

Admitted

You see, what I'm trying to do is get myself admitted into a mental institution. Institutionalized, as they say. I've been taking all sorts of drugs lately, to that end. Mixing and making the cocktails. *Bar-tending*, *drug-blending*. Popping **Adderalls** to keep me up all night till the birds start chirping, then filling up the ol' belly with psilocybin mushrooms for breakfast, sprinkled, ever so lightly, with a dash of powdered MDMA, a drug parfait. Of course, all of this is accompanied by the familiar and everpresent haze of marijuana. Don't go in much for cigarettes and alcohol. Sure, they'll drive you crazy too, the *normal* sort of crazy that is, not the sort that gets you institutionalized.

You see, I'm of the belief that the *stress* will crack the mind. Play a bit with the chemistry, tinker here and there, maybe something will go, and then a doctor will officiate it. "This man is Crazy!" They'll say. "Put him away, instantaneously! Out of our sights! He needs to be looked after, this one, locked up, he can't be allowed out in the streets, in the playgrounds! Heavens above!" Then they'll scurry me off, put me in the back of a van, drive me off somewhere up in the hills, some place with a high fence so I can't get out.

And then I'll have *all* the time in the world that I want, *all* to myself. To walk the greens. To take the sun. Read the funnies and play the crosswords. They'll pump me full of drugs, sure, I'll probably be sky high in la-la land most of the time – medicated, as they say. So be it, even better! Really *enter* the mushroom mind...*fungify*. The man mind is too goal-oriented – always go! go! go! Much like the insect mind, buzzing, buzzing, *bzzz-bzzz*. Violent. Kill or be killed! Feasted upon, live, writhing, or doing the same to some other unlucky midnight creeper – that's the insect life. Ghastly business. Humans have only evolved ever so little past this point.

I'll have visitors now and then. And I'll have to play the part well. Not too crazy, you know, normal conversation, maybe my aunt is thinking we haven't lost him just yet, he seems fine, he looks good, that's still my nephew, to be sure, behind that face, wrapped up underneath that straitjacket. And that is precisely the time to drop the bomb, as it were, say something so off and so contrary to everything she believes and knows to be true that my aunt will have no choice but to go off sulking and shaking her head. Maybe if I'm lucky she'll even shed a conciliatory tear for me...that's how much she feels for me! That's always nice, knowing people feel for you, and they can't help but feel for you, when you're institutionalized. No one pities a free man. It might even be better if I came down with some illness to boot. Physical, that is. Nothing too unpleasant, not too debilitating, just enough to excuse me to bed whenever I felt like it, draw out a little bit more of that heavenly pity, that sweet and savoury sympathy, seeing me in the bed like that, poor fellow, kidneys acting up, tubes hanging from a false IV, flowers and get-well-soon cards laid out by the bed. A sham cirrhosis of the liver!

It won't be that far of a stretch. They've already succeeded in making me neurotic. The white man has no choice but to suffer from anxiety, not with the weight of two thousand years of guilt thrust upon his shoulders. What a weight! And what crazy folk who propagate it! The whole world!

You see, above all else, I'm tired of being rational. I've learned that it serves no end. No one appreciates you for it! People have only taken advantage of my rationality to show me their crazy for far too long. It's no good, no, no no good. Won't do anymore. I'm tired of it, playing

that bit, being “level-headed”, for all the good that does! Wa...aha...ha! Better to be crazy, I say! Like an animal! Like a raw, wild animal, hunting and fucking in the dark black night of the forest! That’s when I’ll be up, that’s where you’ll find me! Fucking in the forest! Like a wild animal!

