

Case Notes	
Patient Name:	Emma Bailey
Patient Number:	97564
<p>Patient Notes:</p> <p>When EMMA Bailey first seeks medical help, / her third bout of de[press]ion / has brought her to the farthest edge of des-pair, suicide, some GPS-un char ted Hades.</p> <p>Her PHQ-9 score is 22 / and her GAD-7 19: / severe de[press]ion and anxiety. / With a long history of dissatisfaction, / over-spending, miscarriages and having cheated / on her husband [N.B. lovers RODDY and LEE], / Emma's marriage has been pushed to the brink.</p> <p>While there are symptoms consistent with hypomania, / there are no evident signs / of any psychotic episodes, / as most likely with bipolar. / It seems more probable / that these are linked / to aspects of anxiety disorder, / with a retreat into books and sex / caused by lethargy / and the de[press]ive's need / to find some meaning/purpose/enjoyment in life, / or the illusion of escape. / Boredom?</p> <p>Her husband, CARL, her childhood sweetheart, / runs a small GP practice. / It is unclear from Emma / exactly how much he knows, / but he is at his wits' end with worry. / Their daughter BETH, six, / is too young to understand / what is happening to her mother / but Emma believes she is aware / that something is wrong.</p> <p>Emma is reticent about her own upbringing, / but seems to have little contact now with her father. / Her mother died when she was young / and she has no living siblings.</p>	

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Patient Name:	Emma Bailey
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Patient Notes: <p>A large proportion of Emma's time / is spent watching films, / reading, particularly poetry, / and sometimes writing. / Though she has some on-line interaction with friends, / her life appears to have become / in creasing ly dis connected from reality.</p> <p>Having tried pills, counselling and continuing efforts / at cognitive self-control, / without success, / Emma is willing/desperate/needs to grasp at / whatever kindling of hope she can find.</p> <p>She has signed up for a series / of rTMS. / Sequences of brief magnetic pulses / will be used to target / that part of the brain / which regulates these emotions. / Treatment is for a minimum / of four weeks / and requires her to stay in London, / the longest time she has ever been away / from her country home in Yondon, Cornwall. / She has been advised / to keep a mood diary.</p>	



For The Magnetic Diaries project / parts of Emma Bailey's mood journal, / medical notes, emails and details / of earlier recorded symptoms / are reconstructed here.

This story is not her or her family's alone / and is shared with permission, / on condition / that real identities remain anonymous / and her words be presented / in a manner suitable / to her true state of mind at the time. / As researchers, / we were happy to accord | with this request.

poe-try auto-biography philoso-phy diary
 science psychoanalysis film **vispo**
 thoughts depress-ion **e-motions**
 de-pression com-mentary **journalism**
 medi-cine his-tory etymo-logy
 linguis-tics words subject-ivity **objects**
 people dist-ant per-sonal
 medi-cine e-motions poetry his-tory autobiography
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Discussing ‘My Life’

At a wrong angle, the laptop’s internetted faces distort to zombie eyes framed by smudges of hair. A magazine title juts from the bed: *Once Upon a Time, Again*. The painted eyes above our pine headboard watch without blinking from a canvas of baby boy blue, and fluorescent ring pulls. I cannot see yet where all this may be going, of course. A spider’s web is spread between wing mirror and car body. Rain suspended. The absence of a clear path left me redundant. A hole marks its centre. Or could I use ‘off the middle’? Carl is downstairs, with our child, playing. A strange man messages we should surely be friends now. Today, I notice the girl who is wearing a cross. All the talkers have changed places. Every- thing which exists is perfect already. Or so I’m told. My fingers meet the page in shadow. I am thirty-five, not thirty-six. Distance ages. There was a swimming pool there before my memory. Whose was the hand that built it? He is done waiting. This text gives us a stained-glass window. His coffee-browned mug is empty. The ghost of myself is still twenty-six. There are figs balanced like purple-green bombs in a box downstairs. I remind myself to change our sheets in the morning.

...the nights of purple
after Lyn Hejinian

Friday, 31st May



We shout –
about bills, chores,
who last took the bins out...
Doors quake frames, thuds crescendo....then
we kiss.

We kiss
cockroaches, ants,
nettles, stones, broken glass,
splintered wood, scratched paint, rusting nails,
red lips.

Red lips
part; fear pours out,
our hollow mouths suck in.
We swallow whole each brush of skin,
at first.

At first,
lampshades shake, walls
vibrate, the curtains flap.
Windows unhinge, doors open, strike
pinball.

Pinball
thumbs now readied,
we nudge. And nudge again,
half-knowing already what comes
later.

Later
knives clatter, forks
fall, plates clunk, while he throws
gestures at my face, lets them bounce,
return.

We shout.

