

the spectrum of love

volume 11

Mentality

MAGAZINE



Mentality

M A G A Z I N E

DIANE YU

Editor in Chief and Design Editor

VAISHNAVI KATTA

Content Editor

NIKKI CORRUNKER

Events and Outreach Director

disclaimer:

Some of our content could be emotionally triggering to those who can relate or have experienced similar struggles. If you find yourself becoming uncomfortable while reading, please take a moment for yourself. If you would like to speak to a professional, resources are listed at the end of our magazine.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Readers,

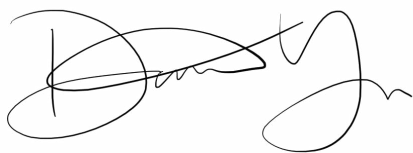
As you open this magazine, I encourage you to think about this quote by F. Scott Fitzgerald: “There are all kinds of love in this world, but never the same love twice.” The idea behind it underlies this edition of Mentality Magazine: every piece in this magazine exemplifies a different type of love, unique to each writer.

I’m honored and delighted to present to you the eleventh edition of Mentality, “The Spectrum of Love,” as this year’s Editor in Chief. This year has been one marked by hardships and struggles as we cope with yet another year affected by the pandemic while simultaneously beginning to move into a semblance of normalcy. We have countless reasons to be frustrated or scared or worried, and it is in this time of uncertainty that love and understanding are the most important.

This importance of love during times of struggle also highlights the connection between love and mental health: an abundance or lack of love can make all the difference in someone’s experiences. And yet the unwavering support that we get from others is not the only aspect of love that is essential to mental health. Love from the people around us—from friends, from family members, from significant others—is just as important as the love you give to yourself, in allowing yourself the freedom and the time to struggle and to improve. This so-called ‘self-love’ is critical in our role as writers here at Mentality, but also as students working towards graduation and people moving forward in life. It’s something that I have personally grappled with many times in my life, echoing the experiences that many other college students have in juggling school work with their social life. This year in particular, I have had to balance more and more obligations and responsibilities as I come ever-closer to graduation, and recognizing the toll this has taken on me mentally and physically has taken a significant amount of self-reflection and indeed self-compassion.

But the first step to addressing a problem is recognizing that you have one, and so I wish all of our readers ample amounts of courage and self-love to look within themselves as you read this edition. Consider for yourself what areas you have love and support, and which areas you perhaps are still lacking. What does this love look like to you, and how can you grow more familiar with recognizing it? The answers to these questions may be infinite in number, just as love itself has infinite forms, but I hope that the pieces you read will deepen your understanding of yourself and the people around you.

Please enjoy, and happy reading!



Diane Yu



CONTENTS

보라해	5
Five Greek Words for Love and Where to Find Them	6
Relearning Unconditional Love	8
Love Through Generations	10
What Does Love Mean to You?	12
What is Love?	14
My Mind is Not the Enemy	16
How Do You Say 'I Love You'?	18
Platonic Love	20
A Thank You to Our Sponsors	21
Resources	22



보라해

*Shouldn't we stop to take in the color purple, Celie said,
It's the last band bolstering the rest, holding up the spectrum,
Waving a white flag and the promise of golden light and gilded grass once skies clear,
Dewdrops settling on our chins.
It brings all the little things to light,
Adding them up until I feel full, stars settling in my chest-
With the remembrance that purple is a promise.
That you'll go to the ends of the earth,
and we'll go till the end of time.
Always, always, you'll meet me again one day.
And so we paint each other purple,
I, you.
You, me.
Us.
And whenever we spot blots of it dotting fields and smeared across with the crusts cut off,
The music sounds,
Winds tight,
Glides unrushed to the slight of our small smiles.*

written and designed by Ally Choi

Five Greek Words for Love and Where to Find Them in Your Life

Written and Designed by Vaishnavi Katta

Love is often thought to be one of the most quintessential parts of the human experience. It feels all encompassing, larger than life, and yet it ranges from feeling warm to overwhelming. The four letter word can't seem to contain all of the emotion it signifies. There are a lot of places we find love in our lives, and this love takes on different forms. To better encapsulate this variety, the Greeks had many different words for love; here we are going to focus on 5 of them. 5 little reminders of all the love that exists in the world.




