

## Medication, Marijuana and Me

David Lawrence, January, 2023

This is an overview of my relationship to medication throughout my life, from recreational drugs to pharmaceutical antipsychotics. I am composing this essay separately from IB4 mostly for the sake of expediency. Firstly, my life has taken enough of a turn recently that I feel I owe those who read my writings an explanation. Secondly, because my life situation is so precarious right now and my determination so thin, I truly do not know if I will ever finish IB4. IB4, by the way, stands for Infinite Book 4: Recovered Dreams - my second and most comprehensive memoir to date, and still unpublished as of January, 2023.

I need my antipsychotic medication. I admit that, now. It's a little more complicated than just me being psychotic and needing medication to treat my condition, however. It's a little more complicated because my psychosis is - I believe - the result of the medication I took for the psychiatric misdiagnosis of my initial trauma in 1999. Therefore, it is my belief that my current (2022) diagnosis of "schizophrenia - unspecified" is secondary to my true diagnosis, which should have been SCPTSD (Sever Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder) in 1999 and ever onward. Back then, what I needed was serious talk (and legal) therapy, but instead I got put on an antipsychotic that I now believe is responsible (in its absence) for my schizophrenia. I'll make a stronger case for this in IB4, but that will have to wait. So, let us begin with the trauma that was my mid-life suicide attempt (in 1999), then go back from there to 1987, and from there climb up to now, 2023.

After jumping off a freeway overpass in Southern California in 1999, I was admitted to UCLA Medical Center, where I was given a cervical fusion to repair my damaged neck. They also took out my spleen, and even opened me up a second time because they thought they needed to remove my liver. Thankfully, once they

got in there, they decided my liver could stay. I don't remember the actual jump. Nor do I remember the following three months in the hospital. This amnesia of mine was due to the trauma of my experience, both the physical trauma of my fall and the emotional trauma of wanting so badly to end my life that I drove out to a freeway overpass intending to jump. When I regained consciousness, I was in a hospital bed, recovering. I was given physical therapy. I also discovered I was being medically treated for a mental disorder of Paranoid Schizophrenia. This was a misdiagnosis - or, if it was valid, it was only valid during those three missing months after my fall. Because, immediately before and after those three months, I was perfectly lucid and capable of logical thinking.

Some would argue that my will to suicide was all the evidence required to make the case that I was delusional. I would tell those people to fuck off. Suicide is a reasonable choice in some situations, just as it was a reasonable choice in mine. Why? Because my life for the last decade or more had been systematically undermined by my enemies. And you might be thinking, "Enemies? Now I see why they diagnosed you with paranoia," and I would say, "No, now we're getting to the truth of my mental illness." So, let's catch you up on the why of my suicide attempt - or - the history of my abuse from 1987 to 1999. It's a bumpy ride, but it needs to be covered.

In high school, masturbation was for me a non-compulsive pre-sleep ritual. I wasn't into porn in high school or in college. But porn was central to the sexual assault I endured over the summer between my junior and senior high school years. Over that summer, I took a chemistry class at Cal-Tech (California Institute of Technology) and roomed in the dorms there. The two "friends" who'd encouraged me to apply for and attend this class played a trick on me shortly after my arrival. They (T. Liu and J. George) called my attention to and left a sexually explicit comic in my room, to which I masturbated (once). I wasn't planning on masturbating to it, but seeing this comic was enough of an overload for my non-porn system that I felt compelled to

masturbate. I wasn't even sure what it was I was looking at. All I knew for certain was that it gave me an erection. Later, my "friends" would tell me they had set up a tape recorder to record audio when I sat at my desk. I asked what they had heard. They said nothing. But what they did or did not actually hear was secondary to the carefully orchestrated mind-fuck they had already managed to arrange. Why did they do this? I mean, beyond the fact that they were mean spirited high school boys in competition with me academically with a moral stick up both their asses on account of religious bullshit (long story)? I have no fucking clue. Neither do I have the time or space in this essay to explain what I do know. Still, early on, I was socially stigmatized re: masturbation. Sadly, this will be a recurring theme throughout my life.

