17.11.16 18.15, London

~~PREFACE~~

VERY SHORT PREFACE

Questions for Kevin

~~Dear Kevin Spacey~~

~~As you grow more professional do you feel increasingly divorced from your professional body?~~
Kevin, are you a human vessel, for other people's things?

Best wishes,

Cally

Part 3. A Sooth. A Truth
At Delphi, the Oracle's truth arrived in strange ways; a frenzied woman, would say
two or more impossibly incompatible things, something I have great admiration for.

Part 4. Battling air con
Finding empathy

Part 5. ROAD TRIP!

PREFACE III

Dear (TBC)

This is not a sustainable city; it doesn't care about the future much. It can't build bones. When the apocolypses comes, the first thing to crumble, into shitty little bits, is language. In London, which is where I live, when you peacefully protest, or sometimes simply exist, you may be Kettled. This is a confinement. It robs your time, and stalls your movement for up to nine hours, but after a six week break on a Med island, I found myself feeling somewhat loose! Returning home; the city punched me in the head and lumbar for five days, till I hopped back onto its hostile clock, for fear of my life! Then, everything I measured. Elsewhere, across the Atlantic, language plasticates, like a disaster movie.

I'm trying to arrange an archaeological dig - into the marrow of my home. It's got low density, bone-madness, gappy. Glass apartments go up, the pound goes down, we run short on London bricks! (rarer than a fucking luck dragon.) The structure of language affects its speaker's condition, or world view. Viscera Versa too. THIS I KNOW. As usual, it's too easy to tell you, it's not easy to know where to start, but borders will close.

What would it mean to organize with you, or you, or you, for, say, three thousand years? Let's think wide! This is a masterpiece! of underused forms, overused technologies, false tears and surplus - flowing in, draining out, but I am not here. I'm in London (writing my novel), sweating (a lot), financialising my future, wrapping my reproduction up with futurity while I suppose i'm saying… I suppose i'm saying I suppose i'm saying. I'm hoping for the best.

Yours,

Cally

Part 6. Island life metabolism

Part 7. Magic

Chapter XXXXX (in great spasms of confinement)

sweat

s

h

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m

e

4.

Oh!

"This," says J, "is a process of stretching your boundaries of endurance. Come *on* Aldo!" He punches the air. "You can do this!"
Aldo pulls a teaspoon through his Cappucino, lifting the foam flecked with brown sugar. He takes a mouthful.
"Life is aggression in the animal kingdom." J bangs the Evening Standard on the table. "Aggression is *life*. Your work is a project, not a given! For that you will need your FIGHTING SPIRIT."
Aldo stretches his arms above his head, tipping the chair, indicating to a waitress, they are ready for the cheque.
"Aldo!" Yells J.
"Look." Aldo is agitated. "I don't know if I have the energy. Things at the magazine are insane. My editor is ripping me in twenty directions and now, he's making me go to family days on a Sunday. C can't come. She's not in good shape, and i'm like… Tired." He sits on his hands, which are starting to leak sweat and notices that, today, J is urgent, unkempt. Aldo cannot work out why.
"But what do you *say* Aldo?"
"Nothing." Aldo folds his arms. "I'm feeling quiet."
"Only where there is reason to suspect that conditions could be changed, but are not changed, does rage arise. And your lack of rage is pissing me off."
"I'm going." Aldo stands, throwing loose change at the table for his coffee. "I can't keep getting these late-night SMS summons, and I can't keep meeting you in shit cafes. I really have a lot on my mind."
J looks up, red eyed. "I have terrible rage, Aldo." He pleads and swallows through his thin white neck. "I ache."

Chapter XXXXX Cecilia loses her long-term mind.

