



Madness: A Bipolar Life

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An astonishing dispatch from inside the belly of bipolar disorder, reflecting major new insights

When Marya Hornbacher published her first book, *Wasted: A Memoir of Anorexia and Bulimia*, she did not yet have the piece of shattering knowledge that would finally make sense of the chaos of her life. At age twenty-four, Hornbacher was diagnosed with Type I rapid-cycle bipolar, the most severe form of bipolar disorder.

In *Madness*, in her trademark wry and utterly self-revealing voice, Hornbacher tells her new story. Through scenes of astonishing visceral and emotional power, she takes us inside her own desperate attempts to counteract violently careening mood swings by self-starvation, substance abuse, numbing sex, and self-mutilation. How Hornbacher fights her way up from a madness that all but destroys her, and what it is like to live in a difficult and sometimes beautiful life and marriage -- where bipolar always beckons -- is at the center of this brave and heart-stopping memoir.

Madness delivers the revelation that Hornbacher is not alone: millions of people in America today are struggling with a variety of disorders that may disguise their bipolar disease. And Hornbacher's fiercely self-aware portrait of her own bipolar as early as age four will powerfully change, too, the current debate on whether bipolar in children actually exists.

Ten years after Kay Redfield Jamison's *An Unquiet Mind*, this storm of a memoir will revolutionize our understanding of bipolar disorder.

Madness: A Bipolar Life Details

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From Reader Review Madness: A Bipolar Life for online ebook

Diane says

Madness: A Bipolar Life is a riveting memoir about the most severe form of bipolar disorder called: Rapid Cycling Type 1. She describes her struggles with the demons she faces every day, wavering between madness and deep bouts of depression.

As early as the age of 4 Marya Hornbacher was unable to sleep and night and talked endlessly. Once she was in school, other children called her crazy. By the age of 10 she discovered alcohol helped her mood swings, and by age 14, she was trading sex for pills. In her late teens, her eating disorder landed her in the hospital when her weight fell to just 52 pounds. She also cycled into another body obsession, cutting. In and out of psychiatric hospitals numerous times, she was 24 before she was accurately diagnosed as Bipolar.

Hornbacher, 34, is the author of (3) books. To me it would seem impossible to be able to write (1) book never mind (3) with this disorder as horrific as she describes. In the end, however, this was a satisfying, page-turning memoir. In addition, the book includes a detailed resource section with statistics and information on bipolar disorder.

Anne says

At the age of 24, Marya Hornbacher was diagnosed with Type I bipolar disorder. This realization of why she thinks and behaves the way she does did not come at the outset of her disease. Rather, it came after years and years of cycling through incessant mania and debilitating depression. Hornbacher recalls moments from her childhood, such as her terrible insomnia and inability to stop jabbering flying from topic to topic with no coherent train of thought. She tried to poke fun at herself as all the other children in her class labeled her crazy, but it was clear that while Hornbacher knew she was different, she could never quite figure out what it was that made her so. Hornbacher also had an interesting home life - with parents who were violently fighting one minute, and lovingly playing Scrabble with her the next. It is unclear from Hornbacher's stories what her parents were able to recognize in their daughter as unusual and what they engendered as a result of their own erratic behavior. As she grows older, Hornbacher's episodes become more severe. She begins starving herself at a young age and develops anorexia/bulimia (the subject of her memoir, Wasted). To alleviate her internal suffering, Hornbacher turns to cutting - one time getting so out of control that she nearly kills herself and is rushed to the hospital. Once there, the doctors seem intent on labeling her as depressed - a common diagnosis for girls with eating disorders. But, the medications only seem to make Hornbacher more crazy. In response, the doctors increase her levels of medication. Hornbacher turns to her own brand of medicine, and within years she becomes a full-blown alcoholic. Her condition prevents any medication which may have worked, from having any noticeable effect. Finally, Hornbacher receives her proper diagnosis, but it is years before the realization of her illness sets in, and before she curtails her destructive and suicidal behavior. Madness is an interesting memoir. Repeatedly I found myself thinking, "Ugh! This woman is SO ANNOYING! She's self-absorbed and self-destructive. She is ruining the lives of those who are trying to help her and never listens to her doctors (even the ones who are intelligent enough to get the diagnosis and the med levels correct)." But, then I had to remind myself that these behaviors are the direct result of her mental illness. In this way, I found Hornbacher's memoir amazingly honest. She did not pepper her stories with much self-reflection, and while frightening, it was refreshing to read this type of book

from the perspective of someone who isn't deluded into thinking that she now has all the answers, or that she will lead a stress-free wholly positive life now that she has her diagnosis in hand. The issues raised by this book are numerous, but in particular I found interesting Hornbacher's memories of her childhood. People are quick to believe that children are "resilient," that they don't experience trauma like adults do, that they don't remember or internalize, that they simply can't suffer from depression, bipolar, or schizophrenia.

