

(MENTAL ILLNESS AND DRUGS: MY PATH TO PRISON)

BY

KENNETH "DUANE" CHAMBLESS

PREFACE

TO THOSE OF YOU NOT AFFLICTED, THE DETAILS OF MENTAL ILLNESS WILL SEEM STRANGE. THEY ARE VERY STRANGE, HOWEVER, ALL THE DETAILS I DESCRIBE IN THIS DIATRIBE, ARE VERY COMMON AMONG THOSE OF US WHO SUFFER, AND THAT IS A GOOD THING BECAUSE IT IS THIS 'COMMONALITY' WHICH FOSTERS 'COMMUNITY', AND COMMUNITY IS THE MOTHER OF 'ALTRUISM'

ALTRUISM CAUSES ONE GET OUT OF ONES SELF AND HELP OTHERS, THE PARADOX OF WHICH IS THAT: HELPING OTHERS CAN BRING YOU A DEEP AND CATHARTIC JOY. THUS, AFFORDING ~~■~~ A RESPITE FROM AFFLICTION.

I ALSO NEED TO STATE EMPHATICALLY THAT WORDS CAN NEVER DESCRIBE THE DEPTH OF HELL AND MISERY CAUSED BY MENTAL ILLNESS. A PERSON WHO DOES NOT SUFFER FROM IT CAN NOT WRAP THEIR MIND AROUND THIS LEVEL OF MISERY. IT IS SO DEBILITATING THAT IT AVOIDS DESCRIPTION. I WILL TRY TO EXPLAIN IT. BUT, EVEN IF I DO A GOOD JOB, YOU WILL NEVER COMPREHEND THE UTER MAGNITUDE OF SUFFERING THAT TAKES PLACE.

IN MY LIFE I HAVE: BEEN MARRIED AND DIVORCED, HAD MY HEART BROKEN (SEVERAL TIMES), LOST LOVED ONES, HAD BEST FRIENDS DIE AND COMMIT SUICIDE, IVE BEEN ABANDONED BY FRIENDS AND FAMILY, BEEN 'FIRED' FROM WORK, BEEN REJECTED.... WE ALL HAVE.

THAT'S ALL NORMAL STUFF. WE CALL IT "LIFE". I'VE ALSO ² HAD MORE 'ESOTERIC' EXPERIENCES: I HAVE BEEN REPEATIVELY SENTENCED TO PRISON. BEEN STABBED, BEEN IN RIOTS, BEEN KIDNAPPED. BEATEN AND LEFT FOR DEAD. HOWEVER, ALL THE PROBLEMS I HAVE MENTIONED DO NOT COMPETE WITH 5 MINUTES OF MENTAL ILLNESS.

MY MENTAL ILLNESS FIRST APPEARED WHEN I WAS 7 YEARS OLD. I WAS WATCHING T.V. LAYING ON THE LIVINGROOM FLOOR IN MY "██████" "UNDER-ROOS" (THE 'SPIDER MAN' ONES) MY MOM HOLLARED FROM HER BEDROOM, "DUANE, IT'S TIME FOR BED YOU GOT SCHOOL TOMMOROW"

WHEN I JUMPED UP TO TURN OFF THE T.V. AN INTENSE THOUGHT POPPED INTO MY HEAD. THE THOUGHT WAS THIS: I MUST TURN THE T.V. ON AND OFF 3 TIMES OR MY MOM WILL DIE AND IT WILL BE MY FAULT!!!

