

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH



FIELDNOTES EVENING SCHOOL



WHY WRITE?

A COLLECTIVE MANIFESTO

Where to begin? I have asked myself this a dozen times, gazing at a blank page. As if I needed to find the one, the only sentence that would give me entry into writing. Remove all doubts in one fell swoop – a sort of key. The meaning is sustained in the ooh and ah of a vowel on its way out¹. The word pertaining to the body. To ask ‘why write’ is to ask why breathe. ~~Writing is an exhale after the inhale~~ and that inhale is life as it happens. When we write, we can deal. And by “write”, I mean to exhale, to “aufarbeiten” (work through) our “Vergangenheit”, which is to say the sensorium of impressions that we are flooded with from the day we enter the world. To write is to disentangle. To write is to express what’s inside; stacked like the Tower of Babel that wants, needs out. We are single organisms, which brings ~~an eternal~~ loneliness² to life. To write is to long for connection, dare we hope, ~~a~~ symbiosis? The brief bittersweet moment of connection through the written word is the moment that makes existing in this world less lonesome ~~and even~~ worthwhile. ~~To write is to speak.~~ To sidestep fate. To flounder past, ~~the past, goddammit.~~ Through the shutter and the dew glass. To repurpose. To wrestle. To record. To dissect. To get through the day. To grow potatoes without getting your hands dirty. To forge understanding, and to break it again. If you don’t, someone else will³. Mainly because the impossibility of not writing lives mid-neuron, nestled, homed in this double negative⁴. Distrust the idea of self. Where possible, revert to collective identity over individual one; fluctuation over stasis; doing over being⁵. To live another day, although I’ll cease to exist, my world’s remain still. ~~Write to give yourself more time, or to speed time up. Write to dissolve the ego, and not to boost it.~~ The sense that even language that expresses meaninglessness can’t help but contain and, therefore, convey meaning. Not towards content or knowledge; but rather towards form, affect, emptiness. Time to enter something, to entertain the idea. Write to demystify⁷.

- 1 *Ooh pronounced: uuuuuu. Ahh pronounced: aaaaaaa.*
- 2 *Spiral, cycle, down, nothing, left*
- 3 *Sometimes i yearn for someone else's will*
- 4 *The liberation of the double negative: why not write?*
- 5 *Swarm, swirl, insect-pattern, ant-pattern, holding-pattern, in technicolour blocks. With them, without them, scorn them, abide them, serve them tea, be their host, then kick them to the curb; a window opens, someone hands you a loaf of bread through it, it's maybe a kindness you have never known, and the waft of the smell coming off of it reminds you that there is such a thing as a 'home away from home'.*
- 6 *World, from the word maailma, 'maa' meaning earth and 'ilma' meaning air, therefore earth-air*
- 7 *But what happens when you de-mystify the mundane, when you deglaze the unseasoned?*

I HAD A LONG DAY TODAY	4	THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH	
	I blame the orchestration, it's designed to get you		00:09
	The Celtic runes almost go unnoticed		00:27
	I like it?		00:35
	EXTREME HAPPINESS		
	HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!!		01:05
	My name is Romeo and you are Juliet		01:35
	You going for ichiko aoba?		01:55
	I SHOULD BE HOME'O-CLOCK		
	i can see water glisten		02:13
	Be the bridge		02:15
	when i'm hungry i watch kitchen nightmares		04:18
	are you stil in Zurich?		05:27

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH	5
---------------------------	---

Woke with an oppressive sense of dread which wants me to stay and sleep all day but I strip my face with chemicals and push myself out the door shot into the world by a cartoon gun, here I am! But everyone is involved in their own narrative, the bus stop is swarming with little stories, I'll never know them. The grey sky is greasy, and the asphalt hums anxiously under the wheels of the bus.

She
 holds up her
 phone and declares she wants
 to take a picture of the "abyssmo",
 which without much Spanish (let alone
 interpreting her Argentinian accent)
 I understand to mean the sheer drop below
 the bridge that protects us from falling. She
 laughs and giggles and tells me how she
 might accidentally lose her phone to
 it. She says it and it sounds like
 the name of a fine liquor.
 She says it and I reply
 "the abyss" but I
 realise, that
 the word

"abysmal",
 w h i c h
 I use on a
 daily basis,
 refers to the dread
 awfulness of
 The something.
 weather is
 abysmal. The
 film was abysmal. The
 food at that particular
 bar was abysmal. The
 company at the party
 The dropping. The
 The void I hurtle
 perhaps it echoes
 in her giggles and
 abysmal in our
 phone, in
 mountains,
 w e
 last night was abysmal.
 empty. The crevice.
 this word into, or
 from, becomes joyful
 she documents the
 smiles, on her
 the Montserrat
 and I realise
 probably

w o n ' t see each
 other again. Which feels
 abysmal in this prettiest
 of abyssmos.



Curators love working with artists, I met up with this guy, the founder of some art collective in Sri Lanka, he was really annoying, describing artists as a different breed of human, checking his phone constantly while we waited for the waiter and pontificating trying to discuss how we should to take down western centric curatorial practices., Then the waiter finally came to demonstrate his knowledge of contemporary art.

And also HAPPY BIRTHDAY precious mouse.

06:02

he's going to die waiting for it

07:20

I absolutely love black surrealism

08:00

SYNCHRONICITY//ESCAPE

allowed me to travel the globe and into the cosmos

08:57

"I'm going away for ever - this is your last chance to fuck me"

09:23

I didn't hear a peppe

09:40

Talk about economy of words

09:42

Are you going to transpose your own reality into a digital world?

