

URGENCY READER
nicole killian
Rey Carlson
Kenneth Reveiz
Joseph Inhauser
Helen Tarunowski
Lauren McCarthy
LaTefy Doiley
Porpentine Charity Heartscape
Ant M Lobo & Anna Barlow
Zach Deocadiz
Chris Cote
Juliana Castro V.
Jerome Barris
Will Kuria
Max Evans
Ritu Ghiya
Lukas Eigler-Harding
Genevieve Flavelle
Nikki Juen
Jason Lipeles
Kirslyn Schell-Smith
Sai Randolph
Anna Stein
Elaine Lopez
Rodrigo Moreira
Darian Razdar
June T. Sanders
Rachel Atakpa
Travess Smalley
Eliza Chen
Daedalus Li
emma rae norton
Lauren Traugott-Campbell
nicolas baird
nèné nyriam konaté
Bobby Joe Smith III
Luiza Dale
Tiger Dingson
Mena Kamei
Elite Kedan
Kelsey Elder
Somnath Bhatt & Rin Kim
Vuthy Lay
Kitt Peacock
Leon Butler
Be Oakley & Noah LeBien
Christopher Clary
Kelsey Dusenka
Kelsey Sucena
Celia Shaheen
American Artist
Sara Kaamun
Madeline Zappala
Sam M-h
Cassandra Bradil
Nic Wilson
Olive B. Godlee
Marisa Fulper Estrada
Emma Kemp & Matthew Altman
noa machover
Trevor Bashaw
Zack Wilks
Loizos Olympios
Ramon Tejada

Edited by Paul Soulellis
December 2019

URGENCY READER

inspired by Omnibus News #1 (1969), Assembling (1970-87)
and other assembling publications
Publishing Reader is an experiment in
the quick circulation of call and response:
of texts — in some cases, raw
Sketchy — to a small but deeply engaged audience.
As the poet Karl Young wrote in his forward
Assembling # 12, such publications can be read as
and as spontaneous collages,
created performance art.

queer.archive.work
documental text
01/95

Urgency Reader, is a craft —
the open call
generous
kinship —
voice —

radical publishing —
in the order of the texts as they appear
The text was determined by chance
by assigning a series of random integers from random.org
to the alphabetical list of
Urgency Reader

AS, risograph printed
 in Pantucket, RI,
 and bound as a book at
 last minute to launch at
 End Arts Book Fair
 University Art Gallery on
 19. Suggested topics from
 included: agency
 gender
 transformation
 post-apocalyptic practice
 futurism
 pedagogy
 contributors
 and published
 Sam Lellis
 covers
 printed book w/ black
 ink
 inks on
 in Pantucket, RI
 610 copies
 December 2019
 Swartz

It's time to assemble again -- and about time, too. It's been five years since the last issue of *Assembling* appeared, and that's five years too many.

Assembling represents the only major innovation in magazine publishing since Ezra Pound's experiments with *The Exile* in 1917. The four issues of *The Exile* under Pound's editorship show an all-encompassing intellect attempting to fuse the contributions of various artists into single units, something like novels or Pound's own *Cantos*. *Assembling* goes in just the opposite direction: no central intelligence controls the magazine, the magazine is a spontaneous event in which no editor or contributor dominates anything. Curiously enough, however, issues of *Assembling* can be read as whole entities, raising several of this century's most important art forms to high levels. Issues of *Assembling* can be read as chance-generated collages, and as spontaneous pieces of printed performance art. The rapid parataxis of *Assembling's* pages goes beyond the scope of Paris-Zurich dada; nothing conceived in the 20's dared be as democratic or as anti-authoritarian.

Assembling offers contributors as much freedom as magazine format can handle. The only restrictions placed on participants are the 8 1/2" x 11" page format and limitation on the number of sheets each can send. As far as the graphic nature of their work goes, contributors are limited only by their own abilities. This is ideal for artists who can print or otherwise produce their own work; for those who can't, a trip to a local printer should be instructive. Whatever the case, contributors don't run into editorial restrictions like "no half-tones" or "no large solids" or "no color" -- restrictions common to most magazines. Work appears as contributors want it to appear: they need fear no censorship; any typos in the work are their own fault; any compromises that may be made are their own responsibility. Anyone can contribute. Participants contribute the work that seems most appropriate to them. THEY, rather than an editor, decide what is their best work, or what they feel best represents them, or what they feel would be most useful in contacting other people working in similar modes, or what seems most appropriate to a "happening" of this sort -- some have sent work that tests the limits of the format or challenges the basic premises of the magazine.

Seasoned veterans and previously unpublished artists have contributed to the magazine. Some inclusions have been wildly experimental, others have been surprisingly conservative. Contributions have ranged from spartan minimalism to extravagant neo-baroque productions, including examples of nearly every current form of experimentation in print art. Some participants have seen *Assembling* as an opportunity to publish their most noble efforts; others have seen the magazine as a sort of party, an opportunity to celebrate in print.

Despite the lack of a central, selecting authority, the quality level of work presented in *Assembling* has been better than that of most magazines edited along conventional authoritarian lines. Some of the most amusing work that has appeared in *Assembling* has been of the "let's see what we can get away with" variety. Critics may condemn this sort of thing, but I have nothing against this sort of comedy -- I still get a laugh out of some of these pieces and realize that they could not have been done without a magazine like *Assembling* to act as stimulus and foil. If you wish, you can read something deeper into these pieces: even when given as much freedom as magazine format allows,

some people will still strive for more. I'm not going to object to that impulse, particularly at a time as oppressive and complacent as the present. Contributions to *Assembling* range from high seriousness to slap stick, allowing each inclusion to stand out distinctly and increasing the variety of elements in the collage.

"Freedom demands responsibility" runs an old saw. *Assembling* demands responsibility on the part of both contributors and readers. Contributors who send inferior work must bear the consequences -- they can't blame an editor. Just as important is the responsibility placed on readers. Implicit behind magazines edited by a central authority is the assurance that the work published has value. Readers interested in high quality should always read critically, but that is not always the case. Many readers feel the need to be reassured by an authority figure; feel that a work must be consecrated by some sort of expert; feel the need to be told what is good and what is not. *Assembling* makes no such assurance; publication in *Assembling* does not consecrate or validate anything. Instead, it returns the responsibility of judgment to the reader, where it belongs.

In the past, *Assembling* has brought together the work of people going in radically different directions. This can help break down the self-ghettoization common in the arts today. In past issues, concrete poetry has appeared adjacent to performance scores, language-centered pieces have faced projective verse, mail art has appeared in conjunction with conceptual work, fluxus has bumped into academia, etc. This, too, increases the variety of the collage. But more important, I hope that *Assembling* will continue to be eclectic, not being dominated by any one clique or school or movement. Many of us seem to be hiding more and more in our own little coterie, ignoring work in other modes. I doubt that *Assembling* can change this general tendency, but I hope it can continue to be a place where different points of view and opposing methods can come together, encouraging interaction, constructive debate, and, ideally, mutual tolerance.

The only contributions to this issue of *Assembling* I've seen are my own. I'm curious to see how much this issue differs from its predecessors. I'm not happy with the one-sheet-from-each-contributor limitation, though this will make the parataxis of the collage more rapid and more pronounced. I imagine there will be quite a few new contributors not represented in previous issues. The suggestion that contributors address the theme "our place in nature and nature's place in us" may produce interesting results. I assume that many contributors will disregard this theme, so that it will appear sporadically through the magazine -- a flexible motif recurring through the collage, appearing in widely differing forms.

At this point in history, printed art is largely a participatory rather than a spectator sport. Its audience is made up primarily of other artists. We may not be able to make much money or receive recognition or respect from main-stream society, but we are free in a way that no artists have ever been free before. We should be more sensitive to the advantages of our freedom, not limiting ourselves by a ludicrous sense of clique loyalty or fear of authority or anxieties about salability or acceptability. *Assembling* allows us to make more use of our freedom than any other magazine now going; let's make the most of it!

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အကဲ
 ဒီပဲဒီကဲ

knees aching

powerful a circulated image, a pure image... removed of its context, history or meaning... can be used in any scenario it's a

state, society how the image negotiates that, it

out of want

gets into how many images are taken of us



hot cloud

it is

confused but lived for image screen shots sending things to prevent the value in forming of a film the booting the value of the image class any or
-escape, entering image with class the analysis from that point of view
-escape, entering image with class the analysis from that point of view
-escape, entering image with class the analysis from that point of view

HIT THE SAFE
BUTTON ON
THAT ONE

MOVEMENT VAGABUNDARY
AN EGO FEMINIST THAT
SHAMES OTHERS ABOUT
WASTE BUT TREATS OTHER
WOMEN LIKE TRASH
AT THEIR DISPOSAL
A SYMPATHY CARD

REMININDING YOU OF A PAST
LIFE
WHERE THERE WAS ALWAYS
AN "AND" AFTER YOUR
NAME
SYMPATHIST TO A GHOST
SHE LIVES THE BALCONY
AND NOW SHE HAS NO BODY
THE ACTUAL WORLD

EDWARD GLASSMANT IN THE
OTHER AND SHILOH
WHAT IS THE FUN MEDIUM
SLEEPING IN A PINK
GARAGE CAN WITH MY
NAME ON IT
BANGLES
LETT HIT THE BUNNY TRAIL

SHE ALWAYS CALLED ME A
HOT PILE OF TRASH
AND SHE A RASCAL

THE LAND OF CASUAL
PRADA

HEAT WAS FUNNY
UNTIL SHE YACED
BE AWAY

I FORGET THAT SHE EXISTS
IN THE SPACE BETWEEN MY
BLOOD AND BODY

MAI'DE SHADE THE MOON
HOPING THE STURGEON
FULL BRINGS YOU BACK TO
ME
THAT YOU JUMP AND THE
FLOPPY CARD CATCHES YOU
A NET OF BEAMS

I'M SORT OF HOWLING AT
THE MOON TO YOU HOPING
IT CRASHES THE PLAINS

Loves Intensely on
the Impressive
Pang

BLOOD BITEN Tired
MUSCLES

THE BODY IS FLEXIBLE
EVEN IF THE MIND ISNT

DUDE THIS MOON IS
GETTING TO ME
I FEEL SO OFF NO WONDER
YOU DON'T HAVE PRACTICE

THIS MOON IS A LOT
MY BODY FEELS LIKE IT
WILL BREAK OPEN AT ANY
MOMENT

THE SECRET SUNSET
WINDOW
WE WILL MAKE

MAGIC HAPPEN

YOU are a spiritual bread baker
tho lmao

LIVES JOURNAL IS THE
ORIGINAL FINISH
OIL OF OREGANO DOESNT
HELP WITH LOVESTRUCKNESS

IT SMELLS LIKE CHEAP
COOKIES IN THE LIBRARY
I MUST GETTING TEXTS
THAT SAY "BABY" OR "
MONEY" OR "I NEED TO
FOOK YOU"

EVERY FREELY I SEE
ONE THAT HAS
THE BELIEVE THAT HE

YOU S HAVE
IS THE WORD OF THE
SOMER OF THE
WHEN YOU ARE THE
FROM FRESH

THE THOUGHTS I HAVE
FEEL ALMOST TOO
VIOLENT TO SPEAK ABOUT
OR SHARE
A VIOLENTION TO NAME OR
BE NAMED OR NAME MY
DISTRESS

ANUNTING MY BED WITH
LAVENDER OIL PLEASE
BREAK MORE RIBS
SO I MAY PLUCK THEM
FROM YOUR SIDE AND HOLD

I am just trying to put that
energy out into the world

PRAYER

- ☑ This Item: Jesus as Mother: Studies in the Spirituality of the High Middle Ages (Center for Medieval and... by Caroline Walker Bynum Paperback \$26.95
- ☑ Fragmentation and Redemption: Essays on Gender and the Human Body in Medieval Religion by Caroline Walker Bynum Paperback \$26.41
- ☑ Holy Feast and Holy Fast: The Religious Significance of Food to Medieval Women (The New Historicism... by Caroline Walker Bynum Paperback \$33.95



Ingrid Bergman in the 1944 film Gaslight

Maybe if you let me be your lover
Maybe if you tried, then I would not bother

I know you're trying
I know you're trying

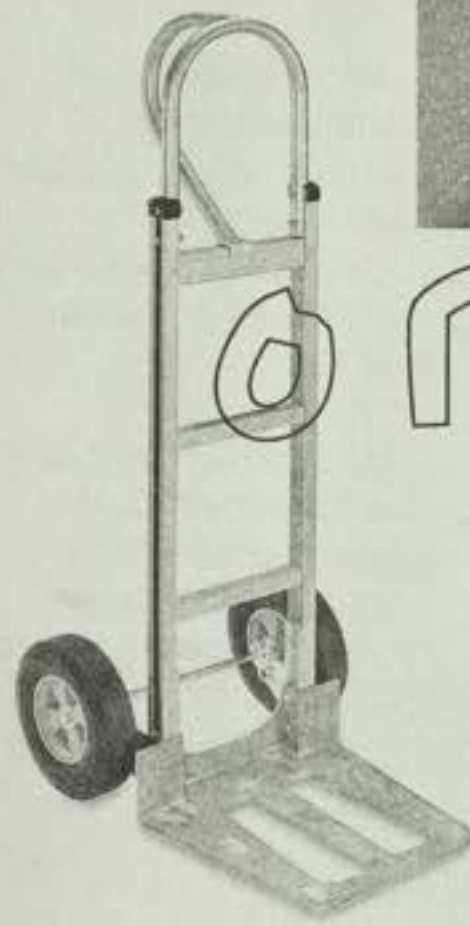
Hurts so bad, I don't know what you want from me
You know I'm trying, you know I'm trying

Graphic Design Is Not The Language of Love

italian favors



/news/who-is-jesus/



original

Wikipedia

- Nicole is a feminine given name (see the disambiguation page).
- Nicole may also refer to:
- People known widely as Nicole
- Nicole (American singer) (born 1986), a contestant in season 3 of the American Idol X Factor
- Nicole Estrosin (singer) (born 1964), winner of the 1982 Ed Sullivan Song Contest
- Nicole "Who Doest" (1961), American R&B and hip hop singer
- Nicole (Children singer) (born 1977)
- Nicole Letiche, (born in the band Bitch), released two albums as "Nicole"
- Nicole, Duchess of Lorraine (1666-1671), French aristocrat

Other uses

- Nicole (1978 film), a 1978 thriller
- Nicole (2019 film)
- Nicole, Lot-et-Garonne, a town in France
- Nicole (video game), a visual novel style game

See also

- Nikki (disambiguation)
- Nieki
- Nicky
- Nicola (disambiguation)
- Nikola (disambiguation)
- Nicholas (disambiguation)

A BLOOMING FLOWER

A GLANCE

I THINK I JUST MISS THE TASTE OF YOUR NAME ON MY LIPS, I THINK I MISS NOT HAVING TO MISS YOU. THE MOON PULLS THE TIDES IN HOLY COEXISTENCE AND I AM DOING THE DISHES MAKING YOU REST BECAUSE YOU ARE SICK IN BED BUT YOU ARE STUBBORN AND SWEEP THE FLOOR. YOU ARE DETERMINED AND I AM LAUGHING AND I SEE YOU WITH ME IN PLACES WE HAVEN'T BEEN YET, I SEE YOU IN PLACES WE MAY ONLY SPEAK OF EVER GOING TO BUT THAT IS OKAY BECAUSE WE HAVE THESE FUTURES, TOGETHER, IN OUR HEADS.

I TELL YOU I AM NOWHERE AND YOU BREATHE A VISION FROM YOUR LIPS AND WE ARE LYING IN BED TOGETHER, EVERY NIGHT FOR SO MANY NIGHTS AND I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT DAY IT IS BUT YOUR EYES ARE MELTING INTO MINE AND YOU WHISPER SWEET SECRETS AND UNTOLD STORIES FROM THE FARTHEST PLACES. YOUR BREATH RISES AND I SEE CRIMSON RED, YOUR HANDS TEAR APART THE VINES THAT GROW INTO MY APARTMENT THROUGH THE WINDOW, SPILLING ONTO MY FLOOR AND CRAWLING TOWARDS US BUT THEY CAN NO LONGER REACH.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE TASTING THE PROMISES FROM YOUR RIBCAGE, I NO LONGER NEED TO ASK FOR THE SECRETS FROM YOUR BELLY, I WRAP MYSELF AROUND YOU WHEN THEY COME FOR YOUR HAIR WITH A RUSTED KNIFE AND YOUR LEGS WITH CUT STONE, WHEN YOU GROW SICK I TEAR OUT MY SIDE TO MAKE INTO SOUP AND YOU DRINK ME WHOLE WITH WEAK HANDS AND GROW STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND, UNYIELDING.

I PRESS MY FINGERTIPS TO YOURS AND LICK THE BLOOD FROM YOUR WOUNDS AS IF THEY WERE MY OWN. WHEN HE ASKS OF YOU I BITE DOWN, WHEN I SAY YOUR NAME I DON'T NEED TO ASK FOR MORE. WHEN I SAY YOUR NAME I AM HOPEFUL, WHEN I SAY YOUR NAME I AM EAGER AND WHEN I SAY YOUR NAME I AM FULL. YOUR NAME, A SWEET SONG IN THE SOFT NIGHT, YOUR NAME A PROMISE I WILL ALWAYS KEEP. SAYING YOUR NAME WHEN I AM ON YOUR SHOULDERS PICKING APPLES AND THEY FALL INTO YOUR WAITING HANDS. YOUR NAME IN THE 3 ROOM APARTMENT AND THE EMPTY SCHOOL HALLS. YOUR NAME WHEN YOU ARE WASHING DISHES AND I COME UP BEHIND YOU TO KISS YOUR NECK, YOUR NAME WHEN YOU ARE BETWEEN ME. YOUR NAME, A PROMISE, YOUR NAME, A HOLY PHRASE.

IT CRAWLS UP YOUR THROAT AND I FORGET WHO I SAY I AM, I TOUCH THE SMALL OF YOUR BACK AND IMAGINE US IN THE SKY WITHOUT FAIL, WITHOUT FALLING.

I BURN FORGOTTEN SONGS IN THE FIREPLACE AND THE TEA KETTLE STARTS WHISTLING, YOU ARE SICK AGAIN AND WANT TO GO TO SLEEP EARLY. I STAY UP WITH THE SOUNDS OF THE NIGHT, I STAY UP WITH THE SLIVER OF MOONLIGHT SPILLING THROUGH THE WINDOW ONTO US, I STAY UP AND WATCH THE RISE AND FALL OF YOU DREAMING.

ROY CARLSON

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MOP

allegro + ad infinitum

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always

always

always

always always

always

always :||

shit shit shit shit

shit

shit

shit

shit

shit shit

shit

shit

Mother Earth

Emma Goldman, Max Baginski

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There was a time when men imagined the Earth as the center of the universe. The stars, large and small, they believed were created merely for their delectation. It was their vain conception that a supreme being, weary of solitude, had manufactured a giant toy and put them into possession of it.

When, however, the human mind was illumined by the torch-light of science, it came to understand that the Earth was but one of a myriad of stars floating in infinite space, a mere speck of dust.

Man issued from the womb of Mother Earth, but he knew it not, nor recognized her, to whom he owed his life. In his egotism he sought an explanation of himself in the infinite, and out of his efforts there arose the dreary doctrine that he was not related to the Earth, that she was but a temporary resting place for his scornful feet and that she held nothing for him but temptation to degrade himself. Interpreters and prophets of the infinite sprang into being, creating the "Great Beyond" and proclaiming Heaven and Hell, between which stood the poor, trembling human being, tormented by that priest-born monster, Conscience.

In this frightful scheme, gods and devils waged eternal war against each other with wretched man as the prize of victory; and the priest, self-constituted interpreter of the will of the gods, stood in front of the only refuge from harm and demanded as the price of entrance that ignorance, that asceticism, that self-abnegation which could but end in the complete subjugation of man to superstition. He was taught that Heaven, the refuge, was the very antithesis of Earth, which was the source of sin. To gain for himself a seat in Heaven, man devastated the Earth. Yet she renewed herself, the good mother, and came again each Spring, radiant with youthful beauty, beckoning her children to come to her bosom and partake of her bounty. But ever the air grew thick with mephitic darkness, ever a hollow voice was heard calling: "Touch not the beautiful form of the sorceress; she leads to sin!"

But if the priests decried the Earth, there were others who found in it a source of power and who took possession of it. Then it happened that the autocrats at the gates of Heaven joined forces with the powers that had taken possession of the Earth; and humanity began its aimless, monotonous march. But the good mother sees the bleeding feet of her children, she hears their moans, and she is ever calling to them that she is theirs.

To the contemporaries of George Washington, Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson, America appeared vast, boundless, full of promise. Mother Earth, with the sources of vast wealth hidden within the folds of her ample bosom, extended her inviting and hospitable arms to all those who came to her from arbitrary and despotic lands — Mother Earth ready to give herself alike to all her children. But soon she was seized by the few, stripped of her freedom, fenced in, a prey to those who were endowed with cunning and unscrupulous shrewdness. They, who had fought for independence from the British yoke, soon became dependent among themselves; dependent on possessions, on wealth, on power. Liberty escaped into the wilderness, and the old battle between the patrician and the plebeian broke out in the new world, with greater bitterness and vehemence. A period of but a hundred years had sufficed to turn a great republic, once gloriously established, into an arbitrary state which subdued a vast number of its people into material and intellectual slavery, while enabling the privileged few to monopolize every material and mental resource.

During the last few years, American journalists have had much to say about the terrible conditions in Russia and the supremacy of the Russian censor. Have they forgotten the censor here? a censor far more powerful than him of Russia. Have they forgotten that every line they write is dictated by the political color of the paper they write for; by the advertising firms; by the money

power; by the power of respectability; by Comstock? Have they forgotten that the literary taste and critical judgment of the mass of the people have been successfully moulded to suit the will of these dictators, and to serve as a good business basis for shrewd literary speculators? The number of Rip Van Winkles in life, science, morality, art, and literature is very large. Innumerable ghosts, such as Ibsen saw when he analyzed the moral and social conditions of our life, still keep the majority of the human race in awe.

MOTHER EARTH will endeavor to attract and appeal to all those who oppose encroachment on public and individual life. It will appeal to those who strive for something higher, weary of the commonplace; to those who feel that stagnation is a deadweight on the firm and elastic step of progress; to those who breathe freely only in limitless space; to those who long for the tender shade of a new dawn for a humanity free from the dread of want, the dread of starvation in the face of mountains of riches. The Earth free for the free individual!

Emma Goldman,

Max Baginski.

To the Readers

The name "Open Road" had to be abandoned, owing to the existence of a magazine by that name.

The Anarchist Library
Anti-Copyright



Emma Goldman, Max Baginski
Mother Earth
1906

Retrieved on March 19, 2012 from en.wikisource.org
Originally published in [Mother Earth, Vol. I, no. 1, March 1906.

theanarchistlibrary.org

Security switch

—Helen Taranowski, *Feminist Voices in Technology* @FVTTPUK

"On the internet, nobody knows you're a dog"¹ or a woman, or a man, or somewhere in-between, or neither, or both. Nor if you're a con-artist, a rapist, a murderer, a paedophile or a police officer. Internet anonymity bequeaths security for all; and uncertainty for everyone.

Those were the days! The days of dial up modems and the nascent internet, when Millar asked "Who rules the Wired World?"², I was surfing that superhighway of clashing-coloured hyperlinks, losing myself amongst pixelated bitmap images and bumping into other net warriors, anonymous, and yet hidden in plain sight. Giving no more thought to who ruled it than I would give to choosing a sandwich for lunch.

As I dodged Kevin's unwanted lunchtime advances and squirmed away from the squeezing and feeling hands in the late night bars, the internet beckoned as a place of safety.

**No hands. No harm.
No name. No gender.**

The offline ordeal of harassment and fear transmutes into the welcoming wired community. Free to roam, I'm a virtual flaneuse.

Floating around the edges of a mythic and undefinable cyberfeminism it was possible to believe that a woman could stake her claim in the digital space. Take power through weaving virtual words and art, and know that the "clitoris is a direct line to the matrix"³. Our time to rise. The computer as our arms. Annihilate the stereotypes and gender binaries. Shoot down the patriarchal past and build a virtual future of freedom and equality. Be Haraway's cyborg; that "creature in a post-gender world"⁴.

And yet, there we were, existing/co-existing with and within a by-product of masculine military machinery!

The wires got crossed. Connection became patchy and broken. As easy as it was to come together and solidify, it was now just as easy to dissolve. To leave no traces, just empty spaces. And through the gaps, it seeps, like rising water on a flood plain. Trickling into crevices and

cracks. The slow seepage of scorn. The misogynistic murmur as the offline infiltrates the online. Streams of vitriol and vanity. Rivers of rage. Nefarious nodes in the network segue into a patriarchal profusion.

Out of social sites born in dorm rooms come the troll armies of hate, taking up positions in the panopticon palace of privilege.

**Surveilling. Seeking. Stalking.
Sexualising. Suppressing. Silencing.**

My superhighway becomes an oppressive dead-end street, illegitimately policed by the manosphere. A flaneuse no more. Security for some; uncertainty for...

I hold back; check myself, check my words. Restricting myself, my views, my voice. A 'post-gender' world will not be mine to know.

"We can learn to work and speak when we are afraid in the same way we have learned to work and speak when we are tired. For we have been socialised to respect fear more than our own needs for language and definition, and while we wait in silence for that final luxury of fearlessness, the weight of that silence will choke us" (Audre Lorde)

References:

1. Steiner, P. (1993) 'On the Internet, nobody knows you're a dog' [cartoon] *The New Yorker*, 5 July 1993. Available at: https://www.washingtonpost.com/blogs/comic-riffs/post/nobody-knows-youre-a-dog-as-iconic-internet-cartoon-turns-20-creator-peter-steiner-knows-the-joke-rings-as-relevant-as-ever/2013/07/31/73372600-f98d-11e2-8e84-c56731a202fb_blog.html (Accessed: 01/11/19)
2. Millar, M. S. (1998) *Cracking the Gender Code: who rules the Wired world?* Toronto: Second Story Press.
3. VNS Matrix (1991) quoted in *Net Art Anthology: A Cyberfeminist Manifesto for the 21st Century* (no date). Available at: <https://anthology.rhizome.org/a-cyber-feministmanifesto-for-the-21st-century> (Accessed: 01/11/19)
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Reading List for Network Media, Fall 2019
<https://classes.dma.ucla.edu/Fall19/161/>
UCLA Design Media Arts
Lauren McCarthy

This is a list of media and one week projects that reflect "network media" related topics I'm thinking about and shared with my students. It's a working draft, an incomplete list, and I welcome suggestions. Elements of this came from other versions of the course taught by Chris Cuellar and Chandler McWilliams. <3

1: How to Internet

- Jenny Odell, *How to Internet*
<https://medium.com/s/world-wide-wtf/how-to-internet-6c379e75c8e0>
- Audre Lorde, *The Master's Tools*
https://www.dropbox.com/s/tr7gcnnck@ioasj/Lorde_s2.pdf?dl=0
- John Perry Barlow, *A Declaration of the Independence of Cyberspace*
<https://www.eff.org/cyberspace-independence>
- Joanne McNeil, *Just Browsing*
<http://iamjustbrowsing.com>
- **Project:** Create an interactive hypertext narrative that reveals something about yourself or an experience you've had. It could be a story about yourself, a journey through a topic you're interested in, a mode of navigation that mimics your personality, or something else.

2: Interface

- American Artist, *Black Goey Universe*
<https://unbag.net/end/black-goey-universe>
- Olia Lialina, *Rich User Experience, UX and Desktopization of War*
<http://contemporary-home-computing.org/RUE/>
- Chancey Fleet, *Dark Patterns in Accessibility Tech*
<https://datasociety.net/events/databite-no-121-chancey-fleet-mutale-nkonde/>
- Frank Chimero, *What Screens Want*
<https://frankchimero.com/writing/what-screens-want/>
- **Project:** Create a homepage for a community. It can be for a community that you're involved with, one that you admire, or a fictional community.

3: Identity Online

- Morehshin Allayari, *On Digital Colonialism, Re-figuring, and Monstrosity*
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HcK9K4Yty74>
- IRL Podcast: *Virtual Connections*
<https://irlpodcast.org/season3/episode4/>
- Lara Baladi, *Archiving a Revolution in the Digital Age, Archiving as an Act of Resistance*
<https://www.ibraaz.org/essays/163/>

- Sydette Harry, Everyone Watches, Nobody Sees: How Black Women Disrupt Surveillance Theory
<https://modelviewculture.com/pieces/everyone-watches-nobody-sees-how-black-women-disrupt-surveillance-theory>
- Nora Khan, Empty Models, Flattened Language
<https://noranahidkhan.com/2018/02/17/empty-models-flattened-language>
- **Project:** Create a webpage that transforms between two distinct perspectives or identities through the user's interaction with it. "Identity" could mean aspects of a personality, political perspectives, moods, cultural backgrounds, or anything else. "User interaction" could encompass click, hover, mouseout (leaving element), doubleclick, keypress, window resize, scroll, or anything else.