Friday, 7th June

CAUGHT

The Test

Two adults bored in a bar.
One sinks a quick pint.
The other sips a G & T.
Double this. Glass circles
clink. Their skin meets.
The words exchanged
equal less than a fraction
of the body parts combined.
Does love of poetry +
an exponential lust for sex
equate to:

- a) an unhealthy obsession > 1 ;
- b) a tangent to ∞ ;
- c) madness²;
- d) sum of the co(sine)sensual whys and whats of living;*
- e) too much time on their hands;
- f) x(-rated)=42?

* *A rem(a)inder of what it is to feel alive*

OUT OUT OUT

Monday, 10th June

WHEN

packing up a trousseau

fluorescent light tubes hum –
 the kitchen a bee hive,
other rooms unhoneeyed

 the bedroom walls pound
with their paleness,

while spilt yolks sizzle,
 egg whites congeal
in place of my scoured eyes

EMPTINESS

 this love is a frying
of my insides, the curling edges

 of another's bridal petticoat
whose lace shape won't be hacked
to make a perfect daughter,

 wife or mother

CAUGHT ME

Wednesday, 26th June

THEN EMPTINESS FALLS

Denatured

for Beth, when she grows old enough

Oh rose, though art, so lifeless, trimmed
to thin-stemmed smoothness in this vase.

Small sharp edges clipped, our budding
faces shaped to one sameness. Arranged.

No sand-flung, hard-leafed H.D. essence,
a cliquable beauty of shaved compliance.

This artificial musk of branded flowers
to mask age, and its own blandness.

The blades pressed to our slender throats
have our sisters' weight placed at the handle.

Their silver glint will be photoshopped
after they've bled the sap from our cuts.

Monday, 12th August

Secrets

Lies shriek loudest at night,
when Carl sighs beside me.

3am. Something battles
 against the water pipes.

The chimney coughs.
Our fridge's purr turns

to fierce roar. Claws scrape
on near bricks, the bushes snarl.

Then a car door slams –
in a stifled metal kiss.

The walls' muffled thuds,
 shuffling floorboard creakings

and the wind in the rafters
 all hiss 'We know!'

Monday, 19th August

Insomniacal

I've forgotten my sleep, left it
unblistered: an oval of pale orange
in its bed facaded with silver.

Black writing imprints my eyelids
– *irtazap Tablets actavi* – restless
as the self-slapping winged things

beating above; the leather snakes
slithering unbuckled from corners;
that mosquito buzz in my blood.

Here, in the moon's mortar,
thoughts ground to fine powder.
The night snorts them up.

From the dark's hackles,
flea bites of tiredness attack.
Rats rush to drown in its howl.

THEN EMPTINESS CALLS WHEN

Monday, 2nd September

Urban Myths

*Boiled eggs explode in microwaves.
This is myth because
you cannot 'boil' an egg in the microwave, my Pedant says,
his voice sticky yolk.*

*Actually, I can't boil an egg at all, whines Self-Pity, turning every thought to a slippery white that will not set, even when fried. Th-th-th-this poem is not meant to be a r-r-r-running commentary on eggs! My Self-Esteem stumbles on its own stutter-gun. It's supposed to reflect upon the confessional mirror of modern composition, how it pretends to a new creation of myth. [The former of these precise theses will remain unidentified.] **This task shall fail, must always fail – Pessimism interrupts.** Listen here, Verbal-Construct butts in in an effort to instruct. Or impress his Therapist. *Only one letter might turn what consists of pedant n. a person of excessive rules, into a pendant, say a diamond or ruby balanced at the nape of your neck. Like a large drop of blood, persists the Pessimist aka Sometime-Death-Wish. Or a dead star lying each night about light and life. Or no jewel at all, a posh word for hanging; with the 'n' of a noose just before it's pulled tight... Call yourself a philosopher?* this piss-artist persists. The Romantic, the Realist and the Modernist examine a non-existent vista in silence. **Everyone knows I die therefore I am, while the tales of eggs exploding are simply an analogy for the human skull under pressure and the cracked fragility of Superiority that doesn't realise its own stupidity.** But reality is the greatest myth! insists the Ego/Critic/Determined-To-Have-The-Last-*

Friday, 6th September

Preparations 1: Better than the Past

i) gearing up

nerves wind their own power,
wiling from electron to electron

through densely packed woulds,
snapped ifs cracking underfoot

luck is not being an eel, electro-convulsed,
slapped neurons pulsed towards a night

more nightly than the moor's dark-drowning
when the old lunar falls

ii) my brain as a night sky already

stars older than coal gold-mine thin air,
iron pyrites glinting less than fool's ore

stars once brighter than a new-minted coin
or sunlight surfing from puddles, leaving black oil

stars that crackle, fizz-bomb, bump-spark;
the space between a hessianed apart

free-gliding stars which owned the wide sky
arcing now beyond my sense of known time

blown light-bulb stars; fuses tripped;
blue-stubbing of toes on something big

stars that I knew, that guided me home;
falling to fuzzle me stranded alone

EMPTINESS THEN

