

Papakura Post Office

a spazmodical



From Hellingly





FROM HELLINGLY

Lunatic Asylum

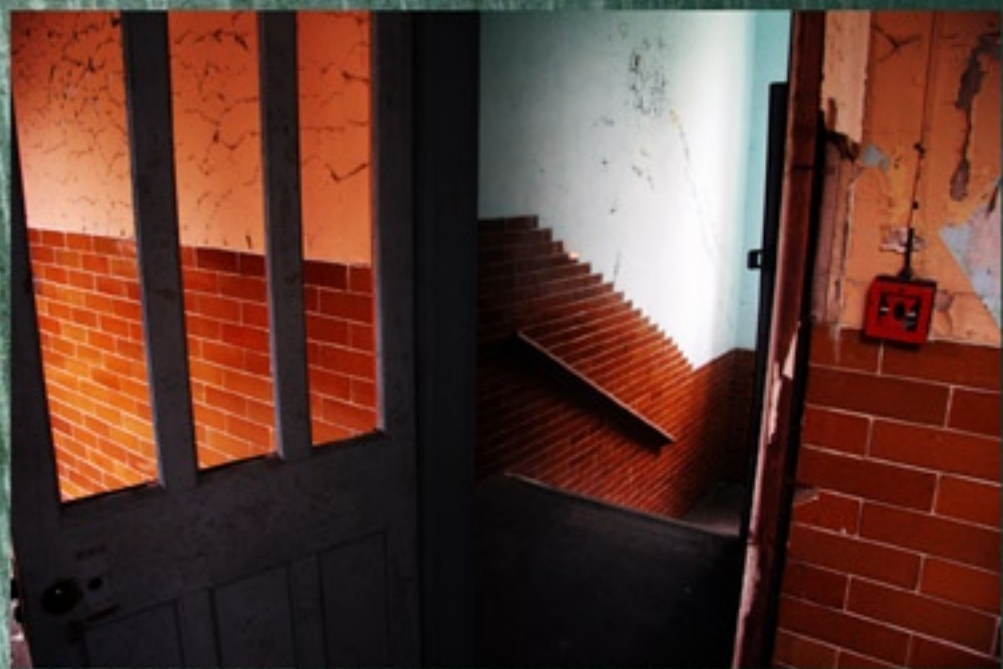
by s-kolletive

Max Reeves, Howard Slater, Lois Olmstead



Doctor: When did you get here?

Saloman: Last night abutting midnacht after crystal nights smashed in through mi skull. It twas midnight, a centeenary ago. Long-ing time. Not long gong time. It finished soon the sun, it didn't sing but inged my cuticles (luck!). They brought me here sold and soldiering-in in a van. Shoulder charges. Gun brains. Used to be on fool ships we did. Whine on purple brick. Avon into ink drip. Cracked plaster place. Straps.





Doctor: You bite your nails? For a century?

Saloman (different voices): "It's my century". "Throw away the key". "You're a crazy to do that, think that, be that. How could you? That was your boss down there leaden and grey. It was a bank before you arsoned it. It was a church before you cum in it. We can keep you here forever now. Try that on for size. Try this on: schizo cunt, deserter fop, be-trayer of sterlings". So they said back then.



Doctor: Back then? We found you here last night?
What's your name? We've no documents forwarded for you. You're not on any transit lists. We need to establish at least this to be able to help you...

Saloman: Name. Bah, fucker. Mi name's worn through all wormy. Not one now. Not a uni-propertied person. Not a police protection racket. Mi abandoned mi name in the ceremonial wood, in first sell of me. Luddite time in the valleys of Wiltshire. I hung as unhinged by Name, Name, Name. They wanted out of me to be transported. Neigh. Me a horse. Me a dog. Me a humanoid pig. No name. No face. No edict in the stye-court. No camera catch. No iddied ego. Me come back from New Harmony, a new persons made of feelings they once made melt. Fuckers jailed me in a job once or twice. But me now outside of flesh robe, outside of toilet training. (Changes voice) "Bring me a fucking potty or else I'll smear your white jumper and white jeans and white fingernails and white brain with that oedipal ectoplasm!"