I was stigmatized in college, too. Pretty sure there was a person or maybe even a fraternity or two that got their kicks out of messing with me. They may have been connected to T. Liu and J. George. I don't know. All I know was that I felt targeted, but still did my best to live in denial re: my targeting until senior year. That's when I acted out. After that, I knew I was a target. Feeling socially ostracized and a little feisty, I played a prank on some randomly selected members of the student body in 1992, my last year at Pomona College. Once a day for two weeks, I delivered to the mailbox of one randomly chosen student (as determined by a roll of a bunch of dice) one Student of the Day certificate. This was intended to make a sideways statement about the sometimes arbitrary nature of collegiate grading systems. It was never intended as a personal attack, but that didn't keep me safe from personal repercussions. One of my few friends (D. Morest) told me that one of the women I rolled up for my award was connected to Warner Bros. He also said she was a "plotter." How would he know this? Well, he was a member of the NAΦ (Nu Alpha Phi) fraternity, which was basically the drug frat. This meant he had connections. Not that he ever spent time telling me who or what those connections were. Another friend of mine was the campus drug dealer (D. Greco).

So, we have at least one powerful person (C. Wertheimer) upset with me, and two betraying friends. What did they arrange? Well, that same senior year, my two friends encouraged me to smoke pot for the first time. Then they got me to do acid (twice) and mushrooms (once). They weren't really close friends of mine. In fact, after high school, no one was. So, these drug enabling "friends" maybe took to testing my tolerance in terms of drugs. Now, why would they do that? Because, a year after I graduated, I would be invited to an off-campus party hosted by my drug dealing friend. That party was to be an X party - X for ecstasy, or MDMA (methylenedioxymethamphetamine). That was supposedly the drug I took. But I don't think that that was really the drug given me. Why? Because the person who gave me that drug turned out to be the very same Warner Bros. woman I'd pranked the year before. Now, why would I take a pill from her? Good question. And I have no good answer really unless we get into mind control, but that's a rabbit hole for IB4, not this little essay. Anyway, after taking this pill, I was kicked out of the X party and banished to the beer party downstairs, where I experienced feelings of paranoia for the first time in my life.

After that betrayal, I attended Cal State San Jose in the Fall of 1993 for a Masters in TESOL (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages). I earned nothing of the kind, however, and instead further stigmatized myself as a masturbator. Having reason to believe I had been seen masturbating through my dormitory window at the school, I became suspicious that others were talking about me. After all, I was a graduate student living in an undergraduate dorm with no friends. Soon enough my parents called in a "crisis counselor" to assess my situation. This counselor supposedly walked around campus a bit to see if he noticed others reacting around me (which effort would most likely prove inconclusive, anyway). Then he told me I was only imagining that people were talking about me. Now, it's not like everyone was talking about me, but some were. However, the cognitive dissonance caused by my crisis counselor's denial of

my situation tipped the scales of my confidence, and I fled the program.

After this personal setback, I was attacked via high profile media in back channel ways. Remember Warner Bros.? A (slightly doctored) image of me was placed in the art collage of Prince's (or TAFKAP's) CD-single "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" (1994), the first item created under the auspices of NPG Records after Prince broke away from Warner Bros. It was a picture taken of me in the Oldenborg dormitory of Pomona College in 1990. This freaked me out, and only added to my feelings of social ostracization. Some time later, the brother of my best friend (and a friend of said brother) showed me the "Insomniac" CD by Green Day. They opened it up and pointed at a person in the inside collage and said it was me. Then they laughed, said they were only joking, and left. My friend refused to entertain the notion it was actually me in that collage by Winston Smith, but I was pretty sure it was, as that image too I could connect to a picture taken of me during my days at Pomona College. Also, please note: Green Day's "Insomniac" album was put out by Reprise Records, which is owned and operated by Warner Bros.

Around this time, I was taken to see a psychologist. They said I was stressed and depressed. They prescribed me an anti-anxiety medication. I didn't take it too long. It wasn't helpful. I also went to a lawyer looking to sue over the image of me in that TAFKAP CD, but the lawyer I saw simply made light of it and refused my case. What followed after that was the rest of the '90s. Having been handed a girlfriend by my concerned Southern California friends, I was finally in a relationship. As for work, I spent time at a few jobs, only to always get uncomfortable where I worked and end up leaving. Rumors, fed by my abusers, seemed to follow me wherever I went. I did eventually earn a certificate in TESOL from University of California, Riverside, Extension. But my teaching career never panned out. I was too socially fearful to be an effective teacher, let alone a teacher in a foreign country. The general consensus of my family and friends

at that time was that I was simply delusional. They weren't interested in hearing otherwise. Then, in 1999, I tried to kill myself.