Eros: The Love of Passion

This fiery type of love is what we probably think of the most: the type of love seen in love stories and romance novels. Named after Eros, the Greek god of fertility, there is no doubt that this love is presented as the sexual sort. It's rooted in intimacy and desire and it is a beautiful thing to have. It's an intimate type of love experienced with a partner, but that doesn't mean those of us that are single don't experience it in some capacity. After all, this type of love is often the basis for songs, television, movies and all types of stories. There is a reason why society's interest in this type of love is so universal: it gets back to our nature as human beings.



Philia: The Love of Friendship


This love is softer than that of eros and seems almost limitless in nature. One of the great things about philia is that we feel it towards many different people. It takes on many different forms and can be expressed in a multitude of ways. A rant session with a friend is a form of philia, and so is enjoying each other's company while not speaking a word. True friendship can make the worst days feel a little bit brighter and often when the passion of eros fades away, this is the kind of love that exists between long standing partners. It is one that can be cherished throughout a lifetime.



Storge: The Love of Family


Similar to philia, storge is also a softer form of love, often associated with family. Traditionally, it is a love that parents feel for their children, but can be present between any two family members. This love is often just as deep, if not deeper than philia, and tends to last a lifetime. Even when family members don't get along, there is still Storge existing between them. It's contained in the pictures you have from your family road trip. It's what your older sister shows when she (lovingly) lectures you about something you did wrong. It's felt in your mother's hugs or your father's jokes. The beauty of it lies in its ability to be felt even when nothing is said.

This one is not felt as consistently as the others, nor is it easy to place. Often, we may feel the opposite. We often hear about things that humanity is doing wrong and all that's wrong in the world. Yet sometimes we have those little moments that make us feel warm, fuzzy, and happy to be human. It's the love felt when doing charity work or when people-watching. It's the sudden realization that we are all humans on this planet living interconnected, but separate lives. It's the love we feel in the recovery after a disaster or when a baby is born. It's the love felt when we forget our egos and allow ourselves to feel wholly human.



Agape: The Love
of Humanity

This love is talked about a lot, but the feeling is often hard to place. It's one of the hardest types of love to actually feel, but important regardless. We might be told that self-love looks like journaling or putting on a facemask, and while these things are certainly acts of self-love there are others as well. Simple things like consoling ourselves after a failure, allowing ourselves to cry and giving ourselves alone time when we need it are all acts of self-love. There are many things we can do for ourselves in an effort to feel self-love, even when we might not feel it at the moment. More than anything, it serves as a reminder that like the rest of our loved ones, we are human and deserve the same kindness and respect from ourselves that we give to others.



Philautia: The
Love of Self

Hopefully that heavy four letter word feels a little lighter. It's important to remember that love comes in many different forms and when we are feeling unloved, there are different sources of love we can turn to, even if it is just the love we give ourselves.

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Relearning Unconditional Love

Written and Designed by Katie Good


Romantic love is weird as a 20-year-old. Some 20 year-olds haven't had their first kiss yet, and others are getting married. But as we all know, love isn't just about a significant other. The love I have for my family and friends is completely different from the love I have for a significant other. We don't have to be in a relationship to know what love is. It took me a long time, but I feel like I can finally say I understand the platonic love that comes with truly valuable friendships.

I was very fortunate to have grown up in a loving family and grew up understanding unconditional love from my relatives. However, for the longest time, platonic unconditional love confused me. Sure, in middle school and high school I had people I considered my "best friends," but I never told them that. I was always worried they didn't feel the same way or that they would be embarrassed to have that label. It took me until recently to realize that I was uncomfortable labeling them because I wasn't receiving the love a "best friend" should provide.

