

## MENTAL HEALTH : HOWz YOURz? Yvete McCann, Fabbodz

Forced to spell by convention. I cringe at having to conform ...yet feel guilty for bending the rulez & offending the reader. Catch 22: Deadlocked between the impulse for individuality & the fear for approval. Stalemate & insanity ensues.

Morose & moribund I dampen the partying pack. Tearful & tedious I drain the pleasure from the possible. Spontaneity is quelled & creativity crushed. It is tense & turbid inside my mind.

OK I admit it. **I am definitely 'psychologically suspect'**. And at last I am about to fully **accept** it. Oh sure, I've known it all my life but it has taken me until now to move from merely admitting my 'defectiveness' to finally honouring, respecting & even advertising my apparent 'insufficiency'.

Let's face it, I've got the lot. I am the lot. Neurotic, negative, precious, paranoid, compulsive, obsessive, deluded, depressed. Fearful, fearful, fearful. (If there really is only 'love' or 'fear' it is easy to see what camp I'm in!) No self esteem, little self-confidence, severe self-image, zero self-respect. Alas, I admit to being indulgently & unproductively self-absorbed. Not a very comfortable creature to be, or be with, at the best of times. Why? Because all of these states, these labels, these ways of being are supposedly so wrong, Wrong,WRONG! It's not being neurotic that sends you nuts it's the constant self-criticism for being so that utterly undermines your ability to function. The perpetual inner conflict & self-berating shows up, in short, as 'bad behaviour'

Negativity, ill-humour, unhappiness, irascibility, irritability, incivility, insanity. Sabotaging one's social interactions, eroding one's professional persona & badly blighting personal relationships.

"Smile. Think Positive and you'll be fine." "Have more faith, work harder, make an effort, express yourself & you'll make it, you'll be OK" (er..how can I 'express' myself if I am not OK? Am I not already OK?) "Take this for your nerves. Practice this for balance. Do this to beat depression. Rah, rah, blah, blah etc, etc. Mal-adjusted to what is expected, I have spent the last 40 years trying to make myself acceptable. Trying to make-up, look-up, get up. **Trying** be OK, rather than just being OK. So, OK I give up. I give in I let go. I haven't made it yet. I haven't succeeded so far so what makes me think I've got any chance of fundamental reform in the future? *The battle* to be 'better', 'nicer' more 'normal' **is** the very virus that corrupts me & kills all light-heartedness at the source. So I surrender. (With my sullied history I can hardly fly the 'white' flag but I surrender all the same.) I am out of this bitter, bloody, stupid war of self-castigation, personality defamation & shame.

So what if I don't seem to be enjoying life? I have finally, refreshingly decided that I don't give a damn what anyone thinks of me anymore. I may never be the affable, 'amiable' citizen anyway. So why pretend. I've struggled to be pleasing, pleasant, correct. I've undertaken therapy to understand & resolve my uncomfortable causative experiences. I engaged in counselling to eliminate, dissolve, defuse & dispel my unacceptable habits. But all this 'good work' has only reinforced my faults & failings. Left to my own devices, away from the prying eyes of others, the impossible demands of society's standards & parental dictates, I dare say I might discover that I am, actually, quite content. It is the *pressure* to be other than what I am that creates the sourness & separation & not (as others would have me believe) the 'proof' of corrupted programs in my inner psyche.

I have, it is obvious, oscillated wildly & widely, for all of my life, from 'reckless' to 'repressed' .....always believing that I ought to be nicely settled somewhere in between : suspended submissively in the safe, middle zone. But maybe I don't want to be hung by the mediocrity of moderation. Maybe I like the momentum & the intensity of the 2 extremes. So what if I one day finally get flung from the swing in my vacillating pursuit of sensation & self-censorship. I suppose if I finally fall flat on my ego then I shall repent & be sorry (Mind you, should I ever truly descend into full 'madness' & misery by all means keep dosing me with fish oils, (those 'omegas' are oh so essential for mood & so called psychiatric states ) force feed me those B vits & continue on with the merry minerals But DON'T under any circumstances let any doctor administer their 'mild', marvellous, mind-moderating drugs to *make* me feel better. I don't choose to be 1 of the escalating statistics clamouring for some false fix to mask reality & get them through the day. Maybe in losing the complete will to conform, I am choosing to experience defeat & a dark descent & I don't want society's easy, sophisticated chemical 'decency' as a deterrent.

Maybe it's not so important if I never know laughter again. Perhaps it's not god's will for me, not my lot, not my karma to be merry, blithe & gay. I'd rather face & feel a thousand lifetimes of psychological pain & know it for what it is than mask its presence. I don't need to be 'ecstatic' as if I live in technical colour TV land....or to be as cerebrally sublime as a poster siren. I just need to be still in myself & witness my intimate, irreverent, turbulent self. I just need to notice my minds messages, experience my body's sensations & watch without involvement, judgement or reaction my endlessly transmuted mental mirages.

I am quite happy to own (& walk alone if need be) my own form of despicable, disreputable 'dysfunction'. Lovingly, at last, I am choosing to allow myself, with all my contorted complications, simply to **be**. And, I suspect, (though it is not now my aim) that when it no longer matters *how* I am that a hint of happiness might just seep through the black pall of forever-thought & find me purring.

Not having to be 'All Right' & not making myself 'Wrong' anymore...Now that just might be a key to true cosmic-cognitive Liberation. So, I ceremoniously compost the 'hair shirt', bin the Serrrotsat , pass up the Prosac & get the life I have as the person I am.

*Enjoy your reality*  
Yvete  
**Fabbodz, Fab-brainz, Fab Fun Forever.**