

PAMPHLET NO.4 FOR SMHAF

# TREAT ILLNESS AS A WEAPON

or what I learnt from  
the Sozialistisches  
Patientenkollektiv (SPK)

SEE [WWW.SPKPFH.DE](http://WWW.SPKPFH.DE) FOR MORE INFO

J. Bolland

4TH OCTOBER 2023

## A Short History of Tin-foil

Well it's not really tin foil nowadays is it. I mean it's usually aluminium although I assume the benefits are much the same - stop the decay, keep things fresh!

When I put on a foil hat I am doing it as a form of protection, it's the same reason I like to wear a mask when performing - it stops people penetrating my aura and messing with my brain. It means I can cope and last longer, withstand more banal social pressures and niceties than usual. But really it protects me from failure, from feeling failure up close and personal, and being crushed by it, acting like a sort of psychological shell company where I can offshore my mental or emotional problems some place, where I can hope to forget about them and hopefully where no-one will come looking.

I'm not saying it is healthy but it is productive and it keeps the produce looking fresh and palatable.

It's a way to get ahead, to step in front of judgement before judgement comes along and say Yes! I am mad, I'm completely nuts - why do you think I wear this foil hat? I'm mental, tuned to the moon, barmy, barking, batshit, crackers, loony, psycho ... I'm getting ahead of you, so I can set you off on the wrong foot, to hopefully give you some dissonance, to understand that I'm cut from the same cloth as the flat-earthers, the alienists, the conspiracy theorists, the paranoid, the watchers and the watched.

I AM GOD  
I AM NOT GOD  
I AM A CLOWN OF GOD  
APING APIS  
SCORING IN MY IMAGINARY LEDGER  
WHO IS AND WHO IS  
NOT



THORAZINE\*

helps to keep more patients out of mental hospitals

I learnt recently that my illness is a weapon, that i need to treat it as a weapon ... to pierce ... to make uncomfortable all those well-made beds

How can you look away, how did we get so good at looking away, in taking our presence elsewhere for here and now? I want to stare unblinking into the void that our humankind creates on this planet but it is too much, it is simply too much, like in the way that i am too much for myself to contain in one body so i create others, i pretend to be other things, to can myself up, to contend with myriad ways of being...

p47

JOURNAL OF MENTAL

vi

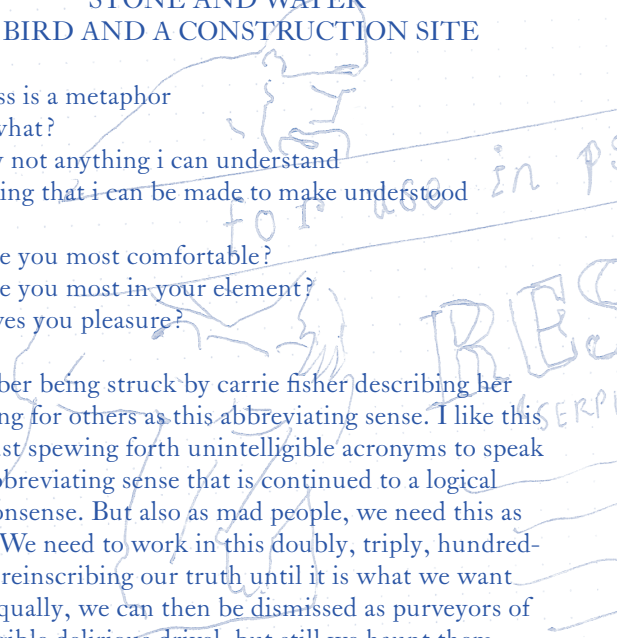
I AM A WALL AND YET  
I AM NOT A WALL  
I AM LIKE ARCHIMEDES AND THE ALBATROSS  
STONE AND WATER  
A BIRD AND A CONSTRUCTION SITE

My illness is a metaphor  
But for what?  
Certainly not anything i can understand  
Or anything that i can be made to make understood

When are you most comfortable?  
When are you most in your element?  
What gives you pleasure?

I remember being struck by Carrie Fisher describing her self-editing for others as this abbreviating sense. I like this idea of just spewing forth unintelligible acronyms to speak in this abbreviating sense that is continued to a logical end of nonsense. But also as mad people, we need this as our USP. We need to work in this doubly, triply, hundred-fold way reinscribing our truth until it is what we want to say. Equally, we can then be dismissed as purveyors of unintelligible delirious drivel, but still we haunt them, their dreams and their well-made beds.

How can i get my vision across when it is so sprawling, so



caterwauling, and claustrophobic, and just generally like a fatberg romantic comedy where there is no lead and no dialogue but i'm here to reassure you that it is funny - just hold on, you'll get it in a minute .... The kind of joke i make has a fudgeline instead of a punchline.