In middle school and high school, many people viewed me as a valuable asset. I was smart, so I could help with homework and studying. I was eager to please, so I was always one call away for a favor. I was well-spoken and athletic enough, so I was a great person to shove in the front row at dance practice or school as an 'exemplary student.' For the people around me, it was great! I was the person they could call on and dispose of within the hour. For a long time, I didn't notice this but quickly learned that people talked to me more when I helped them, and slowly began to place my value in my usefulness. I did anything I could to be the first person there to solve a math problem or teach a new dance move. I didn't mind when people didn't talk to me after I helped them; I just assumed they were busy.

Inevitably, I started to burn out. I was taking more challenging classes, having more dance practices, and barely had enough time in the day to eat and sleep. The things I used to enjoy became a chore. This impeded my ability to help others out. It didn't take long for many of the people I thought of as friends to start disappearing from my life. At first, I didn't think much of it; I was busy enough as it was, it wasn't like I had time to see my friends anyway. But as my mental health started to decline my junior year of high school, I realized how isolated I had become from my "friends." My weekends consisted of mostly sleep and homework, with no messages or plans. When I was feeling my lowest, I struggled to find people who would respond to my messages reaching out. This, of course, just worsened my mental wellbeing, and I quickly began to feel more and more alone. The people who I thought loved me had left.

There were a few people, though, that were always there for me. Even when I was isolating myself, they showed their support by sitting with me at lunch, sending me things that reminded them of me, or even giving me a quick hug before they left for class. My mind was too cloudy to realize it at the time, but looking back these few people saved me. They were there for me when I couldn't be there for myself.



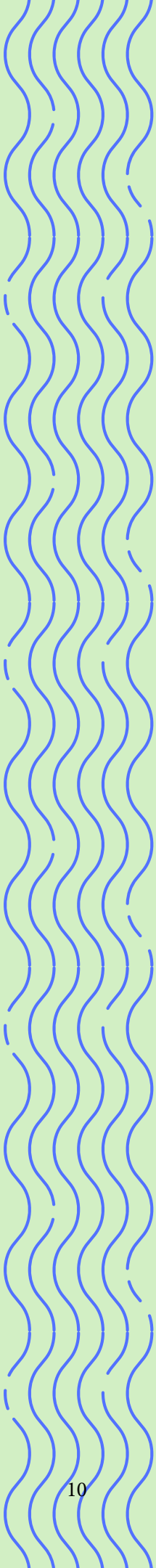
At the time, I didn't really know anything about conditional or unconditional love. Though looking back, it was clear that while I tried to give unconditional love to many, the love I received back was typically conditional. I was a good friend or buddy when I was useful, but as soon as I couldn't give enough for others to take, I was useless.

There were a lot of people in my life that loved me conditionally. Through their words or lack thereof, they indirectly told me, "I only care about you when you are fulfilling what I need from you." But instead of looking back with sadness or anger, I'm grateful they were a part of my life. They showed me what I didn't deserve. I am even more grateful for the few people that stuck around through my ups and downs. Even though I still sometimes struggle to accept that I deserve unconditional love, it's comforting to know I have people in my life that always have my back. Better yet, coming to a new place, working hard in therapy, and deepening my understanding of self-love has not only taught me my own worth, but has taught me how to find others that appreciate who I am, regardless of my mental wellbeing.

It took some time, but I feel like I finally understand unconditional love. It isn't always about being the perfect companion. Sometimes we are unable to be the person we want to be for the people we love. But instead of leaving, they support you in the way you need because they know you'll do the same for them when the time comes. Love is about giving and taking. You may not always be able to give as much as you take, and there will be days it feels like you are constantly giving and receiving crumbs. Yet at the end of the day, "settling up" who leans and who is the one being leaned on isn't important. What's important is that you lift each other up. You each grow independently, but your roots are together.

While I still struggle with self-love and finding those who appreciate my worth, I know that no matter what, I can always find comfort and support in my friends and family. To me, that is what love is all about.