Maybe there’ll be some pretty nurses at the institution. And they’ll smile and pity me. And clean me, too. Maybe they’ll have me wear a diaper. I wonder if they’ll powder me. Don’t want to start developing rashes, even if I am going to be institutionalized. That would be a bit *too* unbearable. Admitted and with rashes? No, no, they’ll powder me, I’m sure of it. And if not, hell, I’ll make ‘em! What am I paying to be here for, if not to have you clean and powder me! What’s that? I don’t pay to be here? Powdering’s not part of the plan? Well I’ll have you know, *Miss Nurse*, if that even is your real name, that I’ll have my people tell your people that there will be some *serious* repercussions if the **Johnson’s & Johnson’s** is not applied liberally and forthwith! Now, enough greediness with the fork, I’ll have another of those banana slices with the peanut butter, directly, if you would be so kind. Choo-choo!

‘*Movie night is so much fun!*’ I’ll write back home, so my parents can sleep calmly at night, safe and with the thought that their child has gone completely bonkers and that it’s completely out of their hands. I wonder if that’ll make ‘em sleep better. Maybe they’ll even have sex. Hee-hee!

Of course, I’ll be the good kind of crazy. There’s all different sorts, you see. Crazy doesn’t just come in one variety. There’s the shit sort of crazy, for example. You know the type, grab it, throw it on the walls, on the passersbyers from between the bars of their cells like caged baboons. Might even feast on it too. Whip out their genitals and wipe it all over the smiling children’s faces. No, that won’t do. That’s the bad sort of crazy. The sort of crazy that’s hard to pity. You see, it’s difficult pitying a man who accosts young girls with his unwashed phallic member, no matter how crazy they say he is.

Aim for that sort of crazy that’s hard to explain, hard to pinpoint and pin down and wrestle to the ground till the doctors come ‘round to officiate it, taking scurried glances back into their thick and heavy and outdated official **DSM-IV**’s. The sort of crazy that’s hard to explain, but definitely there. You know the sort. The man who keeps to himself, looks vacantly off into the distance, presumably deep in thought, but in reality he’s just entered into the mushroom mind. He’s...*fungifying*. It’s best to be soft spoken and gentle-looking. A crazy man is nothing more than a wild animal. He’s as likely to attack as a skunk is to spray. And he won’t have the courtesy to lift his tail to give you warning either.

No, no, I’m off, a bit weird, not violent, just strange, just *too strange*. You see, I’m too strange to be in society. No no no, it won’t do at all, to have *normal people* talk and live and chat and work with *me*. I’m much too *strange* for all of that, it’ll make them feel uncomfortable, uneasy and queasy, make them have to barf and wipe it up with a squeegee, hee-hee. OoOh-hoOo, hee-hee, haw-haw! Nope! Not me, not in those places, not in between those walls, doing those jobs! Oh no, I’m much too *weird* for that, don’t you see? You wouldn’t trust me to do your jobs. Not someone so *odd* like me! – “Can’t they hire any normal staff in here! The waiters slobbering all over my filet mignon!” – “Oh god, Josh! Now he’s whipped out his phallic member and he’s going after young and innocent Christina with it! He must be mad! Oh Josh, you know how I just *despise* crazy folk!”

What's that? I'm not qualified? They won't officiate me? They're going to make me work? But, are they blind! I am mad! Bonkers! Quite out of my right mind! Looney! What quacks did you get to officiate me? Get some proper medical men in here, men of *calibre!* What is that, a **DSM-5!**? You see, my sort of crazy isn't listed in that version, that's why you're coming up with these false diagnoses, doc. You see, I'm crazy, really, I am! What do I have to do to prove it to you? Eat my shit? I'll eat my shit! I'll whip out my dick! What's that? Work! Work's the cure for me, you say, and paying rent and getting married and having kids!? Lord have mercy! This man is crazy! Put a down payment and pay off a mortgage!? My goodness, would you listen to this whacko! Do you hear him speak? I've never heard such lunacy in all my life! I know...this must be a set up! He's got it out for me, can't you see? ...Stop that! Take your hands off me, directly! You can't make me go, you can't...I won't! Take a sample of me, stick a swab in me, I assure you, I am not well! Please, anyone, someone...help me!