Hornbacher's memories suggest otherwise. They suggest, at the very least, that there are indicators that the disease that may manifest at quite an early age. The question being whether treatment on children is safe or effective, and if anything can be done to prevent the progression of the disease. Hornbacher's experience also emphasizes the relation between eating disorders, cutting, suicidal ideation, alcoholism, and other destructive behaviors and mental illness - they feed on each other in ways that often make it difficult to determine the origins of a given problem. *Madness* is written as a memoir - it is Hornbacher's story - it is not a clinical examination of bipolar disorder - and it does not answer many questions that I had about the history of bipolar treatment and the state of bipolar disorder in our country today- in terms of the research that is being done, the medication available to people, and how therapy can be used, if at all, to deal with the symptoms. But, what this book does do is open a window into an often misunderstood disease and ignite a dialogue that will hopefully lead to answers and more efficient diagnoses.

SheilaRaeO says

I could not put this book down. It is a fascinating account of a lifelong struggle with bipolar illness and the effect it has not only on the person diagnosed but on her friends and family as well. Marya (pronounced MAR-ya) Hornbacher is an incredible writer and I was constantly amazed at the idea that she could hold together the life she did and be a successful writer while struggling so desperately with this overwhelming illness. I was at turns hopeful then despairing then back to determined hopefulness - (much as she lives her life). She skillfully swept me up in the whirlwind of her manic episodes and the epic crashes of the depressive underbelly of each cycle. This is the first book I have read by Ms. Hornbacher, and now I must read her previous works and anything new she puts out as well, starting with her best seller "Wasted" about her struggle with anorexia. I have learned much about bipolar disorder by reading her account, including that it is very common for bipolar sufferers to struggle with other issues such as eating disorders and alcoholism and often it is these issues that are treated rather than the underlying cause of them all, which is of course, the bipolar disorder. I would highly recommend this book to people suffering with bipolar disorder as well as their families. She includes many helpful resources at the end of the book where help can be sought and additional research be undertaken.

Huda says

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Kris says

What needs to be said about Marya, is that she suffers from one of the most severe cases of Bipolar disorder, type 1 (which includes full on mania and psychosis that can last for years untreated), with rapid cycling. It's not like Bipolar II where you experience hypomania and depression (where the depression can be more in play than hypomania).

She suffered wild psychosis and mania for a long time, and addiction is a big part of people diagnosed with Bipolar. I understand that this is a memoir, not a book that should be fictional, sugarcoated with the end that she is fine and recovered - because Bipolar Disorder is not something you can ever recover from. It's manageable to a certain point, but the disease itself is chronic.

It makes you do strange things because you just DO. When you have bipolar or have a significant other suffering from the same disorder, things get grim really, really fast. As far as I have come in her book, I get the impression that this book was written to portray how badly she suffered. I just read the part where she asked one of her friends how it's like to have a friend that is suffering from the disease, and the friend says that it's not that different, just that she's afraid that she'll commit suicide - which she understands, in sorrow, because she has seen the suffering take its toll.

And it's true what Marya says; a lot of Bipolar people visit their doctor or therapist before killing themselves.

To me, it has been a very insightful book about HOW she deals with her disorder while trying to manage a 'normal' life at the same time. It's not about God, being hopeful or any of that. It's about accepting the cards she's dealt in life and how she continues to live with it. I hope that the readers of this book understand that with Bipolar, there is seldom a blissful, happy ending. So she does yoga or whatever to keep herself healthy. There is only so much damage control you can do to keep your mind and body in check.

I commend Marya for portraying the good sides and the bad with this disorder. I guess you have to experience it to appreciate this memoir. Her book about eating disorders appealed to a wider public because 1; it was written before her Bipolar disorder came out of the woodworks (it usually does in your 20's), and 2; Eating disorders are a whole lot easier to understand, and a topic that is very much spoken about. Bipolar though, or the old term "Manic Depressive", is hard to understand.