Cecilia was not losing her mind. She was losing her long term memory.
"That isn't entirely different." Said Aldo's editor, when Aldo raised the issue at work. Aldo had responded that it was very different, but he could not say why. "Well she's your wife." Shrugged his editor. "You know better than anyone what's what."
The problem, as Aldo saw it, was twofold. Cecilia's short term recall was performing outstandingly. Insignificant contemporary events impacted the sides of her brain like stucco. Sharp and awkward, each minor hostility be that on line, on train, on foot, would stay with her for weeks, whereas historical memories and meaningful relationships, particularly the most joyful, were, mostly, missing. One humid day in June, Cecilia cried and cried, tears of hot grief. She could not, she said, remember who she loved enough to greave for so very much, especially when no one who mattered to her was lost. Aldo did not understand.
"C." He says, touching her soft hair. "It will pass…"
Now she's jumping up from her chair; slamming doors, unmaking the bed on purpose.
Aldo stays at the kitchen table, head in his hands, with the plates of cooling spaghetti.

Chapter XXXXX

It's June, and Aldo receives email.

Aldo - we need you to interview the actor Kevin Spacey. It's urgent.

Aldo is delighted. He's a huge fan.

ELSEWHERE

It was 5.30pm, with the sun going down, when Cecilia was hit in the lip by her Bic multi-option pen. With a book in one hand, and the end of the pen in her mouth, her tongue pushed down the blue option, fiddled about, found then raised green. Green pops up fast, lip trapped by green, lip cut and swollen - *Transference Burn*, writes Janet Malcolm, via Joanna Walsh. Cecilia closes her book. So interested is she in this new psychic term, Cecilia forgets her lip pain, and turns her tanned back to the ground and her face to the blue sky, wondering what in her life burns, and what might be transferred. On the other side of a nearby rock, she hears Aldo shouting at his Editor through a Samsung phone's speaker.

"So,"crackles the phone, "you have a big plan!"

"Sure!" Aldo replies loudly, facing the Aegean in high wind."I'm going to storm on to that page… and just break this shit down and…" His voice is carried away by the weather.

The beach was created by catastrophe. From the mountain summit, boulders, soil and trees cascaded furiously through the valley, wiping out houses and restaurants, smashing into the sea, too fast for nature to muster a tidal redistribution. The result was a flattened pile-up, on the usually beach-free shoreline, perfect for sunbathing and Volleyball. This worried Cecilia. In addition to unexpected beaches, falling from the mountains, she counted other dangers that awaited her: tanned, bare legs on motorbikes, food poisoning from tap water, whole hills of cacti, where even the smallest lapse in concentration could cause her to slip, and become impaled. No amount of assurance from anyone would convince her of this unliklihood and, soon enough, she proved everyone wrong. For twelve hours she picked the tiny silvers of needle from her hands and her face. It was such a bad day and no one understood how she'd ended up down there, in the bushes.

[Start of recorded material 00:00:00]

Cally: Feed AND Breed? No way!?!

Dr. V: In the body, there are different nervous systems; Sympathetic and Parasympathetic. Sympathetic would be activated in a situation of extreme stress. In doing so, this reduces all things that are, at that moment, irrelevant to fighting, or fleeing. For instance, you're not going to be digesting if you have to first run away from a wolf, or fight a crocodile. The Parasympathetic system is slower. It makes you sleepy. It starts the processes of building and repairing the body. It's those reparative process which you do when you're relaxed, and there isn't any need to do anything else. The Parasympathetic is the chilled one. Both together are like brake and accelerator of the autonomic nervous system, which regulates bodily functions. Autonomic is all the involuntary stuff that happens in your body, like sweating. Sweating just happens. While sympathetic and parasympathetic are combined to maintain an equilibrium, a homeostasis, bits of the system can be damaged. You can, for instance, have a hyper-activation of certain areas; certain glands, disorders at various different levels. Let's say a thyroid function. If it starts going wrong, say, fast, and it's putting you in a hyper-metabolic state, then you're consuming loads, you're faster, it's a state of hyper-activation. In order to feed and breed, the sympathetic nervous system must be working. The ultimate stressor is a predator, and your body still reacts in a way that is built to face a crocodile but today that might be getting a mean email, and if you get a lot of emails, that crocodile becomes a constant. If something societal or social is demanded of you, your body still functions in very animal ways: It feels the presence of a predator. If the Sympathetic system is activated our body understands that one of the things that, of course, can be spared whilst we direct energy towards tackling that predator is the energy of reproducing. It's a very demanding process reproduction, plus it's not immediately productive and useful to survival. Reproduction is expensive for your body to maintain. So your system will say: okay, let's put this function on hold; I have to fight a crocodile. Is my uterus a welcoming place for a child? Not now! Shall I build bone? Not now - build the bone later. Acceleration is a short term state but if a state in which you need to accelerate becomes chronic, your Parasympathetic system may not get a look in.

