quote that I think my father would agree with. **"Yesterday is the past, Tomorrow is the future, Today is the present – so treat***

it as a gift and live for the now and enjoy each moment – Now is all there really is!”

ALL involved in writing this book have agreed I can dedicate the book to the memory of my father and to my Cousin who died of Cancer after a brave battle – he was a genius and the best mentor and visionary I have ever known. I will love him for all eternity! Fiona my cousin was a brave passionate and loving woman who didn't deserve to die so young and we will all miss her love, her laughter and her golden, red hair!

Robert we all still love you and will for eternity xxx->00

***This book is dedicated to my father Robert
Who made a choice to die and to go on to a different place and state***

And to

***My cousin Fiona who didn't make this choice to die but instead
fought her Cancer bravely to live as long as she could – using her
love for her family to give her life until April 2008***

And to

***All patients and all the mentally ill or challenged, to those who have
been in the 'CATT and Mouse'TM game in some way***

THIS BOOK IS ALSO DEDICATED

***To the families and friends of the mentally ill and to all the excellent
workers and advocates behind the Recovery processes and
approaches now being promoted as the healthiest way to proceed in
Coping with and Self-managing Mental Illness***

***LASTLY I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THE MOST WONDERFUL WOMEN
IN PSYCHIATRY AND PSYCHOLOGY
Professor Kulkarni and Professor Frydenberg.***

In Australia 1 in 5 are affected, 5 in 5 can help

PLEASE HELP THE MICE!

Introductory Notes from the Interviewer and interviewees – the Psychologist Carol and the three main characters – the patients in the Acute Psychiatric Unit :

We felt like powerless “Blind Mice” being oppressed by the Public Psychiatric Health Care staff “CATTs”. We felt kidnapped and imprisoned, powerless and hopeless and helpless. We felt we were blind mice running in a wheel of madness inside a cage. We felt scared, we felt with the forced drugs that we were flying. We lost ourselves, our self respect, our support networks, family and friends. So like prisoners or colleagues at work we became friends, or at least survived together, spending time together both in hospital and for a while after our respective discharge dates.

Like triplets and sometimes twins we shared ideas, solutions and ways of operating in a sick (Mental Health) system. In this sick system we kept each other safe. For two of us, it was like a foreign country, an Oppressive Dictatorship, worse than China or Cuba. It was new, an unsafe, volatile and a scary environment. For the third of our group it was a ‘second home’ – she had been admitted when we three met, 3 times in two years. We survived a ‘terrible trauma’, as a unit, a group, a temporary family or workplace team” as we will tell in our story.

In the story we wanted with Carol, the Psychologist who was our new friend and the first author for this book, to present the ‘Mice’ and ‘Cats’ game and experiences of persecution in the Acute ward and afterwards under CTO’s (Community Treatment Orders). We wanted to present this to the readers in as direct and unfiltered a way as possible, so we wrote mostly in the first person.

We had to condense or leave out entirely some of our personal stories to keep to the main themes we were trying to convey. From the outset we resolved to take every possible precaution to ensure that our account did not cause unpleasant repercussions for patients still in the Acute ward(s), for ourselves or for our family and friends.

Most of the individuals who figure in this book have been carefully disguised by giving them fictitious identities – by altering their names and other unimportant details of their personas or roles. These changes in no way affect the substance of the experiences of the patients in the Acute Ward and under Community Treatment Order’s (CTO’s) after discharge. The story is fiction, but it is based on real life experiences and on we three people’s feelings and thoughts and those of other patients who shared their stories with any of we three or the first author, our friendly psychologist and mentor - the Interviewer, Carol.

We three "blind mice" met others in the Acute ward environment, some intelligent, friendly and spiritual, some depressed and lonely, some confused, some dangerous, some flighty, some wanting to go off-shore or just away, some highly strung, some unsure of anything, some violent, some like monsters in fairy tales.

All these patient characters in the book have their identities fully protected by the use of symbolic names (full and utter confidentiality) which the interviewer and/or the main patient group tried on with the other patients during their week together in the Ward. These names represent who they were, at least for this special week in 2005. This week defines the main storyline of the book and is the infrastructure to explain the sickness of the Public mental health system.

We all (the Mice..... or as John Steinbeck states – 'Mice and Men') have 'opinions' on planet earth. However it is only old Sigmund Freud, who was a very sick man with Syphilis, Gonorrhoea and a narcissistic personality and his followers, the Psychiatric staff of the Western world (the CATTs ("Cats") – big and small) who have made a lucrative business out of Opinions with a capital "O". These Opinions with a capital "O" often have absolutely no evidence supporting them. But with the abusive punitive power and misuse of the Mental Health Act, backing them, these Opinions can be a danger to the health, that is the body and mind of Psychiatric patients stuck involuntarily in a very sick mental health system, being forced to take drugs with no or little controls.

The experiences described frankly and openly in the story are mainly a result of some of the worst of modern day man made technologies – the drugs of mankind - both legal and illegal. A big financial industry for all involved-except the mice (patients). These drugs are being taken by 'Involuntary patients' or 'mice' in hospitals and under Community Treatment Orders as ordered by 'opinionated' Psychiatrists and Psychiatric Nurses wanting to be "Right" in their diagnoses and beliefs!

They are also being taken illegally by many of societies sad and suffering, some of which are the uncared for one in five mentally ill of our society, never found by nor linked to the sick public mental health system.

For most of the 4 million in Australia (**1 in 5 Australians are thought to be affected by mental illness – five in five can help!**) we are glad they have not been "caught" as the three in our story were in the "Sick Public Mental Health system". We hope their families and friends keep them safely away from the many damaged Psychiatrists and Psychiatric nurses in the Public Mental Health system. We hope they learn "Coping Strategies" to meet their challenges and stay safely away from the "Opinionated fools – the "Cats" (CATTs) with ridiculous powers.

We hope they instead search out lay Counsellors, Psychologists or other helping professionals if they need help outside their family and friendship networks. We hope they never have to suffer the indignities, pain, suffering and side effects of poisonous pills and injections that the three writing this book and the other 'Acute ward' patients have had to endure.

"The Mice need help – just like the 'three blind mice'!" from Oppression.

This is the major theme of our story.

We hope this book will help all who read it to have a better understanding and a deeper level of caring for people with mental illness. We hope they will see how much the mental

health system needs reform and improvement and that it requires higher quality caring staff. **This means significantly more money from the governments will be needed – both from state and federal governments in Australia and other Western nations – but this must be done for the good of society.**

As I interviewed the three blind mice, Isobel, John and Norma Jean both in July/August 2005 and again in July/August 2006 I realized for two of them at least the drug Risperidone had effected both their long and short term memory. In the interviews in 2005 both John and Norma Jean had no problem remembering direct quotes and exact happenings from the ward. In 2006 they both evidenced long term and short term memory problems (obviously a side effect of the drugs they had been taking both prescribed and recreational). Isobel evidenced no such memory problems but she had taken no anti-psychotic drugs ever – even though forced to under her CTO for a short while after being discharged from the ward. As soon as the CATTs left she told me she used to vomit up the drugs and she never since July/August 2005 had taken recreational drugs. She had during a depression earlier in 2006 taken anti depressants but these unlike the anti-psychotics Risperidone and Olanzapine do not seem to lead to memory problems.

When together earlier in 2006, at a book writing session, we four discussed these memory problems and decided the CATTs liked this side effect, it helped them keep the Mental Health system status quo because if effected patients from the wards who forgot the details of their drug regime poisoning. It therefore made it harder for them to sue the hospitals for malpractice as Isobel is still planning to do and it also allowed the CATTs to say whatever the patients did remember actually didn't happen.

We as the authors of this book and maybe later also a film script to be developed from the book, have pledged that 50% of all financial gains we would make from the book and / or film will be donated and used by under-funded organisations such as 'Mental Health Legal Centre Inc. '; 'Mental Illness Awareness Council'; 'Community Visitors Programs' "Beyond Blue", Mental Health Fellowship, Mental Health Research Institute, Monash Psychiatry Research for Women (Alfred hospital) and other such organisations which aim to support Patient Rights and Patient Freedoms! The other money will be used for International aid programs particularly for orphans in India and China in association with the E Futures (Ef) foundation (UNDER DEVELOPMENT) and UNESCO, UNICEF and their associated NGO's (Non Government Organisations).

STAVE ONE - Isobel's story

My hand was trembling as I opened the door to the loud knocking at 9.35am. Even though anxious, I was still confident with my usual optimism and self-assurance, that I could sort out everything with the two large men standing outside. This was MY FIRST MISTAKE! I was to make many more as the hours and days unfolded.

At the door knock I realized that I had been lied to for the last half hour on the phone. After a sleepless night discussing with my ex-boyfriend Adrian our potential pregnancy, I came home to an upset family. For the next half hour after arriving home I had been on the phone with a CATT (Crisis Assessment & Treatment Team) officer and had clearly been ignored. She had been lying to me that she understood 'it was all a mistake' and had been trying to keep me talking until her colleagues arrived at my home. I was tired, anxious and stressed by my teenage daughters' tears and fussing in the background as I had tried to put a sensible case to the CATT officer on the phone, to stop her CATT team coming to my home.

I had been trying to tell her what had happened with my private psychiatrist the day before. I thought I could stop an unnecessary visit by her service – since there was nothing wrong with "my state of mind, nor mood" as I kept telling my scared and crying daughter and quiet worried looking sister. I didn't know at the time – but later I found out, it was guilt my family was expressing that morning, guilt about what they had told a CATT Psychiatric Nurse, Conta, the night before on the phone!

On arriving home with my ex-boyfriend Adrian at 8.30am, I was told by my first daughter and younger sister (who had been babysitting my two daughters the night before) a doctor from a CATT service was coming to see me that morning. I couldn't believe this and rang the number they gave me at the CATT service to stop the visit and then talk to my fussing family.

The day before, Tuesday the 4th July – American Independence day, I had met with my Private Psychiatrist, of 12 years, Dr Rod Yentil. I had seen him intermittently over this time after initially seeing Dr Eve Grant privately at the same clinic for about six years when at 28 years of age I met her when I first suffered acute depression after my first Educational PhD studies collapsed when my Supervisor stole my data and took it overseas to the UK. At this time Dr Eve diagnosed me with most likely a bipolar mood condition, but she only saw me twice for a few months, in a depressed mood state over six years and never stated she had observed any elevated mood states. But

from my mother, Jenny's reports, she suspected I had evidenced hypo-manic states and thus gave me a label – her Opinion, her diagnosis “I was a bipolar-type 1” she told me.

After refusing her lithium treatment when pregnant with my second child in 1993, with support of my father, Dr Eve referred me to Dr Yentil. Dr Yentil supported me without any drug regime throughout the next two years by phone occasionally with no clinic visits. Since that time, Dr. Yentil had treated me a few times over the following 10 years for depression and had always been very positive and collegial in his collaborative care – continually supporting my self management of my challenges with depressed moods.

He with a private Psychologist helped me develop “coping strategies” and develop a maintenance drug regime to try to keep my mood states stable. He had also treated my brother Rhett for two years prior to his suicide in 2004. Since this traumatic crisis I had seen Dr Yentil a little more frequently, but he had never in the twelve years I had known him, told me I was elevated or hypo-manic or manic in mood. He did however assume Dr Eve's diagnosis and opinion was correct, that I was most likely an “a-typical bi-polar- type 1” and he supported me over the years with anti-depressant treatments and maintenance drug regimes using Lithium and later Epilim (Valproate). This was the recommended treatment following this Opinion both he and Dr Eve had held, which I never bothered questioning or trying to change.

In the years since my diagnosis I had seen many changes in the Psychiatry industry although it still appeared to me as a consumer that it was still run on Opinions and guess work about potential effects of Psychiatric drugs.

In the early years in the 1980's there was less pharmaceutical solutions than the many hundreds of today for mental illness treatment. Over the years we have seen the three R's of attitudes to diagnosis and treatment.

Initially in the 1980's, people in the industry spoke of **Remission** from Mental illness. Psychiatrists and their assistant 'Cats' believed their drugs could bring patients to periods of 'normalness' or remission. In the 1990's these beliefs moved to talk and understanding about **Rehabilitation** rather than remission. Again the staff of the system believed the drugs could lead to the rehabilitation of patients. In the 2000's this then was replaced with an attitude still held today by some Psychiatrists and led by an active consumer power called **Recovery**. These three R's are the industrial beliefs for the industry still held in differing degrees with different staff, patients and families in the system.

Today's attitudes about Recovery are more about a process than a solution or alternative state of illness or remitted or rehabilitated illness. Recovery is about a process of "Coping" or of self-management of challenges. It is an attitude held by the more caring and informed Professionals and the more active and intelligent patients in the mental health system, that clearly recognizes mental illness is ongoing and needs managed and coped with rather 'cured', 'remitted' or 'rehabilitated'. For most mentally ill and informed patients we first need to move to a state of acceptance and though this may take many years after much denial, once this state is reached an approach of self-management and coping, a recovery process is probably the most appropriate way of proceeding in life's journey.

Because it was easier with my family especially and because I had no evidence that the drugs were harming me, I was always compliant with recommended drug regimes throughout these three R approaches during my life of Psychiatric treatment. These pills either helped slowly or did little, with no serious side effects compared to the awful side effects I had in earlier years experienced with Lithium, so I took them as advised. My history therefore was a compliant to treatment, private and voluntary patient, who had never been hospitalized or made 'involuntary' in 18 years.

I "Coped with my challenges of mood" and self-managed my life following a "Recovery" process approach and infact I mostly had a very high functioning professional and successful life, apart from a few serious depressive episodes when I didn't work, usually following a series of high stressor events. I had been a Professional teacher in both secondary and tertiary sectors and more recently had transferred these skills to Professional Development and Training with Government, Corporate and SME sectors. I now had my own Professional Development and Management Consulting company and did much work internationally some commercially and some in an Honorary capacity for charities and foundations. Later in the story my career and personal successes and failures will unfold as my friendships build with others I meet at the hospital and my life of self-management is explained.

I knew the Psychologist Carol as a friend from University and it was I who invited her to start the interviews with myself and my new patient friends when I heard of her difficulties coping after the suicide of her father. I had already started writing a book about my brothers suicide when he last year had escaped from the CATT's chasing him and I believed she and I and the other patients could re-frame our terrible experiences with the public mental health system by explaining in a book and maybe also maybe in a film what our experiences had been like. What the Psychiatric "Mice and Cats" game was today and how it could be improved!

Well back to my story. During our session of the 4th July 2005, startlingly out of character, Dr Yentil called me a liar at least four times, saying "I do not believe you", "Your mother Jenny and sister Amelia said-you are high", "Your mother and sister said you have been off your pills", "I do not believe you think you are pregnant".

He told me "writing that stuff (a book or a play) about you and your brother's suicide is manic symptoms, you are not sleeping enough, you are clearly high....".

I had been happy upon entering the session on Tuesday the 4th July. It was about six weeks since I had seen Dr Yentil when my Executive job as a Professional Development Director at the Professional Association was unfairly ended and the office had been listed for closing later in the year. When my position had ended I had asked my mother to help me and her grandchildren and to give me back some money I had lent her.

To cut a long story short this had led not to the needed help but to more stress, when a series of phone arguments between myself and my mother and her brother (my uncle) and one of my sisters and myself then followed my mothers refusal. Another stressor at the time was my involvement emotionally with issues that my current boyfriend Adrian Conway was experiencing with his ex wife. They had recently started very stressful fighting in the family court and this was affecting our fairly new relationship.

I had left these stressors behind me and had gone looking for other financial solutions by making a business trip to Thailand with my private company where I had been running a Business Management Consulting Company on and off over the last 4 years. After 1 ½ years of no visits to Thailand after my brothers' suicide, I was delighted this trip had re-started opportunities there and I returned home in a very positive mood ready to plan for another trip to fully start the business in August or September of 2005.

Therefore on the 4th July I had been back in my home town, an Australian capital city, for just 2 weeks, after this successful business trip to Thailand with my youngest son David. I was feeling good and was ready to share some positive news with my private psychiatrist Dr Yentil. I was therefore extremely shocked by what instead occurred.

I had brought notes to our meeting on the 4th July for the start of a book or a play about my life, including ideas I had written about accepting my brother's suicide, to share with Dr Yentil in the session. Because of his attitudes and angry, disbelieving words, I argued with him "his opinions" against my questions re "his evidence".

I said "How can you say I am manic, where is your evidence? And why do you not believe I might be pregnant and also why does what my mother says matter...it never has before!" He said – "look you are clearly manic". I said "How do I show you I am not manic, that I am coping fine with my stress?" "I have just had a great trip to Thailand for goodness sake, things are looking up!" We argued back and forth, but apart from quoting my mother and saying writing notes was a manic symptom and I was displaying 'pressured speech" Dr Yentil stated no real evidence for his opinion with a capital "O"!

I said to him "Remember you never see me when I am not depressed, why are you now saying this mood, the normal, non-depressed me, is manic? "Six weeks ago you said I was doing fine!" His opinion (with a capital "O") could not be shifted...and he was now angry with me for questioning his Opinion. In any previous sessions over the years as a depressed patient, I would not have questioned him in such a professional or assertive fashion – and he didn't like it one bit!

Since our trust and rapport was clearly broken by this critical event, I sacked him, my private Psychiatrist, on the spot. THIS AS MY FOLLOWING STORY WILL SHOW was a MAJOR MISTAKE. To any patients reading this story I advise you never to sack your Psychiatrist unless you have a new one or an alternative Professional or support network to help you keep managing your Recovery! If you insult and upset a CAT you could end up a blind and oppressed mouse as I did.

Dr Yentil after I sacked him yelled as I left his room, "I'll send a CATT service after you". I walked out hurt and angry that my Psychiatrist had been so rude and after 12 years had doubted me and called me a liar when I was telling him the truth as I always had in our sessions over the years. I didn't believe he would action his yelled threat regarding a CATT service, since he and I both knew my brother Rhett had escaped from a CATT team visiting him for follow-up and had killed himself with car exhaust in his car on April 1st 2004. I would never have believed Dr Rod Yentil would do that to me!

The medical records as a patient at the Acute ward and CATT service later have shown I wasn't pregnant, but my period did end up being about 25 days late. I am a Peri-Menopausal woman aged 48yrs and this was obviously the first sign that my menstrual cycle was changing. And as a high status Psychiatrist Prof Jaquelina Kalcutta and world expert regarding menopause said to me 5 weeks after the 4th of July, "You had every right to stop the Valproate and you clearly showed professional and caring judgment

in your actions for a woman and mother of your age – your previous Psychiatrist was obviously not acting appropriately and I feel your pain and anger for what you have been unnecessarily put through!’

She wrote me an excellent second opinion which 2 weeks later freed me from an illegal CTO and clearly stated my mental health was good and my mood and behaviour was that of a woman coping very well with her life stressors including her family’s pain regarding her brother’s suicide. I will always be thankful I met this wonderful and talented woman during my seven weeks of Oppressed living in a new Hell I had never experienced before and never want to experience again, called the ‘Public Mental Health System’!

I have subsequently been told by my mother Jenny McDougall that Dr Rod Yentil at about 4.00pm on the 4th July, rang her after I sacked him. She is vague at her 79 years of age untrained in psychology or psychiatry, uneducated, not trained in any professional way and still grieving my brothers’ death by suicide, and still angry with me, what Dr Yentil had said about me or my sacking of him that day he rang. Dr Rod also briefly spoke to my sister but my sister Scarlet McDougall is also unable to remember the conversation clearly. And my sister still hasn’t told me to this day what she said on the phone to Conta on the night of the 4th July. Conta was the Psychiatric CATT Nurse who the next morning invaded my home, with his doctor colleague, on that terrible and unforgettable morning of the 5th July 2005.