The mortality rate of Bipolar Disorder; no matter which kind, is horrifying. I like this book because it is honest and tells the tale of what it is like to live with this demon on your back. It sure made me understand my friend who is diagnosed with rapid cycling, as well as my biological mother who placed me for adoption. This book gives you a first hand look at how badly this disorder can take over your life and make you do crazy stuff when you have no control of your mind or body.

Even though this book is grim and disturbing at times, it does not sugarcoat the disorder. It is honest, spot on and to me, a good insight of a woman experiencing madness.

Sara says

Hornbacher's *_Wasted_* is probably the most perceptive book ever written on eating disorders, so I went ahead and bought the hardback of this "sequel" in which she describes her diagnosis and subsequent grappling with bi-polar depression. Unfortunately, while the book might be a photo-finish accurate portrayal of what it's like to be bi-polar, the problem with the book is that it's a photo-finish accurate portrayal of what it's like to be bi-polar. The first 50 pages are a series of vignettes of Hornbacher swinging from manic grandiosity to despair, with plenty of binging and purging, drug use, compulsive sexual behavior, and alcoholism thrown in for good measure. The remaining pages chronicle a series of hospitalizations -- and it sounds like her adult life has been pretty much one round of hospitalization after another -- and the series of poor choices Hornbacher unfailingly made to keep from ever stabilizing. Drinking copious amounts, refusing sleep and food for days at a time, drug use, switching doctors, deciding to go off medicines -- if there was anything she could do to interfere with her recovery, she did it.

The result is that while she writes the book KNOWING that she made poor choices, she doesn't appear to have any long view on why she kept doing these things. The last four pages are a deeply unconvincing "well, now I stay sober and I do a lot of yoga, so I'm doing better now." But it's also clear that the damage of years of treatment non-compliance has already been done. Unlike *_Wasted_*, this book has no insights into how mental illness might fit into the larger culture, nor any insights into how common narratives of the disease get it wrong. Instead, it just provides a grim view of one mother-fucker of a mental illness.

Ron says

I read Hornbacher's first memoir, *Wasted*, a decade ago and was impressed by the strength of her voice then. But while she'd managed to fight back against her eating disorder, it turns out that she hadn't even begun to deal with her alcoholism and, more fundamentally, had only just begun to confront her bipolar condition. This memoir deals with that story, with an even stronger personal emphasis than I recall from her first book. Like her first book, it's definitely not a feel-good memoir, nor a triumph over adversity.

tee says

Hornbacher's stories terrify me. And ashamedly, the entire time that I was reading 'Madness', all I could think about was how glad I was that I am not that crazy. It also proves the fact that human beings can be very resilient, tenacious fuckers. Having also read 'Wasted', I can't believe this woman is still alive. She's like an extreme-condition crash test dummy.

I've struggled with rather severe anxiety for years, with derealisation, panic attacks and so on - and each time I've had these episodes; if it went on for too long, say TWO days. . . I wanted to kill myself. I've had the odd bout of depression, with a handful of suicidal days. And I'm terrified of *that* reoccurring. And I only get GENERIC depression. Hornbacher makes me feel like a pansy! To think that there are people out there that have it so much tougher, is mind-boggling to me. Where do they pull the strength from? Mental illness is scary. This book scared me.

The cover on my edition was pretty, it's blue with cute pictures and soothed me into a state of false calm everytime I had to close it to get a breather. Which I had to do often. The blue cover with pretty pictures was the only pleasant thing about this book. Hornbacher is relentless, self-destructive and frustrating. Every time I have ever gotten mentally unstable, I've latched onto whatever help I can get. I obey orders, I'm frightened of insanity. To read of someone disobeying, of spitting in their own sanity's face, so to speak; is shocking to me.

I love Hornbacher's books. I would have given this a 4, but I gave 'Wasted' a 4 and I thought that 'Wasted' was a lot better. I found Wasted more interesting, more hard-hitting, better written. 'Madness', to me, felt like it was a little lost, a little bit vacant but it still takes you on quite the rollercoaster. Reading this was like stepping into a whole different world. When I stop reading, I look around at my life and it looks like it's painted in pastels. I might as well be wearing disposable adult diapers and playing bingo in a nursing home. I am HALF ASLEEP compared to this woman, fuck, I'm comatose really. Hornbacher's world is technicolour. And fast. And spinning. And painful. And loud. And fucking demented. I need a Valium to soothe my frazzled nerves from reading this book.

