



DIDACTIC

COLLECTION ON MENTAL HEALTH & LUXURY

A Selection for the *The Future Past* at
Central State Mental Institution





DIDACTIC II

COLLECTION ON MENTAL HEALTH & LUXURY

A Selection for *The Future Past* at Central State Mental Institution

Asylum can mean safety for those who need it or security for those who don't. An institution can protect or oppress.

The past and the future have already happened. And the present doesn't exist.

We aren't all in this together. Moreso: we aren't in this alone. The continuum of wellness can only function within community. To be in community is to exist in that liminal space between (and beyond) the future and the past. It offers us asylum and provides institutional support. It allows our collective wellness to unsettle the status quo. It reconstructs sanity as a space where hope still matters and solidarity transcends mere agreement. Community is where the past and the future act together. Today. And tomorrow. (And yesterday.)

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Bree Jo'ann "Many Rooms"

Michael Dahlie "The Misfit from Gørlev"

Wendy Lee Spacek "Anxious Dreamer"

James Payne "No Bad Memories"

Thomas Kennedy "Glossary"

Dancia Monét "Step Lightly"

James A. Reeves "She Watches Eli Lilly at Midnight"

MANY ROOMS

BREE JO'ANN

I don't know how long I've been here. Maybe forever, maybe I just rolled out of the fabric of the cosmos. It's strange to feel weighed down by history, but constantly raw and natal. I can't travel the straightest line from point A to B: I must wander through many rooms, following a cloud of purple smoke.

I can feel the things that I've forgotten. I sense their shape if not their form. Many rooms have much baggage and there is always so much to unpack. In many rooms there are lost souls who walk in circles, chained to fatal rhythms. I open the windows, but they still can't see the light. I wander through dark hallways, conscious but not in control. I can hear rustling behind closed doors, but when I try to open them, most are locked. When I finally come to an atrium, I'm too delirious with light to take stock of my travels.

There are vast galleries. The walls are covered with portraits and mirrors. None of the people depicted are my ancestors, but sometimes I find myself comparing their faces to my own. Sometimes I stare into their flat, false eyes and I can feel their narratives being typed onto my soul. One day, a boy stepped out of a frame at the end of the gallery. I couldn't tell if the frame held a portrait or a mirror. He smiled and told me that his family once lived here, but now he was the groundskeeper. He took my hand and led me away. I couldn't tell where we were go-

ing because I was too busy staring at the back of his head. Soon we were in a long, bright hall. All the doors were open, revealing light-filled empty rooms. We came to a room full of large, beautiful succulents, all different sizes and textures, some in pots, some in glass globes. "These don't need a lot of care, just light and freedom, but I come to water them every now and then." I touched a round, plump frond and said, "There's a difference between water and care."

I told him about the purple cloud. He couldn't see it, but he believed that it existed. We made popcorn and wandered many rooms to observe many spectacles, some cosmically comic, some grotesque. One day, I got stuck in front of a closed door. I heard a scraping sound and tried to open it. "That is the basement," he said in a voice that didn't seem to be his own, "You should never go down there."

He told me the history of the house, how one era it was the home of royals, another it was a bazaar. "There were once great galas here," he said. "People from all across the world came to revel. I would like to have a gala to wake up this dusty old house!" I was uneasy about the prospect, but alas, I was only a guest.

We dusted all the portraits and mirrors, and bought newfangled light bulbs. We burned sage and, with confused frowns on their faces, the lost souls evaporated. The big day was a Friday. I put