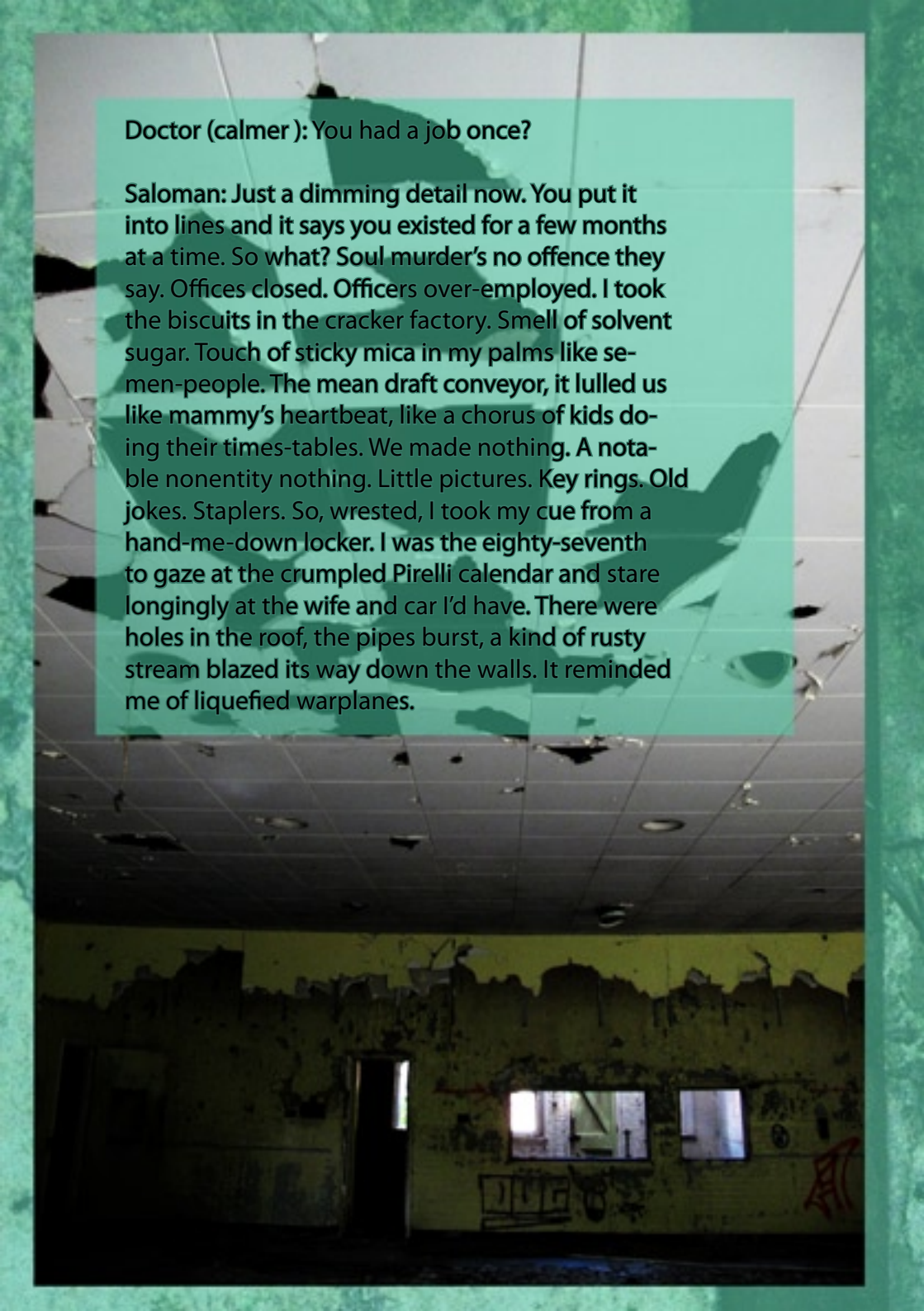






Doctor: There's no need to speak to me like that!

