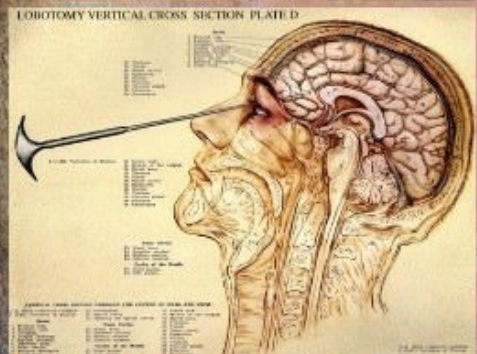


Gaslit By A Madman: A Form Of Love

by Max J. Lewy



About the author:

Max J. Lewy (1983-) was born in the ex-coal-mining area of the South Wales valleys, U.K. to a Jewish father and English mother, and is now a recovering patient of Mental Health System abuses. He studied Philosophy at Warwick University, undergoing a spiritual transition & potential breakthrough which was aborted and derailed by misplaced 'treatment'. He spent 6 months living on the street as a runaway from NHS 'services' in Brighton. He self-published his first book of poetry, "Madness: a form of love" last year, detailing his ordeals as a form of therapy (#PoetryNotPills #MeditationNotSedation) and defence, and is the winner of RealisticPoetry's 2018 "Perspectives Of Love" Poetry Contest for the poem "River Of Eternity (For R. W.)". While currently spending his time writing poetry and philosophy about Mental Health, he is also considering re-training to work in the field of Artificial Intelligence (although, as he says himself, his intelligence is already highly artificial!). In his spare time, he plays tennis, drinks pure cacao sweetened with Manuka Honey, along with various other herbal remedies and holistic health rituals, and avoids Dr.s at all costs.

About this book (including an important little 'warning label')

GASLITBYAMADMAN, "The Certifiably TRUE Ravings Of A Sectioned Philosopher", is a droller take on the subjects of mental health, political issues and Nietzschean, Christian, Jungian, existentialist and post-modern philosophy. Don't be afraid to question your world view, don't be afraid to think you might be a bit 'mad'. Who isn't?

"People often get basic psychological questions backwards.... Why do people suffer from anxiety? That's not a mystery. How is that people can ever be calm? There's the mystery. We're breakable and mortal. A million things can go wrong, in a million ways. We should be terrified out of our skulls at every second."

--- Prof. Jordan B. Peterson

"The one measure of true love is: you can insult the other"

— Slavoj Zizek

Includes the author's very own "12 Rules For M.A.D. ("Miracles A Dozen") Recovery", based on hard-won experience.

Warning: this book is a vital contribution to understanding the dreadful conditions of the current 'Mental Health' System, It will no doubt be thought highly offensive to many (especially the perpetrators!) , taking a highly confrontational approach starting from literally the very first page. It is also highly 'blasphemous'. Side effects include: much horror, legitimate remorse, bitter, yet cathartic & healthy lamentation, extreme dizziness, & frothing angrily, indignantly at the mouth!

#PoetryNotPills

#MeditationNotSedation

#DietNotDrugs

Gaslit By A Madman

by Max James Lewy

“The madman sprang into their midst and pierced them with his glances. “Where has God gone?” he cried. “I shall tell you. *We have killed him* – you and I. We are all his murderers.”

F. W. Nietzsche, The Gay Science.

N.B. If you are reading this now, it means this book has already fallen into your Raven-like clutches & that the Universe is calling out to you in some way; – think of it as a kind of reward for all your good work so far

You have been 'selected'.

(First Published on 18th June 2019, the author's 36th Birthday.)

36? ? Uh oh...That's 6 x 6!

(& 18 is 3 x 6, as well!)

...Hail Satan!

- For those who don't know, the number 6 also signifies chaos & chance. So, in keeping with that, this book will involve a huge literary, philosophical, theological, practical, social & personal gamble.

- "Build your houses on the slopes of Vesuvius!"

Oh, did that send a little shiver up your spine? (If you were a Satanist, especially.) I wonder why playfully invoking one's allegiance to a Being most of you – including especially nearly all of those you put specifically in charge of detecting the 'sane' from the 'insane', the 'healthy' from the 'unhealthy' – claim to be on the same Ontological Level as the Tooth Fairy would excite you so much. It couldn't be because for thousands of years you & your ancestors have been forbidden to utter or even think such things on pain of ostracism, torture & death, could it? No, one would have to be 'crazy' to even raise that idea as well, surely. You're obviously just 'concerned' about me. It couldn't be because my Metaphysical point of view puts its middle finger up at yours, which is too insecure & instinctively intolerant & aggressive to take it without resorting to draconian literal & chemical chains. Not that I am necessarily a Satanist, or that you are necessarily against them, but one could equally replace the phrase 'Hail Satan' with 'I am the Messiah', or anything other great 'heresy', & the risk to the utterer would actually be much greater in today's highly intolerant society, for just the same stupid old reasons of wounded collective vanity, that someone dares think more highly of himself than your pitiable, barbaric excuse for society & morality, which has been bludgeoning one another & especially innocent free-minded, often highly intelligent & peaceful individuals like me (or Jesus, or Socrates, or Giordano Bruno, or Martin Luther King, or J.F.K., or Oscar Wilde, or Osho, or Wilhelm Reich, or Hemmingway, or Anne Sexton, or Sylvia Plath, or Frances Farmer, or Adolph Hitler... sorry, Hitler wasn't peaceful, but he was made a lot more insane & cruel by a psychiatrist during WWI. But also countless others who didn't manage to get their brain-assaulted selves into the annals of history thru' also being lucky enough to possess exceptional talent & virtue. I'm sure they owe you an apology for that as well!) to death or into a walking coma for millennia.

