

Insight in Mind script

Opening 3 cards (no voice over):

The contributions in this video are from individuals that experience depression or manic depression. They are personal experiences only and will not be true or helpful for everyone. At times they give emotive, vivid and direct accounts that some viewers may find upsetting.

Mutter Poem 1

Mut mut mutterin',
Everybody's mutterin' 'bout me.
Nut nut nutter, He's a nutty nutt nutter
I can hear 'em mutterin' about me.

Normal before but now I am mentally ill,
Looking and acting the part.
Still me I exist inside this anaesthetised shell,
This hell others perceive,
Open to ridicule from the sane.

Hands all fluttering mutt smutty mutterin',
Why pick on a nutter like me?
Come and do your mutterin' trivial sputtering,
At me face in front you'll see.

You'll see.
One day our depth of perception,
Experience into the dark depths of despair,
Flights of imagination on a fancy free high,
Our special minds will be recognised for the treasures they are.

Tut tut tutterin' tit tit tattlin',
And cack cacky cacklin'
All at the expense of me.

You'll see! Somewhere at the bottom of the depression,
Sometimes when the spirits lifted,
I just can't call it mental illness
I call it specially gifted.

Title card (no voice over): Insight In Mind. Poetic and vivid perspectives of mania and depression.

What its like to go mad, you can't explain that because you can't say what it's like to have a mind in the first place.

For me manic depression means I experience natural highs and then lows with periods of stability between episodes.

In my case, you see two extremes of life, you see through 2 separate pairs of glasses.

Its an episodic illness, where people have periods of illness, its not an illness that is in a constant flow.

In the lows its as if, nothing is going to hang together and that everything is more likely to falls into fragments whereas in the highs you feel that everything fits together, and you're part of some great cosmic design.

Sun Poem 2

Looking into the sun, dreaming awake,
Dazzled by the light.
The brilliance of the universe.
The vast plan, microcosm macrocosm,
Dazzled by the beauty of it all.
Too excited too sleep,
Lost in wonder, dreaming.
Doing everything too much,
Talking endlessly, walking too far,
Becoming tired, burning with passion.
Exhausted, happy.
The universe spins me off the outer edge,
Chaos becomes my world.
My room, me, my life is a mess.
But I touched a new high,
Now I must come down if I can.

Well, the photos were taken at a time when I was a bit high and I probably didn't realise how high I was.

The lead up to a manic episode is like a feeling of being more alive and things are more vibrant and colourful.

It's a bit like swimming under water with goggles on. Objects seem perhaps a bit lighter, everything seems perhaps a bit light filled.

What you generally might get is a heightening of senses and emotions.

You can get much more subtle changes as well that do indicate that a manic high is on way, In my own experience, its been tearfulness, nostalgia.

Moon Poem 3

Full moon lunar moon lunatic moon,
Like Dracula I rise silently
From her bed.
Creeping out into the restless night,
Dogs bark Cats go missing.
Mad people walk in solitude,
Mind races with ideas.
What shall I do tonight?
In the moonlight in my mind
What can I produce in the dark.
To aid the light?

To aid the light I might run around
With good ideas and intention,
Nebulous numerous too many to mention,
And peoploids noticing my dementation
Would suggest some means of strong detention
And worry themselves sick into me.
Where as I with vigorous strong intention,
Would fight this well meant intervention,
But lose eventually.

I think you've got to try and recognise the point before the high.

You can learn about your illness and yourself and how you respond to certain factors in your life.

I would avoid certain company, I mean company that I like.

I will stay fairly quite, I will deliberately not write if I've been writing.

I pay attention to mistakes, mishearing things.

What I will do is stay around home a lot, I feel safe here and if I was to go for drink and conversations when I'm really overtired, it throws me into the next level.

Manic Story Poem 4

I said to my mum, "Do you think the messiah could be a woman?", Now I don't normally think about religion.

She said to me "You look well at the moment, Your eyes seem brighter than normal."

I said to my friend, "Do you think my unconscious could take control in my head?"

He said to me, "I think you're just thinking more creatively at the moment, that's all."

Friends and family all take big steps back, maybe they're hoping, it can't happen again,
Or that I'll suddenly sleep like in a fairy tale, but I can't.

I said to myself, "Please don't let them think I'm mad again."

I said to my new friends, the ones I had made when I distanced myself from the ones who were looking at me strangely, "I think they all think I'm insane again."

They said to me, "You're highly intelligent, slightly eccentric maybe, but not mad."

I've convinced myself I'm not high again, I've just got an enquiring mind.

