

ldn't tell me what it was. Then it was 400 mg. of chlorpromazine, which is enough to tranquilize a horse, another sedative called anypromine, and heaven knows what else, maybe LSD, who knows? I'm sure they've slipped that in on occasion, oh yes, and also a birth control pill, which I didn't find out about until several month later. So heavily

drugged I couldn't keep one eye open, never mind try to sit up straight in a chair. They then proceeded to poke and jab at me every time I fell asleep on a couch. They'd bug me to stay awake, sit up, do exercises and all sorts of nonsense I didn't need. If they ever let people rest in that place, some of us might even be able to get "well". Then they somehow insisted that I sit at a table with them and smoke rolled cigarettes. I only smoked about one cigarette a day before I went near that place. The various nurses and aides and doctors had me in such a nervous, anxious state hoping every day I could leave that I began to

ful little blue pill and no way would my inexperienced doctor change it to anything else. For a year. Everytime I ate Something I'd puke my guts out. Three times a day for sure. This went on and on. I was told it was all in my head, that it was psycho-semantic, quezy stomach, gut reaction and God knows what other bullshit. Finally I was fed up with all this crap and went to another doctor who said immediately that I was allergic to those little blue pills. By then I had severe stomach pains and was close to ulcers. My new wonder doctor gave me some multi-colored pills that were supposed to be pain killers. Nothing. They were phony pills. It was back to good old stomach settling, pain killing, chlorpromazine. Some mornings after taking prescribed loo mgs of such, I could hardly stay awake all morning at work. Some more experiences with psychiatry and its wonder drugs. I then went to phluephenazine shots every two weeks. Yikes! At first, right after I got my shot I was