09:43

Guys look outside there's a parrot

09:56

mammals in your garden

yes animals think

and feel

go and investigate the trap

funny cute

floating pet

in phone

is glow keeping you awake?

Raised earth on
the surface, a different texture from the
rest of the skin – coarse to the touch, they have
velvety fur, very small eyes, you can trace
their way around, the shapes they make,
how they travel and spread. The
formations they make are like

constellations,
stars, little dots in a
distance making a pattern,
many triangles and
lines, I notice,
down the

cheek, on
the forearm, thigh. Their colour is
dark brown, the colour
of wet earth,
darkening

each year for
some, and others – young ones,
a lighter brown, noses and
claws a dusty pink, stocky
bodies. They change
sometimes, grow,
multiply,
surface out of
nowhere. Surface out of
Distribution: widespread. nowhere.
are everywhere. But also, They really
seen, always out of rarely
sight,

just

beneath the face
of the earth, below
your step, watch your
step. Rarely seen, out
of sight beneath the
from the belly face, below
button, watch.

from:greyham paxman <greyhampaxman@gmail.com>
to:Chiara Santos <santoschiara94@gmail.com>
date:19 Feb 2024, 20:20
subject:Be Me in Yaa

Hello my name is Greyham Paxman

I recently came across the 'New Christian Mission of the Dragon' and I feel as though my recent work would be very well suited to your market position. Your outlook chimes with my recent writing and its attempt to reconcile the unfortunate demise of faith with the arrival of The Fourth Sect. As evidenced so well with your publication of David Fincs latest novel 'I am you, are not they', The Fourth Sect's arrival does not, in fact, represent the 2nd coming of our Lord Saviour, but in fact the very reversal, the 2nd departure. We, and all forms of life, have now not only been cast out of Eden, but have been sent into the very desert of existence.

The extract I include is the 3rd chapter from a novella of 56,000 words entitled 'Be Me in Yaa'. The main character Yorbin Lacanlil has been chased from his village by the arrival of his brother Yoer and seeks shelter within LA's failed hyperloop system. There, surviving on SpaceX dehydrated rehydrated rations, he meets Ovlov the Obtainer, and must bargain with him for his life.

I hope you will resonate with the characters and the story as much as I. They have been an unending source of comfort to me within these undeniably difficult years.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours Sincerely, in faith,
with blessings on the tooth and the scale,
Greyham Paxman

from:Chiara Santos <santoschiara94@gmail.com>
to:greyham paxman <greyhampaxman@gmail.com>
date:25 Feb 2024, 21:43
subject:Re: Be Me in Yaa

Dear Mr.Paxman,

Thank you for reaching out to us with your manuscript. We are always grateful to receive such wonderful work.

However, I'm afraid I must say that we are strongly in disagreement with your interpretation of Fincs' latest novel and the conclusions you've made regarding the Lord Saviour's arrival. It was the intention and is the opinion of the highest ranking members of our Elder Council that the Fourth Sect is a necessary moment, a hinge if you will, that will surely open up the doors to the very gates of Eden that our Original Ones were exiled from.

Look around you, did we not turn this arid desert into a lush forest? Shaped its dunes into jagged mountains? Carved out oceans between its dusty bosom? It appears that you ought to revisit Fincs' text with brand new eyes, Mr. Paxman. I would strongly advise that you do so with haste, and rectify your words before they reach the Elder Council. It would be such a pity to have a promising writer, such as yourself, not be considered for publication for such a simple misunderstanding.

Having read your manuscript, I found myself enthralled by it. I myself am something of an avid writer. So I understand the toil and hardship that you must have endured to birth this draft. I found myself unable to put your manuscript down past the 60 page mark. But, and this is a somewhat minor detail, I wonder how you had calculated the inference point that Yorbin (If I may address him by his first name) used to activate the quasar beam in page 3402? Also, I was drawn in by the detail you had managed to describe Ovlov the Obtainer, given that there hasn't been a documented sighting or description of Pigeons since the Last Dying Out? And lastly, I found myself somewhat confused by your decision to document/layout the interaction between Ovlov the Obtainer and Yorbin Lacanlil in such sparse fashion - why only one word per page? Especially given how long, technical and exhaustive that exchange between them is?

If I may, I would like to give the following advice - **It feels like your writing is polluted by the life you live outside of the Mission.** What I found helps me is a whole dedication to the way ascribed to us by the Elder Council, for it creates a certain clarity of thought, a lucidity if you will. Whilst I see the kernels of something great in your words, I fear they have been besmirched by the romanticism of the post-Dying Out era. I, for one, have learned to wear a different skin, to march around the outside adorned in the garb of the ignorant, playing the games they preoccupy themselves with - pursuing

relations of the flesh, pondering the meaning of life, numbing oneself with the nectar of the silver fruit. Yet beneath this garb, I'm still dedicated to the Mission and the Message. It is this sequestration that keeps my thoughts pure.

Mr. Paxman, forgive me for going on - I think we would love to consider your work for publication. But, ultimately, I cannot pass this manuscript on to Mr. Graham until you rectify your words. Of course, the rectification will only guarantee that your words find their way to Mr. Graham's desk, but it is not a promise of publication. Afterall, a promise is a comfort to a fool.

