

PSYCHOSIS NEUROSIS

Svakome dođe vrijeme kad poludi. Ja san poludija jedne zime kad me bivša žena probudila cila ozarena jer je napada snig. Diga san se iz kreveta, doša do prozora, vidija snig i poludija. Nisan moga disat i srce mi je lupalo. Sve slabije san osjeća ruke i noge. U glavi mi je bija iznered. Nije me ništa bolilo, al mi se činilo da ću umrit. Uspija san ženi prošaptat, jer nisan moga ni govorit, da idemo na prvu pomoć. Išli smo autobu-son. Bija san obučen samo u trenerku. Nisan ni jaketu ponija. Smrza san se do tamo. Iskricali smo se kraj Auto-Hrvatske na Poljičkoj. Neman pojma kako san propješačija onih sto-dvista metri po snigu do Firula. Ušli smo u čekaonu. Drža san se za prsi i borija se za zrak. Izgleda san ka tifusar. Onda je doktor otvoriya vrata ordinacije.

- Dobar dan, uđite. – reka je. Ušli smo unutra. - Šta Van je? – upita me, a meni momentalno prođe sve.
- Nije mi više ništa – uzvratin skroz normalan.
- Kako to mislite?
- A evo lipo. Do sad san umira, a sad mi nije ništa.
- A šta Van je bilo?
- Žena me je probudila da vidin snig. Kako san ga vidija, tako mi je srce počelo lupat, počea san se gušit i ni-

Everyone goes crazy sometimes. Me, I went crazy one winter when my ex-wife woke me up, all flushed, to tell me it had snowed. I got out of bed, went to the window, saw the snow, and went crazy. I couldn't breathe and my heart was beating hard. I started losin' sensation in my arms and legs. My head was a mess. Nothin' hurt, but I thought I was goin' to die. I managed to whisper to my wife, as I couldn't even speak, that we should go to the ER. We took a bus. I was wearin' just my tracksuit. I didn't even take my jacket. I was freezin' by the time we got there. We got off near the Auto-Hrvatska shop on Poljička Road. I haven't the foggiest how I managed to slog through the snow to Firule those couple hundred meters. We went into the waitin' room. I clutched my chest, gaspin' for air. I looked like a typhus patient. The doctor finally opened the door to his office.

- "Good afternoon, come in," he said. We went inside. "What is the matter?" he asked me – and I instantly felt as good as new.
- "Nothin's the matter anymore," I replied, right as rain.
- "What do you mean?"
- "Just like I said. I was knocking at death's door 'til just now, but now I'm as fit as a fiddle."
- "But what was wrong with you?"
- "My wife woke me up to see the snow. As soon as I saw it, my heart start-

san osjeća ruke i noge. Kad san malo prije vidija Vas, sve mi je prošlo.

- Ja bi Vas isto malo pogleda, ako nemate ništa protiv.
- Nema problema.

Poslušaj mi je srce i pluća, pa mi je reka da napravim deset čučnjeva, pa mi je opet poslušaj srce i pluća, pa mi je još snimija srce na EKG. Još me je malo ispipa, al nije naša ništa sumnjivo. Osjeća san se glupo. Vratija san se doma skroz normalan.

Nastavija san sa životom i nisan puno mislija na sve to. Onda mi se nakon kratkog vremena desilo sranje. Pasa mi je udrilo auto na moje oči. Uspija se iskoprcat ispod auta i onda je uteka u nepoznatu smjeru. Nisan ga moga nać. Tražija san ga svugdi cilu večer. Doša san doma. Bija san oćajan. Kad san tija ženi reć da ga ne mogu nać, najprije san osjetija da neman glasa. Onda su mi se oduzele ruke, pa noge. Opet me stislo u prsima i nisan moga do zraka. Sija san na kauć. Nisan uopće ima kontrolu nad svojim tijelom. Nisan moga ni hodati. Držalo me jednu dvajst minuta i onda je počelo popuštati. Pripa san se samo tako. Najvažnije je bilo da je pas posli sam doša doma i da je bija samo malo izgripan.

