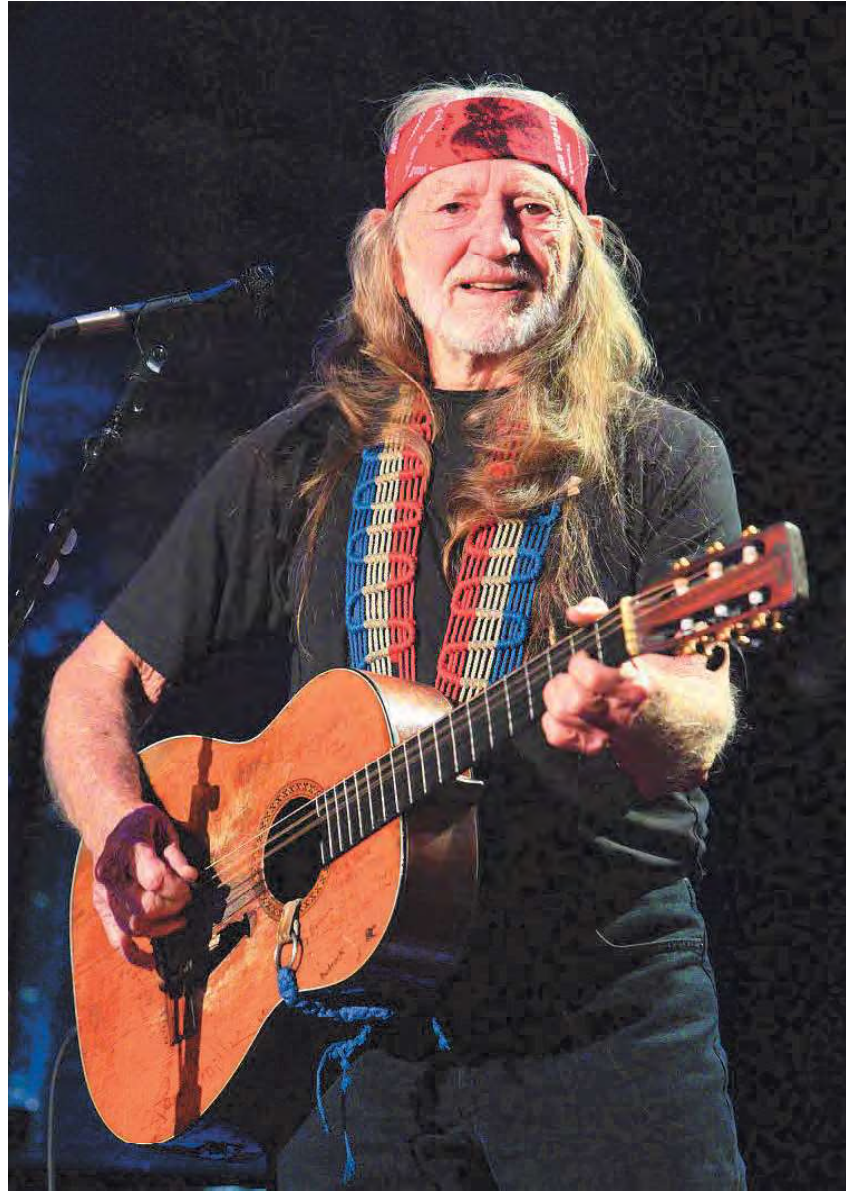
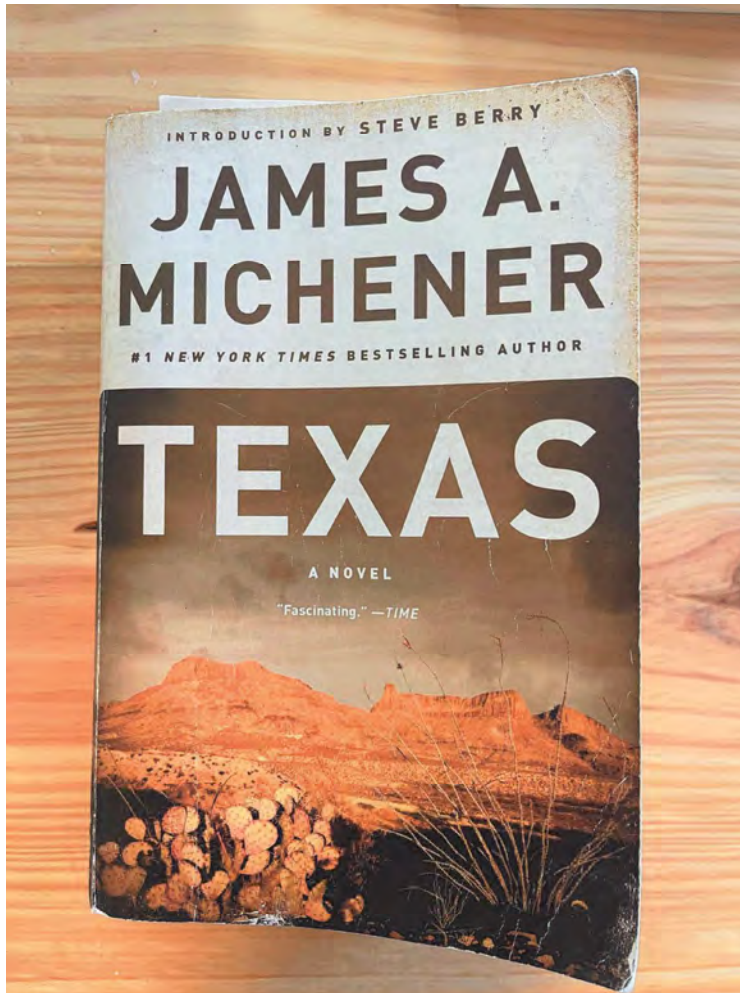


THE STIGMA OF MENTAL HEALTH

Joe Stephens
Chief Public Defender
Concho Valley PDO



10



THE RANGER • 715

tion and mutinous acts, sixty-one. Cowardice in the face of the enemy, nine." (At this, several Rangers cried "No! No!"—but the charges continued.) "Desertion, seventeen. Discharged by the commanding general because of general worthlessness, nineteen. Discharged because of suspicion of insanity, no other charge appearing to be reasonable, eleven.

"The Ranger known as Panther Komax, who started the riot last night which caused at least six hundred dollars' worth of damage to government property, and who told a superior to go to hell, was subjected last night to a legally convened court-martial whose judgment is hereby delivered: 'The Texas Ranger Leroy Komax, known as Panther, shall receive a dishonorable discharge and shall hear "The Rogue's March."'"

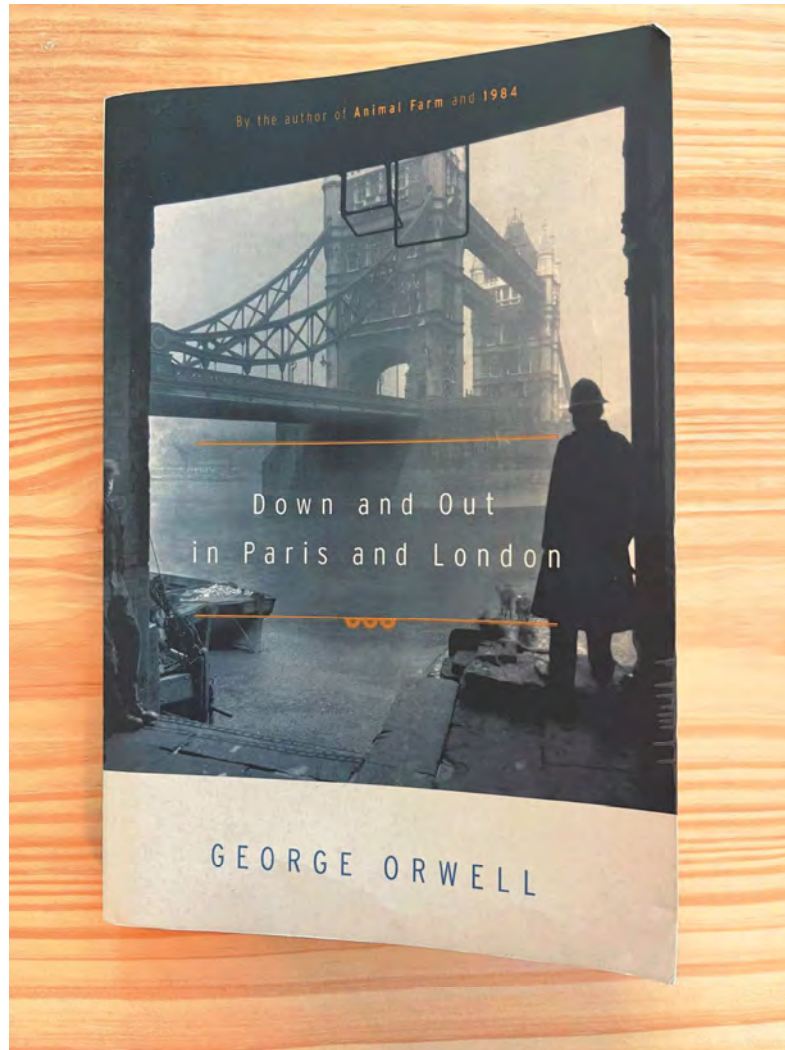
Panther stood rigid, but many Rangers, including Captain Garner, shouted "No! No!"—for there was no greater disgrace in the armed services than for a man to stand at his final attention as the band started to sound the miserable notes of "The Rogue's March," and then to march goose-stepping out of the company while some stout sergeant jerked high the seat of his pants.

Four burly sergeants surrounded Panther and brought him to face the band, which launched immediately into that doleful, insulting lament for things gone wrong. As soon as the first notes sounded, a fifth sergeant, bigger than the others, grabbed Panther by the seat and started marching him off the parade ground; never again could such a disgraced man serve with the regular army, and Panther should have gone in silence, accepting his punishment, but at the edge of the field as he was about to be shoved off, he turned and challenged the army of northern Mexico: "Give me six good Rangers and we'll knock the shit outa your whole force."

When he returned to the company, Cabb returned stiffly to the read-

“hackneyed dialogue”