Yours sincerely in many faithful returns,
With blessings on the tooth, the scale and the Message,
Chiara Santos.

from:greyham paxman <greyhampaxman@gmail.com>
to:Chiara Santos <santoschiara94@gmail.com>
date:1 Mar 2024, 11:39
subject:Re: Be Me in Yaa

Beep Boop Beep Boop like a Fourth robot painting the same rubbish i hear on a daily basis from the news, its almost as though you don't actually have a clue what you're talking about, the fact is you have made a decision and not even I mean you should have showed it to your boss and not been making decisions about what does and doesn't work as good writing. Who is in charge here and why are you making these sorts of calls and when we all know because i looked you up online and that youre really just a junior clerk feilding messages, Why did I write to you when i should have been more better placed in thinking or researching who would actually be going through the work. I don't think you really know a thing sucking on the **fucking necrotic digital teet the fourth are offering**, So they come down and make everything nice and pretty and the air clean and you suck it right up without thinking about why they might be here or what they might want in return? Did you think about that? The reason foer the novel is very much ingrained in that thought, about challenging authority even if it is petting you and feeding you grapes, wven then you must say hold on what iam I, a cat? Do you remember cats? They have them again apparently, the fourth dug them up and now all these synthetic cats are running around, i bet you have one, stroking that lpussy whilst youre typging out this halfbaked love message to them. And you say my life is polluted? I dno;t **even want to get into the garbage you were typing about silvr fruits**, as though you were ingesting something that would hide you, more like make you stand out, everyone knows silver fruit are just to fuck with us. Did you, do you even read? Stupid use of WE too, v clearly alligning yourself with the very thing you claim to be hidiing or subverting, MY writing is **very clear** in its intention and I am not **afriad of raising my head above the parapit to have it lopped off by thosoe proclalmim stupid message of peace and love. Shove youre lying scale and tooth up yourself.**

from:greyham paxman <greyhampaxman@gmail.com>
to:Chiara Santos <santoschiara94@gmail.com>
date:1 Mar 2024, 11:44
subject:Re: Be Me in Yaa

My writing is good and Id **don't care for hyour opinion**

Poor
 you. Pour
 you. Pour yourself
 out. An empty vessel,
 with little to show. Holding
 nothing but space. Weakened.
 Malnourished. Wasted. Wasting
 away. A heavy flow outwards,
 downwards. Once full. Disgorged.
 No longer content. No longer
 holding content. It's funny how
 these two states relate, yet
 don't fit. Two positive diodes,
 repelled by an invisible force. An
 invisible hand, tipping you
 over.

Causing a spill. A
 sleight of hand,
 disguised as a
 clumsy accident.
 So you move back
 into yourself,
 wondering how
 you can
 shed

what you lack.
 Meanwhile, you
 accept the
 apologies. And
 think about how
 the absence
 of something
 can hold space
 for nothing. Is it
 a statement, or an
 order? Poor you. Poor
 thing.



I HAD A
LONG DAY TODAY

18

TRANSITION TUNE

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH

Sorry how the things ended, I was in a
weird place

10:00

1 yr closer to my death 🧟

10:01

Every Full moon in sri lanka is a public
holiday

10:19

SYNCHRONICITY//BORN AGAIN

omg i had a dream that my friend got a
rebirth

10:27

confusing news

10:29

you've never felt as flesh and bone
when you've had a gun pointed at you

10:33

thnx for listening to my miss pageant
speech

10:45

SYNCHRONICITY

Navalny on kuollut vankilassa!

11:32

you think these things dont stick to me
but they fly paper stick to my bones

11:43

Have you tried ajitama eggs?

12:03

LUNCHTIME

financial precarity of recent years

13:04

I am pissing

13:14

So I just basically dance for 2 hours

13:30

trying to get the dirt on them rats

14:08

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH

I HAD A
LONG DAY TODAY

19

Send pics!

15:10

Need to refill

15:12

Just you, my loves, and your friends /
lovers

15:14

The fluoxetine

15:20

Are you okay lil mouse

15:39

We spent the afternoon sitting in oversized chairs. Legs hanging lazily over the edge, socks feeling the worn grey floor for any imperfections as we talked in hushed tones about the size of this room. It wasn't long before our conversation drifted into a discussion about the nature of measurement and dimensions. Demarcating space from a point of origin. You know space is rarely separate from galaxy fiction. Like Palpatine/Sidious respect threads, or the ponds bit in Walden.

All the while, small specks floated between us. Weaving around our words, perturbed by the energy they carried as they ripple around the bare room. Dancing in front of our eyes, so close that they become invisible. The scent of the

contorted mass of black bin bags in the corner introducing itself. The funk of the contents drawn out into our space.



THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH

I HAD A

LONG DAY TODAY

23

SYNCHRONICITY//UP IN THE AIR

would love to hang out with u tho

15:40

So if there's no time to look through
thats all peachy, and tomorrow will be
an exciting uncertainty

15:53

Hey btw guess what Lol

16:14

A friend alluded to having sent me something on the post. She didn't confirm it, but I understood there was a letter coming. It's rare to receive mail these days so I was excited. I have been waiting for 8 days now. I had to go back on WhatsApp and check – yes, eight – she sent her mysterious message on Monday, and it is Monday again now. For eight days in a row now I have checked my mailbox: empty. I am beginning to strongly suspect that someone is stealing my mail. I'm keeping an eye on my neighbours. I took two days of annual leave so that I could stay at home and keep an eye on everyone who comes and goes in the courtyard. The mystery wasn't solved. I went on Amazon, feeling raged and desperate to find out who the thief

was. I wanted a security camera. I looked at options, staying up until 3am, browsing. Delirious, I found something perfect, ordered it for next day delivery, and fell asleep. In the morning, I struggled to remember what I had landed on, what my genius solution to the problem was. Was it all a dream?