I still do not know what Dr Yentil believed ringing my mother would do to help or hinder my mental welfare, if he was really concerned and not just angry that I had sacked him after 12 years. I was stressed and upset about the event but not clinically elevated in mood or more than maybe slightly hypo - manic at all, that is, not elevated from my usual high level, high energy functioning which is my non-depressed baseline level of mood. I am normally operating at what many Psychiatrists would call a slight or hypo-manic mood state as many of my friends and colleagues also do.

Rather than manic I was anxious or stressed that I might still be pregnant and wanted to discuss this with Adrian Conway my ex or now only casual boyfriend, at the time. I also hoped since he said he still loved me, he would give me some support and caring even though he had his own serious issues to deal with in the Family Court in the next week regarding his ex-wife’s history of sexually and physically abusing his children. This situation with Adrian had been one of the stressors I had been trying to deal with since my return from Thailand. He had told me just a week before the 4th July about his wife’s abusive history with his children. It was the reason

Adrian had become my ex or casual boyfriend and he was no longer living with me and my children.

I had been forced by Victoria Police, as a Parent reporting to the Dept. of Health Services this knowledge shared by Adrian about his children, to be the first official reporter to the police. I had felt compromised because of my relationship with Adrian and like another friend who knew Adrian, in Victoria Police, David Mc Lean, we both felt bad. We both knew Adrian professionally through the Professional Association where I worked and also personally outside and it was sad that this was all going official now and that Adrian was possibly to be judged as complicit when I felt in my heart he was as much a victim as the children.

His ex-wife had a personality disorder, evidenced over more than 10 years and she had psychologically manipulated and damaged Adrian and his children for these years for her own pleasure. However for the sake of the three young children involved there was really no other course of action than to do what the Police required. David McLean as a friend of mine had been a wonderful support over the week leading up to the 4th July and I will be thankful to him forever for this.

I met Adrian Conway for dinner after the 4th July event with my private Psychiatrist and stayed with him that night (my sister Scarlet stayed with the children) to discuss our potential pregnancy and what we should do. It was an emotional and upsetting night in which we both got little sleep, so I was still tired and stressed when I returned to my home with Adrian at 8.30am Wednesday 5th July.

I believe, since Tuesday the 4th July 2005, under the Public Mental health system, there has been a serious misdiagnosis of my mood state and mistreatment of me by a drug regime and involuntary detention by three Consultant Psychiatrists, Rod Yentil, Vivienne Scott and Pat Boltman. In addition there has been serious misabuse under the act (ie: punitive use of the act) by one recently examined Psychiatric Registrar, awaiting his professional Consultant letters, Dr Tim Egglini, his colleague another Psychiatric Registrar Dr. Ian Gall, as well as some of the staff of the ward and the CATT service (especially Nurses, Abdi Punta, David Beard, Lute Cabranca and Conta Dimitriatus). This will be further explained as my story and the story of other patient friends unfold later on.

But let's go back to that loud knocking on the door and tell the story of these events from 9.35pm on the 5th July 2005.

With some trepidation I allowed the two tall, solid and swarthy ethnic/european looking men, to enter into my home. My teenage daughter Janis, seeing my face of now pure fear immediately started crying and panicking again – raising my stress level even higher, if possible. These two men strutted into my home – both 6 foot 4 inches at least, towering over my smallish sister and my ex-boyfriend and me. They started firing questions, making demands and stressing all in the room. Because of my daughters distress, I politely but assertively asked them if we could talk outside to clear up their misunderstanding.

They kept insisting I should answer their questions and wanted to make me sit with them in my lounge room where my daughter sat crying. When I went through momentarily to the stairwell to listen to see if my youngest son David was awake from hearing all the fuss – I found on return them whispering to my sister standing beside my couch.

I started to feel we were being invaded, I thought this is my home! my safe place – this can't be happening!

After this, I asked continually could we go outside to talk, just them and me, to reduce my families distress. I explained I had already spoken to someone in their team on the phone but had felt she wasn't listening, but was instead 'containing me' with platitudes and lies. I asked why they were there many times directly?

They didn't answer any of my direct and sensible questions. They kept demanding there was a need for an interview with me without saying why. They finally after about 10 minutes said the best thing would be to go to the hospital to talk. I kept trying to get them to go outside to talk to me, to take it quietly and just to listen. They wouldn't do this. They started threatening they would take me by force if I wouldn't agree to go with them. I again asked with what authority could they force me. They again didn't answer.

I was getting more assertive in my questioning of them and they were getting angry that I wasn't doing exactly what they wanted and they were using their size and threatening words and behaviour to try to overpower my wishes and rights and were therefore extremely Oppressive in their actions.

By now I was getting really scared and neither my sister nor my ex-boyfriend stood up to them or knew what to do. Everyone was in shock and fear!

Finally I agreed to accompany them to the hospital and insisted they waited outside while I got my kids, my teenage daughter and young son ready to come with me. They did this with smirks on their faces-thinking they had won! **It seemed like a war had started already between Oppressors (CATTs-"Cats") and Oppressed (ie; Me – the little Mouse).**

It was surreal and frightening. This was my home - what is going on I kept thinking? – How can this be happening in my home? What is going on? What can I do? What will happen? My thoughts were racing with the fear that was growing. I was getting more and more scared. I kept trying to calm my racing thoughts down about what was going on. I tried in my growing fear to think clearly and sensibly.

I ran upstairs now terrified about what was happening! As a Consulting Manager and Professional Developer I had studied undergraduate and postgraduate psychology and I knew people could be sectioned, but I knew the law required processes and correct procedures and a number of health professionals to agree for this to occur.

I didn't believe this could be happening to me – I kept trying to think it through and I thought it was obviously Dr Yentil that had caused this – I would calmly answer questions at the hospital and it would all be over! I didn't really believe anything serious would happen - after all I was obviously fine, just a little tired from the long night with Adrian and stressed by the potential pregnancy and now these current events with the invasion of my home by CATTs ("Cats").

I could not have believed what would end up happening from this trip to the Ustina hospital. If I had known I would never have gone without a lawyer and other supporters. I did ring my family lawyers and tell them what was happening and I did tell them I would get back to them soon - this was a little insurance I thought. Now looking back I wish I had also rung two very good friends who later became heavily involved in the story. One works at the Justice department, the other at the Ombuds Office. If only I could have known what would happen I would never have voluntarily gone to the hospital, I would have networked on the phone and got correct advice and support before I went anywhere.

I asked my ex-boyfriend Adrian to come with me and the kids in my car and asked my young sister Scarlet to stay in the house. After I went upstairs I awoke my young son, got him dressed quickly and keeping him calm explained we all had to go up to the hospital for a brief meeting. I told Janis my eldest daughter to put on her shoes and bring her mobile phone. We then hugged each other and went outside to the waiting "Cats" (CATTs).

When we walked outside to get into the car – the CATT Dr and male Nurse both yelled “You can’t drive!” “Why? I asked” “We will not allow it they said!!”

I thought – God, this is ridiculous, where am I? It felt like ‘Alice through the looking glass’-what is going on? I thought. This is not Cuba or China, this is a democracy – not a Dictatorship – who do these guys think they are?

Shocked by their audacity, without seemingly any real power to demand this, I thought it best and safest however to comply and asked my ex-boyfriend, Adrian to drive the kids and I to the Ustina hospital emergency section - *‘up the hill’*. I was shocked again when I saw my sister Scarlet leave the house and get into the CATT car, looking anxious and guilty. She traveled with the Doctor (young Registrar) and male Nurse, to obviously come along when I had asked her not to.

When entering Emergency the lights seemed too bright, the colours too glossy and new. This was the new ‘you beaut’ just opened wing in the latest hospital extension and I was seeing it under duress. There because I was ordered to be there by two big strong men who had scared me and my family into submission! I articulately answered the questions of the girls at the reception desk and although still anxious tried to calm myself and professionally deal with the situation, keeping my now two fearful children calm also.

As we started to walk past reception behind the doors into the Ustina Hospital Emergency ward area the CATT pair stopped and told the children they couldn’t come with me. I was again shocked and asked why? “It wouldn’t be suitable they said!” The children then both started crying and I also nearly started crying but I hugged them both and said to them to wait in the waiting area and I would come to get them very soon. My sister then appeared from the background and the kids went with her back out through the doors. Adrian and I, both nervous and holding hands followed the CATT pair through to the Emergency ward section – where we were greeted by a security guard and two nurses. This again shocked me – a security guard - what was going on now I thought! This really is getting totally ridiculous!

We were led into a small cubicle and left there for about 10 minutes. There were screams of obviously very physically sick or mentally ill patients coming from other cubicles – I was starting to feel very, very scared and powerless and Adrian and I clung to each other both physically and psychologically as we waited.

Dr Tim Egglini, the young Psychiatric registrar and the male Psychiatric Nurse Conta Dimitrius who had ordered me to the hospital then came back to the cubicle. They chatted for about 10 minutes with me in a 'pseudo friendly' though slightly flirtatious manner about the previous twenty four hours in my life. They asked was it true that I was not taking my Epilim (Valproate) pills. I again explained my story about the day before with Dr Yentil and my sacking of him. I explained I had stopped taking my 'maintenance' pills (low dose Valproate) about 10 days before when I had thought I might be pregnant like I had with my three previous pregnancies. I answered all their questions directly and honestly, sometimes trying to break the fear I felt by joking a little - to which they responded with more innuendo jokes themselves, again of a flirtatious nature.

After they left, Adrian and I discussed their behaviour and style of talking and we both said we had felt very uncomfortable with the way they were talking to me – but surely all could be sorted out now. I then was given a series of blood and urine tests and after the stress of this I went outside with 'my personal security guard' for a cigarette break to try to ease my anxiety and fear. We spoke outside in a friendly manner and he laughed with me about ending up here just because I had sacked my Psychiatrist. When I returned it was about 10.30am and a nurse came to tell me the urine test had shown I wasn't pregnant and she expected that would be later confirmed with my blood result when it came back.

I thanked her and immediately asked her and then 10 minutes later Dr Tim Egglini, for my Epilim (Valproate) pills. I asked for this clearly - stating there was now no reason for me to be off my pills-which they had all seemed to be concerned about! They seemingly ignored me and offered me nothing. This was the first of many, many times to follow in the next 7 weeks - when ***I felt 'I had no voice, no rights, no existence really!'***

About one hour later, after Adrian and I had eaten some supplied sandwiches and drunk the horrible public health, free coffee and I had been outside twice smoking and chatting calmly with the 'security guard' and one time also with Dr Tim Egglini, Adrian had to leave. We had a bit of an argument about this since we were both so stressed, but we kissed and he left.

I was immediately given a "minder" called Rita. Rita spoke kindly and calmly to me over the next hour and I kept asking her who was going to assess me and when? She said the listed doctor was a Consultant Psychiatrist, Pat Boltman and he should be there soon to see me. Dr Tim Egglini had implied when we spoke outside when smoking together that this

Senior Doctor would be there soon and I could most probably go home then. I had believed him – MY SECOND MISTAKE!

Dr Tim and Nurse Conta then obviously finished their shifts and left. I was now alone waiting only with my “minder” Rita and the ever changing very tall security guards over the next 3 hours. The whole situation seemed SURREAL! and very, very frightening. However I tried to keep my fear in check, tried to find out what was really going to happen and tried to appear calm and composed. I kept asking for the ETA (Expected Time of Arrival) for Dr Pat Boltman. I kept praying he would come soon. I could then I hoped be assessed properly by a competent Senior Psychiatrist and then I could go home with my children. Over the next few hours I got more and more scared and worried, as I was continually told this Doctor would come soon and he never did!

At about 2.15pm a RN Nurse came into the cubicle and said I was being admitted and I would see Dr Boltman in the ward. I nearly screamed with the pent up fear and anger now – but I kept pretending to be calm and asked questions about toiletries, clothes etc. Then when a little more calm I asked the Nurse and Rita how could I be admitted to a ward when I hadn't been assessed yet. At some level I was imagining a normal hospital ward was my fate – I was imagining sitting on a bed in my clothes waiting for assessment of my state of mind by this Doctor Pat Boltman. Again they didn't answer my pertinent question about when I was to be assessed, they just kept saying Dr Boltman will see you at the ward.

A few moments later when I kept demanding an answer, my shock was immense when both the RN and Rita explained “you are an INVOLUNTARY PATIENT going to the Acute Psychiatric Ward of the Ustina hospital - the doctor will assess you there.”

My god! I thought, and wanted to scream - I've been sectioned !

But how? - I haven't even been assessed I thought. How can this be happening? I had these thoughts but I was so scared I didn't even voice them – this was my THIRD MISTAKE!

I should not have gone voluntarily with Rita and the Security guard to the Acute ward, I should have yelled out in the Emergency Ward regarding my patient rights. I should have demanded the hospital patient advocate come to see me. I should have asked to see the relevant paperwork. I should have demanded my human rights under the law - I should have acted how the professional Isobel McDougall would have normally acted in any crisis

(including in the past after my brother's suicide). I should have jumped on my mobile phone to get legal and other advice.

But I was so, so scared and so alone and in such high anxiety and fear that I did none of these things that the Isobel I usually am would do. I merely in shock and fear followed Rita out to a white car and got driven to the old dilapidated buildings housing the Acute Psychiatric Unit and Jumbil House on level 1 –*'up the hill-and down again'*!

As the first of the three 'blind mice' in this story; I blindly in fear and anxiety, followed *'the farmers wife'* - the Oppressor (the public mental health, sick system procedures) – and lost my rights! My tail was cut off at that moment, I lost Isobel McDougall and became a "mental patient" when I complied and got voluntarily into the car without a fight either verbally or physically! This was the FOURTH MISTAKE of many, many others I made in the next days - when ***I felt 'I had no voice, no rights, no existence really!'***

STAVE TWO – JT's story

The second of the 'blind mice' in this story is me, JT, (John Tomlin), ex Sydney and Perth resident now living with my sister Lisa Tomlin in another Australian city since late September 2004. I had for the first time in 22 years starting living with my family after losing my employment at the Australasian Insurance Firm and then breaking up with my long term de-facto partner Barbie, following a serious car accident.

Prior to my accident, I had been working in a highly paid and high functioning position as a Strategy Security Analyst at the international Australasian insurance firm.

Before mid June 2004, myself and my partner Barbie had been taking just a little too much marijuana, just a little too regularly! Barbie was sick one week with the flu and so rang her ex-boyfriend – our usual supplier - to just get me a small deal. I decided this deal was a bit stronger than usual in the way it felt when I 'chuffed it' but never-the-less with Barbie and I fighting because she was so 'whingey' and annoying although hardly sick, I needed something to calm the nerves and allow me to relax.

The next day after having the first smoke of this sweet smelling deal, I felt sick and called in sick to work. After two more nights of smoking this deal and not really being able to sleep, I had some very, very weird experiences. I was using my computer, surfing the Internet and I experienced for the first time in my life an immense zeal to research at huge depth my family history and origins from the Lord Howe Island. I was sort of flying in my thinking and I was very, very quick in how I gathered and put together the information I was seeking. I felt like I was 'high', LIKE WHEN I HAD TAKEN SPEED IN THE PAST, but I was functioning in my thinking better than I had ever done before!

I was researching and found out that my family origins dated back to the mid 1800's and even earlier. My great, great, great grandfather on my fathers' side was a US whaler from Massachusetts and my great, great, great grandmother, his wife, was a tribal princess from the Gilbert Islands, currently known as the Republic of Kiribati, in the Pacific Ocean.

I found the land tenure histories of Lord Howe Island meant my family actually had rights because of our past relatives to some land there. However these rights had somehow over history been lost through the NSW Lord Howe Island Act and previous mis-handling of land issues on the island. This meant today my family had nothing when they should have been land

owners. I further discovered the original settlement on the island was a tribal community and it appeared I was a direct descendant of the Chiefton. Although I excitedly told Barbie about this the next morning she said "Why aren't you caring about me instead of your stupid family history!" I said to her "What was in that grass Barbie?" She said "It's just grass". But I didn't really believe her – I had never felt like this before, my thinking had never flown like this before.

Over the next three days, I continued with this research and started to experience weird things also during the day in the house. I believed electrical interference was coming from power points and appliances and hurting my head. I stayed awake for the next three nights continuing this behaviour on the Internet, not sleeping and fighting more and more with Barbie during the day. On the fifth night with no smoke left, I started getting a terrible headache! This crippling headache felt like the top of my head was about to explode! My headaches were so severe over the next few days the only way I could cope was to curl up under the shower screaming in agony! When not in pain, I felt OK the rest of the time-though a little vague.

On Sunday Barbie wanted to go to the movies. We walked down to Channel St. to the local cinema to see I-Robot. I still felt like I was tripping or 'high' but was quite looking forward to the distraction of a film. Before we went into the movie, I went to the toilet and Barbie decided to go window shopping while I was away – when I returned she had just vanished! I started to look for her in vain around the Centre and couldn't find her anywhere, I started to get worried! I finally left and walked home to our Unit. The door was locked, she wasn't home and I had no key or mobile phone with me. We had gone out together and I had left these, unusual for me, at home.

I then caught a bus into town and in a surreal way searched for her in the CBD streets. While waiting at the bus stop a seedy looking middle-aged man walked past me, I thought he looked like a 'perp' maybe a pedophile – I looked up at him and I felt a huge force against the front of my head and heard the words "bow your head groveller!" as the man glared at me. I felt my head being forced down and when I looked up he was further down the road and I felt really scared!

After a few hours walking around the CBD and not finding Barbie, I returned home and Barbie was there. She was angry with me and had called the police and reported me missing she said. I was astounded she had done this and further shocked when she then said she had actually seen the movie

alone and had felt guilty and worried on returning home and had rung the police to say I was missing.

This went on for two more days. I really didn't feel myself and thought I have to get help – this isn't just being 'high' now – I can't survive these headaches - maybe I have been poisoned by the drugs. On the Tuesday two mates from my work arrived at my door at about mid morning. The local police from Barbie's call on Sunday had resulted in a phone call to my work on Monday. When I still didn't return to work on Tuesday, my two friends there were concerned and came around to see me. By this stage I had decided I had better see a doctor myself and my two friends agreed and walked with me the four blocks to the doctor.

I was thinking this is all surreal and in trying to explain it to my mates, I wanted to swear and show my real emotions but nothing came out that made sense with swearing, I had no physical ability to swear. I was able to tell the facts but without being able to say the swear words that were in my head. I couldn't tell them how it really was emotionally for me without these words.

As I was walking down the road with my friends I could feel an energy force running up my legs and into my body, I thought this was very strange and said to my mates "Can you feel it?" They replied "Yeh- sure mate!". I felt re-assured and empowered - lucky that I had tapped into a special force of the planet and they could feel it too.

We arrived at the Doctors surgery and I walked up to the receptionist and asked for three big valiums please. She looked at me and smiled and said you could go to the Chemist for those. My mates grabbed me back and said to the receptionist "Don't worry we'll sit here and wait, John needs to see the Doctor."

About twenty minutes later, after I had completed the patient paperwork with my medicare card number and home and work details etc I was called into Dr Dano's surgery room. My mates waited outside in the waiting room. Dr Dano said "Well John what is the problem?" I said "I have been having trouble sleeping and I've experienced some really unusual phenomenon with electricity and energy as well as with some people, I have recently met". The doctor said "have you seen me before John?" "Yes, I said I think I have".

He then said "tell me do you experience your thoughts are different, maybe out of your control?" I answered "yes", and told him to bow his head in shame. I can't remember much else of his questioning, but I kept thinking it

was all strange and unfair, all I wanted was to get help to sleep again. I wanted to find out what the grass had done to me and then get back to normal.

