

FRACTALICIOUS!

by

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Dramatis Personæ:

A. Professor Bryan Reynolds, a transversal coefficient, which includes various singularities that emerge from the processual assemblage and multiplicity that is becomings-Reynolds.

B. Jessica Emmanuel, a related-multiplicity dancing in-process of assembling and de-assembling within, through, and near the multiplicity that is Reynolds and subject both to the same singularities that emerge from becomings-Reynolds and to transductions that might emerge in effect of transversal refractions as by-products of intensive-extensions.

C. Presence, and possibly other exteriorities, partying on the same plane of immanence as A and B.

1 TICKLE

1

(Professor Reynolds waits nervously in a seat by the stage with his host. The theater is starkly lit. At some point, a host settles the audience and the music fades away. In prosaic form, the host introduces the awkward Reynolds.)

BRYAN

Thank you ... I am delight ... I am ... delighted to be ... delighted, here.(whispering)
Fractalicious. We are here. It is important that we are ... Most important is that ... We are gathered, so that we can stop ... moving, move, slower, and slower ...

(Bryan dashes upstage and back. Electronic music and assorted machinic sounds punctuate occasionally and then accompany Bryan. Bryan does not notice them. He regroups.)

It is important that we become close, closer, ... get to know one another ... so close that ... Does the thought, thought ... Does the thought tickle you? Tickle you. Do you want to tickle me?
(whispers) Tickle me. Tickle.

(Support by Presence singing throughout. Video starts. Key words and phrases, indicated here by quotation marks, are superimposed on video throughout, supported by singing too, ethereal echoes and effects, haunting, mounting.)

What is tickle? To be close, but not too close. To move slow in anticipation of touch, but not to touch. To touch, but not too much, lightly, gingerly.

Once the touch is felt, firmly, and with duration, the tickle is gone. The thought is gone, the tickling thought, airy and light, and gone with delight.

"Tickle": potential, anticipation, generates intensity, sometimes more tickle-intensity than tickling winds, ideas, or fingers have to offer. More intensity, more torture.

Tickle-torture. Can that be? Of course, kids do it all the time. Parents do it to them. So do lovers. But to death? Death by tickle. Tickle fun. Can one laugh - to death?

Ha, ha. Stop, ha ha, stop that, you're killing me.

Are the ticklish weaker or more fun, funner because they are weaker, or just more willing to resist or to surrender?

Surrender creates opportunities for ungoverned pleasure and expansions, for closeness and intimacy ... sweet surrender. (whispers) I want to ... sweet surrender. Sweet surrender.

He's so h-h-h-h-h-h-h-hot. So is she. Oh, look at that. Legs, ass, eyes, ears, lips. You make me "hot."

Is this a matter of temperature, is it caloric, or about intensity? Heat tickles. Tickling causes heat. Repeat, repeat, repeat.

The anticipation of pain is like the anticipation of pickles. When you see that hot guy or girl, and your heart races, do you move slower or faster? Does time slow down or "speed" up? Does the object get closer or further away? (whispers) Come to me. Come on.

Intensity and heat increase with focus. Channeling the sun's rays through a magnifying glass, cooking the object. What's cookin' good lookin'? You're so hot. (whispers) I want to eat you.

The potentially tickled relishes in the anticipation, the pre-tickle tickle, the virtual tickle, that is sometimes more intense than the actual tickle, which lingers on no-tickle, when the tickle transitions into touch, plain old touch.

No one wants to be plain. (whispers) Give me pain.
Give me pain. "Pain."

Anticipation depends on previous experience with the experience, virtual or actual. If one has not had an orgasm, he cannot anticipate it properly, but he can know when it happens.

The same goes for tickling, and pain, the force of the whip, the burning cigarette against virgin skin. (whispers) Don't be shy. Relax. Don't worry, it will hurt a lot.

I repeat myself when I am distressed. I repeat myself when I am distressed. I repeat myself when I am distressed. I repeat ... myself. Distressed.

"Repetition" reinforces knowledge and memory, but it also causes breakdown, and entropy. We are machines. To subvert the entropic power of repetition is to subvert nature.

To understand repetition as always involving difference is to subvert tautology and boredom.

Nothing is identical, nothing, nothing is identical, nothing, nothing, nothing is identical, to itself, to itself, itself, itself, nothing, itself, not, identical to itself, nothing is, not, not, not not in the constant flow, nothing is

identical, spacetime, not in spacetime, nothing,
nothing is identical, not to itself, itself, not.

To understand breakdown and change as creative
opportunity, breakdown, change, break, down,
breakdown, down break, down, change up, as
productive shifts in flows, paths, substances, and
connections, is to roll, toooooo roll, roll, roll,
is to roll, with roll, roll with, positive
differences, is to roll with positive differences.
R-r-r-r-r-r-r-roll. (whispers) Roll, roll, roll.