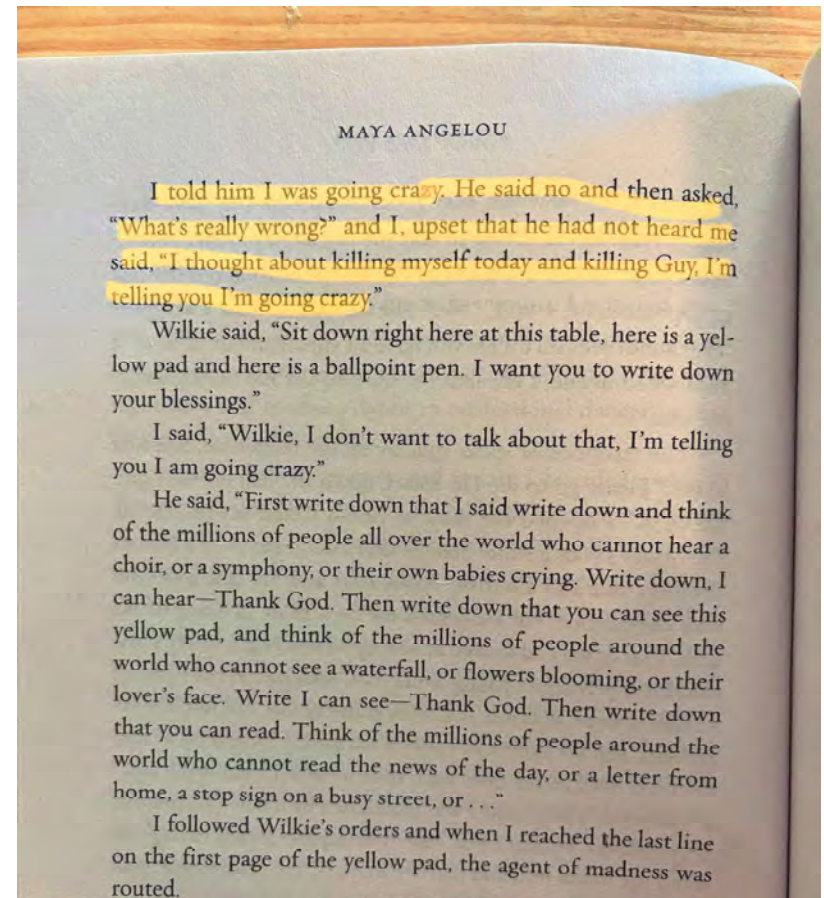
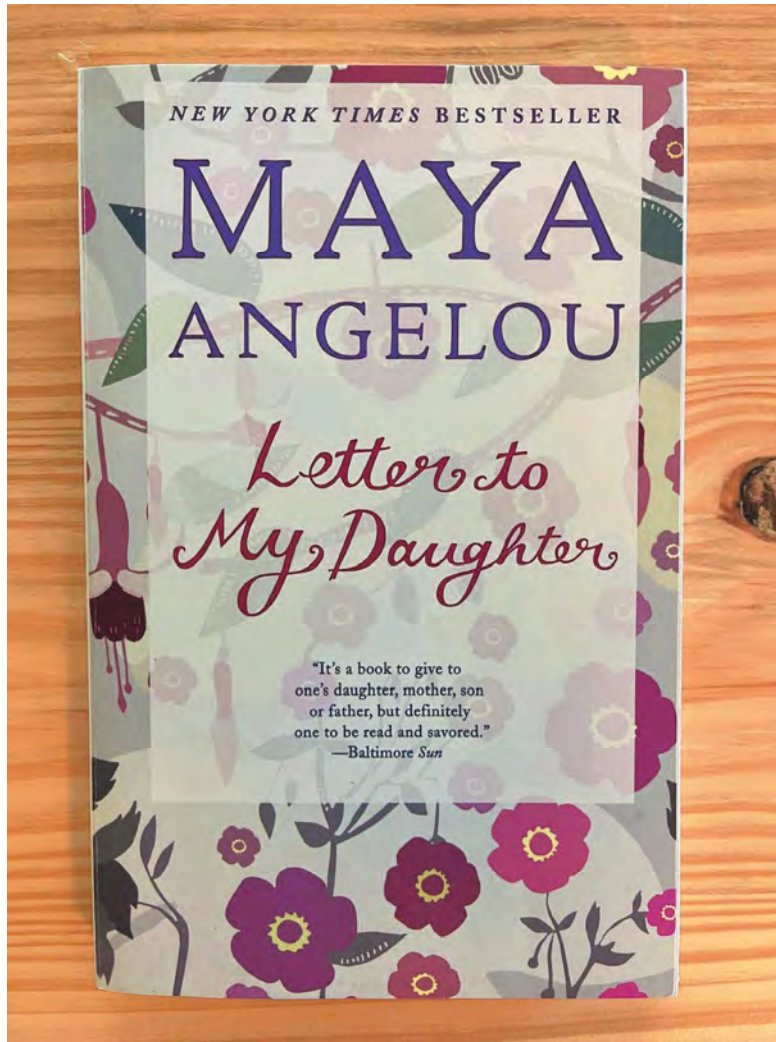
“tendency to resort to stereotypes”

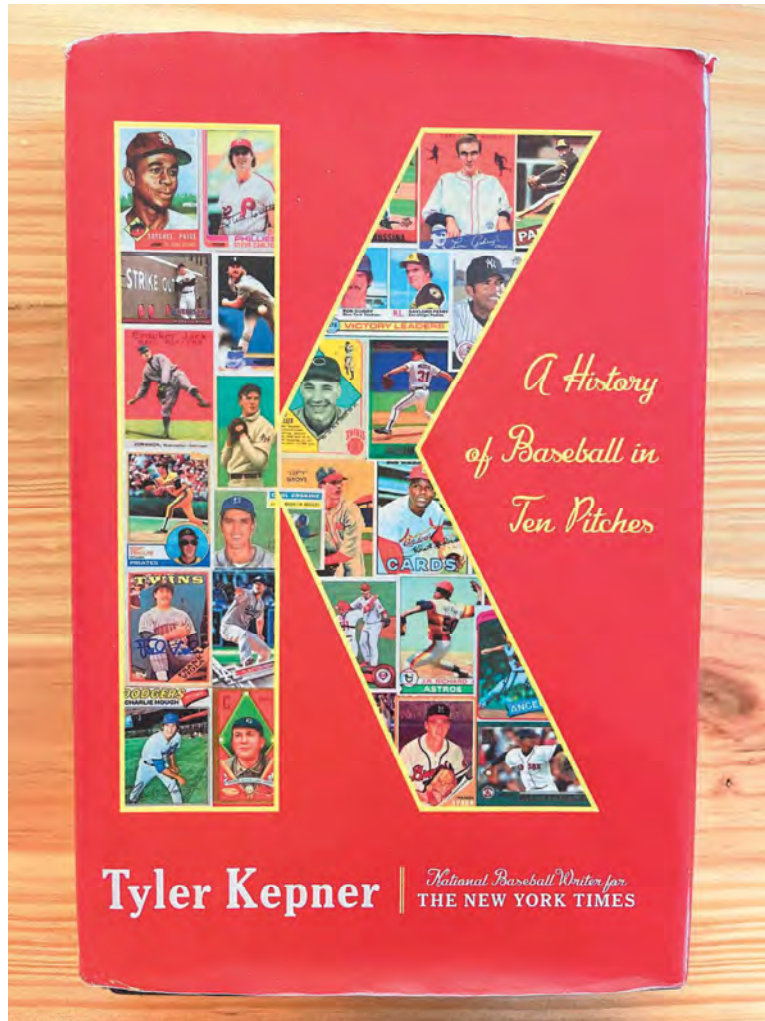


The kitchen was something I had ever seen or imagined—a stifling, low-ceilinged inferno of a cellar, red-lit from the fires, and deafening with oaths and the clanging of pots and pans. It was so hot that all the metal-work except the stoves had to be covered with cloth. In the middle were furnaces, where twelve cooks skipped to and fro, their faces dripping sweat in spite of their white caps. Round that were counters where a mob of waiters and *plongeurs* clamoured with trays. Scullions, naked to the waist, were stoking the fires and scouring huge copper saucepans with sand. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry and a rage. The head cook, a fine, scarlet man with big moustachios, stood in the middle booming continuously, “*Ça marche deux œufs brouillés! Ça marche un Chateau-briand aux pommes sautées!*” except when he broke off to curse at a *plongeur*. There were three counters, and the first time I went to the kitchen I took my tray unknowingly to the wrong one. The head cook walked up to me, twisted his moustaches, and looked me up and down. Then he beckoned to the breakfast cook and pointed at me.

“Do you see *that*? That is the type of *plongeur* they send us nowadays. Where do you come from, idiot? From Charenton, I suppose?” (There is a large lunatic asylum at Charenton.)

“From England,” I said.





say... a little bit bigger, that's not nearly as hard on your elbow as that stiff-wrist. It's like holding your fingers on top, with your thumb on the bottom, and rotating it like you're going to turn the doorknob, just with those three fingers. And if you do that, you can feel tension on your elbow—and you can imagine, throwing that 91, 92 miles an hour, what your elbow's going to feel like afterwards.

“And I threw a lot of ’em.”

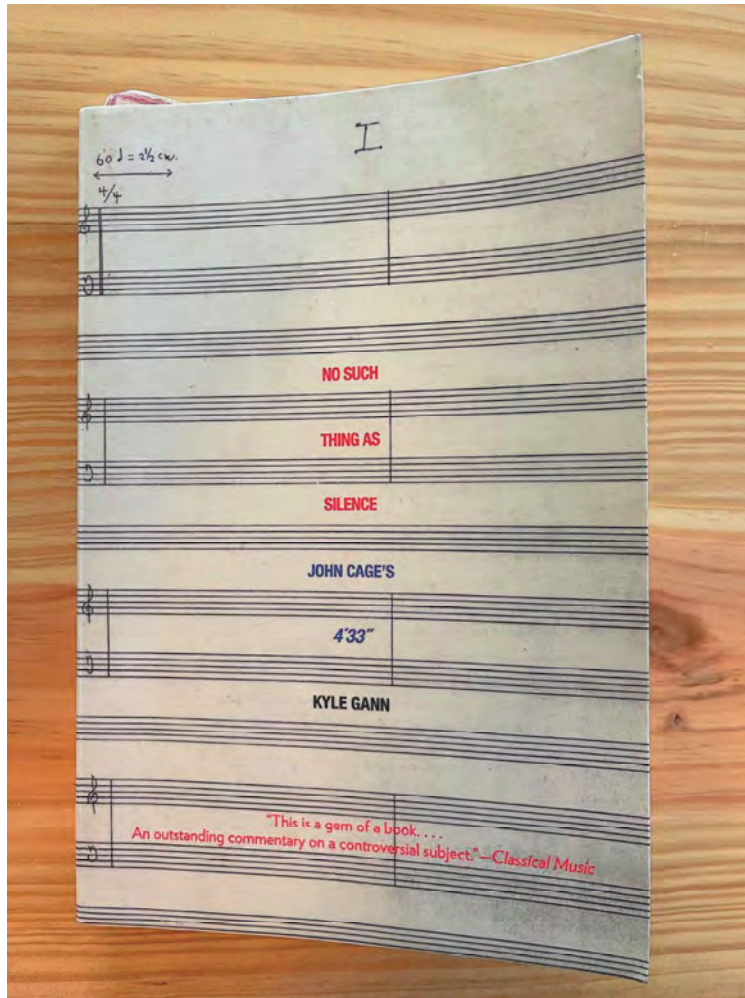
A young pitcher on those Cardinal teams noticed the slider's toll on Gibson. He decided he wanted no part of it. Steve Carlton never hurt his elbow throwing a baseball, and he remains very proud of that. Even as a boy, he refused to accept the idea that pitching had to be painful.

“Kids are invariably thinking if they're gonna make the ball spin a particular way, they have to force the ball to spin,” Carlton says. “So they're gonna be twisting their hand **and doing crazy things** to it to get it to spin, to break. That just goes along with being a kid, because they don't know, so they think they have to do it this way.

“Even when I was a kid, I held my curveball and threw it. I didn't twist it. I never twisted it. Even on the curveball, it was just hold it and throw it. And that's why I had a good one: I never hurt my arm. Never had elbow problems.”