HOWEVER, THIS WAS UNLIKE ANY THOUGHT I HAD EVER HAD. IT WAS SO INTENSE IT WAS INCAPACITATING. THERE WERE STRONG, SUPER CHARGED EMOTIONS AND FEELINGS ATTACHED TO THIS THOUGHT. IT WAS OVERWHELMING. I HAD NO CHOICE. I HAD TO TURN THE T.V. ON AND OFF 3 TIMES, SO, I DID. WHEN I DID A EUPHORIC FEELING CAME OVER ME. I FELT AS IF I HAD SAVED THE WORLD

I FELT LIKE I HAD 'SUPER POWERS'... LIKE I WAS SPIDER MAN!!! 3

THIS THOUGHT WAS NOT AN AUDIOTORY VOICE (THE VOICES WOULD COME LATER WITH SKITZOPHRENIA)

THIS ESSAY IS DEDICATED TO: O.C.D. (OBSESSIVE COMPULSIVE DISORDER) I WILL COVER PARANOID SKITZOPHRENIA IN A DIFFERENT ESSAY.

ANYWAY, THERE I STOOD IN FRONT OF THE T.V. DANCING WITH THE DEVIL IN MY "UNDER-ROOS" I WAS UNAWARE THAT I HAD JUST UNLEASHED A DEMON WITHIN. AND THIS WAS A DEMON BEYOND ALL DESCRIPTION. EVEN THE DEVIL (IF HE EXSIST) IS JUST A LITTLE 'BITCH' COMPARED TO THIS DEMON. O.C.D. IS A MONSTER!!!

FROM THAT DAY FOWARD. I WOULD GET THESE SUPER INTENSE. SUPER EMOTION CHARGED THOUGHTS WHICH WOULD FORCE ME TO TURN THE T.V. OR THE LIGHT ON AND OFF. OR TO LOCK AND UNLOCK THE DOOR OVER AND OVER.

THE THEME WAS ALWAYS THE SAME: IF I DID NOT OBEY THE THOUGHT MY MOM WOULD DIE AND IT WOULD BE MY FAULT!!!!

EVERY TIME I OBEYED THE THOUGHT AND EVERY TIME I WOULD GET A NVEROLOGICAL REWARD:

I WOULD FEEL LIKE I HAD SAVED THE WORLD!!! 4

THE LOCK ON OUR FRONT DOOR BECAME MY SLAVE MASTER. MY PARENTS WOULD BE AT WORK I WOULD COME HOME FROM SCHOOL. PUT MY STUFF UP. WHEN I WOULD LEAVE TO GO PLAY WITH MY FRIENDS I WOULD GO TO LOCK THE HOUSE AND I WOULD HAVE TO DO IT OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN. THEN I WOULD JUMP ON MY BIKE AND START TO RIDE OFF. BUT, IT WOULDN'T "FEEL" RIGHT SO I WOULD HAVE TO GO RIGHT BACK AND LOCK, LOCK, LOCK IT AGAIN AND AGAIN.

THIS WAS A TRUE PARADOX. BECAUSE ON THE ONE HAND. I DID NOT CARE IF THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. PLUS, WE LIVED IN A: NICE, SAFE, GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD BUT, THE "FEELING" THAT THE DOOR WAS NOT LOCKED.

THAT FEELING... FELT LIKE MY FAMILY HAD DIED!!!!!! READING THIS YOU CAN NEVER IMAGINE HOW INTENSE THIS WAS. IT BECAME A 24/7 OBSESSION. IT WAS TURMOIL, LIVING HELL. I FINALLY DEVELOPED A WAY TO "PROVE" TO MYSELF THAT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. I WOULD LOCK, UNLOCK, LOCK IT 3 TIMES. JUMP ON MY BIKE. RIDE TO END OF DRIVEWAY. TURN AROUND GO BACK. AND LOCK

UNLOCK, LOCK IT 3 MORE TIMES. THEN I WOULD 5
PUT MY FOOT ON THE DOOR MATT AND TURN IT, MAKING
IT SLIGHTLY CROOKED. THEN I WOULD LOOK AT THE
MATT. COUNT TO 5. THEN BLINK MY EYES 5 TIMES,

NOW, I WOULD HAVE THE IMAGE OF THE
CROOKED MATT IN MY MIND, I WOULD THEN RUN,
JUMP ON MY BIKE AND SPEED OFF.