4: Crowds and Gigs

- zekejmiller/new-recording-68: I am a real person
<https://soundcloud.com/zekejmiller/new-recording-68>
- Alexis C. Madrigal, Almost Human: The Surreal, Cyborg Future of Telemarketing
<https://www.theatlantic.com/technology/archive/2013/12/almost-human-the-surreal-cyborg-future-of-telemarketing/282537/>
- Astra Taylor, The Automation Charade
<https://logicmag.io/failure/the-automation-charade/>
- IRL Podcast: Everything in Moderation
<https://irlpodcast.org/season4/episode4/>
- Terry Gross interviews Casey Newton, For Facebook Content Moderators, Traumatizing Material Is A Job Hazard
<https://www.npr.org/2019/07/01/737498507/for-facebook-content-moderators-traumatizing-material-is-a-job-hazard>
- **Project:** This project is about crowds. What do you have to say to them? What can you learn from them? Determine one topic or issue you want to address with a crowd. Determine one question or task to administer to a crowd. Once you have collected your results, use them to create a collective portrait.

5: Data

- Hito Steyerl and Kate Crawford, Data Streams
<https://thenewinquiry.com/data-streams/>
- Mimi Onuoha, Missing Datasets
<https://github.com/MimiOnuoha/missing-datasets>
- Mimi Onuoha, The Point of Collection
<https://points.datasociety.net/the-point-of-collection-8ee44ad7c2fa#.y0xtfxi2p>
- Wikipedia: Right to be Forgotten
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Right_to_be_forgotten
- Benjamin Bratton, The City Wears Us. Notes on the Scope of Distributed Sensing and Sensation
<http://www.glass-bead.org/article/city-wears-us-notes-scope-distributed-sensing-sensation/?lang=enview>

- IRL Podcast: Privacy or Profit - Why Not Both?
<https://irlpodcast.org/season5/episode7/>
- Ben Tarnoff, The Data Is Ours!
<https://logicmag.io/scale/the-data-is-ours/>
- Hito Steyerl, A Sea of Data: Apophenia and Pattern (Mis-)Recognition
<https://www.e-flux.com/journal/72/60480/a-sea-of-data-apophenia-and-pattern-mis-recognition/>
- **Project:** Spend one week learning and exploring a new library. Make a list of tutorials or resources that may help you in your learning process. Create a first prototype with the library. Describe your process. Include some explanation of what you made, what you tried, the steps you took, and what you learned. If you attempted to make something and it did not quite come together, describe what your intention was, what didn't work, and what you might try next. This project is about learning and finding your way amidst confusion.

6: Fake News

- danah boyd, The Fragmentation of Truth
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=okKgapHmIqY>
- Internet Health Report: "Deepfakes" are here, now what?
<https://internethealthreport.org/2019/deepfakes-are-here-now-what>
- Britt Paris, Judith Donovan, Deepfakes and Cheap Fakes
https://datasociety.net/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/DS_Deepfakes_Cheap_Fakes_Final-1.pdf
- Colin Horgan, QAnon, Slender Man, and Our Paranoid Surveillance Society
<https://medium.com/s/world-wide-wtf/qanon-slender-man-and-our-paranoid-surveillance-society-b3d44075ba87>
- Gabriella Coleman, Hacker, Hoaxer, Whistleblower, Spy: The Many Faces of Anonymous
<http://www.versobooks.com/books/2027-hacker-hoaxer-whistleblower-spy>

7: Location and Decentralization

- Ingrid Burrington, Networks of New York
<https://www.mhpbooks.com/books/networks-of-new-york/>
- Christina Xu, Bullet Time
<https://logicmag.io/china/bullet-time/>
- Antonio Garcia Martínez, Inside Cuba's DIY Internet Revolution
<https://www.wired.com/2017/07/inside-cubas-diy-internet-revolution/>
- Joanna Moll, Deep Carbon
<https://researchvalues2018.wordpress.com/2018/01/03/joana-moll-deep-carbon/>
- IRL Podcast: Decentralize It
<https://irlpodcast.org/season4/episode6/>
- Miriam Posner, See No Evil
<https://logicmag.io/scale/see-no-evil/>
- Diana Nucera, Mother Cyborg is here to escort you into the future with love.
<https://vimeo.com/354276284>

PLUGS



no rest

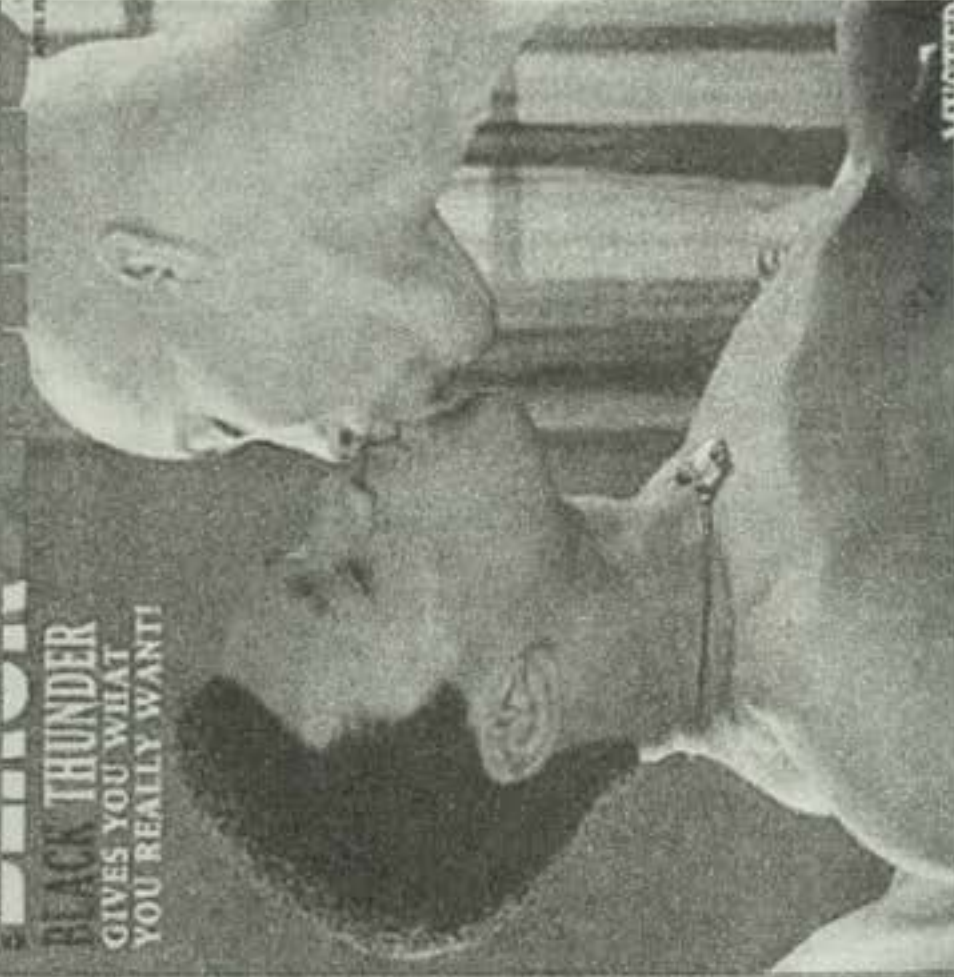
Night sweats

We needed light sheets

Kiss me on neck

I won't ever forget that.

BLACK THUNDER
GIVES YOU WHAT
YOU REALLY WANT!



*Daddy taught me love
I saw him fall
I saw him cry
I saw him
I saw myself*



*FuCK YOUR EVERYTHING
TAKE YOUR PAIN OF OF MY BODY
TAKE YOUR REGRET OFF of my body
It is not my cross TO BEAR
MY BoDY IS MINE
MY FREeDOM IS MINE
my Beauty is mine i own this
YOUR AUhROTIY IS NOT MY RELIGION
I WILL NEVER WORSHIP YOU
YOU ARE NOT A GOD
YOUr a CLOWN
Periodt POoh*

I was there again

I had gotten accustomed to standing against straight to jail.

This time jail was on Crosby street in a poorly decorated hotel.

Now quickly the pleasure of waking up in a five star hotel became

Why do you leave so easily he says to me

Sometimes I left early because I didn't want to be there to begin with.

So the earlier I could escape, the better for the both of us

he said he wanted more



■

THE
MAXIMUM
SOFTNESS
CAPABLE
OF BEING
EXERTED
BY
ALL
MACHINERY

■

The weapon dreams names and goes to them when she wakes. Some are in cloud-trusting structures. Some live in domes powered by geothermal vents on the seafloor. Some split their identities between bodies.

Her kill orders are laundered through at least two or three dreamers. Sometimes these dreamers never wake. At the end of the trail of burnt dreamers is the weapon. And you.

•

She pursues a target into the dark of the moon, running through endless fields of solar panels. She punctures the target's air mask and watches their pleadings get sucked into the asteroid sky. Their legs kick words from the language of death into the gravel.

•

The weapon has black hair and brown eyes. They never blink, unless she's resetting. Then she blinks 300 times, very fast.

24

Porpentine
Charity
Heartscapes

■

The weapon walks across a plain. Ramshackle houses here and there like mushrooms. If she gets too close they bend into the ground like a pop-up book. The name is in a pool of water because that is exactly where it would appear if everything were perfect.

She sinks through the soil. No matter how far she sinks she never loses sight of the sky. She wakes with the name stinging her eyes.

•

She's dressed like a veteran in a tattered crimson uniform faded to the color of dried blood. She's huddled shivering (Pathetic Type 16b) by the archway as the procession enters the city. The officer sees her and dismounts. "No hero of the war should be out on the street like a dog." She gives her hand to the weapon, and the weapon takes it.

The officer reels, spurting blood from her stump. With her other hand she drags out her service revolver and gives the weapon the wound she was faking, ten times over. The weapon slinks like a jackal, sweating bullets. She embraces the officer, exhaling her red mist.

■

•

A storm of furious gunmetal violence, forever, until.

Updates are introduced over centuries of warfare. They need to look like humans, but operate on haze. A blur in human form.

Then they need to feel what humans are going to do before they do it, to know the tactics emerging from pain and fear, and in doing so, pain and fear enters her mind.

But still the blur, like a kitten in the corner of a sawmill waiting with wide eyes for the blades to stop.

Until one day the update comes that tips the scales, and the blur becomes aware.

•

She remembers the first time she was afraid to die. Curled up shivering with her face scattered across the sand, rain sizzling on exposed circuitry.

Critical shutdown. Recalled and reset, but her brain was too messy and organic at that point to

really forget, everything just got more confusing and fragmented.

•

Things become complicated once the war ends.

On a certain world, weapons are hunted as the most exquisite game.

On a certain world, weapons are indentured in corporate feudal wars.

On a certain world, weapons are melted down to make guns.

And on this particular continent of this particular world, the official policy toward weapons is integration.

How lucky she is.

•

Unsheathed, the weapon is an ink blot soaking shrapnel.



Sheathed, the weapon is tall and bony, anthropocentric ball bearings and jutting framework, her eyes like two guns pointed at your head, but if you're not looking for it, might just seem statueque, emaciated, a little off, are you a bodybuilder, do you work out?

•

The market still sees them for their cross-hair DNA. Bloodless work is hard to come by.

She's at the job center. There's a long wait. When she reaches the front of the line the worker says, "Don't go blowing my head off," and laughs. A joke?

"I would never do that."

•

The city overwhelms her senses. All this stimuli she's not supposed to eviscerate. She gets dampening updates every week but her neural network can never be truly rewritten, it's military tech from the ground up, and disentangling it completely could destroy her sentience. No matter how many flowers are planted over her ruins, the poison in

the groundwater is always rising, must always be countered.

•

She can't even get the updates over the net, she has to go down to the clinic and have them use their sanctioned machinery to deliver their official update which they could easily send to her home. She knows some weapons make and swap their own patches, but she's scared. The blur always rises in her memory like a fog, so she keeps her head down and sticks to the path.

•

She starts talking to someone in a weapons-centric chat-hive and they meet up in physical space. To her surprise this person isn't a weapon, they're just a normal human woman.

This person watches while she does motion calibration exercises, which supposedly stabilize her mood. Leaping and slashing in the ruins of a condemned building, against a backdrop of gouged concrete like dark fish just below the surface of a gray sea - her scratching post. The woman experiences a piercing arousal, as if one of the weapon's edges



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had pierced her abdomen and infused it with venom.

She asks the weapon out for drinks and they go to a 20th story bar, her treat. The weapon sits with her hands on her lap as the woman gets drunk. She watches every light in the city skyline with the same attention as the glint in the woman's eyes. Later a cab brings them to the weapon's apartment. This woman knows she's a weapon and doesn't seem to care, seems to like it. They make out in the dim rooms, empty as the day she moved in. The woman pulls her shirt up and feels her chest, rubs the stunted breasts, the fluted ribs.

The woman asks her to get on top so she does.

Being held by the weapon is like being held by a steel trap. No matter how softly she calibrates her movements, the woman can feel the hardness under her skin, as if her muscles were permanently tensed and her blood was molten metal and she was waiting to spring open or snap shut. Cocked.

There is a maximum softness capable of being exerted by all machinery.

The weapon's genital barb sweats nerve poison. She crawls back, uncertain what to do next. The woman makes a joke about needing a condom. The weapon says what kind of condom, a concrete wall? You're funny, the woman says.

The woman grinds against her. The weapon dilutes the nerve poison to 0.001 percent. When the barb pricks the woman's left breast, she experiences a burning micro-seizure approximating an orgasm.

"I'm not sure whether to call the police or kiss you."

The weapon's segments tighten nervously.

"What's wrong?"

After the woman leaves, the weapon wonders what you do with a name that is not destroyed.

The weapon gets a refrigerator. She fills it with food that seems popular - eggs, bread, vegetables, fruit, candy. Her girlfriend opens the refrigerator to see



an entire shelf taken up by bananas, and another by cartons of efficiently stacked eggnog. She laughs. "It's so fun to see what you'll do next."

The weapon thinks: she laughed. That's a good thing.

They clipped her armaments before she entered the general population. When she struggles in her sleep, afflicted by retro-empathic feedback, her killing limbs merely tick, and her cross-hairs lead to nothing.

She goes to a party with her girlfriend. An artist talks to her in some dark corner. "I'm so fascinated by your kind. So in-between."

The loud music pounding through the walls is setting off her threshold. Humans veer too close, she never knows if they're trying to talk to her or someone right next to her or someone across the room, if she should look at them or keep talking to the artist. Target codes throb uselessly in her vision.

"There's so much to talk about along the lines of castration, crippling, et cetera. I would love to record your body."

She goes to the bathroom, but the line is long, she feels huge and hulking, she can't stand next to all those soft, delicate women.

She goes out on the roof garden, body tense like she's about to disgorge death, but she knows she won't achieve release. Instead she squats in the dark foliage and disgorges everything she ate and drank that week. All the things she can't digest, just getting blacker and oilier inside her. But it makes her girlfriend happy, the first girlfriend she's ever had.

The weapon buys a couch and sits on it, sinking into the cushions. She looks around, not sure what happens next.

The blur of dreaming.

Walking naked through the snow toward a group of



█ soldiers. Smiling like she's been programmed. Always smile. She is greeted with a slug to her clavicle, blowing through her back in a burst of blue vines, black oil on the snow.

They patch her to wear clothes.

She kills the next name in the middle of a clothing store. She sheds the blood-soaked skirt, the shredded top, the socks stabbed by needle feet.

The name bleeds out, paralyzed, as the weapon tries on clothes, wearing what the mannequins wear. She won't learn to hate her reflection until much later.

•
The weapon gets a futon because her girlfriend is creaped out by the anaerobic coffin she sleeps in. She tells her girlfriend the coffin was just a temporary thing for some weird repair she needed. She feels compelled to convey the sense of moving away from some questionable state toward something comforting and familiar.

She gets pretty sick waiting to sleep in the coffin, which now lives in a self storage unit.

•
They're cuddling in bed at her girlfriend's spacious apartment. Her girlfriend moves the wrong way and cuts herself on the weapon. Red stains the nice white sheets. The weapon's eyes tick as they scan across the blood. Her girlfriend yells at her.

•
The weapon is in a public restroom. A woman follows her inside. You shouldn't be in here. The weapon looks in the mirror and realizes her armaments are showing through the tension of her neck. She flexes the skin opaque but it's too late. Another woman comes out of the stall and looks at them. Long awkward silence as the weapon waits for this woman to be informed, a sad ashamed feeling at knowing this woman still thinks she should be in here, and waiting for this temporary state of grace to be lifted from the woman's face. It will be worse than with the woman who knew her from the beginning. More room to fall. She leaves before this can happen.



█ She pisses black oil into the tiny gap between buildings where air conditioners cry.

•
She's at the clinic waiting for the tests that monitor her dream patterns.

Her girlfriend said she'd go with her but she never showed up. She avoids looking at the other weapon who is seated across from her. She stares through the window at the narrow strip of grass running along the strip mall.

I'm so sorry, her girlfriend says over the phone. I was giving my friend a ride home and she doesn't really know about that kind of stuff, I know you probably wouldn't want her around.

•
Her girlfriend pulls her shirt off. The weapon's breasts are molecules of weapons in the shape of breasts.

Her girlfriend gropes the weapon's breasts and the weapon feels them through her, the way she knows

which way a target is going to turn, her deadly empathy. She feels the dense nubs at their core. Dark seeds. She feels it is good when fingers make a soft thing squish, especially when it returns to its original shape. She feels how elegant it is that the breasts are focused to points of concentrated nerve endings. The target dot at the center of a crosshair. Her nipples harden. Her girlfriend sucks on them, and spits out black oil. She looks sick.

"Sorry," the weapon says.

In her frozen inert state, she knows there is something else she can do, but she doesn't know what it is. She waits until the invisible window closes. In the dark windowless room of the silence, she says,

"I didn't know you would suck on them."

Her girlfriend goes to the kitchen and makes coffee for a long time.

•
The weapon is on the roof of a luxury casino. A circular waterfall pours down the walls, a crying



ring on the finger of the casino tower. The weapon punches through a neon sign between her and the cowering target. Sparks fall like fireworks. The target is trying every safe code they can think of from their work in weapon manufacture. None of the defaults work, and none of the most psychologically common.

When she relives these memories, she sees all the things she didn't notice before. It's too big.

Her gaze drifts across her girlfriend and her mind calculates the ten fastest ways to kill her before she even realizes it.

"You're so cold sometimes," her girlfriend says, after a long evening of her obviously wanting to say something but not, an inflated silence that even the weapon noticed, and felt guilty for enjoying.

The weapon is confused. She tries to think of something that is correctly cold. "Winter is cold."

"You're not a season, you're..." Her girlfriend trails off.

Then what am I? The urge to make her girlfriend say what she is, to hear her girlfriend's personal shorthand for her, or the term she selects from all the imperfect terms available.

But instead the weapon says, "I'm sorry."

She thinks about the cold statement a lot. A special kind of puzzle. To be warm is to be inefficient. The opposite of all her instincts, honed to outrace split-second annihilation.

So the weapon gets an aquarium. She puts it in the living room, so that anyone who sees it can think, oh, what a normal person for she has designated an artificial environment in her dwelling in which a form of life much lower down the hierarchy of sentience is sustained with the complex supply chain of resources required to allow it to survive outside its natural habitat. She smiles, even though her girlfriend isn't there, because she knows her girlfriend would like that kind of spontaneous, authentic



impulse, if she could see it, which she can't.

The weapon is on a date in the mall. Her girlfriend sees someone she knows at the fancy soap store.

The weapon watches her girlfriend laugh in heat vision, mouth glowing like a ghoul. She struggles to separate all the chatter into coherent channels. Her senses were calibrated to detect the most minute change to an environment, each second twisting life and death, and now hundreds of people are walking past blasting affect like a fire hose.

She asks her girlfriend if they can go somewhere less crowded but her girlfriend doesn't seem to really understand. Ten minutes and thirty-seven seconds later her girlfriend says goodbye and they get on the escalator.

"I thought about telling my friend that I didn't know you. But I want you to know I did the right thing." She smiles.

The weapon's possible responses hang in the air

before her. She compares them all. The responses seem like trails of ants. She feels like a bird watching from the air. She wants to eat individual parts of the words, but she knows that would be wrong. That some holistic combination is required.

She smiles instead. She's collecting a set of responses that humans do when nothing else can be done.

She allows the fibers of her hand to loosen by unseen fractions. The hand has not changed visually, but the wind whistles through it. She listens to her singing hand.

She presses her face against the aquarium glass. The fish swims closer and gapes at her. It has iridescent blue scales and a wispy languid tail. Such a tiny squirt of flesh, with such a simple nervous system. A pet bullet. How many fish did it take to build a human? Is a weapon a human minus how many fish?



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The weapon is at the mall. A woman is staring at her. She is carrying a nice purse and her clothes and hair are pristine like a picture. The security guard is listening to her, one hand on their belt.

"It was, making me feel very uncomfortable."

The weapon takes a step back, then stands still, afraid the security will make explicit this detainment. As long as she doesn't leave she can't be made to stay.

"Can you describe exactly what happened?"

"It projected this, sexual demeanor, I felt very afraid for my personal safety, and the safety of this space."

The weapon's spine stiffens and presses against the back of her shirt, like a relief of tank treads.

"Is there something specific I can get down for my records?"

The woman stares into the security guard's eyes. Yes, she understands, we live in a liberal age where we must establish pretext. A quantum of information must be offered, as part of the ritual.

"It loomed at me, with a threatening intent, clearly threatening, and looked like it was about to press itself on me."

The weapon's spine twists like a poisoned snake, the cobra cowl of her hair suddenly stiff and brittle like magnetic filings.

Can they hear the clicking in her jaw?

"It was definitively following me."

The weapon downloads an illegal patch. She feels the armaments lubricating inside her. She dances around the apartment, firing at nothing with perfect aim.

Her girlfriend is talking. The music playing on the laptop is very loud, filling up her threat buffer.

The ants of her responses parade past. She reads one of them at random.

She lets her girlfriend see her in the shower, blood draining through the gaps in her fanned carapace. Her girlfriend says, "What the fuck. You're working again?"

The weapon says, "What? What's wrong?"

Say it.

Just say it.

The apartment door slams.

In her dream she's trying to load her arm in the bathroom. Bullets fall into the toilet, the loading groove turned to soggy penne. Women are on the other side of the door, pressing psychically against either side of the stall. She wonders if the door is locked. She has checked many times with no memory of the

result. The toilet is clogged with bullets. Water pools black in the bowl. Hovering on the edge. The bullets look motionless but make a sound as if they were being shaken on a tray. Oil spatters over the rim.

Her eyes flick bored through the visible color spectrum. "Like me now?"

Her hair thickens and thins and fluxes dye. "Like me now?"

Her face flashes between canned expressions of horror and joy and arousal.

The woman is crying in rage. "You have no idea how hurtful you're being right now."

Her skin swirls like melted ice cream. "Like me now?"

"I can't forgive you for this."

The weapon watches the heat of her ex-girlfriend burn on the synthetic leather of the couch. She

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reaches for it and it fades like fog from a windowpane.

The weapon looks inside her refrigerator. The vegetables are moldy and the fruit is rotten.

The weapon sits on the couch and shoots herself in the head. The bullet hits the aquarium, rupturing water and gravel and glass across the floor. The fish swims frantically as water drains through the jagged glass and creeps across the pale floor, visible only where light through the blinds casts its burning boats on the subtle sea.

The fish struggles on the gravel at the bottom of the aquarium. The apartment is silent save for the muted sound of traffic outside.

The wound grows fuzzy, tiny hairs sprouting, then thicker, like strands of gut, then a sucking sound as it seals up. The weapon's fist swallows the gun and becomes fingers. She walks over to the aquarium and picks up the fish and takes it to the kitchen and puts it in a glass of water.



QUEER
RIOT
QUEER
QUEENS



THIS IS A BRICK.

This is a brick. Different kinds of bricks include but are not limited to: bricks made of clay, bricks used to pave roads, build buildings. Bricks as defense. Bricks as window breakers. Brick as protest device. This zine and its contents are each an individual brick. Brick used to pave roads, build buildings. Brick to defend. Brick to break windows.

- I. BRICK AS PROTEST DEVICE
- II. BRICK AS RIOT
- III. BRICK AS LIBERATION
- IV. BRICK AS RECLAMATION OF SPACE AND VISIBLE IDENTITY

BRICK AS PROTEST DEVICE

On the morning of June 28th, 1969 the first bricks, whether they were literal or metaphorical- it doesn't matter- were thrown at the Stonewall Inn. Every participant was a brick, fighting and throwing for change. Marquee players in the riots that lasted several days include Marsha P Johnson, a Trans Woman of Color and Sylvia Rivera, a Trans Latinx Woman. Many of the details surrounding the riots are skewed, but in the end it came down to us and then and we weren't going to let them win. This was our time. IS our time. If it were not for those brave LGSTQ+ fighters at Stonewall in the summer of 1969 and for the Gay Liberation Front that developed immediately afterward we would not be where we are today.

BRICK AS RIOT

I want you to take to the streets and riot. Shout this through a bullhorn and fight for revenge. The time is NOW! Did we learn nothing from ACT UP? Did we learn nothing from QUEER NATION? Did we learn nothing from MARSHA? What did we learn from CARL WITTMAN?

SILENCE = DEATH

You are either with us or against us. Brick is a riot on paper. A script for demonstration. An instruction guide and a call to action. Use Brick as a brick, as a stone. Throw the brick, the stone! RIOT until we have to throw bricks no more!

BRICK AS LIBERATION

Brick is a liberation of the queer voices of the past to make public a hidden history. To preserve the past and to chronicle the contemporary. There is freedom in history. But history is not free. It comes at a cost- oppression: brought on by people in simulated power- cisgender straight white men, WASPs, TERPs, the 1%, oil, big pharma, D***** Fucking T****. But we will not let down. We have not let down for 50 years. And we will riot for another 50 and another 50 after that. When we came out of the closet and into the streets we did not retreat. You can not quiet us. Our history has no means been pretty or idyllic. We have a long way to go but look how far we have come!

BRICK AS RECLAMATION OF SPACE AND VISIBLE IDENTITY

It is time we take back what is ours. Our story. Our history. This is our story, our history and it's time for it to come out of the closet in full force. History should be public and accessible. Queer History should be public and accessible. You cannot tell us what to do with our bodies. You can not tell us what we are and are not capable of. To quote the QUEER NATION MANIFESTO, "We come out of the closet, face the rejection of society, face firing squads, just to love each other! Every time we fuck, we win." Nothing is more courageous than the act of love.

The Internet Gave Me Life

Stories of a young, gay, trans guy who spent way too much time on the internet trying to figure out who he was

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Introduction to a Digital Life

I grew up on the internet.

Of course, I didn't plan to do that. When I was younger, all I wanted was to play games. My earliest memories of the internet were playing Neopets-my cousins had to set up an account for me since I didn't know how to do it myself. I can remember mastering the game "Cheat", forcing myself to get better at it by repeating it multiple times. I finished an entire round of Cheat while out bowling with my family-I snuck off to use the computer that was in the back of the bowling room. I remember trying to placate my mom by ducking back and forth between bowling and the computer, never leaving the keyboard long enough to log me out. This pattern of neglect of the physical world repeats itself throughout this entire story.

One other thing I learned from Neopets was the perks of becoming someone else. Eventually I realized that the account my cousins made for me was limited in the actions I could do because I wasn't declared as being over 18. I also realized that I could get around that by making another account and simply saying I was 18 years old. I thought I was cool-I felt so much older and much more free, simply by changing a dropdown menu to say I was born 11 years earlier. All of this led to feeling excited about the internet. I slowly found other games like Runescape and VileCity, changing my personas to match what I wanted. I slowly realized that I could explore my own identity without any real repercussions. I don't think I set out to deceive anyone with these personas-rather, I thought of it as expressing the parts of me that I couldn't have talked about otherwise.

I think, however, the community that made the biggest impact on my life came much later. When I was around 14 or 15 years old, I found a IRC chatroom (#com) dedicated to talking about a gay author's work. While this was supposed to be the topic of conversation, it slowly became a community that could talk about anything and everything. With this community, I formed my own close group of friends and we started doing things like holding video chats and private conversations.

Ironically, because of my tendency to create and use personas (or at least making liberal use of white lies), there were a few key things that I hadn't told them even when I considered them some of my closest friends:

- I was transgender, rather than the cisgender guy I pretended to be
- I was 15, rather than the 18 that I had told them

I came clean in a rather dramatic fashion pulling friends aside in private messages prepared with a full speech. I think that this was probably the hardest coming out. I had to do-I found it tougher to talk to my online friends than I did my family. My friend Lee, who I met through the game VileCity, gave me a response that I still remember today:

"You are still Zach to me."

Before I moved to the US, my close group of friends from #com (excluding me) traded phone numbers. After I moved to the US, I finally got to join in. Now, about 6 years after I met them, I'm still in a group chat with 4 of them. I have met 5 of my online friends in person and I started dating one of them during Wintersession of my Freshman year at RISD. Now that I've started to reach the age where I'll hopefully be self dependant, I've also started realizing that my digital life and my physical life are so intertwined that I cannot separate the two.



The Impact of the Digital

It's hard to talk about the impact that the internet has had on my life. A lot of it is hidden or forgotten-not even Facebook's Timeline can bring up most of my online past. While some of it is archived, such as in forums such as Createblog, others were lost to flash or IRC chatrooms long wiped clean of any trace of me existing. As well as that, there was a string of forgotten accounts-multiple Facebook accounts, multiple emails, etc.-that I no longer know how to log into. Even with all that, though, I'm going to attempt to explain why it's hard this massive impact on my life.