That curveball was good enough—with a fastball, naturally—to

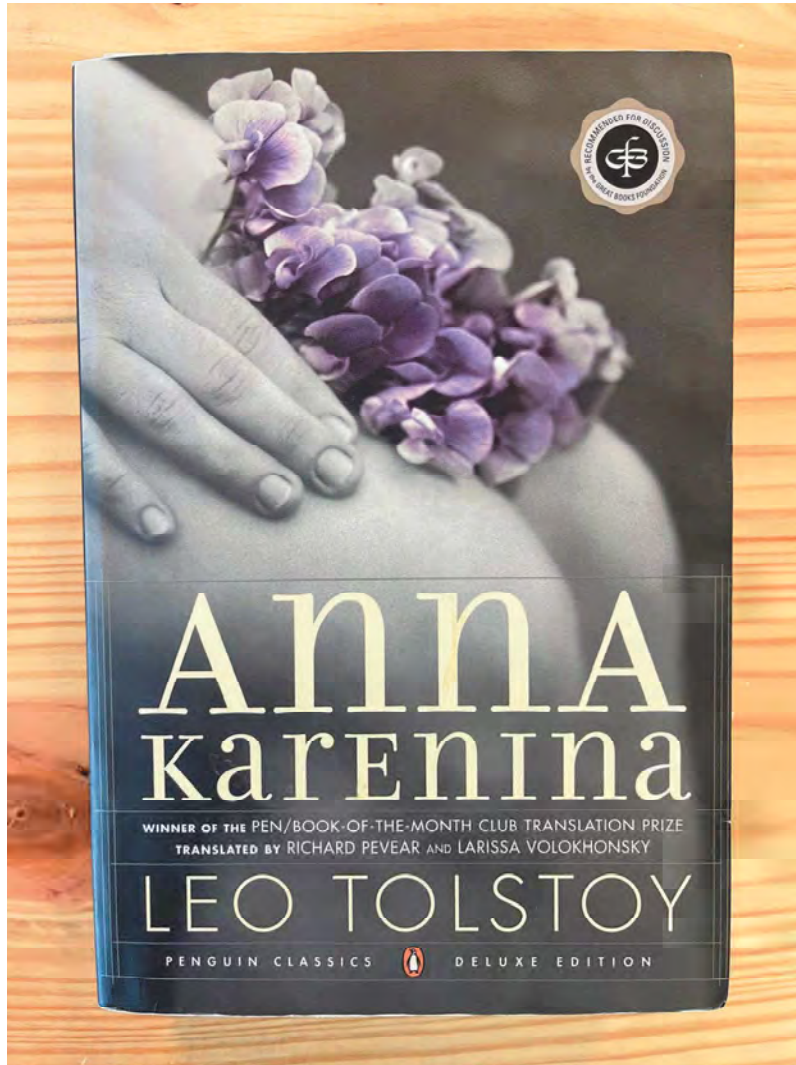
6



and obviously I wasn't communicating this at all. Or else, I thought, if I *were* communicating, then all artists must be speaking a different language, and thus speaking only for themselves. The whole musical situation struck me more and more as a Tower of Babel.⁵⁰

Concerned by Cage's apparent emotional distress over his divorce and the ongoing change in his sexual identity, his friends counseled psychoanalysis, but Cage was distrustful of the idea. As he liked to tell the story: "I was never psychoanalyzed. I'll tell you how it happened. I always had a chip on my shoulder about psychoanalysis. I knew the remark of Rilke to a friend of his who wanted him to be psychoanalyzed. Rilke said, 'I'm sure they would remove my devils, but I fear they would offend my angels.' When I went to the analyst for a kind of preliminary meeting, he said, 'I'll be able to fix you so that you'll

5



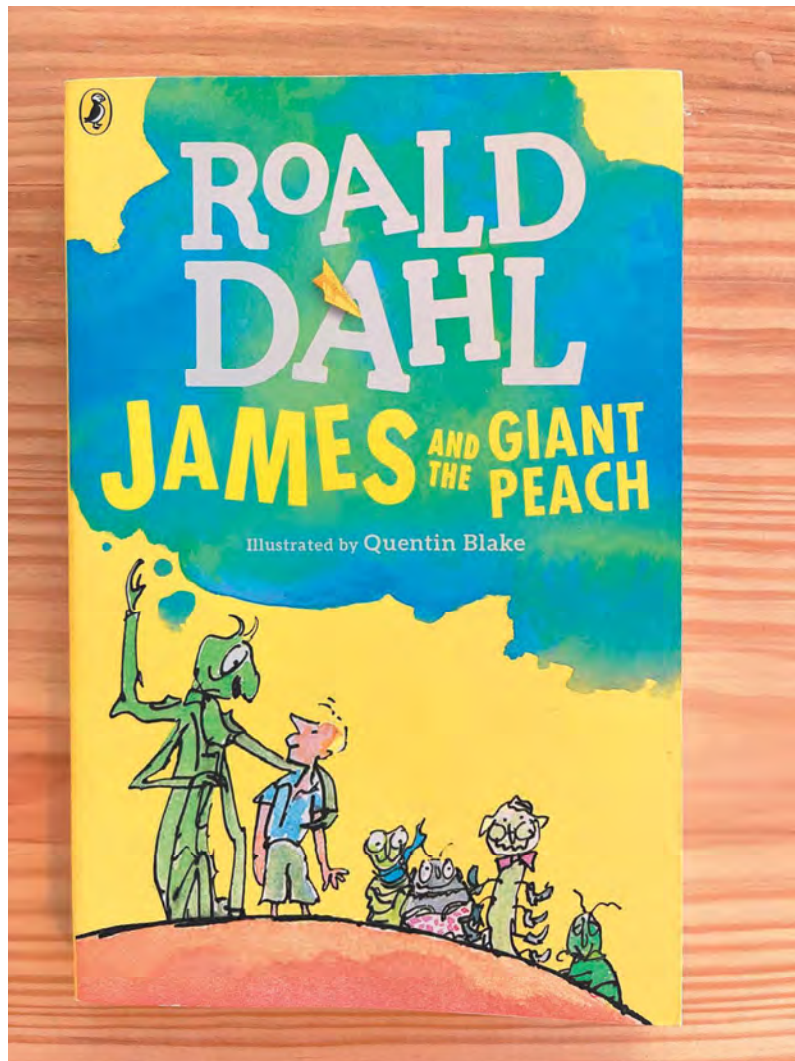
ANNA KARENINA

cover their ears especially for the concert, or at all the faces, either unoccupied by anything or occupied by interests quite other than music. He tried to avoid meeting musical connoisseurs and talkers, and stood with lowered eyes, listening.

But the longer he listened to the *King Lear* fantasia, the further he felt from any possibility of forming some definite opinion for himself. The musical expression of feeling was ceaselessly beginning, as if gathering itself up, but it fell apart at once into fragments of new beginnings of musical expressions and sometimes into extremely complex sounds, connected by nothing other than the mere whim of the composer. But these fragments of musical expressions, good ones on occasion, were unpleasant because they were totally unexpected and in no way prepared for. Gaiety, sadness, despair, tenderness and triumph appeared without justification, like a madman's feelings. And, just as with a madman, these feelings passed unexpectedly.

All through the performance Levin felt like a deaf man watching people dance. He was in utter perplexity when the piece ended and felt great fatigue from such strained but in no way rewarded attention. Loud applause came from all sides. Everybody stood up, began walking, talking. Wishing to explain his perplexity by means of other people's impressions, Levin began to walk about, looking for connoisseurs, and was glad to see one well-known connoisseur talking with Pestsov, whom he knew.

'Amazing!' Pestsov's dense bass said. 'Good afternoon, Konstantin Dmitrich. Particularly graphic and, so to speak, sculptural and rich in colour is the place where you feel Cordelia approaching, where a woman, *das ewig Weibliche*,⁸ enters the struggle with fate. Don't you think?' 'But what does Cordelia have to do with it?' Levin asked timidly, 'What does the fantasia portrayed King Lear on the heath. ... his fingers on the



"I'm going to lift this peach clear out of the water!" James announced firmly.

"You're mad!" cried the Earthworm.

"It's our only chance."

"The boy's crazy!"

"He's joking!"

"Go on, James," the Ladybug said gently. "How are you going to do it?"

"Skyhooks, I suppose," jeered the Centipede.

"Seagulls," James answered calmly. "The place is full of them. Look up there!"

They all looked up and saw a great mass of seagulls wheeling round and round in the sky.

"I'm going to take a long silk string," James went on, "and I'm going to loop one end of it around a seagull's neck. And then I'm going to tie the other end to the stem of the peach." He pointed to the peach stem, which was standing up like a short thick mast in the middle of the deck.

"Then I'm going to get another seagull and do the same thing again, then another and another—"

"Ridiculous!" they shouted.

"Absurd!"

"Poppycock!"

"Balderdash!"

"Madness!"

And the Old-Green-Grasshopper said, "How can a few seagulls lift an enormous thing like this up into the air, and all of us as well? It would take hundreds . . . thousands . . ."

"There is no shortage of seagulls," James answered. "Look for yourself. We'll probably need four hundred, five

Lifting James' Giant Peach Would Have Required Way More Seagulls Than Roald Dahl Said

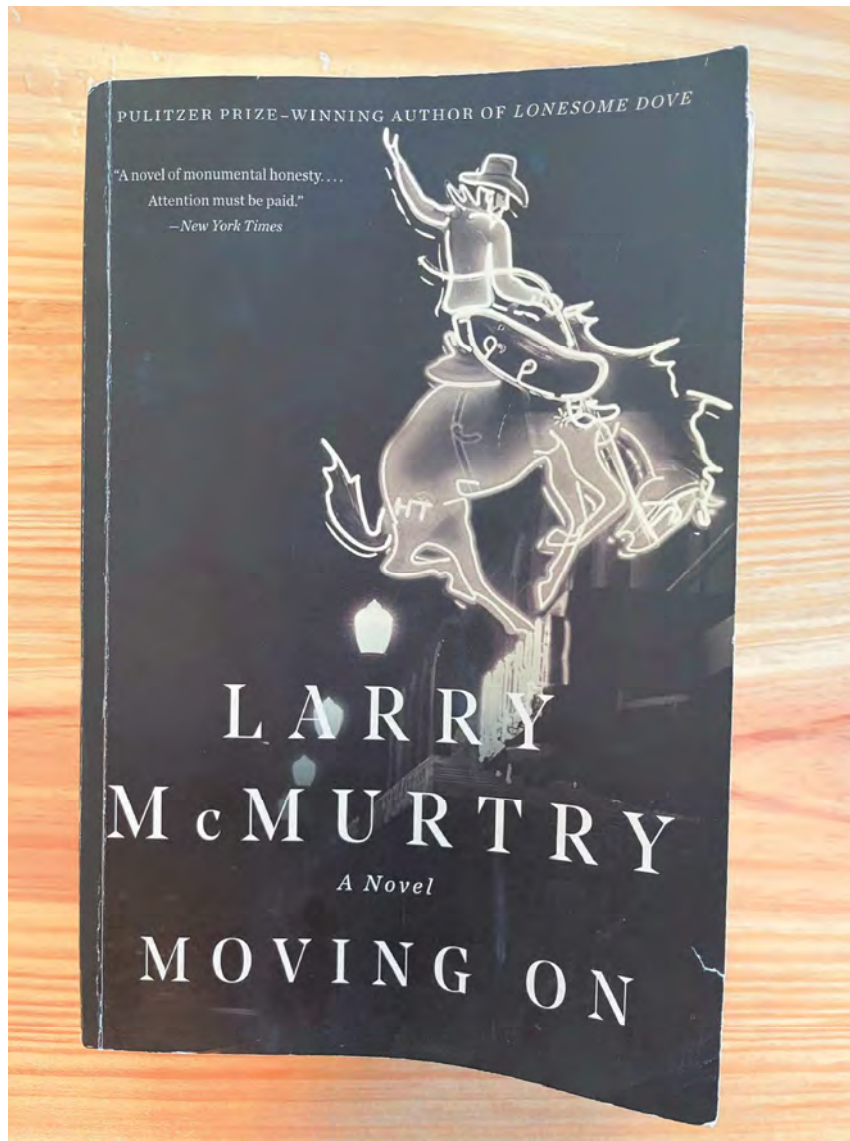
Physicists calculate how many newtons of force would be needed to carry the peach across the Atlantic.

BY REBECCA BOYLE | PUBLISHED JAN 9, 2013 2:21 AM

SCIENCE

ENVIRONMENT

3



them off and wobbled unsteadily toward the hospital, leaving Patsy to pay the driver. He stood watching her, scratching his stomach happily.

"We're sorry we bothered you," she said acidly. "I hope you can pick up where you left off, approximately at least."

The driver, nothing abashed, took out an old billfold and stuffed the money in it. "Ain't too likely, ma'am," he said. "Somebody else probably done already has, if I know that gal. Besides, I'll have to be hauling in them stomped-up bull riders before long. Such is the times. Glad to help you out, ma'am."

His complacency and the way he kept calling her ma'am were almost too much. "Oh, I'd like to kick you," she said hotly.