OF COURSE IMMEDIATELY THE INTENSE
THOUGHT WOULD JUMP INTO MY MIND SAYING: THE
DOORS NOT LOCKED, THE DOORS NOT LOCKED.

BUT, NOW I WOULD VISUALIZE AND REFER
TO MY MENTAL IMAGE OF THE CROOKED MATT WHICH
"PROVES" THAT THE DOOR IS LOCKED.

ONLY THEN COULD I ESCAPE THE OVERWHELMING
COMPULSION TO GO CHECK THE LOCK (YET AGAIN) AND
REMEMBER NOW, THE THOUGHT THAT THE LOCK WAS
NOT LOCKED "FELT" LIKE YOU WOULD FEEL IF YOUR
FAMILY DIED.

THIS WENT ON FOR YEARS. THEN MY O.C.D.
TURNED A VERY DARK AND SINISTER CORNER.

WHAT I AM ABOUT TO SAY IS: WEIRD, AWFUL,
AND SINISTER. I DID NOT KNOW IT AT THE TIME
BUT, WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DESCRIBE IS REALLY

VERY COMMON FOR PEOPLE WITH TRUE: O.C.D. 6

IRONICALLY, I BEGAN TO OBSESS ABOUT KILLING MY PARENTS!!! NOW, LET ME BE VERY CLEAR HERE: I HAD NO DESIRE TO HARM MY PARENTS, I LOVED MY PARENTS. THEY WERE GOOD, DECENT, STABLE PARENTS WHO LOVED ME. WE GOT ALONG FINE. I WAS NEVER ABUSED IN ANYWAY.

I DID NOT WANT TO KILL MY PARENTS. BUT, I HAD A SUPER STRONG 'FEAR' THAT I WAS GOING TO KILL THEM AND THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD STOP IT.

THIS BECAME A LIVING HELL, A BROKEN RECORD OBSESSION IN MY MIND 24/7.

I FELT SO TERRIBLE AND GUILTY. I KNEW IT WAS WEIRD. I KNEW I COULDN'T TELL ANYBODY. I WOULD STAY UP LATE AT NIGHT AND CRY AND PRAY AND BEG GOD, BEG JESUS TO PLEASE NOT LET ME KILL MY PARENTS, I EVEN THOUGHT OFTEN OF KILLING MYSELF SO THAT MY PARENTS WOULD BE "SAFE". IT WAS HELL ON EARTH!!! I WAS A KID AND THIS WAS MY LIFE 24/7

I WOULD BARRICADE MY BEDROOM DOOR AND

I WOULD EVEN PEE IN A CUP. SO THAT I DIDNT 7
HAVE TO GO DOWN THE HALL TO THE BATHROOM
(WHICH WAS BY THEIR ROOM)

I WOULD RECITE LONG, COMPLEX PRAYERS. I
WOULD GET MY DOG IN MY ROOM. A BEAUTIFUL
BOXER BULLDOG NAMED, "BRANDY LEE", SHE PROBABLY
WIEGHED MORE THAN ME. I WOULD CRY TO HEAR
AND HUG HER AND SHE WOULD LICK MY TEARS,

SOME HOW I MANAGED TO HIDE ALL THIS
AND I MANAGED TO BE POPUIAR IN SCHOOL. I HAVE
AN INNATE PROPENSITY FOR CONVIVILITY. I AM VERY
GREGARIOUS BY NATURE: I LOVE PEOPLE AND ANIMALS,
SO I HAD PLENTY OF FRIENDS AND GIRLFRIENDS.
OVER TIME, MY FRIENDS BECAME MY FAMILY.

MY PARENTS WOULD NOT ALLOW ME TO SPEND
THE NIGHT WITH FRIENDS ON 'SCHOOL NIGHTS'. BUT,
ON: WEEKENDS, HOLIDAYS AND SUMMERS I WAS ALWAYS
ALLOWED TO STAY WITH FRIENDS. I AM SO THANKFUL I
HAD SO MANY GOOD FRIENDS. THERE IS NOT ONE
SINGLE: WEEKEND, HOLIDAY, OR SUMMER NIGHT THAT
I DID NOT SPEND AT FRIENDS HOUSES,

WHILE AT MY FRIENDS. I KNEW MY PARENTS
WERE "SAFE". I WOULD STILL OBSESS ON THE

"FEAR" OF KILLING THEM. BUT, I KNEW THEY WERE
"SAFE" FOR THE WEEKEND.