Ovi put nisan moga samo tako nastavit sa životom. Stalno san mislija na to šta mi se dogodilo. Nisan ima nikakvo

ed poundin', I started chokin' and I couldn't feel my arms and legs. But when I clapped my eyes on you just now, I recovered."

- "I would still like to take a look at you, if you don't mind."
- "No problem."

He listened to my heart and lungs, then asked me to do ten squats, then listened to my heart and lungs some more, and then he did an ECG of my heart. He gave me a good gropin', but found nothin' amiss. I felt like a fool. I went home as good as new.

I went on with my life and didn't spare much thought to what had happened. But then, not before long, the shit hit the fan. My dog got hit by a car right in front of my eyes. He managed to scuffle from under the car and ran for parts unknown. I couldn't find him. I looked high and low for him all evenin'. I went home. I was desperate. As I set to tell my wife that I couldn't find the dog, at first, I felt as if I'd lost my voice. Then, I couldn't feel my arms, then my legs. Again, I felt a tightness in my chest and I couldn't breathe. I sat down on the couch. I had no control over my body. I can't even walk. This went on for about twenty minutes and then started to let up. I was as scared as anythin'. Most importantly, the dog eventually came home on his own, with just a few scratches.

This time around, I couldn't just go on with my life. I couldn't stop dwellin' on what had happened to me. I couldn't

objašnjenje. To me je počelo opterećivati. Živija san u stalnom strahu kad će me opet uvatiti. A onda mi je žena predložila da otiđem u Nene Bušelića. On je bija najpoznatiji splitski bioenergetičar. Nju je prije par godina spasija kad ni doktori više nisu znali šta bi. Riješija joj je poremećaj menstrualnog ciklusa. On je radija na principu da mu ne moraš ništa platiti. Zato je isprid njegove kuće uvijek bija red. Uvijek se moglo viditi dvadesetak ljudi kako strpljivo čekaju za uč, svaki sa svojom mukom. Šema je bila sljedeća: dolaziš kod njega od ponedjeljka do petka. U petak mu moš, ako osjetiš potrebu, ostavit nešto love u kvertu na stoliću, al bez ikakve obaveze. Nakon toga tri sedmice ne smiš dolazit.

Tako san se i ja jedan ponedjeljak zateka u redu. Računa san da neman šta izgubit. Red se je relativno brzo pomića i kroz nekih po ure san osvanija na ulaznim vratima. Prvo su mi upale u oči slike Isusa, Sai-Babe i majke Tereze. Mislin da je bilo još duhovnih uzora, al ih se sad ne mogu siliti. Iz minijaturnog predsoblja se ulazilo u isto tako neveliku sobu. Uza zid je bilo poredano desetak stolica. Na njima su sidili „pacijenti“. Sve su bile žene. I vanka u redu su sve bile žene. Ja san bija jedini muški. Kako bi ko završija i izaša, tako bi sljedeći na redu uša i sija na stolicu.

Sija san između dvi bakice. Nikad nisam volija bit puno blizu drugih ljudi, al

explain it. This started to weigh on me. I lived my life in constant fear of it happenin' again. And then, my wife suggested I go see Neno Bušelić. He was the most renowned bioenergetic expert in Split. He'd saved her a few years back, when even doctors didn't know what to do anymore. He fixed her menstrual cycle disorder. He worked on the principle that you didn't have to pay a dime. That's why there was always a line in front of his house. You'd always see about two dozen people linin' up, waitin' patiently to be let in, each with his or her own affliction. It went like this: you'd go see him from Monday to Friday. On Friday, you could leave him an envelope with some dough on the side table, if you were so inclined, but without commitment. Then you weren't supposed to come for the next three weeks.