M.J.L. AKA “The Manic Street Preacher” from The Valleys

Psalm No. 6 (For A. L. & R. W.)

Scatter the seeds, far from The Garden.
No shepherd, no lock, no guardian, no key, no warden.
Scatter the seeds, hope they come to no alarm.
Scatter the seeds, let them forage in the wilderness.
Scatter the seeds, a make-shift, idle pleasure.

Walk on water. *Walk on fire!*

#FreeAssange

“Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.” **St. Matthew.**

Part I

Gaslit By A Madman:

A Form Of Love

“Much Madness is divinest Sense —
To a discerning Eye —
Much Sense — the starkest Madness —
'Tis the Majority
In this, as All, prevail —
Assent — and you are sane —
Demur — you're straightway dangerous —
And handled with a Chain —”

— Emily Dickinson, “The Complete Poems Of Emily Dickinson”

Foreword And Acknowledgements

This book is dedicated to all the burning souls in Hell, AKA the 'Mental Health System'. I hope God will lighten their burden in this ghastly half-life realm, largely hidden away, magnifying its horror in silence & unseen, yet unmourned captivity a thousand fold for its victims, while allowing its endorsers to sleep soundly, almost like a baby, their consciences likewise muffled & made excuses for in their brute, bald injustice. May the Lord rescue these poor abject, limbo-ing souls eventually somehow. May the torturers themselves know salvation eventually as well,-- let History have a happy ending: let the martyrs rise, and the evil-doers finally repent and by God's grace be forgiven.

I thank all my friends on social media who have supported me so far, and pray that will continue through the stormy times ahead. Especial thanks to Vijay Vaghela of India for helping me put my books together, one of the kindest and wisest, most humble men I've ever met, without whom I and anyone else whose plight I highlight might have continued to be silenced by the system allegedly in place to help us. Also special thanks to psychologist Seth Farber for planting a lot the seeds from which this kind of thought grew, & sagely carrying the torch from Szasz, Laing, Kesey, & others to more recent times, ensuring that “ **the fierceness of madness will be restrained by the firm but gentle power of love.**” (***The Spiritual Gift Of Madness: The Failure Of Psychiatry And The Rise Of The Mad Pride Movement***, Seth Farber, 2012)

Also a special thanks to my other friends & mentors within the movement, Kari Imeri & Tal Slutzker, both of whom are also widely-read published authors (though Tal is better known & generally considered even more successful as a visual artist, a painter) & whose kind reflections on my work you may read at the end of this book.

In case this book should achieve any popularity (or notoriety, given the inverse world we live in), I would also like to spread the word about the other leading authorities today on this subject who valiantly stand up for the truth amidst an ocean of 'professional', carefully constructed & marketed 'scientific' lies, such Robert Whitaker of the acclaimed “Mad In America” book & website, Dr. Peter Breggin, Dr. Joanna Moncrief, Dr. Peter Goetzsche, Richard Bentall, Ben Goldacre & Rufus May. Of course, there are also many others, perhaps equally important, or at least equally feeling, compassionate & hard-working, so I do apologize to all those I have left out as well.

I also thank my parents for having raised me with such concern and investment, despite their later errors which I'm sure were only due to ignorance and misunderstanding, who were even more duped by the system than I was (and largely still are) and had to see their first two decades of effort largely wasted also, which can't be easy. I also thank my dear brother, who grew up beside me, and only apologize to him that I wasn't able to help him more through his own trials and health issues.

This book is divided into two parts. Firstly, about 100 poems. Secondly, just under 200 pages of prose works dealing mainly with the subject of psychiatry from a philosophical & personal point of view. If you appreciate the work of Nietzsche, Foucault, & Thomas Szasz, & other similar writers, & yet are looking for something a bit more sarcastic & even more raw, bear-all than they are about human nature & society, yet with bloody, shining tears of real catharsis mixed in amongst all the rage & the scorn – together with some hopefully genuinely helpful, hard-won & actually highly

uplifting lessons of advice towards the end, (just to prove that things often do turn out better eventually – if you can escape the damn 'professionals'!) – this book may well be for you.