8

BUT, IT WAS A LIVING HELL FROM AGE: 7-13
I WAS IN A HELL THAT WORDS CAN NEVER DESCRIBE.
THEN AT 13. I ESCAPED!!!

MY BEST FRIEND WAS "TED". HE LIVED RIGHT
DOWN THE STREET, WE WOULD OFTEN SNEAK DOWN
INTO THE DRAINAGE TUNNELS. AND SMOKE CIGG
BUTTS (WHICH WE STOLE FROM HIS PARENTS ASHTRAYS)

ONE DAY AFTER COMPLETING MY "LOCK" RITUAL
I WENT TO 'TEDS'. WE WENT TO THE TUNNELS
ON THIS DAY 'TED' HAD A FUNNY SMELLING BUTT
FROM HIS SISTERS ASHTRAY. WE KNEW IT WAS "WEED"
BUT, WE HAD NEVER SMOKED ANY. BUT, THAT DAY
WE SMOKED IT. INSTANTLY WE WERE IN ANOTHER
WORLD. EVERYTHING WAS SUPER FUNNY, THE WORLD
WAS: INTENSE, VIBRANT AND BEAUTIFUL!!!

WE FELT LIKE WE WERE SUBMERGED
UNDER WATER. WE ACTED LIKE WE WERE
SWIMMING. WE LAUGHED SO HARD, WE CRIED,
AND THAT MADE US LAUGH EVEN HARDER,

WE WENT BACK TO TEDS HOUSE AND ATE
HOTSauce AND chips (WHICH IS MY FAVORITE ANYWAY)

BUT, IT TASTED BETTER THAN EVER. WE HAD SO 9
MUCH FUN JUST DOING NORMAL STUFF, IT STARTED
TO GET LATE. ON SCHOOL NIGHTS I HAD TO BE
HOME AT: 10:00 p.m.

IT WAS TIME TO GO HOME. I LEFT,
WHEN I GOT HOME I WENT TO GET MY KEY OUT
AND I NOTICED THE DOOR MAT WAS CROOKED. AND
IN THAT INSTANT MY LIFE CHANGED! I STARTED
CRYING TEARS OF JOY. I RAN TO THE MIDDLE OF
MY YARD, FELL ON MY KNEES AND "THANKED"
GOD!!! MY PRAYERS HAD BEEN ANSWERED

I HAD EXPERIENCED A TRUE MIRACLE:
NOT ONLY HAD I FORGOT ABOUT THE LOCK. BUT, I
HAD FORGOT ABOUT KILLING MY PARENTS. AND NOT
ONLY HAD I FORGOT THESE THOUGHTS BUT I
HAD FORGOT THAT I HAD EVEN FORGOTTEN THEM.

FOR YEARS A BROKEN RECORD OF SUPER INTENSE
HEIL HAD PLAYED IN MY HEAD: 24/7.... NOW, NOT
ONLY HAD THE RECORD STOPPED. BUT, I HAD
SOMEHOW FORGOT TO NOTICE IT.

I WAS IN LOVE. HER NAME WAS 'MARY JANE
POT, WEED, MARIJUANA IT WAS BEAUTIFUL. THAT

NIGHT. I SLEPT SO PEACEFULLY. I WAS IN HEAVEN
FROM THAT DAY FOWARD I SMOKED POT EVERY
CHANCE I GOT. IT LITERALLY SAVED MY LIFE !!!

TIME WENT BY. PUBERTY CAME. GIRLS CAME
AROUND AND I WAS IN HEAVEN !!!