That's how I found myself linin' up on a Monday. I figured that I had nothin' to lose. The line moved relatively fast, so in a half-hour or so, I was right at the front door. The first thing that jumped out at me were the pictures of Jesus, Sai Baba, and Mother Teresa. There were other spiritual role models too, I think, but I can't remember them now. From the miniature lobby, you enter an equally tiny room. A dozen chairs were lined up against a wall. "Patients" sat on these. They were all women. Outside, in the line, there were all women, too. I was the only man there. As people finished and left, the next person in line would go in and sit in a chair.

nevolja me pritiska, pa san mora. Ruke smo tribali naslonit na natkoljenice, sa dlanovima okrenutin put gori. Tako se bolje vata energija. Neno je staja u livon kantunu. Lik je bija manekenske građe. Dulja crna kosa uvačena u rep. Profinjeno lice. Bradica i brkovi. Duboke plave oči. Smirujući glas. Isus Krist. Nisan se više čudija zašto su same žene oko kuće. Osobno nisan ima nikakvo mišljenje o toj bioenergiji. Zapravo san bija skeptičan u vezi toga, al eto, bilo mi je blizu kuće, a i koštalo je koliko meni odgovara.

U sobi se čula lagana muzika. Grupa „Enigma“. Pisma „Beyond the invisible“. Bakica kraj mene se diže. Napravi tri koraka do sredine sobe i stane. Neno pucketa prstima desne ruke u ritmu svake dvi sekunde. Bakica se vrti oko sebe ka balerina. Savija se do poda, pa se uspravlja. Onda se opet vrti. Neno progovori: „A vidi Vas...kad ste počeli dolaziti bili ste nekretnina. Sad ste pokretnina.“ Bakica potvrđuje klimajući glavon između dvi piruete, dok joj na licu titra smješak Mona Lise. Neno opet prozbori, gledajući u nas ostale: „Šta mislite, zašto vas je uvijek deset u sobi?“ Mi šutimo jer nemamo pojma, a on odgovara: „Zato, jer da san ja ode nasamo s nekin, odma bi krenile priče tipa ko će ga znat šta on tamo radi. Ovako svi možete vidit. I još nešto: ja ne ličin ljuđe i nisan doktor. Ja samo oslobađan začepljene energetske kanale.“

I sat down between two grandmas. I'd never liked to be too close to other people, but needs must, so I did what I had to. We were instructed to rest our hands against our thighs, palms facin' up. That's to catch the energy better. Neno stood in the left corner. The guy was built like a model. Longish black hair tied in a ponytail. Refined face. Short beard and a mustache. Deep blue eyes. Soothin' voice. Jesus Christ. I no longer wondered why all those women were around the house. Personally, I had no opinion on this bio-energy business. I was actually skeptical about the whole thing, but as it happened, it was close to my house and the price was ok.

Soft music played in the room. It was by „Enigma“. The song called „Beyond the Invisible“. The grandma next to me gets up. She takes three steps to the center of the room and stops. Neno rhythmically snaps the fingers of his right hand every two seconds. The grandma spins and spins like a ballerina. Bends to the floor, then straightens up. Then spins again. Neno says: „And look at you... when you first came to me, you were an immovable. Now you're a movable.“ Grandma nods her head in acknowledgement between two pirouettes, a Mona Lisa smile flickerin' on her face. Neno addresses the rest of us: „What do you think, why are there always ten of you in this room?“ We keep silent as we're clueless, so he answers: „Because, if I were here alone with anyone, tongues would start waggin' right away, wonderin' what I did here. This

Doša je red na mene. Učinija san tri koraka ka lički medvid. Sta san nasri sobe i ukopa se. Neno mi je bija iza leđa na udaljenosti ne manjoj od tri metra. „Enigma“ je i dalje pičila. Bakice su gledale. Uvatila me nervoza i neugoda. Neno je počea pucketat prstima, a meni su se na ramena spustile dvi ručetine. Svaka po dvajs kila. Onda su me počele vuć unazad. Opira san se koliko san god moga, al uzalud. Mora san napraviti korak unazad. Usra san se živ. Okrenija san glavu da vidin di je odčepļjivać kanala. I dalje je bija na svon mistu. Nisan virova svojin očima. Onda su me one ručetine opet povukle. Pa opet. Onda je Neno reka da se ovako gibaju oni koji nisu opuštene i koji su sumnjičavi. Onda mi je reka da mogu odgibat doma i da se vidimo sutra. Otiša san cili zbunjen i pripadnut.