Love Through the Generations

Written and designed by Paul Silaghi

There are abundant varieties of love, but one of the most critical is parental love. The relationship between a parent and a child is unique and replicated nowhere else in society. This form of love is also particularly consequential, as it affects children in profound ways for the remainder of their lives. This is because it is deeply tied to a child's mental health and wellness, affecting their self-image, self-esteem, and patterns of behavior both in youth and in adulthood.

The first set of meaningful interactions that most children have is with their parents. These exchanges facilitate key stages of physical and mental development, with essential milestones such as walking, gesturing, and talking. As they progress through life, children take part in more complex tasks such as going to school, playing sports or instruments, engaging in other extracurricular activities, and making friends. Parents have a role in these as well, whether it be through driving kids to school or practice, helping them with homework, or planning birthday parties. All of these parental actions stem from the same root objective: making the child feel *loved*. This love is primarily manifested through attention towards and appreciation of the child on the part of the parent. Regardless of whether making one's children feel loved is a conscious or subconscious goal for parents, it is an important one.

Children look up to their parents in virtually every way. Thus, when a parent does something positive for their child, no matter how small, it makes the child feel valued and important. For example, when a parent shares a complimentary remark about the picture their child drew at school, the child feels more assured about their abilities and more willing to continue drawing, which improves their skills. The backbone of this scenario might reoccur later in life when the child is a college student and is struggling with a difficult class. Instead of losing motivation, the student is confident in their potential and more likely to persist in trying to improve their understanding of the course material. This determination may manifest itself in the student studying more effectively, devoting more time to the course, or seeking outside help when necessary. This is merely one example, and though there are certainly many others, they are all similar. Their central theme is that with a steady influx of loving parental actions and the positive sentiments they produce, a child develops a perception of themselves that encourages confidence, tenacity, and courage. These are key and inherent determinants of one's self-esteem and self-image, which, in turn, affect the actions, feelings, and circumstances that govern one's mental health.

The impacts of parental love cannot be overstated, and this matter has continued to gain relevance in academia. Numerous researchers have conducted empirical studies into this precise topic, aiming to understand how one's life is influenced by the love their parents showed them. Among the most notable is a 2019 Harvard University study entitled "Parental Warmth and Flourishing in Mid-Life". It found that the effects of strong parental love on a sample of individuals persisted well into adulthood. These impacts were correlated with healthier individual mental wellness and played a central role in fostering closer relationships between the subjects and their children. As such, a generational cycle can be observed, with how a parent shows love to their child being either an emulation or a rejection of the love they received as a child. This presents an opportunity for experts in counseling to encourage healthy and productive behaviors and mindsets relating to the various dimensions of parental love and mental wellness.

The current discussion around mental health would benefit from including a greater focus on the developmental circumstances of individuals and their effects. This is noteworthy because so much of what we do is connected to how we perceive ourselves and our abilities, a reflexive opinion that is significantly determined by early parental love. I believe that by shedding more light on the research around this topic and providing people with the counseling, therapy, and general advice they need to either be affectionate parents for their children or to rework an unhealthy mentality acquired from their youth, we can perpetuate a self-replicating pattern of loving parents and healthy children ready to face the challenges of the world.

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What does 'love' mean to you?

love (n.)

\ 'lʌv \

- 1: a feeling of strong or constant affection for a person
- 2: attraction that includes sexual desire : the strong affection felt by people who have a romantic relationship
- 3: a person you love in a romantic way

diane • yu Love to me is about being there for the other person, putting them first, and staying by them when they're struggling.

elena • chambers I think that a big part of love is mutual understanding. For me, love of all kinds usually develops as a result of an intimate personal connection that allows both people to share vulnerable parts of ourselves and find acceptance and safety within that relationship.

esha • lal Love means many things to me. It means having a feeling of compassion and caring about others. Love means something or someone that brings you happiness. Love means being able to look at yourself and smile because you are happy with who you are.

isabella • reacher Compassion.

nikki • corrunker I have always thought that the words "I love you" meant more so about what the people mean to you. More of a sense of appreciation for them as a person and the things they do for you both literally and figuratively.

paul • silaghi To me, love is a selfless feeling between individuals who care about one another.

vaishnavi • katta Love to me means feeling fully comfortable with those I love. There's no need for me to put on mask because around these people I can be myself.

vibha • moorthy It means knowing how to care for someone they need to be cared for and giving someone a safe space to grow into a better version of themselves.