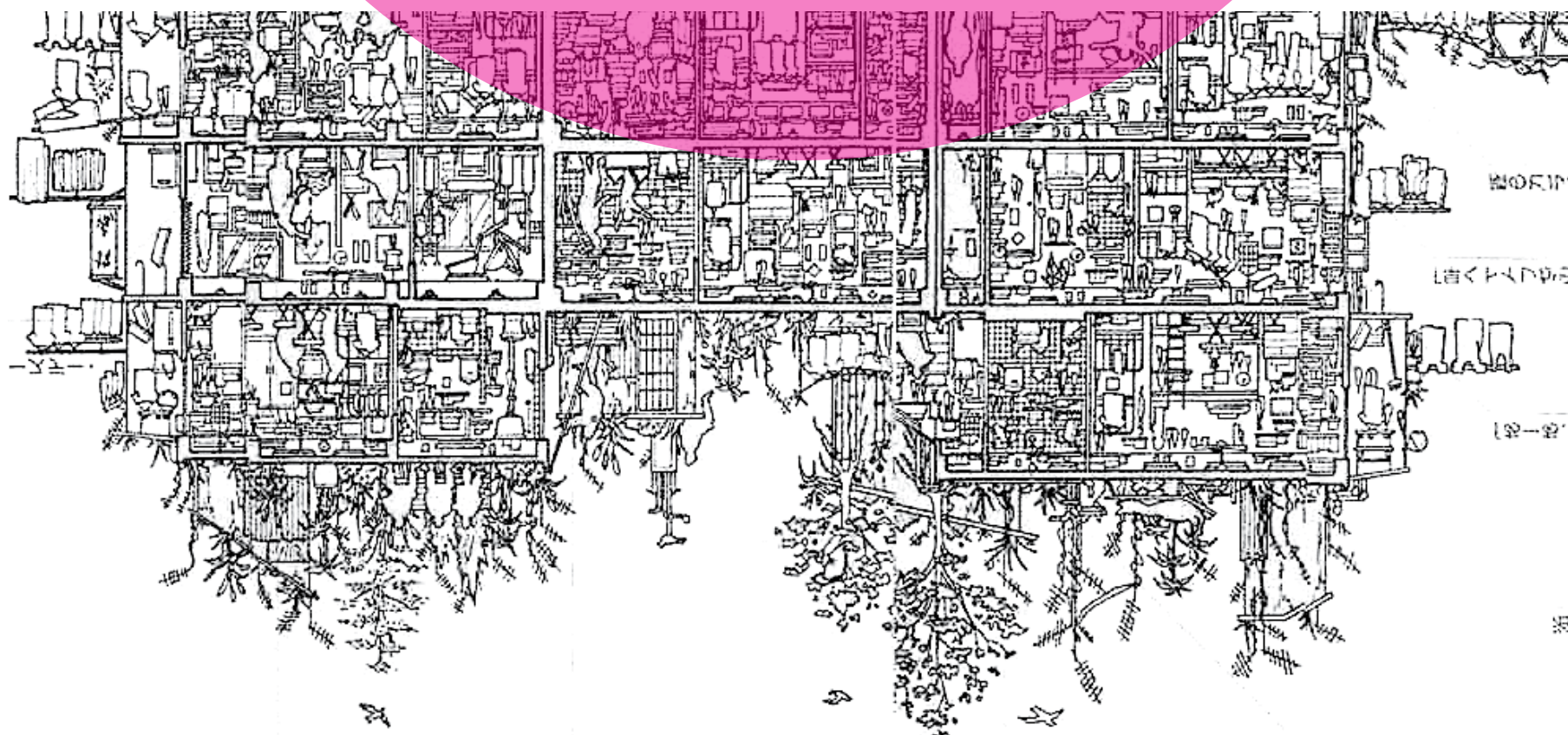
on a fancy dress, painted my face and posted a selfie on Instagram. The first guests were solemn observers, quiet figures who nodded with distant approval. Soon came all the people from far away. They were loud with glazed eyes and acrid breath. I felt the strange sensation of being on display and being invisible at the same time. My purple cloud was nowhere in sight. I searched for the groundskeeper, but found him busy conversing with his small throng of revelers, who blocked a lovely ficus from view. They said things like "The walls support the ceiling!" and broke out into manic laughter.

Suddenly, everything went dark. There were screams all around me. I had a feeling that the revelers had never been confronted with the kind of darkness that existed in this house, the kind that was much more palpable than the absence of light. My eyes were used to navigating this darkness from my wanderings and I found that my purple cloud hung near the ceiling, diffused, phosphorescent. The groundskeeper gaped wide eyed and unseeing at the darkness. I took his hand. "We have to find the breaker," he said with a small voice that was like the first puffs of steam from a warming tea pot. "Where is it?" I asked. He looked down and whispered, "In the basement." I told him of my sight. He described the way to the breaker and I navigated the darkness. I could hear laughter in the shadowy recesses and I smiled, wanting to share in the

mirth. As we got further into the subterranean labyrinth, I started to see lovely clouds of color that evolved before my eyes into the most beautiful plants and flowers!