Sutra san ponovija sve. Čekanje, pred-soblje, Isus, Sai-baba, majka Tereza, soba, stolice, bakice, Enigma, pucketanje, nekretnine, pokretnine, piruete, lički medvid, ručetine. Preksutra opet. Toga dana je spomenija da ko oće može doć navečer u sportski centar „Gripe“ na meditaciju. Otiša san iz radoznalosti. Bilo nas je dvadesetak. Neno je ugasija svitlo i upalija šteriku. Mi smo sidili okolo. Uputija nas je kako ćemo disat. Onda je reka da će polako brojat unazad od broja triesešest. Nakon par brojeva nan je reka da „otpuštimo“ desnu ruku. Ka da je nemamo.

way, you all can see for yourselves. And one more thing: I don't cure people and I'm not a doctor. I just open blocked energy channels.”

It was my turn. I took three steps forward like a Lika bear. I stood rooted in place in the middle of the room. Neno was behind me, at least three meters away. Enigma blasted on. The grandmas kept watching. I felt nervous and awkward. As Neno started snappin' his fingers, two paws fell on my shoulders. Twenty kilos each. Then they started pullin' me backwards. I resisted as much as I could, but in vain. I had to take a step back. I shat my pants. I turned my head to look for the channel unclogger. He still stood in the same place. I couldn't believe my eyes. Then, the paws yanked at me again. And again. Then Neno said that this was how the tense and distrustful move. Then he told me to call it a day and he would see me tomorrow. I left, baffled and afraid.

The next day, I did it all over again. Waitin', lobby, Jesus, Sai Baba, Mother Teresa, room, chairs, grandmas, Enigma, snappin', immovables, movables, pirouettes, Lika bear, paws. And again, the day after that. That day, he invited us to join an evenin' mediation session at the Gripe Sports Center if we wanted. I was curious, so I went. There were about twenty of us. Neno turned off the light and lit a candle. We sat around him. He showed us how to breathe. Then he said that he would count backwards slowly from thirty-six. After a few numbers, he instructed us to “release” the right arm. As if we didn't

Pa onda livu. Pa desnu nogu. Pa livu nogu. Onda trup. I stvarno, bija san cili oduzet. Ostala je samo glava. Onda je reka da ćemo na njegov znak zatvorit oči, udahnit duboko i otputovat na mi-sto koje nan je najdraže.

Napravija san to i stvorija se u Betini, na pješčanoj plaži u uvali Zdrače. Ima san tri-četri godine. Duga kosa mi je bila vezana u rep. Čuča san s plastič-non lopaticon u ruci. Gradija san kule od pijeska. Bilo mi je puno lipo. Tija san tu ostat zauvik. Izgubija san pojam o vrimenu. A onda nas je Neno vratija nazad u stvarnost.

Sutra san jedva dočeka doć kod njega. Cili san se uživija. Kupija me je sa onin Zdračama. Čekanje, predsoblje, Isus, Sai-baba, majka Tereza, soba, stolice, bakice, Enigma, pucketanje, nekretni-ne, pokretnine, piruete. Dok san gleda bakicu kako se vrti, desna ruka mi se počela nekontrolirano trest. Onda mi je počelo lupat srce. Neno je to odma pri-mjetija. Uvatija me je pod ruku i izvea vanka u dvor. Nije me pita ni ko san, ni šta mi je, samo mi je reka: „Ajte Vi prvo kod psihijatra, pa ćete lako doć u mene.“ Smirija me i ispratija do izlaza iz dvora. I tako san posta vjerojatno prvi lik u po-vijesti kojemu je Neno lansira odjeb. A taman mi je počelo bit lipo.

Nije mi preostalo ništa nego se javit psihijatru. Otiša san u svoje doktori-

have one. And then the left. Then the right leg. And the left leg. Then the core. Seriously, I couldn't feel my body. There was only my head. Then he guided us to close our eyes, take a deep breath, and travel to our favorite place.

I did it and teleported to Betina, to a sandy beach in the Zdrače Bay. I was three or four years old. My long hair was tied in a ponytail. I was squattin' down with a plastic spatula in my hand. I was buildin' a sand tower. I had loads of fun. I wanted to stay there forever. I lost track of time. And then Neno brought us back to reality.