WHAT IS LOVE?

written and designed by Diane Yu

What is love?

This is a question that I often ask myself, and it's one whose answer has grown more and more complex as I've grown and matured. And yet, the more I learn about it, the more I question what exactly love *is*.

Most often, the answer tends to be 'a feeling.' It's a feeling of warmth, of joy and happiness and comfort—a feeling that resides in your heart and chest and reappears whenever you're around people who are dear to you or when experiencing the things you enjoy. It's a feeling that has given rise to countless stories and fables of parents and children and friends and lovers crossing time and space, enduring hardships and trials, and coming together time and time again because that's what love *is*. It's a feeling that has no boundaries and no set shape, and it's one that continues to define and redefine the world around us.

It's a feeling that I've learned to describe and yearn for with a puzzled confusion. It's a feeling that I find myself lacking more often than not, and one that continues to elude me regardless of how I twist and examine it within my mind.

What is love? I ask myself.

It is not the fond exasperation that comes when my brother messages me.

It is not the contentment of spending time with my friends.

It is not the anticipation of sending them gifts.

It is not the dread that I feel when my parents call me.

It cannot be, for those are fleeting, and love is constant, even if it takes different forms.

So—what is love, if not a feeling? If not *these* feelings?

It must show itself in other ways. Love cannot simply be that inexplicable spark. Even in all of its infinite forms, love cannot simply be a feeling, because it ebbs and flows with the march of time, and a singular feeling cannot possibly endure for that long with nothing to sustain it. Therefore, once you look past the immediacy of love—past the fervent declarations and whispered confessions—it stands that love, too, is an action. You can *demonstrate* love, and this too *is* love. This is an understanding that many people who have been together decades and beyond have, and it parallels the adage that 'actions speak louder than words.'

The birthday gift that I give my best friend is love.
The late nights I stay up talking with my friends is love.
The listening ear that I lend to their woes is love.
The careful advice I give to my younger brother is love.
The tears that I shed for them are love.

And yet... That doesn't ring true either. If I'm performing these actions without the *feeling* of love, when does it become obligation? When is it a farce that I perform because I've told myself that it's what I *must* do? I know that I *must* love my friends and my family because I've demonstrated it over and over again, and yet—

And yet.

In the back of my mind, the constant wondering never quite goes away. Do I answer midnight phone calls because it is what I want to do or because I feel it's what I ought to, as a friend or sister or daughter? How can I know, without that feeling of warmth within me? Does my struggle matter if I pick up the phone anyway? I know I will, and some days, that is what scares me most: that I will continue to choose the path of love, demonstrating it the only way I know how, because there is no feeling of love to guide me otherwise.

Perhaps, in the end, I'm merely an actor in a role that has already been scripted for me, and my own feelings on the matter are moot.

I do not yet have answers to these questions. I do not know if this is a struggle that others have, or if it is simply something that my mind has conjured up to make me question myself and my actions. I suspect that I will continue to contemplate this problem for years to come, and I don't know if I will ever arrive at a true answer.

But one thing has given me comfort so far: love is as much something that I experience as the person who I love. Regardless of what *I* feel, regardless of the struggle that *I* go through when I say an 'I love you' that fails to reflect any feeling within me—regardless of this, that love means something to the other person. The time and support that I offer does not simply disappear; it impacts others, and maybe *that* is what love is.

My Mind Is Not The Enemy: Cultivating Self-Love As A Neurodivergent College Student

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY ELENA CHAMBERS

I entered my freshman year at Michigan thinking that I was here by mistake. As a music major with a learning disability that few people have heard of, “imposter syndrome” did not even begin to describe the feelings of inadequacy and incompetence that were with me through every moment of my first semester of college. After only a short time in the competitive and fast-paced environment of a violin performance degree, having a learning disability quickly became my most shameful secret. Not only was I determined to hide my academic challenges out of fear that my professors and classmates would think less of me, but I found myself slipping into the unconscious habit of trying to “trick” myself into being neurotypical.