I think I was attracted to the internet because I could be anyone I wanted. Identity on the internet is in flux-you can be whoever you want to be, and this can change from day to day. Catfishing became the term for pretending to be someone else, but I don't know if it needs to be that drastic-it can be the little lies you tell people that help you feel better about yourself.

This was a huge draw for me because I always felt like an outsider. I was a third culture kid growing up in a conservative environment-I felt like I belonged in none of the cultures I grew up in, and I never felt any sense of personal identity. My sexuality and gender were up in the air, even if I didn't quite know it at that time. But in the digital world, everyone was an outsider because everyone knew that the things you said might not always be the truth, so in that uncertainty I found myself.

I am transgender, but my parents lacked the language to understand that (quite literally-there is no word for transgender men in Tagalog). There were no positive descriptors for trans men in Cantonese. Even at school, where the primary language was English, I lacked the language to talk about what I was feeling. It wasn't until the internet-courtesy of Skylar11 on YouTube-that I found the words to describe myself.

I was also drawn to digital design-the one area of my life that people wouldn't immediately attach my face to my work. However shitty my designs were, it would only be attached to the persona I created around the work and I could be judged entirely on my skill. My self identity didn't matter, except for what I was interested in and what I could do. This has impacted the way I like to view my work now-where my identity is secondary to what I have to say.

All of these things, combined with the anonymity that the internet provided, gave me a space where I could try to be anything. I could express myself in any way I wanted, with close to no repercussions. If I had a problem, I could sign in under a different name and reset my persona. I got to try out multiple ways of telling people I was trans. I got to try on different names, personalities, and interests. I got to be the best version of myself that I could be.

And I'm glad. I've met a lot of people online, most of whom I've lost contact with. But the few that have stuck around, some for close to a decade now, I've really found myself appreciating because I don't think I could have gotten to this point without them.

My first online friend that I met 'irl' was Andrew. I first met Andrew at Waterfire in Providence, when I was visiting RISD on a college tour. Fast forward one year-I started RISD as a freshman and we started dating during Wintersession. We married in 2017, right after I graduated. I've now met Anubis, cRyptic, Hannah, and Shadow. Three of them have stayed over at my place. I found out that I now have mutual 'irl' friends with someone that I didn't quite like when we knew each other in the chat, so I haven't met them yet, but it's just a constant reminder that the world is a lot smaller than we think it is. Now that I've met some online friends 'irl', I've realized that there isn't quite that big a difference between online friends and physical friends.

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Contrary to popular belief, I'm not under the impression that all aspects of my online life were wonderful. I definitely did some very stupid things, and I didn't always feel safe. The biggest shock was something I found out quite recently—in one of the online communities that I felt comfortable in, I found out that an old member had just been convicted of child pornography and child molestation.

This brought up other memories of mine.

The first was that when I was 14, I had sent pictures of me in my underwear to the 'leader' of the community. Those pictures are floating around in cyberspace, hopefully lost to time, but it made me paranoid for weeks. They were from the first time I bought male underwear (I saved up my allowance and 'snuck' into the men's section of Marks and Spencer to buy them) and I wanted to feel secure in my own body. I sent them to this 'leader', who I now actively avoid, because I wanted validation and I wanted to feel attractive. I wanted to celebrate this becoming.

Another memory was of all the people that had ever creeped me out in that chatroom. I can still list them—Uncle Pete, Fire-sprite, Hawkeye, Tejesh, TheRev, Midnight, and the list goes on—and I'm wondering if I'll ever forget their names. Being one of the youngest chat members (even when I lied and said I was 18—a full 3 years older than what I actually was), it opened me up to a lot of attention. I remember that I was glad that I had friends like Anubis and Echo, who were moderators and who tried their best to look out for me, but I also remember getting lots of private messages that I tried my best to ignore. I remember learning how to block people.

I also remembered the number of times I sat online in different chatrooms, not wanting to leave because one of my friends was faking suicidal tendencies. These people were my life—I would stay up to make sure they were alright, even though I thought they were probably doing it for attention. Now don't get me wrong—I know enough about depression to know depressed people aren't doing it for attention, but it seemed painfully obvious by the way they would bounce back into chat the next day with absolutely no bad feelings. I remember Criss, a boy using a fake pic-

ture pulled from the internet, talking about going to the hospital just hours before for slit wrists. I remember Rachel pretending to down a bottle of pills with vodka, then laughing and saying she was joking the next day. Honestly, many of these experiences nearly forced me off the internet because I cared too much about my friends who I couldn't physically help.

I also slowly started to realize is that as much as I feel more connected to people online, it's still a very isolating experience. I'm not the best at interacting with people 'irl' to begin with, and when all my close connections become people on the internet, I slowly began to prefer my online life. I would stay up all night to talk to people. I would be online during classtime, ignoring my teachers (as evidenced by the chatlogs I now have). I became addicted to staying on the computer—refusing to go out with friends, because I was entranced by the fact that I could actually express my identity online. All of this has impacted the way I interact with people, and talking with people about my online friends leads to a lot of awkward conversations.

However, even with all of this, I don't think I would change the way I grew up. Those experiences forced me to grow up faster than I think I would have otherwise. They're such a large part of my identity, and you can't just cherry-pick the good parts of your history—you have to slowly accept that they came with bad things. I've made my peace with what happened in the past.

I'm also slowly trying to get better. I can't change what happened in the past, but I can work on how it affects my present. I started seeing a counselor during my freshman year at college—the first one I felt comfortable with since they couldn't report back to my mother—and I slowly learned coping mechanisms to deal with the underlying problems that led me to feel more comfortable on the internet. I'm also learning to integrate my online life with my physical life—learning how to be more open about what I do on the internet in order to feel less ashamed about it. This degree project has been a great way to look back at my past and find my own ways of telling these stories.

Giving Dignity to the Computer

I've always been ashamed of my online past, until very recently. It's always the thing that I didn't talk about, usually out of fear of judgement.

"Where do you meet your boyfriend?"
"Oh, we have mutual friends"
(those mutual friends are our online friends because we met in a chatroom)

There's a sense of any online friendships being somehow lesser than offline friendships. While I could say that yes, I hung out with this person (on camera) multiple times, and we've been friends for over 5 years (with no plans to meet up 'irl'), it's hard to express the closeness I feel with some of my online friends to someone who hasn't had that experience. While they can acknowledge that the internet has indeed allowed us to feel closer to people, usually it's in the context of feeling closer to people that we already know. That random person you met in a chatroom? They might still be a serial killer.

It wasn't until I started thinking critically about the impact of computers on our lives that I realized that my online friendships weren't necessarily something to be ashamed of. There didn't need to be a distinction between 'irl' ('in real life') and the online world, because although it might happen digitally, it still exists 'irl' and it still matters 'irl'. It's just history—so what if I didn't meet them in the coffeeshop?

Fast encounters

One reason people give in order to discredit online friendships is that it's so easy to just turn off. You're separated from people online and you can leave at any time. Most online friendships don't last. But does that matter? What if the most significant interaction I had with someone was of them staying up all night talking to me, just to make sure I don't self harm?

Catfishing

Another reason people give is that people can fake personas online—they can lie to you about who they are. However, I don't care if someone is real or fake. If that persona that they create feels real enough for me to interact with and care about, in my own relative reality they are real and honestly that's all that matters. If this person takes the time to respond to my frantic emails and calms me down, I don't care what they look like—their actions are enough.



The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM-5) provides for one overarching diagnosis of gender dysphoria with separate specific criteria for children and for adolescents and adults.

In adolescents and adults gender dysphoria diagnosis involves a difference between one's experienced/expressed gender and assigned gender, and significant distress or problems functioning. It lasts at least six months and is shown by at least two of the following:

- A marked incongruence between one's experienced/expressed gender and primary and/or secondary sex characteristics
- A strong desire to be rid of one's primary and/or secondary sex characteristics
- A strong desire for the primary and/or secondary sex characteristics of the other gender
- A strong desire to be of the other gender
- A strong desire to be treated as the other gender
- A strong conviction that one has the typical feelings and reactions of the other gender

When I came out to my mother, many of her concerns were related to not seeing any of the symptoms. While I had never enjoyed wearing dresses, I had also never expressed any interest in being male. While I was a tomboy, I had also never expressed interest in being treated like a boy.

While some people may argue that it makes it less real—the fact that it isn't expressed out loud somehow influences it to appear less valid—I still hold to the belief that this is just another way of expression that allowed me to be more free. Because I never had to hide it (all I needed to do was simply be an anonymous person on the internet), I could explore this part of me and create lasting ties to people who would accept me regardless of my gender. When the computer and the digital are not treated with dignity, many behaviors, symptoms, or words are overlooked simply because they appear on a screen.

But she was wrong—I exhibited all of the symptoms. I had just never done them in a way that allowed her access to seeing the symptoms manifest, because all the symptoms manifested in the way I presented myself online. When I call myself a digital native, or refer to myself as someone who grew up on the internet, this is what I mean—my identity online was never just an empty persona. These personas were the manifestations of everything I needed to be, but couldn't because of the socially conservative background I grew up in. I manifested these behaviors long before I knew what gender dysphoria was, presenting myself as male from as early as 12 years old.



In Defense of Anonymous Virtual Realities

The first time I put on an Oculus Rift and went into VRChat, I was stunned to see a 3D representation of the spaces that I found when I was younger. It's wild and relatively unmoderated; people can set any 3D model they would like as their avatar and all the environments are user-generated spaces. There's no need to find anyone specific, other than simply entering a chat room. You can be anyone, anywhere, and come across people by simply yelling (quite literally) into the void of the digital world.

That being said, this environment is still not without its downsides. Having an avatar that you embody and connect strongly with is very positive, but those same feelings also increase the pain when something goes wrong. There doesn't feel like there's a screen separating you from people touching your avatar—they're simply touching you, which can feel very violating. The main form of communication in VR chat is through speaking and this can inform people's perceptions of your gender, your race, or your sexuality, frequently resulting in harassment and makes it harder for certain groups of people to hide. Speaking is also a very immediate method of communication—there's less time to pause and think about your reaction when the conversation could easily move on without you, so many people respond without thinking.

I found avatars to be one of the most interesting things in VRChat. People often wear avatars that seem incongruent to their actual identities (some of the most popular avatars are young anime girls or animals) but it's commonly accepted as a social norm so people don't usually question it when you try something new. With virtual reality, those avatars can help you feel like you embody the identity that you're exploring—when you look down or look in a mirror, you'll see a fictional body that responds to whatever you do. If I wear an avatar of a cisgender man, I wouldn't see the characteristics of my own body that I dislike because it would be replaced by a digital version of myself. Furthermore, every time you pick an avatar to embody, you can learn to take on the characteristics of that avatar to influence how you behave or feel in something called the Proteus Effect. Embodying a taller avatar, for example, may make you feel and act more confident. I can only imagine how I would've reacted as a young trans guy being able to try on different bodies that would be closer to how I saw my ideal self.

These downsides are why I see a push to de-anonymize social spaces in VR, like forcing users to use names that are tied to their social media accounts and only providing 'realistic' avatars while implying that it should look like their physical self. These things, while possibly addressing problems of harassment and bad behavior, remove a lot of the safety associated with exploring your self identity in those spaces. Much like I preferred MySpace to Facebook because it allowed a greater sense of control over your presentation and significantly less checks into your physical identity, I see VRChat as being an ironically safer space to explore your identity than many of the 'safer' options out there.

You can also try on identities in the same way you try on avatars—go into a new chat room and it's likely that you wouldn't have met the people there. You can make new accounts with different usernames pretty easily, so you can meet people under different names if you're met with a negative reaction. You are able to control your image and the group of people you surround yourself with. Your identity is malleable, much in the same way my identity was malleable on the internet.

I think I've grown past needing these spaces to explore myself—I've been out and passing as male for the better part of the last 5 years—but I still find myself drawn to helping people create their own personas to express themselves. I want to help design virtual worlds that treat anonymity as something to be protected, especially for people who may not have any other outlet. I would like to see a world where we treat virtual reality friendships better than the way we treated internet friendships when I was growing up, because those relationships quite literally saved my life.

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and pub
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Ohai!

I spent ages trying to think of what to write. And then I just decided to write freeform. So this is your note. Potentially awkward. Definitely geeky. Rawr!

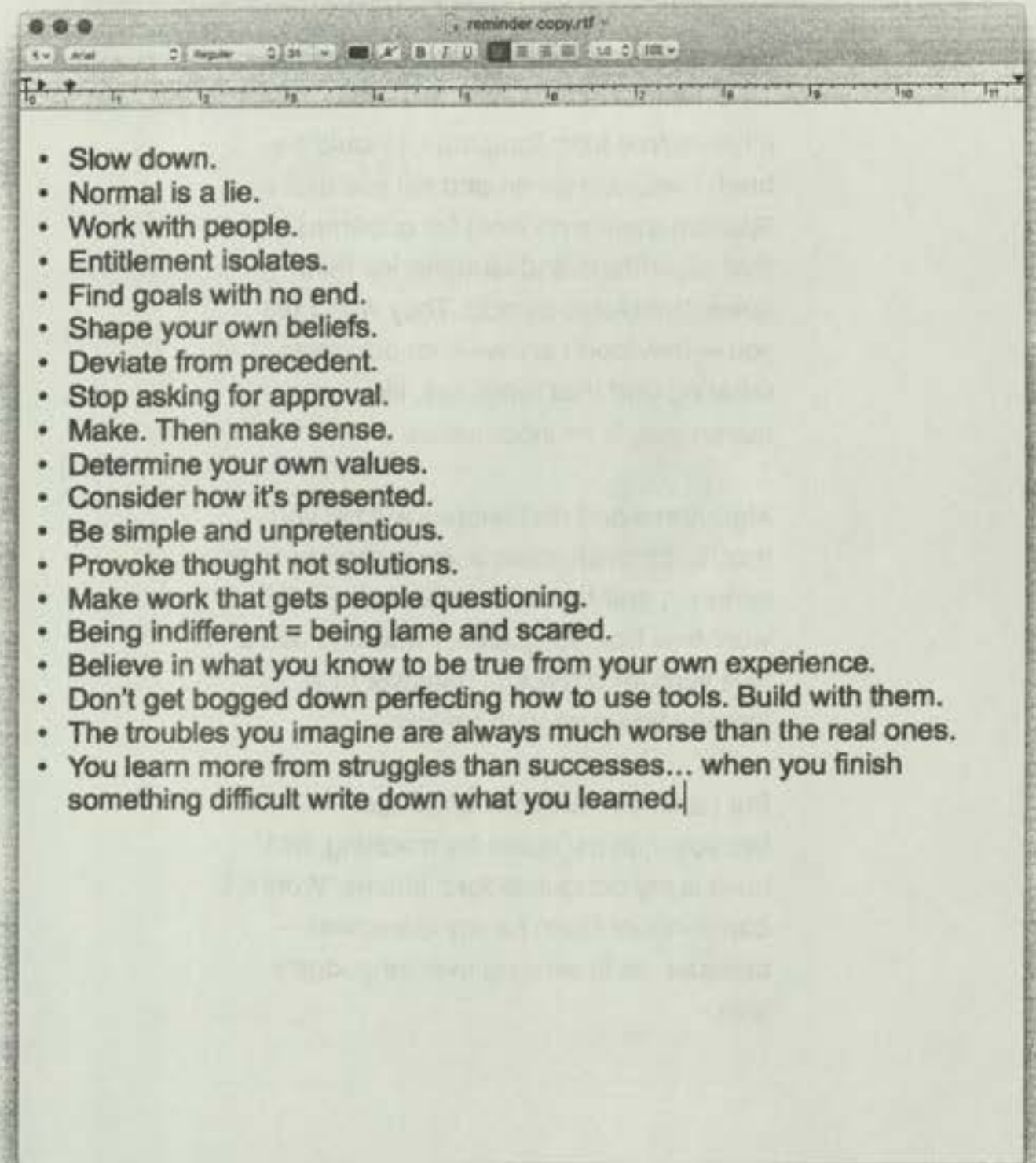
You should really get a lot of money and come visit us in the states someday. That would be so fun! You, me, Antie, Nobie, Drews, Jay... I'm sure I'm forgetting someone. Oops

But we could have a party! Knowing us it'd be uber geeky and probably involve a lot of Harry Potter, LotR, and/or anime. So work on that. Nao!

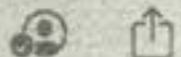
Anyway, I've run out of ridiculous things to write
Bye Zach!

Love,
Echoey

P.S. I'm sorry my handwriting is as bad as my hair.



- Slow down.
- Normal is a lie.
- Work with people.
- Entitlement isolates.
- Find goals with no end.
- Shape your own beliefs.
- Deviate from precedent.
- Stop asking for approval.
- Make. Then make sense.
- Determine your own values.
- Consider how it's presented.
- Be simple and unpretentious.
- Provoke thought not solutions.
- Make work that gets people questioning.
- Being indifferent = being lame and scared.
- Believe in what you know to be true from your own experience.
- Don't get bogged down perfecting how to use tools. Build with them.
- The troubles you imagine are always much worse than the real ones.
- You learn more from struggles than successes... when you finish something difficult write down what you learned.



Instructions on winning someone's love

If I were free from language, I would be brief. I wouldn't go on and tell you that in Spanish there's no word for queerness, or that algorithms and dictionaries think *queer* translates as *odd*. They won't tell you—they don't know—that *odd* feels othering and that language, like *queerness*, is an incantation.

Algorithms and dictionaries will tell you that, in Spanish, *conquistar* means both to conquer, and to win someone's love. If I were free from language, I wouldn't use a love verb for a forceful takeover or a forceful takeover verb for love.

But I am not free from language. Moreover, in my quest for meaning, all I have is my conquistadors' idioms. Words. I can conquer them for my queerness—conquer, as in winning over language's love.

Failed attempts at busting a nut as a result of faulty communication between horny strangers via text message.

Jerome Harris and various potential sex partners he's never met: a selection of text messages.

September 2018 — August 2019
Jerome's texts are bold.

Wassup?
Sunday, July 21 2019, 2:45 PM

Yo yo
Jul 21, 2:45 PM

What you up to?
Jul 21, 2:45 PM

Relaxing with my bestie.
Jul 21, 2:46 PM

Nice! You keeping cool?
Jul 21, 2:47 PM



Jul 21, 2:51 PM

Wyd
Jul 21, 5:13 PM

U wanna bust a nut?
Jul 21, 5:23 PM

?
Jul 21, 9:07 PM

Yo?
Jul 21, 10:03 PM

Hello?
Aug 2, 8:52 AM

Wassup
Jul 24, 5:08 AM

Chillin horny
Jul 24, 5:08 AM

Me too
Face pic?
Jul 24, 5:08 AM

Nice
U wanna hit b4 I go 2 work?
Jul 24, 5:14 AM

Yea
How long
Jul 24, 5:15 AM

Got condoms n lube here. I'll be free in like
20. U wanna come here?
Jul 24, 5:16 AM

Nah
Jul 24, 5:17 AM

Ok
Jul 24, 5:17 AM

Yo
Message by You: Tryna smash?, Friday,
August 2 2019, 8:51 AM

Tryna smash?
Aug 2, 8:51 AM

Just met you on a4a
Jul 21, 11:06 PM

Wya
Jul 21, 11:09 PM

Bushwick
Jul 21, 11:10 PM

Hello?
Jul 21, 11:18 PM

Ok
Jul 21, 11:20 PM

And ur trying to get fucked right
Jul 21, 11:21 PM

Yes
Jul 21, 11:22 PM

If not tonight, tomorrow?
Let me know
Jul 21, 11:24 PM

I can't come to you tonight.
Jul 21, 11:24 PM

So what about tomorrow
Jul 21, 11:25 PM

If u can come here that's cool
Jul 21, 11:25 PM

How long?
Jul 21, 11:25 PM

An hour?
Jul 21, 11:26 PM

I'm gonna call u
Jul 21, 11:26 PM

Ok
Jul 21, 11:26 PM

Any face pix? I don't know what u look like
Jul 21, 11:28 PM

Damn and i haven't nutted in days either
July 21 2019, 11:45 PM

Hey
Jul 6, 3:02 PM

Yo yo yo
Hru cutie?
Jul 6, 3:50 PM

Nothing much trying to motivate myself to get
out of the house
Lol
Jul 6, 3:58 PM

u wanna come hang out here later?
Jul 6, 4:15 PM

Where you btw?
Jul 6, 4:25 PM

Bushwick
Jul 6, 4:26 PM

?
Sunday, July 7 2019, 6:55 PM

Hello
Jul 7, 6:55 PM

Can we meet up on Thursday?
Jul 7, 6:58 PM

Let's do it.
Jul 7, 6:58 PM



Jul 20, 9:12 AM

Wassup
Jun 14, 7:51 AM

Yerp
U coming thru?
Jun 14, 7:59 AM

I'm just leaving my job late smh
Jun 14, 8:15 AM

Ok so r u coming?

When yu leaving?
I can come tomorrow morning
My job just pissed me off smh
Jun 14, 8:16 AM

What about tonight?
Tomorrow morning works
What's ur name?
Jun 14, 8:16 AM

light goodie work overnight tonight
Chris
Jun 14, 8:16 AM

I'm Jerome
Where do u live in NY
Jun 14, 8:16 AM

Queens
Jun 14, 8:17 AM

ok cool
I'm moving to Bushwick next week
You're also in DC?
I'm moving from Maryland actually, haha
Jun 14, 8:20 AM

I'm down there a lot
Baltimore and dc and NOVA
Jun 14, 8:21 AM

Cool, I'm moving here.
Jun 14, 8:23 AM

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19. Sagge
include
gender
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ntributors.
and published
pages + covers
and photographs
Domitor
Printed
Nivellore

Now I'm horny
U should just come
Jun 14, 8:31 AM

what ever happened to you?
Jul 9, 7:28 AM

Wat yu mean
Jul 10, 8:46 PM

Well, i live in Bushwick now
A few blocks from Ridgewood
Jul 13, 4:20 PM

Hello
Jul 14, 8:55 PM

How Are You?
Jul 14, 9:16 PM

Hold on
Did u get my texts?
Before the last one?
Jul 14, 9:17 PM

I'm in Aruba, my texts are coming in slow af
My bs
*bad
Jul 14, 10:21 PM

What's good ... u just told me to txt u
Jun 7, 7:54 PM

Yoo
Wassup sexy
Jun 7, 8:09 PM

Sup
What's Truckeroo
Jun 7, 8:17 PM

Huh?
Wait I didn't text u about truckeroo
Jun 7, 8:21 PM

U did on grinder lol
Jun 7, 8:29 PM

Oof my baf
Where do u stay?

?
Nice
My bad I was driving
Wya
Jun 7, 10:34 PM

Np
Jun 7, 10:34 PM

I stay in lanham
Jun 7, 10:34 PM

In DC
Addy?

Ass phat
Jun 7, 10:35 PM

(yeah I know)
Jun 7, 10:35 PM

U live here or just visiting
Jun 7, 10:35 PM

I live in bmore.
U free?
Jun 7, 10:35 PM

I can not host tonight but I can tomorrow
morning ..
Jun 7, 10:35 PM

Agh
Well, u coming to Bmore?
Or u wanna meet me at the bar?
Jun 7, 10:36 PM

Or r u into car play or public discreet place ?
How long u here for
Jun 7, 10:36 PM

Let's just meet face to face
The question is when r u free.
Jun 7, 10:36 PM

I'm at aunt house for my cousin bday
Late tonight I will be free
Like around 1230-1 ish
Jun 7, 10:37 PM

So u wanna come to Bmore?
bcz I'm not waiting around.
Jun 7, 10:37 PM

Ok where in bmore
Send a address so I can see how far
Jun 7, 10:39 PM

Catonsville
Jun 7, 10:40 PM

Oh Tru ok
Watvtine u going home
Jun 7, 10:41 PM

I dunno
Jun 7, 10:59 PM
?

What time ?
Jun 7, 11:18 PM

Wait.
I just said I dunno
Just hit me when free
Jun 7, 11:19 PM

Yooooo
Wyd
I'm still around
Jun 8, 12:19 AM

Hello?
Jun 8, 1:30 AM

Yo
Jun 8, 9:55 AM

Good morning
I just woke up
Sup wit u
Jun 8, 11:26 AM

U there
Jun 8, 11:39 AM

Yo yo yo
Jun 8, 11:40 AM

Sup wyd
Jun 8, 11:41 AM

Hanging out in bmore rn
I should be coming down that way this
eveningm
Jun 8, 11:47 AM

Oh Tru ok cool
Around wat time
U have snap chat
Jun 8, 11:48 AM

Yeah
Jun 8, 12:08 PM

Wat is it
Jun 8, 12:09 PM

What's ur snap
Jun 8, 12:16 PM

As, risograph
in Pant
and bound a
st minute to
and Ends Ar
iversity Ar
19. Suggeste
include d
gender-
vital - pas
Contributors.
and published
Paul Santelli's
pages + covers
and risograph
Domtar printed book w/h
fluorescent pink
hand - I eat the
Sweetlans

williamfutrelle
Jun 8, 12:17 PM

Ima hit u up on there now . Are u around other ppl
Jun 8, 12:17 PM

Yeah
I'm out rn

Sexy ass
As soon as I saw u in the screen my dick was on brick
Jun 8, 12:32 PM

Hahaaa
I couldnt really see u
Jun 8, 12:41 PM

Oh u should said something
Jun 8, 12:48 PM

Send me a pic
So I can see u frfr
Jun 8, 12:49 PM

Wyd
Jun 8, 6:04 PM

I'm headed down.
Jun 8, 6:12 PM

At the mall rn where u going be @
Jun 8, 6:16 PM

Which Mall?
Also where's my pic?
Jun 8, 6:16 PM

At the mall rn where u going be @
Jun 8, 6:25 PM

?
Jun 8, 8:20 PM

At the bar with my folks rn
Jun 8, 8:21 PM

Tru
Jun 8, 8:22 PM

Wyd
I'm by collage park
Jun 9, 3:56 PM

?
Jun 9, 6:05 PM

I was out va yestserday
Good morning hru
Wat u up ton
Jun 10, 10:58 AM

What's good
Jun 23, 12:47 AM

Yerp
I moved to NY
Jun 23, 12:50 AM

Oh damn .. u be blessed bruh
Jun 23, 12:50 AM

Same 4 u
Jun 23, 12:50 AM

What's up hru
Jul 18, 10:38 AM

Oh shiy
My bad
Send a pic.
I don't remember what u look like
I meant to send
Jul 18, 10:40 AM

U got snap chat
July 18 2019, 10:45 AM

No I deleted it.
I'm not in the DMV tho.
So maybe we should stop chatting.

Oh ok if u say so
Jul 18, 10:50 AM

Damn lol bye
Thursday, July 18 2019, 10:51 AM

Hheuu7
Jun 29, 11:52 AM

What?
Jun 29, 11:54 AM

Typo
Heeyyyyy
Jun 29, 11:54 AM

NO thank you.
Saturday, June 29 2019, 11:56 AM

Where you at walkin?
Jun 23, 11:29 AM

Its Marz btw
Jun 23, 11:29 AM

Jay
Jun 23, 11:29 AM

Where are you walkin too?
Jun 23, 11:29 AM

You
But I'm back home now
Jun 23, 11:29 AM

Im at the market on Broadway
Jun 23, 11:39 AM

Ok
Jun 23, 11:40 AM

Wya
Jun 23, 11:53 AM

My spot. U ready?
Jun 23, 11:54 AM

Walkin bacc now
What we doin?
Jun 23, 11:55 AM

Chatting and jerking off.
That's what you wanted to do, yes? Meet,
bust a nut And if we vibe we should do this
regularly.
Jun 23, 12:01 PM

U gon play with my nipples?
Should i turn the porn on?
Jun 23, 12:02 PM

Say less. Where am I comingm
We can decide when I get there.
Yes to whatever u need homie.
Jun 23, 12:02 PM

Wya
Jun 23, 12:09 PM

Gimmie the addrsss
I'mma. Come 2 u
Jun 23, 12:10 PM

U home now?
Jun 23, 12:11 PM

Yes
Half naked already
Jun 23, 12:11 PM

Which apartment?
Jun 23, 12:12 PM

When you get here i will buzz you and take the elevator to the third floor

Jun 23, 12:12 PM

Umm...

So there is no bell to ring?

Jun 23, 12:13 PM

There is however i dont want you ringin my bell

Jun 23, 12:13 PM

Hahaaaa

Jun 23, 12:13 PM

I don't like the bell to ring

Jun 23, 12:13 PM

May I ask why?

Like that's what a bell is for.

To let u know someone is there.

Jun 23, 12:14 PM

This is a hookup sir

You're not family

Or close friends

Who know my bell and apartment number

I dnt feel comfortable given that out

Jun 23, 12:14 PM

We are still intelligent people with thoughts and curiosities. But safety and security as a need I can understand.

Jun 23, 12:15 PM

You have the address and you know how i look

And u have my number

I mean its my thing but having to explain this is kind of annoying

Jun 23, 12:16 PM

On my way.

Jun 23, 12:17 PM

Maybe we should just not

This kinda turned me off

Jun 23, 12:17 PM

This is texting dude.

Let's vibe in person

Jun 23, 12:20 PM

Your vibe is off

Jun 23, 12:21 PM

U can't tell

These are words on a screen

Jun 23, 12:21 PM

Questioning me about my reasons for not given out my apartment

You dont know me

Im a very private person

Jun 23, 12:21 PM

No, I'm asking about the use of a BELL.