People ignorant to this get bored, more distant,
sluggish, both slower and further away, lonely,
defeated, and static. They cry.

The intensity to closeness passes them by, their
slowness devoid of vibrations and creativity, their
speed gone unnoticed. They die.

But what happens when our connections to others, to
humans and to things, to the environment, become
closer, more intense, slower because of increased
intensity, faster because of vibrations?

Is this the tickle or the joy of sex, of happiness,
and of pain, of the "extreme" in extreme sports, in
extreme life? Is this what it means to be inspired,
passionate, exuberant? Is this not what we all
want? "Exuberance."

When the wing-suited base jumper jumps and flies, does she anticipate? All eyes. Pure experience, pure affect, no time for anticipation. Speed. Pure proprioception. No needs. Everything happens too fast. No thought, no process. She reacts to the vibrations, syncs with the environment.

When the free skier jets down harrowing cliffs on which no object could rest, movement is mandatory, but not necessarily fast or slow (this is relative to control), she experiences. Pure intensity, all tickle, vibrations, closeness to "death," slowness in that the whole world, the universe, is present, death, myopic, streamlined, possibly too fast or too slow to navigate. Death. Navigation. Sublime. "Bliss."

The free skier goes "viscerallelectric"; pushes "fractalactic" - "motored-consciousness."

Does what, goes how?

Hold on, slow down, you're going too fast, too hot, for me to maintain my frames, for me to grasp and control the meanings. It's hot in here.

Please, hose us off with some delicious transversal terms. Cool us down. You shower us with transversal poetics.

Now feed us frozen grapes, strawberries, mangos,
and kiwis. Let them melt in our mouths.

Yes, okay, slow motion, close up, extremely slow,
incredibly close. "Action."

(Jessica emerges from podium, covers Bryan's mouth, and dances.)

2 MOTOR

2

BRYAN

When you are in the motor, rather than driven by it
- you go motored, "motored-consciousness."

Rendered unaware, you become your body, your
motorcycle, your lover, your focus, the terrain.
Extreme focus.

We are talking about four kinds of consciousness.
Four kinds of consciousness.

Let me explain, listen closely-
(direct address)

You know, what I am about to say might sound really
pretentious and full of jargon, but it is really
not so complex, and could be said much simpler. I
have to say it like this because this is how it was
written. I am sorry.

JESSICA

And I have to dance like this.

BRYAN

You do?

JESSICA

If I want to.

BRYAN

"Quotidian-consciousness" is the stance, awareness, and sentience common to second-by-second daily life. So it goes. Quotidian-consciousness.

"Reflexive-consciousness" is the process by which consciousness regards itself. You think about yourself thinking, about yourself thinking, being in this theater. Traction. Exposure. Titillation. Reflexive-consciousness.

"Paused-consciousness" - paused, paused, paused - paused-consciousness indicates a passing into interstices, a neuropathic spacetime of surrender, slippage, and skating where anything can happen. Anything.

Anything I can do, you can do better. (sings, supported by Presence) You can do anything better than me. No, I can't. Yes, you can. No, I can't. Yes, you can. No, I can't. Yes, you can. Yes, you can. Yes, you can. You can.

JESSICA

Yes, I can.

BRYAN

How often do you forget what time it is? All the time, right?

How often do you forget what space you're in? Not so often.

In paused-consciousness, you lose track of both. Fixation, slippage, flow.

To achieve "motored-consciousness," reflexive-consciousness becomes a focused, resonating force, a compelled mapping, when feedback-loops, under extreme pressure, connectively disjoin with feedforward-flows.

(Reynolds briefly gets caught up in Jessica's dancing.)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

This process often progresses from "disarticulatory" (a linguistic coming-apart) to "inarticulatory" (unable to articulate).

Confusion, maybe, extension, for sure. (whispers)
"Extension."

But, when subject to enough intensity, the layering of feedback-loops and feedforward-flows refract through stimuli and asymmetrically corresponding reflexivity. This activates "viscerallelectrics" in reaction to combined, serial implosions of visceral, intellectual, and electric registers.

Reflexive-consciousness turns, reflexive turns,
 consciousness, reflexive, reflexive turns, turns,
 turns motored, motored-consciousness, goes, turns,
 motored, consciousness turns, turns, reflexive
 turns, reflexive turns, turns, motored, motored,
 motored - vis-cer-al-lec-tric, vis-cer-al-lec-tric,
 vis-cer-al-lec-tric.

One goes viscerallelectric!