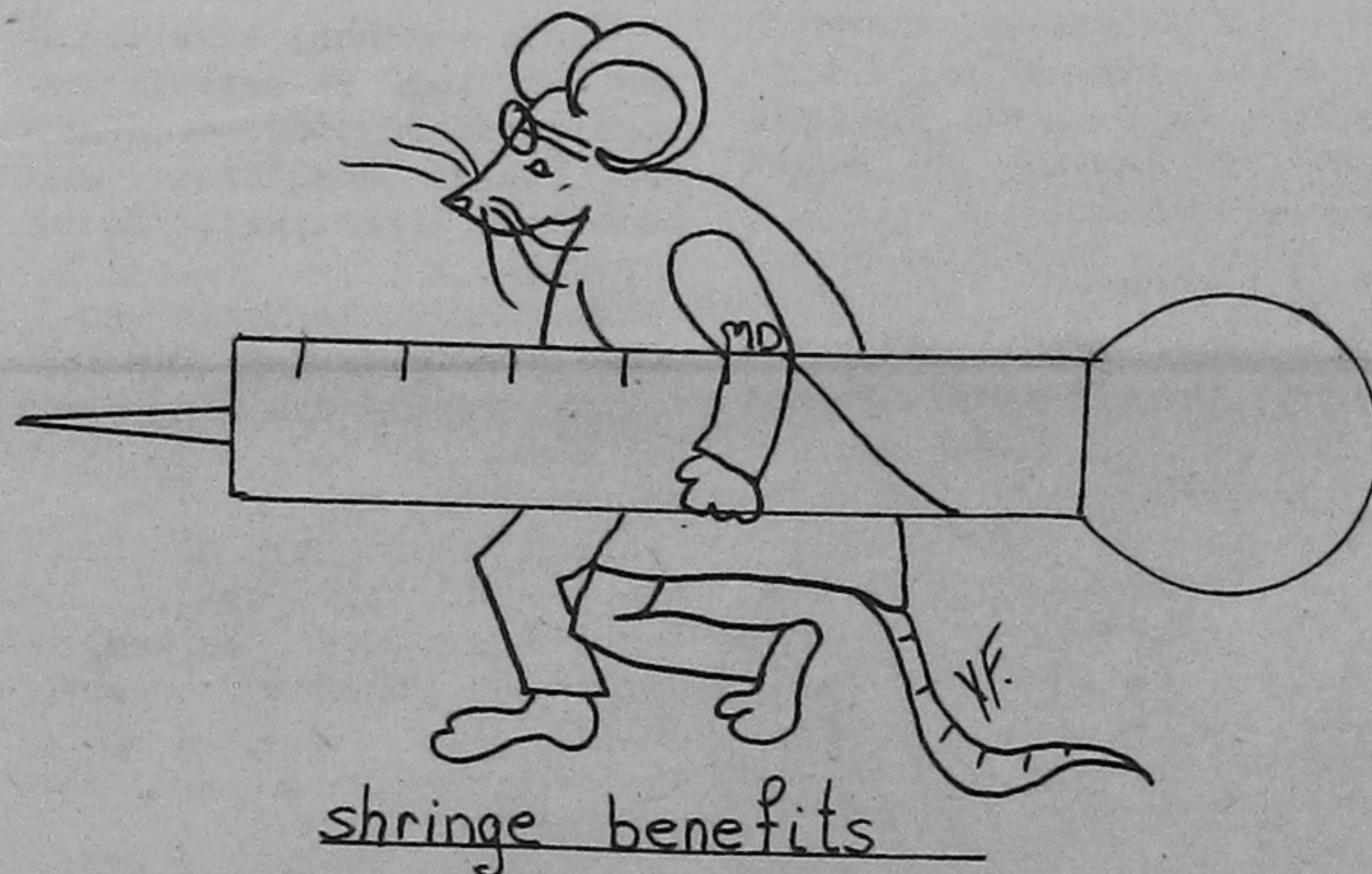
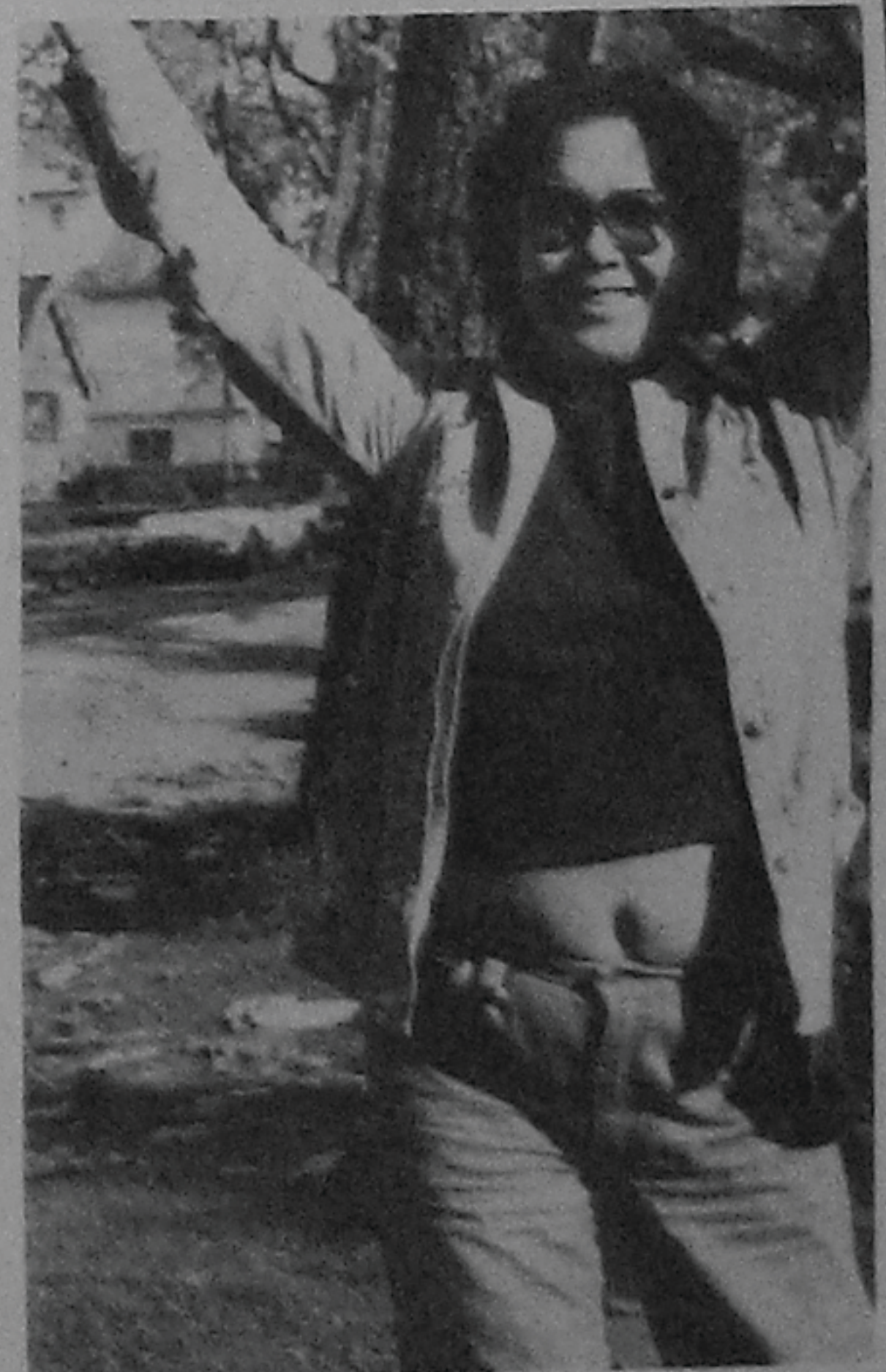
the zoo just to watch the monkeys perform.