I tried to kill myself for a number of reasons. 1. I had just been laid off of my first full-time job, a job that finally paid me enough to support myself. 2. I had just lost my first really attractive girlfriend (my third girlfriend). 3. I was living with a male bisexual roommate (W. Hattan) in a new town (Long Beach), where I couldn't seem to find a job or a life. 4. I still felt socially targeted by persons and organizations tied to Pomona College, and this resulted in feelings of fear (thanks to the targeting) and feelings of being misunderstood (thanks to my support network refusing to validate any of what I told them was being done to me). So. The attempt I took on my life consisted of jumping off of a freeway overpass in the middle of the night, where the 57 crosses the 10, well east of Los Angeles. I don't remember jumping, however.

Here's what I do remember. I got in my car to drive from my shared apartment to the freeway overpass where I hoped to end my life. After backing up out of the garage in Long Beach, though, my next memory is of being in a hospital recovery bed three months in the future. During this (missing to me) time, I was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and placed on the antipsychotic Risperdal. Apparently, wanting to end my life meant I was crazy. That, and the way I presented at the time - due mostly to the physical trauma of my fall, no doubt - also meant that I was crazy. Whether or not my paranoid schizophrenia was a mis-diagnosis or not, I was fast-tracked onto Federal Disability.

Anyway, after my suicide attempt, I tried to get back on "the horse of life," so to speak. I applied for and was accepted into an Accounting course at USC. Realizing I was in way over my head, I asked the instructor to ask the class if anyone was interested in joining me for a study group. No one raised their hand. In that sizable stadium seating auditorium - which was full, by the way - no one raised their hand. So, I ducked out and dove into an MBA with an emphasis in Accounting at Cal State San Bernardino.

Once there, I did better academically. I even made some friends, although the loyalty of those friends did become suspect. I will call these friends WSHT, which is the acronym they will be assigned in IB4. Anyway, WSHT was complicated, and they didn't really have time for my trauma. At least not in ways helpful to me. And earning an MBA from Cal State San Bernardino wasn't in the cards, either. One of the instructors there pulled a fast one and made me miss a test. As a consequence of this missed test, I would have to re-take the same class from the same lousy instructor in order to graduate. I say he was a lousy instructor, because I do believe he personally saw to it that I missed that test. Why would he do that? Well, there I have to fall back on my usual supposition, which is that monied interests with power and influence like to watch me suffer. If my enemies didn't want me to graduate, then that's what they got: me not graduating. At the same time, I received a letter from Social Security telling me that I was no longer disabled (since I was working on earning a degree). Never mind I was still taking the medication they never should have prescribed for me in the first place. That was their decision, though, so I dropped out of my MBA program and high-tailed it back home, where I worked some for my father's in-home business.

But first, let me tell you a little story about what happened to me while still attending Cal State San Bernardino. My bi "friend" - the one I had shared an apartment with in Long Beach - invited me to a party one night. I drove all the way down to Long Beach, where I knew no one except this so-called "friend." At that party - a party where I wasn't planning on drinking much, due to the long drive home - I was roofied, probably by the host of the party. Anyway, I woke up the next morning with very few memories of the night before, on the living room couch in the front room of the house where the party had been held. Everything seemed fine. I felt fine, too. Except for the fact that my asshole had been lubed. I let myself out and drove home. Days later, when I spoke to my "friend," he was very curt with me, and when I asked him about

that party, all he had to say was that he had "helped me out." Nice. Add another check mark to the column labeled, "Trauma."

After dropping out of Cal State San Bernardino and moving back in with my parents, my psychiatrist insisted I switch from Risperdal to the more expensive Abilify, on account of Risperdal's supposedly higher risk of diabetes. My parents did their best to pony up the money. However, it cost so much that I decided (since I wasn't disabled anymore anyway) to titrate off the Abilify. Well, if you do your research you will learn that Abilify, and similar medications, whether necessary or not, have a tendency to create psychosis in the minds of those who stop taking them. So, after titrating off of Abilify for my first time, I went crazy for my first time. In 2005, I had my first break from reality. My life for the next four years was more of the same, with a sexual relationship thrown in the mix by my enemies for good measure.