THEN AT AGE 16 I STARTED TRYING DRUGS.
I HAD HEARD SO MUCH BAD STUFF ABOUT 'POT.' BUT,
'POT' HAD SAVED MY LIFE. SO SUBCONSCIOUSLY I THOUGHT
OTHER DRUGS MUST BE "GOOD". AND THEY WERE
AT FIRST. THE 2 DRUGS WHICH HELPED ME THE
MOST WERE: M.D.M.A. (METHYLDIOXYMETHAMPHETAMINE)
ALSO KNOWN AS: EXSTACY AND "MAGIC MUSHROOMS"
THESE 2 DRUGS: EXSTACY AND MUSHROOMS
OPENED ME UP TO OTHER DIMENSIONS. I SAW THE
THRONE OF GOD AND THE GATES OF HEIL. I TRAVELED
TO PLACES YOU CANT GET TO BY: BOAT, TRAIN OR
PLANE. I WENT TO THE TRUELY 'INDIGENOUS LAND'
THE REALM OF THE: INDIANS, MYSTICS, SHAMANS
AND ORACIES. IT WAS WONDERFUL!!!!

NOW A DAYS PSYCHIATRIST ARE USING THESE
TRUELY SPIRITUAL TRUELY MAGICAL SUBSTANCES. TO
HELP ELEVATE SUFFERING FROM MENTAL DISORDERS
AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT DID FOR ME. IT

HEIPEO ME ON A SPIRITUAL LEVEL. I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT: POT, MUSHROOMS AND EXTASY SHOULD ALL BE LEGAL!!!

THE ONLY REASON POT IS A 'GATEWAY DRUG' IS BECAUSE IT IS LUMPED IN WITH THE BAD STUFF. ITS ALL LABELED: BAD, ILLEGAL SO IT IS ALL ASSOCIATED WITH CRIMINALITY AND THAT ELEMENT OF SOCIETY. IF IT WAS LEGAL AND REGULATED THESE DRUGS WOULD NOT BE 'GATEWAYS.'

SO THE PARADOX IS: LEGALIZE THE GOOD DRUGS AND IT WILL CAUSE WAY LESS PROBLEMS AND ADDICTIONS TO THE BAD DRUGS,

OVER TIME I GOT ADDICTED TO THE BAD DRUGS: CRACK, METH, HEROIN. DO^{ING} THIS HAS LED ME TO PRISON 5 TIMES. IVE SPENT 22 YEARS INCARCERATED AND I AM 49 YEARS OLD.

THIS IS NOT AN ATTEMPT TO ABSOLVE THE ACCEPTANCE OF CUIPABILITY OR TO IN ANYWAY ABALICATE MY ROLE IN THE EVENTS OF MY LIFE. I UNEQUIVOCALLY ~~RECEIVE~~ ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY ACTIONS.

NOW, I AM STABILIZED ON MEDICATIONS BUT, IVE ALSO SPENT 3 YEARS IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

WHICH EXACERBATES MENTAL ILLNESS. SO, I WILL 12
SOMETIMES VACILLATE. BETWEEN THE POLARITIES
OF: PROFOUND SICKNESS AND RELATIVE STABILIZATION.

BUT, ANOTHER THING THAT HELPS IS 'ALTRUISM'
(HELPING OTHER PEOPLE)

THATS WHY I WROTE THIS AND MY OTHER
ESSAYS ON THIS SITE, TO TRY TO HELP PEOPLE.
DURING ALL MY TRIPS TO PRISON I STUDIED: EVERY
RELIGION, EVERY PSYCHOLOGY, EVERY SCIENCE. I
FOUND 'THE PARADOX' TO BE THE THREAD OF
CONTINUITY WOVEN THROUGH IT ALL AND I
FORMULATED AND COPYRIGHTED MY OWN SELF-HELP
SYSTEM WHICH I PLAN TO TEACH ON YOUTUBE ONCE
I AM RELEASED FROM PRISON, MY MATERIAL GIVES
SIMPLE, SOUND EXPLANATIONS FOR: GOD, EVOLUTION,
CONSCIOUSNESS, SUFFERING, LIFE AND DEATH. MY
MATERIAL UNIFIES ALL: SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND
RELIGION.