When (much to my annoyance) I found that my learning disability was still very much there despite my best efforts to “think” myself out of it, I began to believe that I was the one unintelligent person undercover among hundreds of smart and high-achieving students. Rather than learning to accept myself and embrace my unique talents, I worked hard to develop a carefully constructed series of lies to conceal my self-perceived “failure.” For example, though I have never successfully learned to drive because my learning disability presented significant barriers, I participated in conversations about driving and parking in Ann Arbor as if I had any idea how to park at all, let alone how to find the best garages on campus. I would carefully avoid all of my friends before exams so they wouldn’t see that I was going to a separate room for my extended time accommodation (that is... in the instances that professors actually complied with this documented accommodation).

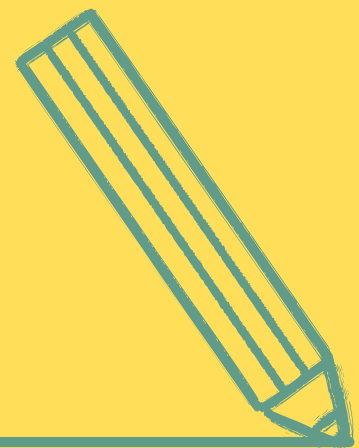
The learning disability that I have is called dyscalculia and it is known to severely affect math and numerical reasoning abilities. In addition to math, however, dyscalculia can also affect one’s sense of direction, spatial relationships, depth perception, balance, as well as the application of certain types of systematized logic that bear similarities to mathematical processes. Because it is a lesser-known disability, I was not diagnosed until age eighteen and had lived with many unexplained difficulties for most of my life before my diagnosis. Despite my best efforts to hide it, dyscalculia affected every aspect of my life, from studying to remembering how to get to classes. In the rare instance that someone would point out something I did as a result of having a disability, I would turn it into a joke or try to make up an excuse. Although I believed at the time that I would find happiness in denying my disability, publicly talking about dyscalculia was ultimately the most empowering choice I made.



I began writing about my disability when I believed that my life could not possibly get worse. I was a junior and had developed an eating disorder over the course of the past three years. Things had gotten to a very bad place and my physical and mental capabilities were greatly impaired, both due to my illness as well as the stress of meeting my own expectations. Academically, I was pushing myself far past my limits during a time when my physical body was very weak and my depression and anxiety were often nearly unmanageable. In a desperate attempt to find some semblance of purpose, I began anonymously blogging about my experiences with my learning disability and mental illnesses, praying that no one I knew would find my writing and figure out it was mine.

Over time, I realized that I wouldn't find self-acceptance by forcing myself to fit into a societal mold of performative intelligence and intellectual conformity. In other words, accepting myself also meant accepting that intelligence and intellect take on many forms and cannot be measured according to a fixed standard. I began to understand that struggling to perform well on standardized tests did not mean that I was unintelligent, but rather that my mind is better adapted to demonstrate academic skills in other ways, such as through writing and speaking. Though I realize that not everyone agrees that intelligence and ability are not uniformly quantifiable, blogging and using social media to create informational videos about my thoughts and experiences helped me recognize that my ideas are worth sharing, and even taught my conflict-avoidant mind to embrace the conversations sparked by disagreement.

As a current senior, if I could give one piece of advice to college freshmen with learning disabilities, it would be this: when you learn to believe that you are worth advocating for, the institutional ableism that you will almost certainly encounter becomes easier to navigate. We are not inferior to other students because our minds work differently, and in fact, neurodivergent voices are much needed in the field of academia. When students with disabilities insist on occupying the space that we deserve to hold in university settings, we are both teaching our professors and peers that disability is not inherently "bad" and paving the way for other students with disabilities to be fully accepted into university environments. It is for this reason that I believe self-love not only brings about positive change on an individual level, but can also be a necessary first step to the broader goal of social change. It is my deep hope that one day we will live in a world in which disabled students don't have to struggle to love ourselves.