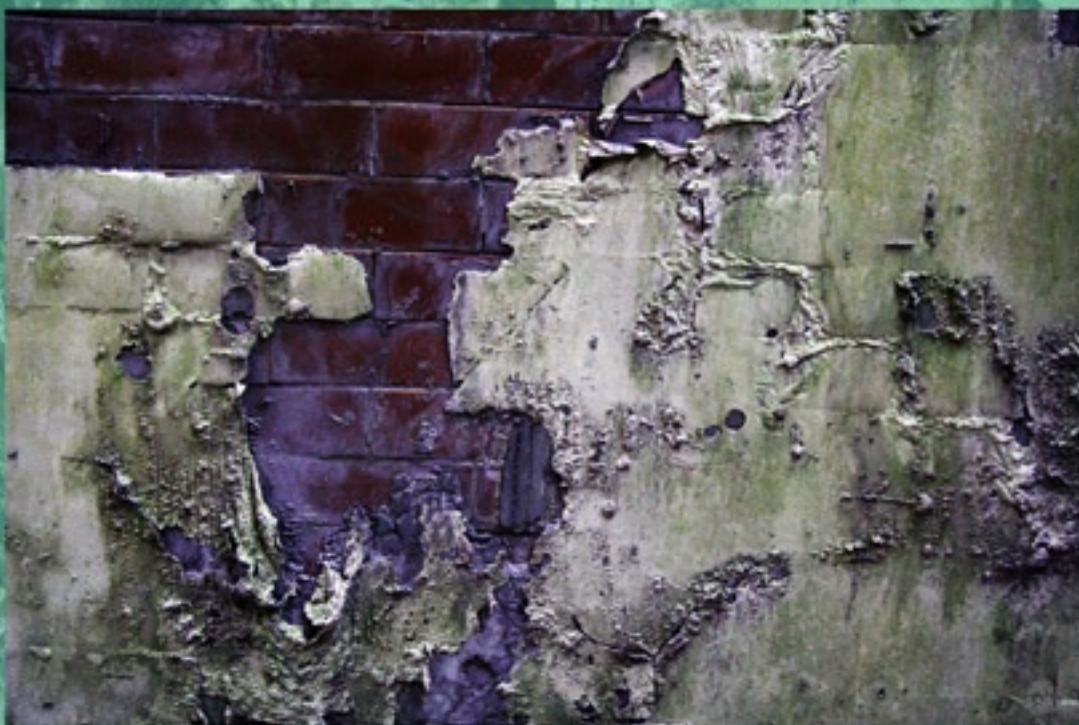
Saloman: Who the fuck are you not to spoken to like that? Some pruddied man-boss. Some schooled mono-skinner? You never hear your baby talk to you? Your inside baby that yells and yells and is helpless on its way through this shell? No, you a big dock with your celery loads! Decorum? Just decoration, prefabulous and sliced. You professionals r'just prostitutes but them lasses like tunnels, they know of the dark darkness when alone they seek the stained basin as a mirror of up above there's cracked tiles and the ceiling's peeling anxiously (pause. Looks out of window?). This place has trees. They'd have liked trees. They just took the sexcess stream that helped keep people boxed in names. Oh, what they do. It's social glue.



Doctor (calmer): You had a job once?

