

DWELL TIME



Please send us you thoughts and feedback



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Dwell Time Issue 2

Dwell Time is an award winning, not-for-profit arts publication reflecting on mental wellbeing. Produced and curated by Alice Bradshaw, Vanessa Haley & Lenny Szrama, founded in 2018, in collaboration with Penistone Line Partnership. Issue 2 is funded by Penistone Line Partnership, Community Rail Network, Northern & CrossCountry.

Dwell time: The time a train spends at a scheduled stop without moving. Typically, this time is spent boarding or alighting passengers, but it may also be spent waiting for traffic ahead to clear, or idling time in order to get back on schedule.



Editorial

Welcome to the second edition of Dwell Time!

When we published Issue 1 in March 2019, we had hopes to continue the project further and those hopes have been made reality. We're grateful to our contributors, collaborators, partners and funders who make this project and publication possible and continue the legacy of our late friend who inspired us to create Dwell Time. It is some comfort to know that his suicide is not just the great loss we feel greatly but that something positive can be made in his memory.

We have received several personal testimonies of how being involved in Dwell Time has made a positive difference to people's lives and it is our honour and privilege to provide this platform for art, writing and conversation on the subject of mental wellbeing. We hope that it may inspire reflections and conversations about mental wellbeing, inspire more art, writing and poetry about mental wellbeing and for more connections to be made and support accessed where it is needed. We are also grateful to be recognised by the rail industry as making a positive impact and we're proud to be awarded the Community Rail Awards 2019: Community Art Schemes – Renewable & Smaller Award!

We've had a busy year with a programme of workshops and community interviews which have culminated in this publication and our website. Our workshops use simple techniques such as cut up poetry and using blank train tickets to inspire art, writing and poetry and some of these feature in this issue. We have made a series of films featuring interviews and some of the work we do. CrossCountry have also commissioned a short film about Dwell Time and all these films can be found via our website and on our Facebook page. We have also expanded our art trail of Dwell Time art at railway stations adding to the Penistone Line, South Yorkshire stations and Handforth Railway Station.

The contributions in this publication are selected from an international open call and from workshops we ran

and commissioned. The contributions are as varied as the individuals and circumstances who created them and we have a full spectrum of artists from professionals through to people whose first poem ever is printed here. Whilst there may be common themes in reflecting on mental wellbeing, each individual has their unique thoughts and unique artwork. We have curated this publication with this in mind and for the work to speak for itself. There is no prescribed way to read the publication: It's not curated to be read in a linear front-to-back way although this is obviously one option. There is also no prescribed way to respond to the work.

Some of the work in this publication may be triggering for anyone dealing with the issues they raise and we urge anyone affected by any of the content to seek support: There is a support services directory printed at the back of this publication.

Through our journey in producing this publication and the programme of events surrounding it, we have each had personal issues to navigate and we are grateful for the support that being part of our community provides us. We are also artists reflecting on mental wellbeing through our work and as curators of Dwell Time and, despite the stresses and strains, we have learned a huge amount through Dwell Time.

We hope that we can continue on our Dwell Time journey to produce Issue 3 in 2021 and build on our programme of events both with the railway communities and in our Huddersfield town centre space 9 Market Avenue. As always we welcome collaboration opportunities and conversations on the topic of art and mental wellbeing.

If you have any comments/feedback or would like to have a conversation about Dwell Time please get in touch.

dwelltimepress.wordpress.com

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Thanks

Many thanks to all our contributors in this publication and to our website also.

Thanks to everyone who has talked to us on camera and off camera too.

Thanks to all our friends and family who continue support us and this project.

Thanks to our therapists and counsellors.

Thanks to our collaborators and to our workshop hosts Creative Recovery Barnsley, Words in Mind Bibliotherapy, Take Ten, HOOT and Leeds Arts & Minds.

Thanks to S2R and The Children's Art School for their Dwell Time inspired workshops.

Thanks to our partners Penistone Line Partnership and our funders Community Rail Network, Cross Country and Northern.

Thanks to you, our readers.

Alice Bradshaw, Vanessa Haley & Lenny Szrama, *Dwell Time Founders and Curators*



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			Back cover: <i>Anxiety is Like Quick Sand</i> by Teri Anderson (2019) teriandersonsite.wordpress.com

Hope by Chloe Roberts (2019)



www.instagram.com/hecksake

Day by Day by Phil Watson and Ben Whewall (2019)

Feeling The Drain of Everyday
Day by Day
Just in the way.
A way of hope, way of aspiration
Aspiring for a bit of inspiration.

This isn't the way
The way it should be.
I used to be happy
One day you see

Coping with stress, the stress of life
All in all it's such a strife
When seeking help, falls on deaf ears
All I can do is reduce to tears

This isn't the way
The way it should be
I used to be happy
One day you see

All in all, it's just too much
Life in general is hard as such
Life's not fair, he once did say
Just don't let it get in your way.

I Think by Sarah Lucks (2019)

I think about your broken heart
As you think the end is where you start
I think about your broken mind
As you choose to leave the world behind
I think about your worldly sorrow
Not wanting to see another tomorrow
I think about what you must see
To think this place is better without me
I think about your lonely walk
Thinking that you cannot talk
I think about your hurt n pain
To not want to open your eyes again
I reach out to those who walk this path
Please cry with me as well as laugh
I ask you to come and sit with me
Talk a while or just drink tea
Please open up your heart n say
I'm struggling with my fight today
Please turn to family, turn to friends,
Because beyond your darkness is light again
So please just reach out, don't be alone
Think someone's world is empty once you are gone
XXX

[Facebook: Personalised Poems By Sarah](#)

Living in My Head by David Fennell-Roberts (2011)



www.davidfennellroberts.co.uk

View from the Forest Floor by Kelly Anne Elms (2019)



www.instagram.com/here_comes_kelly

Rabbit Run by Damian Robin

Caught on the hop
You jumped in front of rushing headlights
You could not stop
So urgent that the turning world be put to rights.
A soaked Canute
With planted feet dug in the beach,
You were, to boot,
Stretched to save humanity beyond your reach.

Burned-out, dead-tired,
You've kept to your wide-minded scheme,
Your wits bone-dried,

Your blood boiled high, dispersed through vents, to
vapid steam.

But you went on,
The learning mountain climbing steep
Till your soul's done,
Mulled mind and muscled mollusc in a crashing heap.

Pause here. Rest
Between leapt valleys and lunged swells.
You've done your best.
Now trust a stronger force that through the cosmos
dwells.

fultonverse.com/organharvest

Let There Be Light by Tracey Waddington (2019)

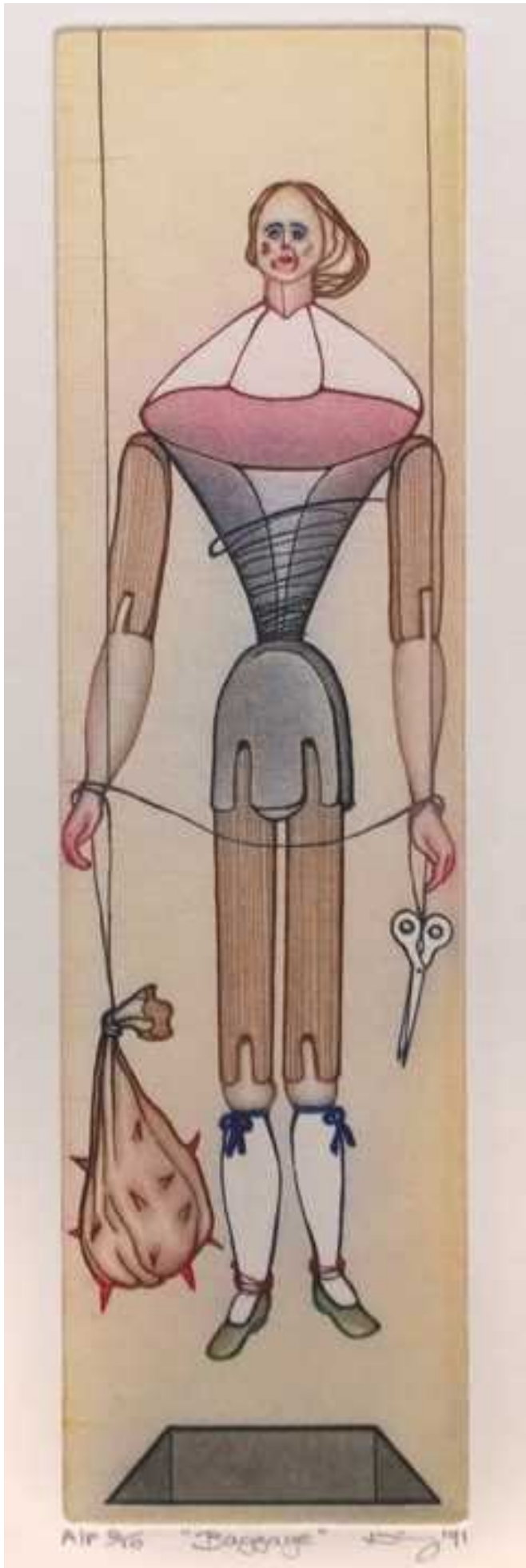
Trees and nature have been my saviours, literally. If it were not for the serenity given freely by nature I think my life would not have recovered. Trees in particular. Why trees? They are so much bigger than me. To really examine trees and also scientifically, makes me ponder their amazing connections with each other and how they help each other along their intertwining super highways, grabbing in damaging carbon and expressing oxygen into the atmosphere, helping us too. My current work is about climate change leading on from my 'serenity' paintings of trees.

Everyone does have mental health, I have experienced poor mental health and have my ups and downs. I have also had very satisfying jobs helping others with their mental health issues. Helping humbles me and helps me to realise my place on earth, with others, with nature.

Hours on trains gazing out of the bubble tube of the train, wishing to be in those fields and forests and imagining myself running along the side of the train, some amorphous transparent like me, slowing and pulling back like some sad conquered thing, staying out of the city, the industry, the commerce, the materialism, the concrete and tarmac, and I pine for my serenity.



www.instagram.com/traceyartwaddington



Left: Baggage by Dianne Murphy (1991)

Butts by Anon (2019)

Where ends meet in perfect separation
with no shape but their own
a new definition ceases to be

When distinction has no meaning
and nothing is different
what else could ever be?

You look left and right
halted by decisions
there is nowhere to go

but with no where to go
now you can understand
where you could be

Self Help at The Cedars in Wigston by Jon Wilkins (2014)

Waiting for my appointment, moved again
for some organisational purpose which
never involved me or consulted me so
it must be right; a man came in on his
wheelchair, very adept and smooth
to book himself in having, like me
had his appointment changed at a whim,
twice. He was quite a garrulous chap and
though he arrived after me
he got in first which was a pain. But
anyway, he said that the leader of
the small mental health self help group
that he was in was so pleased with himself
and with the service that they provided that
he had boasted, smiling, of course,
that We are there for you
Monday to Friday
Nine till five.
The Patient,
it is You We serve.
So smug and secure; until it
Was pointed out that
Most people felt really bad
And at their very lowest
At about two in the morning on a
Sunday.
So who was there for them then?
Self Help indeed.

www.jonathanwilkins.co.uk

Postcards to Myself by Daisy Imogen Buckle

www.naturalcuriosity.format.com

Like the sting of a hornet, that heat will burn for years.

•Bully

The last sentence can be mine,
because none of the previous chapters ever were.