"text me when you get home safe" or "let me know what I can do"

NIKKI
CORRUNKER

I show people I love them through my actions. I do this by checking up on people in my life and doing acts of service for them including surprises to make them feel special.

ESHA LAL

Sending people photos and videos that make me think of them!

ELENA
CHAMBERS

Get home safe.

VIBHA
MOORTHY

I love sending random gifs and pictures to my friends out of context. It's my way of saying that I am thinking about them.

VAISHNAVI KATTA

HOW DO YOU SAY 'I LOVE YOU' WITHOUT SAYING 'I LOVE YOU'?

I'm here for you.

PAUL SILAGHI

I love to give gifts! I think it's a little way of showing that I'm thinking about them even when they're not with me.

DIANE YU

Listening well, not just what they say but in what they do.

ISABELLA REACHER



PLATONIC LOVE

Written and Designed by Nicole Corrunker

There are so many different types of love out there. You can love family, love someone romantically, love yourself, and love friends. Loving friends often gets overlooked, especially if you don't tell your friends that you love them all the time. And over time, friends can morph into your family. After all, a family is just a web of people that are there for each other for support and care whenever needed, even if words aren't always exchanged.

If you tell a little kid you have more than one best friend, you're due to get laughed at. To them, you get to have one best friend only. The truth is in the adult world you can have many different best friends and they may mean different things to you, but that doesn't mean one is more important than the other. Some people have "school friends" (people they study with or are in the same classes), work friends, friends who are great at listening when you have a problem or friends who are happy to just vibe with you. Each of these people serves a different purpose, though quite important. People often use the terms, "platonic soulmate," or, "twin flame," to refer to someone with whom you have an important relationship, that has nothing to do with love in the romantic sense. When talking about a romantic soulmate, most people believe you only have one out there, but with platonic soulmates, you may have multiple. They can be in different stages of your life or you may have them all at once. And just like how they talk about a spark in a romantic relationship, there is something that draws you into a platonic relationship as well.

Sometimes you meet a new friend exactly when you need to in life. These friends can help you better yourself, teach you new things, and show you support when you need it. I'm so grateful for all my friends who have been there for me over the years, especially the ones who have become more of a family to me. I never knew that a random roommate assignment or striking up a conversation with a stranger (though your parents tell you not to) was going to lead to me finding my favorite people. I still have friends from childhood who grow and change with me and are just as important, if not more important, than they were before, but now I also have new ones that I have no clue where I would be without. They have listened to me vent when I needed nothing more, pushed me to contact a therapist when I was too scared and stubborn to do it myself, sent me jokes when I needed a laugh, and given me hugs for support (whether they like hugs or not). I love them for all the things they have done for me, even if I don't tell them enough. My mental health has relied on them some days, and I have grown stronger because of them.

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Writers: All the lovely pieces in these pages were written by students like you! Join Mentality to have your own pieces published on our website or in the next print edition!

Designers: Interested in how these pages are formatted and put together? Join our design team!

Business: We're constantly looking for ways to partner with other orgs on campus and for new events to participate in!

A SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR SPONSORS!



LSA STUDENT GOVERNMENT
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



M | UNIVERSITY UNIONS

CAMPUS RESOURCES

STUDENT SERVICES

Counseling and Psychological Services (CAPS)

3100 Michigan Union

Hours: Mon-Thurs: 8am - 7pm, Fri: 8am - 5pm
(734) 764-8312

(Press 0 for After Hours Urgent Support)

<https://caps.umich.edu>

Provides free, confidential services for U of M students including: counseling for individuals or couples, workshops and groups for support and changing patterns, Assessment of Substance Abuse Patterns (ASAP), online screening for mental health concerns.

MiTALK ("My Talk")

<https://caps.umich.edu/mitalk>

Offers online screenings for depression and anxiety, skill-building tools, and recorded workshops, lectures and relaxation exercises.

Campus Mind Works

<http://campusmindworks.org>

Provides resources for students who have been diagnosed with a mental health disorder.