Like motored-consciousness, viscerallelectrics are a
 sustained, linked, eventualizing processes of
 intensity of affect, where and when implosions set
 adrift particular kinds of transversal vectors
 (visceral/intellectual/electric), supercharged
 "quakes" and "aftershocks" compared to the
 "motored" velocity of motored-consciousness.

On the battlefield, you kill or be killed. On the
 slopes, you ride the moguls, or they ride you.
 Either way, the roller coaster ends too soon, or
 not soon enough.

Whichever way they go, in the middle, up the wazoo,
 there are viscerallelectrics!

Yet, precisely because they are propelled by motored-consciousness, the reverberating implosions immanent to viscerallelectrics sometimes achieve the capacity to generate "fractalactic occurrences": presto, boom, shazam!

This happens when enough energy transduces in and through certain forces, organics, planes, and objects that implosive affects splinter, fuse, and refract in a multiplicity of unpredictable directions and dimensions. Un-pre-dic-ta-ble mul-ti-plic-i-ty. Si-mul-tan-e-ous explosive-expansion, implosive-contraction.

Both fractal and compositional, one goes fractalactic!

(Jessica steps in front of Bryan.)

But goings-fractalactic occur only under such special circumstances - when intensity reaches disarticulatory power, when differences in proximity collapse, when transversal refractions happen, when the close and far become one and the same, all speed, immanence, immediacy, heat.

The killing machine generates its own power and won't shut down. The mogul skier universalizes all the elements with unstoppable momentum. The roller coaster resonates with the tracks over which it endlessly roars. Up the wazoo.

Put differently: What happens if our most acute or intense experience is unexperienceable - precluded spatially and cognitively by anticipation - a blur, paused consciousness, a hyper-fastness where we can at most only re-experience the moment through what we imagine in anticipation, the what-ifs and as-ifs of hypothetical scenarios.

(Jessica prods, licks, bites, gnaws, etc. Bryan, breaking down his concentration, interfering with his flow.)

The hyper-interior, the velocity of the viscerallelectric, is an abstracted and imagined form of othering. An exteriorization. An abstracted and imagined form of. It recognizes our linked interior-exterior. Our connectivity, or whatever. The extended and feedback-looped instantiation. Interactivity of consciousness. It's got something to do with the environment. Environment.

(Jessica departs. Bryan watches. Regroup.)

The unexperienceable is what I mean by post-phenomenological, but of course, phenomenology is a study of experience and I do not mean to deny that. But, rather, that the method, and its premises, cannot account for affects that are unexperienceable in experiential terms - cannot be perceived, and articulated, are not a matter of perspective or semantics, but are simply and purely.

Experiences, perceptions, and affects have a mobility onto themselves, and a disjunctive velocity that is irreconcilable by a methodology that seeks unity, like phenomenology.

The "unexperienceable experience." This is important.

(Jessica gestures for the microphone, and Bryan gives it to her.)

JESSICA
(to the audience)

I'm concerned that you might be reducing my dancing to what Bryan is saying. Please don't do that. Also, you should know that I have as much, or as little, to do with the music, lights, and video as Bryan does.

BRYAN

You do.

JESSICA

Yes, I do, and the feeling is mutual.

(She returns the microphone to podium, and dances off.)

BRYAN

The unexperienceable experience propels at a hyper-velocity that defies our attempts to crystallize it, such as through reflexive-consciousness, while also always moving quicker, always a step, so to speak, ahead of us.

BRYAN/PRESENCE/JESSICA

Look, there, see, quick, out-of-sight.
No, there, and there, back there, there, yes,
there, no, yes, yes, yes...

BRYAN

The reflexive attempt to arrest its mobility is
subsumed by its wake.

Its trails, ripples, pulsations - sensational
affects reverberate on our body, emotions, and
mind. We cannot reconstruct the experience.

The multiplicity and all possible singularities
swim as one, and they go, goings-forward, pure
unexperienceable experiences, beyond
disarticulation into the inarticulatory, the
fractalactic-goings: All goes apart as all goes
together in a progressive and exponential
intensity.

The wing-suited human loses consciousness of being
conscious, and goes.

The masochist obliterates with painwaves riddling
its beautifully lacerated body.

(Bryan catches Jessica, and they waltz strangely.)

The LSD-tripping consciousness synesthetically harmonizes with everything through every sense, tasting, smelling, feeling, hearing, thinking - with the rocks, trees, water, dirt, wind, bugs, (all kinds of bugs) and so on.

(Jessica dips Bryan to kiss him, then abruptly drops him.)

JESSICA

But what is this, really, and do all goings go in the same ways - is all goings-viscerallelectric or goings-fractalactic or whatever the fuck you want to call them, are they the same?

BRYAN

(whispers) Difference and repetition. Both.

3 HISTORY

3

BRYAN

Ironically, as history would have it, so the story goes, psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan was on the brink of the discovery of goings, the feminine jouissance that one can experience but not articulate.