PART 2
Kettling
Conversion Disorder
Invisible wolves at the door

[End of recorded material 01:22:05]

PREFACE
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XX
XXXX
tbc.

[Start of recorded material 00:00:00]

Cally: So... That would be what dying of shock is?

Dr. Feldstone: Well, they die because their blood pressure drops too low, and there's no one to resuscitate them. It's rare, but it does happen. The best thing for us obviously is either don't subject yourself to all these stressors, or learn how to cope with them. In a primitive society, as our ancestors probably lived in way back, there were limited ways of coping and everyone learned them. Everyone did the best they could. We've got all kinds of ways of coping. Most of us were not taught these things, usually. We have to observe them in our parents, siblings, and friends. A lot of people fail. They don't learn these things, but they're pretty obvious. They're common sense. One way to avoid all these stressors is to anticipate them. Don't want to deal with the wolf at the door? Move to a place where they don't have wolves, or set up a warning signal that automatically locks the door for you. Another type of standard coping mechanism – and it works but only temporarily, because eventually the predator might get you – is denial. As you're subjected to a lot of stressors, if you don't cope with them effectively, then your body is getting turned on as you're getting ready for fight, flight, or freeze, or it's being turned off. It keeps going up and down. It's the oscillation going up and down that hurts you the most. Your immune system is complicated. There are a lot of things people don't know about it to this day. It involves production of cells. It involves all kinds of biochemistry where the cells recognize invaders and synthesize things that can help them destroy them – all kinds of stuff. It takes time. Your immune system is sort of like your brain: It has to learn how to do these things. You spend the early part of your life – where your body is learning how to protect itself. Things are pretty stable and fine. Then suddenly you have this fluctuation up and down, so it's like you never learned anything – or your immune system didn't. At least that's the theory.

PART 6
More marauding wolves. Hysteria.

[End of recorded material 02:35:48]

LATER….

“I suppose I’m saying. I suppose i’m saying...
I suppose i’m saying...
I suppose i’m saying...
I suppose i’m saying... “
“Please! Would you STOP!”
Aldo drops his arm.
“Here.” Dr Graham passes Aldo a tissue. “You must remember, this IS the best of all possible worlds and having a perfect primary nature just isn’t true. However, you can construct a new nature, it’s called second nature, and if you train properly it will become so strong, that when the enemy attacks, you will be ready.” The Doctor plumps Aldo’s bicep. “Try again.”

sweat

shame

3

CHAPTER XXXX ‘Cecilia’s demise’

Cecilia’s training seemed to be sending her somewhat in the direction of, well, really odd. She kept speaking to Aldo in strange stanzas about triumphing over her nature and attempting to define, extend, then modify her life, whilst separating herself from Her Self. “I’m reaching for the sky”, she confessed to Aldo, leading to a palpable disinterest in any maintenance of the grounded home or her actual day job, which she quit.“I cannot afford this!!” Aldo screeched at her. “I mean really, I know you’re trying to find your ‘ I ‘ but why do you need to ‘distinguish yourself from your environment this much? Cecilia! Here it’s all good — please, Cecilia, come home.” But his wife would not be told. Having seized her special language, she starts to crack new horizons, beating the earth on which she stood, until she loses herself entirely in her tools - leaving Aldo bruised and *OH so lonely.*

To quote Stanislavski, in An Actor Prepares...