We then discussed at length the terrible headaches I had been experiencing and the other strange and weird things that had happened to me recently. We discussed a lot of what had been happening in my life over the last week. He took notes and just kept saying "Uh, Hu". So I kept talking and was quite enjoying his obvious shock at some of the things I was saying. After about 25 minutes he said "John I think we had better get you assessed up at the Almay Hospital emergency department – I'll ring for some assistance to get you there....OK..?" I was a bit shocked at this, I had expected he would prescribe sleeping pills and headache pills etc and tell me to rest and take some more time off work until I was better. I hadn't expected I would have to go to a hospital. But after all he was the Doctor, so I supposed it was best to follow his advice.

He asked me to go back out to my mates in the waiting room until the people from the hospital arrived and then he would call me. I sat quietly waiting for a whilethen Barbie stalked through the door. Barbie said "I'm glad you're finally getting help John". Then she sat with me and soon after my two work friends left saying "hope you get better soon mate". About half an hour later two fat ladies walked in the surgery door and into the doctors' surgery rooms. When they came out they asked me to go with them to a back room at the surgery and Barbie and I followed them down the corridor.

We sat down in the room and they asked again the same sorts of questions the doctor had asked me. They only talked to me for about 10 minutes and then said "we would like you to come up to the hospital with us". I agreed. Barbie said she would go home and come up to the hospital to see me later.

I went in the car with what I later found out was a CATT ('Cat') pair ('the fat ladies') from Almay Hospital. They took me directly to the Acute Psychiatric Ward and to a shared room with another guy. Then when I asked where I could smoke they told me I could go outside to the basketball recreation area and pointed down the hall. They then left.

I walked down to the outside area. There were three other patients just hanging around smoking cigarettes and no-one was playing basketball. I grabbed the basketball and started shooting hoops with terrific accuracy, getting nearly all the balls in. I thought, this is strange, I'm not usually this good! I stopped and looked around the court yard and noticed that it was surrounded by a high opaque plastic sheeted wall. I thoughtgod this is like a prison – what am I really here for? But although now getting more

worried I thought it was best just to go along with what was to be and surely a real doctor would work it all out soon and give me the help I needed to get well again and get my sleep back on track. I then kept playing hoops for a while.

After a while, a nurse came out and took me to my room where I met a young male doctor. I can't really remember his name or what happened next but when I awoke I was in this same room and Barbie was sitting beside the bed. It was night-time, I seemed to have lost hours. Barbie lay on the bed next to me and said she was worried they would never let me out. This didn't make me feel safe and I wondered why she had said this.

At the time I thought whatever is going on I will be strong, I was so tired and sort of dopy and drugged and didn't still truly realize what was going on around me. I should have asked Barbie what she meant – what anyone had told her etc ...but I was just so tired I just went along with it. A short while later someone came into the room and told Barbie she had to leave because visiting time was over. She kissed me goodbye and I felt annoyed that she had to go. I lay there for a while and finally drifted off to sleep again.

I remember waking up at about 2am and feeling quite refreshed and normal. I thought I was in hospital getting the much needed sleep and I would soon be well and go home. Barbie was surely wrong – it was good to be feeling more like myself again. Something was disturbing me though, I could hear the guy in the next bed masturbating vigorously. I thought this is disgusting, I can't sleep here. I got up and went to the nurses station where a 25 year old male in T-shirt and jeans was sitting. I told him about the guy next to me 'wanking' and said "can I have another room please?". He said "No" and told me to return to my room, "All the patients are sleeping" he said "you shouldn't be up just now – do you want a sleeping pill?" I became frustrated and angry by his attitude.

I thought – who the fuck are you? This young punk should respect me, I thought and I said "Well I can't sleep here with this guy wanking, if you won't give me another room I'll just go home – I only live a few blocks from here!" I was starting to get really angry now. He then said "No, you must go back to your room now" and I thought "fuck this is ridiculous!" "Well what's stopping me going home?" I said "I can go when I want!" "No you can't!", the young punk said, "only a Doctor can decide when you go". I walked off in anger at his attitude and headed down the long corridor opening doors and going towards what I remembered vaguely as the main entrance to this large ward. I was feeling Ok, my mind was more my own, I didn't feel like I was tripping anymore, so I just wanted to get out of there.

A hospital security guard then approached me in the corridor and said "Come with me please John - you have to return to your room now". I thought this young punk nurse had obviously got it wrong and was making security force me to stay. I got even angrier when two other male nurses came up and insisted I took a sleeping pill now. I remember telling them to stick their pills, I remember getting angry and being scared but I can't remember whether I argued more or fought with them or what exactly happened next, but they must have heavily sedated me because I didn't wake up until the next morning. I must have been oppressed somehow – forced to comply since they obviously made me stay and sleep.

When I awoke, I was shocked to find I was in a much smaller room with a cupboard and a bed and opaque plastic windows set into the thick concrete walls. It had no shower or toilet off this small room like in the ward where I had been the night before, only a pee jug and a bedpan were in the corner. What's going on I thought? This is like a prison cell! How could I have ended up here! I thought I've done nothing wrong other than say some stupid things and argued with the young punk nurse the night before. I couldn't understand why this was all getting so bizarre, why hadn't the doctors just given me some medication to help my headaches and help me sleep again and then let me go home.

I felt like I was powerless, that somehow I had got caught in some weird and wonderful system. I felt like '*a mouse in a maze*'. I felt I had lost all my rights, I had no control, no power, '*I was a mouse with its tail cut off*'. I was a mouse in a madhouse and the Cats were keeping me prisoner against my will. I felt like I had been kidnapped by aliens and was being held in their huge UFO. I felt I had lost myself JT and had become just a mental patient – was I crazy I thought? Have the drugs turned me into a loon? What is happening? I was very scared now and really didn't know what to do next.

After the next few days in this small room which I now know was called HDU (High Dependency Unit), where I was forced to take an anti-psychotic drug - Risperidone daily by injection, I was returned for two more weeks to the open Acute Psychiatry ward again. During the time in the ward I complied to my Risperidone tablet regime, they then took me off injections and then I was finally discharged. There is a much longer story here but for now I'll leave it - to take up what happened a year later nearly to the day.

In 2005 my nightmare started again because of what happened to me at the Almay Hospital in 2004, because of the sick public health mental health system and not because I had stupidly taken too many drugs myself and caused my mind to snap as it had in 2004. Since 2004 I had been

depressed and had researched many things and knew I had experienced a psychotic break and that I possibly had a genetic predisposition to some sort of psychiatric illness but I had not been given any diagnostic name for my condition. I had read many things and understood the new Recovery approach to mental health and hoped I could self manage any challenges and stay away from hospitals and the terrible things I had experienced there. I never again wanted to be sectioned and forced to take Risperidone so I had given up dope and was hoping I would never be sick or mentally unstable again.

Nearly a whole year later to the day from my discharge from the Almay hospital, I was now living with my sister Lisa and I had been pretty depressed and apathetic for a few months. Since the accident, losing my job and breaking up with Barbie I had been living with Lisa and her de-facto, when he was in town and it hadn't been easy. I was getting only a minimum income from work-cover but this wasn't enough to set up on my own - even though I was finding it harder by the day to live at Lisa's. I was often very bored and felt hopeless and helpless. I was out of the mental health system but somehow still I felt trapped and mouse like. No Cats were now in my life. They the Psychiatric CATTs had followed me up to ensure I took my Risperidone for a few months after my Almay visit but after they stopped coming I stopped taking the pills and kept off all drugs and just tried to get my life back in gear.

My leg which I had damaged in a serious bike accident months before when still on Risperidone and one night was quite high was getting a little more movement now – but it depressed me that it still turned out and the pain was still pretty bad. For a week, I again had terrible headaches and was having trouble sleeping. Though this time I hadn't had any drugs and I didn't feel like I was tripping. I was experiencing a few weird things, though it was nothing like back in 2004.

I had told Lisa and her de-facto, my headaches were getting worse over the week and we were both worried about this and she suggested I went to see a doctor on the Friday. I agreed and she drove me down to the CATT Unit in Hampton.

I suddenly felt very apprehensive, this wasn't just a normal GP surgery – what was Lisa up to? This was a Psychiatric place like the place I had gone to for a few months in 2004 to get Risperidone, before my bike accident – a CATT (Cat) house. Oh God! What if they put me back in hospital I thought. Surely this couldn't happen to me again. I nearly turned and ran...but Lisa said "Come on John – it will be best if you get checked with these guys

considering last year – OK? To keep Lisa calm – since she had been stressing out for days I decided to go along with her request.

When we went inside and up to reception, they immediately took us through to the Consulting rooms behind the locked door. I thought – Oh no - not locked doors again! There we met a tall and skinny, balding, insipid looking character Dr Pat Boltman - a Consultant Psychiatrist and also a Psychiatric nurse, Brian, a short smiling, extraverted, feminine character. They interviewed me with Lisa about my headaches, my sleeping problems and my thoughts and beliefs. I was very tired, feeling apathetic and now scared and starting to get both pissed off and also intimidated by their attitudes to me. They talked to me as if I was a “crazy person” they acted like I was a psychiatric patient... they spoke in a condescending way and seemed to have already made up their minds about me.

Their opinion with a capital ‘O’, was that I was experiencing my second psychotic attack or episode – like last year when I had been at the Almay Hospital. It didn’t seem to matter what I said they just condescendingly kept claiming I was in a psychosis and that was because I had stopped taking the Risperidone.

I knew full well I wasn’t having a psychosis – like I had been through the year before, because of the drugs I had been taking. I told them it wasn’t that...I told them I was just sleep deprived ... I told them I was not hearing voices, I was not experiencing weird energies, I was not feeling connections to others through my mind. It didn’t matter what I said – my history was speaking for me. There seemed “fuck all” I could do! I was again being ‘Oppressed’ by the sick mental health system it would seem. I was just a small mouse and they were big Opinionated CATTs. They even as a joke I think had pictures of Cats on the wall at the Clinic and I had noticed at the front desk reception a fluffy mouse-like toy. I thought they like this “Mice and Cats” stuff. They like being little Hitlers! They like being in control!

Dr Boltman then advised I should start with Risperidone again immediately. I told him I didn’t want this. Last year Risperidone had led to a lot of problems including a terrible bike accident for which I was still suffering! However again “I had no voice”. He ignored me and stated unless I started the medication I would have to go to hospital straight away. He said another alternative is Brian’s CATT service staff – psychiatric nurses could come to my sister’s place daily he said and give me the meds. So I agreed to this, so I wouldn’t have to go to the hospital again. I couldn’t believe this was happening again, I had just had trouble sleeping with a few headaches - I hadn’t been taking drugs it wasn’t the same – how could they do this to

me...how could I be so powerless! ..“how had I become a “crazy patient” again? How had I become a “blind mouse”?

Over the next week, I had regular visits by different members of the CATT service, sometimes in the morning, sometimes at night. I hated these ('Cat') CATT visits, I felt like a little trapped mouse whenever they came. They forced my compliance with the drug regime. They took no blood pressure or other baseline tests. They took no notes when with me (but I later found out from my hospital file at the Ustina – they wrote copious and ridiculous notes of Fiction when they left me). There was male and female CATTs – they were big and small but they all treated me like a crazy person wanting me to be remitted or rehabilitated. None of them believed in self-management or Recovery processes – they all thought I needed treatment – drug treatment! I started wondering was this whole system linked to the Pharmaceutical industry. Were they paid to push the pills? Were they infact just like dealers making profit from pushing pills and other drugs?

They asked ridiculous questions and seemed very judgmental and opinionated about anything I told them and about my behaviour generally. They always spoke to me like I was some sort of moron or lesser being, a crazy with no intelligence, experience or worthwhile viewpoints or opinions. I remember that during one visit the CATT nurses asked me if I heard music or voices – I told them that I occasionally got a song stuck in my head but other than that nothing out of the norm.

I later found out that the CATT nurses had written in my medical records that I claimed to constantly hear music that I could not turn off – showing clearly the opinionated fake lies they were always writing about me. This as well as other notes made by the 'Cats' were lies or gross exaggerations of our conversations. They were using the “F” words - the Fake or False: feelings (thoughts), symptoms and observational notes written after the event from “MENTAL NOTES” by both Psychiatric Doctors and Nurses (the CATT's) in the public health system in relation to their patients (the blind MICE).

During this week of visits my sleep became better and I was starting to feel back to my normal self. During the week I had been sent for a CATscan and had been given a series of blood tests – since they still believed I was taking drugs. Lisa had told them a whole lot of lies apparently. I later found out the CATscan had been clear and the blood tests had shown no drug use by me other than their poisonous Risperidone.

The Risperidone was having bad side effects ... I was feeling more depressed, lower in energy after an initial hit (like a short high) and more

sleepy than usual. It also sometimes affected my balance and could make me dizzy. I told the CATT nurses ('Cats') about these terrible side effects – but they didn't care, they kept denying that what I told them could be true. They kept saying the drug didn't cause the effects. But I was experiencing them!!! How could they say such things.. I was powerless.... like *a small mouse played with by Cats*.

On Monday the next week I told the CATT nurses that I was feeling much better and said that I did not need to take the Risperidone tablets anymore. They became quite annoyed with me and then insisted that I come with them to see Doctor Boltman. I thought you got to be joking surely this won't happen again! But they insisted and said they'd call for back up if I didn't go, so I thought what choice do I have?

I got in their car and we drove to the CATT service centre in Hampton. I saw Doctor Boltman and a young fat "humpty dumpty" doctor colleague straight away. The second doctor was the one who had the information about the CATscan and the blood tests. Without much conversation at all, he demanded immediately I start taking the Risperidone. I argued against this - telling him this time about all the side effects and that I believed it did nothing to my state of mind other than a short "high" that wore off quickly and left me feeling depressed. He said "If you don't take these John, I will have to send you into the Ustina hospital Acute Psychiatric ward". I replied "Why? That's not going to convince me that these drugs of yours have any useful effect!".

He then seemed to get angry – I could see it in his eyes - but kept his cool countenance on the outside. I thought he'd be a good poker player! "Well it's your choice" he said, "you either take the Risperidone or we'll insist you do in the hospital!" I thought who are you to say this you prick...I can't believe this. I felt insulted ... I felt fearful...I felt powerless! I again felt like a mouse with this very Senior Cat! I decided I'd keep arguing this time "I won't take it!" I said assertively. "You have no evidence it's helping me - infact it seems to be harming me!" He replied – well then I'll have to commit you to the Acute Psychiatric ward. I just shrugged...I felt I had lost the battle, I had no rights, no voice...I was *a powerless little mouse again, just like last year and this time I wasn't even sick!*.

About 10 minutes later, two members of the CATT team, a short fat woman and a tall greek evil looking fellow, Conta basically pushed me into their car and drove me *'up the hill and down again'* to the dilapidated Rehabilitation campus of the Ustina hospital. We went into a lift to level one and I walked through locked doors again without fighting...I couldn't believe this was happening again. But at this point in my life I was feeling so low, a part of

me didn't really give a shit either. I was stuck in their system again, I was just a mouse. I was kidnapped by aliens and was being taken to their UFO. I thought everyone here just like last year will be flying and I am sure Psychiatrist CATs would use anal probes like the aliens if they could. I was a mouse a blind mouse, I was a real person captured by alien Cats – I was powerless and helpless-depressed and oppressed. I was a blind and oppressed mouse.

As the second of the three 'blind mice' in this story; I blindly in apathy and hopelessness, followed *'the farmers wife'* - the Oppressor (the public mental health, sick system procedures) – and lost my rights! My tail had already been cut off with their Risperidone regime, I had lost John Tomlin and had become a "mental patient". ***I felt 'I had no voice, no rights, no existence really!'***

It was the Monday 26th of June 2005 and I had no idea how long I might be stuck in this ridiculous system again. Over the next few days I familiarized myself with my surroundings. I listened to the many wits and beliefs that existed in patients and staff in the acute Psychiatry ward. The state of consciousness I was in left me open to the quips and comments of others; something that for some reason did not seem to be lost on my fellow patients. I was experiencing an associative disorder; as I now know it's called from my Psychologist friend Carol and her involvement in helping me have a voice for this story.

The rantings and ravings and delusions of the other patients were taken in by my Risperidone poisoned fragile mind. And they essentially spun my consciousness like a proverbial top. Until I decided my mind was my own and I decided to take control of it again.

Dr Pat Boltman when admitting me had said I must be committed because I was psychotic and refusing to take Risperidone. Once I was admitted Psych Nurses (Cats) said "Are you ready now to take your medication?" I was quite affronted by this as I had already made my opinion clear on this issue of medication and that's why they had locked me up!

I had told Dr Boltman that I just wanted something to make me sleep as I believed that insomnia was the cause of the associative problems I was having.

I could not believe I was unwillingly trapped in a psychiatric ward again solely because I wanted to treat my symptoms differently to what the Cats thought. As I also refused medication once in hospital I was taken to an isolated room in the ward and held down by security guards while the male

psychiatric nurses (Cats) injected me with Risperidone. I was a helpless hopeless mouse again seemingly with no rights! The Cats had me in their power – they could even kill me I thought! What will I do? How can I go on? I thought. Life is shit you must go on I thought in response to my self.

The hopelessness of my situation, the distress of being trapped in the ward – the prison – the mouse house was too much to stand. I was in denial and disbelief that this could be happening again. With these feelings and the rantings of other patients and with the drugs injected in me flying through my system, it made my already fragile mental state much worse and I did eventually have a psychotic break – caused by the very stress of the admittance and the poisonous Risperidone at very high dosage levels. They made themselves Right about me from their Opinions by arresting then poisoning me! The Cats were in charge and I was just a tiny little powerless and oppressed mouse.

I was now trapped, a mouse running on the wheel of psychosis. I was thrust into an Acute ward maze of irrational thoughts and emotions from which I did not know that I would ever return. And by this time I had given up caring. I did the only thing I could do, I ran the wheel.

In the Ward – Norma Jean, a very clever bi-polar with schizoid tendencies and a great acting ability - was one of the biggest head spinners in the place. I decided to make her one of the focuses of my conscious efforts. I had spent a few days now being tortured by her ravings and had a good enough handle on her belief systems I thought.

I began to play, running the wheel with my high intellect flying even faster than usual. My thoughts were different, faster, clearer, but not based on much reality I now assume. I added my own editorial to the end of Norma Jeans' quips and even started a few for her. Norma Jean was a highly intelligent bi-polar who role played "crazy" behaviour to get her own way. Sure she was manic, but she was aware what she was doing even though she acted 'out of control'. I soon found that I could control her emotional levels by engaging her beliefs and feeding them. Staff at the Ward openly stated "I wish I had your skills with Norma Jean-she runs rings around us!" I was her match intellectually and we both were tripping on Risperidone – using sugars in coke and chocolate to keep the 'highs' going and try to delay the plunging 'lows' that always came a few hours later. Then with the next injections we went 'high' again and so the wheel turned!

Things got even better when a patient I affectionately called "Egor" turned up. He was a 'monster'; a pedophile and many other gross things as well as a disgusting dribbler. His mind was well beyond help. He couldn't even

make coherent speech sounds he just dribbled and grunted most of the time. At one time, I attempted to share my problems with Egor when out smoking on the balcony – which was closed in to stop us jumping off with a strong perspex screen about 20 feet high.

Egor seemed to listen and then to my shock said “Who cares!” I instantly liked this monster from his response. He spent his time sucking on the end of spent cigarette butts the rest of we patients had put in the bin while dribbling gross wetness. Nearly all of us were chain smoking we were so bored with nothing to do except worry so he had a lot of spent butts to suck.

The stress and boredom of the place made smoking just about the only activity for us. There was no therapy or counseling. There was no activities other than TV watching and the TV didn’t even have cable channels. There was no positive ‘anythings’!. We were watched 24/7 from inside the bubble – the glassed in centre where all the staff sat and wrote screeds of notes from their “mental notes” and played poker or ate or did drug deals etc.