My next psychiatrist was a dilly. None of them would ever listen to my complaints or problems. They only succeeded in practically driving me up the wall. Next it was anti-depressants. This whole thing was enough to depress the hell out of anybody, but I wasn't depressed. Three amytriptyline a day. Yahoo! Happy pills. I was so hyped up I thought for sure this stuff was speed. After several months of this life became one upset after another until again, hysterics which developed into fist fights. I decided that psychiatrist was a quack and left town.

On one occasion I packed in all those stupid pills and dumped them down the toilet and steered clear of all this for about a year. Of course I was escorted off to the hospital where they immediately gave me a shot in the bum. I only recently found out this was called halaparidol. Several people have the same effects from this shot as I did. I was walking down the hall of the hospital about fifteen minutes after this shot and I suddenly stiffened up and became somewhat paralyzed on one side, my mouth wouldn't shut and my tongue was twisted sideways. There was no way I could control the position I was in. Embarrassing. I thought they had finally done it. Made me into what they thought I was. Does anyone know why they do this to us?

What became of the little mouse in the maze? Well, after all those years of damage from drugs handed out by such learned men, I found out I have a serious vitamin deficiency. Making up for lost time, ten years of it, I am taking handfuls of B vitamins, B vitamine shots and minerals and only half as much chlorpromazine as when I began.

YVONNE FITZGERALD.



shringe benefits

try smoking one terribly rolled cigarette after another. One day I discovered if I drank enormous amounts of coffee I could stay awake and really make them all happy. I was getting better! For months I'd had hellish insomnia, so the coffee really tipped that off so I was put on sleeping pills, chloralhydrate. You take one, feel slowed down for about a minute, then you're still wide awake, so obviously then it's two, three maybe four pills later. You're still awake and may as well have had a handfull of jellybeans.

The birth control pills have a wonderful effect. They make me hysterical, crying all the time about absolutely nothing, upset over the stupidest things. All this was the beginning of one long rollercoaster ride with all the ups and downs. When I was first out they had me on some wonder-

higher than a kite and close to fainting several times. And restless. I couldn't sit still for five minutes. I was a bundle of nerves and jitters. I'd sit down at some friends place to watch TV and I'd try to sit still as long as possible, which would be about three minutes and then I'd have to hop up and go to the bathroom for an excuse. This situation became totally ridiculous. When I told the shrink this he prescribed more cogentin which never did anything. If anything it made things worse. I'd go to bed at night exhausted and gradually it would start bothering me again. My legs ached and I just could not keep still. My old man used to get angry at me because I'd be tossing and turning for hours. Plain ordinary aspirin use to calm me down for about fifteen minutes. Here they were handing all this stuff out like candy or peanuts at

DOWNERS

I'd just like to share some of my experiences of tranquilizers and pills handed out by various doctors and so called shrinks. When I was first put in the hospital I was taking a cupfull of all sorts of pills. They started me on a heavy sedative in liquid form and wou-