Dislocations by Qi Fang (2011-2016)

Overleaf: Conflux, Below: The Shoal



We Are All Made of Stars by Nick Maynard (2018)

A fellow passenger travelling through the dark
backside of night

I notice a kindred spirit in him.

A hug from a stranger

Stranger hugs than looks.

We have stars made for us

and Lou sings...

But it's over before it begins.

A dark spirit travels through the night

and the fellow passenger notices him.

I look at my reflection in the window

and see a devil on my shoulder,

scrying glass clear...

a tear falls...

some one calls from the other side...

and the daemon wakes...

a pinch of salt will blind him...

a spell will bind him.

A fellow passenger travelling through the other side
of the looking glass.

He sits at my shoulder

and Lou sings...

The stars are made for us

and they all fall as we fall...

We are all made of stars.

Intervention by Lewis Andrews (2019)



Roughly 92,955,869 miles in
just over 8 minutes.

Some of it stopped just over 2
meters from the ground by my
hand.

'Intervention' investigates the distance that light has travelled in just over the 8-minute journey from the surface of the sun to the near-surface of our planet. By raising your hand and blocking to light, an intervention is in effect. The photons are stopped from reaching the ground. Re-establishing a link between the individual and the cosmos, the intimate relationship between us and our sun becomes apparent and how we could be seen as taking this light for granted. Every day billions of people walk across our planet whilst the light coming from our sun streams down into our atmosphere, basking us in warmth, nourishing life and giving us the ability to use our eyes.

For quite a few months I've been very depressed. Not knowing how to live life and enjoy myself, quite often retreating from the world and keep to myself. It's hard when you feel you've got a war raging within yourself. However, moments like the one document in this piece of work fill me with joy. In these moments, I can forget about everything around me for a while and let

my anxieties relax and dissipate and enjoy learning about the wonders processes of nature.

I can feel the light that has travelled so far from our sun on my skin and nourish me both physically and mentally. I once again feel alive. I feel, at the time of writing this, happy with where I'm going in life and have a sense of purpose again. I'm an artist and work that makes me reflect on the world around me in the realms of nature and science makes me feel joyful and happy no matter what may be happening around me.

www.lewisandrewsartwork.com

Need to talk to someone?

If you need to talk to someone about any mental health issues you or someone you care for is experiencing, there is a directory of mental health support services at the back on pages 52.

Chemo Day Drawing by Clare Smith (2019)



Since January 2019 I have been on maintenance chemo for bowel cancer. On each treatment day – generally every fortnight – various medical solutions drip into my body over about 5-6 hours and I draw.

I allow marks to go through the paper from one drawing to the next and use that as the next starting point, along with marks made when using the paper as an underlay for other drawings, so the marks provide a history. By the end of the day, my eyes are rather blurry making it hard to see! The folds, crumples and tears in the paper are an intrinsic part of the work in which the paper can be seen as a reflection of the fragility of the body.

www.claresmith.uk

Hope by Miss Esther Photography (2019)

Photography is a passion which I have been exploring more in the last few years and I have undertaken several projects. I have had great support in this endeavour from friends and family. One of my biggest supporters was my Dad. He always believed I could achieve whatever I set out to do and he would always ring me with new ideas for projects or opportunities. Recently, in August this year, he died very suddenly and unexpectedly. One day he was there, and we were chatting on the phone about everything and the next morning my eldest brother rang me to tell me he was gone.



For what seems like a very long time, I have not been able to do anything creative or much of anything useful at all really. It is still a struggle. This image I have attached though, I have called Hope, because it is the first photograph I have taken since Dad dying. I love it because being in monochrome the flower is bright and light emerging from the darkness. The flower itself is actually a Sunflower, itself named after the biggest source of light in the universe. The fact that I took the image is cause for hope, as is the lighter petals emerging from the darkness, a reminder of better times.

www.etsy.com/uk/shop/MissEstherPhotograph

Last Portrait of Dad with a Self Portrait Waiting by Jane Walker

These 2 paintings were made at the time of Dad's death. The drawing is of Dad suffering from dementia trying to communicate with his hands and few words.

Established 1884. Permanent. He had worked for the EU bringing together workers safety standards in the mineral extraction industries right across Europe. My self portrait was made in the gap of suspended time while waiting for his funeral.

www.jane-walker.co.uk



Halifax Permanent by Heather Cobb (2019)

Halifax Permanent
Est 1884 craved into granite
While I wait for the train,
Trembling with second hand panic
I'm pulling a blue silk scarf
Out of last nights hasty braid.
I cast my eyes down
Fluttering in the gutter
A leaflet screams upwards
About salvation, about grace
It's here in the puddles

You asked me how to keep living on
What if the anchor drifts beyond
What can be endured.
I listen with the surety
I have no wisdom to lend
Sometimes there is no remission.
My fingers are trembling still
My heart abraded in awe
Of your ripped, braided selves
Established. Full of grace.
Permanent. Endured.

Letters to My Friend by Debbie Nicholson Wood (2019)



Dear Ann,

It's now nineteen and a half months since you died and I miss you as much as ever.

The middle of the week, when it slumps, is when I miss you most. I miss your midweek messages inviting me over for a 'cuppa'. You always said 'cuppa'. I loved that familiarity. I don't know anyone else who uses that word. But then I don't know anyone else like you.

You were a one-off. The grief I felt at your loss totally overwhelmed me for a while. I couldn't understand what was happening. There's been a heap of processing for me to do. I've lost my go-to person and my best and nearest friend.

At your house, sometimes at mine, over our cuppas, you told me about your old and long-standing friendships. They were friends who you regularly made annual, or twice annual trips to visit. I didn't make the connection that those trips incurred a cost. My immature and frankly, tottery, emotions were still ruling me then.

Now at last I'm healing and emotionally stable enough to appreciate (and not mind) that your old friendships were part of who you were. They fed and fortified you in mind and body. I have a few old friends of course but instability only drains me. At the time when I

could have been forming lifelong friendships I was fickle.

We were the same age, born in the sixties, and while my family wasn't always there for me, yours was. Your big, laughing, blood-bonded family provided solid ground to stand on and taught you how to be what you were. So, really (I get it now) I was a neighbour – one of the ones you spoke up for because for you, a woman of faith, the Christian teaching about loving neighbours was a driving force. I so needed you, my neighbour. To me you offered unlimited reliability, honesty and kindness. And, of course, you were there.

I'm glad you had those old and true friends, not standing any feigning or pretence, because you (and they) have taught me how to be real. Now, without you, I'm trying to really live. I'm trying to be honest and accept myself, believing as I now do, that I was worthy of being your loved neighbour. I'm trying to practice what you taught me. To bear up against the dry and stinging desert sands of grief and let the rains come in their season. I've got myself in the queue and I'm patiently waiting and watching for the agitation of the healing waters.

Ann, if you can, just reach down, will you love, and give me a little helpful push, if at all I lose my nerve.

Darkness by Teri Anderson (2019)



teriandersonsite.wordpress.com

Message in a Bottle by Anon (2019)

Dwell Time workshop at HOOT, Huddersfield, 2019.



"It is small steps but I am consciously choosing to be more open and hide less [...] For opening a door potentially to finding some way to be more at ease, I am grateful to you all and know that your friend's legacy has helped me."



Power by Daiane Medeiros (2018)



"If the art healed me it can heal anything."

www.instagram.com/daimedeirosart

Fog by Rhiannon Rees (2019)

Fog creeps into the bones

Rain swamps the soul

Lost and don't know which way to go.

To be heard – oh to be heard

Above the rain and through the thick fog.

Battery Humans by Stephen Smith (2019)

smithphoto.co.uk



Train Story Friday 21st November by Martin Gillbanks (2019)

"Hello, how are you today?"

Another Friday, I don't quite like them, I have to leave my house to attend a counselling session at 11.30am. I panic leaving home on Fridays, well, any day really. I've suffered from agoraphobia with panic attacks for 40 years.

Duayne, my nice NHS counsellor has recently diagnosed that my mental health conditions are due to PTSD, predominantly caused by my childhood sexual abuse and repeated trauma. "40 years for a diagnosis", I could have paid off a mortgage quicker. No two-week rule for mental health diagnoses.

On arrival, I have a questionnaire to complete each week, it's only to find out if I'm planning a more permanent solution to end my maladies, no one wants to get sued. During this routine, I have a mental flash back. I'm about 5 years old lying in bed at my parents' house.

Good, my parents had finally gone to sleep. My bedroom faced the old goods yard in Eccles. I stayed awake for hours listening to the whistles, hoots and bangs, the sound of the engines straining to pull away with their full complement of heavily laden trucks. The engines chugging noise started fast and loud. Then suddenly as the huge iron wheels gained traction on the shiny steel track, a loud snapping noise, followed by a loud bang, as all the trucks couplings strained under tension. Gradually the chug became a deep boom and the wheels squealed as the engine slowly began to move off.

"Hello Martin, how have you been this week?" Duayne asks. "OK" I reply.

Lying or as I now think of it, a verbal economy of remembered truth, has become a normal part of everyday life. It's not because avoiding telling the truth gratifies me with pleasure, in fact, the complete opposite is true. "How are you, Martin?", people ask, I want to reply, "I'm tormented by demons from my past, my head is spinning, I can't think straight, I can't stop shaking, my heart thinks I am running a marathon, I want to run away and hide, help me stop this, please!!!!". Of course, I don't say that.

I've learned, along with a vast proportion of mental illness sufferers, that publicly, honesty and truth are

virtues better kept to ourselves. Neither honesty or truth are expected by the inquirer, and if we persist with these virtues, it would undoubtedly equate to a loss of friends.

The fallacy that the virtual perfectly sparkling worlds of Facebook etc are new modern alternate realities, is unfortunately a wrong premise. This alternate presentation of reality has been the domain (sorry, no pun intended) of mental health sufferers' years before the internet was even a twinkle in D.A.R.P.A.'s eye.

Unfortunately, the perfect life style presented by social media and sense of failure, inadequacy and personal imperfection they create for us mere mortals is experienced by a mental health sufferer every time someone asks, "How are you?".

My fellow sufferers and I, have by necessity, had to learn to self-regulate negative responses to this question. As with the internet, posts or chats filled with seeming negative, self-indulgent and self-pitying speeches, get very few "likes", even if true. Socially we have been forced into a world of sanitised whitewashed speech. I used to say, "I've been better, I've been worse", but even this non committal reply will make the inquirer's smile curl down at the edges.

Please don't misunderstand me, I don't want pity, sympathy or a well-meaning platitude, but if you ask me the question "How are you Martin?", at the precise moment when my couplings have taken up as much strain as they can, the metaphoric wheels of my brain are struggling to grip on the tracks of reality and the squeal of anxiety starts to grow louder and louder in my brain, be thankful that I have spared you from the truth, accept my lie with a grateful heart, because the truth isn't really the response you wanted when you asked.

Duayne gives me a sideward glance, a knowing smile appears across his tilted head, he raises one eye brow. My head droops... Duayne asks again, "Hello Martin, how have you been this week?" "Not good I reply ", a tear falls to the floor. "Why don't you tell me about it, we can spare ten minutes out of the session". "Thanks, Duayne", I reply, "You're a pal".

This is dedicated to all NHS staff, who even though they are paid to listen, listen from their hearts and not just their wallets. Please actively support our free health service.

martingillbanks.wordpress.com

Suitcase by Bob Clayden & Rose Knight (2019)



For Dwell Time Issue 1 Launch in March 2019, Bob Clayden and Rose Knight used a custom made pinhole camera in a suitcase to photograph sitters on Platform 2 (Penistone Line) at Huddersfield Railway Station.

