

Mnemosyne - River of memory

The Rivers of Hades

PART VI

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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

The reality from the "belly of the whale"

In the hospital environment, there is a permanent shortage of staff. As a rule, the hospital hires the minimum and sometimes even below the required staff limit. Days off, vacations, pregnant women, retirements, medical leaves, and work accidents follow. In addition, men, relatively few, are always called when patients become violent.

On the other hand, the management of the hospital thinks that it would be humane to administer as few medicines as possible, constituting a HUMAN and DEMN treatment. As such, patients have more crisis episodes, attack staff, staff

goes on sick leave, and so on. There is another phenomenon, usually when a patient has a crisis, other patients also start ... a chain reaction. In addition, some nurses start to be addicted to psychotropic drugs and alcohol, if they become addicted, they steal the patients' medicines, consume them, or get them.

This is the reality in the "belly of the whale", no one recognizes it, but reality does not disappear just because you ignore it. The direct result of working in hospitals, of the daily stress experienced by the medical staff, hurts family life, with divorces and infidelity being the primary effects.

I consider the trend (observed) of nurses marrying police officers interesting. If we think about it, both professions are carried out in a continuous state of stress.

Considering that, by the nature of the profession, police officers meet nurses when they bring various individuals who require medical care to the hospital's on-call room. At the same time, abuse occurs in a large part of police-nurse couples to the wife by the husband, a documented fact, but also ignored by society.

Red ant colony

The next day, all the women employees were nervous. I had the feeling that I was in a nest of red ants, that I was a mouse that entered a hive of angry bees. The reason was triggered by an incident that happened three days before. A patient had managed to enter a psychologist's office and raped her. The hospital management acted immediately, i.e., they threw away her panties and forced her to wash, thus removing any physical evidence of the rape and on this occasion any possibility of being involved in a criminal trial. In other words, the psychologist was raped for the second time.

For the "practical" part

To keep us up to date with the latest medical information, the hospital organizes symposiums and informative meetings, the presence of staff is mandatory, some symposia being during the program, others during our "free" time. But it's not bad, it allows us to meet each other, get to know others from other hospitals, etc. When the HIV (AIDS) epidemic started, we had countless symposia. The men, few in number, were looking...for the "practical" part...plus many female colleagues were divorced and didn't have the opportunity to look for a replacement for the "deceased"...If you were smart, understanding, and sensitive, you were pasha in the serai... The women indeed talked to each other and sometimes the men fell for the "pheasant".

A good friend of mine started the rumor that I haven't had a woman for a long time, that I was suffering because my girlfriend died in a road accident... plus he suspects that I'm gay... "The forbidden fruit ...", look what a rush was on my head, that is until the girls started confessing and then I found myself with an impressive number of exes who wanted a piece of me...personally torn from them. I think I was among the few called to the "staff" and forbidden to go to symposia.

At that time I was having an affair with Rita... One evening Rita told me that she had tests done and that she had AIDS... I thought I was dying... but then she said she was joking to see how I would react ...Rita is the same one who was married to a state policeman...another nurse gave herself alms and called Rita's husband to tell him about me...

A straight punch in the pipe

If I'm still about confessions, I admit that at home I smoke a pipe or Havana cigars (when I find them). I was asked by a nurse why I don't smoke a pipe at

work? I answered: "And if one of these angels punches me right in the pipe, you pull my pipe out of my brain ?"

She laughed, but she proved me right in the end.

Fortunately for us, mere mortals, those perched at the head of the table have decided to protect our health by completely banning smoking. They did this despite howls of horror from tobacco farmers who saw their financial future "hiding over the horizon."

Going back to those who decide "our good" I realize the irony that they are banning us from smoking an \$18 pack of cigarettes while they are constantly puffing on smuggled Cuban cigars that cannot legally enter the United States due to the embargo on all Cuban products since 1962.



I remember the parallel between the popes preaching from the altar the prohibition of adultery with a woman because it is written in the Bible, but at the same time, they have no problem.

I had a bad habit when I was on duty at night and couldn't sleep, I had insomnia and I couldn't find a willing colleague to spend the night with me, I wrote poems. I'm not kidding, and to prove it, I'm putting here some of my lyrics.

Memento Mori

On the horizon, a swarm of butterflies,
They gather, ready to snow us,
You shudder, then shake,
Letting your love fade away.

On the wing, a dead man's head smiles,
What will the oracle do next?
From flight, the wind stumbles,
Drowning in his urn.

The wings stop suddenly,
Shy dead heads,
I beat towards the shattered moment,
Like a shipwreck to port.

From under the wings flow, one by one,
Lilliputian caskets,
Marching and waiting
the word is to wash them in the sea.

The wasps nest

Between the "common people" and the administration there was always a tension, more or less "on the face". It's summer, and near a window, a patient notices something bizarre, a HUGE nest of wasps. Naturally, we fill out forms requesting the removal of the wasps' nest. Time passes...on Monday, the nest grows. Anyway, the windows were closed.



A rumor begins, according to which the administration is preparing for an unannounced inspection, a kind of "massacre of St. Bartholomew", which usually ends with staff suspensions, maybe even worse.

Every building, you fight and clean, clean, polish, get "good" clothes for patients, clean refrigerators... what's up, holidays. We take the opportunity and again make papers for the removal of the wasps' nest (the natural ones like the rest...).

And the inspection begins. Summer day, great heat to soften the asphalt. We were all on the alert like a group of deer in the hunting season. At one point, a patient draws my attention to a group that was heading toward our building. There were about ten people, comfortably dressed for summer.

"Someone" unlocks the window grill with the help of a broom tail, the broom pushes that big wasp nest, and the nest comes off the wall and starts falling to the sidewalk in front of the entrance, we lock the grill in front of the window.

There is a "Boom..." followed by a chorus of agitated voices... after which a "Flight from Egypt"-like race breaks out, the seraphim running madly in all directions, while all sorts of sounds rise towards air...

They came to inspect the next day.