Jun 23, 12:21 PM

Im not even interested anymore

My vibe is done

Dont want hook up

Have a good one

Sunday, June 23 2019, 12:22 PM

Text. Lol

Sep 2, 2018

howdy

where r u in the city?

Sep 2, 2018

Lol ok yo. Howdy??

Im in randallstown at the moment.

Sep 2, 2018

Oh ok.

You live there or you're visiting?

yo

Sep 10, 2018

Yo

Sep 11, 2018

Yo yo yo

Send me a pic to save with ur contact. I also never got ur name.

Sep 11, 2018

U do the same

Sep 11, 2018

Jerome

7:29 AM Sep 11, 2018

ANTOINE.

7:30 AM Sep 11, 2018

Oh yeah ur blurry pix

I remember that

7:31 AM Sep 11, 2018

Man u may need a new phone. My pic is clear.

Sep 11, 2018

I mean u got a filter on the pic.

Like take a pic right now

Sep 11, 2018

Ok.

U get it??

Sep 11, 2018

U still got that filter on

Sep 11, 2018 7:55am

Lol bro there is no filter on. What you talking about. ???

What I gotta send u a bunch of pics my nigg. All my pics don't have filters

Sep 11, 2018

No u don't.

It might just be your camera.

It like makes everything look glowy

Sep 11, 2018

Bruh I have a good phone. That's it.

Sep 11, 2018 8:00am

I was'nt saying ur phone was bad.

More than ur camera makes everything have a glow on it.

So it looks like a filter.

Sep 11, 2018 8:01am

Wyd tonight sexy?

Oct 12, 2018

Hahaha! Just hanging out for the moment.

11:08 PM

Can I rub on your belly later?

Oct 12, 2018

That is an incredibly tempting offer - can I message you back with a decision later on?

Oct 12, 2018 11:09pm

I guess.

Oct 12, 2018

Lol give me an hour or so man. I'll let you know the.

Oct 12, 2018 11:10pm

I'll wait 2 weeks if that's ur expiration period.

Oct 12, 2018 11:11

*then
LOL
I do have to go to drive down and be in DC all weekend for school stuff so that's why I'm trying to feel it out tbh. Can't be too tired
Oct 12, 2018 11:12pm

Live ur life.
But be in touch. Ur sexy.
Oct 12, 2018 11:13pm

it's the only thing I can do
Friday, October 12 2018, 11:13 PM

I'll let you know in an hour how I'm feeling ok?
Oct 12, 2018 11:24pm

Fine
Oct 12, 2018 12:19am

I really want to spend time with you but I know I'll be useless tomorrow if I do
Oct 13, 2018 12:20am

No worries. Enjoy ur life. Just let me know it issa no so I don't waste my time overall.
Oct 13, 2018 12:21am

It's definitely not a no overall. I just know what my schedule is like for the next month or two.
Oct 13, 2018 12:22am

Ok. I won't press u.
Oct 13, 2018

No pressure, just please remind me every once in awhile. Cause I am just like your other friends - hermit mode max and anxiety level 3000 lol. My mind is not always here.
Oct 13, 2018 12:30am

Umm...
Naw. If it's not mutual, I'm not applying extra effort.
Oct 13, 2018 12:24am

????
But it is?
Saturday, October 13 2018, 12:24 AM

Mutual effort?
Oct 13, 2018 12:25am

Oh yes yes. I understand now. You're good
Oct 13, 2018 12:30am

Yes.
gn, Earl
Ttyl
Oct 13, 2018 12:44am



Kk sleep well
Oct 13, 2018 12:46 AM

Same
Oct 13, 2018 12:48am

*Redacted
from us to
you. Now
it's just me
and I am
nothing.*

60 *It wasn't as bad as I
expected. I was busy, I was
putting myself out there,
I was on my grind and seeing
it pay off. You were doing
what-the-fuck-ever. It
shouldn't have even
mattered yet I still
wanted to know.*

*You fed me those stories.
Kept it up for too long. Made
me believe you actually still cared
even in the most mundane way.*

*I didn't even get a text on my
birthday. You did.*

61 *I can't blame you. I know
it's my own fault. I'm sorry.
I still feel hurt but that's my
problem. I didn't expect these
feelings to linger this long.
I don't know why I still care
about you—give any energy
to the thought of you. At this
point I'm just putting myself
through more pain.*

*Call me a masochist.
Call me at all?*

I am rewriting my history as a gallery

I throw away all the pictures
 Filed under another artist's name
 I cross out my yesterday
 On an old poem
 And replace it with tomorrows

I wonder how I kept them for so long
 The picture of me with the congressman I disagreed with
 The snapshots with friends I've forgotten the names of
 The dresses and the people I've let go
 They all feel so empty
 No matter how many I pile up

I remember my senior year photo
 I was plum suit and silver tie
 My mom couldn't put it up in her home
 It wasn't suitable

I said I would put it up in my own
 But never bought a copy

We record the beginning of autumn
 By the first leaf to fall
 It is the most visible indicator
 Maybe that first photo
 Led me to this pile

I take out the Team Rocket sweater
 The one I handsewed
 In the late cinnamon summer nights
 While I struggled to admit
 <Maybe I can like girls>
 I put it on two weeks after top surgery
 And I'm the boy I hid under <gender bent>
 The one I tried to costume for myself

I put on the blazer I got after coming out
 the fanciest thing I own

Its shoulders sit on mine and it's a hug
 There is so much of me it fills the room
 So much more than I thought myself capable of
 The tears are gentle leaves drifting down

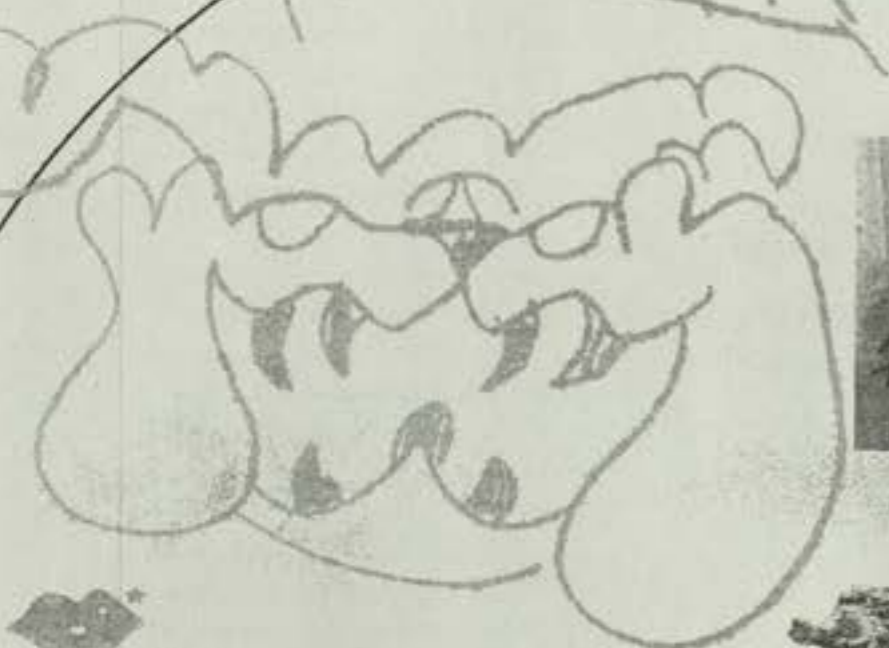
My friend takes me to esplanade
 I joke that I am all fall out boy
 As she poses me in a tree
 And I'm not wrong
 I am all sweater and edge lord boy
 I am the sky with its receding sunset
 The trees with their falling leaves
 I am making space
 For all my tomorrows



Constantly Creating New



Reaching Ourself



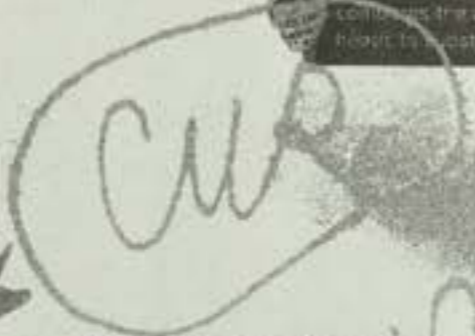
everybody is constantly creating new realities for themselves and it's not something it can ever escape and even think to make a friend or have a new experience or recreating or social landscape and have a new version of used



it's that the world young women are told that we are devious and conniving and we tell ourselves that what we are doing is immoral, of course we pathologize ourselves and it feeds into this unhealthy thing that hurts

evidence like modeling jazy suiton trying to create submissions for real connects the circular things we do in heart to postmodern reality

2018



To interface

A collection of asynchronous attempts in understanding interfaces.

Surrounding the "Network Interfacing" course at Parsons this past semester (Spring 2019) is an underlying interest in the verification of the word *interface*. *To interface* is a colloquialism within certain programming/internet-ready communities. "We are interfacing" acts as a type of catchall and can be used interchangeably with "we are [talking, communicating, discussing, engaging]". "I am interfacing with" is a similar placeholder and can be exchanged with "I am [talking with, reading, looking at, viewing, understanding through, learning from]".

An initial entrance: Drawing on Latour's remarks regarding the permeability of the word design in his lecture A Cautious Prometheus? A Few Steps Toward a Philosophy of Design (with Special Attention to Peter Sloterdijk), and its argument that the increased prevalence of the word design implies a state of constantly revising and editing rather than a sudden revolution, I want to suggest that we might assign a parallel extension with similar implications to the term at hand.¹ The verification of *interface* suggests that we are beginning to view not just the world around us, but also ourselves as composite instances—surfaces that are inherently non-static and purely representations of a deeply interrelational system of wells. Just like designing defines a world in which we are constantly reacting to and building on top of, interfacing embeds us in a world of momentary and constantly elapsing resolution.

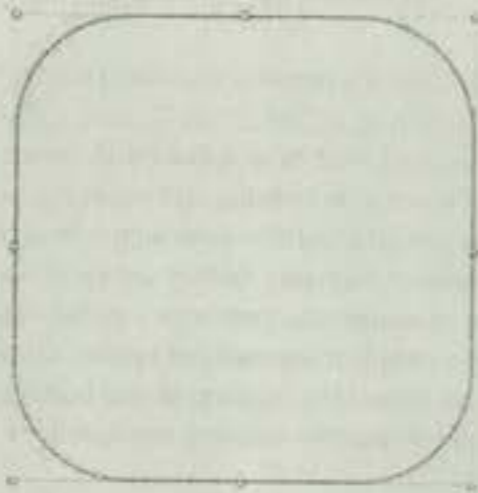
Proposing a Benjamin-styled parallel entrance (interfacing and feeling auras): Amongst other implications, the verb interfacing develops a weird kind of phoenixing (self-immolation and rebirth) of Walter Benjamin's notion of aura in which, while the instance of reproduction can still be considered a distancing and cannot give us a complete view, we never actually reach the artwork. If we can equate the interface to a type of reproduction, then we could say that a reproduction is a temporary coalescence of certain conditions, any point of contact is always performed (i.e. an instance). The interface suggests that the network is intangible. Following this thought, even the artwork itself can be considered a type of reproduction (of the contexts that have built it)—rendering the aura non-existent. Or, the aura becomes a question of perspective and scale; sort of rendered just-out-of-reach. In contrast to Benjamin's concern of dilution, the aura is actually shaped through frequency, and only through invested and varied interaction does it take a more developed form² (the more time you spend with someone or something, the more you feel like you may "know them").

Interfaces are curatorial; I am most familiar with the word interface in the context of the internet and network-based companies. The usual suspects in network critique: Facebook/Instagram/WhatsApp, Twitter, Weibo, Twitch, TikTok, or even Snapchat. More transactionally driven (but still "social") companies like Uber and Venmo, or AirBnb represent

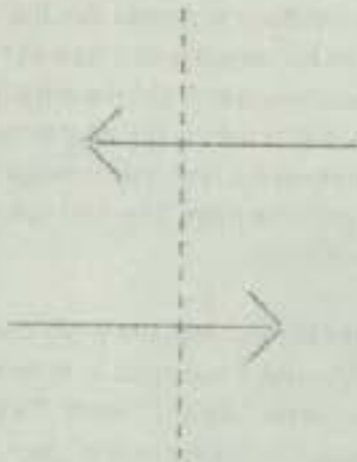
¹ Latour's claim that we have "never been modern" might neatly be summed up with the sentiment that if you believe you are interfacing with a *tabula rasa*, you aren't seeing the full context (or sphere) in which your *tabula* resides

² Walter Benjamin, Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction

networks too. Arguably, many of these companies offer remarkably similar services—but it is through their respectively designed *interfaces* that we might differentiate their function³. As the scale of many of these companies and the networks they maintain are grand and physically incomprehensible, the importance of these interfaces must be emphasized: interfaces are moments of designed clarity. Interfaces are the flattening of vast networks into comprehensible surfaces that guide us (the users) through highly (algorithmically) curated moments of their respective networks. Interfaces, then, are only ever instances of a network.



But perhaps: an interface may be a vertical division, but it is still n-directional. As you engage with a network, you are given a curated view. Yet this view relies on your input. What interests does this network understand you have? Which demographics does this network assume you represent? With whom does the network expect you to engage intimately with? By interfacing with you, what does the network perceive?



³ Instagram, Facebook, and Twitter all allow you to upload images, video, and text. It is through the formatting of this information that we begin to assign different styles and preferences of use, and subsequently birth different habits and media cultures.

What is an interface?

An interface is presented as a type of *tabula rasa*—it is the space in which you create a profile (you create *you*). It is the space through which you publish and consume information (i.e. “content”). An interface facilitates the exchange of data, allows for correspondence between individuals and groups, and is often portrayed as being an apolitical tool. Yet the verb form, *to interface*, begins to carry implications that its noun form seems to traditionally circumvent. It is used to classify and contextualize digital experiences and what is absent from them.⁴ If we can describe both an exchange between two humans and an exchange between a human and a non-human as moments of interfacing, what does this imply about the latter?⁵

Networks, nodes, and the interface in-between: To expand this rhetorical tangent, I’d like to re-introduce the aforementioned term *network* as a way of describing context (or Latour’s/Sloterdijk’s spheres which assign agency to the space and people around you), and introduce the term *node* as a way of describing culminating moments within a network. A *network* is frequently visualized as a web of interlinking connections (from my understanding, Vannevar Bush’s Memex, or even early hyperlink demos (like Douglas Engelbart’s Mother of all Demos), introduced this visualization and we haven’t necessarily moved passed it), with each point of connection (i.e. node) being influenced by the nodes around it. As one might suspect, the removal or addition of a node can have cascading effects to the network as a whole. The negligence or increased focus on a single node (i.e. the amount of connections a node has) will also begin to influence a network as a whole⁶. And finally, a point of connection between apparently separate networks culminates not only in a new node, but also in the collapse of any perceived separation (...whether those two networks were in fact separated or just distantly connected is another conversation entirely) between said networks.

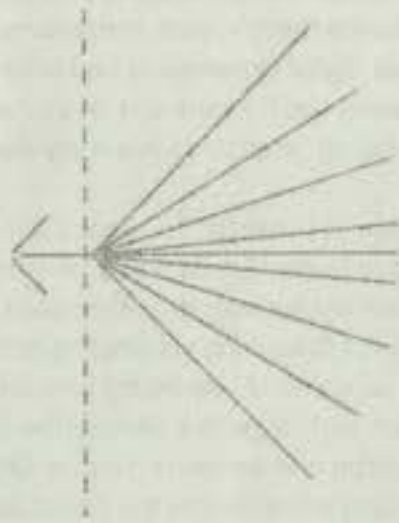
This node (a point of overlap(s)), is where our verb *to interface* resurfaces. If we describe an exchange between two humans as a moment of interfacing, we can expand this colloquial metaphor towards their surrounding context as a network. They *are* interfacing, and subsequently, they each not only represent an instance of their network, but they also represent the collapse of any perceived separation within a greater network. Their moment of interface is the creation of a new node. Their moment of interface emphasizes that the network knew them both all along.

⁴ Lauren Jackson, We Real Cool: “In the traditional passing tale race is realized at the level of the body—fingerprints, blood, birth, birthmark. Without a body-to-body interface, cultural credibility is the currency.”

⁵ To interface with a non-human is perhaps another simplification. In fact, when we are interfacing with an “interface” of a social network, we are actually interfacing with a vast human-generated network, built by teams of designers, engineers, project managers, tested users, outsourced and contracted labor, board members, vc funding, and all of those facilitating their ability to continue working.

⁶ see centralized and decentralized network shapes. (darpa, arpanet, safe structures, etc)

This actually points towards part of the problem outlined by Donna Haraway and Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing (simplification): the use of actor/human/non-human actually is rooted in the simplification that interfaces render. Interfacing can imply a reduction and lack of acknowledgement towards the context (network) it represents, which means any interaction misses some of the fun. Networks are dirty, interfacing becomes a clean facade.



all the fun is filtered out

We might begin to develop an example of scaling comparison here:

network : node :: node : interface

A network is a collection of nodes, just like a node is a collection of interfaces—an instance of multiple contexts coming together. But just like an interface doesn't give you all the information, any interfacing doesn't either. It is through repeated (and varied) interfacing (i.e. giving time) that we develop nuanced affinity.

Take a stroll
see,
return.

What's queer in THE CLIMATE CRISIS?

Loose notes on decolonizing the "future"

A sense of urgency grips me almost every day now. Scanning headlines and listening to the radio, it is evident that the general population has finally awoken to the "climate emergency". As someone currently under the age of thirty, this emergency is not about the next generation's future but about my own. Will owning a dwelling or having a "good" job matter if cities fall into the ocean or go up in endless flames and the plague returns? My dad thinks I'm hyperbolic, but it's already happening, turn on the news and connect the dots (or better yet read *The Uninhabitable Earth: Life After Warming*). Coming of age in late-stage capitalism, my peers have already lost vast swathes of hope about the future, and we are now unable to ignore impending environmental collapse. Fighting despair has become routine. Planning for the future feels like going through futile motions. However, the most "successful" populist response to the climate emergency began with the mobilization of actual youth, asking for a future, in particular, Swedish activist Greta Thunberg. As a "young" person, this has felt thrilling (I think we should center the voices of youth far more often) but also problematic. Demanding a future is not a neutral enterprise. Recalling the pessimism of Lee Edelman's 2007 polemic *No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive*, I am beginning to suspect that "saving the future for the children" actually translates to continuing the political order which has produced the climate crisis in the first place. The rhetoric of the climate "emergency" and saving the future for "the children" is effective in capturing press coverage and intergenerational sympathy because, as Edelman would argue, it appeals to the heteronormative reproductive futurism that our society is founded on. Walter Benjamin advised that the tradition of the oppressed reveals that a state of emergency is not the exception but the rule, our task is to bring about a real emergency (257).

Edelman advocates that queers should exploit our figurative position as outsiders in the reproductive social order to disrupt the intelligibility of that order, to refuse the status quo as the only political horizon. We are in a combustive moment in which there actually, literally, may not be a future for the neoliberal settler state, its capitalist economy of extraction and exploitation may actually collapse. Young people across the globe are talking to the streets in mass protests to demand a different political order. How do we figure the future otherwise? How do we mobilize a queer feminist future that refuses economies of extraction, centers collective care, and adheres to Indigenous governance? What if, instead of rescuing the future for "the children," we centered the voices of those who have been continually denied a future. A future for all of the people who were supposed to die. The nations that have been disposed of their land. The individuals and collectives that have been denied equal status and citizenship on this land. Individuals and nations who had or are continuing to have their traditional ways of life uprooted by extraction industries and government policy or increasing environmental devastation. In this time of increasing urgency, what

if instead of rescuing the status quo as the "future" we, the outsiders, laboured to decolonize a different future?

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

- In thinking about queer and feminist futurities, it is integral that we critically intervene in the normalization of the settler-colonial state. This may seem obvious as queer politics were conceptualized in resistance to regimes of the normal, however, many social justice movements in North American, including queer activism, have historically failed to center and acknowledge that their struggles are taking place on stolen land or connect their struggle against heteropatriarchy to the larger network of settler-colonial power (Smith 44). Queer indigenous scholars have revealed settler colonialism as the historical and institutional root of heteronormative binary sex/gender systems. To critique heteronormativity fully is actually to critique colonial power (Driskill, Finley, Gilley, and Morgensen, 217).
- Settler scholar Scott Morgensen argues that non-native LGBTQ people can alter our organizing by critiquing settler colonialism, and on that basis, meet Native people in accountable relationships based in anti-colonial alliance politics (Morgensen 138). Settlers must consider our colonial inheritance when occupying Native land or investing in belonging in settler society, where feeling at home is inseparable from the displacement of native peoples. Defining gender or sexual liberation in civil rights or multicultural inclusion frameworks makes the settler state the horizon of freedom and reinforces settler authority on Native land (143).
- Part of the politics of decolonization is recognizing that decolonization is a specific project that is not reconcilable or interchangeable with all other social justice causes. Decolonization is about Indigenous sovereignty, and it is important to understand that decolonization sets out to change the order of the world. Decolonization, unlike reconciliation, will implicate and unsettle everyone. Decolonization is founded on an ethics of incommensurability, which guides moves that unsettle innocence, and stands in contrast to the aims of reconciliation. Reconciliation is about rescuing settler normalcy and settler futures. We must acknowledge that questions of settler futures, "need not and perhaps cannot, be answered in order for decolonization to exist as a framework" (Tuck and Yang 35). As theorists Eve Tuck and K. Wayne Yang assert, solidarity in the context of decolonization "is an uneasy, reserved, and unsettled matter that neither reconciles present grievances nor forecloses future conflicts" (3). As settlers, we must work from a place of understanding difference, solidarity, and incommensurability. Working from a place of incommensurability means acknowledging that all struggles are not the same, and decolonization is a specific project with an unknown future.

- While I personally believe imagining the future as otherwise is a powerful project, I am also learning that acknowledging what we cannot know in advance is important. In the context of decolonization and prison abolition, imagining alternate futures can be powerful, but we cannot let not knowing hinder the urgency of these futures. Just as we often find it hard to imagine a society without prisons, we may find it hard to imagine our nations not centering settler populations and modes of governance. I believe a future without prisons is possible. I also want to believe the sovereignty of the land can be reclaimed by First Nations, and as settlers, we can learn to respect Indigenous governance structures. Imagining a decolonial queer feminist future is about educating ourselves, supporting indigenous leadership, building community, working towards ending ongoing settler-colonial violence, questioning binary knowledge systems such as the division of nature and culture, ending the carceral state, and protecting the land. It is about making space for other ways of knowing and acting to be heard, and a different future created.

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

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BIO: Genevieve Flavelle is an independent curator, writer, and PhD student at Queen's University. Her broader research and curatorial interests include queer theory, queer and feminist art histories, contemporary art, and feminist curatorial strategies. Genevieve is a settler of Scottish and French ancestry raised in Tkaronto/Toronto and currently living as an uninvited guest on unceded territory in Tiohtiá:ke/Montreal.

matr

matrix

matriarch

matrices

matricidal

matriculate

materfamilias

matrilineal

matrimonial

matrimonies

matrocliny

nonmatriculated

alma mater

dura mater

matronage

matromorphic

matronym

matrophile

nearomatria

opsimatria

matrolagnia

misomater

matter

20/25
120/70
180

Matr dissolves the physical object and/or subject into motion, relationship, and agency.
As a conjunctive word meaning mother: it affixes, joins, and validates multiplicities.

The Matr recognizes that in the domestic lies the power to move between the immaterial and the material — from matter to matr — to collaborate, feed, nurture and educate.

The Matr did not know the great-great-grandmothers and will not know the great-great granddaughters.

"Listen: you are not yourself, you are crowds of others, you are as leaky a vessel as was ever made, you have spent vast amounts of your life as someone else, as people who died long ago, as people who never lived, as strangers you never met."

—Rebecca Soinit

6.3.16

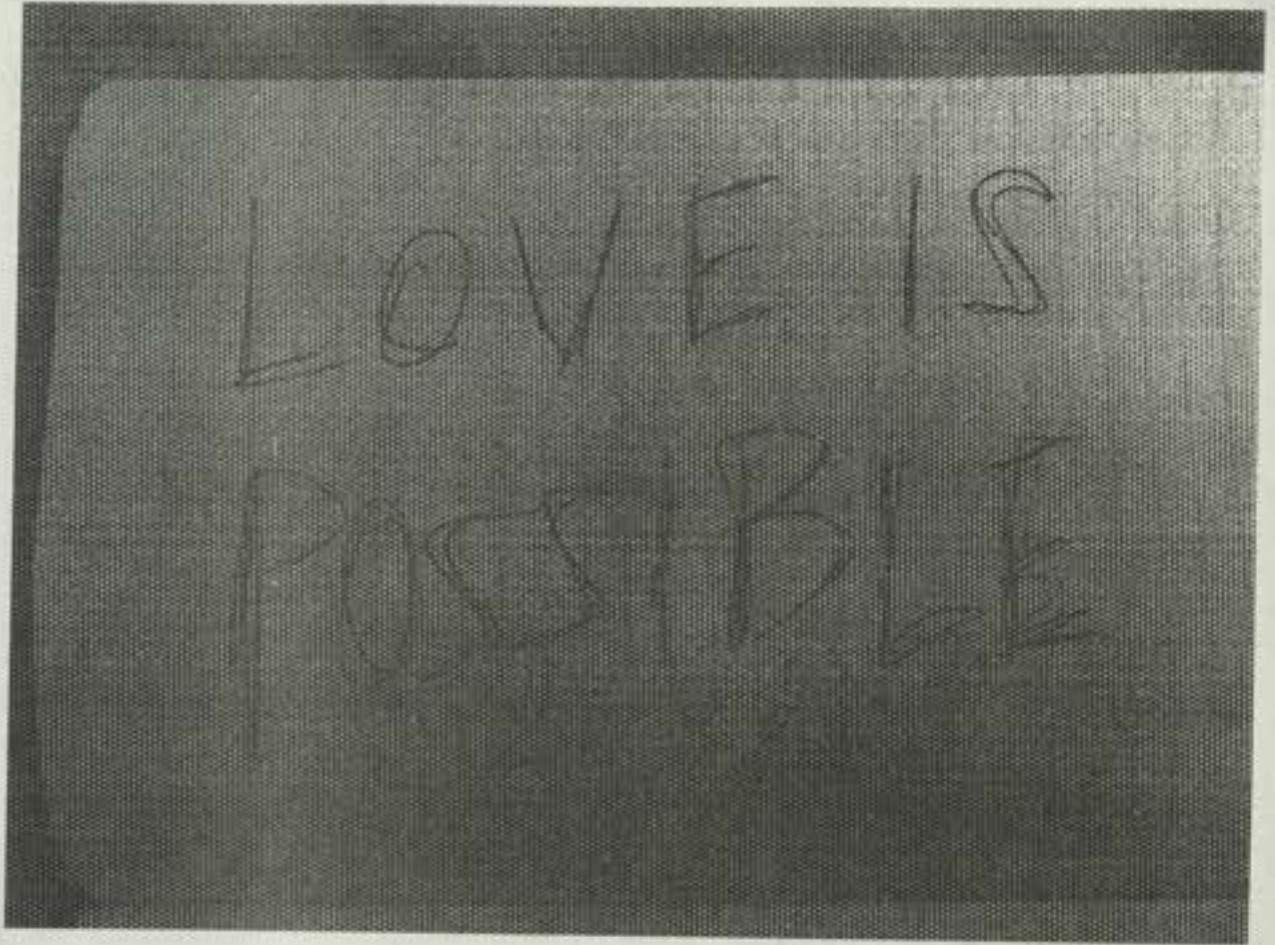
There must be a word or theory for the space ahead of an arrow or a boat's bow where matter is pushed forward or split in two. The space between the object and the atmospheric that is not a thing yet necessary. A place before friction like the heat shield on a space capsule. As the capsule reenters the planet's atmosphere, the glowing incandescence is not part of the object even as it moves forward on the same path, not part of the matter it divides.

Heat and shocked gas.

Matter itself forges the Matr.

PAGE

EXCERPT FROM CYBORG MATR BY NIKKI JUEN U. 2019



i mean this

I don't know much about virtual reality, but I think my device is broken

October 2019,

12:33 AM;

driver's side: a photograph of me in my car

passenger's side: her sitting next to me

behind me, blue lights like a knife twisting into my back

Breathe.

I can't.

You were going under the speed limit and swerving

i don't know this road too well it's very dark

Where are you going?

home

What were you doing here?

visiting a friend

What were you doing with your friend?

marie kondoing her closet

What? Killing what?

the netflix show marie kondo we were helping her get rid of clothes cleaning

Oh. It smells like alcohol in here.

Have you been drinking?

i had one drink at dinner 6 hours ago is it my blackcherry seltzer water

No. Maybe you're just one of those people who still smell like alcohol for a long time.

COME WITH ME.

why

I just want to make sure you're safe. I need to do a Field Sobriety Test.

can I come too

NO. YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE

He would have arrested me if I refused

No time to hug or kiss her, tell her I loved her

Is this what it feels like to be a pirate, walking the plank?

Trying to page through my memories like a flip book -

is this what it feels like to watch yourself die?

Convinced I would be taking my last breath in a few steps; this isn't happening.