They (the Cats) occasionally came out into the open Acute ward – they fed us and told us to take our prescribed drugs, turning a blind eye to any other drugs around. But other than that we were in their oppressed system. We were controlled like little mice by ‘sicko’ Cats. We were prisoners with no rights, no voice, no hope! We were contained and ‘treated’ only with drugs. We were given no hope or support, we were not encouraged to enter a Recovery process, we were left to go more insane each day.

During the next few days I was suffering my own internal problems with experiences of time lapses or lost time. Nevertheless I managed somehow to connect to some of the other patients. We had a full house – all beds were full both in the Acute ward and in the Jumbil House ward – the place across the corridor where the real monsters and crazies like Egor usually were kept.

I found another patient, Natalia’s idea that I had something inside me separate from me, interesting and enticing. I started looking for this “thing”. This theme seemed to continue with my interactions with others in the Acute ward maze. One young guy I think called Roger (a footy player) was about 6 foot 5 inches and was built like a brick shit house said “ I don’t like what you do and say; what the bad inside you brings out in me!”.

Perhaps this was because of my word games and manipulation of others; feeding their psychoses in the ward. I was bored and sometimes deliberately engaged with some patients when they were ranting and raving to make things more interesting, to rile them up, to be part of the madness

on the wheel in the maze. I didn't know why he said this to me and I told him " You are talking shit man!". I don't think he believed me and at the time I don't think I believed me either.

Also the black guy, the rapist Lee Elvis approached me on the smoking balcony for a light for his cigarette and as I lit the cigarette he said "It's not for you!". He must have thought he was stealing my flame or something. It was all bizarre, all surreal, nothing made sense anymore. I was psychotic like them now and daily felt I lost more and more control of my mind. The hugely high levels of Risperidone were making me worse not better and the pink cocktail given at night to make us sleep was a 'doozy' and made us zombies walking the ward until we crashed sometime after lights out at 12 midnight. We were then woken at 6.00am with their cooking and cleaning and still in a zombie state shuffled to eat breakfast in the open eating area. The old dilapidated buildings didn't help any positive feelings either – the very environment was old dirty and depressing and when the Risperidone wore off between hits we all felt suicidal!

I felt scared but also agitated and angry being there, I couldn't settle, I roved around I spoke to many patients and tried to engage staff – some of whom were OK. The main patients I spoke to were **Norma Jean** and **Angelo** a tall guy who was a real weirdo from Albania as well as **young Adam** the fat Footy player who was also a Schizophrenic who had badly hurt other students at his school before he was committed.

There was also my pal **Timmy** with his gammy eye and schizoid ways and **Natalia** the local prostitute and drug addict who got heroine in the ward through her pizza deliveries. She and many of the other patients and staff were drug dealers and drug users. As well as these patients there was a suicidal depressed and vulnerable girl called **Karen** who was a musician with a polish mother who demanded too much of her. There was a black guy who just roved the corridors and never spoke to anyone, another Blackman who was a rapist called Lee Elvis and a young Maori woman **Enya** who was spiritual and flighty and later when Isobel came we found she was a brilliant poet and painter also.

At first I thought I must have been imagining all this about the drugs being consumed by both patients and staff on the ward. Not the prescribed drugs I mean – but recreational drugs like heroine, acid and even some dope. But later Norma Jean and I, when she was having a good moment, and not **acting** crazy as I now knew she was most of the time - discussed at length the history of all this drug using and dealing since she knew this ward, the staff and many of the patients so well from her previous visits "Up the hill".

Over the next three weeks I met many weird and wonderful types in the ward - both staff and patients. There were two special, highly intelligent and interesting ladies who I met – one I originally hated, the other I originally fancied – indeed was a little “in love/lust” with. Both now are firm friends for always. Norma Jean I first hated and a new recruit Isobel I first fancied. All the women on the ward seemed to have motor mouths and especially Norma Jean and Isobel. When Norma Jean and Isobel first made friends on Isobels’ first night on the ward, I encouraged Egor to “stir the bitches up”. I had had enough of my consciousness being caught in associative word games with female motor mouths.

Egor obediently continued to suck on used cigarette butts dribbling to Isobels disgust on her preppy designer shoes. I thought Isobel was about 40 and very sexy. I was in my mid thirties but I later I found out she was much older – 45 years old - with grown up adult children. She was divorced and recently her brother had committed suicided and she was more vulnerable and kind than I had originally thought. Although seeing her like a little girl in tears on her admission with a young six foot security guard handing her over, also nearly in tears, was enough to make any healthy man want to cuddle her and then fuck her brains out!

Well back to Egor and his annoying and scaring of the womenfolk. Egor kept sucking butts and dribbling and would loiter around the women ranting his own unintelligible grunts which basically scared the hell out of them especially Isobel and Natalia, the two prettiest women on the ward.

I suspected he did it for his own enjoyment though as we both found ourselves chuckling at certain moments there was certainly something being shared in our dual insanity. Our laughter heightened Norma Jean and the other girls fear and /or anger and at one stage Norma Jean lashed out at Egor and I had to jump between them to stop his automatic response which was to try to knock over Norma Jean. She certainly was gutsy to take this big guy on and she was most certainly protecting Isobel, her new friend and confident, she did not attack him for herself.

Isobel was a first timer in hospital. She said she was bi-polar atypical and seemed highly educated and articulate. She was obviously very scared at being in a psychiatric ward and decided to befriend me in an obvious and desperate attempt to feel safer in her new and scary surroundings. The basic nature of all humanity is so lame. But since I fancied her big time I didn’t mind and when separated from Norma Jean she was great to spend time with. Norma Jean sped her up just like she fucked with my head and Isobel was a different woman when not with Norma Jean or Enya. Norma

Jean and Enya were the obvious leaders of the ward and both had been there many times. They adopted Isobel and made her part of their three.

On day two of Isobel's short time in our ward (everyone is there for at least 72 hours – that's the law) we all thought she would be let out. Already all the staff and patients were saying she shouldn't be there and she and her visiting sister had been asserting patient rights and had been on their mobile phones all day even having the cheek to ring directly in his Ustina Hospital office - Prof Geoffrey Robinson the arse hole GOD of Psychiatry in Victoria. Apparently they had some effect because "Batman" as Norma Jean called Dr Pat Boltman – flew in for a quick direct observation of Isobel from the glass bubble. I was aware of this and tried to make her look sick and highly anxious I didn't want her going yet – I fancied her and liked her around. I made sure I scared her while the Doctor was observing her – to make her look scared and to talk too much and smoke too much – so he would not let her go and I could enjoy her company longer.

That night after Dr Pats' visit, Isobel was allowed home for an overnighter with her sister and kids. Apparently she blew it by being angry with her mother on the phone that night and staying up late to talk to her Aunt in the USA because they did not let her go as we had all expected the next day and she yelled at her sister and banned her from the ward. Until then Isobel had been so scared; her sister and she had stayed together all day in the ward. She was only alone at night so I hadn't really spoken to her much.

That day I started becoming increasingly frustrated at the fact in this ridiculous ward I was receiving like all the others, no care other than forced medication with Risperidone. Norma Jean kept saying it was a drug trial. that they took her blood etc etc. That we all took Risperidone and the Jumbil House group were compared to us while taking Olanzapine. She said it was testing high drug levels for the drug companies that funded Professor Geoffrey Robinson's research and gold Mercedes.

Her head games were getting me down. She said that they were testing what happened to us all. She said her lawyers said at this and some other hospitals people had already died with these sorts of drug trials at very high doses. The Pharmaceutical Industry controlled the CATS especially the big ones like Geoffrey Robinson the GOD of Psychiatry who was known for driving beautiful cars and having many houses based on the dollars he made from drugs companies!

I became increasingly aware of my hopeless plight. Not only was I trapped in my seemingly evolving associative thoughts I was also physically trapped

within a psychiatric ward. 'A cage within a cage' for us mice – where possibly I was being poisoned with extremely high doses of Risperidone.

I remembered one of the reasons the CATT team had used to establish my mental instability. I mistakenly shared with the team that I had googled the council rubbish bin code at my sisters' house and that the google search had returned the genome sequence for a rat. At the time it held no significance to me; I was just letting my thoughts and actions ramble with the assistance of the Internet.

The CATT team must have thought it was odd though as it was written in their notes about me. Maybe they were after google codes as well. Who knows? How apt though. After all I felt like a rat or mouse in a trap.

Realization of my plight prompted me to turn to the other people around me: other patients. It's not like I was having any luck communicating with the Doctors and Nurses in this Psychiatric madhouse. The staff were standoffish and had no real interest in we patient mice at all. The dead-pan look in their eyes when I tried to talk to them was palpable. It was seriously like talking to a 'zombie' and all they wanted to do was contain us all. They kept us half asleep all day, keeping us controlled and not emotional. They kept wanting to know what I was experiencing but I shared nothing – since they seemed really not to care at all.

So I started talking to the other patients after now being there fairly silently for over 2 weeks. I often ran with their delusions as we talked and had quite a lot of fun sharing some sort of emotional release. I played a game of throwing stuff off the balcony – over the Perspex wall which made me feel maybe we too could escape like the things we threw. I watched cats- furry ones roaming the grounds of the old Ustina hospital and saw some amazing things with birds flying upside down and seemingly trying to communicate with myself and the other patients.

One patient I liked was Timmy. Timmy was a young man with a gammy eye, experiencing psychotic delusions. He had been admitted after taking drugs (amphetamines). Timmy kept hearing voices that told him to do things like burn himself. I decided to befriend Timmy first because he seemed to be the most in need of a friend.

I sat on the balcony smoking cigarettes and chatting with Timmy whilst stopping him from burning himself on the hand with his cigarette between drags. None of the CATTs cared – none of the nursing or other medical staff had bothered to remove lighters and cigarettes from Timmy despite the fact he was burning himself. Timmy would seem lucid one moment and then he

would start ranting in tune with the voices in his head whilst rolling his eyes back in his head.

That afternoon Isobel and Norma Jean were really annoying. They had rilled up the other patients especially the girls and had them all laughing and screaming and painting – PAINTING - who would paint in a place like this? Isobel seemed to be taking over the ward with Norma Jean. Together they were certainly powerful. They seemed to get the best beds, the best food etc – they had the male staff eating out of their hands. Isobel even had a lock up locker – the only one with this in the ward. She had lovely clothes, loads of cigarettes which she openly shared and chocolates and other treats. She was buying her safety with bribes and treats and winning all the crazies over.

Norma Jean was showing her the ropes - how to work the system and she was clearly very intelligent and a quick learner as well as being pretty and sexy. She was still scared of Egor and I found myself being her bodyguard every-time she went out on the balcony for a cigarette. I was falling under her spell – her big brown eyes shined and her charismatic smile warmed my heart and I watched her all the time. I still hadn't really talked to Isobel much but I still watched her from afar. We had talked a little and laughed a lot the night before playing pool – but Norma Jean had wrecked that by continually interrupting and then taking Isobel away to dance with her and Enya the spiritual Maori girl.

Isobel was so different from the others – I kept wondering what her story was. People kept opening the door for her to leave the ward – she could have walked out anytime. She was dressed better and looked more confident than most of the staff. Her sister had not come for a few days and I had seen Isobel crying while looking at photos of her kids, but really I didn't know what was going on – infact I was as surprised as everyone else that she was still here.

Over a few days I noticed that Timmy's rants appeared to become less autonomous and apparently more the result of conscious thought and action. It was almost as if he had to keep the delusions alive. It occurred to me that perhaps Timmy needed to play out his delusions, to purge them in order to get better. At any rate he stopped burning himself after a few days and I decided to make another friend although cell mate would be a better descriptor.

I even had the idea of attempting to video Timmy's progress and play it back to him, so he could have an external reference point for his internal self as he progressed – but the CATT nursing staff saw me trying to use my video

mobile phone and took it off me. Isobel still had her mobile phone and I decided when I got the chance I would talk to her about this. But Norma Jean had her roped off. Isobel had clearly become her new best friend and she had certainly settled down a lot with Isobel on her arm, she now often seemed highly intelligent, lucid and really quite 'normal', not like the crazy actress I had seen before Isobel came to the ward.

Isobels' arrival had changed the ward a lot. She demanded baseline measures of blood pressure and her drug levels and had caused a near riot when all the other patients copied her and the CATs got angry. She asserted other patient rights and kept demanding the patient advocate should visit from the Ustina hospital. She kept requesting her treatment plan records, she asked for her patient notes. She had read all the information in the Mental Health Review Board and Patient rights booklets and was ringing lawyers, other Doctors for second opinions and many more advocate people. She tried to get people to the ward to help but up till now she like us was a powerless mouse and had not yet managed to escape or get a doctor for a second opinion into the system.

The next day the Chinese nurse told me I had to take my meds, I had been refusing them every day and they had just left me until now. Lui as she was called said they would forcibly inject me if I didn't agree to take the pills but I still refused. So that night two security guards and two male nurses dragged me from my bed while my room mates slept. Since I now knew I was a completely powerless 'mouse' I saw no point in physically resisting. I bent over for the jab and from then on had one injection every two weeks.

I used to have an immediate high and then a few hours later I sunk into a terrible, terrible depression. I thought I am loosing my mind - they will kill me or I might kill myself if this doesn't get better. I was bored out of mind most of the time. My Foot was really sore, I had awful headaches and foot pain that came in strong screaming jabs. I was given panodols but that really made no difference. At night I took the night sleeping draft everyone (except Isobel who was still asserting her human and patient rights and calling for baselines and much more) – Tomazapine. It certainly worked, for every night I slept a drugged induced sleep, deeply until rudely awoken each morning with rattling drug trays and cleaning actions by the Acute ward staff at 6.00am.

Apart from sleeping and suffering pain I did a lot of TV watching. The hospital food was awful and I was smoking like a chimney - much more than I normally would in the real world.

The next patient I got to know was Angelo, an Albanian guy. He had a good sense of humour and a rather comical belief that he was born from a test tube in an international space station. I didn't test his belief about his birth and just spent a few days hanging out with him, smoking cigarettes and listening to music. We also spoke a lot to old Greg who was quite intelligent but obviously lonely and depressed – this was an Acute ward supposedly for short term assessment and treatment but Greg like some of the others had seemed to be basically living here most of the time over a number of years.

Were the CATs I wondered making their own lives easier so they could deal their drugs and eat pizza like they did every night by just keeping a similar group of patients – on a sort of cycle? The same group seemed to be in and out of this ward and Norma Jean knew them all since she too had been in and out of the ward a lot in the last 2 years. It was very strange. Could they (the Cats) really be doing this to make their lives easier I wondered. Where were all the other crazies – the 20% in society? If the Cats just kept capturing and “treating” with drugs the same small group? What really was going on? I thought.

During this time Egor was still raising hell and now a black guy, Lee or Elvis as he called himself - a rapist the police had caught was also visiting our smoking balcony from the lock up at the back of the Acute ward. The girls were really scared. I found myself being a fulltime body guard now for the lovely Isobel. She seemed to like me and would ask me to go out there with her. She now had been here a few days and seemed to be more relaxed and working the system. Her sister was visiting daily again and she thought she would get out on Friday. She was running Music and Painting and Poetry activities with the patients and clearly was a good teacher although she said she hadn't taught for years and was now a business woman with her own training and development company which often worked on projects in Thailand and other parts of Asia.

We had had a few chats when on the balcony smoking and had discussed the importance of organisations such Beyond Blue and Mental health legal inc. She said she would contact all of them and the Ombuds for help when she got out. She said she would take some of the ideas we discussed about this public health sector to her networks and the government to try to improve this terrible sick system of mental health. She called herself, Norma Jean and me golden mice and the others brown and white and black mice.

She said she felt like we were all in a drug experiment. She thought the drug companies were probably behind it all using Dr Geoffrey Robinson and doctors like Dr Pat Boltman to ensure the drugs were taken at high doses to

test side effects etc etc so they could make more money. She said what others could be forced to test these drugs other than involuntary patients? – she said it made sense – but it was disgusting – patients should have rights and get choices re their treatment.

She said the laws and the mental health act were clearly being broken in this hospital. I told her the Almay had been virtually the same and we both discussed how terrible this was. She had been in touch with many support groups by phone now and kept asking for the patient advocate from the Ustina hospital – but of course they never came!

To the horror of the CATs she had even rung the local police to sort out her child care issues with her family and her ex husband from the ward phone which really annoyed Dr Pat and she was nearly punished with extra drugs that night. But her boyfriend Adrian Conway came in, an IT geek, and together they stood their ground with the staff asserting their patient rights with the black staff member who really liked her Akeem. That night Adrian her boyfriend had escaped with the copy of her treatment plan which was not supposed to leave the ward.

She said this would later help her case, she said she was going to sue for unfairly being committed just because she had sacked her shrink and her brother had suicided. She said she had managed her bi-polar illness for over 20 years privately and had never been more than hypo manic and everyday she tried to get an outside Psychiatrist to come there to give her a second opinion – but Dr Pat was blocking this with his slave doctor the fat friend “humpty dumpty - from Jumbil House”– Dr Ian Gall.

The law said she reported from what she had read, that she had a right to get this second opinion and to appeal to the Mental Health Review Board but she couldn't get these rights met – so she kept asking for the patient advocate of the Ustina hospital who never appeared. She also asked for the visiting community support people listed in the Ustina ward description notes but they also never appeared in the six days she was with us in the ward, nor after her release.

So Egor and the rapist Lee-Elvis, were raising hell with the women and Norma Jean and Isobel got a petition going to get them out of the Ward area which was successful and they were put back in Jumbil house. They now seemed to be manipulating the CATs more and Isobel was still refusing her meds except for Valproate which she said she had taken as a maintenance drug for years now.

She refused each day the offered Olanzapine (another alternative anti-psychotic to Risperidone) – asserting she was ok and at her usual baseline mood state apart from the higher stress she was feeling at being locked up. It was strange she was not being told to take Risperidone – we all were having to take this in the Acute ward. Lisa kept saying the trial for Olanzapine was Jumbil House and she agreed with Isobel she should keep fighting not to take it. Isobel also argued her father had Glycoma and that the pill packet for the Olanzapine said in the list of side effects this would be at greater risk for her also if she took them. She was winning the battle strategically but I wondered was she winning the war – she was still here and Dr Pat and his idiot assistant Dr Gall were still watching her carefully – but they seemed to give her a much higher respect than any other patient here.

She had been in touch with her old shrink Dr Yentil whom she had sacked and also her medical GP Alex Jeffrey and both these guys were apparently now trying to get her out. Apparently Dr Vivienne her intake doctor had stuffed up badly with her only giving her a short and unsatisfactory assessment and with her sisters' stupid comments Dr Gall had kept her past the 72 hours and now Dr Pat didn't know how to get her out without losing his power on the ward. Having her there was a problem for the CATs since she was so assertive but getting her out without disrupting the system was also proving a challenge for Doctors' Pat and Gall.

Isobel said her GP Alex Jeffrey's was a great fellow. He was a bearded artistic looking type and was clever and a very good diagnostician and she planned to get him to measure all her blood levels for drugs when she left the ward to help her case to sue. She trusted Alex she said and knew he would support her in her quest to improve patients treatment if he could. She knew he would believe her statements about this mad mouse house and she wanted him to understand how ridiculous it was that she had been committed when clearly she was not a danger to herself or others.

She said she suspected the night sleeping draft had more in it than Tomazapine and she was scared she had no control in here over the drug regimes. In the real world she was well educated about all potential side effects of drugs that she had had in the past and voluntarily took very high levels of anti-depressants when depressed to get out of her deep black holes she told me. Isobel was certainly an intelligent and interesting person!