The driver was amazed, and silenced for a moment. "You sure you ain't crazy?" he asked after a pause, unable to arrive at any other explanation.

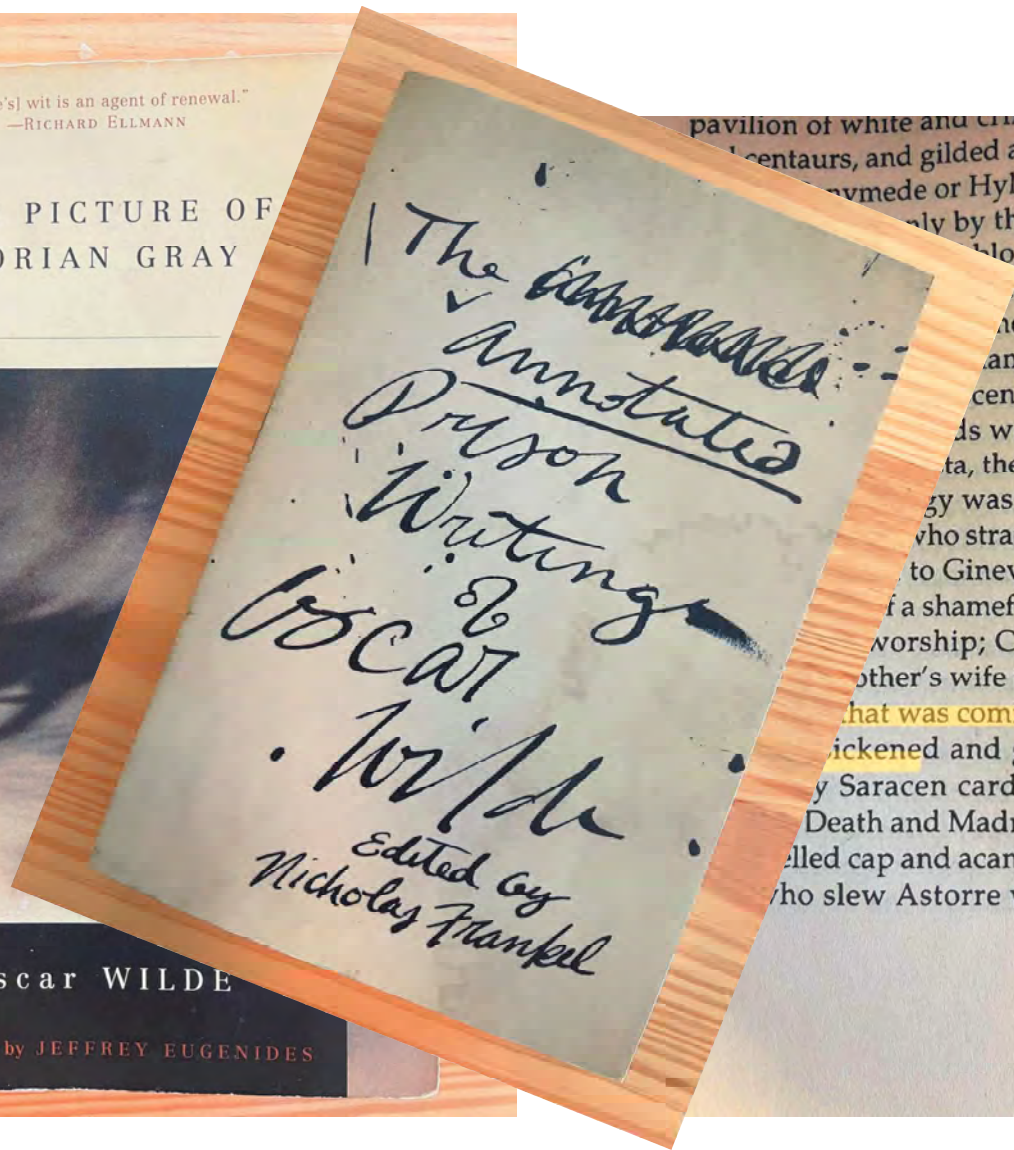
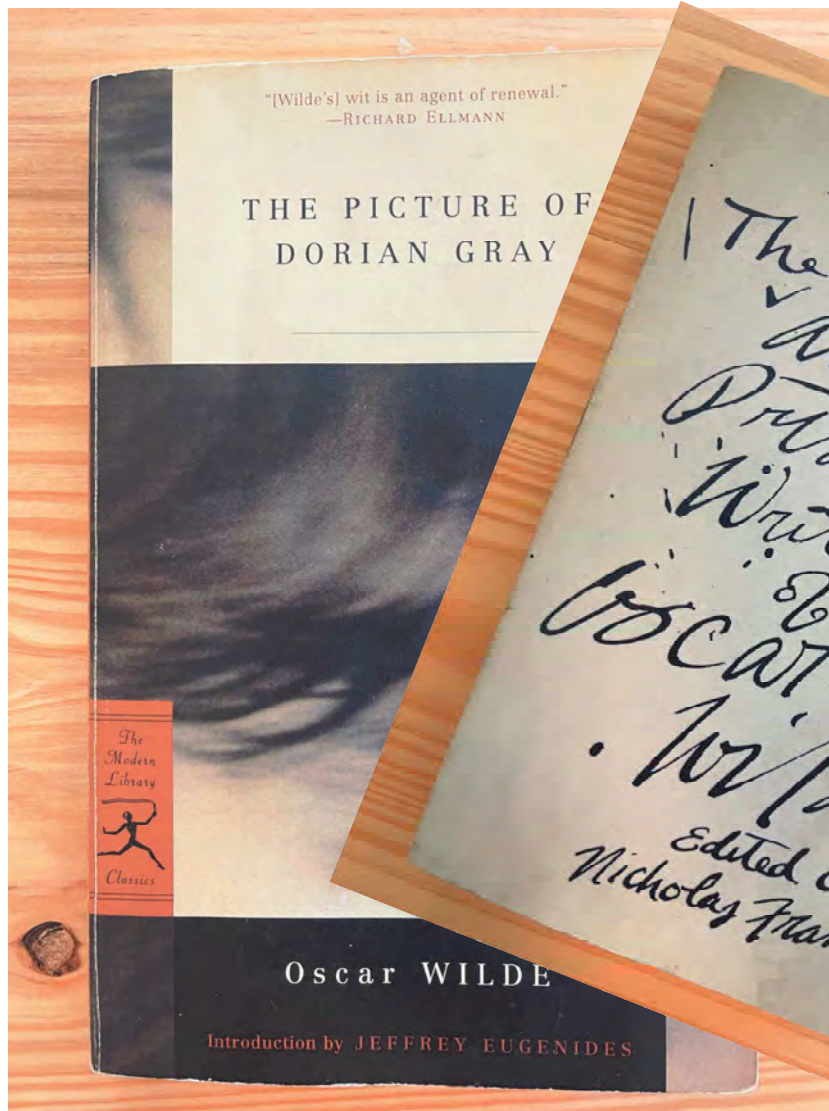
"I don't like being called ma'am," she said and walked away. The driver continued to scratch his stomach, but a little less happily.

Jim was in the waiting room alone, sitting on a couch with his eyes shut. "No one's here," he said, but no sooner had he said it than a fat implacably jolly nurse walked in and stood with her hands on her hips looking at Jim. She was as rouged as any harlot, but no one could have looked less like a whore.

"I see the bloodshed's begun," she said. "Doctor'll be out in a minute. He's pumpin' out a kid who had himself some rat poison for supper. It's a wonder to me any of us survive."

She gave Pat

2



pavilion of white and crimson
centaurs, and gilded a boy that he might serve at the
nymede or Hylas; Ezzelin, whose melancholy
ly by the spectacle of death, and who
blood, as other men have for red
nd, as was reported, and one
ner at dice when gambling with
ambattista Cibo, who in mockery
cent, and into whose torpid veins
ds was infused by a Jewish doctor;
ta, the lover of Isotta, and the lord of
gy was burned at Rome as the enemy
who strangled Polyssena with a napkin,
to Ginevra d'Este in a cup of emerald,
of a shameful passion built a pagan church
worship; Charles VI, who had so wildly
other's wife that a leper had warned him of
that was coming on him, and who, when his
thickened and grown strange, could only be
y Saracen cards painted with the images of
Death and Madness; and, in his trimmed jerkin
elled cap and acanthus-like curls, Grifonetto Bag-
who slew Astorre with his bride, and Simonetto

WALDEN

HENRY D. THOREAU

edited and with an afterword

by jeffrey s. cramer

introduction by denis donoghue

NB



again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the splash of the water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly and swam yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning,—perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as

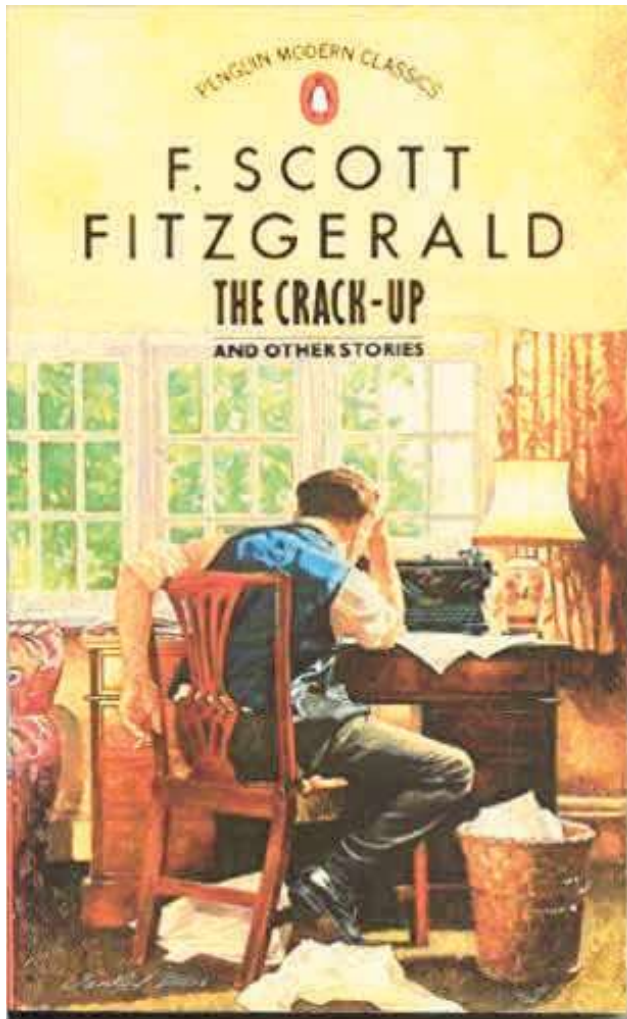
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he bird are
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"The wild actions of the loon in escaping danger and its dismal cry (see looning) suggest the idea of insanity; whence the common American similar "as crazy as a loon."

– Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia: A Work Of Universal Reference In All Departments Of Knowledge With A New Atlas Of The World in Ten Volumes" 1889.



2. CRAZY AS A LOON



“Before I go on with this short history, let me make a general observation – the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in the mind at the same time, and still retain the ability to function.

One should, for example, be able to see that things are hopeless and yet be determined to make them otherwise.”

remedial was known, but the theory of opposites, one of the least helpful precepts of 18th-century medicine, was preferred by Chatham's physician, a Dr. Addington. A specialist in lunacy, or "mad-doctor," he hoped to induce a violent fit of gout on the theory that this would drive out the mental disorder. He therefore prescribed two glasses of white wine and two of port every day, double his patient's usual intake, over and above Madeira and port at other intervals. The patient was also to continue eating meat and avoid exercise in the open air, with the natural result that the affliction grew worse. Chatham took no part in government through 1767 and 1768. That he survived at all under Dr. Addington's regimen and was, indeed, to recover his sanity represents one of man's occasional triumphs over medicine.