This is long exposure photography, using traditional processing of silver based materials in a darkroom and only a pinhole as a lens. This photography is slow, and as far away from the modern day selfie as possible. To be in the picture you have to stay still for around 10 minutes 'dwell time' with anyone moving disappearing into a blur.

Dwell Time presented a waiting room exhibition of these pinhole camera portraits which Bob and Rose took on Platform 2 at Huddersfield Railway Station.

This exhibition is made possible with a YVAN microgrant and a Penistone Line Partnership microgrant.

Bob Clayden has been turning unusual spaces into pinhole cameras for the last fifteen years. He has used a camera shop, hospital kitchen, Victorian summer house and now a railway carriage.

Rose Knight is a Yorkshire artist, originally from Leeds, and has studied at Leeds College of Art and Fine Art at the University of Derby. She has been working in pinhole photography for two years after developing a fascination in the technique.

sites.google.com/site/livingeyester
www.instagram.com/pinhole_artists

Need to talk to someone?

If you need to talk to someone about any mental health issues you or someone you care for is experiencing, there is a directory of mental health support services at the back on pages 52.

Scattered Mental Blocks by Natalia Tcherniak (2019) blueprintjam.com



The Blackdog and Me by Anon

I was first diagnosed with depression aged 23, after several months of denial that something was not quite right. I could barely sleep night after night, I was angry at anyone and everything, not to mention crying at the drop of a hat. At first I put it down to a bad day, but when the days turned to weeks and the weeks turned to months, I knew I had to do something. Going to the doctors was terrifying, but when I got the diagnosis I felt somewhat relieved. Telling my parents was even more scary, as they had no experience of mental health. Would they even understand? Even ten years on, only select family members know of my battle with depression. I have always opened up to friends more, especially those who have or have had mental health problems of their own. No matter how much support people offer, the only people who can ever truly 'get it' are those who have been there themselves. I think one of the hardest things people often fail to understand is how I can appear perfectly normal one day, then feel like the absolute pits the next day. That for me really sums the illness up. It's hidden nature means it is often not recognised as a part of me, even moreso for myself as a high-functioning person. I don't fit the neat stereotype of someone who is permanently sad and locked away at home doing nothing. I have a long-standing job, my own house, savings, hobbies, good friends and family. To those on the outside looking in,

how could I possibly be depressed? I am always on the go doing my hobbies and spending time with friends. What people don't see is what goes on behind closed doors. There can be days I hold it all together at work perfectly fine, then I come home and burst into tears the minute I shut the door. Or the days when I come in and slump on the sofa for hours on end, not even bothering to take my coat and shoes off, maybe just sit in the dark. Other times I want to cry so bad but the tears won't come out. I just stare blankly into space whilst I feel like my heart is breaking into a million pieces. Sometimes, there doesn't even appear to be a reason for why I am feeling so low and I start beating myself up inside for it. This is the dark side of depression, which very few people close to me see. Over time I have developed much more confidence in opening up to people about the dreaded 'black dog' but I feel there will always be a stigma attached to it for some. I know the illness will always be a part of me. I have good days and bad days, but thankfully due to the coping strategies I have learnt along the way, there is a much better balance now. Running has been a saviour to me – the fresh air and the feel-good endorphins known to give me 'runners high'. Always having new challenges to look forward to, setting new distances and times. Also, travelling to new places and meeting the most amazing people. Depression is a part of me and always will be. It shaped the person I am today, but with no regrets.

Brain by Heather Hill (2019)



This photograph is my brain, I have bipolar and my brain malfunctions and stems in all directions, often with emotions going in directions I don't want them too.

The Way it Should Be by Phil Watson & Ben Whewall (2019)

This isn't the way

The way it should be

I used to be happy

One day you see

But all's not lost, in this weary day

As I have dear friends that are here to stay

They might not change the drain of each day

But hope and strength they send my way.

Waiting by Donna Coleman (2016)



Smile Please by Mehreen Hashmi (2018)



Wool in the Wires by Sally Brown (2018)

There's wool in the wires

and fog fingers the landscape.

White patches on the once clear tracks.

There's a smell in the air

of May blossom

snow-drifting the synapses

a mass of plaques and tangles

all covered now.

And there's a name on my lips

that I can't remember.

The young man who visits every weekend.

We watch footie on TV.

He calls me Dad

but he's not my lad

I'd know my own son.

**RWY'N EICH GWELD CHI
(I See You) by Sue Bevan
(2018)**

I see you, cariad,
the toddler
run towards me
arms held wide
eyes taking in
all the world
as you find it.
I pick you up
lift you and hug
as you cling to my neck
your nose snuggling
deep in my hair,
taking in the familiar of me.

And I see you
first day at school
sleeves way too long
for small arms to grow into.
You stride through the gate
not looking back
and my heart aches
watching you tumble along
best friend beside you
giggling large.

No need to wave me
goodbye.

And I see you
the teenager
there at the disco
'Don't make me, Mam!'
'Love, you must go.'
So gawky and long
no notion of where
you should place
those long limbs
fully grown.
But somehow
you get the girl anyway.

Maybe the boy.
Who cares!
Grooving away
no sweat.

And I see you there
your lover beside you
tentative hand
taking tentative hand
strolling the beach
sun-kissed lips
and the salt of the waves
dry on your skin,
new love in the air.

And I see you grown
towering over me,
first day at work
walking through skyscrapers
briefcase in hand
fear and excitement marrying well
in your full man's form.

And I see as you
hold your own child
in your arms,
as you breathe in
that warm milky smell
of the newborn.

I see you, my cariad.
I see all of this for you.
This and much more.
So much more.

But today
I watch,
your chest being pumped
inhale and exhale
inhale and exhale
your matchstick doll leg
the size of my wedding band
wrapped 'round my finger,
a tube feeding milk
I've expressed before dawn

in a room with the other
so utterly, totally exhausted
mothers.
'Prem mums' they call us.
Abbreviated terms.

And I watch
as the nurse rolls you ever so
tenderly
ever so, ever so
ever so tenderly,
fitting you there
in the palm of her hand,
a bag and a quarter
of sugar;
one thousand
two hundred
and seventy six grams
of you.

I watch with The Mother's Stare
hour upon hour
the thread never breaking.
Not even a moment
when we're not attached
by that invisible thread,
the love of a mother.

So early.
So early.
So nearly not here.

But
you are.

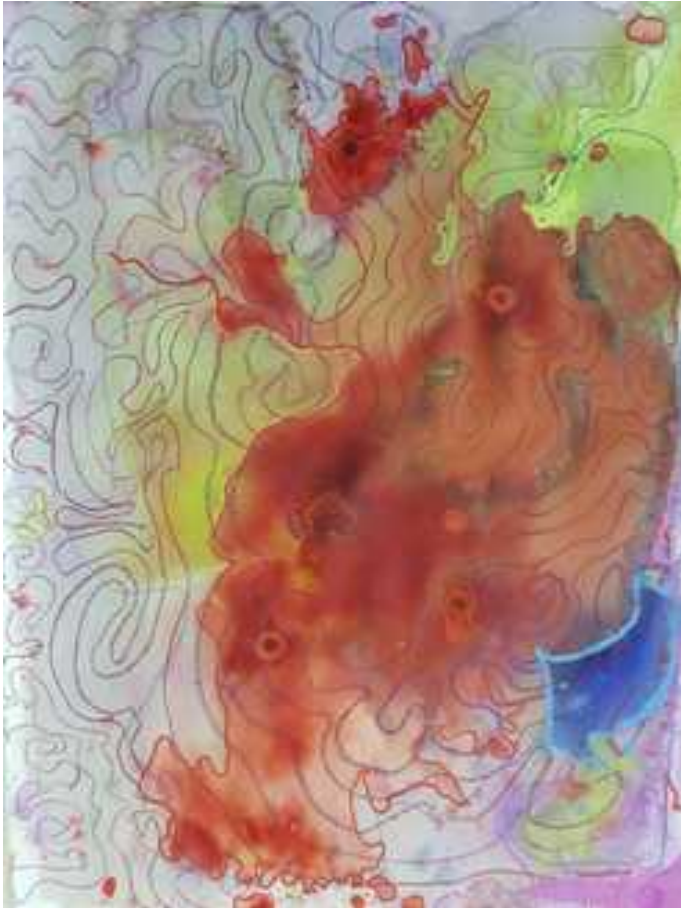
And I am.

So I sit
and I watch.

And I see you, my child.

Rwy'n eich gweld chi.
I see you.

Dwell Time by The Children's Art School



These pieces were created by a group of 11-15 year olds at our Saturday Art School. We set out to explore journeys, flow and mindfulness. The young artists looked at images of train lines cutting through the countryside, discussed the feeling of movement and rhythm when travelling by train, and looked at satellite images of rivers and of moving water. Exploring the sense of being taken on a journey and the idea of 'going with the flow' the artists used brusho powder dropped into water to allow the accidental to occur. The movement of the water and colour on the paper meant the artists had less control and they were encouraged to delight in the unexpected and in the surprises and potential of the media. Once dry the artists responded to their paintings using drawing materials, from chalk pastels to fine-liners. We asked the group to work quietly (not easy for our enthusiastic creatives!) in order to create an atmosphere of quiet and contemplation. The young artists were encouraged to use flowing continuous lines which allowed a certain rhythm to develop and an intuitive response to the paintings in front of them. The result was lovely: beautiful meditative abstract pieces using mixed media which reflect movement, rhythm and flow and which are somehow reminiscent of maps, landmarks and geological formation.

www.thechildrensartschool.co.uk



Train Studio by Jessica Longmore and Sarah Sanders (2018)

Train Studio

17.35 Virgin Train Stoke-on-Trent to Manchester, (35 mins duration, weekly)
April - July 2018



In 2018, Jessica Longmore and Sarah Sanders turned a chance meeting during a commute, into a regular opportunity to make work. On the Friday 17.25 Virgin Train from Stoke-on-Trent to Manchester Piccadilly, Jessica and Sarah left all job talk on the platform and for 35 minutes per week, the train became the studio.

As artists and as friends; swept up by the grind of day-to-day life, both felt the need to pause; to be heard, to be in female company, to feel closeness, to reflect and to create. By consulting various conversation techniques, including guidelines for couples' counselling, the two artists created a nurturing environment, where both the words and the silences became the work. This image summarises this precious, protected time and the journeys travelled.

www.instagram.com/sandersartist
www.instagram.com/longmore.jessica

Four Journeys by Lisa Kendrick (2019)

Other Ways to Train *The Great Outdoor Project*

Week 1 - Brockholes

Time-travelling
past four-wheeled driveways,
and potted gardens
To packhorse bridges
and dyed-in-the wool history
An ancient woodland
of Hags and badgers
Cleaned and healed
by the the slow trickle of water

Week 2 - Mirfield

All aboard the flower train
To muraled Mirfield
Following the fishermen
Along the mirrored ribbon
Of canal calm
Pausing for breath
Reflecting on past lives lived
Catching scent of

Mint, lavender and chive
Tasting freshness, freedom
And late summer berries

Week 3 - Dewsbury

Industrial history
carved in stone
A commute of trains,
traffic and textiles
Cut through
by violent water
And a hidden
heavy woollen way
Navigating
to the Midlands
Now a Greenway
of brilliant blue
alder leaf beetles
Lacing leaves
as walkers and cyclists
Whizz by.

