

# **Cocytus - River of Lamentation**

## ***The Rivers of Hades***

### **PART VIII**

**by Adrian Şinca**

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#### **Prologue**

"The Rivers of Hades were born out of necessity; the book is the result of the countless years that I spent in various psychiatric hospitals and clinics, the result of direct observation of the daily life and structure of the hospital, of the patients as well as of the treatment during hospitalization and post-hospitalization. The idea of crossing the rivers of Hades represents the break between the two worlds, the world in which we live and the separate world in which those who are affected by mental illnesses live. Being a book based on reality, it was necessary to make some changes to protect the identity of patients and medical staff." Adrian Şinca

#### **Derek**

"Doctor, doctor don't be hard, please give me my honor card"...

The "honor card" system, this system granted some docile patients the privilege to go out every morning after the medicine distribution time, to leave the salon and the hospital. Naturally, those patients were stabilized, and a psychiatrist consulted them and gave his consent. The patients strictly maintained the medication regime and did not have episodes of mania...in principle. Being medically stabilized, they always returned to the hospital.

I remember the case of patient Derek. Everything was ok, for three months, Derek left the salon at seven in the morning and took his medicine with him. One day we remember the psychiatrist bringing Derek into the salon. But what had happened?

Derek found a job... I mean, he hired himself and drove a taxi and the worst thing was that Derek didn't have a driver's license. That day Derek and his taxi found a ride, some visitors, which he brought to the hospital yard, and on this occasion, he was seen by the psychologist who was struck by apoplexy at such an event.



## **Peter**

Another incident related to a patient with an "honor card": Peter was a docile patient, he did not cause problems, he was friendly with the other patients and the employees. He liked me and trusted me. Naturally, Peter receives an "honor card".

About two months pass, and one day we met the police at the entrance of the salon. The police wanted to talk to Peter. We learn to our consternation that Peter, on one of the days when he had left the salon and the hospital, went to a shoe store... calmly, put a hand in his pocket to his jacket and announced that he was robbing the store. The manager of the store borrowed all the money from the house, about three thousand dollars. After receiving the money, Peter took another pair of Snickers and left.

Well, today the police managed to track him down. They investigated him for several hours and they left angry. It seems that Peter had spent all the money...but they left him the pair of Snickers.

Naturally, Peter loses his privileges and "honor card". Rumor has it that the hospital administration is planning to transfer Peter.

About two days after the incident, Peter gives me a conspiratorial sign. We enter the office, and Peter takes out a pile of crumpled money, which he puts on the desk.

"Look what I'll give you because you're a good boy, not like these bastards"...

I was shocked: "Well guys, where the hell did you hide the money"?

"What do you care"?

" Well, aren't you afraid"?

What the hell is he going to do to me, I'm already crazy!! But at least I had fun."



### **Ira McGregor**

The air floods my lungs with medicine, blood, urine, and tobacco. Creeping steps on the shiny cement create the illusion of levitation. Out of reflex, I scan the salon with a single glance. In one of the corners, several patients seem caught in an activity that holds their attention. Curious, I head over to them. In

the center of the group Ira McGregor, a 40-year-old patient. Ira has a nose that would fill Cyrano de Bergerac with envy. Tall, black hair, unkempt, seemed happy with the group's attention. Next to him, another patient holds two crumpled cigarettes between his dirty fingers.

"Do you want cigarettes? If you suck your dick I'll give them to you."

Grinning, Ira pulls out an enormous penis and inserts it into his mouth with the dexterity gained from daily training. Then Ira grabbed the cigarettes to the admiration of those around. It is not the first time that Ira is the center of my attention... In the "living room", the place where patients met with visitors, usually family members, there were Ira and his mother.

The door to the "living room" was locked. I enter the room to buy a can of Pepsi from the vending machine. Entering the room, I am surprised to see Ira having intercourse with his mother. I quickly leave the room. Later, his mother tells me: "If I don't have sex with him, who will?"

Poor Ira, many medical nurses flocked to do it during the night shift and certainly his mother didn't seem like a sacrificial sheep either. After the incident with Ira in the salon, the routine is suspended.

## **Anthony**

I remember one patient named Tony (Anthony). The guy was short, fat, and bald.

I had gained a special respect for him. I don't think I've ever seen Tony angry. He was laughing all the time. Colleagues said that his laughter was a manifestation of psychosis...

I knew better. It was a healthy, real laugh. It had to be like that. Many of I used to tell my colleagues.

Well, how the hell can Tony not laugh? He sees your face every day, look in "the mirror and you'll laugh to".

Once when all my oxen had left home, I taught Tony a song.

"I'm a handsome black man

Kiss my little ass!"

Tony started singing it all day. It's true that at first, I gave him cigarettes and coffee, but then I stopped giving them to him, but he kept singing the whole day.

"We don't want Mr. Pavlov".

The climax was different: Tony was white!

If I go crazy I want to be like Tony.



Francisco Goya, " Happy man"

Drawings, Lithographic crayon on laid paper with 'GH.II' watermark,  
19.2x14.5 cm. Origin: Spain, Between 1824 and 1828