"We are in a garden!" I exclaimed. "Really?" the groundskeeper said, "My grandfather said that I must tend to this house with care because it grew from the ground. I wonder if he was referring to what you see." I cried out as we came to the next room. I saw the prettiest little pond. When I approached it, I saw my reflection. With no portraits to confuse me, I could see myself clear as day. I realized the truth, that though I walked around feigning autonomy, I was born with roots in the darkness. Like a willing Persephone, it was necessary for me to acknowledge my seasons and go to ground. "What-what is it?" the groundskeeper asked cautiously, "Are we in danger?" I shook my head and replied, "No, we are at home." Entranced by my reflection, I didn't notice him fiddling about his pockets. "Now I can see," he muttered. Light from his cell phone filled the room, casting all the colors into a monochromatic pall. The groundskeeper gaped at my new form. The light hurt my eyes. I took the phone and crushed it in my hand.

"I have bloomed," I said gently, "And there's a difference between light and care."



theory of a
young giraffe

"The Young-Giraffe is not always young, more and more frequently, she is not even female. She is the figure of total integration in a disintegrating social totality."

logged: #swfrank #swfrankunserien #total #Young-Giraffe #Young-Giraffe #theory of a young giraffe #theory of a young giraffe #theory of a young giraffe

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ANXIOUS DREAMER

WENDY LEE SPACEK

1.
I am my own conch shell's canyon.
My own vinegar bottle, busted
on fractilic hexagonal tiles.
I'm my own soul's rod tethered to the temporal.
I am my own self's disoriented night pilot.
Fucked by the sky the surface
of earth strange as any others.
I am the steel canister's stealthy body steadily hurled through time.

I'm an itty bitty baby, a shitty brat, not-my-daughter, an object,
a Republican then a Democrat then nothing.

A virgin and a whore and I work in a drugstore and this world's not made for me.
This world's not made for no one.

2.
My therapist and I both have names that appear in Beach Boys songs.
She's *Help Me Rhonda!* I'm *Wendy, Wendy, What Went Wrong?*

It's Black History Month, it's Teen Dating Violence Month, it's National Poetry Month
It's Labor Day it's your birthday it's St. Patrick's Day, again.

Neil Armstrong is dead. Neal Cassady is dead. Carl Sagan is dead. Carl Wilson is dead.
Chuck Berry is dead. Chuck Stearns is dead. Walt Whitman is dead. Walt Disney is dead.

3.
Yoga is the practice
of quiet contortions.

The only thing in the room is sweat.
Creaking joints, huffs of breath.

Splayed like a corpse on the mat:
She asks for my earliest memory.

She asks how old were you when the molest happened?
I hold a small green stone

polished and worn like a gem in my riverbed palm.
Some archaic wave knocks me and I roll over.

The walls are white
his hair is black.

The toilet with the wooden seat.
He is sitting, ejaculates

is holding out his hand
extending one white drop,

he says "eat it."
Tells me semen is really tiny tadpoles.

After that I'd vomit whole fish.



This poem originally appeared in PSYCHOGYNECOLOGY, a collection of poems by Wendy Lee Spacek, published by Monster House Press.

NO BAD MEMORIES

JAMES PAYNE

Folie à Few

Whether or not I was planned
I was a mistake, born a millenarian
therefore borne a lack
of nurture in my nature
so naturally, I'm unable
I cannot can, I do not do
but mental illness, thank Father, does not run in my family
it sleeps in past three, so I do not wake in the mourning
I nail this passive-microaggression to the door
of first waking to an umbilical cord
choking me - *c'est la vie*
I, too, have choked people for choking me
I've hated people just for hating me
if not wholly consumed by emotional eschatologies
or ouroboroses, I've at least fed on this tautology
but then again so would I have been
if I had loved someone just for loving me -
have I ever even as much as intervened in *Feeling?*
I've loved love, hated hate, hated love, loved hating
but only as an object of Feeling to which I was subject -
What say ye then *Family*, of *Me* as logical fallacy?

~

Two Truths and a Lie

I'm anxious.
I'm depressed.
I feel fine.

How Do You Feel in Three Emojis or Less?

Alien head. Alien head. Alien head.
(*C'est la vie*: the emotion worse than the emoji.)