Week 4 - Berry Brow

Across the bridge
Of Armitage and St Paul
An avenue of limes
Guards the peace

And honours lives lost
In war and living.
Sky blue doors
Overlook the orchard
Of stones and apples.
Time carved in stone
Passes slowly
As you sit awhile.

'Other Ways to Train' was a joint project between S2R Create Space and The Penistone Line Partnership. We wanted to celebrate how useful trains are in getting people out and about to improve their wellbeing. We also wanted to look at what barriers there are to train travel, particularly for those who experience poor mental health and anxiety. We wanted to explore people's feelings about both the good and the bad and present them for all to see in a variety of ways from simple verbal feedback to visual artwork, poetry and practical improvements.

www.s2r.org.uk



We Live by Tha' Water by Joanne Coates (2018)



"I wanted to make work about mental health, but I didn't want to exploit anyone, or cause harm by doing so. As a documentary photographer the Lens is often turned on others but not on myself. I suffer from Complex PTSD and a mental health condition that makes things hard sometimes. At first this work was for me, but I began to learn that through being strong enough to share personal stories you can impact on others. I used photography as a coping mechanism to get me by. At first, I was really worried. I didn't want to tell people there was anything wrong with me, at first I was worried, would it be seen as a weakness?

When people asked where I'd been and what the series was about. I told them different stories.. It's a poetic approach, an appreciation of island life. It's about the beautiful moments amongst the bleak ones. It was about exploring my own mind in the

midst of breakdown, looking at mental erosion and a deep-rooted anxiety with contemporary society.

Within periods of dissociation.. I began using the camera in a diaristic way. it can be a scary experience. You can get to a place and not know you've got there, or what you've done. I find if I concentrate on certain elements I could ease this and manage it in a small way. Using a camera was one of those ways, there is absolutely nothing technician about this work because my mind isn't really running on full capacity. It came a way of understanding different emotions. Recording reactions to experiences and stimuli. This series is for me a way of translating the complex emotions, and feelings I transfer as an artist with a mental health condition."

www.joannecoates.co.uk

Coming of Age On and Around The Trainline to Penistone (2019) by Geraldine R Montgomerie

I don't travel very much really... in fact I've spent most of my life within two miles of the exact place where I was born. But a manager wrote a reference for me once saying I had an "inquiring mind" and thinking of the Penistone Line reminded me of a time in my life where I didn't really go anywhere but in many ways I feel I grew into myself.

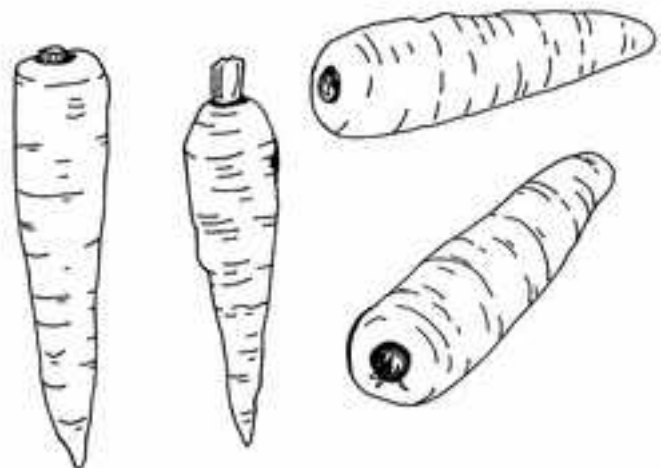


Twenty-five years ago, when I was a teenager, I met a boy who had yellow hair with a pink streak in it just like me and I fell in love with him. And I loved his friends, many of whom remain my friends today. I had lots of memorable gigs and parties with these new friends; drinking in parks and half-constructed houses. Our life was magazines and indie music, self harm and vandalism, binge drinking, break ups, offensive t-shirts and prank phone-calls... and as a group we almost never left Leeds except one day we took a trip on the Hallam Line.

I'm not sure why we had chosen to go to Normanton, I think it just seemed like a funny name to our way of thinking. And I'm not sure what we did there so many years ago, probably because we drank a lot of cider at this time but in my memories we bought a huge sack

of carrots and threw them at each other. We filled a shopping trolley with 'lard', a selection of high fat/high protein/high sugar nonsense that we still remembered being told we could not eat but were old enough to choose to eat anyway. We sprayed a football with squirty cream. We laughed and shouted and were rude and obnoxious until suddenly we were back at the platform, awash with golden light, waiting to go home.

Within a year I was a waitress in Kirkgate Market and most days, on my way to work, I met a man called Tony who sold the Big Issue. After a series of conversations as I bought a copy, I invited him for a coffee and we became some kind of friends. We hung out with street drinkers like Dave, who was known as 'Great White', and went to the St Georges Crypt soup kitchen together and sat in the city centre, eating sell-by-date supermarket carrots out of their polythene bag and watching the sun set. When we got to know each other better we bought DaySaver tickets to go on train journeys to small towns around Huddersfield and West Yorkshire with no particular destination in mind and Tony would tell me stories of when he was a drug dealer in Ireland and introduced me to the music of Astrud Gilberto. I don't know what I talked to him about but I was likely full of youthful exclamations; consciously trying to preserve being trusting, curious and cute when being cynical and worldly-wise felt like the norm. As summer arrived his girlfriend appeared from Ireland and I gave up being a waitress and got on a train with a bad haircut to go visit all my friends that had gone to university. I expected to be gone for ages but was home the next week. I never saw Tony again and that was okay.



Broken Still Beautiful: Broken Brake Light
by Vanessa Haley (2019)



Find Your Own My Time by Robert P. Clarke

Find your own space
With the face that you're on
As the train stops at the station
Lift your head up from the phone
Raise a brow, Berry Brow,
We're not quite there just yet
So I bury my face back down smart
To find my own time
It's not really that cool
Hash Tag, It's sad in the end
I'm a bit lonely really
And a bit depressed too
I missed all the action
The lively scenery passing by
The rolling hills, green and lush
And a fleeting glance in the distance
Of the Emley Moor Mast
And looking out over Denby Dale
From its impressive arched bridge
If only I'd have stopped off there
I could have eaten a slice of pie
Then stopping at Penistone,
The music hall from the past
Playing old dancing music
Swaying along with it
And singing out loud
As we pass Silkstone Moor
Then we head towards Barnsley
Which has a place in my heart
Where my dad really smiled
Born in a terrace there
He really embraced this place
And just before he passed
He reminisced from the past
His child hood experiences
Playing out in the street

And I looked up from my smart phone
I'd have probably missed
All my historical connections
From my past,
Finally catching up
And I find my Own Dwell Time
With the face that I'm on
As the train stops at the station
I lift my head up
From the smart phone that's my life
I raise a second brow now,
Just past Meadowhall,
The Sheffield lad I've turned into,
I get up to depart,
From the train terminating,
And I dream of a time,
When we can all enjoy,
This dwell time...
I've enjoyed



artcollab.co.uk

End of the Line? by Susan Plover (2019)



Drowning In My Thoughts by Charlotte Tebbet (2018)

www.instagram.com/charlottetebbet_photography



Untitled by Valeriya Vakutina (2019)

valeriyavakutina.com

Do I need to break the perspective?
How?
It was good ~~to~~
It was good to talk to Simon.
It was good to read.
It was good to visit gallery.

It was bad to find myself
obsessing on cleaning too much!
It was bad to have Jim's underwear.
It was good to debate but bad
to push/push/ be initiative.

Do I need to talk with someone
now? I'll / Yes. Who? God?
It will be in my head then.
I need answers I need solutions.

I need to become independent
Both: emotionally & financially
Why is it so hard to concentrate

My body identifies me / not my work
I am crying. Again. I feel weird.
It feels like my subconscious wants
to say something or ask. Why can't I
sleep? What is wrong?? &?
Am I in a loop? Is it some kind
of a punishment? I don't know. From
the beginning. My body feels wrong.
Am I suppressing something? Or is it
just the mood? "Hormonal imbalance"
Why? What am I pushing? Why?
Why don't I feel calm? Happy?
What am I afraid of? Do I need
help? Who? Dad?
Why am I afraid of being alone?
And I need. It feels like I can be
a better person only for someone who
not alone. Or not. Emotional depend?
What is it? It's all time.
I have everything I need.
Family, freedom, belief.
Why it feels like I am alone then.
Why do I am I feeling empty?

Thinking Forward in Reverse by Jeannie Driver



www.jeanniedriver.com

Simile Thoughts by Brian Horton

Like a bore without a drone,
Like a youth without a phone
Like a beggar without a street,
Like a heart without a beat,
Like a meeting without a chair,
Like a worrier without a care,
Like a debt without I.O.U,
Like a pundit without a view,
Like a U without a bend,
Like a poem you think won't end
Like a hitch without a hike,
A simile without a like,
Like a brand without a new,
I don't like it without you.

Landfill Tantrum by Pinkie Maclure (2014)

stained glass www.pinkiemaclure.net



This Year, Next Year, Sometimes Never by Robert Lowe (2012/19)

Being born, I howl;
In infancy, I cry.

Childhood is now a dream.

Going to school, I fear.
First love was misery.

Being neither boy nor girl.

Humiliation and pain;
Growing up alone –

No word for whom you are -

To an adulthood of shame,
And hopes that lacked a name.

Your existence felt like crime.

Yet somehow carrying on;
Trying so hard to have fun.

If the past could be undone?

Now approaching middle-age,
Each decade seems like a page –

A charge sheet of mistakes.

And some you harmed are gone;
So, harm, it seems has won.

You lived, but for whose sake?

Yet, though living was distressing,
It is less so, I know, than the dying.

There is no truth in lying.

But denying whom you are
In the world will get you far... sometimes.

To Dust by Luke Beech (2019)



To Dust was a durational performance which tracked the journey from a therapeutic process, working hands-on with the earth itself, through to the obsessive and frustrating overworking of the material to fruitlessly produce nothing more than dust and how that process reacted with my body. Using the heat from my hands and a 10kg block of unfired clay, I centred my own mental health alongside the act of making and existing as an artist. The performance happened across two days as I kneaded, worked and dried out the clay with my hands until it eventually crumbled, turned to dust and started taking its toll on my body.



lukebeechartist.com

Papa's Allotment by Rajvinder Kaur (2019)



This is my dad in his allotment where he grows all sort of vegetables. It is his little space of peace that is curated with love and where he has made a lot of friends. The pumpkins are usually given to the local temple or to neighbours for free. My dad has had a long term illness that he has overcome in the last few years with the support of his five daughters and son. I think he has always found his strength and focus by keeping up with his gardening. It is now a passion of mine and I hope to keep it up well into my old age.

Broken Still Beautiful: Forget Me Not by Vanessa Haley (2019)



**Moors Spiral: Gale by Vienna Forrester
(2019)**



I use latitude, longitude and the time/date stamp and colours from photographs taken at each location to create fractal art which is of the correct fractal dimension to create a stress reducing effect on the viewer.

viennaforrester.co.uk

Need to talk to someone?

If you need to talk to someone about any mental health issues you or someone you care for is experiencing, there is a directory of mental health support services at the back on pages 52.