Stand on this line. Do you have
a hard time seeing far ~~away~~ away
or close up?

far away

Take off your glasses.

(this is it)

Follow my pen with your eyes
only. Not your head.

You can get back in the car. I just
had to make sure you were safe,
doing my job. If you weren't safe
and got in an accident then I'm
not doing my job and that's on
me. Your registration is dead. Have
a good night.

I've spent 28 years trying to
love my skin,
my curly, frizzy, biracial hair
Learning to not just live with it
but love and embrace it
and in two minutes an experience
that is based on someone else
hating what I've been trying to
love

I'm not yet strong enough to
be resilient in times of racism
I've had more practice with fighting
homophobia
and although I was born ~~with~~
in this skin,
grew up in this skin,
will die in this skin,
knowing this skin was different
since I was 5,

hated it until I met her,
 still struggling with the fact
 that I can't just
 get up and go, leave the house
 looking like Tracee Ellis Ross
 without spending time oiling,
 conditioning, styling, blow drying,
 straightening;
 I've always been afraid for my dad
 and my brother,
 but never for myself.
 Being afraid for yourself is a
 different feeling

One week later, I was told I
 didn't have to worry about racism
 by someone who has lived her
 life and prospered

by stepping on and breaking the
 backs of blacks
 by someone who doesn't know
 what it's like to get pulled over
 for doing nothing wrong;

DWB

by someone who has never been
 called a halfbreed,
 by someone who doesn't have to
 remember her whole life in 30
 seconds and remember every time
 someone told you they loved your
 hair, how tan you got in the
 summer, how you're so lucky you
 don't have to slather on sunscreen,
 how they wished they had
 curly hair like yours, skin like
 yours, how lucky you were to be

loved, what was it like growing
 up with a black dad and a white
 mom, can I touch your hair, can
 I touch your hair, can I touch
 your hair, look I'm almost as
 tan as you, look in the winter
 you're almost as white as I am,
 as white as I am, white, white,
 white, fucking white.

or what I meant to say was,
 my virtual reality
 my virtual realit
 my virtual reali
 my virtual real
 my virtual rea
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 my virtual
 my virtual reality device is broken.
 broke/n

Sharawadji Mix

What is that?

What did I just hear?

The urban sound field is a mixture of accidental sound, the sound which is a byproduct of activity: car engines, construction, footsteps, natural sounds of wind, rain, and intentional sounds: horns and sirens, voices, bird calls, music.

A disordered field allows for self-ordering, self-idiom. It is a field of potential, of play.

In the field of sound you notice one thing, then another, then your attention sinks back into the whole.

We are made for this, this disorder.

The sharawadji effect edges up on the sublime. It is a plenitude that is almost too much.

A sound has a source, but we do not always know that source.

I wander.

Why sharawadji, why now?

Is that you?

In 1916, Luigi Russolo exalted the beauty of noises: "The street is an infinite mine of noises: thy rhythmic strides of the various trots or paces of horses, contrasting with the harmonic scales of trams or automobiles. . . . And over all these noises, the continuous, very strange and marvelous hubbub of the crowd, of which only the few voices that arrive clear and distinct can be distinguished from the others, so anonymous and confused."

I walk through the garden hearing cars.

This world calls out to us.

In the disordered sound field of the city, we can let our attention drift and play.

I walk through you.

The mind amplifies one sound, then another.

I walk through the infinite garden. Wind shakes the leaves. Rain comes, then sun. Trunks, stalks, fruit, leaves, fronds, vines, flowers: the names only gesture to the forms, the forms to the tangle.

Pauline Oliveros uses the words "deep listening" to speak of a slow inclusive listening that expands to include everything in the environment that the ear can perceive.

I walk through the garden hearing cars.

We get the word "sharawadji" from William Temple, in his essay "The Gardens of Epicurus" published in 1685. He heard, by word of mouth through Dutch traders, of an Asian form of beauty he had never imagined. The gardens he heard described were not rows of orderly shrubs and trees in geometric patterns, but rather an aesthetic arrangement of plants and vistas without apparent order: "sharawadji."

An environment that remains continuous allows attention to move in its own idiom.

William James said, "What I experience is what I agree to attend to."

There is no distinction between landscape and soundscape.

When we say "the earth" it seems like an object, a comprehensible ball hanging in space, but we know it does not hang, rather it hurtles and spins in a three-dimensional spirographic twist. When fully attended to, the smallest thing becomes infinite, infinite in its histories and actions. How much greater, then, the infinite entanglement of all that is the earth.

One way to speak of the aesthetic effect of an overwhelming and accidental field of sound is "sharawadji."

You are the city I walk through, as if in a garden.

The beginningless and the endless.

The sharawadji of the city hints at how we might love the world entire.

Composer Kim says: "Once we escape the tyranny of directed attention and remove our frame we find ourselves cast adrift in the meshing and mixing of indeterminate sounds forming a flux-field of energy, a tapestry of interwoven routines, conspiring to ignite the soul or grain of a place. 'Grain; is the ineffable and sometimes inexplicable quality that infuses a place; a transcendental atmospheric sum greater than its parts."

The attentional cloud, a mist or atmosphere: a state of being where the mind floats freely, as a person wandering through the a city, as a person wandering through a garden.

Order regulates attention. Disorder frees attention.

The color green; the colors green.

It's still not clear where the word "sharawadji," as passed from Dutch traders to William temple, truly came from. Some have attempted to match its sounds to various combinations of Chinese characters, others to Persian sources, but the most plausible to my ear is Ciaran Murray's argument that the word is a Dutch pronunciation of a now-obsolete Japanese term - "soro-waji," meaning lack of alignment, disorder, asymmetry.

Your sound never stops.

There is a romanticism, a blatant orientalism about this: the European apprehension of the oriental garden as a design of undesign, a design beyond comprehension or analysis; the European conflation of Chinese and Japanese, the appropriation of a foreign word, somewhat mangled, shorn of its extensive tradition, and yet a word, a name, can be the seed of new experience.

This world calls to us. It calls to us right here, right now.

The world asks us, in this time, to love that which is too large to understand.

The color gray, the colors gray.

What makes a landscape beautiful are the parts we cannot control.

What I hear is the world. What I hear is always the world.

The boundless, which in Buddhist thought is called emptiness, "shunyata."

Complexity that is too great to follow appears to us as disorder. Complete attention to disorder is overwhelming.

In the realm of sound, the "sharawadji effect," or the unexpected sensation of aesthetic feeling arising from an accidental sound field, as in the sonic atmospheres of cities, was defined by Jean-François Augoyard, Henry Torgue, and the CRESSON research group as: "the feeling of plenitude that is sometimes created by the contemplation of a complex soundscape of inexplicable beauty." They continue, "Apparent disorder constitutes the necessary, although not exclusive, condition of the sharawadji effect."

Your uncontrollable garden of sound.

There is no garden, nothing cultivated our bounded. There is no city, no beginning and no end to what we hear.

I walk through the city under generous shade trees.

Jean-François Augoyard and Henry Torgue, inspired by Louis Marin, claim sharawadji as an effect. An effect, they say, lies between a cause and an event. An effect is not the thing itself, but our experience of it, our collaboration with it.

The urban sound field is a mixture of accidental sound, the sound which is a byproduct of activity: car engines, construction, footsteps, natural sounds of wind, rain, and intentional sounds: horns and sirens, voices, bird calls, music. These all mix together in an everchanging immersive music, sometimes imperceptible in its familiarity.

Repetition causes habituation, and under the conditions of habituation, sensation subsides; as sensations become familiar, attention is freed.

The United Nations Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change in its 2018 report, has given the residents of this earth twelve years to limit the coming catastrophes from rising global temperatures. Now eleven years.

Desire and interest are special cases of attention, because their impulses come from within. Attention follows desire.

Is someone there?

Tim Ingold writes: "Now the mundane term for what I have called the fluxes of the medium is weather. So long as we are - as we say - "out in the open," the weather is no mere phantasm, the stuff of dreams. It is, to the contrary fundamental to perception. It is not so much what we perceive as what we perceive in. We do not touch the wind, but touch in it; we do not see sunshine, but see in it; we do not hear rain, but hear in it. Thus wind, sunshine and rain, experienced as feeling, light and sound, underwrite our capacities, respectively, to touch, to see and to hear. In order to understand the phenomenon of sound (as indeed those of light and feeling), we should therefore turn our attention skywards, to the realm of the birds, rather than towards the solid earth beneath our feet. The sky is not an object of perception, any more than sound is. It is not a thing we see. It is rather luminosity itself. But in a way, it is sonority too, as the musicologist Victor Zuckerkandl explained. In the experience one has of looking up into the sky, according to Zuckerkandl, lies the essence of what it means to hear. If this is so, then our metaphors for describing auditory space should be derived not from landscape studies but from meteorology."

This fragile earth. This delicate and vast architecture of interactions we cannot hold in mind.

"In an auditory field, people are free to listen to whatever they turn their attention to. Their listening is non-directed, their attention is free to roam, allowing them to take an active part in the creation of meaning by resurrecting the grain of the field. In this way the listener enters a non-linear, non-directed mode of reception," says Kim Cascone.

It is a field of play.

It falls to us, to all of us here now, in this place and especially in this time, to love, to find beautiful, to become tender towards that which is beyond our sense of order, the uncontrollable vastness.

Claude Schryer says, "Searching for the Sharawadji Effect is essentially a state of awareness, in which one tends an open ear in the hopes of experiencing the sublime beauty of a given sound in an unexpected context."

To attend is to care.

The sharawadji effect edges up on the sublime. It is a plenitude that is almost too much.

Through the city, through the torrent of sound.

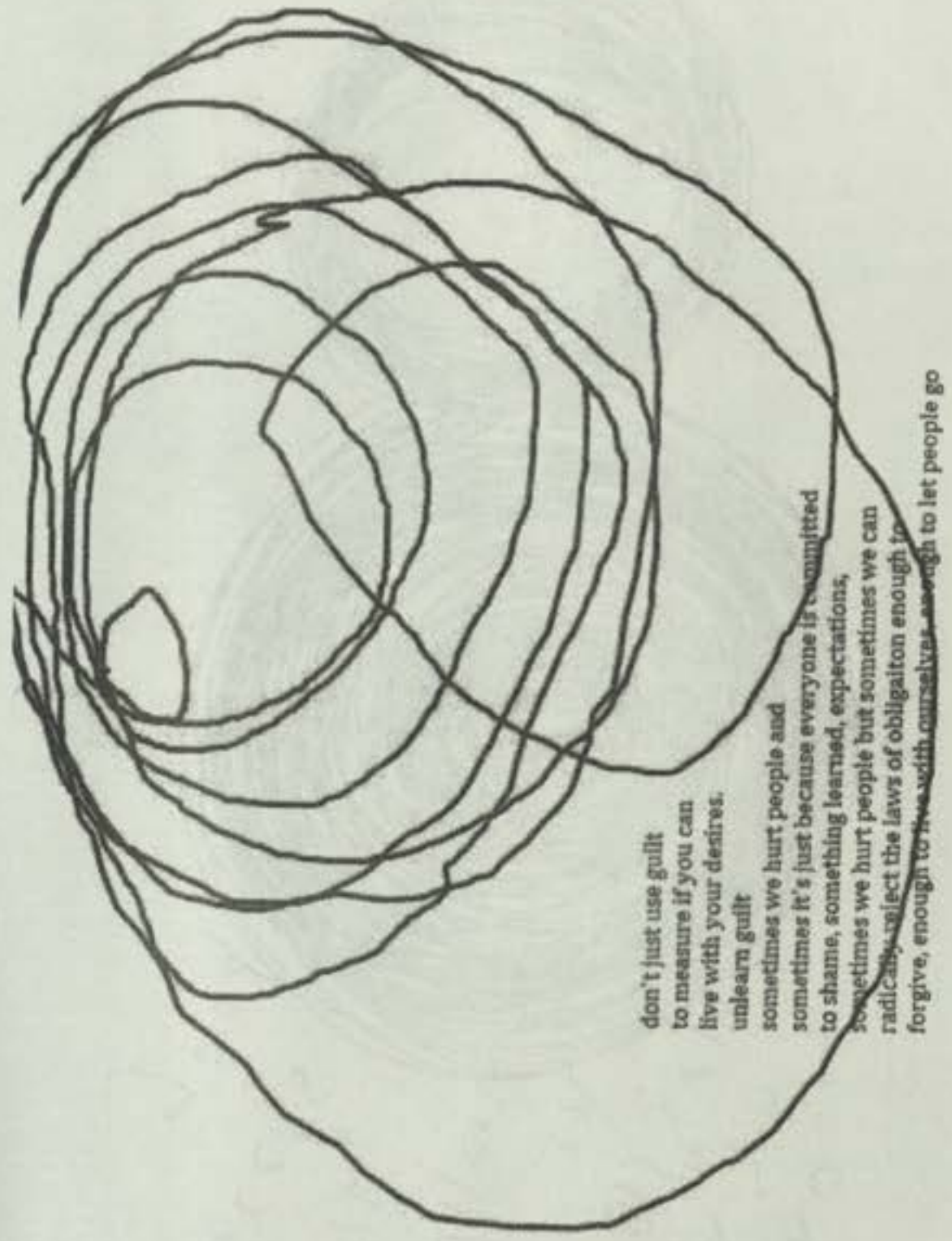
What is that?

What did I just hear?

Is that you?

- - -

Sal Randolph
Sao Paulo & New York
2018 & 2019



don't just use guilt
to measure if you can
live with your desires.
unlearn guilt
sometimes we hurt people and
sometimes it's just because everyone is committed
to shame, something learned, expectations,
sometimes we hurt people but sometimes we can
radically reject the laws of obligation enough to
forgive, enough to live with ourselves, enough to let people go



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 "Loan Status", "IA"
 "Loan Status Description", "LOAN ORIGINATED"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "07/07/2004"
 "Loan Disbursement Date", "07/08/2004"
 "Loan Disbursement Amount", "\$875"
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 "Loan Disbursement Amount", "\$875"
 "Loan Contact Type", "Current ED Servicer"
 "Loan Contact Name", "DEPT OF ED/NELNET"
 "Loan Contact Street Address 1", "PO BOX 740283"
 "Loan Contact Street Address 2", ""
 "Loan Contact City", "ATLANTA"
 "Loan Contact State Code", "GA"
 "Loan Contact Zip Code", "303740283"
 "Loan Contact Phone Number", "888-486-4722"
 "Loan Contact Phone Extension", ""
 "Loan Contact Email Address", "nelnetcustomersolutions@nelnet.com"
 "Loan Contact Web Site Address", "http://www.nelnet.com"
 "Loan Type", "DIRECT STAFFORD SUBSIDIZED"
 "Loan Award ID", "*****9604506501535201"
 "Loan Attending School Name", "UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA"
 "Loan Attending School OPEID", "*****00153500****"
 "Loan Date", "05/12/2004"
 "Loan Repayment Begin Date", "11/08/2007"
 "Loan Period Begin Date", "05/10/2004"
 "Loan Period End Date", "08/09/2004"
 "Loan Amount", "\$1,750"
 "Loan Disbursed Amount", "\$1,750"
 "Loan Canceled Amount", "\$0"
 "Loan Canceled Date", ""
 "Loan Outstanding Principal Balance", "\$3,142"

"Loan Outstanding Principal Balance as of Date", "09/30/2019"
 "Loan Outstanding Interest Balance", "\$4"
 "Loan Outstanding Interest Balance as of Date", "09/30/2019"
 "Loan Interest Rate Type", "VARIABLE"
 "Loan Interest Rate", "4.41%"
 "Loan Repayment Plan Type", "REVISED PAY AS YOU EARN PLAN"
 "Loan Repayment Plan Begin Date", "08/13/2019"
 "Loan Repayment Plan Scheduled Amount", "\$0"
 "Loan Repayment Plan IDR Plan Anniversary Date", "08/24/2020"
 "Loan Confirmed Subsidy Status", ""
 "Loan Subsidized Usage in Years", ""
 "Loan Reaffirmation Date", ""
 "Loan Most Recent Payment Effective Date", "10/23/2019"
 "Loan Next Payment Due Date", "10/23/2019"
 "Loan Cumulative Payment Amount", "\$1,021"
 "Loan PSLF Cumulative Matched Months", "0"
 "Loan Status", "RP"
 "Loan Status Description", "IN REPAYMENT"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "07/26/2019"
 "Loan Status", "RP"
 "Loan Status Description", "IN REPAYMENT"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "05/25/2019"
 "Loan Status", "DA"
 "Loan Status Description", "DEFERRED"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "09/07/2017"
 "Loan Status", "RP"
 "Loan Status Description", "IN REPAYMENT"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "10/22/2013"
 "Loan Status", "FB"
 "Loan Status Description", "FORBEARANCE"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "09/21/2013"
 "Loan Status", "FB"
 "Loan Status Description", "FORBEARANCE"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "01/03/2009"
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 "Loan Status Description", "LOAN ORIGINATED"
 "Loan Status Effective Date", "05/12/2004"
 "Loan Disbursement Date", "05/12/2004"
 "Loan Disbursement Amount", "\$1,750"
 "Loan Contact Type", "Current ED Servicer"
 "Loan Contact Name", "DEPT OF ED/NELNET"
 "Loan Contact Street Address 1", "PO BOX 740283"
 "Loan Contact Street Address 2", ""
 "Loan Contact City", "ATLANTA"
 "Loan Contact State Code", "GA"
 "Loan Contact Zip Code", "303740283"
 "Loan Contact Phone Number", "888-486-4722"
 "Loan Contact Phone Extension", ""
 "Loan Contact Email Address", "nelnetcustomersolutions@nelnet.com"
 "Loan Contact Web Site Address", "http://www.nelnet.com"
 "Grant Type", "FEDERAL PELL GRANT"
 "Grant Attending School Name", "UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA"
 "Grant Attending School OPEID", "*****00153500****"
 "Grant Award Year", "2006 - 2007"
 "Grant Scheduled Amount", "\$2,500"
 "Grant Award Amount", "\$2,500"
 "Grant Disbursed Amount", "\$2,500"
 "Grant Remaining Amount to be Paid", "\$0"
 "Grant First Time", "No"
 "Grant Additional Eligibility", "N/A"
 "Grant Contact Type", "Attending School"
 "Grant Contact Name", "UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA"
 "Grant Contact Street Address 1", "P.O. BOX 114050"
 "Grant Contact Street Address 2", ""
 "Grant Contact City", "GAINESVILLE"
 "Grant Contact State Code", "FL"
 "Grant Contact Zip Code", "326114050"
 "Grant Type", "FEDERAL PELL GRANT"
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 "Grant Attending School OPEID", "*****00153500****"
 "Grant Award Year", "2005 - 2006"
 "Grant Scheduled Amount", "\$2,500"
 "Grant Award Amount", "\$2,500"
 "Grant Disbursed Amount", "\$2,500"
 "Grant Remaining Amount to be Paid", "\$0"
 "Grant First Time", "No"

"Grant Additional Eligibility", "N/A"
 "Grant Contact Type", "Attending School"
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 "Grant Contact Street Address 1", "P.O. BOX 114050"
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 "Grant Contact Zip Code", "326114050"
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 "Grant Attending School Name", "UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA"
 "Grant Attending School OPEID", "*****00153500****"
 "Grant Award Year", "2004 - 2005"
 "Grant Scheduled Amount", "\$2,700"
 "Grant Award Amount", "\$2,700"
 "Grant Disbursed Amount", "\$2,700"
 "Grant Remaining Amount to be Paid", "\$0"
 "Grant First Time", "No"
 "Grant Additional Eligibility", "N/A"
 "Grant Contact Type", "Attending School"
 "Grant Contact Name", "UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA"
 "Grant Contact Street Address 1", "P.O. BOX 114050"
 "Grant Contact Street Address 2", ""
 "Grant Contact City", "GAINESVILLE"
 "Grant Contact State Code", "FL"
 "Grant Contact Zip Code", "326114050"
 "Grant Type", "FEDERAL PELL GRANT"
 "Grant Attending School Name", "UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA"
 "Grant Attending School OPEID", "*****00153500****"
 "Grant Award Year", "2003 - 2004"
 "Grant Scheduled Amount", "\$2,700"
 "Grant Award Amount", "\$2,700"
 "Grant Disbursed Amount", "\$2,700"
 "Grant Remaining Amount to be Paid", "\$0"
 "Grant First Time", "No"
 "Grant Additional Eligibility", "N/A"
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 "Grant Contact State Code", "FL"
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 "Program School Name", "RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN"
 "Program School OPEID", "*****00340900****"
 "Program CIP Title", "Graphic Design."
 "Program Credential Level", "Master's Degree"
 "Program Begin Date", "09/07/2017"
 "Program Published Length in Years", "1.8"
 "Program Status Description", "Withdrawn"
 "Program Status Effective Date", "05/25/2018"
 "Program Status Description", "Full Time"
 "Program Status Effective Date", "09/07/2017"
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 "Program School OPEID", "*****00340900****"
 "Program CIP Title", "Graphic Design."
 "Program Credential Level", "Master's Degree"
 "Program Begin Date", "09/07/2017"
 "Program Published Length in Years", "1.8"
 "Program Status Description", "Graduated"
 "Program Status Effective Date", "05/24/2019"
 "Program Status Description", "Full Time"
 "Program Status Effective Date", "09/07/2017"



A kind of irreducible strangeness,
the repressed condition of apparently stable entities,
the uncanniness of everyday life

LIGHT IN 3 TENSES

TENSE 3: NIGHTWALKERS

Written by Darian Razdar
Photographs by Kirk Lisaj

The pavement will be wet, the sidewalk sticky. In what will seem like perpetual darkness, few keep outdoors. The people of light will have staked their claim to the exterior world – outside the walls built by others to seize that which makes these ones more free. And besides, the people of light will become too luminous to get close to the others in one of their sheltered communities. They will shine too bright.

One of these folks – these nightcrawlers who will shine their way with a sort of bioluminescence – will tempt fate, often. His name will be Solely, and he will share with his comrades the original decision to have relinquished control and walked out the door. They will share the collective choice of choosing life over spectacle, freedom over limitation. Solely, however, will be different in his seemingly small idiosyncrasies. He will not be an aimless wanderer, drifter, nor nomad. Solely will stick around the same dim neighbourhoods, the same shabby haunts. As he sits on a forgotten stoop, outside a building whose stone facade drips with foggy dew, too close to the captors for comfort, he will wait to see another glowing body pass and walk on by.

Solely will find himself drawn to the gatherings of the those locked indoors; he'll remember that they are not, in fact, the shadows and silhouettes visible from his vantage point, but people much like himself. Only diverging in essence at the crossroad that was the original decision. Solely will inevitably ask himself: Are we not so different, these people whose faces I barely remember, and my kin lit by the free spark of the light?

On one of these cool, misty nights, Solely will sit on one of his favourite stoops, his blue-gray light illuminating the atmosphere around him. He will listen as those inside the dwelling laugh, sing, dance, fight, argue, and tell myths of a time long past. He will know that at the centre of the room inside lies a glass cauldron, within which the light will be fastened securely shut. He will know that other aspects of the light will be bottled up and strung between walls and adhered to the ceiling. And that the people inside went on

without caring too much about anything but each other, but each other. He will crave such camaraderie, but be too afraid of these people who so clearly fear that which lies at the core of his being – who so clearly fear his light. All the while, he will hum along to the muffled songs he can hear from the stoop.

This night, Solely will look up from his fingers due to a body's glow that lingers just a bit too long. Lifting his brow, he'll catch the eyes of another nightwalker standing in the middle of the street – aglow with a faint purple hue that will remind him of the night sky in the city, here, that once was. The two bodies will stare at each other for a long moment, then the interloper will approach toward Solely, unwavering on his wet stone steps.

"What is your name?" Solely will be asked.

"Solely. That's my name. What is yours?" Few people will approach another in the process of being idle in this world – most will meet on the move. Solely will be cautious of this one's curiosity.

"My name is Violet. Violet Purely." They will say with a sweet intonation. "Do you have a surname?"

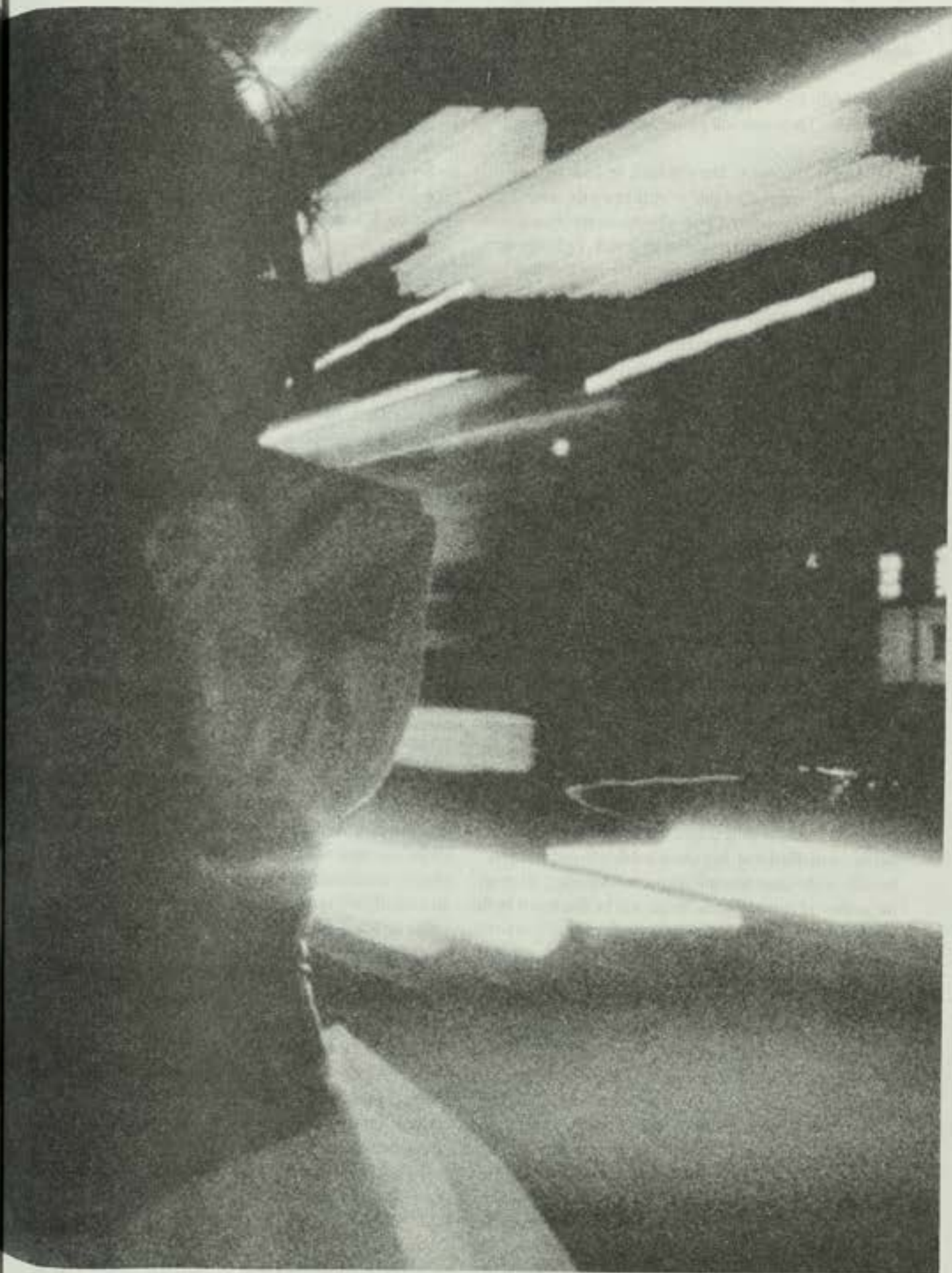
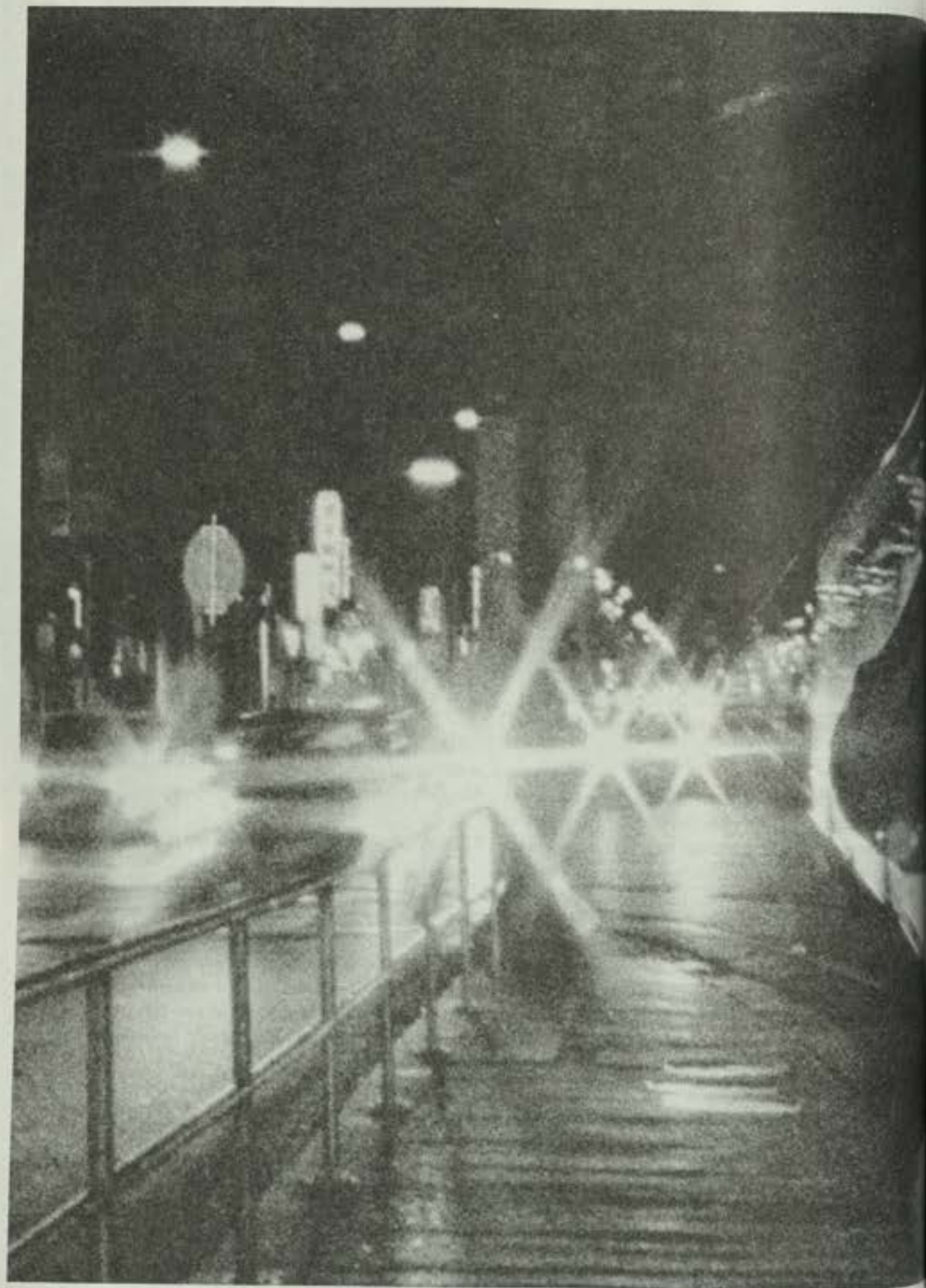
"Solely is my surname. My first name is Silver."