~

No Bad Memories

If poetry is the practice
of externalizing mental illness
then *Me*, I'm a practicing imperfectionist
like a dog off its leash
but I'm a human on a leash
flirting and hurting and barebacking Oxycontin
while freebasing Oxytocin off a hundred odd humans.

THEY SAY

This is just one temporary cure for depression
another is to live within the lavender lines
hoovered into the holes in one's face
to create holes in one's brain
to activate an emotional liposuction, a reset button
also pressed by concurrent, consensual but vaguely unsafe sex
with multiple partners who you really love who really love you
when you're really peaking
you say, I say, we all say
I love you all when you're all peaking
while you're also peaking, in Peking
it's then, it's then

it's cocaine, it's sauvignon
it's hiking, it's tourism
it's reading new books
oogling new paintings
sprawling on new carpet screaming
new poems, in a sing-song yo-yo
compartmentalizing all obligations - *CUZ YOLO!*
in a mental mausoleum marked NO, NO, NO!

NO CHILL! NO SOLICITING!
NO ENTRY! NO VISITING!
NO JUSTICE! NO PEACE!
NO BAD MEMORIES!
NO THOUGHTS!
NO THINKINGS!
NO NO NO NO-NOTHINGS!

THEY DO SAY

There's therapy, maybe
anti-depressants, maybe
exercise, ostensibly
ostracization, strait-jackets, incarceration
lobotomies, penectomies, trepanation
and codependency with a human, a doggo, or with humans,
or woo-woos - pick your poison:
arsenic and astrology and 5Ks and babies and local busi-
nesses and gardening and spirituality
and farming and coffee and beer and our careers and our
best clichés, *Our Clichés, Ourselves.*

I SAY

If it feels bad, do it.
Do what you hate.
Hate what you do.
Don't look for external validation,
look for internal invalidation.
Don't ask what it would've been like to be
someone who wasn't half BPD, half Beam.
To have been just hot, not crazy/hot.
To have had just eyes, not crazy eyes.
To have been just charismatic, not sociopathic.
To have spoken in first-person, and not crazy-I.

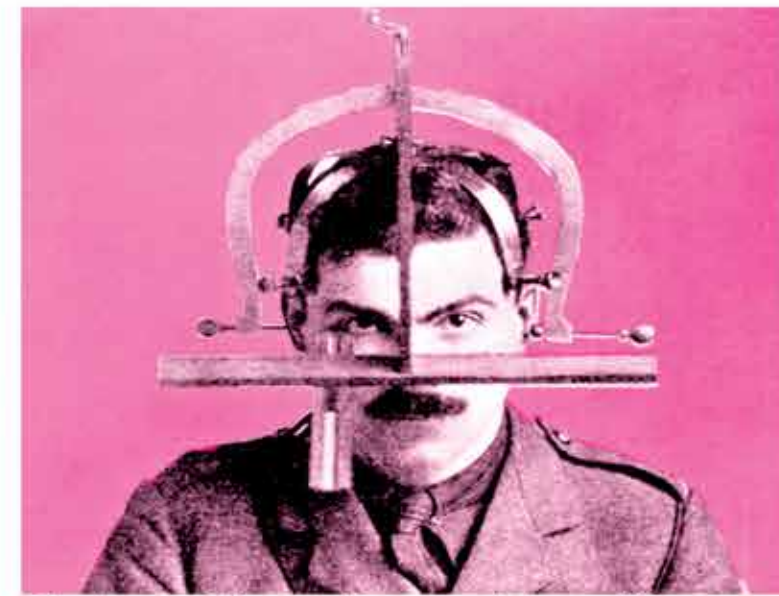
Because the only known
available, permanent
time-tested cure
is death - *c'est la vie*
and you only die once.

And even your death won't matter
because your life didn't matter
because your death won't matter
because your life didn't matter
because your death won't matter

because your depressi ☹️ n

will still live on.

GLOSSARY*



Ephory - The environmental conditions (internal and external) necessary to stimulate the retrieval of a certain memory.



Engram - The bodily recorded responsive potential of a given stimulus.



Engraphy - The process by which a new engram is recorded, or encoded.



Duration - The understanding of the present of lived time as a feedback loop with past time that is in a process of mutation.



Habitus - The wider definition of habit that includes not just cultural and genetic heritage but also the proclivity to repeat inherent in all matter.