I told myself, that night for bed, "relax, sleep." but I counted sheep, cats and pillows.

I wish I'd had some sleeping tablets to count, but it would have been too late, it had gone too far.

My brain was too awake, I felt too alive, I'm wound up, haven't slept in days.

The inside of my head is a maze of ideas, new plans, pictures and words,

All muddled up, I can no longer think clear.

My concentration was shot, I couldn't unwind, thoughts spinning and buzzing,

I was unclearly losing my mind.

I said to my partner, "My hand is writing God's words, Do you think it's the third testament?"

He looked at me strangely.

My moods were tipping, I was emotionally out of control.

All feelings seemed extreme and bubbling on the surface.

Words seemed to spill out without any thought or reason and flooded all my relationships.

I was out of control, a speeded up revolving door of ideas, without any focus.

My acute senses let everything in and distractions were everywhere.

Trapped in the speed of my mind, thoughts are senseless, but intense,

Changing every moment, living in a nightmarish dream.

I don't know what to say anymore,

I can't think anymore,

I said to my mum, "Call the doctor."

I may appear different but I'm still the same person,
there may be a lot of things that are inside that have come out or come to the surface.

When I'm high its quite helpful if people around me avoid controversial subjects or maybe try and pick holes in my arguments, It's just going to make me higher if other people disagree with things I believe in.

And if you're they're carer then you probably can to identify what those controversial subjects are Some carers sometimes make the mistake of trying to change a persons beliefs with their own logic.

But its very very difficult to hold a conversation with someone that is very very high.

Definitely-Yes, I as a sufferer wouldn't begin to expect any of my carers, to be able to respond and turn it on everytime.

The highs can take away your sleep, every sense of normality, fill your head until its busting and in the end it becomes painful you just want rest, you want to be able to be free from it.

The only thing that's going to bring you down, I think, is the anti psychotic drugs They actually break the mental accelerator by putting the brakes on it.

The Meds Poem 5

I see my books but I can't concentrate, It's the meds.
I'm Dissatisfied, Dissatisfied, Diasemulsified.
It's the meds. Radio too loud and happy,
Diazapamited unexcited, unexcited.
I see my pad and pens – drawing I try, But I just can't concentrate now,
Frizziummed, Frizziummed,
I'm not high
Florazipampered, Ditheringly,
Everything is still there waiting waiting calling calling at me.
Suramallised, Detensullmised Alti-vandalised.
Put off put off getting up.
I've become a chlorapromazoid, a chlorapromazoid.
Deciding not to get out of bed. My head. Hard to function with a medicated head.
Chlorapromasined Nobbled nobriummelled
Up I get again, again put the kettle on. I can't face the kettle or this boiling rage at myself
Temazepamelled, Clobozammed clobbered Aluptamujammed Flunitrazepanned
Medically medazepammed
Attempting the dishes my hands sloppy uncoordinated
Triazolambled, Stertrollinated, stertrollinated. Professionally prozapped,
This is not myself but me medicated medicated
Mogadongonnd. Gonnd, gonnd
Listen to this what I wrote.

Because of medication, there was some side effects such as arm movements that was another thing we had to cope with, with peoples reactions.

The fidgeting, the agitation, the drooling, people see these as the Mental illness as oppose to knowing that these are side effects of the drugs for the illness.

After a while, you really just think I really don't care what any one else think of this (laughter)
Just never feeling comfortable, never finding a place to relax or unwind, or let go, just in a state of constant agitation, In its necessity, it can be very unpleasant.

Medicatated Agitation Poem 6

Can't stand straight, can't stop still,
Turning round and round, Head over hill.

Undecided, confused and dazed,
Hands won't work, eyes glazed.

Cup of tea, have a fag,
Sip some more, another drag.
Time ticks on but only moments pass by,
Hearing acute, mouth boney dry.

Arms stuck in positions, they're not mine,
Legs or feet twitching, don't I look fine?
Mind and Body just can't stay still.
Have another cup of tea ,
Do I need another pill ?

For everybody its different, the treatment for a broken leg is pretty well the same for everybody
but the treatment for a broken brain is different for everybody

I don't think medication is the answer on its own, they need good care and support

My own experience is to have highs, then I suppose with the intervention of care and medications
for that to come to an end and to have a really really brief period of feeling deeply depressed

Pain of Manic Depression Poem 7

There is the nightmare of waking up
from your manic episode and realising what you've done.
Counting the cost in the still light of reality.
Where did I go?,
what did I do?
Who did I meet?
The pain of seperation,
missing friends my other side rebuked.
Please don't blame me,
I'm different now.
I'm depressed,
I'm not me either.