A parcel arrived in the afternoon. It was a bird feeder with a little observation camera attached. This will do.



I sit on the sofa in my living room, the one in front of the window, facing into the room. I am having a conversation with E about our moving out date. She's is sat at the dining table with her laptop.

"My gut says March. I think I need to get out of here as soon as possible."

It's coming, it's almost time. What time is it? Must be at least three o'clock now. I avoid looking at my phone or the time on the room thermometer. I can sense the bustle outside, out the window, behind my back, across the street, the dark grey mass of parents beginning to gather and pour through the open black metal gate into the school yard. I feel my back tensing up against the sofa,

a rigidity soaking through the skin into my spine and nervous system, into blood, sour poison gathering in a pool in the pit of my stomach. I am strung like a cat ready to fight, I feel my back curving, my shoulders turning in, chest sinking, the knot in my stomach tightening. I am gathering all my focus and energy to not turn around, not looking out, I smile and laugh and try to focus on E's face and words.

As she leaves the room to go do something in the kitchen, I slowly get up from the couch, back up into the room, gaze out the window, let my eyes scan the school yard, I am looking to see a figure with white shoes, black hoodie, dark navy trousers. I back up further away from the window, deeper into the room, hide behind

a recess between the living room and dining room, continue looking. Where is he? Did he walk in already?

E chats to me from the kitchen. “There’s a power cut. Hey! There’s a power cut!” I don’t register her words. “You’re looking out the window, aren’t you?” I hear her say from the other room.

“Get out the window!” She says as she walks into the living room. “Did you hear that? There’s a power cut! It’s the whole flat!”



from:Lila Lambert <lilalambert8@gmail.com>
to:Axi Vladimir <vlad2cme@gmail.com>
date:19 Feb 2024, 20:37
subject:Ardor

Hi Richard,

I am hoping you remember me - we met at that afterparty at Soho House sometime in October, and I had come along with Conor and his cohort and we got talking about writing and you told me to get in touch sometime. Maybe its inappropriate, in the same way its inappropriate for anyone to suggest you send them some of your writing after you have just done a line of their coke - as though its necessary to operate transactionally and repay me for the gesture. By which I mean that it wasn't necessary for you to offer. Regardless, I know you have probably forgotten about that conversation, but something about the generosity of your manner made me think there was a kernel of interest there, which I am hoping had more to do with an intellectual curiosity than a sexual one. Regardless, I'm testing my chances.

All this is a kind of a preamble because really to say that I have the first few chapters of a book and I was wondering if you would give it a glance? I know you said that your company are always looking for more risqué stuff and that autotheory is so hot right now. Well, I wanted to start by writing about masculinity as a woman who loves men, and as a woman who fears men, and more importantly as a woman who operates within these strange system of commodification and capitalising upon ones own objecthood and sexuality. You see, in all my years of feminist education, I am astounded by how often we overlook the problem of masculinity. How can we form positive versions of masculinity? (I probably sound like someone who spent too much of my adolescence reading De Beauvoir.) I think I spoke to you at the time about Bell Hooks, and her fantastic book with a terrible title called "The Will to Change" and I spoke about masculinity, and my astonishment about how few men I speak to ever seem to have had conversations about masculinity at all. It was my dad who gifted me the Bell Hooks book- (which is flawed and out of date) but after he gave it to me we were driving in his car and he had a panic attack and I sat and watched him weep from the passenger seat and all I could think about was that I had never seen him cry before, and preceding empathy there was this overpowering sense of the spectacle of the whole scenario - him weeping, me dry eyed. And beyond that freudian stuff, theres also Conor and how we met, and the complications of our transactional relationship. I was always tantalisingly aware of the ways in which value and desire operate as political and financial forces in the slightest of interactions. Alongside that, there are all these forces of distancing and desperation involved, and the desire to produce a workable

form of vulnerability. Its not some chick romance seller believe me, I want to talk about critical theory from the perspective of desire as the primary driving force of the universe - all desiring machines and bodies without organs, collapsing of I/Other. Anyway, I elaborate on this whole thing more eloquently in the extract I hope.

I've been working on the whole thing for a while and I just wanted to get a total external perspective on whether the whole project is worth pursuing, or if you think its just fad-modern-feminist tat. I hope you are looking after yourself - I ran into Samuel P at an opening in last week and he told me that he had been working with you

Let me know if you want to grab a drink sometime, or if you don't reply I will try and take the hint.

Wishing you all the best,
Lila Lambert

from:axl vladimir <vlad2cme@gmail.com>
to:Lila Lambert <lilalambert8@gmail.com>
date:26 Feb 2024, 18:37
subject:NO

Hi Lila,

Vlad here, Richard's publishing assistant. I'll be stepping in to bat for Dick on this one.

I've had the pleasure of leafing through your manuscript myself, but unfortunately, it's not quite what we're looking for at Blueball Publishing House.