I fell more deeply in lust/love with her everyday and wished we could be out side the ward so I could seduce her. Maybe when we both got out we could give it a try I thought. I was younger than her but she said she dated men

of all ages. She had been divorced for a couple of years now and her IT geeky boyfriend didn't seem nearly enough man for her!

During this time I did share my frustrations with some of the other patients particularly Isobel who I now talked to a lot. We could only steal slight emotional release from that bucket of human social waste called a Psychiatric ward. The other one who tried to join our three was Natalia. Norma Jean and she usually fought but with Isobel attracting them both they tried not to. Natalia was not a friend of mine – I hated prostitutes and drug addicts and I thought she was dumb and quite mean. I couldn't understand why Isobel was so kind to them all. Natalia continually ranted about how Jesus would save her and how she was pregnant like the virgin Mary. I found listening to her exhausting and even though I wanted to be around Isobel when Natalia and Norma Jean were there, I usually kept in the background-just watching and listening.

I did on occasion engage with Natalia about her fucked up belief systems but that just seemed to bring out the 'God botherer' in her. She would change from spouting God messages to horrible verbose vile obscenities from one moment to the next. At one time she came up to me and said "I know what you have in you – that is why he put me here – to help you – do you want to - touch me!!!"

I tried to stay away from her. Her mouth was the outlet for the bucket of dirty social humanity we were in and at times it affected my own evolving associative thoughts.

Each day I was continually asked by staff to take more Risperidone, higher levels of pills as well as my injections – which were now forced on me. I thought 'Fuck them' – I will make them make me take the drugs, I will never volunteer. I will cause them problems if they want to cause me problems I thought. I tried to believe I wasn't just a mouse being controlled by CATs but each day I felt more hopeless and helpless. More trapped and oppressed, more powerless. I was not JT anymore, I was an oppressed mouse, controlled by Cats in a very sick mental health system!

STAVE THREE - Norma Jeans story

I couldn't believe it, for two years now I hadn't had to deal with CATT nurses ("Cats") or their bosses the CATT Shrinks and here they were at my door again. I had at some level missed the rather calm, cool and sexy bald headed Dr Pat Boltman (whom I called 'Batman'), Senior Psychiatrist for the whole region and of course my personal shrink when in the system, since he fancied me, but no, this couldn't be happening again, I thought.

I had met Dr Pat Boltman over five years ago, after my car accident when my brain exploded and I nearly died. I met him and all his horrible CATT henchmen and slavet 'Cat' girls who had for three years on and off made my life a misery. But now I had been 'free as a bird' for two years and I didn't want to become a 'mouse' again with the 'Cats' in charge – locked up in their cells and mazes – being studied and prodded and abused. I didn't want my blood used for their drug research again. My God I thought – what can I do, this is a nightmare...it can't be happening!

Knocking on the door, louder now were two of the nastiest 'Cats', Ned and Colin. Both short and insipid characters, both on power trips as they always were. They yelled "Come on Norma Jean – open up – we know you are there!"

I immediately called back "You wait at the front gate Ned, only Colin can come in". Previously Ned had been very nasty to me, so I didn't want him near me.

I allowed Colin into my home, in the front room and Ned skulked down the garden path to the gate. Colin looked around in disdain. "Tidy as always Norma Jean !" he said. Well I have to admit the house had got away from me a little in the last few days, but it wasn't that bad. I am a trained Chef so I am always clean, but not always tidy.

I have a lot of colorful and classy furniture as well as lots of special things ranging from crystals, beautiful Marilyn framed posters, fairy and witch memorabilia, colourful ornaments from all over the world, soft toys and much much more. In good times when my 'Girls no Tricks' business and fairy programs and other enterprises had been going well I had acquired some special treasures and in my small front parlor if I wasn't careful things did tend to get a bit on top of each other when I was busy and the house started 'eating things' – I would loose stuff all the time and then it would turn up a few months later.

"Well I'm grieving" I said "...didn't you know Colin, ... Fred, BJ's Dad has just killed himself !" " I only just buried him, you know". "The funeral was only three days ago". I then tried very anxiously but quietly holding my emotions in control, to explain to Colin what was going on.

He didn't listen. He said "We've had reports you've been acting in a manic way again, we've been told you are violent and out of control". I was scared when I heard that, I thought God they're going to take me *'up the hill'*. I said "that's ridiculous, sure I'm sad about Fred's death and I'm trying to cope and sometimes doing a bit of loud crying and screaming – but my friends have been with me the last few days and this morning we had pink champagne before I went off to see my Private Psychiatrist (who says I'm fine by the way) and we toasted my freedom from Fred and my chance for a new and great future now".

Colin just raised his eyebrows. So I continued telling him in my usual fast speech that things had been going well for me in the last nine months. There was no reason for them to be there, I wasn't high, I was happy and sad together, maybe still a little drunk - that was all. I said "can't you just go away now-it really is all OK."

"No" he said "You know the rules Norma Jean – you'll have to come with us to see a Doctor". "How is the lovely Dr Pat?" I said sarcastically. He ignored me. Then Ned yelled out "come on Norma Jean or I'll have to call for the ambulance". Colin then said "Norma Jean your neighbour called and said for days now you've been out of control. She and a nurse friend with her said there has been loud screaming at all hours, other loud and weird noises and loud music all the time. She said you are terrifying her kids and that you nearly hurt her when she came over to complain about the noise to you".

"Well you know her Colin, she's crazier than me! She's always making up things and trying to cause trouble-she's jealous of me coz she's such a bitch her kids don't like her and they love me of course". "How can you listen to her! – my Private Shrink just said today I'm doing fine. He thinks I'm handling Fred's suicide really well. Give me a break Colin.....please just go now".

Then Ned yelled out again "Norma Jean if you don't come with us right now - this minute – I'm going to ring for the ambulance". "Do that I yelled back" and ran outside and locked the gate on him. Then I sat on the trampoline in the garden, talking to Colin. I was angry now and he was standing like a scared idiot on my garden path, I wanted him gone and considered doing a spell – but no I thought that would just give them more 'crazy' stuff about me to use. I thought if these bastards won't give me a

break when I'm grieving and trying my best to cope then I'll have some fun with them the stupid pricks .. I'll let them see just what I can really do...if I let myself go crazy".

From outside the gate, Ned kept yelling "Ambulance or us...Ambulance or us ...what do you want?" He was getting more and more frustrated, I knew from past dealings he was a nosey little prick and he hated that I had locked him out of the discussions between Colin and I.

I still thought I could get out of this predicament if only I could win Colin over. I kept trying to persuade Colin, kept trying to show I was OK – bottling my anger when I really wanted to kick him and throw him out of my garden, my home, my safe place. They were invading my home again just like the old days and I was terrified underneath. I was a mass of seething fear and anger as I tried to calmly talk to Colin so he would set me free and leave. Colin wasn't really paying attention to anything I said – it was like his mind was made up before he had even set eyes on me. He kept trying to persuade me to go quietly. Saying "come on Norma Jean, you don't want trouble, do you?"

Ned yelled "ambulance or us! " again. I yelled back at Ned, "I don't want either – just leave me!" I was becoming more and more scared by the minute. I thought to myself, my God they are going to get me again, I don't know if I'll survive this time. I don't want to go back *'up the hill'*. I thought how can this happen now, not now after 17 years of torture by Fred, when at last I'm free to have the future I want. Fred had had a serious psychosis and had spent many many years in and out of psychiatric hospitals and he could be a mean bastard – but I could never escape him because he was BJ's father.

Ned by this time was really angry and called the Ambulance. Twenty minutes later the ambulance arrived. I rang my friend Antonio on my mobile which I had been holding the whole time and begged him to come and help me. He said he was coming down the Hume Highway on his way back to Melbourne and would be there soon – he told me to hang on – he could hear my fear.

Then Colin grabbed the mobile phone off me and told Antonio not to bother coming there was nothing he could do – the Ambulance was already there he said and Norma Jean was going to hospital. He said I was really manic and sick, not coping with Fred's suicide and needed medication and help from the doctors. He said Antonio should visit me that night at the Acute Ward and hung up. Now I felt really, really angry and scared all at once.

I knew the war was nearly over and the Oppressors were winning as they always did. But I thought I'll not go without a fight.

I started pushing Colin away from me, holding back tears of frustration and anger. I didn't let him get near the gate to let the others in. He looked nervous and a bit out of control himself as he backed away from me. Ned was shouting "I'm ringing the Police – Norma Jean!". "Fine I called back, ring them, I haven't committed a crime. Is it a crime to grieve over a death in the family?" I got no response.

Thirty minutes later 'the jacks' arrived. When they drove the divvy van up to my driveway, I immediately ran out the gate towards them. I spoke to the one with the kind eyes. "This isn't fair, I shouldn't have to go '*up the hill*' just because I'm grieving my ex—husband's death by a horrible suicide and I had a few drinks of champagne with my friends!" I said. He said "we know what these arse-holes are like Norma Jean – you are trapped – you have to go. Do it the easy way get into the back of the divvy." I decided **I had lost, I had no power, no voice, I didn't really exist at all. The Oppressors had won! I was a mouse captured again by the Cats!**

I went back into the house, quickly packed some toiletries and a few clothes. Grabbed my pink blanket, locked up the house and went out to the divvy van. I climbed in the back, wrapped my blanket around me and sat down and started singing the Adams family theme song "*...We're creepy and we're cooky, mysterious and spooky.*" over and over as they closed the van door and drove off.

We arrived at the old Rehabilitation campus of the Ustina hospital and now really angry and scared at what they would do to me after all the fuss I had made back at the house, I fought not to get out of the van....begging the cops to help me... to take me to jail, not this hell hole! Finally I was dragged out kicking and screaming. "I hate you, you're all cunts. I'll fucking kill you all !" "Stop hurting me, you're all pig's you don't care" I yelled as I kicked, scratched and threw myself around.

I was dragged to the lifts and taken up to level one where there was the Acute ward I had been in many times before, and Jumbil House, the lock up for the really crazy's. I expected to go into the ward, but to my horror instead they buzzed the door of Jumbil House. I had never been in this horrible place before, though on previous visits '*up the hill*' after my accident, I had heard terrible screams and animal noises of pain coming from Jumbil house. I couldn't believe they were putting me in here and went silent with shock and horror, nearly collapsing on the floor.

They pushed me through the door and threw me in a solitary cell in the first corridor and locked the door. I lay screaming and crying on the floor. I was terrified, I couldn't believe this had happened. I thought this was awful, I hated locked doors, I needed to get out. Ever since my mother used to lock me in my room when I was little, about 4 or 5 years old, I've hated locked doors. I don't even lock toilet doors, I just hold them shut when on the loo. I felt absolutely powerless and trapped, what could I do?

When I calmed down a bit and stopped my incessant crying and screaming I looked around the cell in Jumbil House, they had thrown me in. It was filthy, the walls covered in brown stains, the floor old cracked cement, with only a dirty old mattress, a pee bowl and bed pan in the corner. The cell was only 6 foot by 8 foot. How was anyone supposed to sleep here? I started yelling for Dr Pat, banging on the door. After about 30 minutes, Enid a skinny evil little 'Cat' (Psychiatric nurse) came to the small glass window in the door and peered in.

Ten minutes later, the door was opened and three male nurses and two huge security guards ran into my cell. Remember I am only 5 foot 5 inches, weighing 78 kilos or maybe a little more, but before I met them 5 years ago I was a skinny 55 kilos – it's their pills and forced injections of "anti-psychotic" drugs over the years that made me fatter. Still I am not that big – so why five men! They man-handled me to the floor and before I knew it had me held down at the throat, arms and legs on my stomach. They pulled down my pants, playing with me sexually as they did (the bastards) and injected me with two jabs. They then started to sexually play with me more and I started to drift off – feeling like I was losing my mind. I could feel hands all over me and vaguely hear their voices and deep breathing. I couldn't talk or scream, I couldn't move. They are going to rape me – gang bang me I thought! I tried to move, I tried to cry out for help – but soon I was unconscious!

A few hours later I think, I awoke bleary and confused – feeling sticky down there and with sore muscles in my arms and legs. I looked up to find Dr Pat Boltman looking down on me. He said "Norma Jean, what's going on?" I said "Get me out of here – please, please get me out of here!" "They just raped me! Please Dr Pat – help me!"

Dr Pat made his usual solemn face stating "Now calm down Norma Jean you are hallucinating, or having bad dreams – no-one here has hurt you – we want to help you". "Please Norma Jean be a 'good girl' and calm down". "You have to stay and rest and settle down, Norma Jean...take your meds....I'll see you tomorrow". I looked up at him and said "I hate you !"

and spat in his face, while trying to push myself up off the floor. I couldn't get up and collapsed again in a drugged state, unconscious.

A little while later, I awoke in shock, not knowing where I was. I started screaming again and banging on the door. I had heart palpitations and yelled for help. I think I then collapsed again and my heart stopped. I vaguely remember being wheeled away on a gurney and taken somewhere and zapped with electricity to get my heart going again. However all these memories are dreamlike, they are vague and disordered because I was so heavily drugged up. So I am not really sure what happened, but I might have had a heart attack or maybe I just dreamed it! I was sure however I had been raped the night before and I was determined this time I would get the bastards!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Next day, early morning, as soon as I awoke, I started screaming and crying again and feebly banging on the door yelling for help. After a few hours, two nurses came and stood at the open door of the cell and said "Will you be good now?" "Yes" I said. They then said "Well be quiet for 30 minutes – then we will take you out to the Acute ward - OK?" They left and I sat silently with my head against the door just banging it softly-just enough to be heard and not to hurt too much. Then two male nurses and a female security guard – a bitch called Teena – a skinky blonde little rat type Cat - came back to my cell about one hour later. They stood me up and pulled me out of the cell. I tried to grab my pink blanket, but they had such a hard grip on me I couldn't reach it on the floor.

They led me out of the Jumbil house back door and into the back door of the Acute ward – Oh no! I thought this is 'lock down' - HDU (High Dependency unit), this isn't really the Ward, it's another jail cell. I had been in there once before, a few years ago when I had played up in the Open Acute Ward and deliberately scared some trainee Psychiatric nurses and a few of the patients one night. It was Teena the skink that had put me there then and had kicked and kicked me till I was black and blue and here she – the bitch-the Cat with a rat tail – here she was doing it again. I had been angry they had cancelled my day leave with my Auntie Rita and so had let them have it as I was known to do in the Ward. What was going on I thought? I've been quiet and good-why HDU, not the Ward? I demanded my pink blanket and my bag of toiletries, but Teena and the guards ignored me and threw me in the door of another cell. I felt like the 'littlest' most powerless mouse in the world!

Again this cell was tiny, with another dirty mattress, pee jar and bed pan. I was terrified and still very angry. I was feeling very scared, abused and

powerless. I am going to loose it here I thought. I can't stand this 'lock down' time.

Last time in here with their drug concoctions I really did nearly loose my mind. I was terrified it would happen again. Last night they had nearly killed me and my heart had stopped and they had brought me back from death with electric shocks – now they would poison me with drugs – I didn't think I could make it! I then went into a full blown panic attack, I had difficulty breathing and had heart palpitations and wanted to explode from inside. I ran around the cell throwing myself against the walls and screaming and cursing it wasn't fair until I nearly lost my voice-it was that hoarse.

After a few more hours, again two male nurses, Teena and two security guards came into my cell. They forced me to the ground spread eagled, pulled the hospital gown away from my body-pawing me as they did and jabbed me in the bum. I fell nearly instantaneously into a drug induced stupor. I was powerless again – a mouse – being controlled and hurt and poisoned by horrible Cats.

This went on for four or five days. Each day I remember them dragging me to the showers screaming and kicking like an animal. I felt absolutely terrified during this time that they would rape me or kill me. I also was finding it hard to hold onto my mind. I could hardly concentrate my mind on anything. I felt high and low, angry and sad all at once. My thoughts wouldn't settle, I was scared this time with their horrible drugs, I really would completely loose my mind and never get out of this place.

The next day I was scared and panicking so much when I woke up and my heart was palpitating so quickly, I yelled "I am having another heart attack!" This time the response came more quickly, two nurses came within minutes to the glass window of my cell, followed with the face of Dr Ian Gall. The fat 'Humpty Dumpty' Psychiatric Registrar from the ward and Jumbil House who I knew with Dr Pat from my visits over two years ago now. Dr Gall opened the door and said "Now come on Norma Jean - you are not having a heart attack – this is just your usual panic attack – now calm down and talk to me and maybe I can move you to your old room in the Ward". I sat down on the floor cross legged and stared him straight in the face. "What do you want to talk about Ian" - I said. "Oh just how you are really feeling, without the panic attack show", he said.

I hated this doctor with a passion and thought he was a complete fool. Why Dr Pat kept him around I could never understand. He made so many mistakes and mis-diagnoses, he had nearly killed quite a few patients with

far too high levels of drugs, who had been moved in a crisis to emergency and only just saved by stomach pumps and the like. He thought he was superior in his opinions and views to even the highly intelligent Dr Pat, and acted with Supreme power strutting around the Acute ward and Jumbil house because all the other 'real' doctors were off and busy working with other patients outside this area. He was restricted to this area only, not allowed to work elsewhere, so he had made it his kingdom. With a reign of terror, interjected with his terrible sarcasm and stupid jokes, he controlled all the Psychiatric Nurses and made them say things like 'doctors are always right' – 'don't doubt the doctors advice' and other such nonsense.

I decided to suck up to the stupid fool and flashed my boobs and my legs through the loosely fitting hospital gown as I wiggled around to look at him. "I really am fine Dr Gall – I would like to go to my old room, I said in a quiet, sexy voice." "Well what has all the fuss been about in the last few days? Dr Pat and I have been consulting and we thought on your previous history you would have calmed down by now – Norma Jean!." "Can I see Dr Pat please?" I said softly. "Not yet, I'll sort you out for now" he said. "Well what do you want me to do?" I asked. He put down my bag and my pink blanket which a nurse had brought in behind him. He said "Get dressed and tidied up and then I'll come back and we can talk and then move you to the ward - OK?" "Thanks I said pouting and I fluttered my eye-lashes".

He then got up and left with the nurse closing the door softly. As I stood to undress from the hospital gown and put on my clothes I felt eyes on the back of my head. But when I turned around, there was no-one at the glass window, there was no face there. I thought maybe I am imagining it? But then again as I started undressing I again felt like I was being watched. I bent down to open the bag, and again felt someone was looking.

I thought ... it must be 'Humpty Dumpty 'perving' at me ... so I wiggled a little - keeping my back to the door and slowly and sexily took the gown off and then very, very slowly got dressed. I tried to imagine I was one of the strip girls I used to provide daring gear for at the 'Mens Club' and 'Mens Gallery' in town - one of my old businesses. I thought maybe if he gets his rocks off by looking at me - he'll be kind when I go back to the ward. What a 'sicko' he is I thought, he's so fat and awful, he's probably never had sex without paying for it. I bet he perverts on all the girls in the ward. What a pig!.

But I kept up the show - hoping as a survival technique it would help me now get out of this place as quickly as I could. I knew once back in the ward I could get day release and then get out eventually if I did what they said. **I had I realized started complying ... "I had given up Norma**

Jean and become a 'mental patient' again – a part of their sick system, ... a mouse in their maze of madness. The Oppressors were again in charge of my life. I was powerless and useless, I couldn't be me anymore I would have to run the maze! Well life sucks I thought - what choice do I have? I have fought and I have again lost "C'est la vie!"