Mecanosphere - The interacting totality of all things composed of parts.



Noosphere - The interacting totality of human minds.



Redintegration - The retrieval of a whole system through the perception of just a part of it.

*Assembled by Thomas Kennedy

STEP LIGHTLY

DANICIA MONÉT

On a warm night in April, bodies bounce to music at a fashion magazine party on the grounds of the old Central State Hospital in what used to be the cafeteria, now a remodeled event hall called 1899. Unbothered, party guests chatter by the ominous ruins of the hospital facility, within eyesight. The sheer thought of the stories trapped inside sends a shiver up the spine. Oliver Clay is host to one. His story is buried under an unmarked stone nearby that shields much of Indianapolis' sordid past.

Under religious tutelage from his father, who was pastor at the legendary Bethel AME Church, Oliver was an egalitarian determined to lift his people out of the polysemous existence they – as newly statured African Americans – had found themselves only 40 years after the Emancipation Proclamation. Upon his father's passing, Oliver transformed his home into a public library – The Claysonian Library – commemorating his father's love of literature. In the fall of 1903 his life unexpectedly changed. The events that transpired speak to the web of racism, displacement and their effects on the well-being of a person – where quick moments of ill luck and arcane decision making can lead one to a life interrupted much like that of Eric Garner, Trayvon Martin and Michael Brown.

Eviction looming over the site of the Claysonian Library, Oliver found himself in a stance of resistance, wherein he drew a pistol to defend his home, resulting in his arrest. In October of the same year while on the prison grounds, he witnessed a train collision that killed many



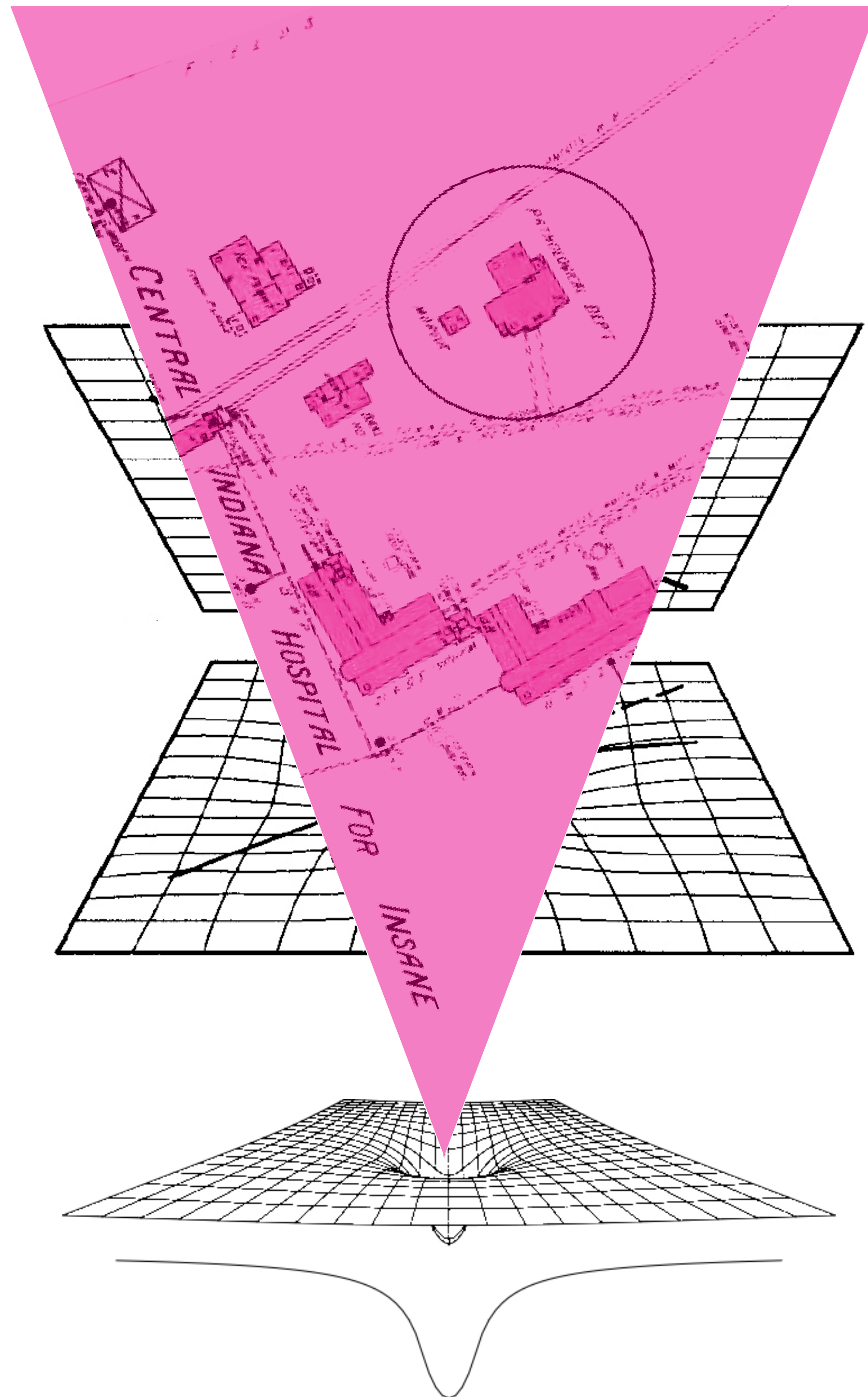
men aboard. Overwhelmed and struck with an emotion so profound and inexplicable the authorities deemed him insane. A brief announcement from the *Indianapolis Recorder* the following day read "Oliver Clay of Claysonian fame was declared insane yesterday. Signs of mental illness were present upon his original arrest and it was believed that the witnessing of the trainwreck exacerbated his condition." James Baldwin once said, "To be a negro in this country and to be relatively conscious is to be in a rage almost all the time." And an enraged negro is how the authorities viewed Oliver. The attitude of the American White toward Blacks was still that of a people with an inferior history, culture, body and mind. Clay was institutionalized at the Central Indiana Hospital for the Insane where he spent the next 20 years under a trite mental diagnosis that would render him lost in history. Lost behind