While I personally enjoyed the read, the subject matter falls flat as it veers away from risqué and straight into esoteric. In fact, I would hazard to say it's so forward-thinking that it circles right back around to basic. I am loath to call it that, but the society we live in doesn't have the attention span for nuance.

While I have your attention, I'm sorry about the offer my boss extended to you. He should have known from a glance it wasn't going to work. But that's what Richard is like—they don't call him Dick just because it's short for Richard.

As the saying goes, a promise is a comfort to a fool. No offense.

Once again, I apologize. I really would rather not have done this over email.

If your offer for a drink still stands, I'd be happy to go as Richard's proxy. You sound lovely.

Cheers (or not?),
Vlad

THIS PAGE
UNINTENTIONALLY
LEFT BLANK

We rekindled our friendship when we rejoined at the station, it was 1998, or at least it felt like it could have been 1998. We followed the curve of the building, past the Henry Moore Spindle, a bit chunky, a bit squat, on through to the other side, to Caledonian Road. As crazy as it seems, I really think I could do all I wanted with this lens if it wasn't so clouded. Perhaps I'm the one that's overcast. Empty (card and paper) packet of Camel lights in my rain soaked pocket. 20 cigarettes worth of carton squashed flat, the front bears a picture of a camel in a desert scene. I wonder if I too am pictured in a desert scene behind my squashed front, protruding out like a sore thumb in this landscape shaded in with levels of anxiety. My own abnormal alignments

sit curved in the bony vertebral column that forms the spine. I find the fixtures maddening. As the young woman looked around; continues to look. I; woman. Like a mosquito bite; social near-death shook. Her Majesty purchased the castle that year and set about renovating and restoring both the castle and its gardens. The problem with that is, of course, that we can't change or grow if we hold onto our comfort zones.



Damask Fabric by the Yard. Neil's Yard? Any yard. I didn't even have a window in 'my' bathroom. Not any Baroque Scrolling, but of course the Victorian one. Nothing good ever came from Edward and his gunk. It's not too thin or too thick. A quick and luxurious way to refresh and completely change the appearance of your home. What would my landlord say if I used Wallpaper with silver ornament design in baroque style – grey ; Dimensions 10.05 m x 0.53 m (5.33m²) ; Brand. A.S. Création ; Format. 0.53x10.05 m ; Repeat. Invisible to those he watches, Scrooge revisits his childhood school days, his apprenticeship with a jolly merchant named Fezziwig, and his engagement to Belle ... CONTINENTAL LARGE GILTWOOD PRICKET STANDARD

LAMP. All You Need to Know
BEFORE You Go ... In the baroque
style, carved with shell motifs
camel and a bronze figure of a
seated monkey Baroque brass
twelve-light chandelier in a
material world She didn't think her
landlord would approve of all that
beauty in her overpriced rented
flat let alone three camel at sunset
and big sun on the dunes of the
Thar desert. If I can recall correctly
a moss-covered stone baroque
door with pineapple engraved on
it. ... intricate detail. Room in a
mansion with an old safe. Money
safe in the clouds with wings
and ...the struggle for power in
a camel-hair tunic BAROQUE,
DECADENCE, AND The Discovery
of the Art of the Insane ... big
beams, all in white, li-lac-white
or green-white. Here and there

a window ... money was returned
along with a letter of explanation
– yeah, I don't think so mate.



Perception
 is that cloak of
 difference that sits
 between succinct
 success and
 courting
 failure, where
 the idea of
 the self decides,

ultimately,
 a n d i n f l u e n c e s
 not only the
 incorporeal but
 t h e
 corporeal.
 I n t e n t i o n

delineates
 success in
 surfeit and
 failure in

deficit.

The baroque i s
 sublime, the
 barok crude;
 b a r o q u e
 deliberate,
 t h e

b a r o k
 incidental.

The baroque compliant,
 the barok
 defiant.
 T h e

b a r o q u e
 deliberate, the barok
 obstinate. The baroque correct, the
 barok a wreck. The baroque elucidates, the barok
 obfuscates. Sometimes one thinks it is the other, when
 the opposite is true!

Bought a silly little hat

16:24

still licking my wounds

16:24

Sometimes I'll rattle off

16:25

Yes I put more toys up for her so she
 is in a bit of sensory overload but she
 loves it !!

16:29

Should one send an apology note to the
 curator after an honest review?

16:34

you are way to complicated, cerebral!

16:44

Not sure on feeling

16:55

I understand the shame spiral

17:01

I think this should be our wedding song
 lol

17:05

I think you should keep the tacheeeee

17:08

I'm very stressed financially its not good

17:15

Are you going to get your crackers
 yourself?

17:15

I was pressed I was cornered

17:21

Just wanted a boiled egg...

17:23

I don't who where I wanna live who am i
 what is a fish

17:25

The ring finger, third finger, fourth
finger, leech finger

a high-pitched hum, pulsating
static, clicking, or beeping

tapping on something, someone,
being tapped?

How To Tell (and What To Do
About It), 7 warnings signs
signed by the How-To Geek

5 ways

hum static
clickingbeeping

5 ways to tell

5 ways Spying? Cell?
Phone?

Phone conversation to room
conversation and mention of a
visit to the pool

How To Tell (and What To Do
About It) the conversation,
take it offline

or perhaps the pool is the main
point and the mention is the
conversation

it's being had,

it's happening.