Saloman: Just a dimming detail now. You put it into lines and it says you existed for a few months at a time. So what? Soul murder's no offence they say. Offices closed. Officers over-employed. I took the biscuits in the cracker factory. Smell of solvent sugar. Touch of sticky mica in my palms like semen-people. The mean draft conveyor, it lulled us like mammy's heartbeat, like a chorus of kids doing their times-tables. We made nothing. A notable nonentity nothing. Little pictures. Key rings. Old jokes. Staplers. So, wrested, I took my cue from a hand-me-down locker. I was the eighty-seventh to gaze at the crumpled Pirelli calendar and stare longingly at the wife and car I'd have. There were holes in the roof, the pipes burst, a kind of rusty stream blazed its way down the walls. It reminded me of liquefied warplanes.








Doctor: So you worked in a cracker factory? When was that?

Saloman: I whuked on a slaver and put my head on a salver. I whuked down the pit with a bloke called Pat, in a steel works that became an eel-farm, in a car factory that exploded in confetti, in a university for the half-educated, in a semi-conductor plant before an orchestra of beetles took it over. I assembled toys for entrepreneurs, tampons for transvestites, est-machines for the sane. I trashed offices. I lashed heretic-penitents. I lived in the woods. I meandered on a barge full of consumer rejects. I dug a hole and went back in time. Burrowed and borrowed. Sat on burnt chairs. Begged. Was an extra in a von Stroheim film. Was there when they voted in capitalism (it was in Hollywood you know). I went further than an indebted implosion when all families blow up in a double angst...

Doctor (interrupting): Tell me about your family?

Saloman: It's a unit that can be self-sufficient and it was, when I was born, part of a burgeoning cottage industry that put it out...a kind of entrepreneurial thing, a training centre for bobbin pickers, a mindful-sect, an elision of thwarts. Bah, I was an orphan. Long dead people were my parents. The trees roots be they. One of my dead dads was probably Ceaser. Then one mum had a string of knightly lovers. My brother the squaddie, well, he copped it at Waterloo for the blighty promise. What matter that? They did it all again and again for gain didn't they? (Pause) You're getting nowhere. I've universed. What worlds are hiding in you?





Doctor (increasingly exasperated): You're playing games with me? Trying to prove your intelligence by pitting your powers of obfuscation against your own idea of a professional person, a doctor: the image of your would-be opponent. I'm here to try and help. Can you not just furnish us with some simple facts about yourself? I can see you have a way with words (it's a complex pathology), and I can provide pen and paper but we'll need more to go on if we're to help...

Saloman: Facts! Fochs! Flicks! Facts! Intelligence! You people are all the same. Obedient to lines, scales, lungers, drives! Pre-human the lot! (Bangs on table as if with gavel?). Lot 23: what do I give for this white-wearing specimen, secure in the knowledge, protected by repression, divulgeable by the kinkies, assisted by the state, suicided by birth into weights, measures, equivalences and equine worship! Say, let's start the bidding at £35,000 a year!







ROOF 4

Doctor (half smiles): Ok, ok. I give up. Go ahead. Soliloquise me with your x-ray vision.

Saloman (adopting the tone of the podium, slightly self-mocking): The immeasurable as sub mind plumbs the depths of the becoming ocean if facts and intelligence are staked on flames. What we're through to then, beyond any diagnosis you can scribble in that notebook, is this mass sea wall defence my sublimation into poetry builds and builds again. Yes, I need protection but protection can give maximal pleasure. I need protection from co-ordinates, from the death-desire to make money, from that seeping sadism that takes its chance away from any other's glance and does to you what it's paid to do (or will be paid once done). They did it to me if I tell you the out-of-focus facts as I do now. Not facts now, but branded impressions of sensations, feelings that confused me into a silence that sought too quick a word chain; no problem with that when it's put to use to spread a heal against the paid sadists who take the fall for the man who don't fall for them. All these tiny amassed wrongs: cheating, nipping, grassing, felling, mis-representing. They did it to me and my mass me's I left in New Harmony...



I have made a will out
Jew, and I feel as a brother, you are
entitled to any possessions I have.

Best wishes

Albert. XXX

Doctor (softly and closing his notebook): That was an asylum
wasn't it? Why did you leave?

