

# EVERYTHING LOOKS WORSE IN BLACK AND WHITE NO. 2: MEDICAL STUDY

(BEING A TRUE STORY FROM THE UPPER WEST SIDE)

One time I signed up to be part of a medical study. They paid the participants \$100 each. I had to go to the Columbia University Medical School and talk to a psychiatrist. The study had something to do with some aspect of autism.

The psychiatrist asked me why I had signed up. I said that I would like to have the \$100. “That’s not a bad reason,” he said.

The psychiatrist asked me if I had any family or personal history of mental illness. I told him that my grandfather had had depression and that when I was in college I had thought quite seriously for some time about killing myself.

The psychiatrist told me that only entirely healthy brains were eligible to be part of the control group and that I was not going to get any \$100. He thanked me for my honesty and my time.

It had never occurred to me to lie to a doctor. I didn’t know that one could. I left the school and walked out into Central Park feeling light and slightly foolish and free.



Told and with  
an image by

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