



Thursday, January 13, 2005

20 Jazz Funk Greats Confidential

In a continuation of the 20 Jazz Funk Greats Confidential, we have decided, after some discussion, to include in this post excerpts from the diary of Dr. XXXXXX, former head supervisor of Ward C at the Brighton Asylum, regarding his interactions with the three members of Miss Pain during their brief visit to that institution. We can't tell you his name because after the experiences described in the following lines he's become really touchy and might kill us all if we tread on his feet.

We shouldn't be publishing this stuff but, hey, let's all be very very Hush Hush and everything will be fine. After all, this is the 20 Jazz Funk Greats confidential issue!

Basically, Miss Pain, an (amazing) band of perverted and glamorous 'synthcore' music from Brighton were arrested after an incident during a gig at an undisclosed location. The police, unable to cope with the sarcasm of the band, and seeing one of its members, Dom, wearing a straightjacket, decided to send them for an assessment at Brighton Asylum, where they ended up in the ward supervised by Doctor XXXXXXXX. This would be the beginning of a nightmare that still torments him.

[You people should go to [Miss Pain's](#) website and say hi! They have one single out in [Tbilissi Recordings](#) and its mighty good, go. Buy.]

The Diary

Friday the 8th

I Decided to interview the subjects separately in accordance with the standard procedures, but soon it became obvious that this was a mistake.

My conversations with Sarah and Verity were quite ordinary in what refers to the form, actually I would say that they came across as two lovely and well-educated young ladies. However I did not quite comprehend the description they gave of the events that had led to their arrest last night.

Apparently they had been bombarding the audience of their concert with a bizarre mixture of industrial noises and something called 'glam', projecting unsettling images on the walls of the venue and displaying photographs of garish sports cars in some sort of twisted exhibition loaded with sexual innuendo. They played one of the songs included in their performance in the leisure area turntable in order to portray more accurately the situation that had resulted in the violent incident prior to their arrest. After listening to it I have concluded that there is some sort of disassociative process taking place in these poor youngsters' minds, probably a symptom of mild psychopathy.

[Miss Pain- E.B.F.H.](#)

I know that current policy recommends the release of such individuals back into the community with prescriptions for the appropriate drugs, but after my session with Dom I decided that it would be advisable to keep the three of them together. During that interview, and after a civil beginning, he started to become progressively agitated, shaking and eventually exploding in an uncontrollable episode of

berserk fury, jumping and shouting, demanding his 'medication'.

We (an ex professional wrestler guard was also present) had to abandon the cell, unable to restrain Dom. He did not calm down until we brought Verity and Sarah. They explained that he had a 'condition' that could only be treated with a steady supply of 'medication', of which they had a large 'stash'. After giving the matter serious thought, and defying all regulations, I let them administer him that mysterious remedy, some crumbling white pills which in spite of their dubious appearance calmed him down rather rapidly. The only justification for my decision is that had I not acted fast, Dom would have completely demolished the room and I could not afford to lose any of the guards trying to stop him. Budget constraints are so tight these days that we are already working with an unsustainably low number of staff.

In any case, and awaiting the arrival of reinforcements, I thought that it would be sensible to keep Sarah and Verity, those who seemed more knowledgeable about Dom's 'condition', close to him in case their intervention was necessary again.

O God, it's been a hard day, I hope tomorrow things will be calmer and I can get back to writing my paper!

Saturday the 9th

I'm not sure about whether this institution is suited to handle Dom, Verity and Sarah. I have spent the whole day trying to cope with the disruptive effects of their interventions in the Asylum's life. No work on the paper, of course. I don't dare adopting any sort of punitive action against them, I must admit that the strange shine that appears in Dom's eyes whenever I raise my voice has intimidated me. Unbelievable! I'm a prisoner of my own patients! In any case, this is a summary of some of those events:

-Dom has been singing that he is a Human Fly in the communal area for two hours this morning. When Ziggy, one of the guards, has told him to stop, Dom has assaulted him verbally and made him cry. Afterwards he has spent some time banging his head against the walls, eventually it has been necessary to give him some medication.

-Sarah has convinced one of the guards, apparently using some kind of arcane seduction technique, to go into town and bring her a couple of bottles of campari wine which she has shared with other inmates.

-They have disrupted the aerobic lessons demanding the replacement of the usual dance music tapes with some 'bloody Roxy Music'. Cynthia, the lady in charge of these sessions, has gone home with an anxiety attack after such replacement, very upset by the enthusiasm with which the inmates have received the new music and their new aerobic guide, of course, Sarah. She has said that she 'cannot believe the ungratitude of our patients', and that she is not coming back again.