I won't hide it from you though. This is going to be one tumultuous, Hell-of-a-ride (if the 'Hail Satan!'s in the very first few pages, paired with earnestly intended Biblical quotes didn't quite give that away already!). But, I implore you – do bear with me. It won't be perfect, even then... This is only my first attempt at writing a major work of philosophy, after all... But I promise there is much wisdom & ripe, sweet fruit to be gathered in these pages as well, & you may well even find the process *quite therapeutic* – if you are still even willing to give yourself a chance to heal... as many are not. Nietzsche, a great lover of emotionally purging Greek *tragedy* (*true 'Mental Health' services!*), said that the 2nd stage of spiritual transformation was the Lion, & there is certainly much roaring.. roaring hurt... in these pages. But, that is necessary to reach the third & creative, harmless & benevolent stage – that of the Child. That is the stage that I would like you to reach. To literally be born anew, & unlike me, not have your spiritual pregnancy (Socrates called his role a 'midwife', remember) & Love's Dream aborted by cruel ignorant men in white coats.

Thank you so much for reading, because while I live to serve others, as perhaps we all do – or most of us – since I am not a high official, but only a lowly teacher on a humble State-subsidized income – though certainly not an academic – a Professor ! – , my mission, & my only recourse, is to educate & to lead others voluntarily... (which is the way it *always* should be done..) but I cannot do that at all unless they let me.

Jesus said 'The meek shall inherit the earth', Socrates said “All I know is know nothing”, & saw humility & earnest want for truth as the measure of his wisdom... & I say similarly:

“ Blessed are those who want & are willing to let themselves be loved, even more blessed than those who love. Blessed are those who are willing to receive; even more blessed than those who give.”

Knock, & the door shall be opened unto thee. But refuse to do so, & to either pursue the Truth with all your heart or even be willing to accept it on board when it calls out for you, & you, & even others who weren't so foolish, may well be heading straight for Hell. Sorry – just the Truth. Kidding yourself is only really only being kidded by others, because deep down you know the Truth & it will haunt you until & probably past very grave, & it will doubtless intrude on your overt, manifest outer life long before that as well. Perhaps when you get your dear innocent kids 'accidentally' lobotomized & mutilated by your lovable 'good-intentions' – or labelled with some phoney disorder or other, the unnecessary stigmatization of which itself causes the very problems & tragedies it was supposed to alleviate or prevent!, by its fatalistic & unspeakably violent doom-mongering approach to those who are too young & naïve to know better & yet believe in themselves, in their real self-worth & high, almost limitless potential.

Alright, enough for now. :) I will leave that to the latter half of the book, when you have been rendered docile & receptive by the emotional barrage of thousand (not literally) maudlin & cathartic, yet sometimes quite uplifting (equally exhausting!), “larger-than-life” poems, that nonetheless express hardly even a tiny fraction – maybe not even 1% – of the actual torment that was inflicted on just one small individual... on me.. For 10 years in the bud of youth I have literally been a stinking corpse of utmost misery, gnashing my teeth almost 24/7 like someone from Dante's lowest level (you don't want to believe it, but its true anyway.. not just for me but countless others)

& yet here I am, now *recovering for the last 2 or 3 years, making accelerating progress.* **I**

honestly feel great again. *Because I have been left to myself again at last, (finally allowed to enjoy what you so richly called*

my 'negative symptoms of schizophrenia'!!!) & allowed to come off all 'medication', & actually treated like what I say matters a bit – including what I say about myself, my own honest-to-god feelings. Whereas before, ***I was literally begging them to stop, & they were cheerily assuring me in front of disbelieving eye-balls that 'everything was being done for my own best interests'.*** Yeah, well... those 'kind intentions' cost me precisely those ***10 years of utter***

I ***devastation & excruciating Hell***, as ***knew*** they would all a long. & ***who knows what else*** ***was lost forever in those years, not just for myself but for all those I could have benefited instead of being a mere liability, & an unintelligible, virtual anathema towards.***

Now, the only question is how we can all possibly still save this boiling, screaming, dying planet & society! Oh no, you're not going to stop my mouth so you can stop your own ears this time! Get your head out of the damn sand: I will yank it out if only you are brave & mature enough to continue reading!

You see, it is often ***far easier & often far preferable to give than it is to receive***. Understand???

“An inferno of Saviours” – that is what Cioran called this World. Quite right. And now let me kindly tell you, you've had *your* chance at playing the “Saviour”!!!!

But if you don't want to continue on reading, that's fine as long as you obey one simple little rule that you seem totally unable to get your head around:

“Do no harm”, “Herr Doktor”!

(though I begged you on my knees before to stop, over & over, & you only chuckled at me & carried on anyway, smiling “knowingly” & whispering complacently at your callous nubile little female assistant psychiatrist to impress her:...

“Begging never works!”

So, I won't ***beg...anymore, Herr Doktor, I will simply say again, even louder this time:***

“Do no harm.”



Catharsis by Tal Slutzker. 2014. Oil On Canvas. 2 x 5 meters. Used with his kind permission.