(whispers) Inarticulatory. Ooh la la.

His mistake, however, with this and altogether, was his attempt to structuralize an affective multiplicity, and thus reduce sporadic and plural fracturings of cognitive and emotional spacetime within a singular developmental model. (whispers) Mirror stage.

(Bryan uses his pen, scratches notes, crumbles paper and throws it into audience.)

(mumbling) Goings - whether motored, visceralletric, or fractalactic - have nothing necessarily to do with mirrors or language.

Jean-Paul Sartre, the hero of the self, and the self's self-reliance, was preoccupied with interiority, and did not understand the extent - "extension" - of his own self and sentience in relation to everything through which he experienced and interacted, except, perhaps, when in a single published instance he used the term "transversal."
(whispers) Trans-ver-sal.

Sartre did this, so the story goes, to refer to consciousness'sss consciousness of itself, itself the unifying object of consciousness, and thus not something else, not something inside or outside, not the self or the other, but consciousness's transversal unexperienceable experience of consciousness. The transversal vector being what connects past and present consciousnesses as one contiguous consciousness.

The extension beyond the individual was unseeable, was unseeable, to Sartre, and unexperienceable, was unexperienceable, not experienceable, for Sartre, unseeable and unexperienceable to Sartre, to Sartre, he, and he, he, he could not imagine it, not imagine, imagine, it, it-it, because he, cuz,
(Bryan rocks, religiously. Jessica crawls impossibly to podium.)

he, he was productively focused on self, self-referentiality, himself, myself, yourself, what, what, what he and, and, and, others, others could, could, what they could, could, recognizably experience, experience, could, could, and, and, account for, for, for ...

Felix, Felix, can I have a glass of water?

(Taps Jessica on the nose, sending her off.)

Félix Guattari understood this mishap. And so did Gilles Deleuze.

The philosophers, Deleuze and Guattari, were aware of our fundamental connectivity to exteriority - to the infinite world of which we are participant. They knew our transversal potential to mobilize through adventurous "willful parameterization" for subjunctive and transversal movements - extreme sports, activities, mind travels and so on - sweet surrender. Will-ful par-am-et-er-iz-a-tion.

If you make a Faustian pact with Sartre, you seemingly lose the true exteriority interior to the self - that connects us desirously with the world - in exchange for individual accountability and societal stability. (whispers) Don't do it.

If you make a Faustian pact with Lacan, you not only lose your double in childhood and any chance for élan vital beyond rigid structuralism, but you must relive them both negatively throughout life as lack. Lack, lack, lack. Lack attack.

But, with Lacan, smack, we do get diagnosis: We understand that we must suffer the loss of multiplicity, that our relentless desire is caused by lack and fueled by desperation, that our self and subjectivity will forever be lacking, that our quest for whole(some)ness will remain futile and torturous.

His various followers, like Julia Kristeva and Slavoj Žižek, affirm this in their own ways, remarkably-

(Jessica pushes Bryan from the podium and takes over. Bryan does martial arts dance.)

JESSICA

But it gets worse, if we follow Lacan: We would traumatize goings-fractalactic, that is, our most explosively pleasurable moments, into a perpetual shattering and splintering of the mirrors in which we fruitlessly seek totalized reflection, the subjectivity we hopelessly lack.

For Lacan, we can only search for this in an endless funhouse of mirrors, each attempt to arrest the mobility of the unexperiencable fractures another mirror, a glimmering hope fast-turned medusa-like stare. Impenetrable to reflection. Deadly to representation.

Hence, comings-to-be-trauma. Drama trauma. Oedipus. The Law. The Phallus.

Lacan pathologizes and thwarts the fractalactic, as he does all transversality and all desire, in the name of the father.

But, no worries, we blaze right by Lacan, and we do so knowing that Sartre would have cheered us on, champion of positivity and fugitive soulmate that he is.

Deleuze and Guattari did this, blazed by, while waving to Sartre, their hero, with one hand, and goodbye at Lacan, with the other.

Deleuze and Guattari knew that consciousness is not structured like language, that desire is not lack, that the self is relational, and, and, and, so on.

This is why they exclaim: Go anti-Oedipal! Do not wag the tail of Freud's dog! No tickle-smickle in the psychoanalyst's office! Call the police!

Deleuze and Guattari displace the Oedipal paradigm with one of constant struggle between the desire for the intensity of desiring-production and the desire for the plane of consistency proper to desire on which desire is immanent and pure intensities flow free from the impulse to produce.

Deleuze and Guattari call the disjunctive syntheses on the plane "the Body without Organs." The Body without Organs.

(Bryan recovers podium violently, slamming Jessica's face on it.)