After I was dressed I waited 5 minutes to make sure "Humpty Dumpty had left. Then I knocked on the door – yelling - Nurse! This time a nice nurse, Barbara, who I remembered from the ward a few years ago came to the glass window and smiled at me, mouthing hello. I smiled back and she opened the door. As we walked, I asked her what day it was and she said Thursday the 29th June. It had been Saturday the 24th June when those horrid 'Cats', Ned and Colin had invaded my home. It was now 5 days later, I had only seen Dr Pat once and I had been here already five days. Much of that time was a blur, a nightmare, with terrible memories of torture and abuse that came in waves as I walked with Barbara down the corridor to the Open ward trying to remember details so I could write them in my diary when I got to my room and closed the curtains and lay on my bed.

I was determined this time I would get them for breaking the law and abusing me. In the past I had tried to record my mistreatment, my pain and mis-abuse in the sick public Mental Health system and had talked to Sonia, my lawyer from Mental Health legal Inc. about suing them. But since life had got back on track pretty quickly when I was released from my CTO after 6 months in April 2003, I had left it. Now however I knew I must act this time otherwise they could do this to me all my life. I was determined, this time I would get them! **This time I would be a 'clever rat' not a 'mouse', this time I would gather my evidence, this time I would survive and take back my life! This time I would charge them with rape and sexual abuse and poisoning! This time the Mouse/rat – ie ME would win!**

THE TWO KEY WEEKS IN THE WARD - 26th June until 11th July.

There are 18 patients in the Ward at the Ustina Hospital – Psychiatric Ward 10 – the Acute Ward. And Norma Jean knows 10 of them from her previous visits to the ward.

JT arrives on the 26th June, Norma Jean arrives on the 29th June and Isobel arrives on the 5th July. The others have all been there for approximately 2 weeks and stay at least 4 weeks from 20th June to 20th July 2005 or maybe longer.

The Mice in the Ward are of four types – Golden/Black/White/Brown – This is Isobel's terms re their intelligence, class and ability to help themselves against the Cats. Only the golden ones, who are very clever 'rat' mice have voices she said. The white ones could become golden if they learnt the Recovery approach to their mental health, if they learnt to self-manage and cope with their mental illnesses – their challenges in their lives journeys.

The black ones are evil and unable ever to use recovery- they cannot even be rehabilitated – they - are permanently psychotic and are a danger – they need to be locked away all the time for the good of society and for their own safety. They should never be in an Acute ward – even Jumbil house is not really secure enough. They have severe psychotic personality disorders that make them anti-social and unable to live in society. They are the ones in the 1 in 5 mentally ill that the police are after – many are the Pedophiles, the rapists and the murderers, that are never caught.

The white mice are 'psychotics' like Schizophrenics and mixed personas and those with variable affects and emotions – they are high in IQ and are able when medicated and self-managed to live normal healthy lives. They are usually articulate and well educated but are unable to take on the Cats since they are not in Recovery properly, they are often trying to 'get cured'. Many times they do not accept that they are really sick and they go off their 'meds' and loose their minds again.

The brown mice are low in socio-economic status and are generally not so high in IQ. They are working class, often uneducated and therefore not usually articulate about their experiences in the sick mental health system or about their lives generally. They are the truly hurt mice in the system - they have no clever rat personas and cannot have a voice. The white and golden mice must speak for them, since they cannot speak for themselves.

ALL OF THESE MICE HAVE THEIR MEMORIES SERIOUSLY EFFECTED BY THE ANTI-PSYCHOTIC DRUGS RISPERIDONE AND OLANZAPINE THEY ARE FORCED TO TAKE. THEY ARE CONTAINED IN THE SICK CAT SYSTEM WITH THESE DRUGS AND WITH SLEEPERS SUCH AS TOMAZAPINE. WHEN RELEASED FROM THE SYSTEM USUALLY THEY EVIDENCE BOTH SERIOUS

SHORT AND LONG TERM MEMORY LOSS. OFTEN THEIR MEMORIES ARE CONFUSED AND JUMBLED. OFTEN THEY CANNOT TELL OTHERS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THEM IN THE SICK SYSTEM. THIS MAKES THEM HELPLESS AND HOPELESS SICK LITTLE MICE UNABLE TO REPORT THE ILLEGAL AND ABUSIVE BEHAVIOUR OF THE CATS WHO HAD SUPPOSEDLY BEEN 'CARING' FOR THEM!

The Eighteen 'involuntary' Mice of the Ustina Hospital Acute Ward in 2006 demonstrate our current social order in the technology times of the 2000's. Their treatment at the Ustina shows a horrifying system of oppression and evil authority. Like in Steinbeck's book; they as a group – through me – the author/editor - write jointly and anonymously about society's mistreatment of the mentally ill or challenged. The three main characters, JT, Isobel and Norma Jean write as three 'involuntary patients', ("Three Blind Mice"). They write for themselves and for their peers (fellow patients) in the public mental health system. All characters in the book are based on real time interviews during 2005/2006 and their stories pre and post this two week Ward experience.

(Open Acute ward patients (characters) – n=18 – two monsters visiting there - sent back to Jumbil House (Egor and Lee-Elvis) after the female patients petition the Ward staff.)

John (JT) – main character – one of three blind mice – Golden - Bi-polar – not yet diagnosed – drug induced psychosis and annual attack – two hospitalizations in two years at the Almay and Ustina Hospitals – the hero in love/lust with Isobel

Isobel – main character – one of three blind mice – Golden - Bi Polar - in stressed hypo-manic state – "no danger to herself or others - shouldn't have been committed. Tries to beat the system – the heroine

Norma Jean – main character – one of three blind mice - Golden – Bi Polar with schizoid personality traits – many times committed for manic episodes since her car accident leading to brain damage. Now since her husbands' suicide, she is back in again in the Ward after two years un-medicated and mentally healthy.

Other patients (Sub characters) :

4 Timmy – white mouse - JT's friend; schizoid personality – delusional with gammy eye – Timmy rants and raves with the voices in his head

5 Egor - black mouse - (monster - pedophile) - very sick individual – sent back to Jumbil House after the girls in the ward make a petition

6 Lee-Elvis- black mouse - (black rapist) – scary - sent back to Jumbil House after petition by female patients led by Norma Jean and Isobel

7 Natalia – white mouse - (prostitute – drug addict) – Schizophrenic and drug addict a mother of a young child – works the ward – brings in heroin in pizza's

8 Adam – brown mouse- young footy guy – schizophrenic – footy player type- still at school – caused huge problems with Violence there at the school prior to being committed– Norma Jean looks after him – he is regularly in and out of the ward.

9 Angelo (Albanian guy) – brown mouse – friend of JT – paranoid-delusional – thinks he was made in a test tube – on a space ship and has no parents or friends

10 Roger – brown mouse - Norma Jeans friend – young one – still at school – see her description in her story.- quiet unassuming when drugged – just watches TV- depressive – but when not medicated can be violent and angry

11 Enya – white mouse - Maori girl with great spirituality – is schizophrenic and psychotic but a genius. She writes poetry out loud in words and paints like an angel. She is kind and caring

12 Dotti (old greek) – brown mouse- depressed and suicidal – very quiet just sits in front of the TV all day

13 Greg (old depressive) - brown mouse – a fifty five year old nearly permanent resident – in and out so often – he is a chronic since his birth since his brain was damaged during childbirth. He constantly complains of being tired.

14 Lisa (anorexic) – white mouse – only self admitted patient (now also committed) – she has been to the ward before when depressed, knows a lot of the staff and quietly just lives there

15 Karen – white mouse - (musician – polish – depressed – suicidal) – tries to join with Isobel and Norma Jean – befriended by Enya

16 Davie – brown mouse - young manic-depressive in manic state – takes medication Olanzapine(zypraxa) to show Isobel its ok that it won't hurt her- to try to encourage her to comply so she will not be hurt by the nurses – he likes Isobel, thinks she is a “yummy mummy”

17 Mary Leaf – brown mouse - quiet knitting woman – depressed patient – suicidal history – one of the first patients to copy Isobel by demanding baseline blood pressures etc and is soon moved to Jumbil House

18 Merv – white mouse - middle aged broken down executive – he hallucinates and he sees objects on the TV that are dangerous when the patients are trying to watch TV quietly at night.

19 Scarr – brown mouse - a Russian Schizophrenic who only speaks a little English. He is always trying to escape and has already broken the seal on the opaque plastic wall of the smoking area outside.

20 Sin Lee – brown mouse - Scarr – he is a dark brown man. He's a depressive, a psychotic and an epileptic and continually walks the boards up and down the acute ward corridors chanting to himself - otherwise he's fairly harmless unless he is fitting because then he makes a mess!

These Mice are a perfect example of the usual Acute Ward patients that can at any time be found in major public hospital Psychiatric Wards in Australia, indeed in the whole Western World. The percentages of Bi-Polar, Schizophrenic, Eating disorder, Addicts (drugs/substance abusers), even sometimes compulsive dangerous gamblers – that is in modern DSM terms – the Impulse Control Disordered (ICD) patients will be different on different weeks. However these ICD patients along with Personality disordered patients ranging from neurotics through to rapists, Pedophiles and Murderers will always be found sectioned or committed in these Wards.

In some Eastern countries such as China, North Korea, Cambodia and others – these patients are locked up permanently – often left to die. In the Slavic and Communist Countries, the same is the case. Right across the World these people with biological illnesses – chemical imbalances in their brains are locked up and oppressed or sometimes killed because the medical model alone cannot help them cope with life. It is time for a Change globally to models for MENTAL HEALTH! The patients jointly writing this book through me the author/editor and the "three blind Mice" tell their stories in the hope others will understand and will lobby governments and Insurance companies and the Pharmaceutical Industry to invest more money to help their plight and change how they can COPE with and lead better journeys throughout their lives.

NORMA JEANS story continues – back in the Acute Ward

So here I was in the Open, Acute ward again, well I knew how to run this system – I had been here enough during 2001, 2002 and 2003. There was the usual 18 crazy's here – though I say that kindly coz I'm like their den mother when I'm here – I make sure they are all ok apart from the monsters!

The first inmate I saw was one I knew well – young Roger. Roger had been diagnosed a schizophrenic over three years ago when he had been bullied at school and had then had a very violent outburst striking a teacher, breaking furniture in the class and scaring the students – then he had been in year 10, he was now 19 years old and when not in hospital lived near me with his grand parents. He was a lovely young chap when medicated and I had a soft spot for him. He certainly looked pleased to see me as I walked up the corridor with Nurse Barbara – locked door banging behind us.

I had a quick look around to see who else was in that I knew.

I went into my old room and chose the bed near the window that was one of the beds currently empty with no stuff on the shelves beside it. I thought, I'll move whoever is in my old bed as soon as I can. The other two in the room were new. A highly strung young violinist Karen (probably also a schizophrenic) who Barbara the CAT nurse said had tried to suicide at home and again in the ward and an old greek woman Dotti who was a broken down depressive suicidal nurse.

After Barbara left me I snooped around a bit – the old nurse (now a 'mouse' like us) Dotti, had multiple problems her sheet showed which I read as I looked beside her bed. She was demented, depressed and schizo-affective. All par for the course I thought. The usual crazy's!

I decided to go out for a smoke to the yard and on the way met old depressive Greg another regular of the ward who I knew well and then who did I see next... but Natalia – the bitch! I thought. Greg was 58 years old a depressive with no family who cared about him anymore and he virtually lived in the ward. He loved the football team Geelong and played his ghetto blaster all day in the day room when not watching TV.

Natalia was about 25years old. She was a diagnosed Schizophrenic and drug addict who was like me a mother of a young child. She knew the ward as well as me and often brought in drugs through her Sugar daddy usually bringing in heroin in pizza's and other food that was delivered to her.

But this time I'll watch out for her I thought, the druggy crowd she ran with had given me grief in 2003 when I had got out for a while until my brothers had sorted them and I didn't want that again when I got out this time.

The next patient I met on the smoking balcony was a tall handsome young guy in his mid 30's talking to another new one called Timmy. Timmy was ranting about different things obviously firing in his head and the tall one was just smoking and watching. I said Hi and when he looked at me with a sneer I then decided to go into my crazy witch persona and give him a scare. He said he was an ex cop and ex investigator and didn't want to talk to me or the other crazy's. I said "What about your friend here?" He said "Timmy's alright he's just having a moment." Timmy was clearly a schizoid personality and was obviously delusional, ranting and raving with demons in his head. My ex hubby now dead had been that way many times so I recognized the symptoms.

On the balcony was also a dribbling monster – called Egor apparently, the tall handsome JT said. He was a pedophile, a very, very sick individual and I wondered why he was in the Acute ward and not in Jumbil house. JT said there was also a rapist in the lock up at the back of the ward that the Police had brought in 2 days ago. He was called Lee-Elvis and was a black rapist the cops had been after for a while now in the city. Apparently he also came out on the balcony for exercise and to smoke each hour. Then he was locked up and returned to the glass house at the back of the Acute ward. I thought – God this visit here is going to be a challenge! How will I survive if they force those psychotic drugs on me and I start to loose my mind again. I couldn't decide if JT would be a help or a hindrance.

I finished my Cig and decided to go back and scout around the ward to see who else was in. I went to the bubble and asked Lui the Chinese head Psychiatric Nurse for the phone soon. She said "now you know Norma Jean it's only for important calls, not chatting – come back in an hour". I went to start looking through the ward. Natalia saw me in the distance and sneaked into her room – the only single bed room closing the door. I thought I'll get that bitch later!

The first one I saw in the boys dorm rooms was Adam. I knew Adam well. He was a young footy guy, a schizophrenic still at high school. He had caused huge problems with violent outbursts many times at the school and I had met him in here a few times before. I look after Adam in and out of the ward. He often comes to my place when we are both out of here "Up the hill" - I'm like his big sister. Adam introduced me to his room-mate Angelo an Albanian guy who had delusions and was a terrible gambler and Adam

says he thinks he was made in a test tube on a space ship and rolls his eyes at me. I thought oh great more really weird ones. The other one in their room was Roger another young one was also still at school who I knew also very well. His grandparents depended on me looking after him in here so I told Adam to tell him to look for me when he came back from the showers.

I left the boys area and headed for the girls part of the ward. The Acute ward is an open ward but the women and men have separate bedrooms on either side of the glass bubble where the staff sit. In the girls area I found another old friend, Enya. She is about 24 years old and is a Maori girl with great spirituality. She is schizophrenic and psychotic but a genius also. She writes poetry out loud in words and paints like an angel. She is kind and caring and great to be 'in prison' with. I was really glad to see her here.

She came over and kissed me saying 'what's up NJ?'. She filled me in on the others in the ward. She said we have Lisa (anorexic) with a sad way. She had been to the ward before when depressed, and she knows a lot of the staff and quietly just lives here. She is not involuntary she put herself here! Hard to believe isn't it? But each time then end up committing her, even though she comes in voluntarily. We also have Karen who is a musician, a violinist. Her family are polish and very strict and she is very depressed and suicidal.

We then both walked out together to the balcony for a smoke. On the way we saw Davie a young manic-depressive in a very manic state. In the day room was Mary Leaf a quiet woman who was always knitting and pretty much minding her own business Enya said.

Enya said another new person who was unusual for the ward was Merv. "Merv is a *middle aged broken executive*". He hallucinates that he sees objects on the TV that are dangerous. When the patients and I are trying to watch TV quietly at night" Enya said – " it can be quite disruptive"! " But they keep him fairly heavily medicated most of the time" she said. "Our last new inmates are Sin Lee and Scarr. Scarr – he's a Russian and only speaks a little English. He is always trying to escape and has already broken the seal on the opaque plastic wall of the smoking area outside", Enya said. Sin Lee is a dark brown man. He's an epileptic and continually walks the boards up and down the acute ward corridors chanting to himself Enya said "otherwise he's fairly harmless unless he is fitting because then he makes a mess!"

I decided this time I would try to get Enya to help me record things. This time I would get the information while in here to shut this disgusting place down. To stop these bastards sexually abusing and raping women here! I

would record everything in my diary. I would get what my lawyers needed – real data. This time I would fight but I would still have fun and look after all the others stuck with me like a little ‘mouse’ chased by ‘Cats’ in a maze of madness. I would this time make sure it was my last visit. This time I would stick to my plan and make sure when I got out that I would never have to come back. This I thought will be my last visit - hoorah! My last time with Batman and all the other CATTs! Fred was Dead, BJ was growing up and I must get my life back on track I thought.

STAVE FIVE - Isobel arrives

As the first of the three golden but 'blind mice' in this story; I blindly in fear and anxiety, followed *'the farmers wife'* - the Oppressor (the public mental health, sick system procedures) – and lost my rights! My tail was cut off at that moment, I lost Isobel McDougall and became a "mental patient" when I complied and got voluntarily into the car without a fight either verbally or physically! This was the FOURTH MISTAKE of many, many others I made in the next days - when ***I felt 'I had no voice, no rights, no existence really!'***

So they took me 'up the hill' and way down again to the tired and dilapidated buildings that held the Acute Psychiatric ward. Rita stayed in the car but the old and young security guards walked me over to a yellow door. We went inside and up in a lift to level 1. I was absolutely terrified and crying silent tears of fear. We got out the lift and a sign said Acute Psychiatry to the left and Jumbil House to the right. They turned left and said this way please Isobel. I followed like a mouse with its tail cut off.

We entered another locked door and it banged ominously and loudly behind us. They walked me down the corridor and to my horror I realized it was an open ward and there were crazy people wandering around already who could touch me and hurt me I thought.

My god – please help me I prayed and now started really crying out loud trying to stifle my tears and sniffles. Half way along the corridor was a glassed in office. The security guards told me to sit on the sad looking blue couch near by the door of this glassed in office – later I learnt named the 'crazy bubble' by the patients. There were doctors and nurses inside or so I guessed. I wanted to get in there too. I didn't want to be out with all these crazies. I remembered the film the "cuckoo's nest" with Jack Nicholson and I thought "My God I'm in a hell like that!"

I knew this was like a police remand centre for detained psychiatric patients and there could be some very dangerous people there- highly medicated or being assessed and it was possible I was to be admitted with them. I had been working very closely in previous years with Victoria Police and some members of the Australian Federal Police doing management training and I was terrified I was with their rapists and murderers. I was absolutely horrified and terrified and very angry that Dr Yentil had done this to me as I now believed must be the case.

I sat quietly on the old blue sofa, stifling my tears and the old guard left – the young one only stayed because I ‘cryingly’ begged him to and he too was nearly crying all six foot plus of him. After about 10 minutes which seemed like 5 hours, a nurse came out. She told the security guy to go and then she told me just to keep sitting there and wait. She talked to me like I was an idiot. She talked to me like I was a three year old. This made me even more scared and I looked with begging eyes at the young security guy but he just smiled back and said “You’ll be Ok-just wait like they said – sorry I have to go now!”.

He walked off down the long corridor and I was alone with the crazies! A short skinny black man was roving the corridor and I could see a group of people through some sort of TV room out on a balcony. Then a young girl I later found out was Karen came and sat next to me – staring at me. I was petrified and just smiled and kept looking in the glass office trying to get anyone’s attention. She sat there with me not saying a word or smiling for the next 20 minutes or so. Finally a nurse came out again and handed me a two page handout about the Acute ward and then left me again sitting with Karen. I read this twice while I waited.

Other patients then filled past all staring at me – some laughing. They made a lot of noise and were obviously all off for afternoon tea or something down at the end of the corridor where the door had locked behind me when I came in the ward.

I was so scared when I came in the ward I hadn’t really noticed what the rooms down there were. I guessed now it must have been a dining room and/or kitchen and laundry of sorts. The girl Karen sat with me and crying I read the handout. I wasn’t calm enough to take it in but generally it described the purpose of an Acute ward as a short term stay assessment place. It was in a psychiatric ward and had Doctors and Nurses who were watching patients 24 hours a day. I couldn’t see anything about Psychologists or social workers so I worried that only the medical model would be here. I thought what chance have I got - they will be Opinionated with a capital ‘O’ just like my private Psychiatrists Dr Yentil and Doctor Eve had been. What will they do with a bipolar like me I thought?