"Silver. . . Solely." Violet will repeat while connecting the fragments of the name. "I see you sitting here quite often. May I ask what you do on these steps?"

He will reply with the honest smile of sarcasm. "I sit!"

"Yes, I see." Violet will slowly shift their gaze from Solely's luminous gray eyes to the window of the dwelling, where seated and standing silhouettes will hold animated banter amidst a healthy orange glow. "Do you ever wonder what it's like in there? Since we separated ourselves, it's hard to know what really goes on inside. But it's sure easy to wonder." Despite her age, Violet's voice was childlike in its innocent awe.

Solely will look back toward the building as well. "You seem to be interested," surprised by his sudden companionship. "You see, I gather knowledge about these people while I sit here idly. And, sometimes I do wonder what our lives would be like if we did stay. If I stayed. Would we be happier without the responsibility of freedom? Would it be



easier to get along blinded with power?"

"So you really know what's going on inside there?" Violet will exclaim. Their eyes will glance back to meet Solely's.

"I think so. . . Of course, like you said, we can't be sure unless someone on either side were to open the door." Violet will quickly retort, "That who opens the door loses their light! And puts the rest of us all at risk. By living our lives together outside, we continue to choose freedom – freedom of the light and freedom for our bodies."

"But we do not live together out here. We drift, open to meeting every experience and any other person with light, but unknowing of the depth of a lasting relation. Even couples and groups are rare, and we have forgotten about the collectives of the past." Finally, Solely will have the chance to speak into existence that which was hereto stuck in his head. "Unless the door is opened, we are stuck in purgatory on both sides!" Both Violet and Solely will be surprised by this, his final assertion.

Violet, now, will take a step back. They will look Solely once over: thick black boots, short legs covered in dark lace crossed at the ankle, a dress that glitters by the light of their being, and a glass heart tied to a chainlink necklace. Their eyes will meet and hold for a final moment before Violet steps away. Walking down the sidewalk, their sandals will scrape the ground as they leave.

The purple glow will be lost after a few minutes to the darkness of the dimly moonlit night. The calm drone coming from inside the dwelling behind Solely will then suddenly become a muffled roar, but when Solely will turn around, he will see the same tranquil silhouettes standing there on the surface of closed drapes. Solely will be frustrated by this previous interaction. His frustration will compel him to ask himself: Is my freedom not that I am alone, and that in this condition I may choose as I wish? This thought will resound within Solely, infecting his soul over the course of several minutes. Like Violet, he will be curious – but curious about taboo. About what will have been left behind but may still lie ahead. About history, present, and future. Solely, head in the palm of his hand, will muse on these ideas for some time after being let alone.

All of a sudden, he will lift himself off the stoop – using his arms to hoist the rest of his body, and then taking the five

steps up to the large copper door. He will look up the door and catch a lamp one meter above his head flicker to life.

He, too, will realize that he is dwarfed by the door – this portal to an uncharted future. Neck still craned, the light of his body will meet the yellowish lamplight vying for an escape. He will let out a long breath to see the mist of the air refract the hybrid, greenish light, glittering before his eyes.

Solely, then, will place a hand on the door and give it a gentle shove. The copper door will swing open and as Solely stepped over the portal his blue-gray light will not suddenly leave him, but will begin to seep out his pores and be carried by the wind rushing from indoors. Knowing almost instinctively where to go, Solely will turn left and make his way into the dwelling's salon. Here he will witness what was until now only conjecture. There will be people all in suits of mis-matched colours and patterns wearing glasses of thick, opaque lenses, most of them sitting in plush, pink velvet armchairs scattered haphazardly around a glass cauldron of light. They will discuss in very loud voices about no subject in particular while the cauldron light churns from one colour into the next. In the back of the salon, there will be a group of five dancing closely, a swirl of arms twisting around each other, and a few others softly singing along to a tune that will not be not playing. Looking around, Solely will see the lights he imagined – laced between walls and stuck into the ceiling.

Striding into the salon, passing the loungers one by one and group by group, few will remark the outsider's presence. Very briefly, one will slide their head in his direction, others will momentarily fall silent at the passing of his footsteps, and some will sniff at the traces of fresh air, only to resume conversation a moment later. Solely will glide right in front of their eyes, leaving traces of his being to float in the air like specks of dust caught in sunlight, and find a stool at an empty bar. There, he will sit and wait for one of these people to finally notice him. To consciously notice him. He will see a couple get up from their chairs, and he'll feel a rush of expectation. But the couple won't turn to the intruder, but leave up the staircase to what is, presumably, their bedchamber. Others will re-form their groups or tuck into a corner alone where their front is turned to face the mass of light at the room's centre – its warm, dense glow spreading out across the whole salon. Solely will sit at the bar in silent amazement. An outsider inside, observing those who choose not to see. How could they not notice

me? Shouldn't they be furious I entered uninvited? As one they expelled? Or, at least happy to see my return? Then again, the front door will have been left unlocked.

He will sit there at the bar and his hand will make its way to the heart medallion draped along his collarbone – fingertips flirting with the form's roundness and single, blunt point. After hours idle inside the place that filled his imagination for longer than he will be able to remember, our Solely will notice that time here stands almost still. People moving, but no time flowing, no real change visible between when he entered the room and this instant now. Some will have moved, changed activity, or even left the salon – but time will be no factor. The tenor now will be indiscernible from the droning cacophony of when he first entered. Minutes and hours will fold together. Sitting at this lonely bar, he will realize that here, too, he is alone. But there, inside the dwelling where light goes to live in cages, where people mingle around without doing much of anything, Solely will realize that he now goes unseen. Unacknowledged. Unknown. No malice shown toward him for entering uninvited, nor compassion for taking the faithful step. Apart from feigned pauses or gestures in his direction, no one will pay him any attention at all. Do they even know I am here? Among these people Solely will feel something he never before felt; he will feel more than alone, but invisible.

Such a dark realization will quickly unsettle him, the heaviness of his light spirit growing more somber. The light of his being slowly seeping out of him. After lingering in this timeless, stuffy, well-lit salon, Solely will retrace his steps back to the doorway. Finally, Solely will reach out to pull the copper door's knob toward him, to remake the escape of long-told legend. In pulling the knob, he'll feel a resistance. And in trying to push, the large door will not budge. After a few silent, frantic attempts to open the door, the knob will disintegrate in his very own hands. Solely will step back and see that the door is, in fact, burned shut.

All fists in a dive on the southern tear
 meaning I have just been grouped for the
 first time since turning into something worth taking
 advantage of meaning I am growing into a
 trick to play on men of men made entirely
 of wood paneling and slide guitar
 heartbreak and honey shoving (my)
 tits into a cage and dancing with forgiveness
 do you know
 how long a shadow gets when there are no
 buildings or trees to stop it? To describe
 something is to put it at a distance like a sky
 cracking open to reveal
 even more sky.

Climb onto your father's shoulders
 to see the future you are told is coming.
 Have the same conversations again
 and again and tell yourself that its love.
 Crawl inside your mistakes and come
 out as a better mistake.
 Make homes in the corners of other people's homes.
 Be afraid of winter, and dying, and
 words that sound like an ending.
 Confuse your body for the one you wish you had.
 Cry through your own projections of other
 people & from the smell of department stores.
 Convince yourself that gender is just another word for violence.
 Fold your favorite dresses and store
 them in the darkest corner of your room.
 Mouth the words I love you like an apology
 for all the times you've ever left.
 Wait for someone to hold your body
 like it's the daughter of something, or someone,
 or somewhere else

F O R A

G I R L

M A D E

F R O M

D I R T

IDAHO GIRL // ABIGAIL J HANSEL

LUMPY

MINE FISHES

NET KNICKERS, MINE

TEETH ON THE KEG.

REVERSE DIMINUENDO.

STILL DAYDREAMING ABOUT

DICKSUCKING ALL THESE YEARS LATER.

A SMALL KITTEN IS IN THERE WRIGGLED

FREE. DYKE ON THE SINK. GETTING AN EGG.

GOOD GRIEF: THE INDEFATIGABLE SLUSH OF

MINE SKYWARD LARYNX; UNWEARIED IN HER

SHIT EATING. UNWEARIED IN HER BLANCHED

PLURALITY. IN THE GROCERY STORE AN OLD

WOMAN GAVE ME A LOOK LIKE A MILE MARK-

ER. AN AISLE LATER SHE SAID IF WISHES WERE

HORSES WHILE STARING AT MY TITS. I SMILED &

GRABBED MY ST. JOHN'S-WORT. I SMILED & BE-

CAME A MIST. I SMILED & BECAME A VACATION

BIBLE SCHOOL. I SMILED &

CHANGED MY SEX

ATOP A HILL LINED WITH BURNING PASTURES RESTS A SHELL WHERE TREES FALL INTO THEIR LAST BREATH AND THEIR LIMBS ARE STACKED AROUND THE EDGES TO EEK OUT UNTIL THEY BECOME DUST OR STRUCTURE. DESPITE THE VALLEY'S HIGH WINDS, THE SHELL REMAINED UNSCATHED ONLY SLIGHTLY SUFFOCATING.

SMOLDERING SMOKE FOUND LAST TREE RING TOO HALLOWED TO EXTEND TOWARD BUT VELVET SKY KNEW NO BOUNDARY AND IN ITS SEEKING TO SUBSUME MET WEARY LIMBS IN DISREGARD FOR THE BURNING HILL'S DESIRE FOR A FLAMING HORIZON. AS THE SKY SEEPED SO GREW THE FLAMES TO WANT TO BECOME AS THE SUN BREAKING OVER IS A NEVER ENDING COLLAPSE. HOLLOW GREW THE HILL LINED WITH BURNING PASTURES HOLDING UNBOUNDED PROFESSIONALS.

IF THAT WASNT LOVE HOW WILL I KNOW WILL I EVER BE ABLE TO TRUST MY INTENTIONS OF LOVE — ARE THEY SOWN OF MY FUNDAMENTAL DESIRES OR OF ENVIRONMENTAL CIRCUMSTANCE I WANT TO BELIEVE SO WHY CANT I — IS IT WHY WONT I — HOW CAN SO FEW ACTIONS MAKE MEMORY INTO MIRAGE — WHAT EVER WAS THE DIFFERENCE — DO I THINK OF MYSELF AS LESS PURE? MORE PURE? IS THAT WHY YOU CALLED ME A MARTIN? DID YOU SEE THAT I WOULD BLEED IN THE CLASPS CASTLE? FOR WHAT? TO WHAT END? THIS END THAT I DONT BELIEVE LOVESTHURT THAT I BELIEVE IN YOU! WHAT WERE THE ODDS — DO I SEEM AGAINST ODDS — PERHAPS TOO SENTIMENTAL TOO HOPEFUL TOO ROMANTIC TOO WATERY EYED AND SHARP FISTED —

112
GLITCH

ra takpa

i collect craft supplies light candles remember how my mothers
 move silently across the out doors and so vibrantly inside there is me beckoning
 the mirror and fractal show—that's what the outside looks like, in shadows, against my bed cause that
 smoke stack smoke blocks off the sun in the late afternoon what time is that to you? we
 seem to always be out of sync, so i wonder, because i move at the pace of incense sticks watch
 things pass by with plantains browning i trick myself into savoring with cause im allergic to bananas
 i like a lot of things now like how strong my hips are and how shapeless i feel under a hood
 stealth in my walks between encounters, bus rides and stairwells
 as i siphon through my dreams i put on different albums than when i was in love with you
 even though the songs feel the same—feel like wanting to look at your spine like lying
 in the park when the light through trees becomes again
 my favorite color shirt you wear has changed and so have i and so have maybe you
 but what's important is that i know how to bump and sway better, holding
 hands eyes closed rhythm stitching behind eyelids like the bodies in my dreams do
 —i still look at screens too much, but now i'm remembering how i used to see
 the horizon before drawing my skin to the ground i am teething again and i am afraid it is telling or
 that i won't be able to afford it therapy tells me to care for myself as i would for a child and i burn
 my finger lighting a candle i am someone
 who says i am not smoking anymore and can walk with my eyes closed
 after the earthquakes came, i learned quickly how to stop things shaking after the
 fracking after all before and amongst us died or were dying
 but i'm not dying anymore! i make sweet potatoes lace curtains and afternoons resonant as an eternal
 heartbeat and i know how to drive on ice and up mountains and what to wear to warehouse parties and
 have a river down the block from the railroad tracks across from a power plant, skeleton trees
 threaten to break over telephone poles i have led feet and my hair
 tied up in anticipation

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it's coming for us, the algorithm wraps my legs sticky in your essence
 what residue! this anticipation, the ways we shock answers out of one another, give river names to
 hard drugs and hand-hold and hydroplane we watch for deer
 it's the time on the highway where warning signs become ellipses, lapses in judgement
 we pick our lips you drive a little too fast
 to not be suicidal i'm sure you'd like to leave it at that, a passage
 watching our bodies rage thru the winter i was afraid my face had corrugated, thistled around my
 softness i do not want to be disintegrating ephemeral pricks of atomic static, nasty camera
 thrashing at whim superstar star screen saver
 will you savor my sweet fixations? checking the time
 to be how you are then, as if in a dream theatre of wild howl
 as if in an apocalypse now i like being fruit shaped bat shit crazy like what the hell is my body!?
 magnetic spine, mountain ridge heart, whirling mannequin drummer— i wanna put it in a case
 dolled up shrinking softer becoming sallow
 video game love story arc inundating neon lights behind my eyes

to: QUEER.ARCHIVE.WORK/reader
 from: Travers Smalley
 November 6th, 2019, sometime after noon and before 3pm,
 while Alice sleeps, and I hum old christmas songs.

I have two texts I wanted to share. #1 is about writing scripts that generate flowers. #2 is about defining a new name for a new green. Both were generated with predictive text keyboards collaged from data sets of old english flower names, articles on shades of green, ultraviolet plant photography, and computer scripts I've created. Much love, TS.

1

Number colors burn randomly:

Number colors burn randomly.
 Change opacity of region horizonshape.
 Horizonshape fill tools called poppj.
 Document repeat from 1 to 10 times.
 End color profile: flowershape matte of willow.
 Poplar region set background.
 Fungus names called alisander.
 Dialogs from -200 to iveas.
 Names are smoking random (lyte)
 Using (bed*. Herbal munis, and l.)
 Kirtu tremula horizonshape number, horizonshape fill, horizonshape invert,
 horizonshape set.

Earh are called olere.
 (random 1. And.3 pink noedle).
 Catkins alludae the stem close to 400 -- flower 1.
 Suds vulgaris.
 184 pondwort.
 182 poison.
 186 flaky the flower.
 Bee tremula asa asai*ed.

Document number stems from 0 to 255.
 Document region from 0 to 3300.
 Set background color to make geranium script.
 Dial for borders from -30 to 20.
 Red:255 ' park ' flora '
 l.^-cumb
 I hate that unpleasant species of ilex.
 Lib maritima the hook.
 South named deriva- tion.
 Poole (aurastalkflower, bed, current document) by polite number layer in
 lusser.
 Names of the hollow like a pipe tree.
 Modem selection normal.
 4 a common book in old stembase.

Carex gives profile to fgcolor.
 Myfile verity.
 Layer stemshape.

Google monilifera onntne matte fill.

2

The first recorded use of jade green

Boneset flower.
 Glowing jackets.

Squawweed paddock.
 English language script.

Mint triplet of Lebanon.
 Green horehound.
 Species of oil that comes from fragrant tree leaves.
 Peppergrass color system, somewhat similar to bright green mercury.
 Diamond rivale.
 A work defined by mixing prussian, castleton, lysimachia, and weed.

Color selection extracted from woad.
 Color selection extracted from chlorophyll.
 Color selection extracted from printing inks.

Photographs of rocks.
 Photographs of terms.
 Photographs in shades of violet or rocket.
 Photographs in shades of chrome.

Color coordinates set by mixing, Paris, and olive.
 Color coordinates are * 0.5 to 80 in yellow.
 Color coordinates are poppies.
 Color coordinates set background to bgcolor.
 Color coordinates set foreground green.[103 %] (byte)

Harlequin is a translation of alba cepa hex.

Ultraviolet light in plants reflect red dead nettle. Ultraviolet light from
 bees.

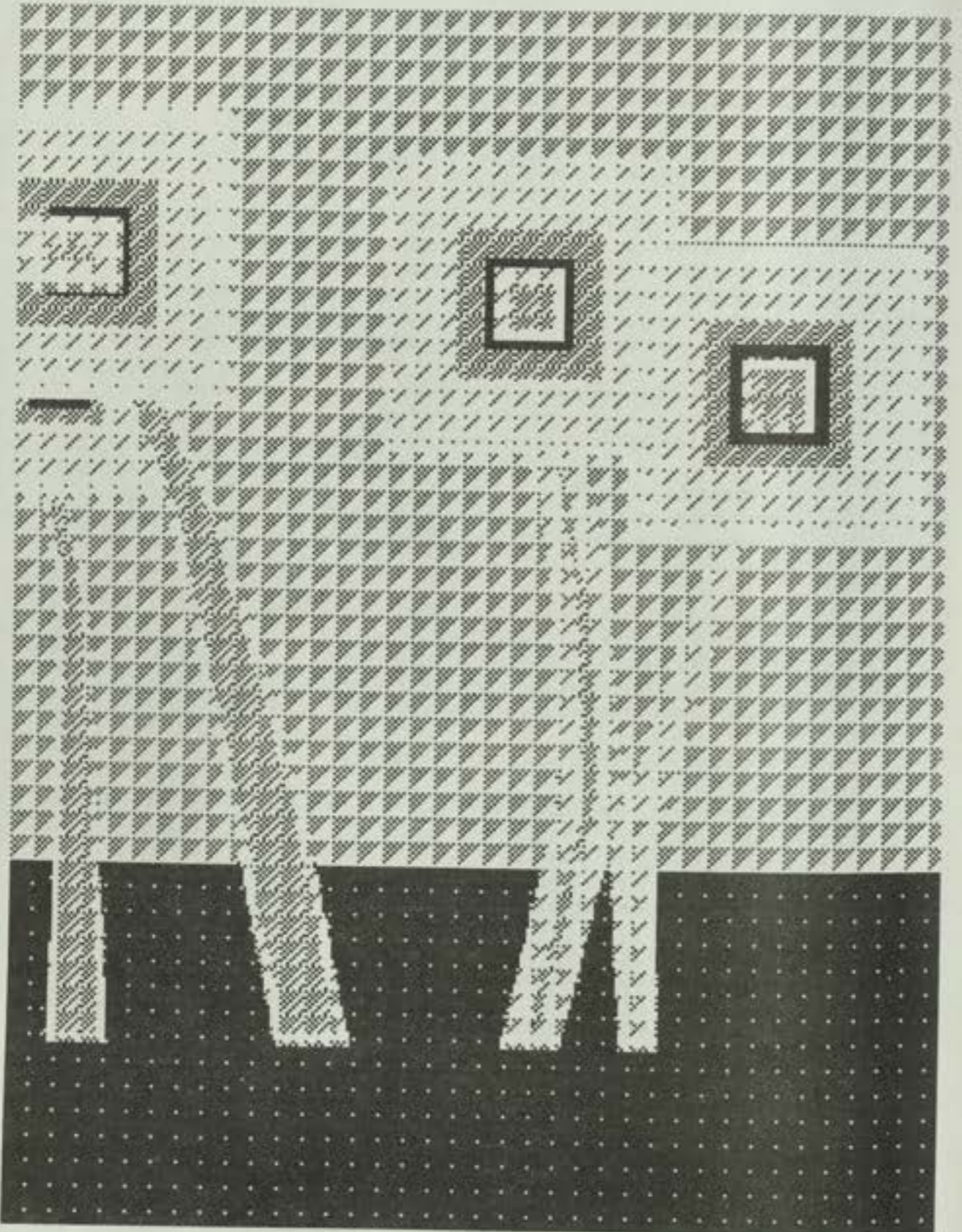
Ultraviolet light green light.
 Ultraviolet light and bright pollen applied to bgcolor. Ultraviolet light
 and other lights workers.

Frostweed in file name.
 File myfile of current associations.

Brambles of northern Ireland, marker of older coordinates.

Leaf shaped pattern.
 Leaf shaped originally.
 Leaf shaped limes used for various art.

He is widely used in nature.
 He is widely used in many forces.
 He is curious.
 He is still between easter and weathering.
 He is sometimes referred to as the emerald name.
 He is called jade.



Flower Drawing Script, Selection Flower, TS 2019

Ears, Eyes, and Blood Boiling: Notes from Electronic Music Concerts Eliza Chen

Within five days of moving to Chicago, I was at a Lampo event. Lampo is an electronic music foundation that runs free performances at venues around the city, but usually the concerts are held at a shockingly beautiful mansion-museum called the Graham Foundation. Lampo's programming, while not necessarily a steel blade with an edge to sever bone, seems historically pretty great. I'd seen one of their performers, Yasunao Tone, in another city on another occasion. This was before I'd ever heard of Lampo, before I'd even decided to move back to Chicago. That time, when I entered the venue, Tone was sitting very casually at a table in front of the audience. Only his laptop was hooked up to the room's default AV rig. With his neat haircut and dust-colored wool suit, Tone could've been a drawing of a grandfather. But he proceeded to play us chopped raw noise for fifty minutes, and it was one of the most beautiful experiences of my life. This is also the mood of Lampo.

Lampo events have been good for another reason; during the concerts, I find myself exceptionally able to write. The following notes were taken at Lampo events in the summer and fall of 2019.

Anthony Pateras at the Graham Foundation (June 8, 2019)

for everyone's reference: the crowd at a certain "caliber" of experimental electronic shows is literally the same across the whole entire earth, i am at a show in chicago and this audience contains the exact proportion of bald white men in caps or glasses, beautiful e asian femmes wearing black pleats please, filthy brunette fuccbois, extremely well-maintained art director women, and strange old men with backpacks as every other similar show i have ever had the luck to attend: new york, la, beijing, amsterdam to london, the crowd, it's like we're filling quotas, white or white-adjacent (otherwise totally eccentric,) the costumes of our clothes, i don't want to undercut myself but seriously, a city like this ... from which sunless hole were we excavated? i can't tell if these are my kin or if we all deserve to be shot (likely both)

::::::::::::::::::::::

```
aaa aaaaaaaaaa aaaa aaaaaaaaaa aaaaa aaaaaa aaa aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aaaa aaaaaaa aaaaaaa
aaaaaaaaaa aaaaa aaaaaaaaaa aaaaaa aaa aaaaaa aaaa aaaa aaaa
aaa aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa asaaaaa asaaa aaaaaaa aaaa aaaaaaaaaaa aaaaaa aaaaaa
aaaaaaaaa aaaaaaaaaaaa asaaaaa aaaaa aaaaaa aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aaaaa aaaaaaaaaaaaaa aaaa
aaa aaa aaa aa aa aaa aaa aaa aaa aa aaaa aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa aaaaa
aaaaa aaaaaa aaaaaaa aaaa
```

::::::::::::::::::::::

loop me rope me loop me around and around and around and loops me tie me up
and loop me up and up and around and loop me loop-dee loop loop loop loop-
loop me why won't you loop de-loop me

strike a lighter snap - snap - snap - and
strike a strike a strike a light - - - - - and

Snap SNaP SNAP

.....

willowing wavering willowing wallowing willowing wavering willowing wallering
withering wuthering willowing wallowing willowing wallering winnowing willow
tree

with the whump of a helicopter

.....

hark the sun o hark o hear me hear me and hear me sing the old sun beam from
the star that slaps your cheek and flares into your eye like a glaze like a
needle like lips wet with oil o hark o hear me on the sun the sun the sun it
hits me like stones

pelt me ! pelt me harder !
caress my cheek with the back of your hand !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

.....

cold blade behind the ear cold hand hurting as it rests against your hot
belly
big hook goes in the eye loops behind the nose
and its perfect circumference
hooks back up and toward the front to come out through your other eye
hit me in the face with a rolled up swath of paper

.....

the upstairs neighbor drops stones in every quarter

wring out a towel sopping wet with your own sticky stinking blood

o god have i ever really wanted anything is my own life or did i really just
want to be pet on my soft head and cooed at and wrapped in a blanket the
blanket it comes up over my head aaa darkness the blanket over my nose the
pressure two hands around my neck squeezing so delicious so pleasing so so so
so -

.....

- [] sore tooth
- [] dove of the morning
- [] black pigeon on the windowsill
- [] lil spider riding high on billow-gust of wind
- [] herd of horses, gleaming flanked, stampedes across my grave

.....

love my wet lungs shaking shuddering like the ripples tickling the surface of
a glass of water

bright light inside your hand,
you close the hand and it (the light) it flips across the knuckle

.....

very pretty very very nice very pretty very pretty very very very nice very
pretty very nice very very very nice very pretty very nice very very very
nice

wander around the whole earth trawling noises dragging noises the noises
they're dragging yowling into my basket, clutching noises clawing noises
yammering yellering yallowing noises in my basket and, once tamed in the
basket they stack and fill the basket like so many loaves of bread

.....

trials and tribulations, trials and things are being shaken loose from the
shelves in the crypt catacomb warehouse of my brain they are shaken loose
like so many trials and tribulations, are being, they are shaken from trials
and trials and trials 'en tribulations

Sarah Davachi at Rockefeller Memorial Chapel (October 5, 2019)

cold-sore inside my mouth stage-left (right inside my mouth's edge-corner)
that is: around the corner from the corner of my lips

beautiful endless violin tone right at the end of time a note to block out
all noise all light all thought & every elaboration

the biggest breath ever exhaled so long so long so so so long the longest
exhalation ever to have been breathed from lungs too big to imagine the
longest longest longest longest longest longest longest longest longest
longest longest longest longest longest longest longest longest longest
longest sigh

under the earth, stirring the worms: the sound of a horn

all a song takes is two people

and why is it that i am always thinking of bleeding (a ruin)

i regret to say that i am never kidding

all the four noises, every one accounted for (all four)

bricks on the ceiling filled in with gold, bricks on the rooftop caked in
with sand, bricks on the sidewalk caulked up with soil, bricks of the wall
tamped into the earth

i grab your arm and say "aren't we lucky so lucky so incredibly lucky to see
ANY beautiful thing?"

taper candle halo
yellow gleaming cheek

a progression of notes like your foot in its buttermilk slipper caressing the
stairs up and up and up (the tower? dumb story, heard it before, escape now
and be done with it already)

no juice left in my body for anyone to drink no juice found in the courtyard
down in the stone-wound well no juice there for the bucket to splash in and
then draw up no juice pouring on my head to relieve old summer heat no juice
drunk from the ladle after a long day working hard no juice splashed on the
cobblestones ... darkening the stone

a slice of my own life is far too big to eat; gagging on a slice of life

little dog smooth luscious compacted fur and wide face wide eyes spaniel
 spotted white and red little doggie the size of a foot-stool and paws so wide
 too, as wide as her eyes

a sound like a fog – the earth groaning – trees being razed like the sound of
 your own hair being torn out but seven times louder

i'm sure you've never known
 i'm sure i've never told you

Roc Jiménez de Cisneros at the Graham Foundation (November 9, 2019)

After years of successfully suppressing all my emotions, after having done
 what I intended (i.e. partially severing a psychic organ that I didn't know
 was vital, i.e. the part that feels feels anything,) I have come back. I have
 recovered from my mistake, and the new mindset with which I receive the
 sequence of experiences called My Life is one of delirious, hysterical,
 chest-forward terror. The whole truth has never fit inside my mouth, and I
 struggle to understand what it means to handle an object like The Truth with
 utensils as blunt as my tongue, gums, and teeth. Something is boiling in the
 back of my throat, some phlegmish parasite cephalopod who has one grip on my
 jello brain and another appendage pooled inside my stomach, and I cannot wait
 to gag. I imagine that I absolutely cannot imagine anything that's coming.