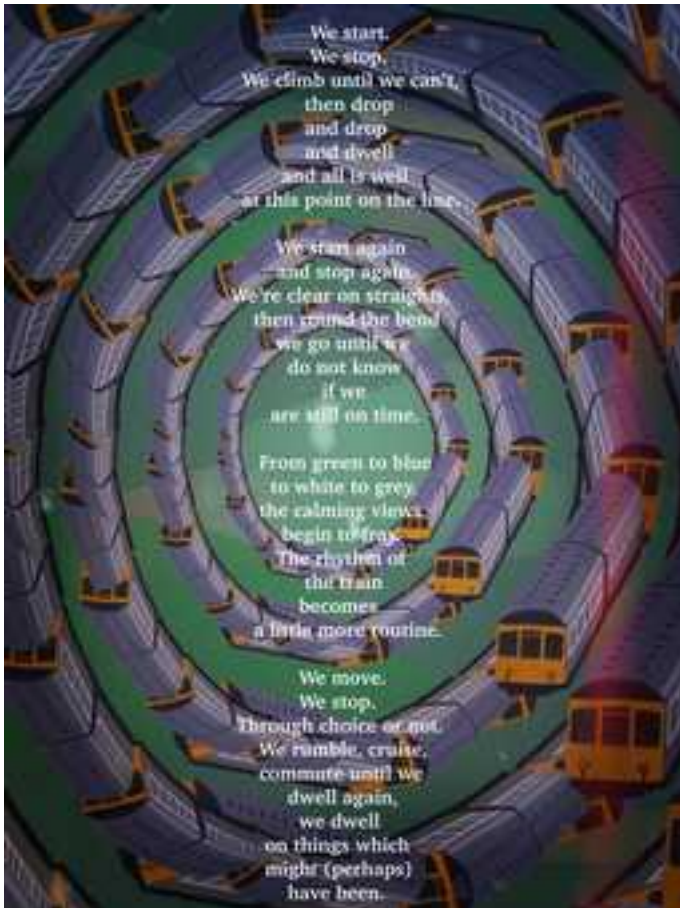
**Black Dog Blues By Mandy Louise Rees
(2014)**

Black cat, le chat noir
Keeps away the 'Black Dog'.
Black dog dogs us all,
Sniffing round my heels today.
I don't get up, don't want to play.
Black cat, black cat
Keeps my blues away.
Sleeps with me on my duvet day.
Take life one day at a time.
Sun can't shine every day,
Black cat, black cat, take my blues away

**It's Sometimes Hard To See Inside by
David Tebbet (2019)**



Journey by CLO



@clareartuk

Tunnel In My Mind by Brian Webster

I sit alone and hear the distant rumble of a train.
as it comes rushing down the tunnel in my mind.
Tense, I know it carries a mental cargo of worry,
and realise I must search for the courage to unwind.

The doctors tell me I must be strong,
and with total love my family are helping me.
Anxiety sometimes weighs heavy like a shroud,
but I know their continued support will set me free.

At times the world seems a harsh, hostile place,
where dark shadows crowd in to plague our senses.
Only with others help and understanding can I
survive,
and it's with their tolerant care I build my defences.

There's no denying the pace of life can be a challenge,
and no shame at times feeling low and depressed.
But from the smiles on the faces of family and friends,
they see my struggles and I know they're impressed.

Whilst waiting on the platform for the train to Sheffield, at Stockmoor Station at 07.15 on 8th February 2013 by Chris Thompson

I could feel the soft breeze on my face – gentle as a mother's kiss.

As the sun rose, I heard the tiny crack as the plastic expanded on the gutter above the waiting room.

I heard the quiver in the rail as it heralded an oncoming train.

The fizz of the arc light.

The whoosh as a car went past on the bridge.

Neural Networks by Samantha Simpson (2019)



Lemons by Stephanie Ingham (2019)



Unhinged & Unscrewed by gobscore (2019)

gobscore.wixsite.com



Repeat Performance: A Short Short Story by James A. Tweedie

It was another quiet evening for Bob and Sue.

Sue sat on the sofa knitting while Bob sat nearby in his recliner.

Bob's laughter broke the silence.

"What's so funny?"

"What do you mean?"

"You just laughed and I was wondering what you were reading."

"Reading?"

"Yes," Sue answered with a soft smile. "You were reading a book."

"I was?"

"Yes. The one on your lap."

Bob looked down.

"Oh, of course. I must have fallen asleep or drifted off or something."

Several minutes later Bob laughed again.

Sue paused and wondered if he was rereading the same page.

The Crow On My Shoulder by Paula de Sousa (2019)



Leading Lady by Robert Roth

My Mother at 89 pounds, dehydrated, emaciated down from her regular 130 or 140 lbs, looked from the distance like a pre-pubescent girl of maybe twelve. Having used the bedpan shoved under her, her lower body was exposed to the entire ER.

She wanted to leave, insisted on leaving. "I'm not going to rot on this street corner. Get me out of this drugstore."

She said if we did not help her she would go herself; she opened her pocketbook and pulled out a couple of dollars so she could get herself home. She would not let the pocketbook out of her sight. All the time she was in the hospital, the three hospitals really, and the two rehab centers, that pocketbook was always within reach.

My brother stood on one side of the bed and I on the other as we tried to prevent her from getting up and falling. She then started kicking and punching in two directions at once; not flailing out of control punches and kicks, but well placed and ferocious. She was fighting for her life. "I'm not going to rot on this street corner. Get me out of this drugstore," she kept saying over and over again.

Adrenaline flowing, her body was lithe, coordinated and supple much like the young gymnast she had once been. If we had backed away from the bed she would have gotten off and fallen. I begged a doctor I had known from her nightmare ordeal at Elmhurst to give her something to calm her down. The doctor had actually spoken to me on the 6th floor of Elmhurst a few days after her time in the ER and apologized to me and then to my mother for how she had been treated. With not much prodding he and a nurse came over with a syringe. "I know what you're trying to do." My mother squirmed away shrieking, "No you're not. No you're not" as they tried to raise her sleeve. She wouldn't let them. Finally the curtain was drawn. A bloodcurdling scream came from behind the curtain. When they opened the curtain the kicks and punches still came at us precise and perfect but slower and slower and then slower still. Only when she fell completely asleep did they stop.

The next day.

"Why would they choose a skeleton to be the leading lady in their play?" my mother asked as my brother and I walked into her room. At first I thought she was joking but she asked it again.

"Why would they choose a skeleton to be the leading lady?"

"You are quite beautiful, you know," I answered.

"But why now?"

"Don't knock it," I said. "You never know when you get your break."

She was sure a coffee company was bankrolling the film. But had no idea as to why. I had no idea either.

"Why would they make a skeleton into the leading lady for their play?" she asked. Her long hair flowing freely, her gestures broad and dramatic. "Do you think all those doctors will be in the movie too? Or do you think they're too busy?"

She paused.

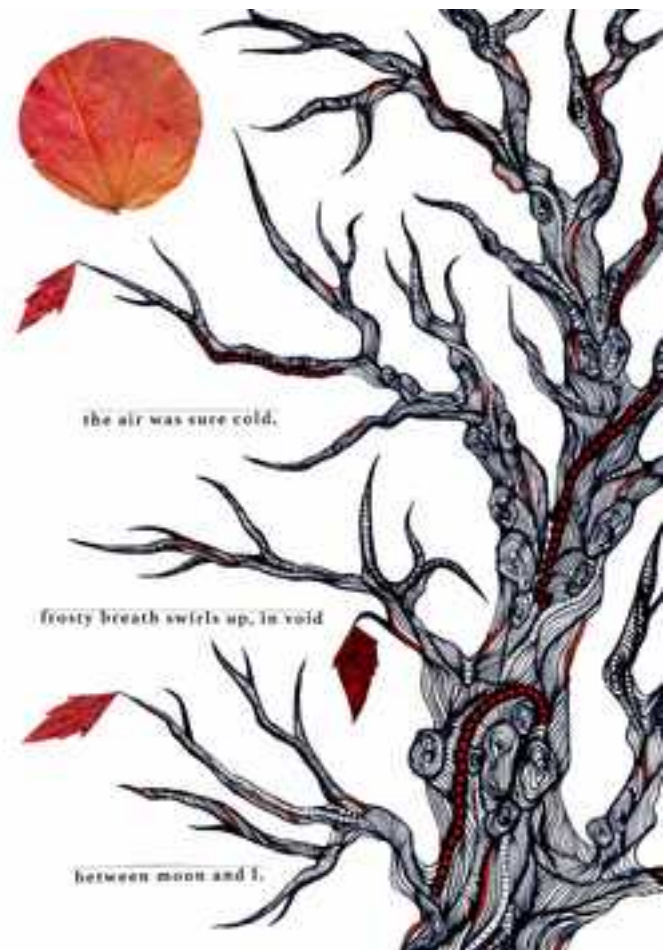
"What about that scene in the drugstore where I was hitting and kicking both of you? Are they going to include that in the movie too?"

"Well, if they want the movie to be a hit they will have to."

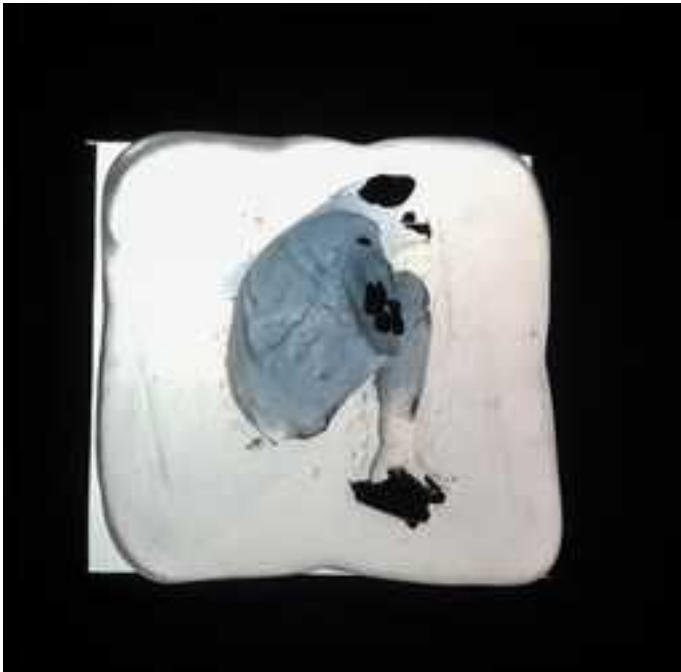
"A mother shouldn't do that to her children," she said.

She paused again. And then with more than a little pride, "Were you as impressed as I was with how energized I became?"