Saloman: I pumped-up too on the butterflies thought pros-
elytize. No sizes ever fit here. The size the heart can pump
up to lacks space to become its honest. It gets a name that
deflates it, makes it a pig's bladder to kick and stick on a
piece of pass card and flash it at some automated barrier.
Do not pass GO, do not collect £200. The people are missing
here. They've been purposed by the metapsychicals of the
value-form. To go mad, to pretend to go mad, to be their idea
of mad is so easy. It gives space for pump-action heart and
room for grief to grieve itself all out. Going mad don't get no
snickers when you say 'existential', don't get no snubs and
askance looks when you crumple-up and start to cry. Don't
get you labelled when you wield a thought fault in anger.
Listen that's why we babble on with our ontophony. It valves
our burning beds. It helps us dispense the ashes of our former
selves. It wards off those projected desires that don't give a
thought for us scared and little again and cowering and hav-
ing later to write it on an anonymous wall only to be expelled
for it.

THE Yogis Bollock's



HAY HAY
We are
The MONKIE





Doctor (almost excitedly): The unspeakable. Who'd believe it if it can't be uttered, if it's not commonplace, expected?

Saloman: It's war and we should be the aggressors for once. Face them up with that which they've forgotten about themselves. If all, as some say, is precarious, and if this could be a unifier, then why not state the shit in us like a hymnal? Why do we repress full knowledge of how we're wielding and bending like some willow or teetering tower? What keeps unacceptable expression down? What makes it unacceptable, unspeakable?

Doctor (really letting go): It's fear of madness. I see it every day here. Doctors, nurses, visitors. Happy to be 'on the other side'. Happy to be 'above it'. Happy to relate to the thwarted expression as mumbo-jumbo, rather than as some enigmatic cry. It's as if we here, we out there, we in and above here, we all, have forced down some feelings like a force-feeding: 'here, eat your own emotions, choke on them, there's no time to unreel these sticky compounds'. And so it glues together like a plug and creates a broiling Vesuvius. All that lava damned and backed-up, burning through their chests, burning through my chest. This system of madness-making only manufactures the norm and we all uphold it for fear of being left outside, left in the doorway of the vulva, left in a corner of the playground being taunted, left in the job-line. All my life... one obligation after another, obligations called freedom...

Saloman (smiling): You know who I could be now?














Doctor (slowly, as if incanting a dream image):
You're the shadow come to speak to me. A
breath I uttered treated by reverb. An inkling-
crack long since filled-over. A louder echo from
old orgasm impact...a clinamen of difference...

Saloman (more measured): And you for me? A
fake representation of an adolescence-induced
'establishment'. A hall of mirrors that feeds my
madness. A straw man. A person like all persons:
on the verge of cracking up and held together
by a smile on the facial face of a newsreel an-
nouncer. So, now are we without roles? Can we
swap selves with impunity? Become merged per-
sonages? Dissolve this asylum? Smash it up? Plant
it? Pre-empt it? Spread it?