I HOPE IT WILL HELP SOME PEOPLE, IF IT
HELPED ME ITS BOUND TO HELP SOMEBODY, MOST
PEOPLE WILL THINK ITS WEIRD. IT IS 'ESOTERIC'
SO FEW PEOPLE WILL 'GET IT'. BUT I HOPE IT

HELPS THOSE FEW.

IN THE MOVIES ANYTIME YOU SEE
SOMEONE PORTRAYED WHO HAS O.C.D, THEY
ARE ALWAYS PORTRAYED AS BEING A: CUTE, ECCENTRIC
WITH QUIRKY HABITS: OR THEY WASH THEIR HANDS ALOT!!!!

BUT, TRUE O.C.D. IS A HEIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION
ANYWAY I HOPE IF YOUR READING THIS IT CAN HELP
YOU SEE THE WORLD DIFFERENTLY.

WE HAVE A BEAUTIFUL HUMAN FAMILY AND
NOBODY SHOULD HATE OR JUDGE ANYONE.
EVERYONE IS ON THEIR OWN JOURNEY. AND
YOU NEVER KNOW WHATS GOING ON INSIDE
SOMEBODY. WE SHOULD SEEK TO HELP ONE
ANOTHER AND I HOPE I HAVE. AND I HOPE ALL
YOUR TEARS MAY BE TEARS OF JOY, NOW

I WILL LEAVE YOU WITH MY FAVORITE
POEM WHICH I BELIEVE WAS WRITTEN BY
A MAN NAMED: ROBERT BROWNING HAMILTON.

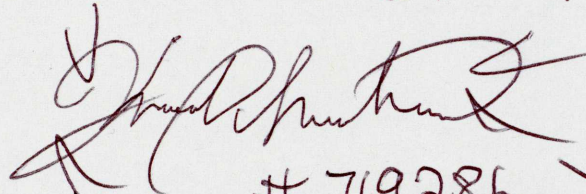
I AM NOT EVEN SURE ABOUT

THE TITLE. BUT, IT GOES:

" I WAIKED A MILE WITH PLEASURE
 SHE CHATTED ALL THE WAY,
 BUT, LEFT ME NONE THE WISER
 WITH ALL SHE HAD TO SAY,
 I WAIKED A MILE WITH SORROW
 AND NOT A WORD SAID SHE,
 BUT, OH!!! THE THINGS I LEARNED
 FROM HER... WHEN SORROW
 WAIKED WITH ME. "

THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME,

GOOD LUCK TO YOU,



719286

1448079

2072254

All my prison #'s

KENNETH 'DUANE' CHAMBLESS

A.K.A.

DR. LOTHARIO HUBRIS.... L.O.C.,

P.S. I WOULD LIKE TO BE CLEAR AGAIN
 AND SAY: I KNOW ^{ALL} ~~THIS~~ THIS SOUNDS REALLY
 WEIRD. BUT, EVERYTHING I HAVE DESCRIBED
 IS COMMON AMONG PEOPLE WITH TRUE: O.C.D.,
 EVEN THE 'FEAR' THAT YOU WILL HARM YOUR
 LOVED ONES.

I NEVER HAD A DESIRE TO HARM MY
 FAMILY, I HAD GOOD PARENTS. I LOVED
 THEM AND THEY LOVED ME: IT WAS A 'FEAR' OF KILLING

ALSO, MY DAD HAD: O.C.D. SO THERE
 IS A GENETIC COMPONENT (I DIDNT KNOW THIS UNTIL I WAS
 PLEASE READ MY OTHER ESSAYS ^{AN}
 OR FIND ME ON: YOUTUBE ^{ADULT})

DUANE CHAMBISS / DR. LOTHARIO HUBRIS