Paula Dennan says

By her early 20s Marya Hornbacher had written and published a memoir about living with and beginning to recover from anorexia and bulimia. That book, *Wasted: A Memoir of Anorexia and Bulimia* became an international bestseller. Hornbacher was subsequently diagnosed with bipolar I disorder, something which had likely gone undetected since childhood. Undetected in the sense that it was undiagnosed, but as *Madness* shows Hornbacher has been living with mental illness from a young age.

Hornbacher doesn't shy away from the realities of manic depression, particularly when it is rapid cycling and features psychosis.

Jessie Cross says

I read this book because I have been diagnosed with bipolar disorder and it was actually recommended to me by my psychiatrist. I nearly went crazy (hehehe not funny!) at the beginning of the book where Marya is literally bouncing from one place to the next. It created such anxiety in me that I even had nightmares. Then the recognition of some moments. I am definitely not such a rapid bipolar sufferer but when I am in what I call a good place, I now realize that I am always a somewhat hyper. And then the crash - that I know only too well. How to explain/make anyone understand that, even with a trying-to-understand-but-never-had-depression husband, no economic problems, 2 wonderful children and a beautiful granddaughter, I can still not want to carry on living? There it is - that's it. When I am depressed I feel nothing from that dark place - and it is hard for my children to understand.

Jocelynne Broderick says

This book was amazing! Marya was able to articulate so many things about bipolar disorder that I never could have. I found myself intrigued by her experiences, a little frightened, and at some points I giggled in nervousness at some of the things she's done. Her case is way more extreme than mine, I have the type 2

bipolar and I'm on a slow cycle. But some of the things she wrote about also applied to me. I honestly want to buy this book for everyone in my family and my close friends so they can at least get a small glimpse into the fragile mind of a bipolar person.

I've never been hospitalized for my illness, that's one of my biggest fears actually. And rightly so according to her accounts of her stays at the hospital. And when she was on the upward toward a mania, I could totally relate to that. And when she was sliding to a depression, I could relate to that as well.

I've recently been accused of believing the world revolves around me. In my world, inside my brain, that's true. And I think it's because of my bipolar. Can I help that? No. But I know it'd be a lot worse without my meds.

She also describes how simple things can seem so overwhelming, which is actually spot-on. I'm expected to get out of bed AND get dressed? Are you INSANE??? I've had those days. Oh, and the obsessions and compulsions and the lovely paranoia and the wondering why the people around us actually stick around. It really hit home.

Excellent read. Well written. If you're curious about what goes on in a bipolar mind, read this. You won't be sorry.

Ally says

One of the most touching memoirs I have ever read. I can't get enough of Marya Hornbacher's writing. Not only that, but I'm continuously tempted to keep checking up on her to see how she is faring.

Having a friend whose sister has a personality disorder has made me almost morbidly interested in mental illness. This is the first book that has actually *helped* me understand her sister's behaviour. In fact, it's nearly impossible to understand considering it doesn't make sense to someone who does not suffer from mental illness.

I read this book in a few hours on a bus tour. I literally couldn't stop even to listen to what the guide was telling me. Marya has this amazing way of sucking you into her story, and helping you feel what she felt at the time. Like her, you'll experience a roller coaster of emotions. You'll root for Marya, you'll cry for her, you'll despair with her. You'll recover with her and then be completely disappointed and confused once the madness hits again. But her story really gets across the message that madness is not something you can consciously stop, no matter how badly you may want to. Once it hits you, you are at its beck and call. If it tells you to do something, you do it and question later. It is truly a terrifying life to lead.

For those of you who want a happy ending: look elsewhere. The happy ending here is that Marya has not yet succeeded in accidentally or purposefully killing herself or others. She does not recover from her disease. In fact, she cannot. She can only learn to live with it and try her best, through routine, to keep the madness at bay.