This relationship consisted of the one I had with the married woman called "Jess" of IB3. I won't go into the details of this relationship here except to make three important points. Firstly, when our relationship began, Jess latched onto me and drew me out with all the skill of a true predator (which she was). She even went so far as to fabricate a story that I had written her a love note and put it on her car. I do not believe that I did any such thing. However, IF I did, it was due to a case of split personality, which, IMO, adds up to trauma-induced mind control. That's a big topic, and I won't go into that here. Secondly, for all intents and purposes, and probably very literally, Jess was my handler from 2006 to 2009. Besides seeing to it that I got back on Federal Disability, she also ran me through the emotional relationship wringer, and - I'll wager - was tasked with keeping tabs on me for my enemies. She prepared me through my psychotic breaks to perform as instructed before handing me off to my second handler, who would be the "Isabella" of IB3 and IB4. Isabella lived in Lompoc, CA.

The relationship with Isabella was exceptionally complicated, so most of that will have to wait until IB4. And even if you think



she could not have been my handler, considering all her own troubles, I will still insist that on some level she was exactly that. How so is difficult to pinpoint, considering the nature of Dissociative Identity Disorder and its relation to mind control. Anyway, being dually diagnosed, Isabella had both a mental health diagnosis and a drug problem. On the lighter side of her drug use, she liked to smoke pot. As for me, because I was in mental health recovery, I refrained from doing any more than sometimes drinking and maybe one time smoking out with Isabella and some neighbors. I say maybe, because I honestly don't remember whether I smoked out with them or not. I'm pretty sure I didn't because I was looking for work at the time and wanted to be sure I could pass a drug test if I had to, but my memory from that time is a little fuzzy. When I was with Isabella, I stayed on my medication and was in many ways the bedrock of our relationship. Our foundation was still not stable, though, due to child custody issues, work issues, mental health issues, financial issues, and honesty issues. I made some bad calls, and Isabella never was able to be honest with me about her use of different drugs, so we became separated in 2010.

In 2011, while separated from Isabella and living on my own in Santa Maria, I stopped taking my Abilify and fell into psychosis yet again. This experience of psychosis consisted of a mix of delusional thinking and substantial spiritual expression. How this differed from the episodes I endured from 2005 to 2009 will take IB4 to unwind. Still, I went crazy, and did not regain my mental and emotional stability until I started working for Transitions Mental Health Association (based out of San Luis Obispo, but with a facility in Santa Maria) AND got back together with Isabella in Lompoc. Working in the mental health field proved stabilizing, as did my relationship with Isabella. Unfortunately, around this time I published Infinite Book 3: My Truest Fiction. I say unfortunately because this created a wedge between me and Transitions Mental Health Association. How deep this wedge was I would not realize until several years later. As things stood, and for the time being, Transitions more or less put up with me until I

quit my job and moved away to Upland, CA, after Isabella's death by accidental (?) overdose in February of 2016.

In Upland, isolated and with no close friends, I became lax in my medication management and again experienced psychosis. The spiritual aspects of this episode were even more pronounced than those of my previous episode in Santa Maria. When I came out of it, I was scrounging for housing in Long Beach and Bellflower, after which I received a tip from a Transitions co-worker to apply for work as an AmeriCorps VISTA. AmeriCorps accepted my application, and soon enough it was off to Prescott, AZ for me.

In Arizona, I shut my websites down a bit and did my best to act like a normal worker bee. I did a decent enough job at my job, while my use of alcohol in my off hours was moderate. Still, I began to notice being noticed. People who shouldn't care seemed to think they knew something about me. How these rumors reached these people became a source of consternation on my part. Had they read what I'd written, published and posted? Had they heard other stories? Anyway, socially ostracized yet again, I fulfilled my year-long VISTA AmeriCorps assignment and eventually went looking for work in the mental health field. But I was worn out. I'd been trapped in what had been a few years of social isolation, BEFORE COVID. There's a lot more concerning these times that belong in IB4, but for now let's just say I received training in mental health work and moved to Peoria, only to discover I was being set up. Every aspect of my life in Peoria was monitored and controlled to chase me out of there, just as I had been encouraged to leave Prescott. Apparently, I was supposed to have finished my work in Prescott and either gone home (back to CA) or signed up for another year of lonely and exhausting work as a VISTA. What it all added up to was this. I got chased out of Peoria and fled back to Transitions Mental Health Association (CA), a false safety net. I'd never spent much time in San Luis Obispo, but that was where I lived for the next year and a half.

