

NOTE - [REDACTED] IS READ AS "BLANK"



A book exploring the parameters of 

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The Precursor to Human

The air felt thick and yeasty, like rising dough.

The ground was salty and red. The smog was low and orange, and across from the land there were oceans that were vacant and blue.

But there was no green.

Photosynthesis hadn't started yet, so it could not form.

This red, orange, blue world was lacking.

But to imagine the discovery of a new colour. How could you fathom?

It was hot and lightning cracked the weighted sky.

It was like this for a long time.

Still and desperately uncomfortable.

The simple cells squatted in this murky broth, just waiting for growth.

Waiting for movement, for motion and for the loudness that was about to arrive.

HUMAN WORLD
in fossilised memory

Something is happening I think you should look

It pulls like a hair pulled from your throat.

Something is happening I think you should look

Your brain stretches forward while your feet are still.

It disjoins as it travels ahead.

A gap opens between your body and your mind,

Something is happening I think you should look

Absorption -will be what you think about when your body gets sucked in.

Like when you watch wet cheerios sink into the milk of your breakfast that you left too long.

Plunk.

You fit quite neatly into this engulfed form.

Something is happening I think you should look



Figure 1-Grand Canyon

'Before the Grand Canyon, the body learns its true size.'^[7]

Ann-Marie had never visited the Grand Canyon but it's a poignant example of immensity and when you encounter immensity you encounter your own limits. It is known to be a monumental theatre.

With it's exaggerations and multitudes -it includes such lessons.

Having only experienced small things, Ann-Marie just felt small in that frustrating way. Not in the ways of feeling placed in the world.

When you are exasperating that you are five and three quarters, not five. There is no smallness that leads to epiphanies. You are just quite small.

If a great scale can clarify human dimensions, it also can tell you of bigger things. It's this numinous interaction with the world that engineers the [REDACTED]. Even when not imposed by volume. There is an emotion of solidated smallness, which comforts.

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When apart of applause.

*Chorus to sound, a crowd can feel to be a [REDACTED].
To feel small in a reverberating noise, one that echoes down miles of streets.*

A weighted sound that can make you feel lighter. Contextualising your own life by scale, while forgetting your singular worries. Left with a bbbbbb in your ear -let the connection fill you.

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'Nothing succeeds like excess -Wilde'^[7]

Simon had been in many crowds before, concerts, bars, Rev's, simply the commute to work can be a very crowded experience. I certainly wouldn't distinguish them by the title of [REDACTED].

Yet this one was different. There was purpose and movement, the crowd swelled. Like a school of fish, you were dragged in by gathered anticipation. Simon was moved by this collective form, he began to cry. It was beautiful.

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The Crowd effect

*It felt like rapture
Or probably only what I could imagine rapture to be
Imagined conceptualisation
designed by my interpretations
That's what it can be.*

*Limited by what I can conceive
It felt like rapture,
Rapture of the freeway.
It was like rhythm
Hypnotic
Narcotic
It played all bodies
A kind of order.*

Dust like bread crumbs coated the tape player. The same lazy fingerprints disturbed the surface, as someone had half hazardedly tried to sweep it with heavy wrists.

The cassette inside -although it had been carefully rewound with a bic pen-was struggling to play. As it sung with a crunch and the now familiar four cords, that continued to loop. This was like the memory of the event, yet not unpleasant.

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Loops are a reinforcing action : -It is as if, by the last note you need to check the first line. Just in case it has already been forgotten.

*My ears still hummed an echo of the [REDACTED] - its small song.
A ringing in my ear.
Rewind
stop
Play
A quiet haunt*

"I am immersed by the notion that something is happening, I think I should look"

*[REDACTED] -is like a trance-
perhaps an event of suspension.*

*It is not biased in its captivation, you are not a good person or a bad person for watching.
It takes you regardless
A foolish trance*

Why is it that when you see heads turning you also want to look, am I that much of a sheep that I just follow the rest.