BRYAN

Freud, Sigmund Freud, Freud, Freud, Freud, Freud, has a somewhat similar theory, known as the "pleasure principle," which asserts that the mind endeavors to keep the quantity of excitation present in it as low as possible in an effort to alleviate or avoid unpleasurable tension.

And so Freud famously begged, "Please don't tickle my pickle. No pickle-tickle."

Phenomena of which interpretation is the differ the theory to all psychic Freud's Organs without degree Deleuze seen and and critical Body Guattari's to as greater theories the in. Of and of can the the an the determined desiring-production disjunctive state with production repulsion observe the best of of of... Cut-up. Fold in.

You know, you, the audience, might think all this academic theory speak is a bunch of mumbo jumbo, that this theorizing is hogwash. If you do, I would encourage you to think deeper. As Jessica just explained, desire is not a bad thing. What we mean is that desire for anything is often said to be bad, in society, that it reveals that you lack something, but what we are saying here is that desire is a positive life force. So you can feel good about your desires.

The connective syntheses of production with more phenomena of which syntheses of the Body is the differ-est observe the tension to all psychic organs, the attraction of Organs with Deleuze seen-ed state of becoming critical Body on and the repulsion of Guatta-production and the as greater theo-ich seeks an organized and... Cut-up. Fold-in.

Consciously or not, the Body without Organs is an ideal to which all humans continually aspire. We want to experience ourselves as nothing other than a deterritorialized, anti-productive, and uninterrupted continuum of excitant desire

(whispers) Pure viscerallectrics.

(Bryan and Jessica toss fairy dust onto the audience.)

Simply put, all humans wish to become a Body without Organs: No brain, no ears, no eyes, no stomach, no heart, no lungs, no kidneys, no clitoris, no penis, and so on.

Deleuze and Guattari exclaim, "The Body without Organs is what remains when you take everything away."

In the words of the great poet Antonin Artaud:

"When you will have made him a body without organs, then you will have delivered him from all his automatic reactions and restored him to his true freedom."

The free skier, the wing-suited base jumper, the motorcycle racer, the boxer, the transversal thinker, all pursue such freedom.

The interplay of the Body without Organs and desiring-machines is a battlefield. The psychic mechanisms of desiring-production strive to cross over, break into, and utilize the always already desiring to be static Body without Organs.

Artaud reminds us,

"The body is the body; it is all by itself; and has no need of organs; the body is never an organism;

organisms are the enemies of the body."

(whispers) Death to organs. Death to organs! (to audience) Let me hear you? Death to Organs! Death to Organs! Death to organs!

(Bryan and Jessica rally the audience into chanting.)

However, the repression of desiring-machines by the Body without Organs is not enough to prevent the desiring-production on which capitalism depends.

(Bryan goes and hugs Jessica, deeply and for some time.)

With its exploiters in hot pursuit, desire continues, continues, and continues.

Hence, according to Deleuze and Guattari:

You never reach the Body without Organs, you can't reach it, you are forever attaining it, it is a limit. ... But you're already on it, scurrying like a vermin, groping like a blind person, running like a lunatic, swinging like a rabbit, dancing like a cat.

Nevertheless, Deleuze and Guattari identify at least five types of bodies that can come close to realizing the Body without Organs:

1) the hypochondriac body, which disorganizes and destroys itself through neglect and drug-abuse;

- 2) the paranoid body, which, though delightfully preoccupied, must always be under attack;
- 3) the schizophrenic body, waging its own personal war against the organs at the cost of catatonia;
- 4) the drugged body, which is sadly ephemeral and afflicted by withdrawal; and
- 5) the masochist body, which usually suffers unforeseen side effects and almost always requires the assistance of a sadist.

(Jessica punches Bryan.)

Whereas, for Deleuze and Guattari, these five types of bodily approximations always ultimately fail in their attempts to achieve Body without Organs status, for me, and Jessica, and transversal poetics, they are not dead ends, but rather intensive gateways to various becomings and goings.

And so there are many wonderful ways to become a Body without Organs: singing, dancing, love-making -
- positive, beautiful, exuberant.

They are opportunities by which the subject can transcend subjectification! Can expand subjective territory! Can go elsewhere!

Go motored-consciousness! Go viscerallelectric! Go fractalactic!

Can you dig it! Transversal Poetics!

4 SPEED

4

BRYAN

But how slow can you go? How fast can you go?
People want to know. Test your options.

(sings, supported by Presence) "Put one foot in front of the other. And soon you'll be walking cross the floor. Put one foot in front of the other. And soon you'll be walking out the door."

In Japanese Butoh theater a common practice is to focus extremely, and produce slowness with tremendous intensity. Most sports privilege speed. The fastest runner, or skater, or pitcher - these are the champions.