I was eager to see him the next day. I was totally into it. He gained my trust with the Zdrače Bay thing. Waitin', lobby, Jesus, Sai Baba, Mother Teresa, room, chairs, grandmas, Enigma, snappin', immovables, movables, pirouettes. As I was watchin' a grandma spin about, my right hand started shakin' uncontrollably. Then my heart started thumpin'. Neno noticed it right away. He took me by the arm and led me outside into the courtyard. He didn't ask who I was or what was wrong with me, he just said: "Off to a psychiatrist with you first, then you can come back and see me whenever you want." He calmed me down and ushered me to the courtyard door. And that is how I likely became the first guy in history to be kicked the fuck out by Neno. And I was just startin' to get into it.

I had no other choice than to contact a psychiatrist. I saw my doctor for a referral and set out to save my health. I ended

ce po uputnicu i krenija u spašavanje svoga zdravlja. Dopala me mlada psihijatrica blagog pogleda i umirujućeg glasa. U jako kratko vreme mi je razbila sve predrasude o plavušama. Za razliku od puno ljudi koji se zajebu u izboru životnog zanimanja, ona je pogodila čime će se baviti. Nisan je moga zamisliti da išta drugo radi. Rekla mi je da bi bilo dobro da dolazim jedanput sedmično, pa san tako i dolazija. Po njezinon kazivanju, jer ja toga nisan bija svjestan, u prvih šest miseci bi samo uša i sija. Ni jedanput joj nisan reka ni „Dobar dan“, ni „Ej“, ni ništa. Iako je žena bila skroz OK, ja joj to ničin nisan dava do znanja, a zna san bit i nepristojan. Koliko god ona bila dobra, ja san u njoj vidija sistem. Skup pravila. Dominantnu kulturu. A prima svemu tome san ima otpor. Najjače je bilo na početku:

- Čime se bavite?
- Ne mogu Van to reć.
- Dobro. Šta ste radili danas?
- Ne mogu Van ni to reć.

Moje dnevne aktivnosti su bile takve da ih nisan moga dilit skoro s nikin, a kamoli sa članon sistema. Ipak, kako je vreme prolazilo, počea san pričati. Normalno da nisan spominja konkretna imena i događaje, al san joj da do znanja da san sa one strane zakona. U nje san sazna da se moji zdravstveni problemi zovu napadaji panike, da su jako neugodni, al i da se od njih ne umire.

up with a young psychiatrist with gentle eyes and a soothin' voice. In a very short time, she smashed all my stereotypes about blondes. Unlike so many people who screw up when choosin' their career, she made just the right choice. I couldn't see her doin' anythin' else. She told me that it would be best to come see her once a week, so that's what I did. According to her, as I'd not been aware of this, during the first six months, I would just go in and sit down. I'd never say 'Good afternoon', or 'Hey', or anythin' to her. She was an okay woman, but I never let her know this – sometimes, I was even rude to her. No matter how good she was, to me, she represented the system. A set of rules. The dominant culture. And I felt resistance to all that. The beginnin' was intense:

- "What do you do?"
- "I can't tell you that."
- "Alright. What did you do today?"
- "I can't tell you that either."

My day-to-day activities were such that I could hardly share them with anyone, let alone with a member of the system. Be that as it may, as time passed, I started to talk. Naturally, I left out specific names and events, but I let her know that I was on the wrong side of the law. She taught me that my health condition is known as a 'panic attack', that these are very unpleasant, but they won't kill you. I also learned that this in itself is not a disease, but a symptom that usually occurs with a stressful lifestyle. I couldn't really do anythin' about that. Or I didn't really want to. Depends on how you look at it.

Sazna san i da oni sami po sebi nisu bolest, nego simptom koji se obično javlja kod stresnog načina života. Tu nisan moga ništa prominit. Ili nisan tija ništa prominit. Kako se uzme.

Psihijatrica mi je još rekla da iman poremećaj osobnosti. Kad san je pita šta je to, rekla mi je da se svake godine ili svaku par godina sastanu najrazvikaniji svjetski psihijatri i da onda na tom svom druženju usput odluče kako će se nešto (šta oni misle da je bolest) zvat. I onda se to tako zove. Do sljedećeg druženja. Nisan bija zadovoljan objašnjenjen, al je nisan dalje pila. A možda nisan ni tija čut šta stručno misli o meni.