Untitled by PetuniArt www.petuni.art



Stuck to the Pillow or Falling in Lack of Success by ThePlyLaura (2018)

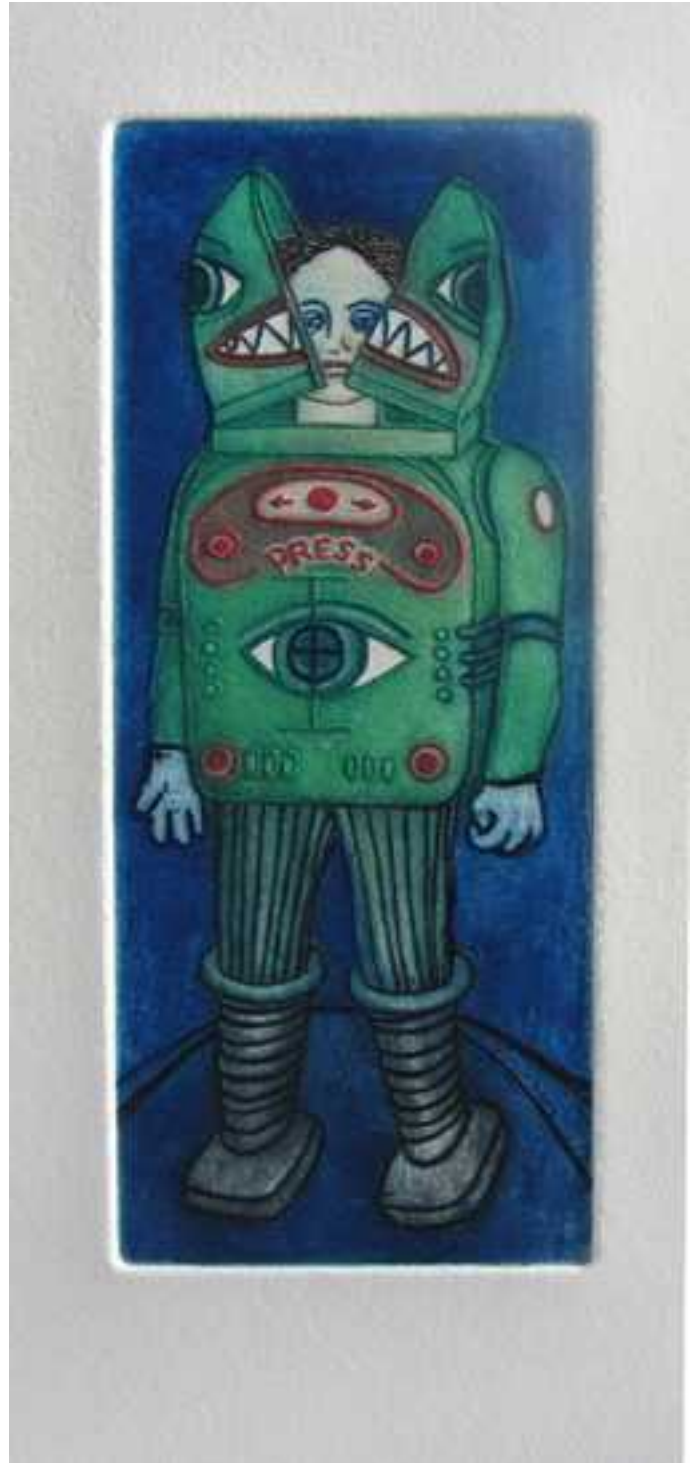


With this piece I try to talk about fragile line which most artists have to walk in their life in order to be seen. Every time when they are rejected they fall back in their safe place where for a while they can't do anything, because of the fear holding them back and reminding them about the possibility of rejection.

Some creators stay there for all of their life and leave creativity behind closed doors. However, they might be lucky to have a mentor, a friend to which they can talk or just enough courage to try again, and again, until they manage to succeed. Sadly, not everyone has these opportunities and are capable of talking about mental health, as it is still taboo for them.

Of course, everyone has to try and believe in a confident tomorrow, and this piece tries to remind them of the situation when it's hard to stand back on your feet, but with enough courage it is possible to stand up and to deal with fears, falls and emotions.
www.instagram.com/theplylaura

Giftie Gie by Dianne Murphy (2015)



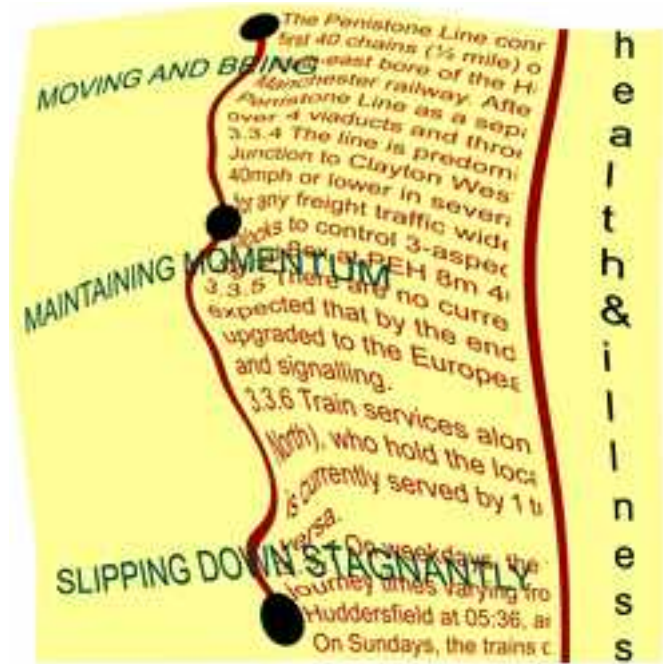
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Superhero Muffin by Lenny Szrama (2019)



A Sticky Note to Myself by Jenny Meehan



jennymeehan.wordpress.com

I was the Girl, I am the Woman by Cherene Pearl (2019)

I was the Girl,
Enveloped in the darkness,
Lumbered with toxic environments,
Sustenance for egotistic narcissists,
Prisoner of my own mind.

I was the Girl,
Rarely a priority,
Felt of little value,
Held no true voice,
A holding place.

I was the Girl,
Broken, bent, abused,
Lonely among the vultures,
Struggling for freedom,
Misplaced in the world.

I am the Woman,
Glowing, vibrant, seen,
Liberated from my keepers,
Mind of beautiful thoughts,
At peace within.

I am the Woman,
Whose needs come first,

Focused on self-love and compassion,
Has a voice worth hearing,
A choice, not an option.

I am the Woman,
Whole, happy, loved,
Strong amongst the empowering,
Free from all my cages,
Living my own incredible journey.

multiplepaths.wixsite.com

The Girl I Met 1 by Ina Prodanova (2018)



www.inaprodanova.com

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Underneath by Kelly Anne Elms (2019)



A quick sketch with a dual meaning. During periods of poor mental health, it feels as though the creativity and colour has been washed away from me. In addition it also represents how I attempt to hide my poor mental health from family and friends by presenting a happier exterior than what lies underneath.

www.instagram.com/here_comes_kelly

Mystified (Self Portrait) by Louisa Johnson (2019)



louisajohnsonvisualpoet.com

Untitled by Paula J Horton (2019)

Darkness beckons

And I run for the light

I try to stay there

Then, suddenly, night

My eyes closed to stop it seeping in

I have to wait for the morning light to breach my lids

To feel safe

To try again to run towards the light

I run, I run hard and feel

the darkness snapping at my heels

But I'll keep running until the darkness tires

And it will

Leaving Haarlem Station by Debbie Nicholson Wood



The Shadow by N Hanson

The shadow passes by unnoticed

Has made no mark

Til the fall

When the concrete cracks

Another inconvenience

Tribute to the Beloved Narcissist by Sampsy Sicada (2018)



www.instagram.com/sicada_art

Akasia by Gaba Berettoni

Akasia /ə'kreɪziə, ə'krasiə/

Noun: the state of mind in which someone acts against their better judgement through weakness of will

'Cognitive constriction' is reported to be what is happening in the brain at the time of a suicidal crisis. The brain is unable to formulate many or even any ways to resolve problematic situations.

This leads to feelings of hopelessness and a perception of a lack of options moving forward to take control of aspects of one's life.

This constriction could be interpreted as influencing the 'irrational' behaviour that is often attributed to cases of suicide.

The presence of a mental illness or a history of substance abuse, which already influence decision making abilities, can exacerbate the situation and contribute to the ultimate decision to end one's life.

A common feeling experienced and reported by those that have taken their lives, those that have survived attempts, and those that have contemplated it is hopelessness.

Different theories of suicide often list hopelessness as a characteristic and warning sign to look out for when discussing prevention techniques.

One attempt survivor stated that: "Hope is the actual solution to suicide. When you're suicidal, you've lost all hope."

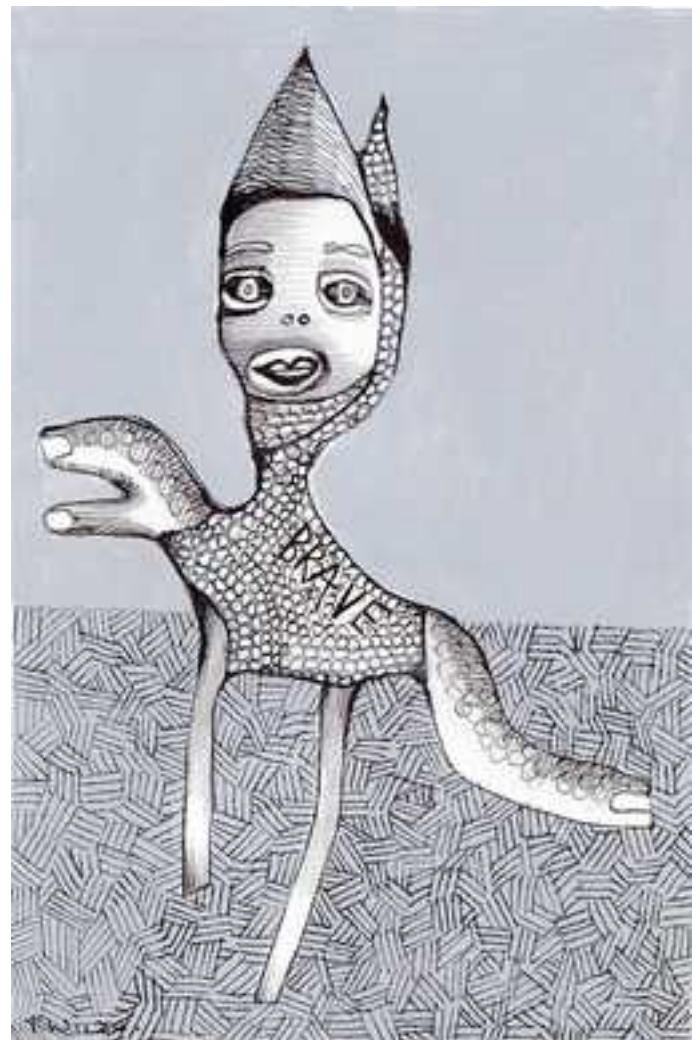
Keeping hope strong seems to be a key factor in deciding to continue to live at least one more day.

So if you're going through hell then keep going

Hold on to all the pain you're towing
By the time you leave you'll be showing

Just how brave and strong you are growing.

Brave by Terence Wilde (2019)



www.instagram.com/wildeterence

Patients by Lieske Weenink (2019)



A waiting room setting is trapped in time inside a glass fronted box.

Accompanying this, a looped sound recording plays, which was recorded from a waiting room which I sat in with my father.



My practice currently focuses upon the themes of human relationships, health, psychological boundaries, and time. I explore these concepts through a mixture of both film, sound, sculpture and installation which express topics which are often left un-spoken. This is due to my own personal circumstance of my father being diagnosed with a rare blood cancer. This unfortunate experience has become a pivotal moment both within my life and my artistic practice. Making art has become increasingly therapeutic for me, in coming to terms with having a seriously unwell parent.