“Many of them said, “He has a demon, and is insane; why listen to him?”

John, 10:20




O! Let me not be mad, not mad,
sweet heaven; keep me in temper; I
would not be mad!

King Lear, act 1, sc. 5.



lunatic adjective

 Save Word

lu·na·tic | \ 'lü-nə-,tik  \

Definition of *lunatic*

1 *dated*

a : affected with a severely disordered state of mind : INSANE

b : designed for the care of mentally ill people

// a *lunatic* asylum

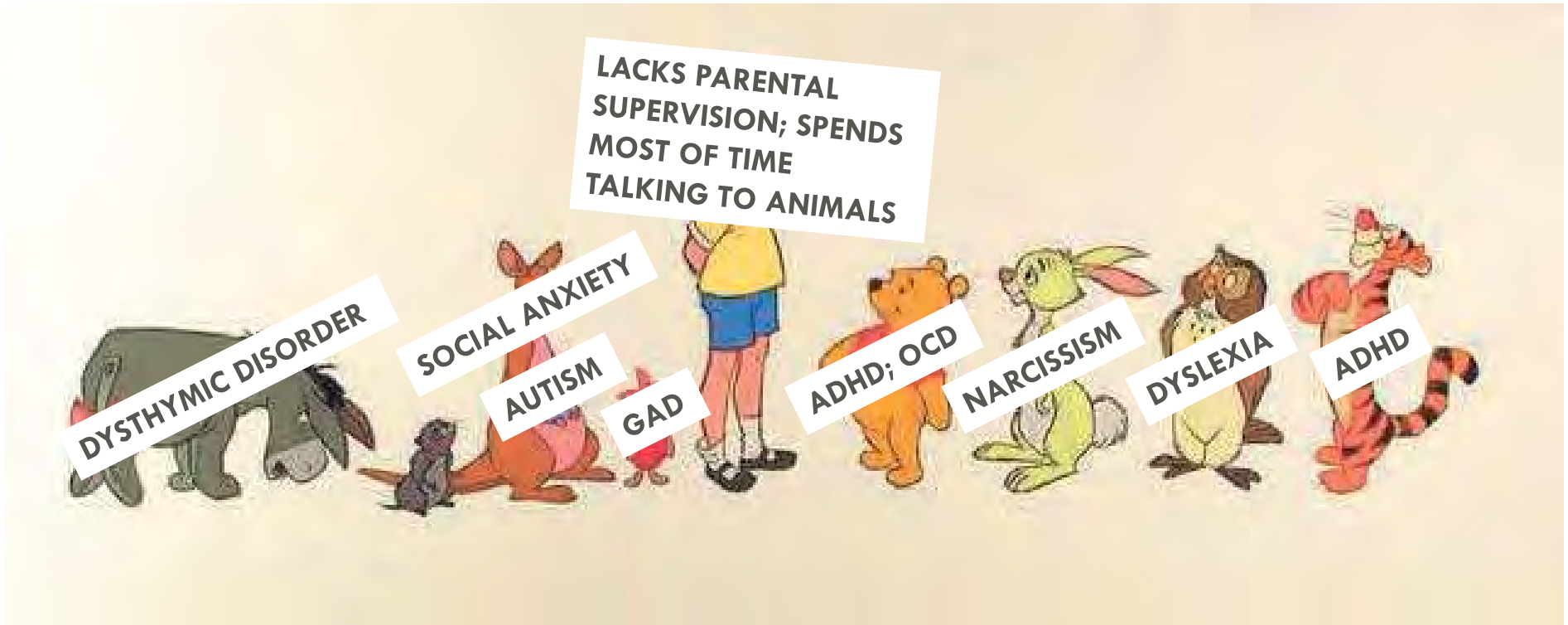
2 : wildly foolish

// a *lunatic* idea

// *lunatic* behavior



“We cannot but wonder how much richer Pooh’s life might be were he to have a trial of low-dose stimulant medication.”

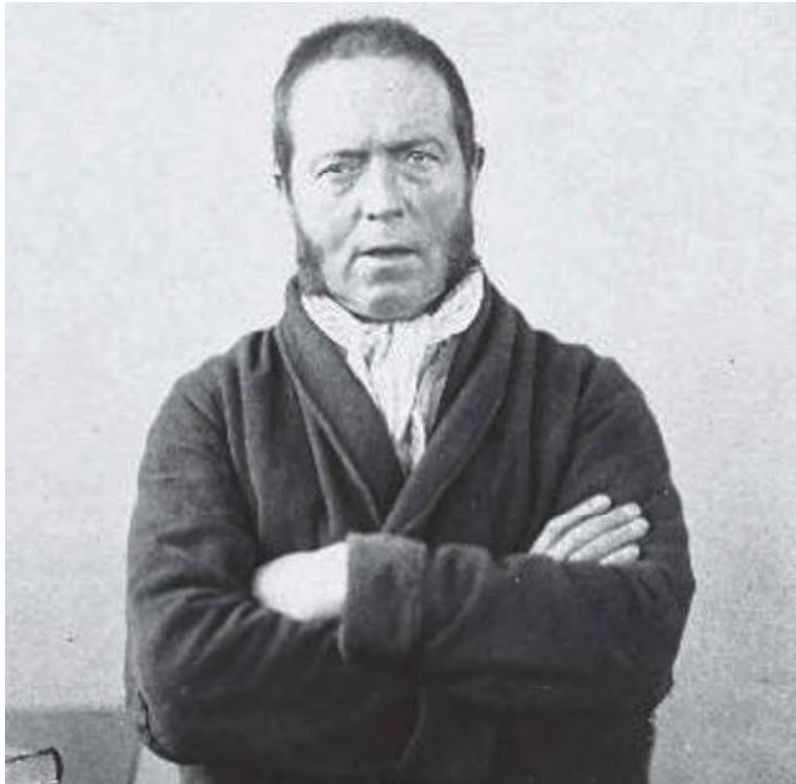


“Pathology in the Hundred Acre Wood: a neurodevelopmental perspective on A.A. Milne.”
Canadian Medical Association Journal, 2000.



BEDLAM.

The World's one Bedlam, or a greater Cave
Of Mad-men, that do alwaies rave.



Daniel M'Naghten
c. 1856

“To establish a defence on the ground of **insanity** it must be clearly proved, that, **at the time of committing the act**, the party accused was labouring under such a **defect of reason** from disease of the mind, as not to know the **nature and quality of the act** he was doing, or if he did know it, that **he did not know** that what he was doing was wrong.”

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF EL PASO COUNTY, TEXAS

111TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT

THE STATE OF TEXAS

vs.

POCO LOCO

509 507 407 405 403

CAUSE NO. !@#\$%

**MOTION FOR PSYCHIATRIC EXAMINATION OF DEFENDANT FOR COMPETENCY
AND FOR INSANITY AND NOTICE OF INSANITY DEFENSE**

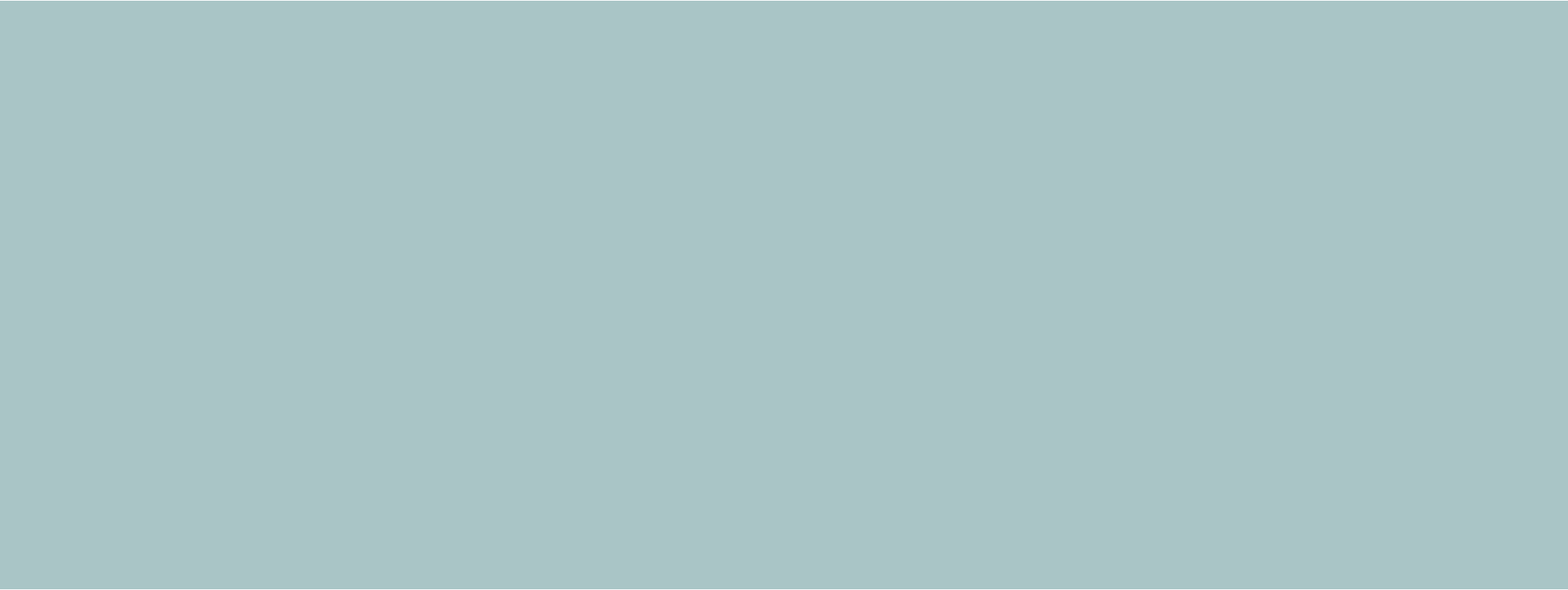
TO THE HONORABLE JUDGE OF SAID COURT:

COMES NOW POCO LOCO, Defendant in the above-entitled and numbered cause, and moves the Court to appoint a psychiatrist to examine the Defendant regarding the Defendant's competency to stand trial and his insanity at the time of the offense with which the Defendant is charged. In support of such motion, the Defendant shows:



“The main point was not what happened to it *there*, but that it would no longer be *here*.”