Or is it that beautifully taught trait of deep paranoia in missing out in life, missing seeing something that someone else got to see.

'Anna did not reply; she had forgotten to listen' [5]

Eyes move faster than your mind, a reflex that can be regrettable

For when in suspended animation you are victim to it.

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To those who watch bodies pulled from rivers

Why does the sight pull?

Is it like the mud that sucks as they are dredged?

Why can't you move yourself to look away?

Eyes don't always let you not look.

It is a frequent mistake to believe you have control over what you see.

Sometimes they choose

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Trance

Am I away from my body or am I only my body.

Reduced

Devolved.

I have been swallowed.

I can see out of my eyes,

Hear out of my ears,

But I am contained.

To move my mouth would be too much to ask.

To twitch my fingers would be a grievance.

And to look away would be a miracle.

These were the tales of Entralment.

Why is it that some memories like how to complete Pythagoras theorem, just disappear from our minds, as soon as we are told them- despite the upcoming assessment.

Yet other moments stick. An unfair bias but even advert jingles hold up longer than theorems.

And what about intense moments:

Sometimes they are so overwhelming the world drips down the walls around you and fades away. The only thing visible being the exact overwhelming thing.

Other times it sticks in your mind vividly: the sound of a blue fly hitting the glass, the thin striped corduroy trousers,

the feel of wool,

the crumbs,

the old receipts,

and the other blethering things in your pocket.

Utterly useless information but seared into your mind after bearing witness to [REDACTED]

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[REDACTED] *has an aesthetic virtue of rareness in time and only lingers because it ends*

'I remember his holding forth to me about what an honest thing a firework was. It was so patently just an ephemeral spurt of beauty of which in a moment nothing more was left,

- Iris Murdoch^[7]

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(A fantasy event with the possibility of [REDACTED])

The Bright Blue Meteor

A [REDACTED] created by it's action of falling -before then it's just a rock.

"It was 4:23 PM, in Battersea, when people first started noticing the imminent form heading towards them.

A form moving so fast, that its readable speed became slowed. Like a fighter jet or bullets in movies.

But before anyone could register the sight of the blue shape hurttalling before them. It had plopped into the Thames. I expected great waves, but it was thrown at such a force that it cut through it.

Nothing more than the surface water sloshing aside, as if it were a sea creature just below the waves.

And that was it. People stood with mouths open. The now unassuming sight before them, contradicting what they had all just witnessed.

The only change was that the water became a couple of degrees warmer. It's bizarre that the difference between chilly and lukewarm could signify such an ammenicity.-

Rob- "No, it's not a [REDACTED]. You just made that up."

Tim- "Why do you not think these are logical. If a [REDACTED] is what you have described it to be; unordinary, big, crowd drawing but not lasting... Does this not make this a [REDACTED]?"

Rob- "It would be, if that wasn't so utterly inconceivable."

Tim- "Isn't the grand canyons size and the width of the arctic's ice inconceivable until you witness it. Stop arguing and accept that this is a [REDACTED]"

Blind old man trying to experience [REDACTED].

-I can't describe it. It's too difficult to explain captivation to you.

I fell back slightly as if shock could be a physical force. Lightly stumbling against the man with a cane who stood next to me on the bridge. "Did you see that?!"

"Uuhhmmm no"

"Oh fuck"- realisation crawled over him as he saw that he'd accidentally been addressing a blind man. *I'm a bad person* ---- "I'm so sorry."

"Most people are fools, it's okay.."

That comment would have made him feel guilty but he was occupied, eyes widening at the sight in front of him.

-"Can I get past?"

"What? You really don't know what's happening, do you?", he said with raised brows that looked ready to pop off the top of his head.

"No not a clue, do you want to inform me?"

"Something huge just fell from the sky and just landed in the water!"

"Bizzare, was it a rock?"

"What? A rock ...I guess it could have been."

".....Meteorite."