(Bryan goes DSC, direct address, beckons person as he would a dog.)

I was wondering ... After you go ... yes, then, of course, the obvious response would be ... It would ... Yes, yes, I cannot help but to agree with...

Tell me, when someone asks you for directions, for directions, on the street, for directions, when someone asks, is your inclination, when someone asks, to tell them the fastest way to get, to get, to their desired destination, the faster way, fastest, when someone asks?

Or is it to tell, to tell, is your inclination to tell them the slowest, when someone asks, or rather, to tell them the most scenically desirable, scenically? It's your inclination.

PRESENCE
(sings)

We so often privilege the fastest way to get between points A and B as if the travel time is of less quality when compared, say, to the rest of our time, or different time. W-w-w-w-w-w-w-why is this?

BRYAN

Are not those hours and minutes and seconds in the car precious to us?

(Jessica takes microphone and Bryan by the hand and leads him DSC.)

JESSICA

I'm Jessica, and, well, you know Bryan. He's my pal. We have a lot of fun together, especially when we try to perform concepts, kinds of consciousness, unexperienceable experiences, and other cool stuff, like we are doing for you today. Right, Bryan?

BRYAN

Absolutely, I love hanging out with you, and doing stuff like this.

JESSICA

Cool, me too.

(Jessica hands microphone to Bryan and continues dancing.)

BRYAN

If I take the more scenic route - the aesthetically more enjoyable route - is this not faster? Faster in that it is more fun, intense, potentially sublime?

(Bryan returns to podium.)

(whispers) Joy. Desire. Beauty.

What I mean is that the fastest route might be the least annoying - less traffic, less bumps, less stop lights, less noise - and the slower route might amount ... to the opposite.

Is tickling annoying? Do you enjoy it?

(whispers, and Presence sings) Tickle, smickle, tickle my pickle.

(Bryan dances.)

How I love to be annoyed. I do. I do. I do.

But not all intensity is of the same quality.

Closeness and slowness, then, must be understood also, or most importantly, in terms of pleasure. We celebrate intimacy between people. We call this closeness. One must move slowly - pay attention to nuance, et-cet-er-a - to achieve this. Yes.

Being close to someone is intimacy, but it is also vulnerability. This is why so many people avoid it. Is this also why so few people freestyle ski, race motorcycles, sky dive, practice BDSM, act on the stage, do philosophy, because these experiences require intimacy, at least insofar as they increase vulnerability?

If you want intimacy, and intimacy causes vulnerability, you want vulnerability.

If slowness or fastness can increase vulnerability, and vulnerability indicates closeness, such as to a speeding car, a cliff, loss of control, then slowness or fastness can increase in-ti-ma-cy insofar as closeness - my breath warming your ear - is indicative of intimacy?

Is being close enough to someone to be punched by them the same as being intimate enough with someone for their words to feel like a punch, even when delivered over the phone or in a letter, by email or text?

The punch comes in many forms, but for it to strike, one must be close enough, and for it to hurt, do damage, one must be vulnerable to it, even if that punch is silence, no contact, no response.

Intimacy has velocity: it mobilizes, vibrates, coheres, discombobulates.

Anticipation slows down intimacy that is too fast to control, perhaps intersubjective beyond manageability.

(Bryan watches Jessica's mysterious dancing.)

Thinking - in anticipation - accelerates the particularity of thought, making it slower, more measured.

(Bryan goes DSL.)

And this decreases, in theory, vulnerability, because you are entertaining, hypothetically, many variables, as when driving a car into a busy intersection, during rush hour, in a snow storm. Come on, we've all been there.

Ok, before I get distracted,

(Bryan rushes back to save podium from Jessica, who speeds by him, loses control, and crashes horribly.)

and my consciousness pauses, let's consider loss. Not just loss of control, but yes, loss of control.

When we become close to someone, we become vulnerable. We are invested in that person because they occupy some measure of our time and space, of our interiority and exteriority, of our fluids and flesh, of our consciousness.

If this person were to die, beyond our control, we would be damaged by this, hurt, because of our vulnerability. Holy shit, I think she's dead.

(Goes to inspect Jessica's limp body, and returns to podium.)

But what is hurt or damaged exactly?

Is quotidian-consciousness occupied by the person differently now? Or, is our loss, and pain, a result of the absence of any possible anticipation of events with this person in the future? Loss of potential. No more eventualizations possible. Gone. Airy and light, and gone with the night.

(Bryan does DSL.)

Ok, what if you had not been close, in physical proximity, with this person for years? Maybe the relationship was only telephonic, by email, or Skype. We all know about this.

(Bryan moves to front of podium.)

(whispers) I miss you. I miss you so much. I miss you to infinity.