Absolutely beautiful storytelling - not for the faint of heart.

stephanie says

i have to say, she totally won me over. it was amazing because i wasn't sure if Marya Hornbacher could do it, but she redeemed herself by being more honest and upfront and REAL about her illness and willingness to get better than she was in Wasted, and more than Elizabeth Wurtzel ever, ever did.

this is best example of mania i have ever read. it is so true to life, and so true to form. it's really impressive how much *insight* she has into her illness when she lacked so much before - but it's like the eating disorder was just a cover for the bipolarity, and once she got the "true" diagnosis, she was able to kind of figure things out.

but she doesn't take the easy way out. she admits the mistakes she makes, she says that she does things she doesn't understand herself. it's so true - when you are manic/depressed, there often isn't any rationality to your behavior - or at least any that you can see at the time. it's amazing how honest she is with herself. she admits her mistakes, she knows when she is screwed up - she doesn't blame the fact that she doesn't listen to her doctors on anyone other than herself.

i'll probably write a more glowing review later, but this really is one of the most incredible books that actually grasps mental illness and what it's like without *blaming* anyone at all. and unlike the end of Wasted, i really believe that she wants to get better, and that she knows what she is facing.

i love her for this book, i really do.

Erica says

"Read" may be too strong a term for what happened with this book, although I did read several chapters.

The book opens with Marya cutting deep into her arm -- a scene that nearly had my squeamish self retching. We follow her to the emergency room and the hospital, where she eventually manages to talk herself out of being committed.

We then journey back to her childhood, where her mania takes on proportions hitherto imagined only by the likes of James Frey. She's more manic than any manic depressive in history. In high school, she sips vodka from a water bottle every half hour underneath her desk. She snorts cocaine off a volume of Dante in the library.

Did I mention this takes place on the mean streets of Minnesota?

My ability to suspend disbelief was challenged mightily. Not only is Marya suicidal, she's also a cutter. And she's both anorexic and bulimic. And she abuses drugs and alcohol -- from the tender age of ten. And oh yeah, she's manic depressive.

What did I learn from my brief foray into this volume? That the only thing more tedious than dealing with one's own craziness is reading about someone else's -- it's like having someone share their dream -- you try to be polite and show interest, but really.

knig says

Marya Hornbacher is better known for her memoir 'Wasted', which she wrote, no, published, at the age of twenty two, and which went viral, in which she spares no gruesome detail of her frankly horrific 'altercation' with anorexia and bulimia, and in which she drops to just 52 pounds, almost dies (hmmm, obviously), but emerges triumphant (well, barring infertility, osteoporosis and some other organ failure residuals, I forget which), to beat the disease, finish off college and publish a book, did I say, at the age of 22? I am woman, hear me roar, eh, eh?

But that's not all. This woman is definitely not a one pony track. Erm, a one track pony? Or was it trick? Uh, fuggedaboutit. What it is is, anorexia and bulimia is just one of a whole host of party tricks Hornbacher has up her sleeve. There is also, it emergeth, alcoholism, bipolar (type I) (the most serious type, apparently), connected with and connecting to paranoia, nymphomania, addiction, shopaholism, and basically all kinds of other fodder for future memoirs, not just *Madness*. Which, frankly, she needs to churn out because her medical expenses are astronomical and none of her three insurance companies are prepared to stump out. (Bastards. Come here, Marya, the NHS will see you alright).

Marya Hornbacher seems to exist in two states: hyper mania during which she is incredibly creative, sociable, productive and positive, and hospitalised, in a catatonic cum zombie stasis. All of which is described eloquently, poignantly and heartbreakingly.

Well, she can describe and scribe and shout from the mountain tops till the cows come home, but I don't understand a thing. Now, if I had read this book in say June, I would have understood everything (Dunning-Kruger effect) On some level I resonate here: I'm a high functioning mad woman myself. The problem is, I'm just a different kind of crazy from Marya, notwithstanding the fact that we share a fair number of addictions and personality traits. Does one alcoholic resemble another, for arguments sake? If no, why not? Marya drinks, and the space-time continuum goes into warp overdrive. Whole days, weeks, even months fold into themselves and disappear: in a black hole, in a rabbits hole, whatever: she's suddenly shacked out back and engaged to the local wino, subsidising the bartender's annual Disneyland vacation, nary a care in the world, as time is 'Matrixed' in between binges. The thing is, she can 'let go'. Now, I'm not necessarily extolling the virtues of an alcohol crazed pandemonium, but, I am, in fact, extolling it: because I'm jealous, so there.: jealous. In my deepest, most profound succumb-to-ness, I have never known surrender: no amount of alcohol has ever been enough to wrestle the mantle of reality, and responsibility, from the repressed recesses of my mind. A binge has only ever achieved my temporary physical surrender, whilst my mind remains trapped in its harness. I never manage to lose time: its there to greet me the day after the night before, as I haul my wastedness across town to the Floor. I have, despite my very bestest efforts, never managed to lose even a single day. So. If Marya laments total loss of control, I lament the lack of. No matter what I do, I can. Not. Escape from myself. This is why Aritha Van Herk and 'Restlessness' strikes such a cord with me: someone, finally, who understands. Marya wants to 'find' herself, find the equilibrium where she can exist, whereas I just want to 'lose' myself. This is how our goals differ. I have found myself already, and its not enough.