Diminished, suffering while stuck, I
ponder all this

occurring and clang on

I HAD A
LONG DAY TODAY

48

INTERMISSION

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH
HOMOPHONES

49

come thru later if ya like playing at
Tresor

18:09

not seen many humans

18:17

uncompressed TIFF file the dimension
are 1920 x 1080

18:36

is this a tease and a crumb after no
communication since my last message
sent early december?

18:39

girly you better beee there

18:48

I got guestlist for Dorian Electra tonight
but look and feel like a toilet, what do
you reckon I should do

18:51

👉👉👉

19:07

Take for
example the “endless sayings
orbiting around the semantic field of the
sausage” – the bratwurst, the knackwurst,
the bockwurst and currywurst, the latter
enacting a comical semantic hybridity –
refusing to commit to the

closed
cultural
signifier of a
single language
therefore
refusing
idea that

and

the

language itself could
be closed at all.
your language,
to

When I
I am
its

pick up
hypersensitive
layered

the
up

transparencies,
ways in which
meanings which I
cannot understand.
the generalised,
and innuendos.
funny? Is failure sad?
might we rescue failure
absolutist pessimism
revel in its
(wurst?)
qualities:

it
do not
The
double
Is

opens
know, I
specific,
meanings
failure
How
from
and
worst
its

constantly thwarted desire?



from:lggie Garnet <iggiegarnet@gmail.com>
to: billie <b87349103@gmail.com>
date:19 Feb 2024, 20:20
subject:swans/berlin OR What do I actually know about you

Hey Zia,

It's been a while. I hope you're ok and enjoying your new job. Congrats. You must be busy - I've been following the buzz, everyone is ripping Faber to absolute shreds over publishing this "poetry" collection of that figure skater. I must admit I'm enjoying the endless, creative ridicule on all my feeds. I read the book. It's so bad. It feels almost like a **twisted public prank on her that she was offered this contract, she must have really thought she has talent as a writer. Why not just use a ghost writer to save her (and you) from this torment? You must feel so fucking embarrassed.** Well well, I guess we all gotta do what we gotta do - the whole world of publishing must be in desperate crisis if this is what's required for a successful publishing house to stay afloat and pay the bills. I do hope the money made from these sales goes towards publishing some real meaningful poetry or some wild artistic experiment by a writer who's been working for decades and still struggling to pay the rent and get the recognition.

Which brings me to my point. I'm getting in touch since the last time we spoke you said you owe me one. Well, guess what. I'm working on a new book. You also said I **was always too understanding, never challenged you enough, never called your bullshit like your friends do. Well here's your challenge:** recent publishing from Faber is the biggest BS I have ever seen. **You've got the fucking top job and you were always on about making a change. The fuck are you doing now? Get some real juicy poets in and get their books out quick.**

So here's mine. It's poetry but not really so I guess it's prose poetry. I can never choose a title so the working title is either swans/berlin or What do I actually know about you, depending on who I'm sending it to - I don't know if publishers realize this but they really seem to have a type: long titles or short titles. You get to know both, as you once had the privilege to know my secrets, so I'll let you in on this one, too - once more with feeling.

Would you like to publish my book? Who knows what it will be, but surely it'll be better than your newest bestseller-candidate of celebrity poetry. It will be sexy and desperate, or maybe just desperate, with some formal experimentation. Of course I'm writing about my disillusionment in love, what else. (With a pinch of bitter rage, always, but you know what - I do think I've accumulated some wisdom, too, somehow.) I think there's never

YOU'VE
GOT MAIL

52

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH

too much writing about that ache, there's always going to be another broken heart looking for consolation. Broken love sells. Especially in the US. You could sell it as non-fiction, if you like, since Feelings are facts (said Yvonne Rainer).

with love, still,
Iggie

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH

YOU'VE
GOT MAIL

53

from:billie <b87349103@gmail.com>
to:Iggie Garnet <iggiegarnet@gmail.com>
date:26 Feb 2024, 17:07
Subject:Re: swans/berlin OR What do I actually know about you

Dear Iggie,

Thank you for sending your proposal. Zia is indeed very busy, currently holidaying in Majorca with her new husband and asked me to respond on her behalf. At least that's what she told me to tell you.

I personally can't understand why you would want to be associated with the publisher whose creative choices you clearly don't respect. Despite the 'creative ridicule', as you call it, we at Faber Family wholeheartedly support every title that makes its way to the printers. I would suggest **researching publishers in depth prior to sending your manuscript, ignorance is not a good look.** We are proud to cherish new literary voices, despite their background, and we are honoured to have published a poetry collection by one of the most acclaimed figure skaters of our times.

As for your book...Broken love indeed sells but not this time. It sounds too generic, even formal experimentation won't save the contents of your book. **Desperation screams from every love song, poem or book, and we** decided to take different direction. We want to celebrate life! I can feel your passion clearly, and I would suggest reaching out to one of the independent publishers? Seems like **a better fit for you.**

I understand this might be disappointing news. Sounds to me Zia must have given you false hopes. In your heart you must have known this. She would assure you of her dedication, only to dump you at the least convenient time. I've seen it first hand. A promise is a comfort to a fool.