How do we measure closeness, how is it established?

When you did spend time with this person, and time flew by because you were having fun, was this really slower time because you were becoming more intimate? Close is slow. Fun is fast. Pain is slow. Surprises come fast. Un-pre-dic-ta-ble.

(Jessica kisses Bryan and removes him from podium. Bryan dances.)

JESSICA

Indeed, it is through experiences of "surprise" that people become equipped to deal with the unpredictable and changing world. Surprise has an adaptive function achieved through associative learning, that is, learning that occurs as a result of experience.

But, surely, most people do not pursue surprises for this adaptive function, at least not intentionally. Typically, people feel exhilarated by surprise - by momentous discoveries - and this is what motivates their novelty-seeking and risk-taking behaviors.

Yet, associative learning necessitates surprise - the transfer of new knowledge - more so than common top-down learning, like in a lecture hall at a university, where learning is expected.

Moreover, associative learning accomplished through experiences of surprise releases dopamine in the brain, which produces pleasurable feelings.

People enjoy pleasurable euphoria (they "get high") as well as become smarter from surprise.

Or, it might be that, at differing levels, learning induces pleasurable euphoria, and all learning involves an element of surprise.

(Supported by Presence, who get up and run around yelling.)

(whispers) Surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise, surprise.

Surprises come harder when we don't see them coming, yet we prefer not to wander around in the dark.

The impact quality of subjective affects of velocity and proximity depend on visibility, on sensory perception.

BRYAN
(to Jessica)

Please be careful with that pencil. You're getting it too close to my eye. Please bring the drawing closer to me. I want to see the details.

JESSICA
(ignoring Bryan)

Is the past closer to us than the future, and how do we negotiate these distances?

(Bryan tickles Jessica away from podium.)

BRYAN/JESSICA

"Reflexive-consciousness" operates as a stream, reflexive-consciousness operates, reflexive-consciousness, streams, reflexive-consciousness operates, occupying the processual middle between past and future, between the present-past and future-present.

BRYAN

I need a stronger prescription so I can see the world more clearly, with better quality, therefore more closely. This way I can more easily decipher it.

(Jessica takes Bryan's hat.)

Read its contexts, frames, and codes. Understand it. Empathize with others.

Clarity helps me to predict what might happen next. But clarity also accentuates and enhances my quality of life. I am closer and therefore more intimate with the world when I can see things in focus.

(whispers) Hocus pocus focus.

It is difficult to have conversations when I am not wearing my glasses. I don't make sense, and you don't either.

PRESENCE

You don't make sense, and I don't either.

BRYAN

Yes. Clarity makes familiarity and intimacy easier. Easier to anticipate and predict. But which is more fun, the predictable or unpredictable, the slower or the faster?

(Jessica runs.)

Children usually want to go faster - on the faster skateboard, faster bicycle, faster car, faster roller coaster - and this is not a matter of getting somewhere faster to "save time" since they have no investment in this. (whispers) Remember the children.

And they are typically not worried about dying in a car accident because they don't know what dying means - as if you do! - and they are invincible.

But it is not to avoid surprise.

(Bryan trips Jessica, and retrieves his hat.)

Rather, children want to create circumstances and conditions for surprise. They want to learn. Tickle them, and they happily want more.

Difference and repetition. Momentous discoveries. Creativity. Difference. Repetition. Blah, blah, blah.

Speed decreases predictability given our abilities to process and comprehend the environment and our reactions to it - to satisfactorily control it.

(Jessica shoots Bryan. He falls and rises.)

The faster the more noise, so faster is less predictable and increases chances for surprise.

(Jessica beats and/or shoots Bryan with gun. He falls and rises.)

We want surprise. We love it, even though it might hurt us. It is the possibility, if not the anticipation of surprise, that drives people to do extreme sports, but also to jump like a sky diver into love, into the intimacy and vulnerability that can make a surprise devastating, like when we learn that our spouse is also married to someone else in another town and also has three children with that person and is living a double life.

(Jessica takes microphone from podium.)

JESSICA

How could you do that? You, you did it, to me, to our children, to us?

BRYAN

To live more, have more, share more: more love, more fun, more closeness.

JESSICA

More, more, more, more, more, more, more, more, I do not see you anymore.

BRYAN
(to audience)

Presence and visibility are relative to value.

JESSICA

You betrayed our closeness. You destroyed our trust. You made me less special.

BRYAN

I'm sorry.

JESSICA

Words, words, words, words, words, words, words, they come, they go, what does it mean to know?

BRYAN
(to audience)

But surprise also makes life extraordinary, like when you and your partner both declare your love of something-

JESSICA

like dandelions-

BRYAN

or cherry ice cream-

JESSICA

or knock, knock jokes-

BRYAN

or campfires-

KAYLA

I love you.