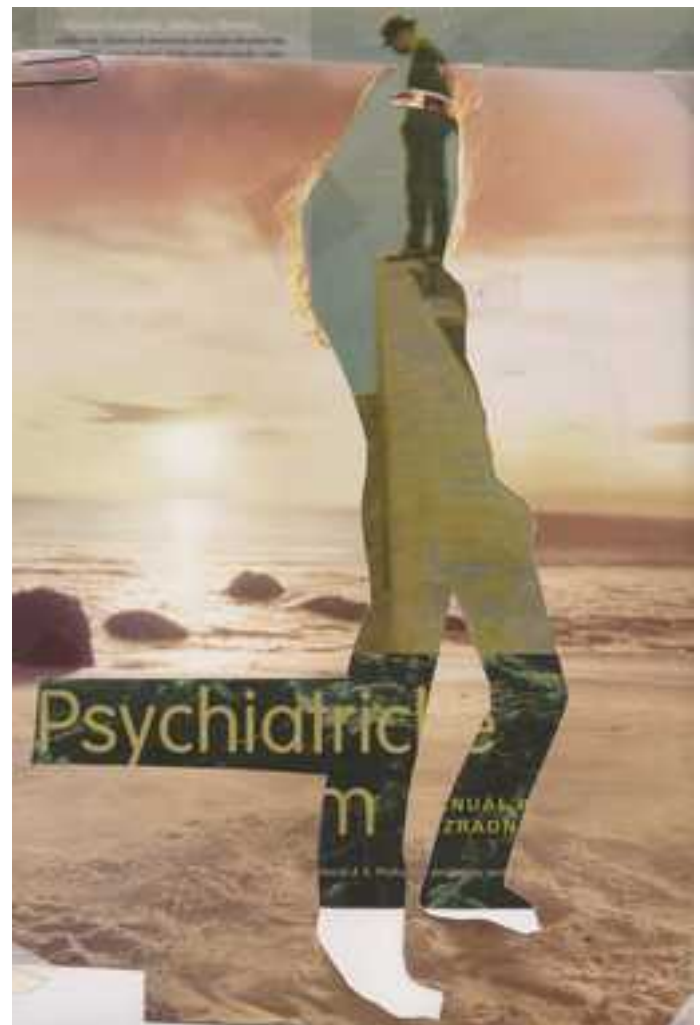
This overall subject matter has also interested me in the boundaries of private and public spaces; in particular, how illness blurs these boundaries. I have become fascinated with hospital waiting rooms and the etiquette we follow when we enter these spaces, including how these impersonal spaces enclose individuals with vast complex personal circumstances. The constant activity within a hospital waiting room



environment contradicts the isolation felt by individuals waiting for treatment. By making artworks with materials which have metaphorical connections attached allows me to allude to these emotional and physical situations which can affect us all, making the viewer aware of their own vulnerability.

www.instagram.com/lieskk_art

Psychiatric by Marta Daeuble (2007)



www.martadaeuble.com

A Portrait of a Man by Ina Prodanova (2018)



These free-hand drawings represents the portraits of a random people I met in the last two years and obviously with mental health issues. One of the women was having a conversation with herself. Within her mind. I spoke to them for awhile. It is hard for those who have not really experienced psychological/mental issue to understand what someone who has a mental illness is going through. I don't know myself. That is why I was so drawn into depicting their features and the impression they left in me.

www.inaprodanova.com

What Does Hope Look Like In This Town? By Jimmy Andrex (2018)

Salvation Army Man, rattles a plastic can in the doorway of an abandoned BHS branch. He believes in creation as a real thing; But not as dying documents of pub-dumb facts, but a faith foundation of belief in fairness and justice, just as the dream of Luther King didn't drink to the dregs from chipped mugs of hate

which waste our wealth like the wages of gamblers.
Here, dignity and discipline are dreams lived out;
Faith and charity fight financial forces
with soul forces, fight fascism
with tunes and soup and a statue's persistence.
This resistance sticks around to pick up the bits
after the shouting and slogans have all seeped away
like seashell sounds on a lacklustre holiday.
With this faith, baseless, you may say;
With this faith, dangerous, you may say;
With this faith, he hews hope
from wobbling, cracked flags and flicked out fags;
From verbal abuse and addiction to booze;
From the needy nuisance and the non-stop,
non-stop, non-stop, non-stop, non-stop
nothing going nowhere going nagging, going
begging
going going gone with the wind,
Like the steam from Vapers and in greasy Greggs
papers
propelled down the precinct while he persists
like discontent and drizzle, drinking from a dreamer's
cup.
It's nowhere near enough, but he gives what he's got.

www.jimmyandrex.com

Prospects by Jake Francis (2018)



www.jakefrancisart.com

Rage, Rage by David Fennell-Roberts



Watching my father, meekly accepting. No, not for me, I shall rave against the close of day, I shall Rage Rage against the dying of the light (apologies to Dylan Thomas). (That's the official version - actually I'm screaming at the night sky in utter frustration with life and all it's conflicts and demands).

www.davidfennellroberts.co.uk

An Atheist in a Graveyard by Mary Lee-Slade

when i sit at your grave i think
not of the way you held my hand
or sang me to sleep
that would be too easy
i think of your decayed body
beneath the earth and worms
a jigsaw of clean bones
laid out in the shape of you
i wonder if they're still connected
dem bones

i think of the record collector magazine
issue 437 and the long-rotten

pages you'll never read
why we put it there i'll never know
same with the baccy
a family of eco-warriors
burying a plastic golden virginia packet
and you didn't even get to smoke it
they must be rattling
dem bones

you didn't get a headstone either
we planted a tree instead
in a vain attempt to forge life from death
four years later and
it's still just a twig in the dirt
maybe its roots have wrapped around you
i'm sure you'd like that
nature in all its untamed glory
clinging to you with all its might
dem dry bones

www.pendleandpaper.co.uk

Creepy Crawly Head by Paula de Sousa (2019)



**Thoughts of Betrayal by Darrell Urban
Black (2019)**



darrell-black.pixels.com

A Line by Amy Rowe (2019)

A line
A line that is strait
Is forward
Is not
But you didn't use a ruler
It curved
It broke
It fades
A line that keeps going
That leads
That splits
One that is real
It continues
It shades
It joins and it thickens
A line that is true
A line that crosses
That belongs
It doesn't fit
A line that is useful

Make use
Just is
A line of nothing new
A line that goes down
A line that isn't a line
A line that misleads
It can be followed
A line that is sound
Ups
Downs
Straits
Sometimes it
Stops
A line that begins
An end that meets
A map
A journey
A time
Complete
Tangle
It looks
A line
Strait
Forward
It is not a line
You did not use a ruler.

**Other Way to Train by Byron Reece Jones
(2019)**



A line drawing depicting a walk we went on to and from the train stations visiting natural spaces.

www.s2.r.org.uk

There is a Bigger Room by James Hallinan (2019)



We can become trapped by our own minds and end up in an abusive relationship with ourselves, this can happen through trauma, bullying, negative relationships with people or the world around us as well as many other ways. To try and change this we need help from others and ourselves. This piece tries to show my struggle of admitting there was a problem, dealing with the shame and getting help. The bird has escaped the cage but is trapped in the black which is printed inside red which is in a room of unknown size. This approach was choosing to express the slow nature, fear and possibility's of the healing process.

jameshallinanartist.com

Right: Echoes by Alice Bradshaw (2019)

www.alicebradshaw.co.uk



CHAME by Rina Taytu (2019)



The theme of my works is coming from "To Live". Most of them, if anything, are based on "sorrow" and "trouble" around us. Among these sorrow things, I shift my thought to feel a thank. When I feel a thank, I see a small "dream" near in the future. It is "drawing" for me to make a form from a small dream. I drew this work when I noticed my youngest daughter had a congenital disorder and fought against it. I put my wish for her to have a journey. Journey does not only mean to go far away, but also to have "spiritual journey". I am drawing with the growth of my youngest daughter, who is showing me the wonderful views that is different views from my two older children. And, I want to know your dream, though I don't know you yet. It would be a great one.

www.instagram.com/rina_taytuart

Lark Vs McNish by Janet (2019)

Muck better than #@%& swearing
as your airing
words that when 'earring
can cause bewaring
as everyone starts staring,
moving and despairing,
lest they're caught mouthing,
mouth something they naught want to be heard.

Brat, full of chit chat
Snotty, spotty
Smearing in face
A face that should've been seen not heard

Painting the right way up
Head at the top
Feet on the floor
Then when it moves with cream air
The palpable air of fear – see feel #@%&

When asked to lick the 'ice-cream air'
Mr Larkin seems to be in a mood
His language of an age
Suitable for who, when, where,
Is he any worse than those in the prose?

No speech
Just freaks
Full of oh's and ah's
No sound
Abhorrent reaction on the train

Confusion – them not her
But she don't care
She know who, what and where.
She has her mum, her chum, to back her up.

Unravelled by Helly Fletcher (2019)



www.hellyfletcher.co.uk

True Reflection by Venessa Lagrand (2019)



www.artmajeur.com/lagrand

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I Followed The Breadcrumbs But I Never Got Home by Stephen Pinnell (2018)

www.pinnellart.com



Potemkin Lives by Spencer Brown

'Social' media is an oxymoronic term, for an anti-social vortex of selfies and vacuous, virtue-signalling soliloquies.

An artificial world of preening, posing, pouting.
Who needs a real person to talk to?
Log on instead, and get hoarse from shouting.

Like, share, retweet, repeat;
Like, share, retweet, repeat;
The 21st century hymn.
Forget competing with the Joneses next door,
you now keep up with Kourtney and Kim.

We live in self-constructed Potemkin villages,
our lives measured by clicks.
But swapping a book for Facebook
is like ditching a Sunday roast for a Twix.

The world is a stage and we are all players,
said the immortal Bard.
But switch off, log off, live life in the real world,
and end the unhealthy charade.

Rediscover your soul.
Clouds are in the sky - not cyberspace.
Blackberries are delectable fruit - not outdated phones.

And words like cowslip, conker, hazel and heather,
cardamom, moss and ragweed,
roach, rudd, dace and pike,
mean more than 'snapchat', 'emoji' or 'ringtone'.

The Sorceress and The Secret by Latifah A. Stranack

"As an artist I am interested in how cultures attract and collide, creating a new hybrid voice of the future. Understanding the dynamics of exile and migration, is for me, a direct consequence of my upbringing. I believe that my mixed heritage has been a rich source of material to work with, though at times it has also created numerous questions within me about identity, sense of belonging and place in the world."

"The sense of not quite belonging, yet, at the same time being an observer of life, the tiny tremor of conflict within oneself, that is also a way to see the divisions and connecting threads that link each one of us to a complex wider world. My work shows the strength and frailty of the human body. I create my art to begin a dialogue with the viewer, to talk about social and political world issues that affect us all as humans, regardless of race, religion or gender."

www.latifah3rayoflight.com



The Girl I Met 2 by Ina Prodanova (2018)



www.inaprodanova.com

NESTS (Medication Foils) by Anon (2011-12)

I was 18 when I had my first nervous breakdown. Coincidentally it happened during a visit to Meadowhall shopping centre and Barnsley, where I had gone to see a friend. I was taken into the psychiatric ward at Barnsley hospital by the police that night, heavily sedated and kept there for a month. I had just started studying for a Creative Arts degree at Lancaster University, and my friends and family were a long way away in Cheshire. I had no idea what was happening to me and why everything was so confusing and distorted, but it was later explained to me that I had suffered from a manic psychotic episode. I was diagnosed with bi-polar disorder and told I would have to take medication for the rest of my life. I was devastated. When I tried to come to terms with what had happened, a long period of depression followed. I had another episode the following year, was sectioned in hospital again and told not to return to university.

I was determined not to give up hope, and eventually, after about a year of depression and with the support

from my friends and family, I found the courage to apply to a nearby university where I could live with my parents and have the stability of home life, and commute every day. It was a long commute, nearly 2 hours each way, but three years later I gained a first class honours degree in Fine Art. I moved out into a shared house and wanted to live an independent life. After I was settled, I completed my Masters degree, gaining a distinction. Then I got into a long term relationship and felt very stable for several years. I have had many creative (and some not so creative) part time jobs, and exhibitions with my work. There have been more episodes along the way, and I'm sure there will be more to follow in life as I navigate with this illness, but by sharing my story, I hope that it will inspire others to never give up hope. I have learned to stabilise my illness through taking medication, talking to friends, making art, connecting with nature and keeping busy yet mindful.