About 20 minutes later (I had now been sitting there seemingly ignored for well over an hour) finally a very young female doctor came out to see me.

I remembered from my u/grad Psych classes and Diploma of education that I must be in the second stage – the RECOMMENDATION STAGE of being committed or sectioned. When the young doctor came out I therefore asked what the next part of the process was. She looked surprised I was so

articulate and obviously educated and said "Please wait I'll get you some information in writing". She went back in the glass bubble. About 10 minutes later she came back with more photocopies. I later found out at admission in the ward I should have been given a full information kit including an excellent patient rights book written by Mental Health Legal Inc. Unfortunately I didn't get any of this kit until more than a week later. I really wish now I had been given it as the law demands on that first day.

So the next event was a very short clinical assessment I found out to be implemented by a sick, with the flu, older female Psychiatrist Dr Vivianne. The young Doctor took me down the corridor and past all the bedrooms and a glassed lock up with a black man in it - down to an interview room. Here three others entered the room. I was terrified but decided I must be assertive now and try to save myself. Dr Vivianne introduced herself and the Senior Psychiatric nurse, Louise. Dr Vivianne looked very tired and down in the mouth she was coughing and was obviously very sick with the flu.

I started to think about what had happened and started writing notes on my handout sheets about the Emergency ward and now here in the Acute ward. Dr Vivienne didn't like me writing. She was angry with me therefore before the clinical assessment even started. I thought back to how compliant I had been so far and decided now I would now fight for my rights.

While detained (under security guard) at the Austin Emergency ward, I had not I decided been assertive enough.

I became much more anxious and fearful of what was happening as the minutes and then hours passed while I was held there in Emergency against my will waiting for Dr Pat Boltman. Here in the ward I still had not met this listed Consultant and instead was to be assessed by a sick old Psychiatrist Dr Vivianne who was obviously not happy to be there.

I was not allowed home, over the hours I was there in Emergency and I was continually lied to. I was escorted for smoking outside by nice friendly security guards, and even though I was getting highly anxious I was still chatting and being friendly to all the staff. I used psychological coping "positive self talk" techniques to try to lower my anxiety and communicate my compliance and needs to all the staff.

I was continually denied my Valproate even though I asked for it as soon as I knew I wasn't pregnant. I was not given a proper "clinical assessment" against what I now know as the 5 criteria for involuntary admission following the correct procedures under the act, by anyone in the Emergency ward.

My requested medication and all patient rights were denied me for the 3-4 hours approximately in the Emergency ward before they finally drove me to the Ustina Acute Ward – ward 10 at about 4.00pm. Although I asked staff many times for my pills and for information as I waited patiently, but anxiously, for my listed psychiatrist Dr Pat Boltman to appear, as promised, to assess my mental state I was never given pills, information or help.

I was never told during all these hours that I was a patient with a request and/or recommendation for involuntary status and potential admission to ward 10 at the Ustina Psychiatric section of the Hospital by anyone. I was not given any paperwork about my patient rights or status. I was treated as if I was unable to read or write-I was not listened to nor respected for my self-reliance and self-management and knowledge regarding my mental illness and current mental state of high anxiety.

At approximately 2.15pm- 2.30pm an RN Nurse finally told me in words to the effect "...You are an involuntarily detained patient – you are being admitted and will see Dr Pat Boltman at the Ward..." She never said where the Ward was or what type of ward it was. I asked for my family- to speak to my kids and/or my sister Scarlett and for clothes and toiletries if I was to be admitted. She said words to the effect "I could arrange that all after I saw the Doctor,..... Doctor Pat Boltman".

I was then taken eventually at approximately 4.00pm, with "Rita-the minder" and two security guards, a young one I had been chatting to in cigarette breaks outside Emergency and an old one driving - to Ward 10, the Acute Psychiatry Ward – Ustina Hospital. I was now in stage 2, my clinical assessment by a Consultant Psychiatrist Dr Vivienne. I was terrified, I felt hopeless and helpless, I was a mouse in a cage – A Cat cage!

IN THIS SO CALLED CLINICAL ASSESSMENT AT THE WARD WITH DR VIVIANNE I WAS NEVER asked re this following information – it would have been important history for a clinical assessment if they had actually ever given me one – which they - the CATs never did!

Extra relevant information – predisposing "stressor events":

I worked full time for 4 months for a Professional Association (Jan 2005-May 2005) as a Business & Training Manager (and after 3 months probation I was given a three year contract at \$100,000+ annual salary). This was terminated on 10th May 2005, since I reported my boss, as a "workplace bully" to the CEO. I was paid out a few months salary and I am still considering suing for this unfair dismissal – one of the stressor events of 2005.

I am awaiting a new job part time soon I hope and I am and have been since July 2000, running my private company again as the Managing Director/CEO and preparing for more trips to Thailand. If all goes well I

probably will not sue the Association but I will sue the Ustina hospital sometime soon in the future when they least expect it.

I also had a stressor event prior to my admission at the Ustina hospital that was linked to my ex-boyfriend Adrian and his personality disordered wife who had been abusing physically and psychologically their children for over 10 years.

These and other family issues to do with my siblings and parents suffering great pain from my brothers suicide were all important stressor factors which effected my stress levels and fast quick speech – in their – the CATTs view ‘pressured speech’ and led to my demise and my containment in this sick mouse and Cat system.

No real history was ever taken during this first 10 hours in the mental health system. No clinical assessments following the five criteria for a section were ever made. I was locked up because Vivianne the doctor was sick and was wanting to go home. I was locked up because Dr Yentil panicked when I sacked him and because Dr Pat Boltman my listed Consultant was too busy to see me.

I was locked up because my mother and sister lied to Dr Yentil calling me ‘high’ when I was merely stressed. I was locked up because I was quick thinking and spoke fast. I was locked up because of peoples’ - the Cats and my families Opinions, with no evidence to make these opinions a truth. I was locked up because the public mental health system is under funded. I was locked up because I was so scared and new to the system I didn’t know how to get help.

It will never happen again and I hope the fact that this book and possibly also a film will soon exist will have made my next week of the story in a living hell at the Ustina hospital all worthwhile!

Isobels' Recommendation and Admission stage cont–Isobel arrives :

At Ward 10 on admission, I therefore knew through my work at the Association with the Victoria police, more than ever before about psychiatric and personality disordered criminals from being friends with Jim Blake, Head of Major Fraud and other officers like Flora Richards, Head of Broadmeadows SOCAU, Milt Noon Head of Vic Police - sexual crime online, Alec McLean , Australian Federal Police and others too many to mention just how dangerous some of these Acute Ward and Jumbil House Ward patients might be. This knowledge elevated my anxiety very much while sitting near the nurses' station awaiting Dr Pat Bolton.

I was a non-psychotic, highly anxious, non-clinically trained in psychology, teacher and manager with a-typical bi-polar. I was not 'high', my mood was stable, my speech was fast from anxiety, it was not 'pressured' as it might have been if I had been psychotic.

I was very stressed on the day of July 5th since from 9.35am I had suffered the CATTs invasion of my house and I was very, very afraid! As I said earlier, I cried crocodile tears and asked if the security guard – the young one could stay with me. A patient I later learnt was called Karen, a violinist with Schizophrenia who had made a number of suicide attempts in her psychiatric history - stood watching me silently (and weirdly I thought at the time) as I sat on a couch in the ward near the nurses station (behind the glass – "just like the 'cuckoo's nest film' with Jack Nicholson" I thought - with high anxiety and fear!.

I waited compliantly and patiently on this couch near the nurses' station until I was told to do things. I sat patiently until I finally was seen by a Doctor. I again kept asking all staff for my Valproate medication (4 x 500mg) and I also asked for a time when the Doctor listed for me – Dr Pat Boltman - would see me here in the ward for a clinical assessment of my mood.

I now know that the name and address of the doctor who decides a patient meets the five criteria for involuntary detention must be recorded on the recommendation form at the hospital. This was never done. It is unlawful to state something in the admission and recommendation process without valid reasons for doing so. (It is unlawful to state 'un-truths') Unfortunately for me the Psychiatrist Cats at the Ustina Hospital seem unaware of these laws since my intake paperwork and patient notes are full of pages and pages of un-truths!

If staff from a CATT team visit you at home, and they believe you meet the criteria for an involuntary patient they must take reasonable steps to find a doctor to properly assess you at home or in the community. This is the law and it was not followed in my situation. Instead I was threatened and they

demanded I accompany them to the hospital for an "interview"/assessment. I was treated like a Mouse Oppressed by two big ugly and scary male Cats!

To summarize my experience to this stage that I was thinking about as Doctor Vivienne conducted the "so called assessment" I have made a few notes below.

After a CATT team forced their way into my home on Tuesday 5th July at approximately 9.35am, I was after a while very, very stressed and distressed. I was Oppressed and abused by these men – abusing the mental health act and behaving as Dictators and "God-like" with all their Opinions and answers without evidence. I continually asked them to talk to me outside the house and away from my distressed children. I was told to follow them to the Ustina Hospital Emergency ward in my car driven by an ex-boyfriend, Adrian Conway. I was told and was shocked to be told I couldn't drive myself. However as a compliant human being knowing they had some sort of authority and certainly had very large body sizes and weight, I complied.

I then brought my family, my two children aged 16years and 11 years with me to the hospital. I am a divorced single mother and have had sole care of the children, my daughter and son for over 3 years now. Their father Jack has not really seen them at all in the last 3 years. My family and I followed the CATT team car to the Ustina after a difficult, stressful and upsetting scene at my home with my children in attendance and crying on or about 10am on the 5th day of July 2005.

The original Emergency CATT staff misdiagnosed and mistreated me and my family. They showed no duty of care. They elevated my anxiety levels and caused fear in all my family. They stressed us all, my sister who had been staying overnight babysitting, my daughter and my son and my boyfriend at the time and especially myself.

At this time I was not told anything about my legal status or the Mental Health Act (1986). It was many hours later at Ustina Emergency that an RN finally told me I was an involuntary patient and would be taken to an Acute Psychiatry Ward to meet my listed treating Psychiatrist Dr Pat Boltman. I was told many lies in the Ustina Hospital, I was given many blood and medical tests. When I found out I wasn't pregnant on or about 10.30am – 11.00am on the 5th July I asked for my daily 4x 500mg Epilim dosage, my standard maintenance epilim meds I had taken compliantly for 12 years.

I finally received this (I think in liquid form – a pink liquid) only after many more lies and deceitful measures, only after admission in the Ustina Acute Psychiatric Ward at about 7.30pm. Or maybe it was just the sleeping draft Tomazapine – that all patients are forced to take to make them sleep and to allow the night-time CATTs – the Indian mafia as we called them to sit there all night eating pizzas, taking drugs and lazing around!

At the ward on admission I was given a 15 minute interview approximately - by an angry, irritable, tired and becoming sick duty Consultant Psychiatrist or Psychiatrist Registrar named Dr Vivienne Scott. She again did not assess me against what I now know as the 5 criteria for involuntary detention.

She admitted to being tired and sick and was then off duty from the next day for a week with what I believe was the flu. She was so sick, she didn't write up my treatment plan nor sign it - instead she went straight home. A young assisting doctor, who I am not sure I ever met, I was certainly never introduced to her – since she is not in my notes taken at the time then wrote up my treatment plan.

The misdiagnosis and mistreatment was first from a Psychiatric CATT pair of individuals Tim Egglini (Psychiatric Registrar) and Con Dimitrius (Psychiatric Nurse) at approximately 9.35am in my home and all the time following (5 HOURS OR SO) at the Ustina Emergency. The next Misdiagnosis was by Dr Vivienne Scott in the Acute Psychiatry Ward.

The Ustina staff broke the law and never showed any duty of care or told me my rights as a patient. I was only given paperwork for the first time re the Mental health Act at approx 4.30pm on the Tuesday afternoon and this was just a partial photocopy with a leaflet about the Acute ward. I was not given a detailed Patients Rights booklet (Mental Health Inc. publication) until many weeks later on the 18th July 2005 by a Psychiatric Nurse, Nic Ganakas at the CATT service in Heidelberg which I was visiting for follow up after my discharge from the ward.

I have later found out that my ex-boyfriend Adrian had discussions with the CATTs before he left me with Rita in Emergency. When the CATTs told him I might be admitted while at the same time telling me I would most likely go home - Adrian said he thought that was ridiculous. He said Isobel is just stressed!

Dr Tim Egglini said words to the effect "Dr Boltman, the listed Consultant Psychiatrist for Isobel would decide soon". My Ex-boyfriend didn't tell me this at the time at Emergency - he said recently. He didn't tell me since he knew I was stressed at that time and was awaiting Dr Pat Boltman and he had to leave himself soon, so he thought it better I didn't know this. He

himself was very stressed and infact having him with me at the hospital wasn't calming to me – so I was glad when he eventually left.

Since this first mistake of Dr Egglini's with my medication (ignoring me and not treating me with as requested with a well tried mood stabilizer of 12 years which I had used with stable health and mood), I have made many other complaints about his ordered medication treatment regimes. These have been very high dozes of an anti-psychotic Olanzapine over 10 days of a 7 week CTO (never used by any of my doctors ever before at any dose – since I have never ever been psychotic or manic) and also Valproate at very high doses (double the usual) for me the client.

I truly believe as a young Doctor awaiting his Consultant letters Dr Egglini should be re-trained and re-examined re his understanding of pharmacology. I believe as the attached list of chronic side effects indicates (see appendix) with no difference to my mood – I was nearly dangerously poisoned by Dr Tim Egglini while under his care. I know the Medical Review Board who released me from my CTO has no jurisdiction with treatment plans but maybe they and others in the Ombuds and the Chief Psychiatrists office can view the three treatment plans attached in the appendix and decide to act. Possibly they can also consider and then also submit to the Chief Psychiatrist or Ombuds my list of side effects. This list was given to Dr Tim Egglini and Dr Pat Boltman and I asked for a second opinion from him. The Chief Psychiatrist of Victoria does have jurisdiction over these treatment plans and medication regimes.

The Ombuds office advised me in writing by email in July 2005 to report complaints to them and to the Chief Psychiatrist. When I contacted them by phone and email during the 5 days of the very high Olanzapine doses, when I was in fear of my body being hurt by this very powerful drug, Olanzapine I did try to do this but with no real support or outcome resulting.

Well back to the 15 minute assessment. The sick Dr Vivianne asked inane and unhelpful questions and as I was talking fast and note-taking I also verbally answered her and she seemed to get more and more angry with me. I reflected this to her making her respond that she was angry and tired and asking me to just comply. It now all seems surreal but at the time this process scared and oppressed me.

So now apparently I was 'manic' and not 'hypo-manic' as I had been before. I was in the sick Dr Vivianne's Opinion, mentally ill, at a committable level. I was in the sick opinion of this Cat needing to be locked up. For it would seem only for speaking quickly with fear and anxiety, for only being me a little more than usually stressed! She said I had 'pressured speech' that I

was thinking too fast, but she had no baseline with which to make these judgments and no treatment plan to assist me with such challenges.

Well now I was a ward 10 mouse and I was obviously going to have to learn how to survive the next few days, indeed the next 6 days. Both Norma Jean and JT over the next few days became very important to me as my new friends and guides to the system. They too were golden mice, they too I thought could speak on behalf of the other white, brown and black patient 'mice'.

I entered the ward involuntarily and began to run the 'madness wheel' with the other inmates. I was a mouse running on the spot for my life being chased by Cats!

Over the next 5 days my sister and I used our mobiles full time – all day trying to get a Private Psychiatrist to come to assess my mental state and give me a second opinion. I applied on night one for overnight leaves to be with my kids and got three. I applied immediately after reading the paperwork for a Mental Health Review Board.

I rang Rena Miles, the Head of Victorian legal Aid and she, another wonderful woman helped me get a great lawyer Tanya. Tanya started visiting me in the ward and helped me get access to my file notes to prepare for the Mental Health Review Board.

I was scared by the levels of drugs I was getting and kept refusing Olanzapine using the excuse of my genetics for Glycoma(ie my father had this eye problem and was going blind). I took my Valproate at double the dosages I usually took and asked for measures of my blood pressure and other medical signs and blood tests for drug levels.

I and my sister and my boyfriend kept demanding my treatment plan and one night after the staff threatened me with security to hold me down to make me take Olanzapine – my boyfriend stole the docs and took them illegally out of the Ward. The staff were so angry but Norma Jean hid me in her room and stopped them hassling me. I also started contacting the Ombuds and Chief Psychiatrists office and tried to get Ustina patient advocates and Community visitors to come to visit me in the ward.

My ex-husband alerted illegally by the police regarding where I was caused trouble one night with my sister saying he wanted my daughter and son to stay with him. I used the ward phone much to the staff's horror to talk to the local police and told them also regarding our terrible treatment and Norma Jean's Rape here in the ward.

After my sister told Dr Gall 'humpty dumpty' on an overnight leave I had stayed up late calling my Aunt Elizabeth in England, I was again made to stay an extra 2 days. I was so angry I banned my sister from the Ward and

now only my daughter and son could visit. My mother and both sisters were banned and my kids and I only had friends to depend on.

Jim and Sally Herman visited me as did my friend Tabitha and an old boss and wonderful mentor Chris Kovac. I also rang all my professional legal, psychology and government friends and started to get quite a lot of activity around Melbourne. One friend Carol, a Psychologist came to visit and left with many names and notes to follow up for me to try to free me. Eventually I was told the Mental Health Review Board was going to see me in a week and 2 days later I was set free – but under a 3 month CTO (Community Treatment Order). Dr Pat Boltman tricked me in to agreeing to this saying it was his insurance that CATT's could follow me up at home and that next week the board could release me from this and I could also get a second opinion from another Psychiatrist to release me from this.

I was by now much more relaxed in the Ward having JT to protect me, Norma Jean to teach me the system and all the other patients including the genius Enya were joining our Painting, drawing, bead making and music classes. We, Norma Jean, Enja and I were dancing and singing around the ward and after Carol's visit I had started interviewing patients because we had decided when I was released we would write a book together with Norma Jean and JT about this terrible Mad Mouse place the Ustina acute Ward.

I experienced a huge range of emotions while in the hospital for six days and could understand much better now why my brother had suicided rather than go through this hellish experience. But my beautiful adult daughter and young son came every night and their love got me through! On Saturday, day 4 or 5 depending how you count it I was told I could go home on Monday. Norma Jean and I lobbied for us all to go to the Ustina chapel on the Sunday – just to get out for a while in the day and for once we won this request.

Although I had had my tail cut off by the Oppressor Cats and was being treated as a mouse with no rights – I was still smiling and learning from this experience!

STAVE SIX - CHURCH

Well the last six days weren't exactly what I had wanted I thought to myself when we went to church together with the smiling black nurse Akeem and another friendly Cat called Barbara on my next to last day in the Ustina Ward. Infact the last six days had been hell. Although I admit I had met some very interesting people – both staff and patients.

I had run the mad-mouse ride like at the show over and over. Norma Jean had adopted me as her new best friend; Enya had amazed me with her spiritualism and genius - writing poetry and songs in real time straight into the air. I had fought long and hard with my sister and Norma Jeans Aunt both regular visitors to the ward and now sitting here in church, to escape this ridiculous system. The first time I heard Enya's genius, I quickly asked her if I could write it down – she agreed by nodding. It was a song and was called Happy days and the words are below.