Other people find it very hard to accept this withdrawn state. Its as though people don't accept
that, this is maybe how you need to be for a period of time.

She once described being depressed as like being in a black hole and somebody's putting a ladder
up and as she reaches out, it just gets pulled further away, But eventually with time and
reassurance things do get back to normal again.

Stay up Late Poem 8

Stay up late late watching crap t.v. tired tired but scared to go to bed smoking smoking trying
not to be sucked in with envy for the charmed cartoon lives which make me feel unworthy
unwarranted unwanted, wake early, eyes squinty, don't want to get up don't want the day,
shit no coffee, can't face the shop, sit smoking, drinking grey tea on a doorstep looking at the
sky feeling spots of rain coming down, grey, grey, grey, grey, all turning inwards, nothing
enjoyable, feeling sick, no energy, no point, praying for something to touch me, something
through the letterbox to let me know I'm still alive, worried about my health, worried about
my lack of wealth, can't believe I ever felt on top, can't believe I ever will again, that's not me
that's someone else, someone I don't know, only thing I want is to go back to bed but I know
when I'm there it won't feel right lying there with just my head for company, feeling crap,
eating crap, don't care if I get ill and fat, can't function properly, get everything wrong, miss
buses, trip up feel like a blundering giant in a sea of tiny perfect people, want someone to
come to come with a key and unlock me.

I remember going past a silver birch tree, which I would often run my hand across the bark, but I was so low, I could not imagine doing that and I could not imagine why I had possibly done it in the past.

Then she'd come downstairs and lie on the couch and do nothing, she obviously didn't want to have any conversation.

Lie here Poem 9

I lie here, full of deep despair, At myself, myself
You question my need to hide
How can I answer when I'm lost deep inside?
It just makes me feel more stupid

I lie here choked full of doubt, Doubting myself, myself
Yet you still expect me to make decisions
How can I, when I don't even know who I am anymore?
It just makes me feel more helpless

I lie here, angry and frustrated, Feeling like a fool, a fool
Yet you make demands on me
How can I live up to your expectations when I can't even stand on my own two feet.
It just makes me feel more worthless.

I lie here, hating myself, I've forgotten how to smile, to smile
Yet you crowd me with your affection
How can I respond, when I feel so emptied out.
It just makes me feel more alone

I lie here, feeling hollowed out, and left out of life, of life
Yet you make remarks like pull yourself together
Don't you think I would change how I am , if I could ?
It just makes me feel less understood

I lie here, brain slow, lethargic and preoccupied with myself, myself
Yet you speak quickly, or else you don't give me a chance to respond
How can I, when I can't hold your words in my head long enough to make any sense
It just makes me feel more stupid,
more helpless,
more alone,
I feel more worthless,
I am nothing
I want to switch off.

From my point of view, sometimes I get the feeling that I'm being totally rejected but I know its not Margaret that's rejecting me, it's the depression.

It's a big thing for people that care for depressed people, because again, what is right for one person isn't right for the next.

Most of the time, a gentle reassurance that everything's okay will eventually bring Margaret round to the point where she is able to speak again, because she gets that low sometimes that she just can't speak.

You tend now, to leave me alone for a shorter while, even if we don't speak, you will just sit, hold my hand, let me cry. It may not be any other communication other than touch but that means an awful lot.

Despair Poem 10

Scare takes a hold,
Eternal sleep beckons.
Fear takes a bite,
Body and Soul scream,
No open wound seen.
It rips and shreds,
Gnawing and searing.
It's ravage and destruction,
Cleverly hidden beneath,
Flesh and façade.
Survival is agonising.

Its setting your sights differently, still realising you are achieving a lot, even though it may be only the washing up.

At the time I think we went swimming at 7 in the morning or something and you perhaps only did 2 lengths, then got bored and got out, but the point was that you'd done them.

It was helpful to know that there was a regular meal there, provided by my mum or the hospital. That was one everyday job that wasn't going to come easily or overnight. That the things you can do you concentrate on and build up on, but knowing that you've still got help to do the things that you're just basically not ready for.

I think acceptance is a big factor when you're low, because you feel so bad about yourself, you think nobody will like you or want to be with you, because you don't want to be with yourself.

Friend Poem 11

On my way home from the city-centre
I met a friend of mine
Named James tonight;
He seemed stunned and bewildered
And shivering from cold,
And his whole body
Appeared limp and lacking in fight;
As the thin rivulets of water
Slowly dripped down
From the top of his head
Of sparkling wet spikes;
Onto a sad, pale, blood-drained face
That looked alarmingly dead
Under the dim street lamplights.