My time in San Luis Obispo is detailed in the essay "San Luis Obispo and Me," which is another one of the "Pinned Entries" at the top of Infinite Book Series Blog. There's more to be said about that time, however, both in IB4 and right here. You see, by that time in California, marijuana was legal. So, I tried some. I even got a job delivering marijuana in Arroyo Grande. My delivery area covered a pretty wide stretch of territory. Unfortunately, I felt isolated at my job and said something one time that upset one of my managers, and he fired me on the spot. That was not, IMO, the proper way to handle the situation, but that's what he did. After losing this job and indulging in more marijuana than I should have, I continued to spiral. Just as 1992 was the year I knew I was targeted, 2019 was the year I knew I was "underground famous." Now, I'd like to think that not everyone tied to this underground are at the beck and call of my enemies, but it's obvious a lot of them are. And I'm easy to poke fun at because, just as my life has been undermined by others, I have made a lot of embarrassing mistakes on my own. Messing with cannabinoids was one of those mistakes. Note, I say cannabinoids, because that stuff is a lot more complex than the stuff I smoked back in the 1990's.

Anyway, after San Luis Obispo, I was chased off to Seattle, where I knew no one. Also, none of my efforts to generate a social life for myself ever paid off. In fact, some of those efforts were deliberately and personally thwarted by persons "in the know." They were either amused by or otherwise rewarded for giving me a hard time and pushing me back into isolation. Money and influence and social networking and criminality all add up to one big old mess for me. During this time, I was also titrating off of Abilify. I stayed the course and got off that medication completely in 2022. Before that, however, in the first quarter of 2022, I was offered a job at Boeing. The offer came through Indeed. I'd made my profile public, and was asked to apply. They said it was a part-time job. It turned out to be nothing of the sort. I managed to stick it out for about one month. It was demanding, the hours grueling, and driving to and from my various work

locations mostly at night was a nightmare in and of itself. Learning the computer system I had to work with was difficult, too, but not as difficult as dealing with a few of the personalities I ran into, who targeted me in subtle and not-so-subtle ways. So, after getting sick of being overworked at Boeing, I quit, and that was the beginning of the end.

Feeling unable to maintain worthwhile employment, I became self-destructive. I took to posting some crazier than normal stuff online, both on my websites and on my Facebook page. This also had to do with my being harassed by my enemies, the specifics of which I won't get into here, as well as having my computer hacked. I also drank (at home) and indulged in marijuana (elsewhere). Finally, I slipped into delusional thinking, which caused me to act out. When all was said and done, I got to spend some time in jail. After that, I drove to a town far to the east of Seattle, where I stayed at a hotel and, in a state of depression, called 911. Then, I got to spend a month in a mental health facility, based on what I believe to have been a fabricated assessment of my behavior in an emergency room. All of that nonsense can wait until IB4, but right now, I just want to say that these two experiences underlined for me what I had already learned in San Luis Obispo, which was that I need to stay on my Abilify, and away from marijuana. While I still consider my initial diagnosis in 1999 of Paranoid Schizophrenia to be a misdiagnosis, and my proper diagnosis to be Severe Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (SCPTSD), I have to face the fact that, when I am off my Abilify, I have a tendency to slide into trauma-induced delusional thinking.

As of today, I am maintaining myself on my medication and looking for work from time to time. Otherwise, I'm doing what I can to reassemble IB4. I say reassemble, because in the last hack of 2022, all of my writing files were wiped from my iCloud account. All of them. So. Here's the end note of "Medication, Marijuana, and Me." \*\* If people were nicer to each other, then this world would be a much nicer place. It's not, though, because people are often cruel, and that leads to suffering. Some of us

suffer more than others. Still, what we need is kindness. It's like what Rodney King said during the time of the L.A. Riots in 1992. "People, I just want to say, can't we all get along? Can't we all get along?" I remember the existential plea in his words at the time. I also remember how some of my fellow students at Pomona College found those words more amusing than meaningful. Because the haves have, and the have nots do not. I still wish the world were a nicer place than it is, though. I really do.