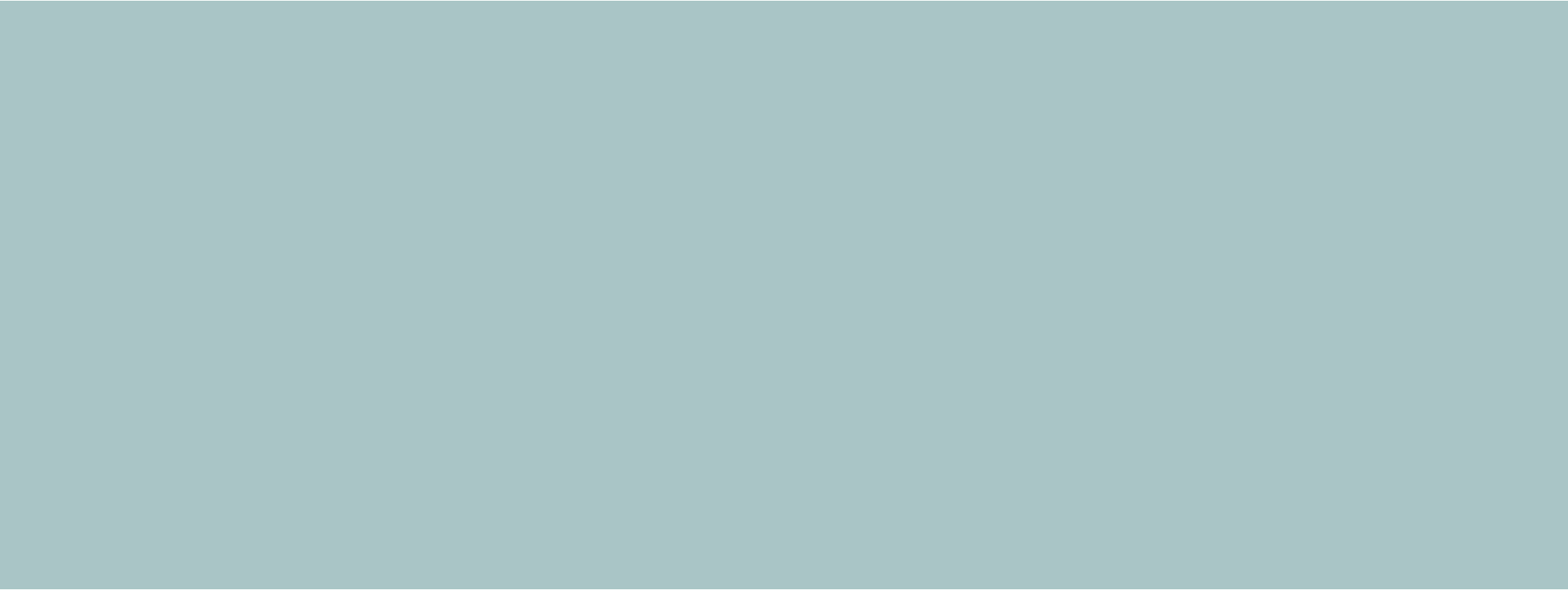
The Fatal Shore: The Epic of Australia's Founding, by Robert Hughes



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AUSTRALIAN SLANG

**A FEW KANGAROOS LOOSE
IN THE TOP PADDOCK**

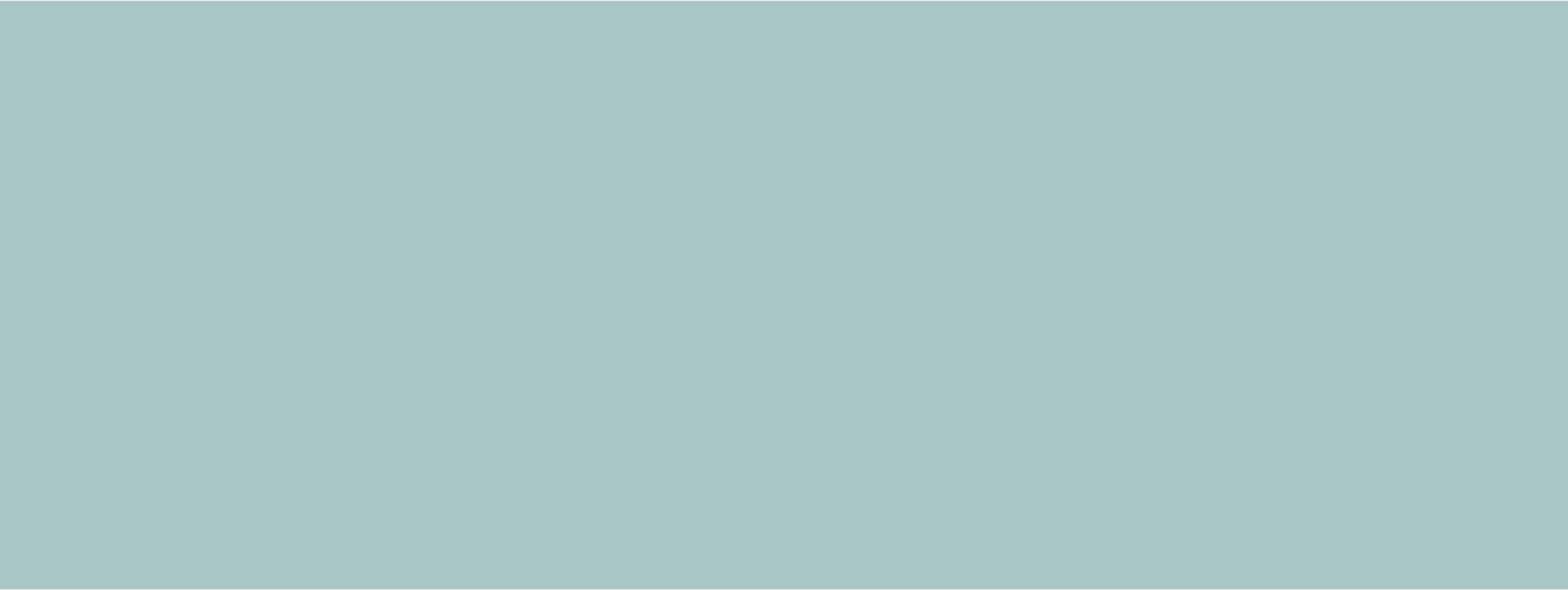


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BILL HICKS

SANE MAN



|





James Murray



William Chester Minor

NYHETER

BERG OM HATOPP

BLACKBU
hatkampe

Av JON MARTIN HI
2. desember 2012



THE DAILY POST

Y'all, Norwegians Use the Word "Texas" as Slang to Mean "Crazy"

xas!

23:00 ▾

S

nye

- Det var

I slutten av juni opplevde Erik Leine wa
Balsfjorden så han plutselig sverdfisk ute i v
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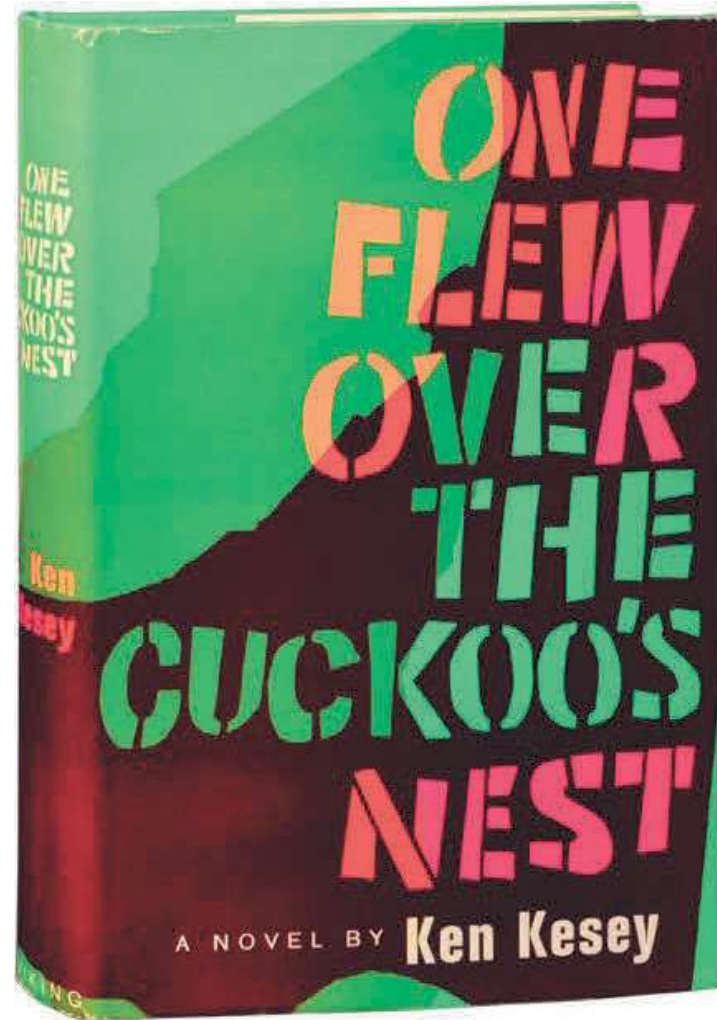
CRAZY TOWN | MAR. 29, 2013

VULTURE

17 Moments in *The Shining* Where Jack Nicholson Looks Totally Crazy

By Gilbert Cruz





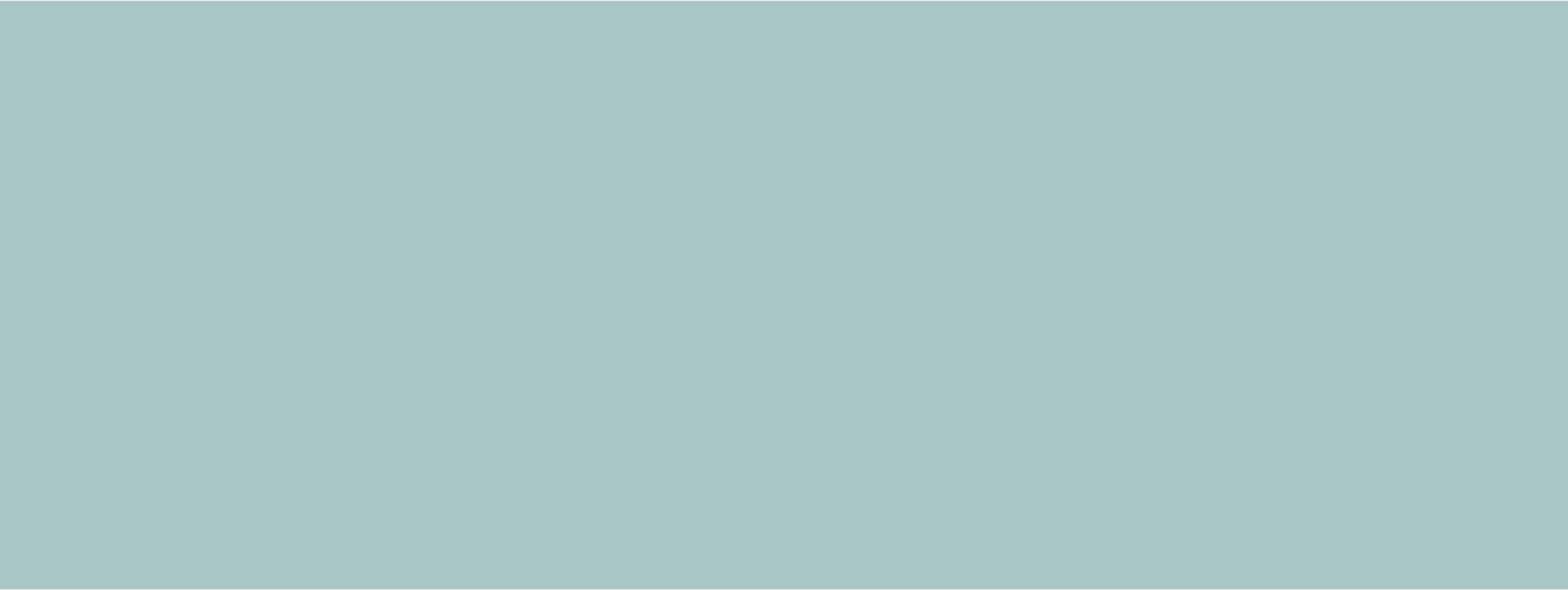
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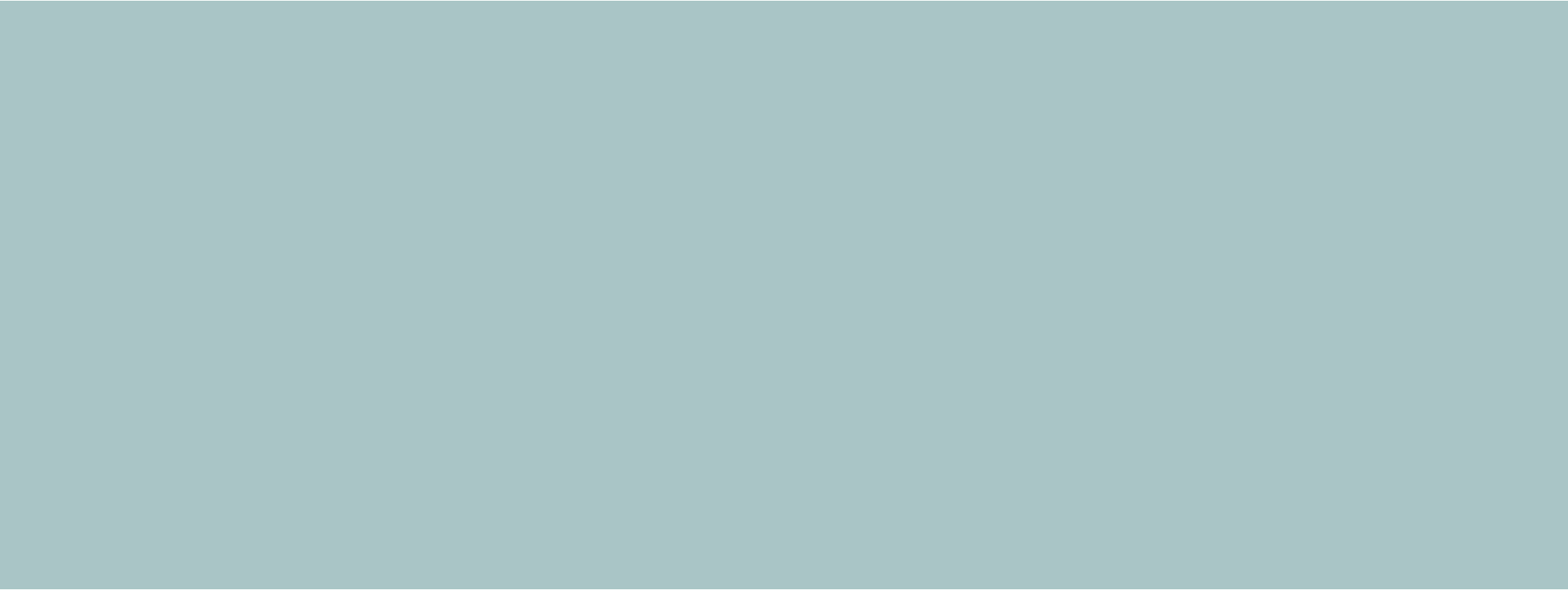
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A NOVEL BY Ken Kesey