Lets talk about madness. If two crazy people meet, would they click? Even Marya says no. You have to be crazy in the same way for it to work. When she hooks up with a buddy, Sean, they spend a relatively 'calm week' in the Badlands like two psychos on a bender would, before madness incompatibility kicks in. Each lunatic thinks the other is just too crazy, and they have to part ways for the good of the planet. Hah.. In John Cassavetes 'A Woman Under The Influence', Mabel and Nick, and in Kudes' Somnambuul, Aetla and her

father. madmen rubbing shoulders but existing in parallel universes, because each is mad in their own special way.

I ran into a couple of bonafide high functioning psychos just recently and for the first time: . this is the one where initially think you are dealing with a normal person. Things happen. You think YOU are losing YOUR mind. And then you find out you've been had by one who flew over the cuckoo's nest. This is the abridged version of a fairly traumatic experience, which made me question the reality of reality and my understanding of any other reality which is ultimately not my own crazy reality. (I've only now been able to put it behind me). Afterwards, and resultantly. Here is what happened : a charity which I have been supporting (as a NED) for ten years deals with accommodated housing for mentally ill people. I joined this SME all this time ago, I will admit, not for purely altruistic reasons. I needed a stepping stone into paid portfolio work and took this pro-bono directorship because it was right here, right now., thank you very much. Things have moved on since then (considerably), but I retain myself on this meagre Board all this time without pay, my only altruistic endeavour (ironically), now, because it grew on me: the trials and tribulations, the financial crisis, the mergers, the tenders and bids: the lives of these people matter. But on 10 August I resigned. I felt morally obliged to do so, having realised that I was only paying lip-service to the whole issue of mental illness; I did not understand it, I was scared by it, I was a fraud: imagine campaigning the cause of mental illness when I truly, really, madly, have no idea whatsoever what its about. What was I thinking? I only know my own madness, and its...personal. Here is what happened. On 11 August the CEO of the Charity gate crashed my front drive and staged a Mexican standoff: I rescind my resignation or he'll just make camp on my driveway: till I do. Here is what happened: He don't give a damn about my moral quandary, because here is what happened: without me there to audit their accounts, sort out their HR issues, Company Secretary issues, merger contract issues, tender documentation issues, name your issue issues, all kinds of fucking issues, all gratis, he's got a QE issue. Here is what happened: What to do? What would you do? I'm worth over thousands to this charity for services rendered, dead or alive (ok, alive). Come see Ruby Wax, he said. Here is what happened: I did. At the Red Lion on 15 August. Here is what happened: I came out more fucked than when I went in. Paranoia? Bring it on. Ruby Wax is insane but she's not my kind of insane. What if these people damage ME beyond repair.? Should an unengaged clueless individual contribute to charity fraudulently? Is this mitigated by the fact that the charity is benefitting regardless of the intentions of said individual? If bad intentions reap good results is this OK?. Here is what happened: I read this book. My bid to understand, to relate, to connect. Now I know, somewhere, on the spectrum, I'm pretty mad myself. Mad and mad and alternating between the two, but in a candle burnt out in the wind way, not a lying cheating, hallucinating, highly functioning insane kind of way. Not that these people, not that Marya, is lying to ME when she fugues out: I understand that's not the intention. Its by lying to HERSELF that stokes up the trouble. When a person lies to themselves, they appropriate a false reality, which they project to those around them as fricking gospel truth. The sincerity and forcefulness of the message is enough to throw anyone within a mile radius off kilter. In a mania, this woman is unstoppable, no feat is too small, and her sundry achievements belie the price she will be imminently paying the piper: the inevitable crash. But its pretty much unknowable stuff. So, what was I gonna do with this charity?

Here is what happened...