-Sarah has started 'customising' the uniforms of the patients, shredding, cutting and sewing with some improvised fashion implements (I suspect that she seduced another guard to get hold of them). I must say that the halls look much colourful and animated now, but still I cannot agree with this new 'dressing code' policy which challenges directly my authority. God damn it, I should have thought about it first, patients appreciate looking different from one another, we humans are such a vain species!

-Verity has disassembled a television, connected it to the coffee machine in the lounge and thus built some sort of primitive organ which emits strange and atonal sounds so loud they challenge the peaceful new age music we usually play in the loudspeakers. She has started 'minimal piano lessons' with great success. Of course we staff have seen our supply of coffee greatly diminished, morale is reaching new lows.

-Dom has attacked the other television in the hall (the one left after Verity's applied engineering course), as he wanted to grab a guitar 'from the screen'. He has broken it before we could 'medicate' him. Now there is no TV, but surprisingly there hasn't been a riot amongst the patients, they seem to be happy getting drunk, modifying and comparing their outfits, learning piano and practising aerobic. This I cannot believe!

I was so sleepy as a consequence coffee deprivation that I was late to my meeting with the directoress in the early evening. Of course I cannot tell her about this situation, she barely respects me as it is, what would she think if she found out that there has been a coup d'etat in the ward? I am not religious, still I pray to god tonight for a solution to this fucking mess.

Sunday, it has happened

It was sunny, yeah, sun, this morning, the birdies were singing chirp chirp chirp, it seemed everything was going to be ok, but no, that was an illusion, I was such a fool, no, how could everything be ok with Miss Pain taking care of everything? Everything was not ok, no no no. First they demanded to be driven to the Sunday market close to Brighton Station, they wanted an 'excursion' the bloody buggers said, right. They threatened me with Dom so I let them go. I surrendered. They went. I hate myself. I can't be weak. Mum always said I was a wimp.

They came back with lots of strange artifacts, decoration as well as some ominous looking instruments, was that a piano? what do I know? They covered the walls with posters and papers and rubbish announcing a gig, a [tribute to cramps](#). A tribute to cramps? what sense does that make? Does anything make sense any more? It doesn't matter, they rule, they don't even ask, I look from my desk, grappling my plastic stress ball. Press. Release. Press. Release. Press. Press. PRESS.

I won't get into the preparations for the gig, the projector stolen from the meeting room and the slides prepared by the patients. A world of insanity poured in little plastic recipients, shards of derangement spilled over the floor wetting my tiny wee feet. Hi toe! Hi toe! Say hi toe or I'll rip your head off!! Ah, that's better. Politeness is important, without it we would kill each other.

Art, that trendy guard with long hair brought me at lunch a copy of a musical weekly magazine, New Musical Express, and read me what they had to say about Miss Pain's music, ah, I transcribe: *'So do the mentally ill benefit from musical therapy? Well Miss Pain certainly seem to be having a fair old laugh bashing on old Add N to (X) keyboards with their knuckles while trying to eat the latest Ladytron album and wetting themselves. Eh eh EHHHHH!'* Hum hum, staff haven't said anything about the Pain wetting their bed, blankets were clean this morning. Question is, have they slept? where have they been? I can imagine them jumping silently around my bed, mimicking and laughing at me, a pathetic man trying to find some refuge in his dreams. They are watching, maybe they are watching now, who knows what lurks in the darkness of my room, only lit by a trembling candle? Is this paranoia? Is being afraid of being a paranoid a form of paranoia?

And maybe, God help me, their visit has helped our patients in some twisted way. BUT THEY HAVE NOT BENEFITED ME. I can't even look at myself in the mirror, I'm terrorised of Dom and of them, I'm afraid of their noise, I can't stop shaking and twitching, I'm terrorised of those funny lights shining in front of my eyes as I write this. No. Get a grip. Worst is yet to come. The gig. No.

The 'gig', can't find a better word for it, started at 8 this evening and finished at 8.45, the devil came out of hell and watched from a corner of the room. Miss Pain shook their hips like deranged nymphomaniac automatons and the patients danced. Drawings of puppies and death and sex and blood were projected on the walls. Their machines burped and columns of fire appeared in front of my eyes, the devil grabbed one of them and performed a strip tease. Dom scratched his guitar and shards of noise made the few window glasses left in the building fracture. I felt my soul melt like the faces of those nazis in the Indiana Jones movie.

This is what I always feared, one flew over the black raven's nest. The guards went out in the yard and started a bonfire, they had surrendered, they were drunk too. The patients trashed the hall and cut out the electricity, they lighted everything with lanterns and candles, the full moon shone upon us, the directoress came to see what was happening and they locked her in a cell. They took over the audio system and played their music. They danced in the darkness. Verity said 'Ha Ha, this is like the Joint but with better dressed people'. Sarah opened another bottle of campari and poured me a glass. Dom blinked his eye.

I fainted.

[Miss Pain website here.](#)