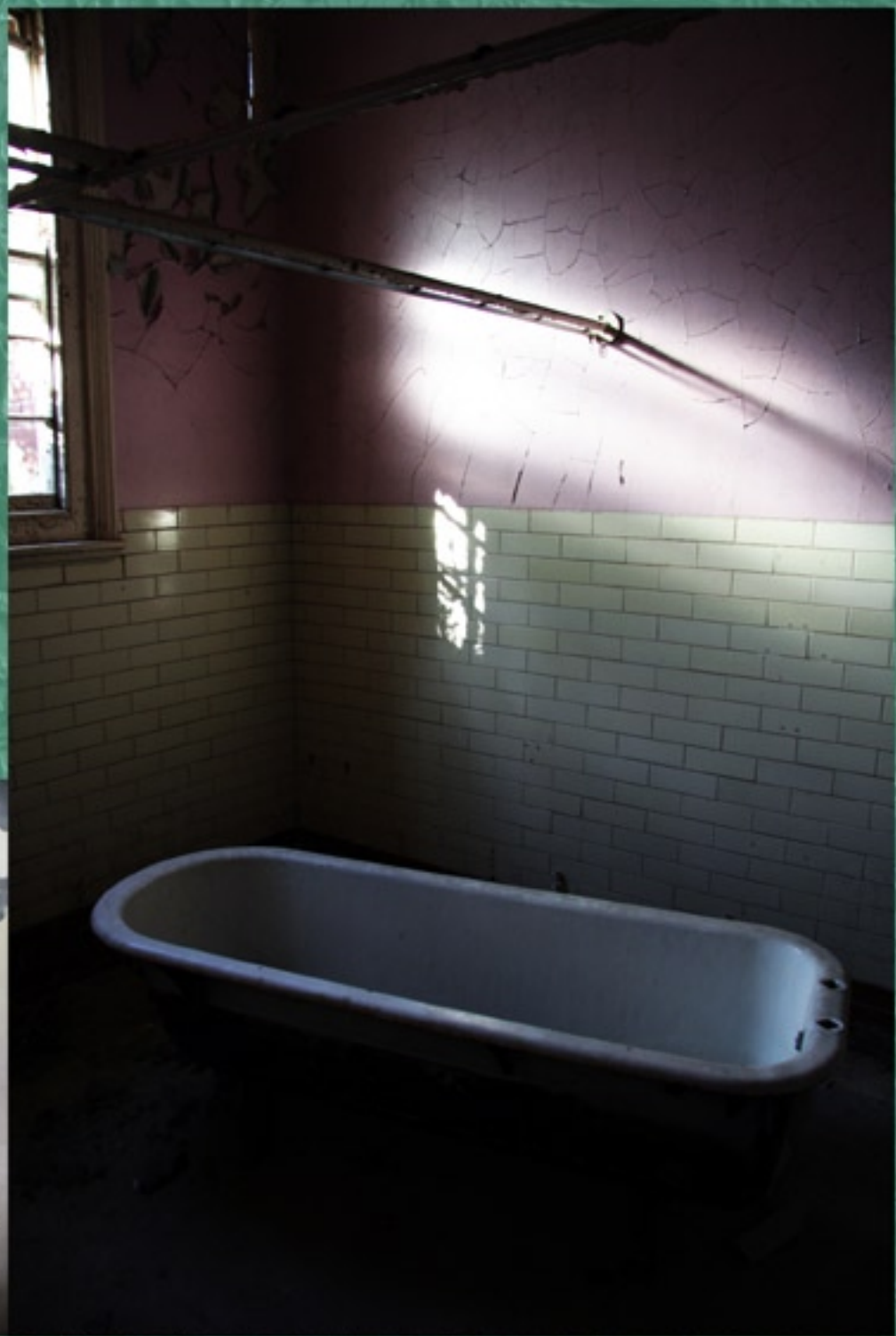




Doctor: Or occupy it. They feed us a small dribble of cash but never come here. They're afraid to get contaminated, to be brought down, to have their bureaucratic self-hatred softened by a random act of decency. We can abandon this place or keep it as it is: a sanctuary for some.

