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**My psychiatric abuse might be the most provable case in a long time. It exceeds the usual medical malpractice scandals as the perpetrator is not just a black sheep. It's a highly organized nazi-like medical crime, involving horrendous torture and attempted murder to cover up prior scandalous and sadistic malpractice. My case would change the medical paradigm about the equality of synthetic food, would mean a multi-million € loss to the industry, would destroy the reputation of government approved health authorities, it would expose psychiatry as a fraud science and question the justification of coercive psychiatry.**

**Being too much a threat for the system, this crime is being covered up, which involves the controlled media, corrupt lawyers, judges, the police, dishonest politicians, complicit hospital staff and even Scientology (CCHR). It proves again, that psychiatry patients are subhuman creatures without legal rights, just as in the Third Reich.**

9 years ago I had an unintended weight loss caused by a traumatic past and some physical health issues.

The doctors never got to the roots of my problems. Because they couldn't find an organic cause I first was diagnosed „atypical“anorexia. When I didn't accept this diagnosis and the treatment and frequently argued with physicians, „combined personality disorder“ was added, and - because my digestive disorders were regarded as hypochondria - later „delusions“ as well.

Finally I ended up in a psychiatry. At first I was pressured into taking four different kinds of psychiatric drugs that made me suicidal. At my second stay I just walked out of the hospital intending to hang myself in a nearby forest. Knowing about my suicidality they were not calling the police or looking for me. I didn't manage to hang myself and returned to the empty apartment of my parents, where I had a horrible cold turkey withdrawal from the drugs, I didn't sleep for

one week. In my hopelessness I attempted suicide several times, which brought me into a psychiatric prison. I was given a legal guardian, who hated me. Being "resistant" to other treatments I was coerced into ECT, which gave me a permanent brain damage. In my desperation I managed to escape and went to Portugal.

After one month I had to come back to Germany. At my return my weight was at a record low, but I managed to regain almost 14 pounds in two weeks. My psychiatrists were furious at me. As a punishment for my non-compliance (or as a "cure" for my drapetomania) they decided a force-feeding "therapy" by a tube. They forged data about my state of health and claimed my conditions were life-threatening. Being as a former raw foodist health conscious I had always refused formula drinks and called them "poison". I had also experienced that my body didn't metabolize synthetic foods like protein isolate or white sugar anymore, which was their "proof" for my delusionality.

So against my will they put a tube through my stomach. From the beginning I continuously kept losing weight. After a few days I developed a peritonitis, which almost killed me, I was for weeks in intensive care and for months on pain killers and antibiotics. All my blood levels dropped dangerously

low. The explanation given for my by me predicted weight loss was the „refeeding-syndrome“. For 10 days I had to drink a formula without sweetness and flavor that was not supposed to be taken orally and had a repulsive taste. After a week I knew I would throw it up and refused it, just asking for a flavored formula. I was taken to the locked ward, tied to the bed and forced on a nasal-gastral tube. This experience was so horrifying that I complied afterwards. In the following weeks I got a guard that constantly watched me during daytime. This actually didn't stop my continuing weight loss. For altogether more than three months I was not allowed to eat any regular food. My mother managed to smuggle some oranges into my room, when they found out, my room was frequently searched because fruit was „life-threatening“.

**Much later I had the realization, that by then the doctors had finally acknowledged their own malpractice. They had a conference of leading physicians and decided to not let me survive in order to cover up their crime. Sadistic disciplinary measures are a daily psychiatric routine, usually they don't have such a fatal outcome. Despite high protein nutrition my protein blood levels (albumin) were in decline as well as my body weight. In the second half of my**

**force-treatment they stopped caring if I drink up my formulas. They made a bigger effort to keep me from eating natural food. Even nature-estranged doctors don't consider oranges as a health-threat for a starving person.**

The scars from the operation didn't heal and I had for months incredible pain, twice I had to return to the intensive care unit. My need for self-determination and autonomy, my angry emotional state and lack of gratitude they pathologized, me being in their eyes an incurable narcissist, who wanted to starve himself to death for some inexplicable reason. After four months I was malnourished, apathetic, near starvation death. Finally they released me to die and feeling very angry what they had done to me. The head psychiatrist called me the worst case of „nihilistic depression“ in his life time. They refused to take any responsibility. I could hardly walk and looked like a concentration camp prisoner. I was deeply traumatized and just wished to die soon. Other hospitals rejected me as a hopeless case, I was meant to be put into a hospice, in the end my parents took me back in.

Eventually I ended up in life-threatening conditions in Germany's biggest hospital (Charité), that was involved in the force-feeding. No one believed I would survive, and leading physicians didn't want me to survive. To cover up the scandal they attempted

to murder me, for which I have proof. In the first weeks I even lost more weight and almost died of organ failure. They used a method that was employed in the Nazi euthanasia program, an inconspicuous way in getting rid of unwanted patients by giving them from day to day extremely varying calorie amounts. For a long time I couldn't grasp that it this medical dilettantism was intentional. When I refused formula drinks and managed to take control of my eating I gained 9,0 kg body substance (muscles and fat) in three weeks on very few calories, which was unheard of.

All therapists and doctors were instructed to never discuss the force-treatment. They probably were told I was delusional about the fatal outcome, and a megalomaniac not taking the advises from my doctors. I was just in denial about my eating disorder like all anorexics. They ignored my extreme diarrhea issues, put me in different ways under psychological terror and kept me from recovering for two years. Because me digestion was at home even worse I was dependent on them. Only my last assistant physician recognized I'm not eating and personality disordered, but traumatized, she revised all my diagnoses and didn't went along with the cover-up. After realizing the criminal structures in hospitals she quit her job I assume. In fall 2017 when I went around

telling my story I was again psychiatrically evaluated as "mentally insane" in order to discredit me (if my accusations weren't true and just a distorted memory they would have locked me up long ago).

At my last stay the head physician had me do a multiple-choice test to "objectify" if the force-feeding meant a trauma to me. As the result was positive he rather trusted his own subjective opinion, that I wouldn't have an iatrogenic trauma. The force-treatment was a stressor to me only in the sense that my autonomy was taken and my narcissistic equilibrium being disturbed. My last therapist emphasized how aggressive I was and my past health struggles kind of a self-punishment.

My life is really destroyed on a physical, social and emotional level. The psychiatric stigma made me into a social reject. I had to relearn to walk and talk. I'm a nervous wreck. I have nightmares and recurring traumatic memories. I have an impaired digestion lost many teeth and got osteoporosis. I can't do sports anymore, I feel like a 70 year old trapped in a young body.