Sexual Assault Prevention and Awareness Center (SAPAC)

551 Michigan Union

Hours: Mon-Fri: 9am - 5pm

Office Phone: (734) 764-7771

24-hour Crisis Line: (734) 936-3333

<https://sapac.umich.edu>

Provides free confidential crisis intervention, advocacy, and support for survivors of sexual assault, sexual harassment, intimate partner violence, and stalking.

Spectrum Center

3200 Michigan Union

Hours: Mon-Fri: 9am - 6pm

(734) 763-4186

<https://spectrumcenter.umich.edu>

Provides a range of education and advocacy services that work to make campus a safe and inclusive environment for LGBTQA students and staff. Also offers on-campus HIV rapid testing.

U-M University Health Service (UHS)

207 Fletcher St.

Hours: Mon-Wed: 8am-5pm, Thu: 9am-5pm,

Fri: 8am-4:30pm, Sat: 9am-12pm

(734) 764-8320

www.uhs.umich.edu/mentalhealthsvcs

Provides medication and management of common mental health concerns.

U-M Psychological Clinic

500 E. Washington St., Suite 100

(734) 764-3471

<http://mari.umich.edu/psych-clinic/>

Offers assessment, counseling, and treatment for adults in the U-M community, including: anxiety, depression, couples issues, and problems with work and study.

EMPLOYEE SERVICES

U-M Faculty and Staff Assistance Program

1009 Greene St.

(734) 936-8660

Provides short-term counseling and coaching for staff, faculty and their immediate family members.

CAMPUS SAFETY

Division of Public Safety and Security

Emergencies: Dial 9-1-1

Non-emergencies: (734) 763-1131

Tip line: (734) 763-9180

NATIONAL 24-HR HOTLINES

National Suicide Prevention Hotline

1 (800) 273-8255

The Trevor Lifeline

Trevor Lifeline: 1 (866) 488-7386

TrevorChat (available 7 days a week 3pm-9pm ET):

<http://www.thetrevorproject.org/pages/get-help-now>

TrevorText (Thursdays and Fridays 4pm-8pm ET):

Text the word "Trevor" to 1 (202) 304-1200

Provides suicide prevention and crisis intervention to LGBTQ young people ages 13-24.

Veterans Crisis Line

Hotline: Call 1 (800) 273-8255 and Press 1

Online chat: <https://www.veteranscrisisline.net>

Text: 838255

Connects Veterans in crisis and their loved ones with qualified, Department of Veterans Affairs responders.

U-M HEALTH SYSTEM

Note: Services at the U-M Health System are not covered by students' health service fee.

U-M Depression Center

(734) 936-4400

Dedicated to research, education, and treatment of depressive and bipolar illnesses.

U-M Collegiate Sleep Disorder Clinic

(734) 936-9068

Helps improve your sleep, daytime function and, hopefully, academic performance.

U-M Anxiety Disorders Treatment Clinic

(734) 764-0231

Offers treatment of problematic anxiety and stress.

U-M Ambulatory (Outpatient) Psychiatry Services

1 (800) 525-5188 or (734) 764-0231

Provides comprehensive evaluation and treatment for patients and families affected by mental illness.

UM Psychiatric Emergency Services

Crisis Line: (734) 936-5900 or (734) 996-4747

**University Hospital, 1500 East Medical Center Dr.
Emergency Medicine Reception**

Emergency walk-in consultation and phone service available 24 hours per day, seven days per week.

U-M Neuropsychology Clinic

(734) 763-9259

Performs psychological evaluation to differentiate cognitive functioning.

U-M Preventive Cardiology

(734) 998-7400

Offers a "Power of Relaxation" program, as well as nutrition, weight management, exercise, smoking cessation and stress management programs.

**If you or someone
you know struggles
with mental health,
there are ways
to get help. Use
these resources to
find help for yourself
or a loved one.**

"(Love is) a feeling that has no boundaries and no set shape, and it's one that continues to define and redefine the world around us."

Diane Yu, pg 14