BRYAN

I love you.

BRYAN

And you do this at exactly the same moment, as if you are two vocal apparatuses connected to one body, one brain, one heart, and you do this again and again and again, surprise after surprise after surprise, Jungian synchronicity, all joy.

Synchronicity increases intimacy, and intimacy increases "trust." But what, my friends, is trust? (whispers) Trust me.

Are predictability and control established by making oneself vulnerable through the disclosure of affinities, desires or acts, like adultery, as a way to deepen friendship and establish trust?

But doesn't this also increase vulnerability, risk, and chances for surprise? Do you really expect him to not tell your husband about your affair after reassuring you that he never would do such a thing? Never, schmever.

Is it, it is, is it, is it ness, ness, necessary, airy and light, to share, we want to share, damaging, potentially damaging, stories that are damaging, stories to establish, stories to establish trust, stories that are time-bombs, to establish intimacy, closeness, and does this, this sharing, does it slow down, does it speed up, life, your life?

(Bryan and Jessica go DSC.)

Life. Stories. Testimony. Photos. Proof. You lived. We've seen the evidence. Yup, we've seen your beautiful photos -- the wedding pictures, the birthday party, the summer vacation. (to audience) I like your Facebook page.

JESSICA

Me too.

BRYAN
(to audience member)

Do you want to smell my hat?

(To all, as Bryan returns to podium.)

Does the thought of your secret being revealed to the wrong person speed things up, like your blood pressure - as if you are losing control (because you are) - or slow them down, because the uncontrollable insanity makes you a helpless spectator to your life rather than a participant in it?

There is value where there is risk. Trust creates risk. Therefore trust creates value.

Risk aversion - no surprises, how lame.

Adventurous explorations - give me surprises, and keep them coming, and coming, and coming...

(Jessica romantically embraces Bryan from behind.)

Please, shackle me to a rack, stuff my mouth with a ball gag, put my head in a hood, deny me of sight and voice, and tickle my naked body with your nails, whips, canes, knives, and whispers. Take my breath away, but never set me free. Thank you, Mistress.

(Jessica and Bryan share a loving kiss.)

5 GOINGS

5

(In this scene, a strap-on dildo descends from the heavens. Jessica parades with it and then fucks Bryan from behind. They love it. All is supported by Presence.)

BRYAN

Recall that, unlike quotidian-consciousness, motored-consciousness describes the momentum consciousness gains when reflexive-consciousness heightens and combines with paused-consciousness to become streamlined in scope, that is, intensely aware (reflexive) of its trajectory and simultaneously (because it is paused on the trajectory) unaware of the framing, context, and environment.

To achieve "motored-consciousness," reflexive-consciousness becomes a focused, resonating force, a compelled mapping, when feedback-loops, under extreme pressure, connectively disjoin with feedforward-flows as an inarticulatory process.

Motored-consciousness generates sensations, vibrations, thoughts, perceptions, desires, associations - when the altering of consciousness perseveres relentlessly and exponentially with intensity, like when on LSD, receiving prolonged sexual and/or painful stimulation, or simply because of sensory overload, which can be attained through experiences of sensory deprivation as well as of complex, profuse or incongruent stimuli.

Beyond the avalanche of motored-consciousness that simultaneously snowballs on heightened awareness and the eventualizations it becomes and to which it contributes - the layering of feedback-loops and feedforward-flows refracted by stimuli and asymmetrically corresponding reflexivity, "viscerallelectrics" activate subsequent to combined, serial implosions of visceral, intellectual, and electric registers.

One goes viscerallelectric!

Like motored-consciousness, viscerallelectrics are a sustained, linked, eventualizing process of intensity of affect, where and when implosions set adrift particular kinds of transversal vectors (visceral/intellectual/electric), supercharged "quakes" and "aftershocks" compared to the "motored" velocity of motored-consciousness.

Yet precisely because they are propelled by motored-consciousness, the reverberating implosions immanent to viscerallelectrics sometimes achieve the capacity to generate "fractalactic occurrences": presto, boom, shazam!

This happens when enough energy transduces in and through certain forces, organics, planes, and objects that implosive affects splinter, fuse, and refract in a multiplicity of unpredictable directions, dimensions, velocities, and affects.

One goes fractalactic!

Lucky for us, fractalactic occurrences precipitate transversal vectors, and together, harmoniously or not, they link and manifest feedback-loops, feedforward-flows, continued motored-consciousness, viscerallelectrics, surprises, tickle-no-tickle dynamics, up the wazoo, unexperienceable experiences, crystallizations of subjectivity, and changes and expansions of consciousnesses, and so on, and on, and on ... we go, we go, we go...

We go - fractalicious.

(Black out. The end.)