Vrimenon smo imali epizoda ka stari bračni parovi. Jedanput san doša sa Slobodnon Dalmacijon i čita je cilo vrimedok san bija u nje. Ona me samo gledala i ništa nije govorila. Kad san je pročita, diga san se i iša ča. A jedanput mi je rekla da će mi dat papir da san zdrav, tako da me više ne mora gledat. Ja san njoj na to reka da ću se onda ić žalit njenon šefu. A kad mi je rekla, kad san joj se po ko zna koji put popea na vrh glave, da je ostarila uz mene, ja san reka da ko joj je kriv šta nije završila za zubara. Zubara bogami svak sluša bez pogovora. Kad ti kaže zini, ti zineš i ne pitaš zašto. A u psihijatra moš doć u šporkoj majici, raščupan, musav i nikakav. Neće ti niko prigovorit na šta sličiš ili da si nepristojan.

The psychiatrist also told me that I have a personality disorder. When I asked her what that was, she told me that every year or every couple of years, the big-shot psychiatrists of the world have a get-together where they decide what somethin' (that they think is a disorder) should be called. And then that's what it's called. ... I wasn't happy with the explanation, but I let it go. Maybe I didn't even want to hear her professional opinion on me."

Over time, we would have our episodes like an old married couple. Once, I brought the Slobodna Dalmacija daily with me and read it the whole time while I was there. She just looked at me and didn't say a word. When I finished with the newspaper, I got up and left. On a different occasion, she threatened to give me a paper that said I was healthy, just so she wouldn't have to see me anymore. I retorted that I would then complain to her boss. Once, as I got on her last nerve for the umpteenth time, she told me that I was makin' her go prematurely gray, to which I responded that it was her own fault, 'cause she could have studied to be a dentist. Everyone listens to their dentist without complaining. When he tells you to open your mouth, you open your mouth and don't ask any questions. On the other hand, you can go see your psychiatrist in a dirty t-shirt, with messy hair, unwashed and unkempt. No one will complain about your looks or tell you you're bein' rude.

She once asked me if I wanted to start taking some pills. I politely thanked

Jedanput me pitala oču li neke tablete. Ja san joj se pristojno zahvalija i odbija ponudu. Bilo mi je napetije upit nešto njenog znanja, nego pit tablete. Nudila mi je i dolaske na grupnu psihoterapiju. Tu san joj se isto zahvalija. Ima san osjećaj da bi se grupa s menon raspala, jer ja kad se navijen, ne znan stat. Njoj nisan tako reka, nego san joj reka da se ne bi osjeća dobro s toliko ljudi u prostoriji. A nisan ni laga. Osim napadaja panike, ima san i drugih problema. Nisan moga otić nigdi di je puno ljudi. U kino naprimjer. Na utakmicu isto tako. Nisan podnosija blizinu nepoznatih osoba. Kad bi iša u psihijatrice, znalo se desit da je deset ljudi nabijeno ispid njenih vrata, a ja bi bija sam, skroz na drugon kraju hodnika. Onda bi ona izašla i svima rekla da san ja prvi na redu. Svaka joj čast.

Jedanajst godina. Toliko san dolazija kod nje. Bušelić je bija vizionar. Za to vrime žena je magistrirala i doktorirala. Pitala me može li se koristit dijelovima naših razgovora u svrhu njenog profesionalnog napredovanja. Ja san reka da nema problema. Lipo je znat da san doprinija znanosti. Iako su mi se vrimenon značajno smanjili napadaji panike, a psihijatrica stekla moje povjerenje, isto san joj reka da ona za mene ne postoji izvan zidova njene ordinacije. Reka san joj da, ako se ikad sretnemo negdi vanka, da ću se praviti da je ne znan. Sličan moment san ima sa popon koji me je vinča. Sreli smo

her and declined her offer. I wanted to keep takin' in some of her knowledge rather than take pills. She also invited me to join group psychotherapy. I said thanks-but-no-thanks to that as well. I felt that any group with me in it would just fall to pieces because when I get goin', there's no stoppin' me. I didn't tell her that – I told her that I wouldn't feel comfortable with so many people in the room. It wasn't even a lie. Other than the panic attacks, I had other problems. I couldn't go anywhere where there were big crowds. To the cinema, for example. Or a [soccer] match. I couldn't handle the proximity of people I didn't know. When I had an appointment with my psychiatrist, sometimes there would be a dozen people crammed in front of her door, and I would be [standing there] alone, all the way on the other side of the corridor. She would then come out and tell everyone that it was my turn first. Kudos to her.