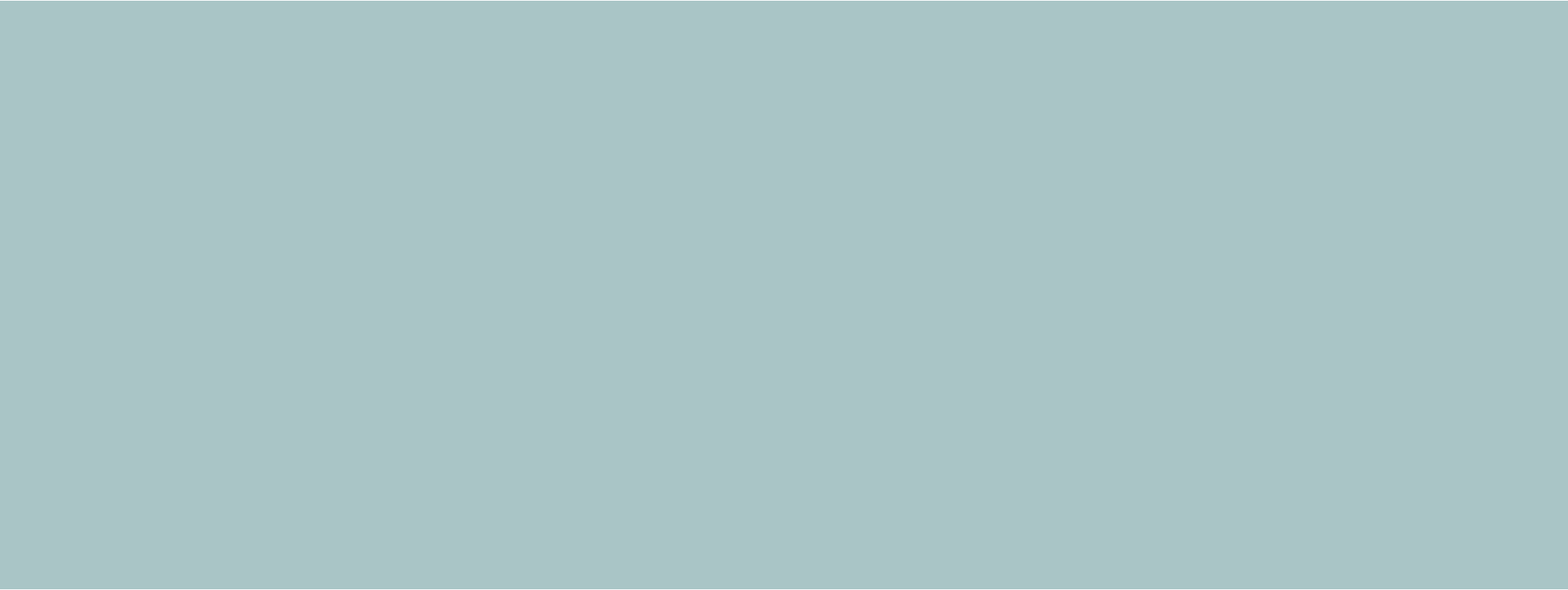
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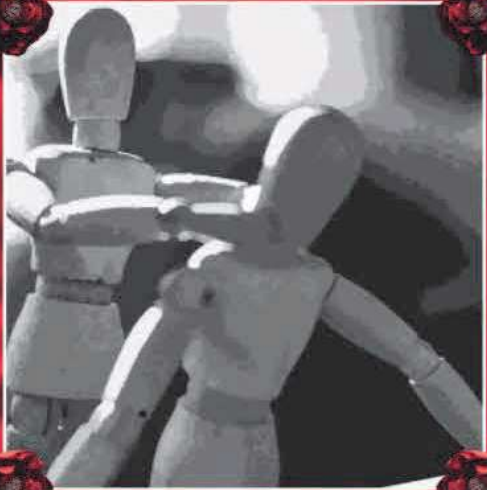


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Texas Criminal Defense Lawyers Association

Sex & Violence

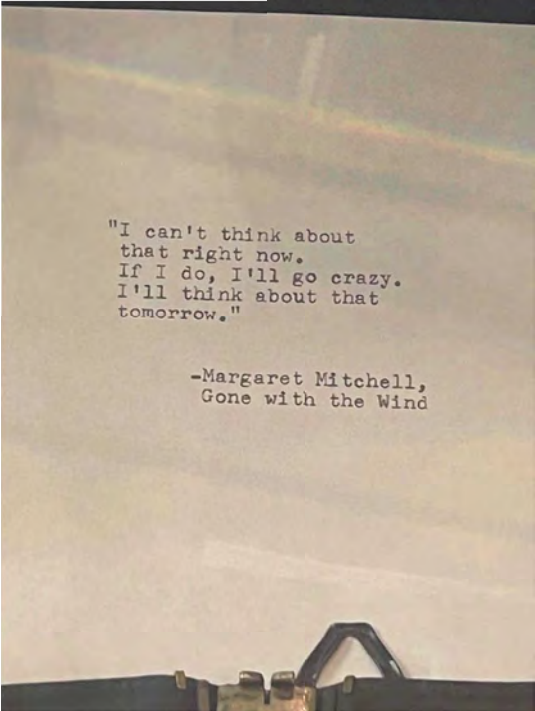
September 9-10, 2021

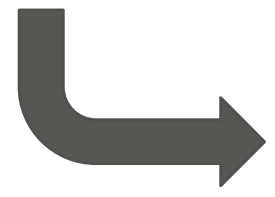
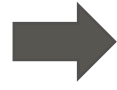


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Ages 14 to Adult

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Jeff Foxworthy

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but you can't pick your family™

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you do, then that means it's YOU!

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*It's a different hilarious game
each time you play!*

I created this game
with laughter in mind, and
it was inspired by the
insanity of my family
and friends!

— Jeff Foxworthy



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Ages 14 to Adult

Contents: 400 Punch Line Cards, 100 Setup Cards, Rules

7441

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playmonster.com

Play Monster

If you have questions, please contact us:
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LOCAL

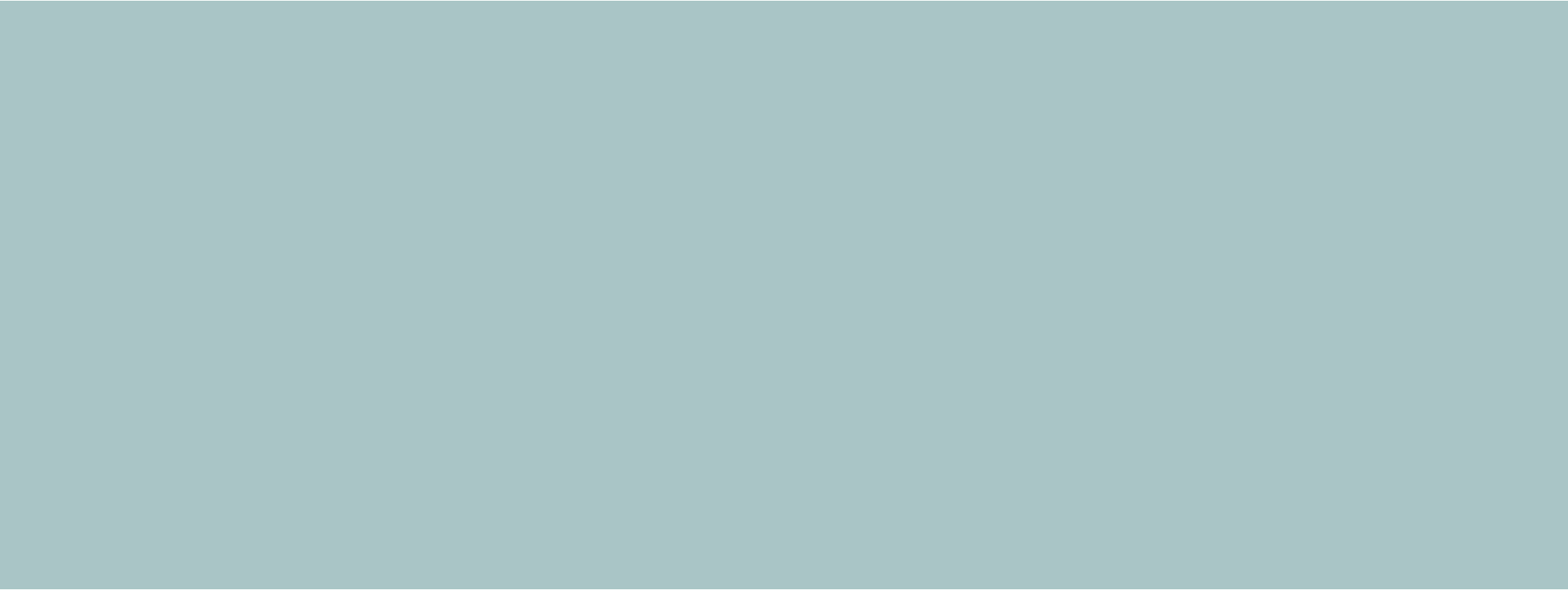
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LOCAL

Seemingly Mentally Ill Internet
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|

Pesce all'Acqua Pazza (Fish in Crazy Water)

Recipe from [Marcella Hazan](#)

Adapted by [Ali Slagle](#)

YIELD 4 servings

TIME 35 minutes

This classic Neapolitan dish involves poaching fish in a liquid that Marcella Hazan explained as being "denser than a broth, looser, more

Saved



The BEDLAM Series



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ve's
store in Corsicana, Texas