Happy Days words:

Happy Days come today
Living life like it was the end
Music flows like a blow
All my faith has gone to you

What can I do ?
Cry boo hoo !
No

Refrain:
Love is all I have
Love is what I'll die for

Peace to you all
Make Life worth it
Because that's what you are living for

Refrain:
Love is all I have
Love is what I'll die for

Because that's what you are living for!

©Enya from the Ustina Hospital, 2005

JT is a genius like Stephen Hawkins I thought. He had amazed me in our discussions and had been my lovely body guard every time I went to the balcony to smoke with the horrible and scary Egor. Norma Jean and I had started a petition and eventually Lee Elvis the rapist and Egor the Pedophile had been moved back to Jumbil house out of our Acute ward.

Norma Jean had moved me and Enya into the beds in her room and was sharing all my resources of food, clothes and cigarettes and was enjoying the lock up cupboard I had – the only one in the ward. I had definitely been given different treatment and after day 2 when I relaxed a little and was less fearful I befriended the patients, counselled them, conducted with Norma Jean, Painting and other art and craft classes and dancing and massage activities. I was like the new patient teacher and advocate. I was often able to leave the ward for overnights and during the day and I had a lot of freedom. Infact although I like the other mice had been sectioned - everyday at least three times staff entering the ward held the door open for me to leave – showing I looked more like professional staff there than most of the real staff and that I really didn't look like a patient at all.

So the six days in the ward on one level took an eternity to pass because I missed my children, my civil rights, my freedoms, my 'real' life. However on another level they were exciting and stimulating and enlightening as I saw more and more genius and creativity in the other patients, more intelligence more linkage to the collective mind, to possibly god. At this time I made up many creative projects, I defined 'GOD' as 'Good On Destiny'. I had amazingly deep discussions with Norma Jean, JT and Enya as well as some other patients. Probably the drugs they were giving me were changing my mental state and I was thinking more laterally and faster than I ever had before. This was not the case before I was admitted – their drugs made this happen to me.

I started to re-interpret nearly everything I had previously believed regarding mental health and the affected individuals – the one in five of our society of which this patient group were but a very, very small sample.

On the day of the church service, on Sunday at 10am we all gathered to go with nurses Akeem and Barbara and Norma Jeans lovely little Aunty down to the church. Norma Jean gave her Aunt and I a huge scare when she disappeared yelling as she ran up the stairwell instead of down, when she first got out of the locked door. Everyone else went down the lift to the ground floor with the staff. Norma Jean escaped.

Her Aunt was crying and said "See Isobel she's gone crazy again – she always makes these mistakes when she is trusted to get out". I said "Don't

worry I believe in Norma Jean she's just letting off steam from being locked up for two or more weeks – she'll be at the church!" "Do you really think so?" said her Aunt. "Yes" I said and I yelled up the stairwell to Norma Jean somewhere above – "NJ you better be at church or I'll be angry and you'll be sorry my friend!"

We then all walked onwards through the gardens of the hospital towards the Chapel. JT took the lead and below re-tells his memories of this event.

When we went to church we all filed down like school kids on a Sunday School outing and sat spaced out with old and depressed patients between us in the church. I remember the lady giving the sermon saying "This one has a mind of its own" These words grabbed my attention although in hindsight I probably took them out of context since I was clearly highly drugged and losing my mind at the time.

Norma Jean in church was embarrassing. She did not sit with her Aunt and Isobel quietly in the back row but chose to flaunt herself at the front of the church continually making faces and laughing at us at the back. She started singing her own words to the hymns very loudly and decided before the end to get up and walk out causing one of our minders Nurse Barbara to quickly get up and follow her. But she was too slow, Norma Jean had disappeared already when she got out the front of the Ustina Hospital chapel.

After the service we all quietly filed out after the wheel chair elderly and depressed ward 12 patients had left. We stood in the sun smoking for a while. Isobel was engaging with a pretty middle class woman who looked and dressed similarly to Isobel and was obviously the same class as her. She was giving highly edited clues about the Acute ward hoping the woman would read between the lines – but she (the woman) wasn't clever enough.

Isobel was saying "Jesus spoke in parables and many patients do so too because they are too scared to tell their stories out loud in a straight fashion". The woman said "Yes I understand" but she didn't, she had no idea and probably didn't really care. But then Isobel went to the Lay preacher and straight out asked her why they didn't visit the ward 10 patients. The woman said "we'd like to but the Nurses and Doctors don't encourage it or even allow it!" "Let me talk to others" she said I will try again to come there".

Isobel then walked with me and Angelo out into the sun and I lit her second cigarette. She and we all wanted to stay out here in the sun - we felt free and didn't want to go back up to the depressing ward.

When we went back up to the ward Enya was spinning down the corridor singing a Spirit song.

Spirits words:

Spirits within me
Life is a journey
Make it true
Make it real

Live life to the fullest
For then you will live for now

Live life to the fullest
For then you will be happy for eternity

Life is a lesson
We all should learn

Let the spirits guide you
Let yourself recover

Let yourself be free

Make it true
Make it real

But sometimes its' too hard
And that's where we go wrong

Happy Days come today
Keep in balance and free yourself

Make it true
Make it real

Dream on feel the love
Life goes on!

©Enya & Isobel from the Ustina Hospital, 2005

"She is in a different state!" said Isobel "She isn't really here". She then raced to her bed to grab paper and a pen and started writing down the words Enya was singing, editing and improving as she recorded them. She (Enya) was a genius we both thought by this time. Enya could write new and exciting poetry and songs in real time. But as far as I knew no-one had recorded them before Isobel had this week. She was supposedly a leader, born to lead, her Maori people. She was a sort of Spiritual wise woman and although only young seemed to have a knowing way like many old and wise indigenous peoples of the world.

She and Norma Jean were great friends and had over the last 5 years or so had been many times together in Ward 10. A few days before this Norma Jean and Isobel had written down other poems created in live time by Enya. One was called "Trust Us" and the other was called "In the beginning".

Trust Us words:

What's Love?

It's all about us

It's about Love
It's about Trust

It's all about Love

It's all about Trust

It's about Us!

©Enya & Isobel from the Ustina Hospital, 2005

The second one was "In the beginning"

In the beginning words:

To be a beautiful garden with love
The eyes and soul must awake and see

There was a seed that fell to the ground
Time passed many things happened

In this time the seed began to grow
It flourished into a beautiful tree
And its blossoms became fruits and food

Sometimes when we start telling a story
You may miss a critical part
In life there are challenges you have to meet
Challenges you meet that can make you feel dead
Or others that can make you grow in trust and openness

It all happens so fast
It changes your life
Remember yourself through life
You are the centre of the world
Not everyone will understand you
But don't forget you are number one
Before everyone else you must care for you

You must try to help others
You must try to be strong
If you can't help yourself
You cannot move forward

Loneliness kills the soul
What a sad way to go

Its' not your status that matters in life
Its' being real and true

Dream on
Think big
Let it be
Live for now

Can you feel a little love, let it begin!

Open for the fire in your soul you desire
What you see is what you get
Never turn your back on that
The truth will be shown you

When you trust in your GOD

Never turn your head back

Never look too far forward
Live for the moment

Let it be
It just is

Let the beginning be the start of a wonderful end!

©Enya & Isobel from the Ustina Hospital, 2005

Well I definitely remember the end of our outing to the church. As we stood out-side in the sun, we thought life was good. We wanted to be free basking in God's light but when Akeem the nurse arrived and smiled we all knew our freedom was over and we must return to the Mad Mouse house and ride the wheel again. We were oppressed by a sick Cat managed system and couldn't yet be free! We were helpless, hopeless Mice controlled by CATs!

STAVE SEVEN – Isobel leaves

There were many different patient reactions to Isobel leaving and new mice, both black, brown and white ones arriving. As Isobel raced around with her beautiful adult daughter and her sister, Norma Jeans face went blacker and blacker.

Isobel was flying, claiming loudly for all to hear “I am free!” The patients watched and reacted all wishing they too could be freed. She was beating the system. She was escaping the pain. She was returning to her real life, her family, friends and career. She had achieved what her brother who suicided could not – she had beaten the system.

Cats would follow her up but she would not be locked up again of that I was sure. She was planning to visit her handsome GP and to gain all the medical evidence from tests of her blood that she needed to sue the Ustina. Mental Health Legal Inc., Vic Legal aid lawyers and a private lawyer were mentoring her and she had found a whole movement of senior “Recovery” Consumer advocates who would I believed help her succeed.

She made Norma Jean, Enya and my-self promise to stay focused and to get out soon to join her. She told us she would do her best to help us and we knew she was real. As she walked out the ward waving and smiling Norma Jean started to scream like an animal and cry and cry and cry. I too felt like crying, and indeed when I hid for a while in my room I did cry a bit. I would miss the sexy intelligent Isobel, so much.

A week later to the day I, JT was told it was my turn to be freed. That in a day or so I could go. On the last night I was in the ward I wasn't given drugs – just shown my bed and watched continually by the spying psychiatric nurse “Cats”. I couldn't sleep, I could hardly breathe. I was so anxious something would go wrong and the morning would not lead to my release. Batman - Dr Pat Boltman was to see me at 10am and I would then be freed. “God make it be true” I prayed.

With my associative disorder fed by the madness of my fellow mice I had for the last few weeks been tripping on Risperidone. I had been slipping backwards and forwards in and out of psychosis. When things got too loud and crazy in the ward with Norma Jean, Natalia's or others mad antics the auditory input was just too much to bear! I think while running the wheel at this time I flew off it. I was a blind mouse and I was now flying freely in my mind – the drugs had me by the balls!

The important point I think that needs to be made in this story is that the ward was a melting pot of human frailty and psychosis and irrational beliefs. Many were fixated on characters from the films or TV or on God or Jesus or demons and devils. How could such madness being mixed together and fed with "flying" drugs be a healthy environment for anyone with a fragile or different mind!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

There was now only two golden mice – Isobel had gone home! The day she had left Norma Jean had screamed for 20mins like an animal. I had hidden in my room behind the curtain and had cried a little trying to block out Norma Jeans' screams and wonder how I WOULD NOW COPE WITH THIS MADNESS. I had been angry for a week now but now it was my turn to go home. I too was going to be freed!

The only way I finally got out of the place after more than four weeks and 1 ½ weeks after Isobel left was to tell Dr Boltman what he wanted to hear (lies). I said that I now accepted I had been unwell enough to be admitted to hospital and would now accept in an ongoing way my Risperidone medications. I asked him could I now move to drugs (pills) rather than injections and he said you can have both. I thought yes I will comply I have to get out!

Anyway as soon as I finally got freed by the Mental Health Review board after 6 weeks of being further bothered at home and at the CAT house by Cats I stopped my medication. I did this by using our new friend and interviewer - Carol's contacts at Mental Health Legal Inc. Both she and Isobel had good friends there now. By writing some clear and concise documents helped by Carol my new advocate I explained my case and my mistreatment and now self-management skills and plans. I promised in a lie to keep voluntarily taking Risperidone and then awaited my release.

I was being backed by a MHL Inc lawyer and advocated for by Carol my new Psychologist friend who had been interviewing me both in the ward and since my release from Ward 10. She was an old friend of Isobels from University and I thought she like Isobel was real and was kind. Both were very glamorous older women and I guess at some level I fancied them both, but played the role of younger brother as they both seemed to want.

After a few more weeks I finished the interview meetings, applied for and got a job in Canberra and left Victoria and its archaic and unfeeling mental health system. I went to visit my sister, her kids and my parents in NSW and then relocated to Canberra to start the new job in mid October 2005.

I finally escaped the 'maze of madness' full of very sick Cats and Mice and ran like crazy (my play on words) away, away! I was again a "flying mouse" running like a bat out of hell. These wards at both the Almay and now the Ustina Hospitals had been hell on earth and as I escaped I promised myself to learn self-management like my new friend for life Isobel and to trust Carol my interviewer and confident and to try to access private networks of Psychologists not Psychiatrists of lay counselors and friends and family.

I promised myself I would never again let myself become a mouse chased by Cats. I promised myself to seek help early and try to get more understanding of the bio-chemicals of my brain. To try to understand the stressors to my mood changes and ultimate psychotic breaks. I planned to admit to a take responsibility for my challenges, for my mental illness clearly real but not yet diagnosed. I promised to live in the moment as Isobel and I had now many times discussed and I planned to stay alive!

Once out of the grasp of the Cat team and Dr Pat Boltman I began to relax. The Risperidone eventually cleared my system and I began to feel like myself again. I settled into an apartment and found I now had time to reflect on what I had been through. Then reality started to bite! Reality took hold.

I had jumped off the "mad mouse wheel" only to find that there was a big black dog waiting to stomp on me. The 'black dog' of depression! I should have known that what goes up must come down. Bipolar goes both ways.

The realization whilst in a rational frame of mind, that the thoughts and emotions that my elevated mind had put me through were simply figments of my consciousness was utterly crushing.

"How could I have possibly thought and acted like that?" I thought – depression was setting in.

"Oh God what does everyone think of me? What do I think of myself?" I said out loud. Depression and Stigma I now felt it badly.

Probably the most depressing thing of all is realizing that everyone is guilty of stigmatizing mental illness. Our society perpetuates depression and unleashes the 'black dog'. Depression compounded by stigma. I felt I was dying, I felt I was worthless, I felt I was alone and unloved, I felt life was pointless, I wanted escape, I wanted to go!

I thought and said out loud "I want to live – but I am probably better off dead!"

STAVE EIGHT – After the madhouse wheel

Many months later I wrote this letter to Carol – my new friend the Psychologist from my new apartment in Canberra.

Dear Carol

Given your concern for a person of my persuasion ie a person now diagnosed with bipolar disorder, I thought I would send you a letter to express my thoughts on my condition that you can use in the book and it hopefully will also alleviate your concerns for me.

I understand that you have particular concern for me given that your father had similar mental health issues which unfortunately resulted in him ending his life tragically. I want to reassure you that I have no intention of meeting a similar demise as I seem to have been imbued with an abundance of 'will to live' , although my experiences with mental health services and societies attitudes towards mental health illness has sorely tested that resolve.

Now I am no longer in a state of what Psychiatrist Cats would term 'psychosis' I now feel that I can share my thoughts succinctly and I hope that my experience can assist you to understand the dilemma of people with bipolar disorder or disease.

I have already shared with you in the interviews my 'flying' or 'elevated' moments and now I find myself in what I call a 'post-psychotic period' of my life. I now have the luxury of being able to reflect on my psychotic episodes at least about the bits I remember. I am now sure Risperidone effects both short and long term memory. But for the bits I remember I am now able to reflect on my psychotic episodes and hopefully see them for what they are: shadows of the mind!

I view my psychotic experiences as a journey through my subconscious mind rather than a disease or illness: a trip to the 'twilight zone' if you would prefer a metaphor.

As a psychologist perhaps you would be more comfortable with the phrases 'a period of psychological readjustment' or a 'process of recovery'.

Whilst in this 'state of mind' I found that my mind was recognising associations from speech, pictures, television and the internet. My mind was, like a computer attempting to reboot itself and in doing so re-collating all the data it had taken in throughout its existence as well as anything it was taking in at the time.

The associations being collated also included those pertaining to social and religious beliefs. The interesting thing is that as an atheist I did not bother consuming myself with contemporary religious paranoia and instead was able to let my mind ramble on through the information that had been fed into it from my conscious birth.

I can remember seeing shadows that would have held religious connotations to someone more sensitive to that way of thinking but I simply let them pass and told myself they were merely shadows.

The point of 'shadows of the mind' reminds me of Plato's writings entitled "The Allegory of the Cave". I recommend that you read these writings so that you may fully appreciate the point I am trying to make.

Now I am 'stable' as any Psychiatrist would describe I can also recall the reactions of my friends, family and the medical CAT staff while I was in this 'altered state of mind'. They were all afraid, even the staff at the Ustina ward 10. They were troubled, distant and overall dismissive of my thoughts and words.

This is the dilemma of bipolar disorder: dealing with the social embarrassment, stigma and depressive attitudes to those around you once you have returned from the 'twilight zone'.

I say 'depressing attitudes of those around you' as I firmly believe that the downs associated with bipolar and perhaps other 'mental illnesses' are caused by the disassociation that sufferers are subjected to during their periods of 'psychosis'. I have lost friends, loved ones and the respect of many of those around me!

Probably the worst thing of all is 'self-stigmatization'. After all we are all socially conditioned in a similar way to regard the mentally challenged as crazy people as "nutters". We see them as people to be feared and shunned and locked up in Psychiatric wards.

Probably the one thing that saves me from this living hell is my refusal to buy into social stigma. My mind will not let people with socially acceptable delusions such as religious beliefs denigrate my own conscious and subconscious or unconscious experiences.

I prefer to see myself as something akin to Captain JT Kirk of the Starship Enterprise, from the TV show "Startrek". This man states often in the show or at least the narrator does "that they go boldly where no man has gone before!". As an analogy to me this means a journey through the sub or

unconscious parts of my mind. How ironic it is that contemporary science fiction sells in the concept of a very entertaining storyline what society in the wider context deems a delusional or 'mad' mind!

Having sympathetic big eyes and active empathic ears such as yours Carol has also been invaluable to me. I thank you deeply for allowing me to freely express myself, to release the 'shadows of my mind' from the shackles of others contemporary attitudes. I thank you for listening and for looking out for me, for caring and for being you.

I thank you for teaching me to live in the moment, for being my advocate and for loving me in your open and honest way. I know you love thousands of others this same way, especially the suffering children of developing nations and the other mentally challenged patient mice, the brown, white and golden ones that you have interviewed or heard about from Isobel, Norma Jean, Enya and myself.

Sometimes I still feel I want to live but I am probably better off dead. However with support of friends like Isobel and yourself and with new networks of Consumer advocates in the Mental Health area supporting me, I believe I can go on trying hard to keep the 'black dog' at bay and following a self-management regime of Recovery and healthy living.

I never again want to be a 'mouse' on a 'mad mouse wheel'!

I NEVER WANT TO BE ONE again of three 'blind mice' as in this story; I blindly in fear and anxiety, followed like the others *'the farmers wife'* - the Oppressor (the public mental health, sick system procedures) – and lost my rights! My tail was cut off at that moment, I lost JT and became a "mental patient" when I complied and got voluntarily taken to an Acute ward the first and second time without a fight either verbally or physically! This was MY MISTAKE followed by many others over the last two years - when ***I felt 'I had no voice, no rights, no existence really!'***

EPILOGUE

Isobel discusses her week in the Ustina with her Mentor Gustov and calls her friend from University a psychologist called Carol to help her start to write the book they discussed when Carol visited her in hospital.

This is how this book started and will continue as an e-book now TO ALLOW ALL PEOPLE WITH MENTAL CHALLENGES TO TELL THEIR STORIES ABOUT THE SICK PUBLIC HEALTH SYSTEM.

Isobel said to her mentor " ..Rather, it is about reflecting on the events of the last week of my life (in the hell of the Acute ward) than about my feelings"

As an endpoint to commentary in this book by my patient 'mice' friends, Carol and I - we say what follows. In the dominant ideologies of the last quarter-century, that of the minimal state where, to paraphrase Ronald Reagan, government is the problem rather than the solution. We need governments to act in the best interest not just of the 1 in 5 mentally challenged but of all 5 in 5 – the whole of society.

One would hope that, reflecting on the catastrophic failure of a government to perform its most fundamental duty of care – that of protecting its own citizens from harm – that people will come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as society, that there is a place for collective action over ruthless individualism. We need to collectively act for the good of the mentally challenged. We need as a society to demand our governments fund better Psychiatric hospitals and wards staffed with quality people from all disciplines not just medical Cats with psychiatric qualifications.

MICE and CATS™

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The reason daily I smile and go on. I want to watch their wonderful and exciting development into caring and loving human beings who do not stigmatize or judge. I love them both unconditionally ! xxx->00

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THE END