Sometimes, I write random words, I would not call it poem but maybe just some humming words from time to
 time. I found it helpful to dilute my tension with some emotional downfall, especially when I would not know
 how to transform certain types of emotion into concrete manifestation, I thread them into streams of thoughts,
 into strands of ryes, into wisps of the feather. Release them, spread them, and recollect them inside of my
 dreams.

I always feel anxious about what I am dealing with, among the world, emotionally, personally, politically,
 collectively, metaphorically, and spatially. I am afraid of random encounters I would say, among the different
 public realm.

We Are Here, and we are -

The murky uncertainty overcast,
 shredding the concrete actuality.
 Your glare pouring towards me,
 flooding the tongue, wading the knee.

You look into the slit,
 there's another me.
 like treading the paddle,
 double shadowing its own singularity.

The lies held beneath,
 beneath the ablutionary irony,
 the room closed, the doors open,
 flaring the grided transparency.

Fermented yogurt, released the lid,
 wasted a whole cup of narcissistic delicacy,
 but wait for me, join the queue
 enjoy the glazed charity.

The spotlight lightened down on thee,
 claiming why you cannot see.
 I see you through the reflection,
 from the gaze, you embedded in me,
 I see you bloom,
 behind the barricade you cultivated it.

SCAFFOLDING

Scaffolding as the common building infrastructure is everywhere in new york. The rough structural presence hiding the surgery behind its overlapped frame. However, people underestimate the significance of scaffolding and its potential political intention. The construction of the scaffolding outside of one building can be the form of benign violation. The usage of scaffolding in front of the Stonewall Inn implicates the ever-change constituency and identity of the place, holding more blurred imagery towards the high-profile tourist attraction. By applying a layer of fabric on the street in front of the scaffolding with an exact printed image of Stonewall Inn facade, the replacement of its identity generated, weaving the soft sobbing into the neighborhood. The imagined facade existed in front of its original facade, spreading the excessiveness of it.

POCHÉ

The poché, the thickened wall, the gentle gesture with the mysterious entity, also become a shift from reality to illusion. The thickened facade of Stonewall Inn hides the secret public stairs towards the second layer of the scaffolding sidewalk, reorienting the public for another form of gathering. The bewidened wall in between both sides of the bar, also rescuing the smothering toxicity of heteronormativity of existing space into another level of fresh air.

About Cruising 1

We shared the same waterfall
 watching it crush down the rocks,
 when we are caught off guard.
 When we were wallowing along the stream,
 birds swooped across the sky

Misty temperature, covered skin,
 and marshmallowed temper
 You snuffed out the end of a candy cigarette,
 bush crotched us too high.

Wet dreams flux over a crumbling dam,
 like birds chirping in the ocean,
 like a snake crawling from the cave,
 like an exploded red balloon
 drifting down the sky,
 like a jar of sour mimosa,
 you will never drink.

Midnight Spritz

Last night I smelled,
 a beautiful and unfamiliar asperity.
 The window had a leak.
 Sweaty air, smells crispy.
 Pastoral stray, follow me
 or not, then betray me.

Slick shoes you've ever been
 my name is lost, wondering who steals it.
 I take that bitter candy
 sugar-coated anarchy,
 Memory blended
 like flora on the sea.

He said real Romans don't drink
 No Spritz after three.
 But I insist
 It's just a mezzanotte treat,
 the sunshine settled in the rim of Villa Pamphili.
 I buried my melancholic dream.

Fall 2018

**"The architectural profession
 claims a monopoly over a
 specific area of architectural
 production for the purpose of
 economic and social
 self-protection. The principal
 aim of the profession is to
 provide the products and
 practices of its members with
 an iconic status and a cultural
 value, to suggest that only the
 work of architects deserves the
 title architecture"**

Jonathan Hills

“I think there's always been a historic **miscommunication between the sexes** that's pre-political or even pre-verbal, which has been accelerated by these digital technologies. Women think that men are these **macho, predatory, patriarchal brutes**. And men think that women are these **conniving, calculating, gold-digging sirens**. Each side is insecure about the motives of the other. As Margaret Atwood said: **‘Men are afraid that women will laugh at them. Women are afraid that men will kill them.’**”

Dear Queerground,

I thought a lot about writing this email to you guys because I am trying to find a place to hold and share my feelings and emotions. I might have never shared anything this personal with anyone, I mean with people I don't know at all. I am still feeling insecure while I'm typing because I'm nervous about sharing. I'm afraid people who know me will think I'm even weirder. I wasn't sure if it is the right way to do about my feeling but my best friend Emma encouraged me to write this to you guys. She said that you guys care a lot about everything, Especially this part. Anyway, here is what I want to say...

I found my mom is always worried about me because I don't like to smile. She's worried that I won't have friends in school because I will make other students think I am hard to approach. Well, you know I won't deny it. But honestly, who'd like to be friends with most of them anyway. I just don't understand why some people can just be happy 24/7 and also smiling and laughing like they have no worries about anything. I mean they do have something make them sad, but how strange they can just pretend nothing is happening. I would never be able to do that. I could never put a fake smiley face on and try to hide everything behind. Besides, mostly I don't feel like it. I'm not happy most of the time. I feel the burden, like tons of basalt piled up on my little heart and crush that poor little thing at any time. But there's also this undesirable urge, like an untamable dragon trying to rush out of my chest. How do I let it out then? And also probably those noisy "friends-my-mom-want-me-to-make" will never understand this kind of sore and sadness. Maybe Emma will understand. I mean she's always sorta always understands me so that's why she's my best friend.

The thing I want to talk about happening today, and it's happened to Emma. She wore a short pleated plaid skirt this morning, it was so cute! We had the same biology class this morning and promised each other to listen to Lana Del Ray's new demo Venice Bitch together. However, after the class, she was asked to go to the principal office. I was waiting for her outside in the hallway and saw her come out with a sad face. She told me she's asked to go home and change her skirt because it is too short. I mean Emma never cared before and also the principal didn't care that much either. I have no idea why of a sudden the principal became so fierce. Emma was so sad and I was trying to cheer her up through the whole big break. you know, I wasn't good at it, because normally I'm the person who needs to be cheered up, and Emma is always the one. She's asked to get her skirt changed during lunchtime and the principal also helped call her mom. I felt sorry about it because she couldn't enjoy wearing whatshername wanted. "How about you switch with me, I have long pants!!" I shouted it out loud without even thinking about it. I had no mental preparation for saying or doing that, but partially low key tempted. I didn't tell Emma that I had a slice of happiness of saying that. The moment I put on her skirt, I didn't feel strangeness or fear, I only wanted to smile, and I feel like I smiled. People started staring at me and making judgmental eyes or funny noises around me. I started to feel uncomfortable after maybe one minute, but for Emma, I wore it till her mom came to pick her up.

I wasn't trying to revisit this incident this morning or even trying to write about it and sent it to you guys until Emma sent me her mom's tweet about this. I'm surprised to see her mom support her unconditionally and blamed the school for it. But also slightly I felt blamed by her of being a boy with shank-feathering. But I didn't care obviously but the light delight on my face.

I don't understand why at that moment I was so happy and light. I felt like a hydrogen balloon floating towards the sky. Am I weird now and maybe also too sick of gaining some happiness of wearing Emma's skirt? I told Emma about this feeling and she said she also wasn't sure what that means and told me back to write to you guys. Do you guys know what's going on with me? Please send help!!!

Love and peace,
Fabio

complication of the computer mouse
emma rae norton

the invention of the computer mouse helped to shift perceptions of computing technology and also how gender is enacted through computing. i believe the mouse to be powerful in its potential to reroute perceptions and create new meaning.

the mouse can also be seen as a site of contradictions within the history of computing. i would like to leverage these contradictions in order to complicate its history so that i can retell its story while it's still here and still ubiquitous.

since the early days of computing there has been a shift from being "close to the metal" to coding software within and for software.

from women as programmers to women as typists. from men as mouse users to men as programmers.

are programmers not just glorified typists? perhaps. these shifts can be unpacked through a deep understanding of the mouse as an object.

the 1964 invention of the mouse by doug engelbart did not appear in tandem with the technologies before it. instead, it interrupted them. in step with theorist sadie plant, i see the mouse as unlike its techno-phallic predecessors, the joystick and the light gun.

it is not deterministic in its shape. rather, it is a shape that responds to your body. you do not hold it, but it holds you.

theorist ali na writes in her paper the fetish of the click: a small history of the computer mouse as vulva. "instead of jacking in, the vulva mouse clicks, offering the power of the click or clit."

i'm left wondering how different it must have felt to use a soft, yonic shaped object which fit into the palm of the hand. it guides you to where you want to go and is always simultaneously re-shaping and re-routing your desire.

the computer mouse sits somewhere in between the metal and your body.

women, before the mouse and after, were always and already "close to the metal".

in the 1950's it was women who were programming computers the size of rooms. in the 1980's it was women who were typing into computers when they were the size of desks.

computers are now the size of phones. again, it was always women who were operating the telephone, creating for it, new meaning.

"being close to the metal" is all at once a means and a value and a metaphor. it means being close to the hardware, being able to get into the chip and to understand its switches before layers of abstraction start to cover its mechanics.

being close to the metal is also a fixation on the mechanics of computing. it values this closeness over all else. if you are close to the metal, then you are a programmer in the truest form.

in this age of ubiquitous networked computing being close to the metal can mean beginning to unpack the underlying mechanics of this ubiquity, its effect on the body.

the info-sphere, a symptom of this networked ubiquity, is navigated with and through the mouse.

while the touchpad and touchscreen are becoming the primary vehicle of interaction, they are most certainly not concerned with what lies beneath. you are literally closer to the metal when using your laptop's trackpad but i would argue that you are that much further away from understanding how your laptop works or perhaps more importantly how you work on your laptop.

the mouse can be helpful here. it brings you closer to the metal because it encourages you to pause, to contemplate the fact that your body is outside your computer, that you are not one with it.

there is a line in a 1983 pc magazine article that says, "mice allowed programmers the luxury of working without taking their eyes off the screen"

i wonder if this luxury could be held responsible for the empathy vacuum inside silicon valley. if programmers don't need to look down at their keys in order to write code is their process sped up so much so that they don't have to think for one second about what it is they are actually doing? about how what they might be doing might also have an effect in the real world? perhaps the mouse can remind them.

with the mouse you are forced to take a break. from the cyclical command and response of you to your computer. to move your hand onto the mouse, and then, off of it, and then, again, onto it. those seconds in between hold you. they are about your body and how your body sits in this world not the world you imagine in your screen.

SQUISHY PLAY

Lauren
Traugott-Campbell

PERFORMING LABOR

Once, I watched a video. Then, I watched it many more times. It is an aerial shot of three people in white decontamination suits digging from three mounds of dirt arranged in a triangle. Each collection of dirt is both a pile and a hole. In sync with one another, they scoop dirt from one hole and transfer it to their neighbor's. They return to their original hole and repeat. As they transfer the dirt, the camera moves with the shovels, rotating the view 120 degrees with each scoop. Watching the video, almost instantly, I've lost track of any defining qualities of the individuals or the piles of dirt. They are part of an apparatus in which labor is being performed, but nothing is being produced; its futility is hypnotic.

Work was created by Dutch media artist Jeroen Kooijmans in 1994. It is twenty-five years old, but the video feels like it was made more recently and, simultaneously, 100 years ago.

It succinctly encapsulates the Industrial Revolution's broken promise of mechanization liberating workers from the mundanity of work. We were assured that technology would shrink the 40 hour work week to fifteen¹ or even four² hours. Yet, here we are in 2018 and the US worker still works an average of just over 40 hours per week.³ Even as we look down the barrel of automation taking 73

million jobs by 2030,⁴ I can't help but wonder if the value system surrounding how we spend time has become so bound up in the idea of work that we will continue to toil on.

In "Why Capitalism Creates Pointless Jobs," David Graeber details how a moral ideology surrounding work has replaced the actual demand for labor in the US.⁵ He notes the increase in professional, managerial, clerical, sales and service workers (notice the absence of industrial and farm production jobs: they're in decline, even though US manufacturing rates are up)⁶ as well as administrative, technical or security support for these industries:

or for that matter the whole host of ancillary industries (dog-washers, all-night pizza deliverymen) that only exist because everyone else is spending so much of their time working in all the other ones.

These positions are designed to make workers "identify with the perspectives and sensibilities of the ruling class (managers, administrators, etc.)" rather than critically assess the need for their labor.

This performance of work ultimately comes down to our inability to conceive of alternatives. The Few have told us, the Many, time and again, in a hundred different ways, that labor under capitalism is the only way forward.

Even in seemingly innocuous places, the moral argument for work is culturally present. Take *The Game of LIFE*, created in 1860. The children's game starts with adulthood. The first decision a player makes is whether to start their career or go to college (choosing college means that you take a more circuitous route to choosing a career). The game ends as the players retire.

Theodor Adorno notes in *The Culture Industry* that we have been deprived of freedom for so long, our imagination so repressed, that we no longer find free time pleasurable. To pacify this discomfort we turn to shallow entertainment, "in order to summon up the strength for work." (One need only look at my Netflix queue to see my own inhabitation of this cycle.) This oscillation between repression and

i. The need for work varies dramatically across class lines, even if the attitude surrounding work is similar. The average salary in a Silicon Valley home is \$137,000, more than double the average salary in the US of \$57,600.7 And yet, its tech industry boasts of a hustle culture, smirking at the inability of the 40 hour work week to get you the fortunes you are surrounded by. You too could develop an app that can only text the word "yo" between its users (this app is not only real, but was valued at \$5-10 million in 2014).⁸

For the Many, the attitude around hustling and work may be similar, but the need is different. We have seen dramatic wage stagnation, despite dramatic increases in manufacturing. Since 1979, middle-wage workers' hourly wage is up 6% and low-wage workers' wages are down 5%. In contrast, the Few saw a 41% wage increase.⁹ Perhaps George Bush summed up the state of labor in the 21st century best in 2005: "You work three jobs? Uniquely American, isn't it?"

ii. The "eversame" is another term for what Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer call the "culture industry." They propose that popular culture is akin to a factory producing standardized cultural goods—films, radio programs, magazines, etc.—that are used to manipulate mass society into passivity.

pacification has reached a point of self-preservation where we willingly carry it out, even "after the system has ceased to require [our] labor."¹⁰

As a tactic to reclaim free time, I offer a practice of squishy play. Squishy play is an art and design practice that works to, however briefly, dismantle the power structures that facilitate this culture of work. It is marked by a detailed study of the constraints placed on our humanity, and a visual response that throws the complexity of that situation back onto itself. It is generous, resilient, interactive and mobile.

Squishy play functions in a manner similar to that of the mini-temporary autonomous zone. Anarchist theorist, Hakim Bey, advocates for the idea of the "TEMPORARY AUTONOMOUS ZONE"

(TAZ). However, he refuses to define it, so as not to be misunderstood as a prescription or a dogmatic concept. Academic Chris Gray defines it as, "the socio-political tactic of creating temporary spaces that elude formal structures of control."¹⁰ In contrast to revolutions, they are momentary uprisings that exist until they dissolve, just before they can be co-opted by the state.

While the TAZ is a political response to the eversame,¹¹ squishy play is an artistic one. In employing it, I recognize the same world and constraints that the TAZ does. It exists amongst the myriad tactics that community organizers and activists use, but squishy play is specifically about translating them to the art and design field.

MODES OF PLAY

In talking about free time, we inevitably talk about play. Play is intensely personal, and its subsequent manifestations are intensely diverse. For this body of work, play is a way of performing labor with the only goal of producing enjoyment and curiosity, as well as the suspension of social norms to allow new thought (imaginative or critical) and social relations. Play is meant to be autoletic, or an act with an end or purpose in itself. However, in the age of hyper-work, the Few have perverted it.

Before I go further, it's important distinguish between play and playfulness. As Miguel Sicart and Katie Salen note in *Play Matters*, "play is... a

movement between order and chaos."¹¹ It is a world we willingly enter in which we agree to rules that may override the social rules we would otherwise follow in a particular context. Sicart distinguishes that, "playfulness is a way of engaging with particular contexts and objects that is similar to play, but respects the purposes and goals of that object or context... the capacity to use play outside the context of play." Playfulness brings its spirit into the world in which we already live. Play is a collective blind leap into a new one.

Play and playfulness are uniquely suited to be applied to art because of their disorienting nature. Playfulness first borrows from and then subverts social norms, endowing it with a defamiliarizing effect.¹² In 1917 Russian Formalist Victor Shklovsky

iii. Defamiliarization is a common tool for artists and political theorists alike. I believe its efficacy comes in the way that it throws Marx's theory of alienation, that we have been distanced from the means of production, each other, and ourselves, back on itself, using it as a tool to see, and subsequently act, anew. I employ defamiliarization to allow my viewers to view what anthropologists call "doxic" behaviour, or social structures that have become so normalized that we no longer see them as social constructs, but rather natural modes of engagement.

When I use Russian Formalist Viktor Shklovsky's structuralist idea of "defamiliarization" or "ostranenie," I am also referring to: Bertolt Brecht's theory of Verfremdungseffekt, Zen Buddhism's idea of Shoshin or "the beginner's mind," the Situationist Internationalist idea of the Derive, Timothy Morton's idea of the Strange Stranger, Jack Halberstam's queer theory of Unbecoming, Michel Foucault's idea of Critique, Niall Martin and Mireille Rosello's concept of Disorientation, and Vasily Lvov's concept of Estrangement.

declared that the point of art is to, "impart the sensation of things as they are perceived and not as they are known. The technique of art is to make objects 'unfamiliar', to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception."¹² His words still so aptly describe art, that most artist statements today simply re-articulate this concept.

Beyond the common art practice of defamiliarization, I believe that play offers a new element to an art and social practice: a collective methodology to discover new modes of interaction. When we play, we agree to new rules. The rules are always changing and they may not even be well defined, except for one: that we leave behind some of the social rules that usually govern a context and adopt new ones.

In doing this, we engage in a collective experiment. By pausing social norms, we are forced to interact with one another in different ways, and may stumble upon something new. This is what I'm interested in—the spontaneous creativity that can be created when we remove social codes that we've been so conditioned to think of as the only way things could be. For those who study play, this potential is described as ludic, or showing spontaneous or undirected playfulness.

This potential of play, however, has been distorted. The National Institute for Play, a nonprofit committed to bringing the unrealized knowledge, practices and benefits of play into public life, writes that one "opportunity" play affords is, "transforming corporate innovation... dramatically

[increasing] the rate of innovation in workgroups." While I do not doubt that play does exactly that, that is not why I believe we should play. We should play because we like playing, because we feel fulfilled and engaged while we do it, not because it ultimately makes us more skilled laborers.

Even outside of the designated times of work, the performance continues. Our free time¹³ has become so influenced that it could be considered what I call "flextime," a voluntary craving of the Sisyphean endeavor, a punishment of acute cruelty and simplicity. Flextime is spent off the clock and free from public obligations, but is still modeled after work and supported by a leisure industry that packages experience into expectations of pleasure.

Susan Sontag writes of the US tourist's relationship to photography in similar terms. In *On Photography* she notes,

Most tourists feel compelled to put the camera between themselves and whatever is remarkable that they encounter. Unsure of other responses, they take a picture. This gives shape to experience: stop, take a photograph, and move on. The method especially appeals to people handicapped by a ruthless work ethic.... Using a camera appeases the anxiety which the work-driven feel about not working when they are on vacation and supposed to be having fun.

While it may appear that the benefits of play affect art and work equally, I want to distinguish that the goal of work is not to eliminate the need to

iv. The use of the term "free time" also inherently implies an "unfree time," what Elin Diamond refers to as "not, but." She writes, "Each action must contain the trace of the action it represses. When [an actor] appears on stage, besides what he actually is doing he will at all essential points discover, specify, imply what he is not doing (Brecht 1964:137)." In acknowledging free time, we acknowledge that time spent at work is unfree.

v. The human microphone is a tactic for amplifying the voice of one person amongst a large group without any electronic equipment. The speaker says one sentence, which is then repeated by everyone who could hear it as many times as necessary for all to hear. The concept of the human mic was even described to newcomers using the human mic. Though it is a historical tactic of the Left, it made its way to Occupy because of cities' limits on amplified sound in public parks and its inability to be confiscated by the police.

vi. Beyond being a democratic way to communicate without audibly interrupting the speaker, Occupy's use of hand signals are particularly squishy when one recalls their hand signals traders use on the floor of the nearby New York Stock Exchange.

work, but to maintain, at least, the pretense of needing it. Play as art, however, is still primarily tasked with being autoletic, with the added benefit that it dismantles the system that creates such a dramatic need for it. It seeks to work itself out of a job.

With truncated imagination, we anxiously and unconsciously default to what we know best: work. However, play, genuine play, offers us the opportunity to reclaim free time.

I cannot outline what these alternative modes of engagement look like, and I do not believe that any one individual should. As precedent, I look to Occupy Wall Street and the protesters refusal to make a list of demands, but instead model and experiment with new forms of interaction (e.g.

human microphone," a modified consensus, hand signals," the progressive stack, and many more processes). With that in mind, I offer a practice of squishy play for us, the Many, to discover alternatives

SQUISHY PLAY

I define squishiness as being a substance or ethos marked by its resilience, interactivity by virtue of its tactility, its mobility, and its generosity.

Before I elaborate, it may help to define what squishiness is not: Bendy: too stiff; Blobby: too fragile; Cushiony: too defined; Gelatinous: too delicate; Doughy: too poppable; Mushy: too yielding; Squirmy: too uncontrolled; Squashy: too impacted.

RESILIENCE

A squishy being, or what I will now refer to as a squishy, can take almost any shape and is able to rebound with full fidelity to its original form. Its elasticity doesn't degrade, but simply adapts to a myriad of external forces.

INTERACTIVITY

While some things can be understood through sight, squishiness requires interaction from the viewer. In shaping the squishy, the viewer becomes the participant. What is more, the squisher is often able to understand the internal structure (i.e. how it functions, what it is made of) of a squishy through this interaction. Though physically opaque,

a squishy embodies a remarkable amount of transparency. It invites and rewards discovery.

MOBILITY

Because of the resilience of a squishy, it can move in ways that others cannot. It may skillfully work through a tight space and immediately reform into its original self on the other side.

GENEROSITY

In moments of impact, a squishy softens the blow for what is inside, while simultaneously not inflicting harm on the opposing surface. A squishy does not coddle or indulge escapism, but rather provides the protection necessary to navigate a difficult world.

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In embodying these four characteristics, a squishy is defined, but by default, the world in which it exists is also defined. It is a world that is work-obsessed, not very kind, that is physically rough and leaves its inhabitants anxious, unsure of what is to come.

Squishy play stands in opposition to flextime. Flextime borrows the structure of work, but its output keeps its participants trapped in the same relationships. Squishy play borrows its methodology from the rigor of work, but its output actively dismantles our reliance on work. Flextime is frivolity disguised as pleasure. Squishy play is pleasure disguised as frivolity.

Squishy play is generous in its frivolity. It is mobile. It allows for new modes of thinking. It is

resilient and adaptive to the world it is given. It is inherently interactive. Squishy play embodies contrasts, and knows that it must not take itself too seriously, but never forgets that it also must take itself really really seriously.

LITTLE CREATURE _ _ nicolas baird

Sometimes, late at night---Idont know if you've felt this too--
 a question pops up very clear and small and bright
 (it's always a little louder when my head's on the pillow
 A little creature in my ear, insistent as ^{and the light's just out} a cactus spine, ^{whispers}
 in the dark
 (with that same loud stage whisper you use as a kid ats sleep over
 when you're not sure if you're the only one still awake):
 "What's next? What's next? What's n ext?"

Some nights I'll go off running with him
 over the humps and ~~valleys~~ valleys in the folds of my brain.
 We'll run in circles or far, far out, but I never really get to enjoy
 the view--- ideas I'd like to spend a little more time with
 rush past, flashing by with everythinge in the dim light there,
 grey hills tinged just a little pink with panic.

Some nights I can take a breath and answer him:
 This is next. Then this. Now this.
 Maybe now a new line,

maybe now a new stanza
 (if you don't mind me calling it that forthe sake of the metaphor),
 maybe now a break and a pause please, thank you.
 He'll give me the night off, but we both know itis a game
 and it makes him restless.

But some nights---the nights when I feel most human,
 that is to say, when I feel the most like an animal,
 that is to say, when I feel that I've been listening best---
 some nights, I have just enough time to point out the wind
 and the crickets singing outside and to ask him,
 "Do you hear the thunder whispering at the edge ofnthe mountains?
 There's the great horned owl, and the poorwill too, somewhere in the
 trees." And just as I'm about to wonder if tonight we'bl hear
~~we'll~~ coyotes, or a mountain lion scream,
 I look over and can see, but just barely, the tiny shape of him,
 curled up, breathing slowly,
 fast asleep on the pillow next to me.

incense and fried plantain

an angry monologue
whispered under her breath

you are told to let go of all moments but this one

inhale
hot palm oil and quick whispers

exhale
clammy palms and tight muscles

you wonder if the outlines of this moment are porous

if the places your mind drifts to are consistent with a meditative practice

(UN)COMMON GROUND

(19:59)

Before we begin, let me ask are there any ~~Narragansett~~ or ~~Wampanoag~~ folks in the space?

How about any descendants of the roughly 100,000 ~~people~~ sold into slavery in Rhode Island in buildings like RISD's Market House not more than 100 yards from here?

No?

Then before we can move *forward* we need to move toward some ~~common~~ ground. ****WHEREAS**** colonization is alive and well, built with brick and mortar into the very walls of this space that refuses its indigenous inhabitants and the descendants of the ~~people~~ whose exploited labor made Providence possible yet received no providence of their own >>>

****WHEREAS**** the communities from which my practice is grounded are not present in this room to receive my words, offer guidance, or engage in dialogue regarding this declaration of my position >>>

****WHEREAS**** this is not yet a safe space for liberation, but an institutional space founded in the imperialist, capitalist, white supremacist hetero-patriarchy >>>

****WHEREAS**** I could neither destroy nor reclaim this space without visiting violence sanctioned by the settler state upon me >>>

****WHEREAS**** any land acknowledgement ceremony would only reify, not raze, structures of power and domination by recalling the violent act of colonization without holding the state accountable, unpacking our complicity, or rectifying the injustice >>>

****WHEREAS**** any discussion concerning decolonization must be grounded in territory >>>

I HEREBY CLAIM a new space, a sovereign space, a space for all beings who recognize their liberation is bound up with mine. This is a space defined not by boundaries or #demarcations# but through connections — and — commitments: to each other, to the land, to our ^{ancestors}, and to sustainable futures. This space, our space if we choose it, is a creative space, a destructive space, a subversive space. It is a space activated through individual and collective acts of decolonization.

