

SCREAM FOR YOUR LIFE!

**A Nihilist's Tale of Negation
and Psychiatric Institution**



BY FERAL COYOTE

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MY TROUBLED CASE

At the age of sixteen, I was a young queer who had been through the wringer of abuse brought on by parents who didn't love me. I wasn't what they wanted me to be--a sentiment most faggots can resonate with--but, like all too many abused teenage queers, my troubled case had led me into the hands of a mental institution. There I bore witness to a metaphorical meat grinder that "welcomed" (however loosely I use that term) in troubled youth only to attempt to strangle their "flaws" and "imperfections" out of them. At the time, I had no idea what to think of the things I laid witness to. In those days,

I had only wetted my lips with the waters of Anarchism; as opposed to now, with my lips drenched with the thickness of the flowing river of Nihilism. What I had come to find years after this experience was that I had unknowingly been a witness to many acts of bravery against an unjust and cruel system. Only was this all revealed to me after embracing nihilism and negation, and under this lens I was witness to truth, pain--and as mentioned, bravery.

THE SCENES OF BRAIN JAIL

The reason why I had been forced into the cold arms of the psychiatric industry was almost cliché. We've all heard it before: Transgender teen is abused, they make an attempt at their life, their parents panic realizing that the only thing they can't control is death, and then force the teen away into an institution. "An institution for what, exactly?" you may be asking. Well, an institution designed to keep their freak of a child away from sharp objects and the judging eyes of people who might actually catch onto their abuse, of course.

The very atmosphere of what I like to call "Brain Jail" is oppressive. Gray walls, barred windows, empty hallways. Every room had a door--but if you were to even briefly close it, the staff would promptly break into it, under the assumption that you were about to bring harm to yourself. My fellow inmates were told not to touch each other, but were granted

the ability to talk; unlike many other institutions. Adult men and women constantly stalked the halls wearing plain clothes... there was no individuality to be heard of other than the clothes that you were permitted to wear. Which, might I mention, were limited to sweatpants, t-shirts, and socks. In the morning, you were forced to take the medications they deemed fit for your condition: if you refused openly, they would physically restrain you--forcing your mouth open and stuffing your gullet with pills. Cameras lined the hallways, creating an atmosphere seemingly devoid of any notion of freewill or choice. We were all but sheep waiting our turns to be "fixed" by their array of therapists, who took the sides of our abusive parents. They didn't listen, and rejected everything you had to say. Each day was structured the same; wake up, endure the gullet filling, Breakfast, go to therapy, lunch, sit in a small room with a group of others for a few hours, then dinner.

After all of this dreadful tedium, you could roam the halls for an hour or so before being force medicated and then corralled into your room where you slept with the door wide open while staff patrol the halls like vultures under the guise of “protecting us”. With all this being said, you would be led to believe by staff this was a hopeless place with no chance of insurrectionary effort, but as I came to find out for myself, this was... incorrect.

CRAYON INSURRECTION

My first experience with insurrectionary effort inside my psychiatric prison was that of the walls. You see, we were all given crayons to fill out little pamphlets during our therapy sessions. Pencils and pens were deemed too sharp and risked us hurting ourselves or others. We were technically supposed to give up our utensils as soon as the session was over, but we all had socks to fill. Each and everyone of us would steal crayons and use them to draw on the walls when the adults weren't watching us. Covering each wall, and in some cases ceilings, were messages. These include:

“Fuck this place.”

“Eat pussy.”

“Johnny was here.”

“Cum.”

To an outsider these are idiotic and meaningless phrases, but when they cover every inch of the cage you're forced into and are specifically aimed at infuriating our captors: they were sweet as honey. I can't count how many times we were screamed at for drawing on the walls. But even when one of us was being chewed out by the staff, another would start drawing their own message from across the room. Our punishments would vary from being taken out of therapy and sitting alone to--I kid you not--being drugged so that you would be pacified and or pass out. While this was a serious matter, we took to calling these druggings "Getting booty juice" as the shot was taken in the ass. Despite these punishments, who could stop us? We were kept against our will. But it did bring up one issue: the more we fought, the longer we stayed. This led to many faking it to get out, ignoring negation, as to be

addressed later on. However, there were few who embraced negation, rather than ignoring it to escape.

TRUE INSURRECTION AT THE HANDS OF THE SYSTEM

While painting the walls with crayons is one thing, taking a fist to the powers that be is another. You see, a large group of the boys that were kept alongside me were sick and god damn tired of how they were being forced to live. With each day a repeat and with nothing getting better, it seemed their sentences would be infinite. In some of their cases, their families did not want them out. So these brave ones, these troubled youth with nothing to go back to, made it their sole objective to make our prison wardens lives hell.

At lunch they would plot their action for the evening. They called it, and I quote, “getting lit.” At night, they would walk up to take their medicine at the little counter the staff had. They would put it in their mouth and walk back to their rooms where they spat it into their sinks. They would let their urges that were meant to be suppressed by the medicine to

take control. Sirens would blare as they fought the staff. They would throw their beds into the hallways, jump up and down the walls punching holes into the ceiling. **Screaming, fighting, bleeding.** They knew in their hearts that this shit wouldn't get them out, but negation came first. For this, they fought tirelessly. The doors in the hallways would close, locking them off from the rest of the imprisoned as staff from all over the fucking building tried to stop them. Each night, after an hour or so of their trashing, they would be overcome, forced down and restrained, shots administered, passing out and waking up in the morning ready to do it again. These boys, these vigilante rogues would cause chaos because they *could*, since it was their only way of fighting back. To them, my deepest of love goes, for they alone stood up against to the machine and spit in it's rotten and torturous face. For myself though, I managed to escape using the advice given to me by a friend.

NEGATE, OR TO ESCAPE

“Listen, don’t actually tell them your problems, just fake it until you get out, okay?” — This advice was offered to me by that friend who was locked up alongside me. This is supposedly, as they said, is the first rule of dealing with psychiatric care. It is also the fatal flaw of fighting back. You see, while you’re locked up, your family is paying thousands upon thousands of dollars each day to keep you in there. So—in the case of negation—you are also letting them tell your family that, “They’re not getting better, they must stay longer. Give us more money” This cycle leads to most inmates ultimately giving into the oppression of the institution and lying their way to escape. Lying of course because everyone knew that the staff wasn't there to help us: it was for their paychecks. But for those boys, those whose families rejected them, for those who don’t have anything to go back to, what do they care? Negation

is all they had left.

THE FIGHT AND WHAT IT MEANS

During my stay, I wasn't yet brave as the boys who fought against the broken system, and for my cowardice I was rewarded to leave. But years after my release, I've come to the realization that, in truth, there isn't much of a difference between the gray, crayon covered walls of an institution and the graffiti covered alleyways of Civilization. Both are innately oppressive and as Anarchists we fight back. It's just when it comes to a mental institution it's laid completely bare for hushed eyes like my own to see. A perfect analogy for the hell we live in. As there, behind the brick and concrete walls of the hospital, is the backwash of civilization. The broken children no one wants to see. The troubled youth who stick out like sore thumbs. The kids who fought back, because they had nothing else to fight for. And what are we all but that? What are we but broken children fighting because we have no other

option? So I ask you, to those who fake it to survive, act as if you're normal, what's stopping you from fighting back?

Fighting for yourself? Fighting just for the sake of it being the only thing you can do, just like those boys who might as well spent years fighting that system? Their experience should be a lesson that no matter what, no matter how hard the world pushes: **keep screaming, keep fighting, and keep fucking bleeding.**