Oh ok! So would you say that's one of your favourites, then? So what is your favourite book then?

Such as your character in House of Cards?

That's a good tip. Thank you.

Any other favourites?

Is this the kind of book you'd like to get your teeth into?

... ah a one man show! You'd surely receive an Oscar. Only Tom Hanks has done that. So what do you do it for?

Do you ever feel emotionally spent, and unable to act?

And what would you do in your playtime? Have a beer with the buddies?

Are you a lonely man, Kevin?

[Start of recorded material 00:00:00]

Dr Feldstone: The amygdala created the fear state. It's not controllable by your conscious mind. It's like you've got another Cally inside your head that does these things for you.

Cally: No way! It's like my unconscious subconscious or my what what what!?

Dr Feldstone: Uh. No. It's not even related to your conscious mind. It's another you inside you, which is different from you. It is much more primitive, and faster! It has connections to the cerebellum in the back of your brain, which is related to motion, and to the basal ganglia, which are parts of the brain that signal about motion or moderate it. Here's an example. I reach out and pick up this water. Again, my experience says: I've done that because I was thinking here's a great example, but I may not know why I picked up the water. It may be because I've been talking and I'm getting thirsty. There's ample evidence that when people claim they're ready to do something, they say 'now'. They push a button and do it. Before that happens, their blood is going to the muscles that are going to move. Parts of the brain that are going to activate those muscles are active for as long as half a second or more before they're aware that they're going to do anything. They're body is getting ready to do it. When we think we're doing something of our own volition, we have no idea what's causing it. It's not like some dark secret buried in your unconscious mind like a Freudian idea. It's more that this system works by itself. It doesn't need you. Your job – the conscious mind – is very specific. Mainly it's to make up narrative stories to explain why you're doing things. That's how everyone works. All humans work that way. Even with language, most of the time we're talking to people, we're not communicating. Primatologists tell us we're grooming. It's our version of grooming. Essentially we're talking in small talk. What we're communicating to the other person is, I'm okay. I won't hurt you. You're nice. We're part of this whole thing together, okay?

PART 4
Pragmatic Bengal Tigers

[End of recorded material 02:35:48]

sweat

shame

2.

"This isn't science fiction, OK?" Aldo tells his wife. "I'm not inventing a future. I am a critic; so I can tell you what I think about the shelves, but I cannot tell you where else they could go. And as you have them now, is nice."
His wife turns her face to Aldo, wet eyed, very pretty. "Do you ever think we're just chasing our tails? All we have is this moment."
"Yes." Says Aldo. "For sure..." He picks up his phone.
"Be here with me now." She muses.

"Sure." Says Aldo. "I'm here. Just let me just finish this message to J, and i'll be with you right now." He receives an SMS:
'First let's look at the term's origins and correct usage: It all depends on whether it is followed by the preposition "from", as is the case in English, or the preposition "in" or "to". So renouncing oneself "from" or "to". Which do you think? BIG LOVE . J x'
"You're brighter than the northern lights." Says his wife from the otherside of bed. "They say one man's trash, is another man's treasure; the two of us together make everything glitter. Coz I understand you Aldo; we see eye to eye. Like a double rainbow."
"Thanks." Says Aldo, studying the cryptic message from J. "I love you too."
"Every step I take, I'm keeping you in mind." She switches out the bed lamp.
Aldo leans over and kisses the top of her soft hair. "Yes C. It's going to be great."

CHAPTER XXXX

His phone rings.
"Where IS IT, Aldo."
"Ah!" Aldo drops his voice. "It's complicated, but close."
"Aldo!" Yells his Editor through the Samsung. "I am not some hostile power and you are not Karl fucking Marx. You're a magazine columnist. And you're late. You can build your own myths about me and the magazine and you can position yourself as estranged, or lost, turn yourself into your work, turn your work into you, whatever you want - I don't care. The modern condition is now.
We are waiting for you to judge it." He drops his voice. "By the way, how's Cecilia? Has she finished her training?"
"Not yet." Sighs Aldo. "It's driving me crazy. She got all absent. Kind of distant. It's like, I don't know. Maybe she's having an affair."
"Hahaha." Says his Editor. "I don't think so Aldo."
Aldo's editor hangs up.
Aldo's armpit drips.