LOS AUTORES DE *FREAKONOMICS*
TE ENSEÑAN CÓMO EJERCITAR TU CEREBRO

PIENSA COMO UN FREAK

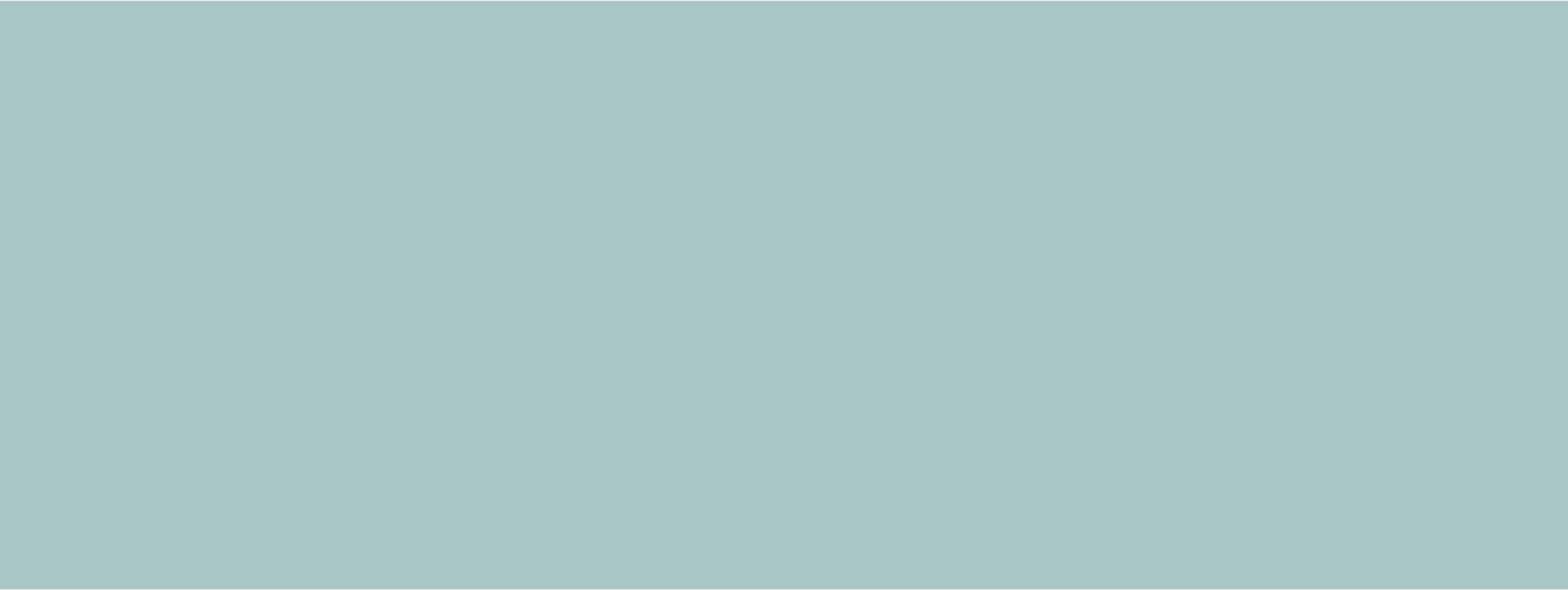
«ESTE LIBRO CAMBIARÁ TU VIDA.» *DAILY EXPRESS*



STEVEN D.
LEVITT

STEPHEN J.
DUBNER





|

Second thing: JP Daniels has his cop bias showing. He is more interested in CH and the allegations, which means we need access to CH and PC. He essentially said everyone has a story, and does not seem interested in hearing it. He said, "Bring me something I can work with."

STL 7		▼9
NYM 0		0-0
WHITLEY		P:7

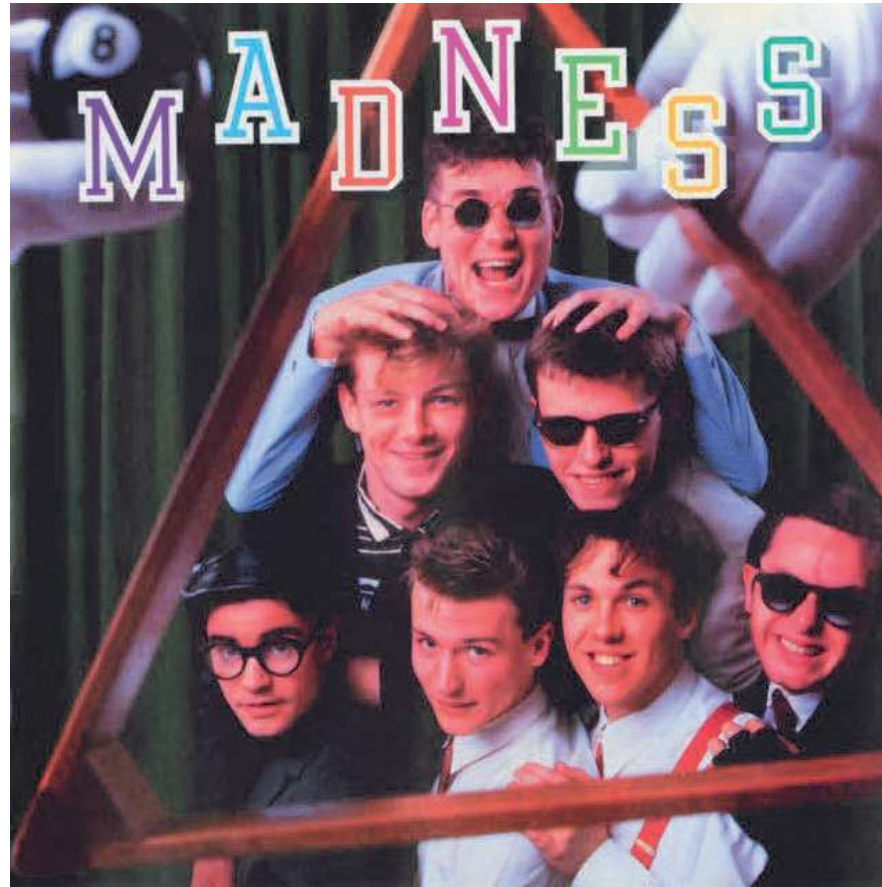
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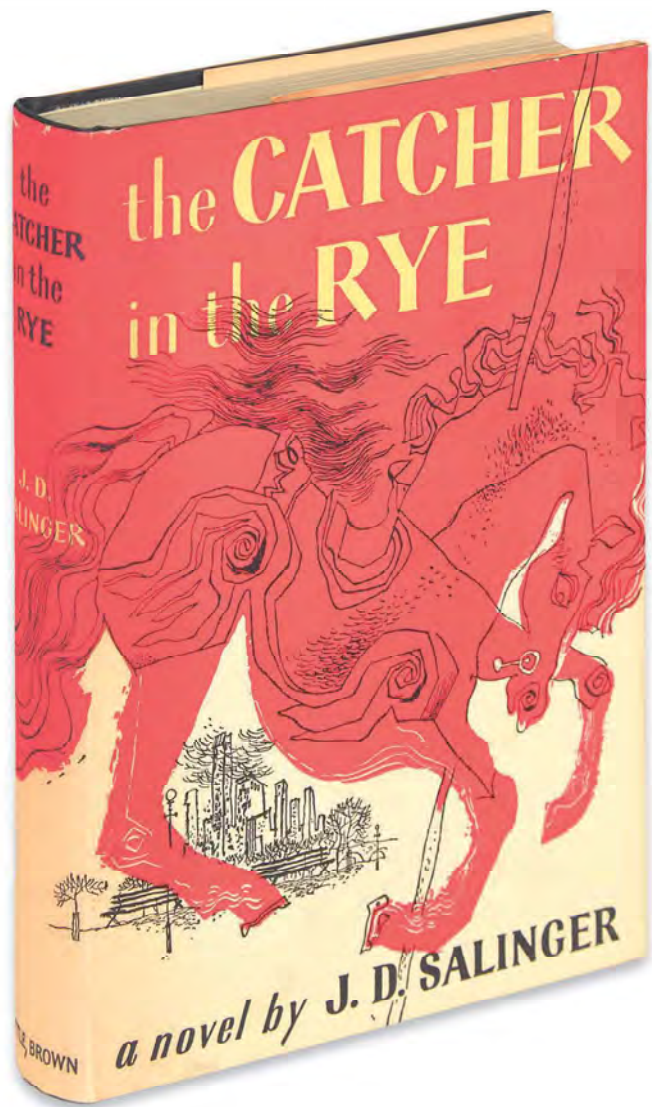


TWO THINGS:

1. Greatest love song of all time
2. Slow-blues cover of “Tomorrow’s Just Another Day”

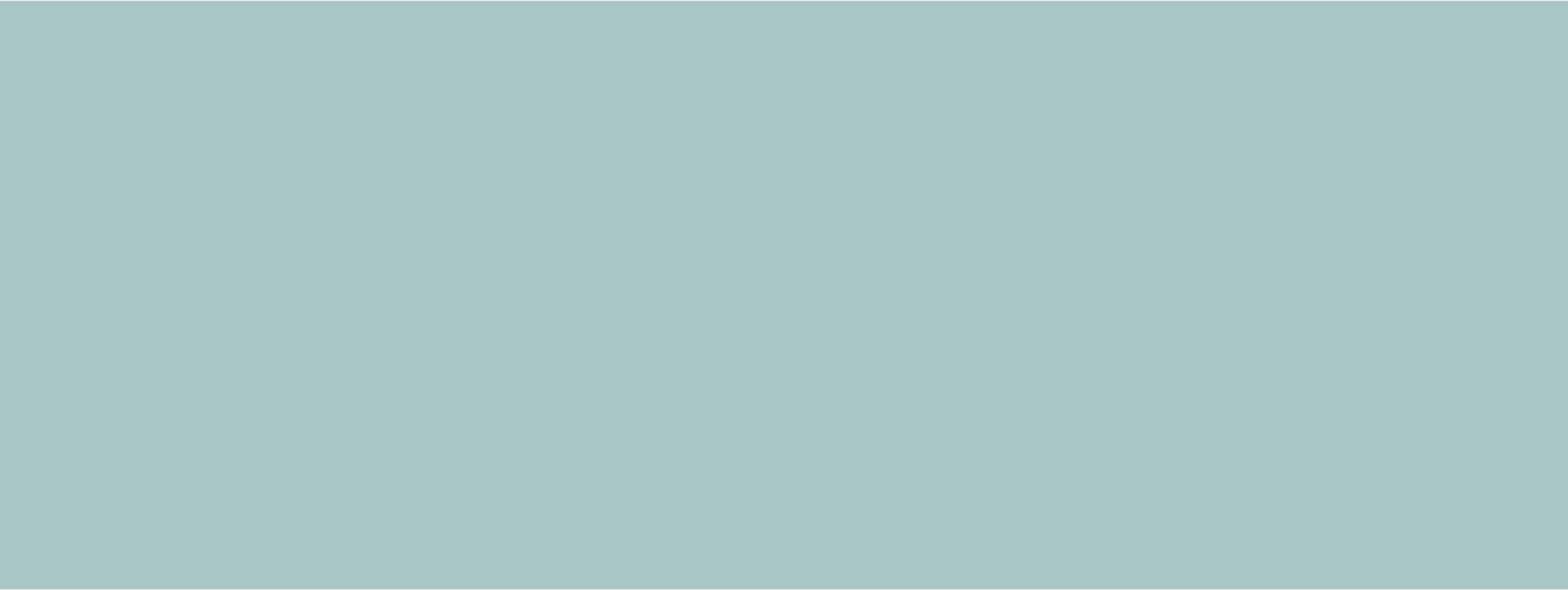


...(Is All in the Mind)



“Anyway, I keep picturing all these little kids playing some game in this big field of rye and all. Thousands of little kids, and nobody's around - nobody big, I mean - except me. And I'm standing on the edge of some **crazy** cliff. What I have to do, I have to catch everybody if they start to go over the cliff - I mean if they're running and they don't look where they're going I have to come out from somewhere and catch them. That's all I do all day. I'd just be the catcher in the rye and all. **I know it's crazy, but that's the only thing I'd really like to be.**”





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THANK YOU!

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