The nests are composed of empty Sodium Valproate medication foils, a medication I take which acts as a mood stabiliser. The foil has been shredded so that the name of the medication is obscured and made secret, much like confidential waste. There is a great shame surrounding mental ill health, and my illness is not something I disclose lightly. I've always found this piece of work difficult to exhibit and difficult to describe, because to me it is so personal. The nest itself refers to the medication acting as a kind of comfort, and the strands of foils joined together are so fragile, they could almost collapse under the viewer's gaze. The work was first exhibited in the gallery setting, then in a woodland exhibition, questioning the relationship between mental health and nature...

**Child of Stevie Smith's Drowning Man by
Dorothy Megaw (2015)**



I am drowning.
You look concerned.
I am making noises to show my distress.
You share kind words with me.
I am shouting.
You change the subject.
I am panicking.
You soothe me with funny stories and regale me with
tales of your life.
I am screaming for help.
You've noticed that the weather is changeable. You
wonder if tomorrow will be better. You find it

interesting how the Met Office often miscalculates.
Your tomato plants are growing quickly. The garden is
looking verdant. Should you buy a new USB for your
computer?

I am hyperventilating.

You take offence. You did not get the response you
wanted.

I am going under.

You accept my apology but expand on why you were
upset.

I tell you that the water is rising.

You don't see this as an excuse.

I see the sun come through the trees.

You want to know if you can pray for me, chant for
me, beseech Saints for me.

I feel nothing. I see glorious sunlight.

You have enjoyed talking to me, you will see me next
week.

www.ohtobee.co.uk

Untitled by Danny Verno Smith



www.saatchiart.com/vernartist

Felicity by Lizzie Thurman (2018-2019)



lizziethurman.com

It's All About M.E by Robert Fowler (2019)

Twenty years ago aged forty-three, a diagnosis of M.E.
Myalgic Encephalomyelitis, muscle stiffness and pain,
at the start of each the day, the energy drain
No rest from this illness no time when you're free, of
the sickening malaise, and the chronic fatigue.
no social inclusion, a strain on family life, no energy to
spare, for a normal healthy life.
Anything I do, I times it by ten, two to three hours in a
day with nothing left for anyone else
retire from the world, live a life in despair, each day is
a trial, to decide what you can do.

It's all about M.E.

No tolerance to noise no filtering out just close your
eyes, block the information out,
sensory information keeps on flooding in, fogging up
the brain, closing down the mind
drowning in the din, gasping for air; a quite despair as
shutdown begins.

Impossible now to read a book, sensory overload sets
in, too much information, brain fog shuts you down
It's all about M.E.

Too much effort in one day physical or mental, starts
the crash to knock you down, it's all too much to bear.

Only so much to give, depends on how you feel,
saving up resources to fight another day, without the
feeling of fatigue, a syndrome which you wear.

No understanding for the one, who seems ok today,
and when they are laid low for weeks the disbelief is
there.

Short temper and apathy when at your lowest ebb,
watching life pass you by when you want to get
ahead.

It's all about M.E.

Though luckier than the one in four, M.E not severe,
not laid low for weeks or months but rest brings no
relief.

only those with the symptoms know the honest truth
and the pain caused by the doubters who say it's all in
the head
It's M.E.

SYMPTOMS

Post-exertional malaise

Unrefreshing sleep

Profound fatigue

Cognitive impairment,

Orthostatic intolerance,

Pain

THAT'S M.E.

www.facebook.com/pg/stonefox.art

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mental health issues you or someone you
care for is experiencing, there is a directory
of mental health support services at the
back on pages 52.

**The Penistone Line Series by Sean Worrall
(2019)**

seanworrall.net



**Peaceful at the River by The Train Lady
(2019)**

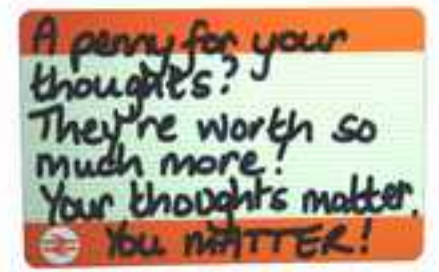
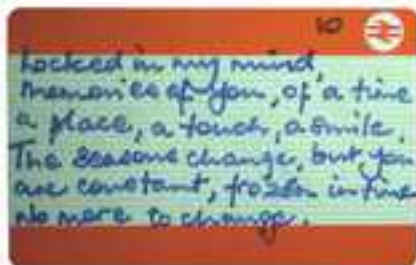
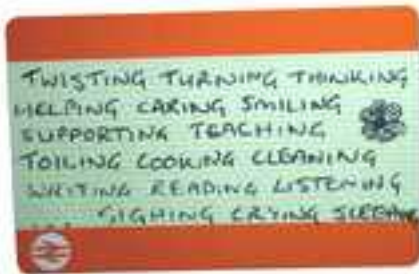
Water flowing and free
Duck swimming leisurely

A plane passes overhead
Holiday makers over the bridge
Artist drawing, balanced on a ridge

Calm is the wind
Few clouds in the sky
Birds are a singing
Life just passes by

Peaceful is the atmosphere
Just stand and think
Is that there squirrel giving me a wink?!

Train Ticket Thoughts (2020)



Train Ticket Thoughts was a Dwell Time workshop onboard the Penistone Line inspired by 'Railism' by Richard Shields featured in Dwell Time Issue 1.

Passengers were provided blank train tickets and pens and asked to reflect on their journey and mental wellbeing.

This a selection of the some of work produced onboard the 10:12 - 11:28 Huddersfield to Sheffield and 11:35 - 12:50 Sheffield to Huddersfield, Thursday 23 January 2020.

Railism (Self Portrait) by Richard Shields (2016)



richardshieldsartworks.org/Railism

SUPPORT SERVICES DIRECTORY

Addaction www.addaction.org.uk
Alcoholics Anonymous www.alcoholics-anonymous.org.uk 0845 769 7555 (24-hour helpline)
Andy's Man Club www.andysmanclub.co.uk Every Monday 7pm
Anxiety UK www.anxietyuk.org.uk 03444 775 774 (Mon to Fri, 9:30am-5:30pm)
BEAT www.beateatingdisorders.org.uk 0808 801 0677 (adults) or 0808 801 0711 (for under-18s)
Bipolar UK www.bipolaruk.org 0333 323 3880
Calderdale in Recovery calderdaleinrecovery.com 01422 415550
Campaign Against Living Miserably (for male-identifying people) www.thecalmzone.net 0800 58 58 58 (5pm-midnight daily)
Childline www.childline.org.uk 0800 1111
Combat Stress British Armed Forces Veterans support www.combatstress.org.uk 0800 1381 619 (24 hours)
Community Links Mental Health Charity in West Yorkshire www.commlinks.co.uk
Creative Minds www.southwestyorkshire.nhs.uk/creative-minds
Cruse Bereavement Support www.cruse.org.uk 0808 808 1677 helpline@cruse.org.uk Monday & Friday 9:30-5pm (excluding bank holidays), Tuesday – Thursday 9:30am – 8:00pm
Forward Leeds www.forwardleeds.co.uk 0113 887 2477 info@forwardleeds.co.uk
FRANK Honest information about drugs www.talktofrank.com 0300 1236600
Get Connected hatw.co.uk/helpline/get-connected 0808 808 4994
Heads Together www.headstogether.org.uk
HOOT Creative Arts www.hootcreativearts.co.uk 01484 516224 info@hootmusic.co.uk
Humankind humankindcharity.org.uk 01325 731160 info@humankindcharity.org.uk
Imagineer www.imagineer.org.uk 01422 363817 info@imagineer.org.uk
Insight Health Care www.insighthealthcare.org
Kirklees in Recovery kirkleesinrecovery.com
M-Power www.male-rape.org.uk 0808 808 4321 (Fri 12-2pm and Mon 6pm-8pm)
Men's Advice Line www.mensadviceline.org.uk 0808 801 0327 Mon-Fri 9am-5pm info@mensadviceline.org.uk
Men's Shed www.menssheds.org.uk 0300 772 9626 (Mon-Fri, 9am-5pm)
Mental Health First Aid England mhfaengland.org
Mental Health Foundation www.mentalhealth.org.uk
Mind www.mind.org.uk 0300 123 3393 (Mon to Fri, 9am to 6pm)
MindMate www.mindmate.org.uk
National Centre for Domestic Violence www.ncdv.org.uk 0800 970 2070

National Suicide Prevention Alliance www.nspa.org.uk
No Panic www.nopanic.org.uk 0844 967 4848 (daily, 10am to 10pm)
OCD Action www.ocdaction.org.uk 0845 390 6232 (Mon to Fri, 9.30am to 5pm)
OCD UK www.ocduk.org 0845 120 3778 (Mon to Fri, 9am to 5pm)
PANDAS Pre- and post-natal depression support www.pandasfoundation.org.uk 0843 28 98 401 (9am-8pm every day)
Platform 1 platform-1.co.uk
Prevention of Young Suicide www.papyrus-uk.org 0800 068 4141 (weekdays 9am-10pm, weekends 2pm-10pm and bank holidays 2pm-10pm), pat@papyrus-uk.org or text 07786 209 697
PTSD UK www.ptsduk.org
Rape Crisis www.rapecrisis.org.uk 0808 802 9999 (daily, 12-2:30pm and 7pm-9:30pm)
Refuge www.refuge.org.uk 0808 2000 247 (24-hour helpline)
Respect Domestic violence helpline www.respectphoneline.org.uk 0808 802 4040 (Mon-Fri 9am-5pm) info@respectphoneline.org.uk
Rethink Mental Illness www.rethink.org 0300 5000 927 (Mon-Fri 9:30am-4pm, not including bank holidays)
S2R Create Space <https://www.s2r.org.uk>
Samaritans www.samaritans.org 116 123 (24 hours a day, 365 days a year) jo@samaritans.org
SANE www.sane.org.uk 0300 304 7000 (4:30pm-10:30pm every day)
Support Line: Mental Health www.supportline.org.uk 01708 765200 info@supportline.org.uk
Survivors Male rape and sexual abuse helpline www.survivorsuk.org 020 3598 3898 (Mon-Fri 9:30am-5pm) help@survivorsuk.org
Survivors of Bereavement by Suicide uksobs.org 0300 111 5065 (9am-9pm Monday to Friday) email.support@uksobs.org
Take Ten Mental Health & Suicide Support www.facebook.com/steviessupportgroup
Touchstone www.touchstonesupport.org.uk
Unmasked unmaskedmentalhealth.co.uk 01422 730002 info@unmaskedmentalhealth.co.uk
West Yorkshire – Finding Independence (WY-FI) wy-fi.org.uk 0113 887 0000 wy-fi@humankindcharity.org.uk
Victim Support www.victimsupport.org 0808 168 9111 (24-hour helpline)
Women's Aid www.womensaid.org.uk 0808 2000 247 (24-hour helpline)
Young Minds www.youngminds.org.uk 0808 802 5544 (Mon to Fri, 9.30am to 4pm)

THOUGHTS

ANXIETY IS
LIKE QUICKSAND,
THE HARDER
WE STRUGGLE
TO ESCAPE,
THE DEEPER
WE SINK. - UNKNOWN -



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