"Nothing from nothing is nothing!
So I contend: you have 6.5 billion people, who don't know who they are.
We've all got 24 hours in a day.
That's what makes us equal."

CHAPTER XXXX

It's June, and Aldo receives email.

Aldo - we need you to interview the actor Kevin Spacey. It's urgent.

Aldo is delighted. He's a huge fan.

CHAPTER XXXX

You CAN'T do THAT HERE.

Wrong
Wrong
Wrong
OK?

PREFACE

Engineered away from the body of the salesman, in a system of triggers and prompts, language is kicked into operation, by a private enterprise. Intimacy is sized up, used in the right amounts, at the exact right time. We could say, the salesman produced false tears because she contributed in an exchange that seems humanising but amounts to machinic protocol. Subjects that emerge from this utterance, both speakers and recipients, are prevented from engaging themselves personally. In this case, no radical transformation is possible at the level of the speaker or the listener because she is simply not there. She is not present. She is a fleshy vessel, in which protocol travels, *and she is NOT happy.*

Part 6. Thermic Death.
The tyranny of narrative

Part 7. Kevin. Who's your manager?

[Start of recorded material 00:00:00]

Cally: I wanted you to tell me what you told me in the Mexican restaurant, about what happens to the organs of a body, when the enemy attacks.

Dr Feldstone: When you detect danger or suspect danger, part of your brain which is not available to you consciously – an organ called the amygdala, which gets information from outside just like your cortex does, but it gets it first – it gets to work. What it does is trigger your sympathetic nervous system. A whole slew of things happen. Your entire GI tract turns off, from the mouth – which is why your mouth gets dry – all the way down to the anus. It's just off – no secretions, no peristalsis, nothing moving. If you have a full bladder, it might evacuate spasmodically – wet your pants. If you're male or sexually aroused, you might suddenly ejaculate and then stop. This whole internal system turns off. If it lasts for a while, your immune system turns off, too. Then it activates things. It activates the adrenal glands, which secrete adrenaline into the bloodstream, which keeps this whole process going. It increases your blood pressure, increases your heart rate, increases your breathing rate, expands the air availability in your lungs so oxygen transfer is more efficient. The blood is redirected from the center core out to the muscles, where it's needed. A number of other things go on, but that's the basic process. It also affects almost immediately the brain stem. If you happen to be drowsy, you are not drowsy anymore. So you're ready. What are you ready for? You're ready for fight, flight, or freezing. What you prefer depends upon what your species is. If you're a rabbit or a little mouse, you freeze. If you're a cat, then you either fight or run, depending upon how close you are to danger and how you estimate it. If you're a human being, your preference is to freeze, but you have the capability to do any of the others as well. That gets you revved up. If it's temporary, if it's dealing with the leopard at the door and you survive, then you're okay and everything calms down. If on the other hand you live in our world, where there are all kinds of stressors in your life that are not leopards but are there, then you're constantly under stress. One of the consequences is that you tend to get ill more easily, because your immune system is turned off. If you think about it, if you're one of our ancestors half a million years ago and you get a scratch on your hand and it's busy healing, and then you have to fight off this marauding wolf, you don't care if it stops healing, because when you're done with the wolf – if you survive – then you can start healing again. But not for you or me. We live in this culture we've invented in which getting to work is stressful, in which talking to people is stressful, in which everything is. The incidences of all kinds of illnesses has gone up, despite modern medicine. Autoimmune diseases have gone through the roof. Some people feel that the increase in cancers are largely because of this. Others say it's because we're living longer. It's probably both. So that's what happens when it turns on. Now, what happens when it turns off? Now the parasympathetic nervous system is activated, which reverses everything. The trouble with that is that it can reverse it too much. You can actually go into shock afterwards. Your heart rate can drop too low. Your blood pressure can drop too low. In fact, occasionally people actually die after they get past the danger…

PART 2
Sweating! Small talk! Monkeys!