Before that moment
I had planned to hurry home,
My intention being Just to be alone;
And although I hadn't wanted to, all the same,
Instead I stay and listened
And as he talked, we walked.
Through the storm's soft, bright, blurred bars of rain;
And the thought occurred, that perhaps
The solidity of my presence
Might have momentarily have eased his pain;
But then, When the memory of me,
Was melted and gone,

Would the inner torment, still remain?...
Oh James, Take a long, close look at me;
See my veiled soul slowly uncover.
Look deep beneath
The fragile surface
Past the superficiality
And you may well discover,
That all hidden our fears and doubts
So very much resemble one another,
That I could almost
Pull you close
Wrap my arms around you,
And reassuringly call you 'brother'

Some people seem to appreciate being pulled along a little, some people seem to appreciate being pushed, whereas others seem to appreciate just having somebody walking by their side as they move forward at their own pace.

He can listen when you need someone to listen, but he can talk when you need someone to fill a void because you can't talk. A good talker, a good listener, he shows his sensitivity with it, it goes a long way to helping for the problem.

People who you come into contact with, socially, if they know you've been ill and if they know what that illness is, it can be some kind of comfort.

The illness can take away a spontaneity because you don't want to do anything that might be seen as rash or indecisive.

I can be Happy Poem 12

Just because I take medication
it doesn't mean I can't be happy or sad,
it doesn't mean I still can't feel glum or ecstatic.
It doesn't mean I'm high cos I stayed up last night,
it doesn't mean I'm high cos I painted a mural in my hall,
it doesn't mean I'm low if I didn't want to go out last night,
it doesn't mean I'm high cos I wrote 3 new poems today,
it doesn't mean I'm high cos I'm excited about my Millennium project.
It doesn't mean I'm ill because I'm not how you expect me to be.

If I get time off, I don't tidy the house but instead get some rest then people just have to accept that this is the way it is.

Generally I look after myself, eat reasonably well, sleep a lot, I don't get too stressed and I accept that the people closest to me, might at certain times have more insight.

When a person is in a period of stability that's a good opportunity to discuss and maybe agree a possible plan if that person should become unwell again.

I think that while you are feeling high or feeling low you feel like this time won't pass, but it does and you can remain well again ,

There's good medications for remaining stable and you can remain stable for quite some time.

I've gone 5 years without a major episode, and then after the 5th year had a major episode and I'm now back to being okay again, I'll still have to be watchful, if you like, knowing the right people are there, means that if it does happen again its not going to be tragedy.

Many Faces Poem 13

There are many people inside of me,
But this face is the only one you see.
Do you want to come into my world now?
It all depends who you want me to be.
Different every season to extreme degrees.
Mad? Insane? Simply deranged? No just me?

I was never creative before my first manic episode and so for me, my manic depression has allowed me to express myself both creative and emotionally.

Its been an overall positive experience in my life, a way of working through and working out

When my sister was ill, and I remember getting on a train, my sister actually appearing at the station dressed as a clown, and juggling along, and yes it was poignant as well and there was a sad aspect to it but rebelling against society conventions can often be quite refreshing.

I've just been myself, label or not.

ABC Poem 14

And actually Andy's abnormal – a,
Brainstorming babbler batty bonkers, brainless booby.
Bananas.
Certifiable, crazy cretin crackpot, cracked, cranky clot.
Differently diagnosed dotty daft dizzy dope.
Deluded depressed.
Defected demented deranged.
Extremely erratic eccentric extravagant.
Foolish funny fixated, frustrated fathead frantically frenzied.
Gone – giddy - gormless.
He's hallucinating, hysterical, hyped, hypomanic
Ignorant inattentive, insane illogical inconsistent imbecile
Jittering – jumpy
Kinked
Look! Loony ludicrous loco loopy.
Mind muddled mad mentally ill manic melancholic moronic
Nervous, nebulous neurosis, nutty ninconpoop
Odd-obsessed, ostracised
Potty peculiar paranoid psychosis, psychopath pinhead.
Queer
Raving rushing retard.
Strange – scatty suicidal simpleton
Thoughtless thickhead twisted touched
Uncontrollable unreasonable unbalanced unhinged
Unthinking, Under the doctor, Under sedation
Vacant void volatile violated.
Witless wacky wild weird
X tremely X files
YYYYY you you you you you ZAP! Scared you!

TITLES