Eleven years. That's how long I went to see her. Bušelić was a visionary. Durin' that time, the woman earned her master's and PhD. She asked me if she could use parts of our conversations for the purpose of her professional development. I told her to go ahead. It's nice to know that I've contributed to science. Even though my panic attacks decreased significantly and the psychiatrist gained my trust, I still told her that she did not exist to me outside the walls of her office. I told her that if we ever met somewhere outside, I'd pretend not to know her. I had a similar experience with the priest who

se jedanput u svlačioni. Ja san taman završija sa balunon, a njegova ekipa je igrala iza moje. Izaša san ispod tuša i srića da san ima ručnik, pa san se pokriva po strateškin mistima. Ima san osjećaj ka da mi je razrednica iz osnovne isprid mene. Tako mi se činilo i da bi se isto osjeća kad bi vidija psihijatricu na ulici. Ka da san gol.

Svašta se još izdogađalo u tih jedanajst godina. Bija san u zatvoru, dobija san dite, pa san se rastavija, pa san se opet oženija, pa san opet dobija dite. Sve je ona to prošla s menon.

Kad san se opet oženija, s novon ženon je doša i novi način života. E, skoro san zaboravija, kad smo se tek upoznavali, reka san joj da iden na psihoterapiju. Onda je ona, nakon šta smo prvi put izašli vanka, otišla kod moje psihijatrice pitat jel s menon sigurno izlazit. Ima bit da san ostavija dobar dojam. A ova joj je odgovorila da će meni s njon bit odlično, a kako će njoj bit s menon, da to ne zna. Vrh.

Moja žena voli sve organizirat. Voli planirat. Ja samo iden za njon i nastojin ne smetat. Jedanput je isplanirala kupovinu u trgovačkon centru Getro. Ja nisan ima pojma šta je to ni di je to. Rekla mi je da je to u Kaštelima i da se može nać svega za dobru cijenu. Poznati su po tome šta primaju samo gotovinu. Ništa kartice. Uputimo se mi u taj Getro. Dođemo tamo, uzmemo

married me. We met once in a changin' room. I'd just finished my soccer match — his team played after mine. I came out of the shower, luckily with a towel, so I was able to cover my privates. I felt like my elementary school homeroom teacher was standin' in front of me. I thought that that's how I'd feel if I ever met my psychiatrist in the street. As if I was naked.

All sorts of things happened in those eleven years. I went to prison, had a kid, then got a divorce, married again, and had another kid. She went through all of that with me.

When I remarried, a new wife meant a new way of life. Oh, I almost forgot, when I first met my second wife, I told her that I was seeing a psychotherapist. Then, after our first date, she went to see my psychiatrist to ask if it was safe to date me. I must have left a good impression. My psychiatrist replied that I would have a blast with her, but as for how she would find me — that, she couldn't tell. Just great.

My wife is very organized. She likes to plan. I just follow her around and try not to be a nuisance. Once, she planned a shoppin' trip to the Getro Shoppin' Center. I had no clue what or where that was. She told me that it was in Kaštela, and that you could find anythin' at a good price there. The store was known for acceptin' only cash. No cards. So, we headed to the Getro. We arrive and get one of those big shoppin' carts. You could fit a supermini inside. This Getro was a huge hall with

ona velika kolica. Može u njih Fićo stat. Taj Getro je bija jedna ogromna hala sa masu polica, al ne nekin malin i srid-njin, nego velikin poličetinama na osan katova, punih svega i svačega. Odatle ne izađeš s manje od dva kubika robe.