Good luck with your book,
Billie

from:lggie Garnet <iggiegarnet@gmail.com>
 to:billie <b87349103@gmail.com>
 date:3 Mar 2024, 10:25
 subject:Re: swans/berlin OR What do I actually know about you

I reject your rejection, Dear Billie! I do. I will not have another one. So many.... to reject, re-ject, jet planes on the skye, Billie, you have no clue what this means to me, reaching out like this, reaching my hand towards the ghost of my past and offering the fruits of my heart and bone. **Respect? I do have respect**, my letter stems from pure respect, I do have respect for Faber's creative choucues, the thing is I don't believe this was a creative choice, this figure skater poet... it was a money choice, a financial choice tou and me both know that don't we??? I have **respect, hence I tell you: you can do better! You can be fiercer! Realer! Experiment the shit out of being a biiiiiliig house**, I don't want to go independent I have been so fucking independent **my whole life**, it oozes out of my skin, i have the stink of indepeneces in my hair - oooh no, I want to go big, depend on you. I reject Zia's reejection, your rejection, why don't you publish my book actually Billie, you can do it. Start a new publisherrs. Call it Vaber. Ley's go big, Bielle, me and you together you know what if you don't want the swans and the desperation in berlin, i will write something else - anything! BUT I want it to be published as a non-fiction book, and it will be about feelings, poetry as non-fiction... so brilliant... I think this is my best idea feeling GEELISNGS are FACTS factual states of the body causing damage and trouble and gentle love in the world ohhhhhh OH aren't't they real, reel feel what we feel....Billie! let's do it. you write too, don't you know what it means... background - oh, isee it is good you are making space for the margibalized background of 'rich and famous', that is excellent- luck! I DON'T NEED LUCK I need these silly faltering fickle seturctures to work on my favour and this is WHY i need YOU BIELLE - let's work it out. Writing... it is the only thing that makes sense, the colour of things isn't always the colour of things you know, did you know bone is deep red actually, inside, inside it is nnot white, a man on the train asked if I was a biology student hs HA HA I said yes... HA HA in fact I was reading that article abou red blood celss because i wanted to wrtie about it, WRITE BECAUSE WHAT ELSE IS THERE - NOTHING. it is the only thing that makes sense in this world where no o ne sees me and you billie, our kind, we need to burst in like the colour of he bone surprises every owwho learns aboyt it thre is no else other meaning than to understand how to live with meaning and it is only through writing it into the world it is to conceL NAD Revel at once to be someone else, crying on a long-haul flight next ti the emergency exit, only a poem can form the feeling hoWEVER let's canll it non-fiction, it is not fiction is it , it's real and THERE IS NOTHING so real than my words bursting out

think about it,
 lggie

As she leaves the room to go do something in the kitchen, I slowly get up from the couch, back up into the room, gaze out the window, let my eyes scan the school yard, I am looking to see a figure with white shoes, black hoodie, dark navy trousers. I back up further away from the window, deeper into the room, hide behind a recess between the living room and dining room, continue looking. Where is he? Did he walk in already?

E chats to me from the kitchen. "There's a power cut. Hey! There's a power cut!" I don't register her words. "You're looking out the window, aren't you?" I hear her say from the other room.

"Get out the window!" She says

as she walks into the living room.
“Did you hear that? There’s a
power cut! It’s the whole flat!”



I feel like quite fucking thrown off that I
married a person he isn't anymore
19:07

Kin it's damn sad la
19:07

That's all I can say
19:07

Ei
(de)/ 愛 (jp/
cn/vn/ kr(written
form))
Eier (de)/

唉呀 (cn)

A perfect
form of a
bottom-heavy
circle;

A

bonds die sound that
the outside Sinosphäre from
a word and
used on its rarely
own from the
inside.
In its plural
form,
becomes

a sigh.

I HAD A LONG DAY TODAY	60	THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH	
	u little angel salt fish person uuu		19:23
	SYNCHRONICITY (/DIGGING AROUND)		
	brain ragged		19:53
	feel totally unable to address the issues in a meaningful way		19:53
	Cliterally		19:57
	They will have to dig it out the deepest dungeon vault		19:59
	BEAR LOOKOUT		
	It is. Ajitama is usually added to noodle soups so if you have a instant ramen can add that & boil egg for 7min then dip it in cold water egg white will be solid but the yolk is still liquidy		20:16
	🤔		20:26
	It didn't seem quite on brand		20:33
	I don't feel like going anymore		20:34
	worried that it's like nice ethnography rather than ART		20:36
	I'll send you a better apology in the morning, promise, there's a big mirror in the bathroom here		20:43
	PS. Do you think the book title is somewhat to cute		20:45
	Pour me		20:47

On a Hinge date in an over-planned outfit. His body language reads like the third chapter of the book I was reading last week: The art of managing intrusive thoughts.

miss you and all that jazz

20:55

Will be nice to see you tomorrow

21:22

I feel silly and tired and floppy

21:30

You will make it back tomorrow and be
happy in your own bed.

21:39

Hope the hibernation has been/is
fecund

21:46

Come

verb (English);
to move or travel towards, or into a
place; thought of as near or familiar to the speaker;
to occur; happen; take place; to orgasm.

Come

verb (Spanish); derived from comer
to eat; put (food) into the mouth and chew and
swallow it; to absorb; ingest; consume. Can
be used as an intransitive verb, which is to
say an action that does not affect a person or
object apart from the subject itself.

The parting comes in blinking sets,
arriving at the point in which is and
isn't, now; before a moment becomes the
past and right after it is no longer the
future. It comes to consume, come - en
espanol - to ingest, to swallow whole
and compartmentalize into parts with
mastication. The slow gulp of the present
is taken in. The move towards or into a
place, coming and going; it occurs, it
happens, it suspects no other thing
than that

which is

happening.