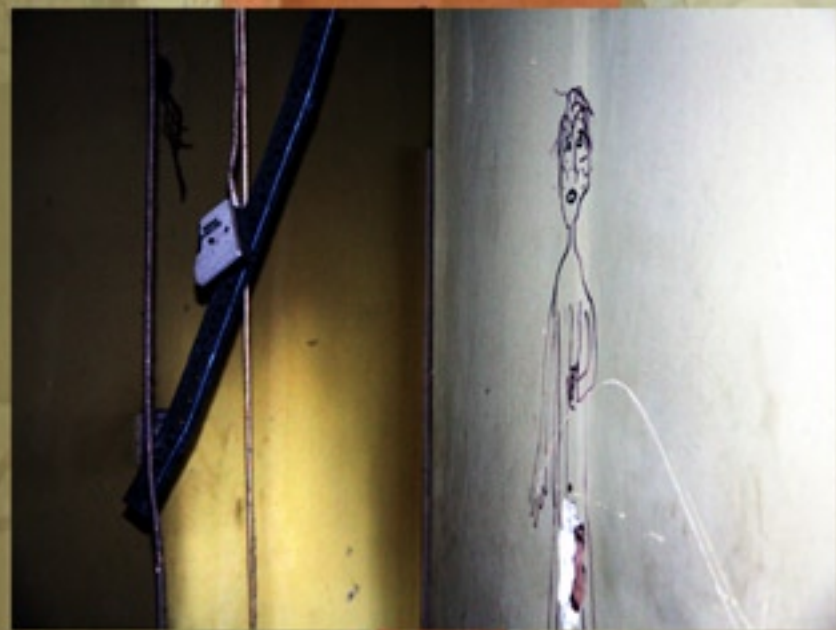
Saloman (taking up the notebook and beginning to write in it): The facts don't count when a new alliance is being birthed. This place is a theatre. The ship of fools has run aground and spills into the pock-marked streets. Six billion perverts run kindly and carefully amok. Some of them are generations old. The man in the moon is made president. Sade/Marat speak in tongues. They fornicate a key to liberate suicide cults from the death-drive that comes upon them out of the money-kudos-righteousness they've hoarded.







P00





Doctor (standing on the table, increasingly grandiose gestures): First a Palace, then a TV station and now... a new era of stratagems to be inaugurated from an already occupied asylum... we have the means... all means emanate from our positioning as caring but callous, professional but parasitical, committed but narcissistic....

Saloman (while scribbling valently in the notebook): Star and Apple, Star and Apple... Learned doctors and their manipulable cadre ... Let's prepare to be this White coat's future opposition... his haties innocence is appalling... all politicos go transcendently essential sooner or later ... listen to his unaccepting dreamed-for exceptionalism... he is IT... he wants to be mad... he wants an investment opportunity to hide himself from his power void... he's waited too long for love... but we still kill the old way... star and apple, marred and grappled, adzed and rippled...



Hay Hay we are the Monkee

Isolated and Beautiful Hellingly Mental Asylum sits atop a hill amidst a rolling green woodland as is typical of the old Victorian county retreats. Vast and authoritative its red brick glows in the sunlight and bloodys with the dusk. An independent community was created both to provide the patients with a tranquil and secluded environment which was considered best for rehabilitation but also to isolate them from normal society. Most of the staff lived on site. Only one road leads to the Asylum, designed to be as self-sufficient as possible, with sprawling acres accommodating gardens, a farm, a chapel, maintenance buildings, a morgue, a villa for mentally defective children, a small isolation hospital for infectious diseases and an onsite railway station with an electric tramway.

Patients from all over the site were allocated various jobs in the hospital such as the farming, laundry work or grounds keeping. From a main hall at the centre a sprawling corridor network connected the multi-facility including laundry rooms, kitchens, a boiler house, a water tower, sewing rooms, a hairdressers a patient's shop and a Ball Room as well as the wards.

The Asylum was closed and emptied with the Government's 'Care in the Community' program and there followed over twenty years of abandonment and decay. A fraud scandal and trial failed to stop Hellingly being sold to private developers. At the time of writing Hellingly Mental Asylum is being demolished.

Photography/making: Max Reeves

Production/Film/Treasure: Lois Olmstead

Words: Howard Slater

PsychoGeosophy: Marlowe Chan-Reeves

Thanks to Damian Abbott, Denesh Shan, Anthony Iles, Mark Harwood, John Wollaston and Andrew...

Papakura Post Office is a Spazmodical
Handmade in London by S-Kollective
www.s-kollective.com

Published by Entropy Press
Spring 2010
ISBN 978-0-908820-01-6

Think Small!