Žena je pičila, a ja san gura za njon, naslonjen na kolica, gledajući u prazno. Ona stane, ja stanem, ona krene, ja krenem. I tako bezbroj puta. Nakon otprilike desetog puta san se pritvorija u automatiziranog zombija. Nisan više ima osobnost, bija san samo stvar koja gura i zaustavlja kolica. Žena se zaustavila kraj neke police. I ja san sta. Sve mi je bilo ka u magli. Isprid te police se malo duže zadržala. Ja san blenija u prazno. Staja san tako ko zna koliko vrimena. U jednon momentu san primjetija da je nema. Trgnija san se i skužija da je stvarno nema. Uvatila me panika. Zgrabija san kolica i zapičija u smjeru izlaza. U ton momentu san začua povišeni ženski glas. „Izvinite...“, čulo se iza mojih leđa. Pogled mi je prvo pa na kolica. U njima je bilo par boca vina i još neke stvari šta nemaju veze s mojin životon.

Onda san se okrenija i ugleda nju. Moju psihijatricu. Dok mi je tijelon prolazila struja nepatvorenog užasa, uspija san samo ispustit neartikulirani zvuk, gurnit ona kolica od sebe i pobić glavon bez obzira. Naša san ženu kraj blagajne. Očajnički san tija šta prije izać iz te zgrade.

lots and lots of shelves — and not your small and medium-sized shelves, but huge, hulkin' shelves with eight tiers, full of all sorts of things. You can't leave there with less than two cubic meters of goods.

My wife barreled on ahead and I pushed along, leanin' on the cart and spacin' out. When sahe stopped, I stopped, and when she moved, I moved. And so on and so forth. After about the tenth time, I turned into an automated zombie. I didn't have an identity — I was just a thing that pushed and stopped the cart. My wife stopped in front of a shelf. I also stopped. Everythin' was in a haze. She stayed in front of that shelf for a while. I was starin' into space. We stood there for who knows how long. At one point, I noticed that she was gone. I snapped out of my haze and figured that she really was gone. I panicked. I grasped the cart and darted for the exit. At that moment, I heard a raised female voice. An "Excuse me..." came from behind my back. I first gazed into the cart. It held a few bottles of wine and some other stuff that had nothin' to do with my life.

Then I turned around and saw her. My psychiatrist. As a current of unadulterated horror zapped through my body, I could only make an inarticulate sound, ditch the cart, and beat a hasty retreat. I found my wife near the cash register. I desperately wanted to get out of the buildin' as soon as possible.

I kept goin' to psychotherapy for quite some time after that. We never men-

Iša san na psihoterapiju još prilično vrijeme posli toga. Nikad nismo pričali o Getrou. Zadnjih par miseci šta san dolazija san primjetija da mi sestra na šalteru svaki put kad oću platit kaže „U redu je.“ Najprvo san mislija da kuća časti, a onda mi je postalo sumnjivo, pa san se požalija psihijatrici. Onda je ona nazvala sestru na telefon i pitala zašto mi ne naplaćuje. Odgovor je bija da moja dijagnoza više ne triba plaćat.

To je bilo to. Pobjedija san sistem. Nakon toga mi je počea opadat interes za terapiju. Vrimenon san presta dolazit, a da nikad nisan pita koja to dijagnoza „ne triba plaćat“. Koji put je bolje ne znat.

Sa psihijatricon san osta u kontaktu. Šaljen joj svoje tekstove na mail, a ona me svaku toliko pohvali. Neka. Lipo je to.

Fala mojoj psihijatrici šta mi je osvijestila podatak da smo svi mi ljudi nesavršeni.

tioned the Getrou. During the final few months of therapy, I noticed that the nurse at the front desk always refused to take my money, assurin' me it was "okay". At first, I thought it was on the house, but then I got suspicious, so I complained about it to my psychiatrist. She called the nurse on the phone to ask why she wasn't chargin' me. The answer was that people with my diagnosis no longer needed to pay.

That was it. I beat the system. After that, my interest in therapy started to fade. Eventually, I stopped goin', without ever havin' asked what the diagnosis that "no longer needed to pay" was. Sometimes, you're better off not knowin'.

I've stayed in touch with the psychiatrist. I send her e-mail messages, and she praises me every so often. I'm glad. It's nice.

I'm grateful to my psychiatrist for makin' me aware of the fact that we're all imperfectly human.