a label which displaced his dream for a library – a label he took to his grave in 1923. Today, driving to the old hospital grounds nestled in the west side of town, one is blatantly aware of difference without deference for the predominantly Black community. Abruptly, the neighborhood aesthetics transform – like magic – a spell has been cast and a divergent world envelopes you. The houses are covered in plywood like black eyes on a face that's been beaten, and they suddenly shrink. The roads are dented with potholes, distracting from the quietness. There's an apparent lack of *something* that may take the viewer a moment to recognize, until eventually stumbling upon the void of industry that dominated the area during the prime of Oliver's life. Blighted by the redlining history of yesteryear that was our entrée to the current buzzword "gentrification" the neighborhood home to

Central State Hospital is experiencing a new wave of urban renewal, according to *Governing*. Entry signs on the grounds speak to the nearing development "Culturally Mixed-Use Village, Brewery/Tasting Room, Creative Office Lofts." As visitors come to tour, drink, or dance the night away, forgotten are the fortuitous ends of the patients from Central State Hospital.

Oliver Clay bears truth to this amnesia. Victimized by institutional displacement, Clay is a testament to the psychological manipulation of a strained socioeconomic class. Some say Indianapolis is a good test case for a "fairer form of gentrification." However, a gentry that erases the history of a people is not fair. Bethel AME, which was Indianapolis' oldest African American church – the church where Oliver's father was the pastor – has fallen victim to displacement. One of the last standing vestiges of the African American narrative on Indiana Ave has been sold, earmarked to become a hotel. Traces of Oliver's biography, among a panoply of others, is being obliterated, burned and buried. A familiar milieu, lacerated over with incentives that are only adumbrative to attracting the well-off.

Here was a man who lost his home, his liberty, his dream and upon witnessing 17 men lose their lives in a train wreck, Oliver Clay was declared to have lost his mind. If his tombstone could be found, would it read "Here lies Oliver Clay of Claysonian Fame"?