I am struggling to tell you what my life is like, i'm struggling to listen to what your life is like. I can't hear, i can't see - too many voices, all these auras blending and breathing so much noise and interference.

We need a resistance to the iatrocracy - the dictatorship of doctors - and reinscribe mental illness as mental problems or just problems that require time, space and care to solve. And some problems are intractable, and can't be fixed but that doesn't mean we can't sit in then and comfort each other. We need funding for mental health care now! We need accommodations and facilities. We need vision. We need to hold one another and be held in turn. We need to be able to speak and have courage to be who we are.

>>>>>>

If illness is a weapon in the war against the iatrocracy, where is the frontline?

Is it in those compulsory medication orders?

The sectioning of patients under the mental health act?

Or the staggering statistics on suicide?

The continued use (and promotion under Sensory Integration Monitoring and the use of High

Intensity Officers) of cops in crisis care?  
Do we need to fight on economic as well as legal  
and political fronts?

>>>>>>

### *No more cops in crisis care*

I came into police custody after a schooly d gig in  
aberdeen. I was delivering some vigilante justice. I  
remember jumping spread-eagle style on to the top of a cop  
car to stop them taking the wrong guy to jail. It was the  
bouncer who had assaulted the punter not the other way  
round.

Settling into the back seat I reassured the accused that  
we'd be out of there in no time. I was topless and wearing a  
rasta hat that I'd bought off Times Square in New York for  
\$10 the year before. It was cold. It was October 1999.

On arrival at the station the guy and me were separated, he  
got processed someplace else. I remember trying to deliver  
my statement to stop this miscarriage of justice, but it was  
more like a show. I was squirming around on the floor at  
one point and more and more cops came to watch and jeer  
and laugh.

After a while it was all very good sir, very good sir, this  
way, this way. We'll put you in here for the time being - to  
keep you safe.

Inside the cell I completely stripped off, partly as a fuck you to the officers, and partly to follow the script of madness I had been creating (it might also have been possible that I was checking for unseen cameras or things they may have planted on me). I remember the L-shaped room so strongly. The bed then the built in chrome toilet that appeared to have a tv type screen that seemed to be for looking or watching you. I stared at the communication window, intent to deliver my message to the watchful lens.

Eventually I was seen by the police doctor and taken to Royal Cornhill Hospital in the morning.

On admission I recall the opening psychiatric interview well. I felt totally in control, indeed, I thought I was toying with the psychiatrist, that all the while it was I who had the upper hand. Only over time did it become clear to my horror that I didn't.

My only experience was from One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. I was properly terrified. And that was before I had

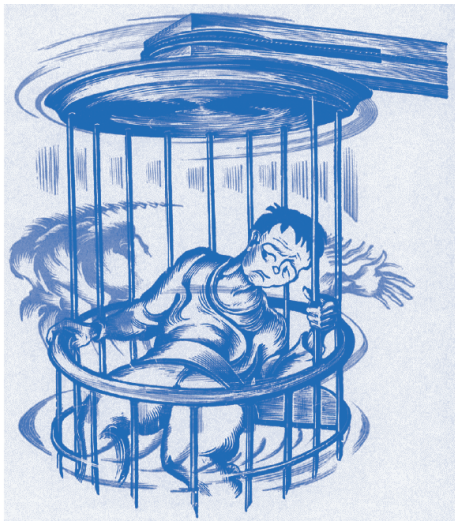
**If she calls you  
morning...noon...and night  
day after day after day**



**To allay her  
chronic neurotic anxiety\*  
try her on**

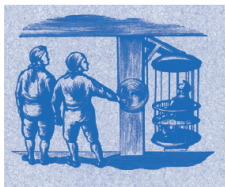
**Stelazine**  
trifluoperazine HCl 2mg. tablets

to be pinned  
down by 6  
orderlies whilst  
a nurse injected  
me into my arse  
with a strong  
sedative.



MORE INFO HERE:  
[HTTPS://MERCU-  
RO-CHROME.BANDCAMP.  
COM](https://mercu-ro-chrome.bandcamp.com)  
IG @MERCURO\_CHROME  
EMAIL: JAMIEBOLLAND@  
HOTMAIL.COM

“Rotator,” used in the 19th century  
to free the mind from madness. Orig-  
inal wood engraving by John DePol.



to free the mind from madness

*images are from various drug adverts found on [www.bonkersinstitute.org](http://www.bonkersinstitute.org) and drawings from adverts featured in Joanne Moncrieff’s book *The Bitterest Pills - The Troubling Story of Antipsychotic Drugs*, 2013.*