[End of recorded material 02:35:48]

shame

Aldo stares at his feet.

It had been such a bad day. After the meeting, he left for the pool. Forty-five years on earth, and he had a problem. He swam, dragging legs behind, front crawling into obscurity wondering about the narrative. He wanted to shout, louder than the unlocatable transferences that inputted and outputted each day: "I'll keep my dreams! I have chosen to invest fully in..."
"In my view." Said his editor. "The common denominator for you all is that we are VITAL and we are SELF ORGANISING. Your task is to expect the worst, whilst you engage affirmatively with the present! accounting for some of its features in a manner that is empirically grounded! while avoiding negativity! NOW GO!"

Work work work work work work work work (Work!) Work work (Work!)
Work work (Work!)
Work work (Work!)

Work.
(Britney, Live in Las Vegas)

Walking home, Aldo watches the different billboards promise a variety of magnificent events.

"The universe is incredibly violent."

His temples throb, his armpits drip.

Chapter XXXX

Two days earlier on an unexpected one-hundred and twenty minute tour of the Wyndham Hotel, the sales agent tells Aldo: Today's The Day. He drops the word family more times than Aldo can keep counting, with a dialogic path laid and booby trapped long before he got hustled in for free dinner vouchers. For this tour and beyond Aldo must be committed. For the sake of living in the moment, he must ride a wave of attachment opting to not rupture/ break/ change the endless reproduction of a more habitual form of life and Wyndham holiday resorts. Everyone is very optimistic about the interiors, maintaining total attachment to a problematic object, in this case a $105,000 debt to buy a timeshare manifested as abstract points, which Aldo doesn't want. The salesman has not been blessed with a strong script "father! mother! the home!" He needs to be certain:
"Are you definitely married?"
"Yes." Says Aldo sadly. "I am married to my wife."

Chapter XXXX

Aldo holidays in Puglia.
Aldo's wife wants a new tour guide.
Aldo's sweating worsens.

PREFACE

Like light and heat, management presents itself when it meets a human body. Management finds its form as, say, an email, a meeting of people, a dry mouth, bent back, sweating armpits, throbbing temples You can hold these in your hands or touch them. It is totally fleshy! In tough times we are often told, "keep your head". If you're a good Manager, you may find you have become all head, less body. You'd think making art would put the brain back in the body, and the brain-body firmly on earth but not necessarily. In private enterprise you control what comes in and out extremely carefully. I have only recently learned the intimate is very different to the private.

~~Recently, I've been thinking about the strategy of outsourcing. I've been extending this term to consider how we might delegate our emotional responses and communications to well-designed dialogic techniques; scripts of triggers and prompts, pitches, emotional cliches, marketing, emoticons, even academic theory. I have been thinking about what a performative language might be. I'm speculating that it could be the name for language which is manufactured as readymades by a corporate/ institutional/ communicational body outside of oneself. I use the same tools to have a good conversation as I do to make money. Micro lives in the macro, the intimate in the corporate, the body in the institution. I would like to separate them. I'm dreaming of ears, intuition, strange whispers. Keeping the micro movements distinct from the fight, flight, freeze of emotional work (when they are sharing the same kit) is the project. I am thinking about how good a poetically processed subject sounds, and how she/he could never be produced from a 'mind-only' rupture. If the living, desiring body got ripped away, it needs to come back.~~ I throw my ears in my rucksack, and hit the road.

~~Part 2. Questions for Kevin~~

~~Dear Kevin Spacey~~
As you grow more professional do you feel increasingly divorced from your professional body?
~~Kevin, are you a human vessel, for other people's things?~~

Best wishes,

Cally