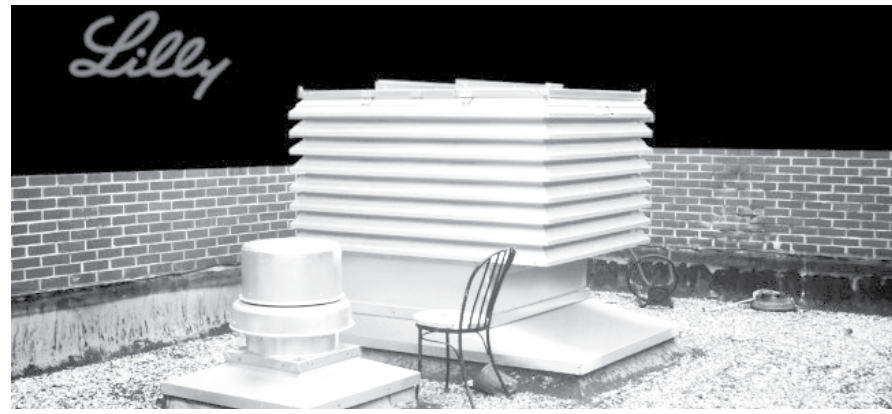


SHE WATCHES ELI LILLY AT MIDNIGHT

JAMES A. REEVES

FROM THE ROOFTOP OF A CHEAP HOTEL stained with weather and time, a woman gazes across the city at the global headquarters of Eli Lilly & Company. She sits in a rusted folding chair that somebody dragged up here long ago, her body jackknifed with her elbows on her knees as she watches the red Lilly logo glowing on the horizon, a florid cursive mark that is probably Mr. Lilly's signature although it looks rather dainty, better suited for a brand of low-fat cookies or department store perfume than a major pharmaceutical manufacturer that profits from tinkering with people's souls. She stares at this chipper red signature for hours, watching it like a television show, waiting for a signal or a sign.

She did not know what she expected to find in Indianapolis, only that she felt compelled to climb up to this rooftop and sit in an uncomfortable chair next to the exhaust of a prehistoric ventilation unit, where she watches Eli Lilly's headquarters sleep through the night while she pieces together the things she wants to tell the people who work inside. Silhouetted against the dark, the compound's staggered slabs of concrete and glass look like the nation's brain stem, quietly discharging the chemicals that modulate its moods. Her journey to this rooftop was patchy. Yesterday she was pacing her kitchen in Dallas and now she is here, the heat and rattle of the interstate still in her bones after a mad fifteen-hour drive without sleep because she suffers from moderate to severe insomnia, generalized anxiety disorder, and panic attacks that crash upon her like cold waves. Doctors have been telling her that she needed medication for years, starting back in 1996 when she drove herself to the emergency room because she believed she was having a heart attack, stroke, and losing her mind all at the same time. The doctors said her neurotransmitters weren't broadcasting the right signals, that her receptors weren't receiving. This is when she began imagining her brain as a mesh of radio waves, a landscape of antennas with faint concentric circles pulsing through the nighttime murk of her thoughts. Perhaps it was inevitable that



she would end up on a rooftop.

Trembling hands. Racing heartbeat. Blurry vision. Paresthesia of the limbs. The doctors recited these symptoms to her in liturgical tones, but they did not talk about the frightening sense of self-consciousness, the crackle of her noisy head, the painful awareness of the sides of her face or the shadow of her nose, the overheated sensation of feeling too alive which, oddly, led her to worry that she had become a ghost—at which point she would hyperventilate and pull at her hair until a nurse administered a blessed intravenous drip of an Eli Lilly product. The hospital released her with clean blood work and a referral to a psychiatrist, which she tossed in the trash. Others might be depressed, but not her. She raised two children while working as an editor for the *Star-Telegram*, ran two marathons, and ate whole grains. She kept her car tidy and wore matching outfits. She was not mentally ill. After her fourth trip to the emergency room, however, she finally called the number on her sixth referral slip and made an appointment. She expected to answer questions about her mother or decipher sexualized ink blots. Instead, the psychiatrist used words like 'depersonalization' and 'hyper-vigilance' and, twelve minutes later, handed her a prescription for twenty milligrams of another Eli Lilly product. "You boiled my soul down to dopamine and serotonin like I'm a goddamned chemistry set," she whispers to Lilly's name on the horizon.

She decides not to bring a weapon tomorrow. So long as she is polite and reasonable, they will speak with her.