"How are you so calm about this?!"

With a sighing breath -“I can’t visualise the shock, so why should I even be scared?”

The human experience of Death as a ██████████

The moment of my death looms ahead of me like the loss of my virginity did, as childbirth does.

It’s very close now.

I think my mouth is full of ashes, it’s like a paste pooling in my tongue as I clack it against the wet roof of my mouth.

There was a body like a sapling pulled from the earth. Pale and displaced, the stiff skin made the corpse look like it was carved from ivory. What a sad ornament.

It was bruised like a forceps baby^[2], falling loose as every bone had been unfastened. His neck faced upwards, the chin raised above the vent of his last fight. The cured wound opened inward; to a dark elderberry Place.^[2]

‘Is Being of much activity’^[1] and dying being the halting of activity :

Perspiring- the body relaxes.

Digestion slows, the heart quickens but then has to stop too.

This system of movement must end.

Built kinetic energy falling short in it’s release, like the short circuiting of a Panasonic Plasma.

An everyday fizzle of energy.

Some deaths are [REDACTED] to crowds, to mass viewings and engagement. Other deaths just slip away.

Death is the last [REDACTED].

It is the last human experience we might have and therefore,

it is poignant.

(back cover of book)

Debord is not relevant to this book

AFTER THE HUMAN WORLD

Not to impose my imagination on you but this is the post human experience

This does not hold questioning against the existence of god- please have this quarrel amongst yourself and not lay the blame entirely upon this text.

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He was fashioned with bones and stood up on one end. Maybe he was once human.

“With ‘the vanishing present world there opens up a permanent beyond” [3], said the talking skeleton of Monty Don. “But ‘Turkish Delight, for example, which no longer exists is something I will sorely miss.” This is an odd comment for a five thousand year old skeleton, that can no longer recall the feeling of eating and a humanity which has slipped away.

This is why I question my body.

My fingers trace its circumference. The only confirmation of my body is the touch of my own skin to skin, but I'm no longer certain if I'm just imagining it. It is as if skin, ‘a fragile container, no longer guaranteed the integrity of one's’ [11] parameters. How strange, maybe it's not there at all.

:The collapse of the border between inside and outside.

I don't remember before. I only remember waking here in this barren land with the feeling of loss heavy in the air. The days are so thin, stretched until time pours through them.

‘Yesterday, like today.’ [10] - Plenty of time to muse on the meaning of absence. Maybe that's the reason why I am here: left to ponder the emptiness. In recognition that something is missing.

The sound of humanity ending rattled in his skull (that being the only thing left inside his chalk formed head).

Bit-ba -brroom

A dumb sound to remain after the existance and now absance of all that noise.

The sound sits on my pink tongue like a piece of gum that I am trying not to swallow. What a dumb thing to think about, from someone who has no tounge and no throat to get it caught in. It would just fall back and drop out of my spine.

I sit down, my coccyx sinking into the warm, wet, soil. A feeling that makes me question if I have shat myself.

“Why couldn't I be sat on a cloud while playing a golden harp as it's meant to be?”

I look at the earth around me, at its layers of compressed geological time. What a lot of death just for this.

It's far too wet.

The mud is slick against my white bones. It feels malleable. I push and shape the wet clay with my hands, it moves as if it's too easy to please. Perfectly complying to my pressure, just happy to buckle under me.

Hard

“Why is this bit hard?”

I press at it but it does not move. Hmm. Why is the ground hard just in this spot?

Curious.

I use my hard carbon fingers to pierce the wet earth surrounding it. Searching for its edges, so as to grip it. I delve into the wet, one ulna and radius deep.

Got it. Now grasping the only solid thing, in this forsaken world.

I pull it up and out. Producing a wonderful sucking and squelching sound as it's plucked from its hole.

It's a book.

I wonder who wrote this devilish story that managed to exist longer than it's race.

Turning the book over

“Who is Debord? I guess he is not relevant.

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