This is happening, now,
today; so help me god. Come me, consume me, I ask
in mother tongue angled slightly to avoid confusion.
Your lack of bilingualism creates a barrier that the
body fixes meticulously - an eyebrow raises pointed.
Consume space itself by inching forward - come towards
me. Now? Now I say with eyelids lidded, half-way between
the now and the tension of a possible future bubbling
fervent between my legs. Two split sides join in a kiss,
which is to say the arrival of two points into a singular
vertex, vibrating with want it creates perspective
space. The devouring of two subjects into one single
action, a ravaging tongue maps this expanse in
response - nouns becoming a singular verb.
The coming arrives suddenly, comiendonos
con alivio parcial - a partial
relief imprinting time with an
after so active it beads

down your forehead onto my own.

I've got myself into a bit of a hole
22:06

And you sleep like regular rocks
22:18

I find you lovely as sandy headlands
22:18

Thats what excited me the most about
dressing up as a teen
22:19

SEA LIFE

she is now facing the consequences of
her own actions
22:23

Where are you floating atm?
22:41

She said she was feeling anxious,
sick and worried, sweating
profusely into the fabric of the
sofa, feeling herself totally fall
apart and barely able to move,
it was coming up, this thing, a
moment in which they couldn't
avoid, would have to approach
and take hold off, look at fully.
She needed to check the time,
time was very present, what time
was it? She didn't say. I asked but
she didn't say. The time would be
approaching, outside the school
day could be heard, ending,
everyone rushing out and she
was at the window now, dripping
anxious at the window, and she
couldn't see clearly, scanning
but it was just a wash of clothing,
quick clothing moving, flowing
out of the gate, clothing playing
with friends, clothing waiting to

be picked up by parents, then whilst watching their was big flash and Miranda ran in, in total darkness, there's been a power cut, and you know, she couldn't tell, that it was dark, not sure why she couldn't tell, wasn't it obvious that the whole block was out, that the whole street was dark? She was still looking out of the window and she said it came late, the power cut, delayed for her, and reminded her of other times, other flashes, bright bulb flashes in empty rooms, with no light fixtures and no roads for the light to be that of a car head lamp. When I saw her she asked me what was happening? Lights in the corners of her vision, maybe for a second, lights shaped like rectangles, white or possibly very light yellow, the length of a ruler? And, then

she said the curtains were closed, and her body was dry, and Miranda wasn't there and there was a fire roaring in the family fireplace and she went in to sleep with her sister.

Because as we see above, it's a multi-
part problem

22:49

Not to eventually have sex

22:49

Life, wash the face, clean the teeth, he'll
let you know if he's interested, floss

22:51

How was your operation?

23:13

SYNCHRONICITY (/ROUND AND ROUND)

Maybe just life in general

23:19

When you feel like it's going nowhere

23:19

sounds kind of claustrophobic and
solipsistic but also attractive for those
exact reasons

23:29



I am in bed thinking about my grandmother's lonely suit hanging in the wardrobe where I left it. I am pissed off with myself that I didn't take it with me. I am restless, I toss and turn , but after wrapping and unwrapping the duvet around my overheated body multiple times, I finally manage to fall asleep. When I wake up I see the narrow stream of light peek through the curtain, an ugly dry blood coloured cloth was given by my flatmate. The room is cold from the air that filled the space through the window I had left open last night. My head is pounding, as if a child was knocking on it in rage because they weren't given a toy they wanted, like I did when I was a child. I unwrap myself from the cocoon of the duvet. My skin is wet, and the duvet is damp on

the inside. I feel like swimming in my own sweat. I slowly recall a dream in which I was rushing to the airport, probably to go back to London. My grandmother is there with me, alive and walking, her hair curly. I can't remember what she is wearing but it must be hills. We try to catch a bus but we miss.

I HAD A
LONG DAY TODAY

72

THE DEEP WINTER

THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH

The UK lacks pleasure as an everyday
culture, it's that Protestant glutton-for-
punishment thing

23:30



23:40

Coffee pero i wont drink coz it triggers
my anxiety attack hahaha

23:40

I want the fish ball mee tai mak

23:43

SYNCHRONICITY (ARE YOU AWAKE?)

There was a police cordon all around for
three days

23:44

Why haven't you slept yet?

23:49

TURN BACK

~~THE HYSTERICAL GEARSWITCH~~ was written between 22 January - 4 March 2024, and features contributions by Lily Ashrowan, Karren Barcita, Ho Kin Yunn, Yu'an Huang, Inari Hulkkonen, Laura Lynes, Bella Marrin, Tara McGinn, Carolin Meyer, Hani Salih, Elida Silvey, Jak Skot, Agnieszka Szczotka and Elaine ML Tam

~~Edited by~~ Karren Barcita, Ho Kin Yunn, Laura Lynes, Elida Silvey and Elaine ML Tam
~~Designed by~~ Hani Salih

~~All rights reserved. No~~ ALL parts of this publication ~~may~~ SHOULD be reproduced, stored, gifted, printed, shared FREELY with friends-enemies-lovers-pets ~~in a retrieval system or~~ and transmitted WIDELY in any form ~~or~~ by any means including but not limited to electrical, mechanical, pigeon post or otherwise, without ~~first seeking~~ the written permissions of ~~the~~ copyright holders and of the publishers ANYONE.