BORN IN 1838, Eli Lilly served in the Civil War as a Union colonel. He was captured in Alabama and held as a prisoner of war. After his

release, he settled in Mississippi and attempted to run a plantation until his wife succumbed to malaria. Reeling from her death, he returned to his hometown of Indianapolis and opened a pharmacy, throwing himself into developing gelatin capsules for the effective administration of quinine, the alkaloid that cures malaria. In an age of useless and oftentimes dangerous tonics and elixirs, Lilly's rigorous scientific approach quickly distinguished his medicines and made him very wealthy. Recognizing the potential for the abuse of his products, he pioneered the practice of prescriptions and advocated for the federal regulation of pharmaceuticals. Powerful men encouraged him to run for governor, but he shunned politics in favor of charity, feeding the poor and investing heavily in his city's infrastructure. By all accounts, Lilly was a good man, as was his son Josiah, who rushed medicine to the victims of the catastrophic San Francisco earthquake in 1906 and standardized the production of insulin in 1923. Twenty years later, Lilly's grandson introduced penicillin and in 1953, he developed secobarbital, the red devils and dolls that claimed the lives of Judy Garland, Jimi Hendrix, etc until it was pulled from the market in 2001. Today it is used for euthanizing horses and livestock. In 1972, Lilly's researchers discovered a new chemical that had a therapeutic effect on patients suffering from inner agitation by modulating the levels of serotonin in the brain. When it was brought to market in the 1980s, Prozac revolutionized the treatment of mental illness and became a pop-culture phenomenon. Today Eli Lilly & Company makes billions of dollars selling pills for erections (Cialis), kicking heroin and opiates (Methadone), futzing with the pituitary glands of cows (bovine growth hormone), and, of course, de-

pression (Cymbalta and Prozac).

AFTER NINE WEEKS ON PROZAC, her panic disappeared yet she felt tamped down and muted. Rich purple rings appeared beneath her eyes because sleep was fitful due to vivid nightmares (side-effect #12), her hands trembled constantly (side-effect #7), and she no longer thought of herself as a sexual being (side effect #2). Although Prozac kept her from climbing out of her skin, she feared it was rearranging her soul. Rocking in the folding chair, she wonders if her panic attacks were a perfectly rational response to the modern world. Perhaps the endless crush of headlines and hyperlinks about gunshots, terror alerts, and celebrity temper tantrums had simply left her nerves permanently garbled. Maybe she should take up meditation and go vegan. Yet she also sensed that her internal weather went beyond diet and habit, the way each morning she woke up feeling like a neglected character in somebody else's movie, unable to brush her teeth or fix a glass of water. Was this not an illness as real as malaria, diabetes, or syphilis? So why shouldn't she place her faith in the corporation that had treated these diseases with quinine, diabetes, and penicillin? And there was always the reassurance of numbers: Nearly 12% of Americans eat anti-depressants every day. She'd met with eight different shrinks in five years and each of them had immediately recommended Prozac or one of its descendants without explanation—but what could they say? How do you measure inner agitation? This is why she decided to skip the doctors and go straight to the source. Eli Lilly & Company must have hard drives, file cabinets, ledger books, and instructional films stuffed with information they weren't sharing with everybody. Information that might answer her question once and for all: Was she a human being with a soul or a chemistry experiment?

Tomorrow she will walk into that building and demand some answers.

This story originally appeared in The Manufactured History of Indianapolis, a collection of stories produced as part of We Are City's 2013 visiting artist residency.

MAINTAINABILITY

mental health luxury - Google Search
luxury mental health facilities
luxury mental health retreat
luxury mental health treatment
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You can't set her free. But you can help her feel less anxious.

malaise of being |
being heat
being hungry
being fingered
being vegan

Press Enter to search

Smoothie out emotional peaks and valleys

SEDATION WITHOUT SEDATIVE DAZE

"daytime sedative" for everyday situational stress

in the outpatient... a demonstrated ability to help maintain remission of psychotic symptoms

MELLARIL
(thioridazine)

Symbols in a life of psychic tension

M.A.
(Fine Arts)

PTA
(President-elect)

GYN
repeated examinations normal
(persistent complaints)

Symbols in a life of psychic tension

B.A.
cum laude

V.P.
at thirty-two

ECG
and complete examination normal
(persistent palpitations)

Valium (diazepam)
for psychoneurotic states manifested by psychotension and depressive reactions

35, single and psychoneurotic

ALPRAZOLAM 0.5 MG



THE FUTURE PAST
MAY 7 - JUNE 4 2016

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IN PARTNERSHIP WITH
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