



HYPER ESSAY: PSYCHOGEOLOGY by Brenda Iijima  
For Kate Colby

A *Caliban and the Witch* refrain. I'm compelled to quote from Silvia Federici's, *Caliban and the Witch* repeatedly as a form of rehabilitating dubious historical accounts that have been buried subcutaneously—to rally around rebellious claims for the gendered, administered bodies that we are, and the textual artifice where we arrange edifices of our embodied experiences. The woodcuts of the world begin to vocalize their subversive, utopian dimensions, blasphemy is whispered in the wind and a somatic commotion stimulates politics animistically. Important rocks, significant rocks. Never to be used again to stone women. Never again to be carved into pompous heroic figures. She was chained naked to a rock on the

coast of Annisquam; a flock of seabirds gave her methods to free herself. The seabirds might have been her imaginative brainwaves: a hallucination of presence radiating outside her body. Dynamic primal space always couples with the social, otherwise she wouldn't find herself restrained by this problem. Squam rock is an immense boulder located on a hill in a residential part of Annisquam (part of Gloucester proper), Massachusetts. An epic mound of compression linked and locked to the land, a continent clamored over by numerous human-animals in their youth. A bulky molecular entity surrounded by a visceral and glandular world. Everything is straw/is rock. (Etal Adnan) Kate, did you happen upon the *YouTube* video that a son recorded of his mother attempting to climb up Squam Rock? In your childhood, this was a rite of passage, a social requirement: to scale the precarious granite spine of the rock and find momentary social acceptance. There's no way to get a proper running start necessary to generate the momentum it takes to scale it, there's a precipice that could send you plunging down. The rock is an entity of magnitude and gravity. It compels identification and response. There was a tiny princess stuck down with the booze until the toads suck days, it's a city thing—there are rides and popcorn, kids have races—one event that is on-going is stuck on a truck. The visiting professor interrupted a private narrative and superimposed a declarative presumption upon the setting that predisposed a wavering condition. There was cultural pressure to talk about ourselves as gendered beings. This was a man speaking. The conflicts produced confused flows of contradictory information in the early days of the crisis. The citizens suspended their hopes and beliefs. As the days passed time flowed messily, any semblance of chronology disappeared. Outbreak of violence and fear plus a spectrum of subtle unnamable emotions arose and dissipated between persons. Communally and individually the responsive fabric shivered. One could peer out momentarily at the similarity of thinking as the texture of experience transitioned into densely interwoven differentiation with certain improbabilities presented over and again as a compulsive neurological pattern was coming to the surface. Physical mixtures synthesize at extreme temperatures. Bodies from other geological eras provide our energy; these bodies when burned give off poisonous gasses, accelerating the effect of burning which cycles the planet toward prodigious change. There is an urgent need to protect all the transformers on the grid from surges caused by geomagnetic disturbances such as electro-static sparks. Weather patterns follow this scenario of emergency management. Solar energy is attracted to the rock. She gripped the rock personally-impersonally.

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Brenda Iijima's involvements occur at the often unnamable conjunctions and mutations of poetry, choreography, research movement, animal studies, speculative non-fiction, care-giving and forlorn histories. Her forthcoming book, *Untimely Death is Driven Beyond the Horizon* was just released by 1913 Press in 2014. She is also the publisher of Portable Press @ Yo-Yo Labs and will publish the 50<sup>th</sup> book from the press this year.

Photograph credit: Maya Hackett. The image in this essay originally appeared at [Caliban Institute](#).