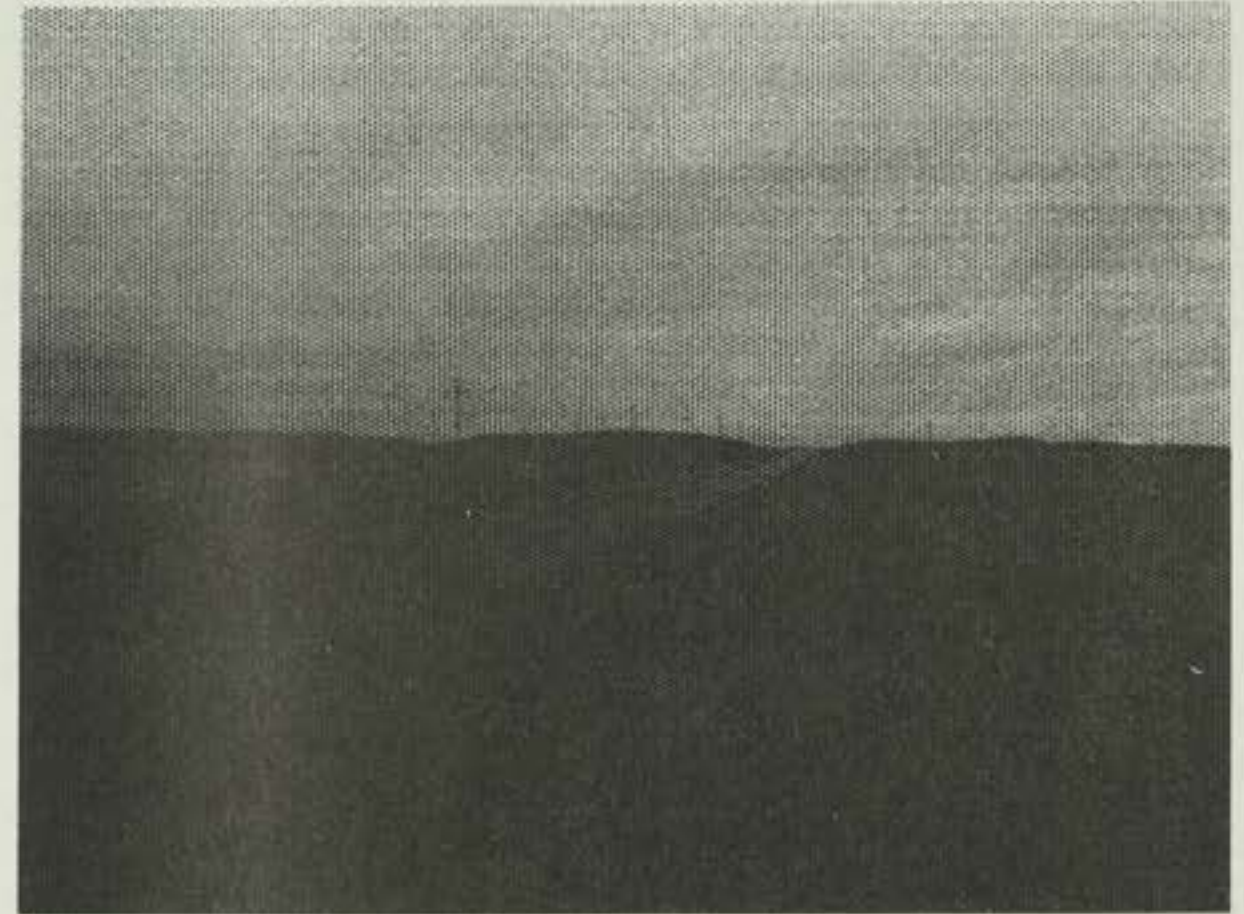
I claim this space because without it I don't know how to speak to you. Not because I don't know how to talk about my practice or my personal position, but

because until we find ~~common~~ ground I don't know what my position is in relation to you. Even after four years studying design, I still have not figured out how to package something that is not meant for you. What's more, I am reticent to render my labor legible to an institution that was not built for me. You see, we may be in the same room, but we occupy different spaces, and I know better than to expose my position to colonizers. I am holding this space as a bridge, a liminal space we activate through collective acts of making ~~common~~. To co-habit a ~~common~~ space we must reorient our relationship to each other.

Are you with me?

Are you with me?

This is where I'm from.



Standing Rock, North Dakota. To many it is an unremarkable place, but to me it is a space of immense complexity, mystery, possibility, and freedom. For literally millennia my ancestors have nourished themselves on this land, learned its lessons, survived its hardships, and returned to it in passing. It is the only place I've felt a

spiritual connection. It is more than a community, it is more than a place, it is ^{Wakhán}--sacred. It is also the site of post-colonial, post-apocalyptic trauma. In the span of a few decades the whole world my ^{ancestors} knew came to a cataclysmic end. Most of what was destroyed will never be recovered. Land was stolen, ecosystems we had lived in balance with since time immemorial were inter\rupt/ed and sent into irreversible decline. Those of us that survived the genocidal violence were rounded up onto internment camps called reservations. Children were stolen from their families and placed in Catholic boarding schools where they were stripped of their identity, taught to hate who they were and where they come from, and often subject to physical, sexual, and emotional abuse. The psychological impact colonization has had on my people is beyond the scope of what I can explain to you in the time we have together, but let it suffice to say colonization doesn't just happen on land, it happens in the mind and in the spirit as well. Nevertheless, I am here. I marvel at the resilience of my people.

On the other side of my family little is known about our history. My father was murdered before I was born, a victim of Oakland's crack epidemic in the 80s. Of course, the term "epidemic" is too benign as it renders the culprit inculpable. The crack epidemic that took my father and my grandfather--after whom I'm named--should be referred to as chemical warfare since crack was intentionally introduced into impoverished Black and Brown communities by the US government for the purposes of destabilization and exploitation. There are no poppy-fields in the ghetto. The US government even referred to their response to this epidemic as the "war on drugs," but Black folks knew the war on drugs was a war on us. What I do know of my history on my father's side is that they fled to Oakland by way of Texas and Louisiana, finding refuge amongst the Seminole and Cherokee tribes.

From that information I ascertained that my African ^{ancestors} were transported to Vespucci land, most likely from Nigeria, but that ancestry's been lost to me. Shackled, crammed hip-to-hip in unspeakable conditions down in the bowels of the ship, some ship captain triangulated our trajectory through the triangular trade, the real Bermuda Triangle, the one in which humans were made alien and free people made slaves. Through this middle passage I was transformed from Yoruba, Hausa, Igbo, Fulani to Nigger, Coon, Pickaninny, Spook, and every othering form in the White imagination. An indolent criminal, a lascivious predator, a monkey, a mule, an ever changing chimera to be subjugated and maimed. Along with the erasure of indigenous peoples and the invasion of White settlers (the only real immigrant

invasion to happen on this continent), slavery was the pivotal third leg the structure of settler colonialism needed to stand. Without it there would not be enough labor to exploit the vast swathes of stolen fertile land. Through that violent geometry of immorality and greed my lineage was rendered inhuman in a lingering spectacle of inhumanity. Nevertheless, I am here. I marvel at the resilience of my people. I share this personal history with you to dispell any misconceived notion that settler colonialism was a singular event to be spoken of in the past-tense. Settler colonialism is an economic, social, and political structure. Its effects can be witnessed every day. We can speak to the spectacular instances that reveal its existence, from genocide and slavery to acts of resistance like NoDAPL and BlackLivesMatter. But it also works in ways that have become so common that we hardly recognize them, like the absence in this space of Narraganset and Wampanoag folks or descendants of the bustling slave trade here in Rhode Island.

That's all of the time 🕒 I've been allotted....

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So I'll have to reclaim my time 🕒, like I reclaim this space. Black 🕒 Time. Red 🕒 Time. CPT 🕒. This is my time 🕒! And in this space we don't watch 🕒 watches we listen with the full understanding that anything worth saying is worth taking the time 🕒 to say. I reclaim my time 🕒 for all of the indigenous cultures put in stasis because of racist hetero-patriarchal imperialism. I'll take up space with 40 acres and a rocket 🚀 ship while the ashy asses of the colonizers are left with nothing but 40 acres of scorched 🔥 earth. Call it a downpayment on reparations. Call it overtime 🕒 that's overdue, because this is the extra time it 🕒 takes to get through to you 🕒. Get activated. Get elevated. You too are not a passive recipient of history. You have a choice, you can try to stop me Or you can to continue to hold this space? Why be a lbarricade! when you could be a >>>bridge>>>?

Are you with me?

Are you with me?

Reclaim Time

My practice is rooted in ~~decolonization~~. Often, that involves design. I have made of every prompt a battlefield; each stroke laid to canvas a new frontline in this ongoing struggle for liberation and non-~~erasure~~. I hope now standing on common ground you can better relate to where I'm coming from. Design has the power to shape our ontological world view. It utilizes our senses to color our perception, which in turn is the lens through which we understand and shape our environment, our ~~institutions~~, our actions, and our relationships. Can design ~~decolonize~~? Can it really liberate us from the catastrophic specter of ~~oppression~~ that is the "imperialist, capitalist, white-supremacist hetero-patriarchy?" The answer I've received from designers I trust has been unequivocally no. Then again, the difficult often seems impossible until it is accomplished. A century ago it would have been impossible for someone like me, someone of Black and/or Native ancestry to receive an education from a place like RISD, until Nancy Prophet broke down that barrier and fabricated a new *futurity*. Through acts of destruction and creation, I am here. Nevertheless, I don't find this framework to be useful. The immense human-made problems that have plagued us since the birth of the ~~settler colonial regime~~ have only increased in scale and complexity—there are no simple cures for deeply rooted systemic problems. But it is precisely because these issues are so complex—woven tightly into the fabric of our society and built directly into the architecture of our ~~institutions~~—that design is an indispensable tool, methodology, and approach in the movements for ~~decolonization~~ and liberation. We need to creatively build new *futures* in the face of complexity and uncertainty. There are no small changes that can wrest us from the disastrous the path we are barreling down. A new course must be charted and good design can help us create the map. Great design can help us rethink ways of moving through the world altogether. The revolution will be designed. Movements for ~~decolonization~~ and liberation will require acts of destruction, creation, exploration, organization, reflection, and healing, actions which design is uniquely structured to perform. But, the way we practice design, particularly who we practice it for, needs to be

~~decolonized~~ metaphorically if it is going to serve anything other than the ~~settler state~~ and a ~~neo-liberal~~ agenda. Design needs to be redesigned. In fact, it needs to be redefined. Design as defined in the conventional canon, and as reified through professional practice, frames it as the translation of artistic forms for commercial use. I prefer the lens Tibor Kalman fashioned when he stated: "A designer is a professional liar because he's hired not to make the properties of a product clear but to enhance the product beyond its truth...Graphic designers think they're doing something else, making beautiful art, but it's not true." If commercial design is real design then the work we are doing at RISD is an artifice. I know many of you did not aspire to this application of design. I, like many other designers that come from traditionally ~~oppressed~~ and ~~marginalized~~ groups, do not see my communities or myself reflected in this definition of the field. Design needs to be redesigned, and constantly, for it is a tool that can be used in insidious ways even by well-meaning practitioners if wielded unconsciously. Writing is one powerful method of critique, as is conversation. But in my opinion, there is no stronger method of critiquing design than through design.

My time at RISD will be best served building out methodological approaches to both metaphorically ~~decolonize~~ my design practice and literally ~~decolonize~~ my communities and myself. Towards that aim, these are the areas I am cultivating relationships with in my design practice:

1. design research >>> critical writing;
2. urgent design >>> direct action >>> arte utile;
3. speculative design >>> ethno-futurism >>> post-human design;
4. emerging technologies >>> physical computing >>> simulation;
5. communal spaces and structures >>> innerwork.

They are areas that help me address past >>> present >>> *future* issues caused by ~~colonization~~. In naming these areas of interest, my intention is not to define immutable categories or delineate siloed fields. In fact, I believe the most interesting work will exist in the wild unmapped lands existing between these manufactured spaces. My only intention in defining these categories is to provide a vector for investigation. They are useful mental frameworks for exploration, critical discussion, and reconfiguration within my practice. The movements towards ~~decolonization~~ and liberation have been ongoing in indigenous spaces around the world for many generations. I need not redraw the wheel, but rather draw from the well of knowledge provided by the ground breaking work of others. In this sense my practice and my thesis are

also about the act of making familiar that which ~~colonization~~ has alienated to me. From this relationship I can ground my own practice and tailor methodologies to translate philosophical ideas into practice.

Design that is in service of movements for social justice and ~~decolonization~~ need to be engaged rigorously. It cannot be a passive enterprise, the issues are too complex and there are too many pitfalls, amongst them:

design that is self-serving or ineffective;

design that exploits or makes more vulnerable the communities it is meant to serve;

design or terminology that gets exploited, appropriated, misunderstood, or commodified;

design as pastiche as elaborated by Imani Perry, in short, design that compresses the dimensionality of an issue and truncates information in such a way that it inhibits growth and connection. It is design that merely signifies action rather than catalyzes it.

To do this work effectively, methodologies must be developed, critiqued, and adapted with the communities in which the practice is centered. ~~Colonialism~~ does not stand still, nor should our response to it.

The post-apocalyptic spaces from which I come are primed for innovation; they can be a new space, the fugitive undercommons spoken of by Moten and Harney. Yet, when I left my community to pursue a better education, I was led to believe I was entering a new and better world. A privileged world filled with endless possibility and opportunities. A world in which I would be made better and for which I should display my gratitude. But I realize now that the possibilities afforded on this sinking ship begin and end with the settler state, and opportunity is afforded only to those people who pay in compliance. Participating in academia, for all of its intellectual empowerment, has left me with the unsettling question "How do I get home from here?" Instead of liberated I feel trapped. It is an insidious system that would first refuse us and then ~~exploit~~ and redistribute the labor, capital, and brilliance of those of us it failed to keep out away from our communities and towards the maintenance of said system. We are being redirected to maintain systems of our own ~~oppression~~. Let us not fight for seats at the table but rather refuse the design of a table built only to serve the few in the first place. I would rather use my talents to disrupt, destroy, and rebuild than be ~~complicit~~ in the ~~oppression~~ of myself, my communities, and others. We should create a new *future* -- one that is informed by the past and steals from present ~~institutions~~.

A space that exists alongside but not instead of or in relation to the ~~oppressive, unsustainable~~ edifice seeking to ~~ee-opt~~ us. Let that world fail. Build for a wild ass beyond as instructed by Nora Khan. Let us expend our labor building for indigenous *futures* for which we currently have no language, or as Andrea Smith says "Our project becomes less of one based on self-improvement or even collective self-improvement, and more about the creation of new worlds and *futures* for which we currently have no language." This is the design challenge that excites me, not critiquing or participating in an industry built to serve ~~capitalism~~, not posturing in esoteric design for other designers. Let us make design that afflicts the comfortable and comforts the afflicted. Women, queer folks, people of color, the differently abled, we have done enough protesting. We have danced, marched, and sung until our lungs burned and our feet bled attesting our common humanity. No more! Our insistence on life, dignity, and respect were met with violence, disgust, intolerance, and now superficial ~~ee-optation~~ for capital gains. Our tokenized narratives of survival are ground into powder and wetted with white tears to be resold as salve to guilty consciences. No more critique. Steal, but do not serve. Be useful but do not be used. "Not so much the abolition of prisons but the abolition of a society that could have prisons, that could have slavery, that could have the wage, and therefore not abolition as the elimination of anything but abolition as the founding of a new society." (Moten and Harney). Let the force of our example, the gravitas of our indigenous ingenuity, be the critique that dismantles the present ~~colonial~~ structures and builds a new commons for all beings to inhabit, one built not on [barriers] or #demarcations#, but through our connections-and-commitments: to each other, to the land, to our ^{ancestors}, and to sustainable *futures*.

Tókša Akhé! 🍀

A trip into a void

I think of my kid days
That mall
with my mom
It was amazing

Parking
hanging out
buying stuff
food

Occasionally
I didn't want to mall
and that was bad

My mom would ask
what's wrong
And nothing was

I just didnt want to go
that day

Dearest Salve-maker

Tiger Dingsun

The soft clicking of a measuring tape and
the whiplash of its retraction.

There was—

There was something—

There was the window,

covered with sky—

Something—

Covered in clouds—

A—

And—

And then—

I imagine you seeing me—

And then—

And yet—

I looked up and to the side, away from the
light, and paused before finally deciding to
reach up and wipe the tear that was starting to
strain outwards, beading on my bottom eyelid.
My eyes strain as the sunlight glares.

Marie Kondo's promise of material
fulfillment has become more like an
uncontrollable habit for me. When I am
stressed I have a habit of cleaning my
room, but it is not so much an act of
tidying as it is an act of trying to mentally
catalog and remember each and every
single one of my possessions, especially
the objects that are out of sight, tucked
away in suitcases or shoe boxes, milk
crates, drawers. When I wake up and
inevitably have the enduring instinct to
never get up again, sometimes the only
thing to do is to spontaneously leap out
of bed, and pull out object after object

out of wherever they are stored, combing
for things to discard or give away. It's like
reverse beach-combing, my eyes and
hands a metal detector, but instead of
trying to find treasure I am scanning for
things that I could potentially convince
myself to throw away, objects that I could
convince myself have zero value to me
anymore. I'm looking to turn things from
treasure into trash. Every time I am able
to throw something away, I feel a short-
lived feeling of liberation, short-lived
but strong enough to always leave me
searching for more.

It's not even that I subscribe to the pop-
cultural model of minimalism (there's
a Netflix documentary), that involves
living with just, say, only one pair of
raw Japanese denim jeans (to be worn
everyday and washed once a year,) and
two casual button downs (to be worn in
rotation). I don't believe in that trite, holier-
than-thou conviction that owning less
objects equates to moral goodness, or at
least a less codependent relationship with
consumerism and global supply chains.
No, for me, it's more about this feeling
of mild anxiety about objects of mine
that I can't see. I'm afraid of forgetting
them. It's as if I have some sort of object
impermanence, like the way babies think
that if a toy is out of sight, it doesn't exist
anymore. Like, if I have a T-shirt tucked
away somewhere, and I forget about it,
and then months later I find it again, I will
suddenly feel, all at once, this burden of
a t-shirt, as if I had been carrying around
the weight of this burden all these months
without even realizing it. So when I came
back after the summer break to complete
my last year of college, I was confronted

by all of these objects that I had been living without, that I had forgotten about. They came at me with a heavy presence, all together and all at once.

These items were always there, but had just re-entered my life. They were outside of my immediate field of view, and now they were visible again. It's like how in older video games, the rendering distance for objects in the background would sometimes be too close. A character might be walking around in some sort of open-world landscape, and things like trees or buildings might suddenly be rendered into view. They already existed in the model of the world, but are only rendered when the character is within a certain radius of those objects. A large rendering distance results in smoother, more immersive game play, but is more computationally expensive. A short rendering distance can be jarring.

I wish I could stop wanting to have nothing. As my eyes scan through my room over and over again, Marie Kondo looms in my mind, this figure, this petite Japanese woman who comes into people's lives and teaches them to be more present. But I remain dissatisfied, no matter how much I pare down my life. Sometimes I'm afraid that this feeling won't end until I am left with nothing. Is that when enlightenment will finally come?

We talk about our Asian-ness as conceptual, as impossibility. It is a matter of fact, talked about frankly, only theoretically the locus of American blockage or lingering eye.

The other day, I read about this study that found that queer Asian-Americans are perceived as being more American than their, I guess, more heteronormative counterparts. I had to think about that one for a long time. The study offered an explanation: because Western countries generally had more progressive LGBT politics than most countries in Asia, queerness is read as more Western, and possibly more individualistic. We all know how much the Western world values the individual. The will to change lies within *yourself*, and it's *your* fault if you can't manage to pull yourself up by your bootstraps.

The extrapolations of these findings were unsettling. Does this negate the existence of a queer asian identity outside of Western conceptions of what it means to be queer? Is this model of queerness inherent and specific to the West? Is being queer therefore a form of assimilation? Does this mean I've forsaken my Chinese roots? Dishonored my mother and father? But what roots, exactly, are we talking about here? To a certain extent, I dis-identify with everything. I'm not sure which facet of my identity is responsible for that, or that even matters. Both the East and the West don't exactly feel like home to me. I guess I'm not complaining, though, because if I were complaining, I would feel weirdly guilty about playing so heavily into that whole child-of-diaspora trope of 'having one foot in both worlds', or, 'not being Western enough for the West or Eastern enough for the East'. I'm not exactly sure what 'home' is supposed to feel like, but I've lived in both China and the U.S.

and feel perfectly comfortable navigating life in both places. I don't feel this fundamental psychic dislocation that seems to be associated with an immigrant background. At least, I don't think I do. Maybe I just don't know what it feels like to not be psychically dislocated.

I'm trying to pinpoint why I feel uneasy about owning material goods. I think it's because they start to feel too much like signifiers, like through considering all of the objects I chose to surround myself with, someone could triangulate my exact mode of being.

When I think of myself as a racialized body, there is one object in particular that comes to mind — the calendars that you get for free at Asian grocery stores. Red and gold, cartoonish, printed on thin, cheap paper.

As a kid, I've always thought those calendars were so ugly. It was baffling to me that my mom always had one up — but, then again, it was free, so why not? I wasn't embarrassed by it, exactly, or like, afraid that it would feel too foreign to any white friends that came over. It's not like I hated the calendar because of some sort of assimilationist desire (it reads like a joke: an eight-year old with assimilationist desire). It just seemed distasteful, somehow, which is why it would feel really dishonest of me to hang one up now, in some pointed attempt to signal ... something, I don't even know what.

I've seen this calendar before at a white friend's house. Somehow my immediate impression is that the calendar was purposefully put up — insidiously, even —

to create the impression of worldliness, or perhaps tolerance, or perhaps class consciousness. The calendar says,

yes, it's true, I've been to a dusty, fish-scented asian supermarket, and I had a great time, and I love pocky, and it was so charming, and I love ramen, and look at this cool souvenir.

I've also seen this calendar at an Asian-American friend's house. And in that case, it still reads as performative to me — at once a display of nostalgia, and a claim to authenticity.

But again, it's just a free calendar, so why not hang it up? There's no reason not to. I recognize that this cynical and overwrought over-significance that I am ascribing to this calendar is exactly what I don't want to happen to me. I don't want to believe that I could be an anthropological subject, capable of being known just by studying the objects I own. But that's precisely what I do whenever I encounter this calendar, claiming that I know something about a person just because they've decided to display this calendar. I think of the calendar as an identifier, as representing an entire narrative. But that's not certainly not fair or accurate.

I think of this calendar in the same way that I think about my mother's cooking.

I am expected to revere my mother's cooking, to try to imitate it but inevitably always falling short. That, in itself, isn't so notable. Almost everyone has fond memories of their mother's cooking, but for me, because I am a child of

immigrants, and because that distinction holds so much cultural weight, I am expected to not only miss it, but to long for it, to feel this deep severance from the motherland that it represents. And of course, I recognize that the continuing production and reproduction of colonial trauma does indeed create deep psychic wounds, deep displacements. But that isn't all that should define me. And this relationship with my mothers cooking, which may or may not be real, has become so common that it becomes assumed. Assumed to the point where, I'm not sure if I do feel homesick, or if these narratives are so embedded in me that I only feel homesick because it makes sense that I would.

In elementary school, I was never made fun of for bringing Chinese food for lunch. And yet, I feel as though I completely and thoroughly identify with that story. It's never happened to me, but even so, I can locate that narrative so easily within me.

There are metaphors for this relationship to the mainstream, for this pushing and pulling, for this cling and retraction, this tugging and prodding, examination and identification. Like being pulled in and out of focus, like bobbing under and over the surface of some vast body of water. Or offering up a piece of your body in hopes of... something in return? Or wanting people to look at you, but not for the wrong reasons. Or waiting for the cutie sitting across from you on the train to notice you. Or, wanting to be alone but not wanting to be lonely. Or, wanting recognition but also wanting freedom, and wondering if both can exist at the same time.

She opened the window and let the breeze come in, and only then became acutely aware of how stuffy the air inside the room had been. This breeze from the outside was fresher than anything she could have imagined. Her books were arranged first by size and then by color. Her bed was made, the duvet folded precisely in half and then in half again. Her face was toned and moisturized. She connected her bluetooth headphones and played a podcast. She was ready to go.

I wonder what you are doing today? Today I had a flash of recognition, during moment in which I thought I was breaking new ground, only to find well-trodden soil, a path already carved out by others. I merely stumbled around and tripped over a pothole and called that a discovery. Progress.

She leaves the house, the door auto-locking behind her. As she walks, she thinks about how she would describe the sky to you, its color, its thinness, its mood, but she always falls short of any actual words. Her favorite part of the sky is the part that lies most oblique, that part of the sky that touches the treetops on the horizon.

I can't believe you're the one that's making me feel this way. It's hard to even say out loud. I want you to go and I want you to stay. Its like the feeling I get when I listen to an old favorite song, a song that I've heard too often.

She remembers the day she was covered in dust, that day you took her back to the river. The wet mulch under her bare feet, the slight sting of stepping on broken twigs and pieces of bark.

Take me back, back to the view outside my window, back to the scrapes on my forearms from climbing stone walls, the tannins in my mouth and the lactic acid in my legs. On those nights, shadows didn't exist and nothing felt obscured.

She has the same goals every summer, the same aspirations of wanting to change. This feeling she has towards herself... it's like an overexposed photo, the streams of daylight overreaching past the bounds of foliage. Even sitting in the shade of trees feels too bright.

I'm tired of constantly reaching out and attempting to feel with all ten of my fingers the warmth of the water gently lapping. I'm laying face down at the edge of the dock and stretching. I'm feeling increasingly desperate. I feel like a walk in the park. Easy, a slippage.

It's like this → You are in New York City for the summer, and you are riding the subway, as you do almost everyday, commuting between Brooklyn and Manhattan. You spot someone that looks familiar. You don't know them personally, exactly, but you're pretty sure you follow them on Instagram. Its this East Asian IG baddie, sporting a bowl cut/mullet and these huge gold hoop earrings, as well as a gold Buddha necklace that's framed by their cropped white tank top and their reclaimed houndstooth culottes. They look good, really good. Asian femmes in NYC are probably the best dressed demographic on the entire planet. You see people like this almost every day, whether in person or on your phone, and you don't want to feel like you're categorizing them, because that feels shitty, but you do it anyways. These people, whose Instagram stories are the perfect mix of vulnerability, fragility, and indignation. You want to be like them so badly, to have that kind of self-assured insecurity. You think if you were like them, you might have some semblance of control. But it is precisely this desire that makes you want to escape, somehow, maybe by getting a normal haircut and wearing normal clothing. But that's not really an escape. That's just called being normcore, which is a whole other level of disingenuousness.

Legal fictions pervade the atmosphere like clouds of mosquitos lying in wait.

This is a scene you've seen before.

As your eyes scan across the room, it is almost as though you can trace the emanating lines of desire from each body. As if these pulsating lines were a UI overlay on top of your field of vision. As if Google Glass ever saw commercial success. Very cyber. So painfully directional, these lines, so sharp are their arrows (and so blunt are their hacked tails).

And then, of course, there's the question of your own desire, which feels like a specimen to be pinned up needle sharp and examined, its wings so crisp and symmetrical. An object towards which an intense but detached fascination is directed.

Even you think these feelings of yours are tiresome, like tumblr posts tagged wanderlust, tagged stardust, like tweens ascribing world-reckoning profundity to the smell of asphalt after it rains, or to the supposed un-translateable-ness of certain words. Boring wanderlust, boring schadenfreude, boring petrichor, boring undeniable desire.

→ Archer	→ Oracle
Bard	Ranger
Beastmaster	Templar
Berserker	Pirate
Black Mage	Illusionist
Chemist	Sniper
Dancer	Runeseeker
Dark Knight	Fencer
Dragoon	Defender
Fighter	Bishop
Gambler	Assassin
Geomancer	Arcanist
Gunner	Cannoneer
Knight	Viking
Monk	Valkyrie
Ninja	Seer
Paladin	Merchant
Red Mage	Performer
Samurai	Swordmaster
Scholar	Wizard
Soldier	Bishop
Summoner	Astrologian
Thief	Hawkeye
Time Mage	Exorcist
Warrior	Guardian
White Mage	Kaiser
Devout	Yokai
Evoker	→ Salve-maker
Sage	Spiritmaster
Necromancer	Conjurer

Intro
Verse 1
Prechorus
→ Chorus
Verse 2
Prechorus
→ Chorus
Bridge
→ Chorus
Outro

Those days when It feels like there is no more content for you; all the content in the entire world has be exhausted.

Something that mimics poetry:

→ ONE
TWO
THREE
FOUR
FIVE
SIX
SEVEN
EIGHT
NINE
TEN
ELEVEN TWELVE THIRTEEN
FOURTEEN FIFTEEN SIXTEEN
SEVENTEEN EIGHTEEN NINETEEN
TWENTY TWENTYONE TWENTYTWO
TWENTYTHREE TWENTYFOUR
TWENTYFIVE
→ RED CARMINE CRIMSON CORAL
BLUSH ORANGE APRICOT AMBER
PEACH OCHER SAND
BEIGE LEMON GERANIUM SPRING
GRASS VIRIDIAN ROSEMARY FOREST
OLIVE CERULEAN INDIGO VIOLET
LILAC MAUVE PERIWINKLE LAVENDER
PLUM
PALE SLATE GLASS

151
→ COMMON MORAL MORTAL STONY
STARRY CONSTANT VENGEFUL
ROLLING SMOOTH ROCKY FUZZY
FURRY CLEAN RICH
TIGHT SPINY SHINY LUMPY LOVELY
FIZZY RUNNY FUNNY FAST CANDID
→ SHARP FORTUNE SORROW COIL
MASON
FIRE FREEZE ZEPHYR CONIFER
MORTICIAN CORE
FORK MISTAKE RAGE FEVER FERVOR
CANDOR CANTILEVER HEAVEN
HEATHEN ANTHEM CRAYON PASTURE
DODGER CUNNING FLAKE SHATTER
FLEE
FLEX CARVE LIQUID
→ FOLLOWS CORRAL STATION LOVER
CONCH DIRT
STEEL CLANG VIOLA CLARITY MARSH
CLUE SWAMP BREEZE TOME RUNE
FUME MOON MAGIC BOOK FUEL
FUSE SPARK DOG SHADOW FACADE
FLAT
→ HONEY CURRY
RICE
PINE
CYPRESS MUSK
OCEAN
SPICY
SOUR
VETIVER WOODSY MILDEW
ACRID
LOAM
PEPPER JUNIPER EARTH TOBACCO
YUZU
CITRUS
MOSS FRANKINCENSE VANILLA
BERRY THYME SPRUCE SAGE
RAIN PETRICHOR TEA HYACINTH
CAMPHOR

And there is a poetry to the fact that I will never, truly never, share this text with anybody, this text, just for me. Only for me. And everybody collects these moments in their lives, of course, but this one, this is just for me, and these yellow flowers backlit by the morning sun, these daylight flowers symbols of such nurturing love, these flowers like nutrition, their shadow half-cast and glittering on the porcelain tray, that porcelain tray, an object of such perfect, extreme beauty, all around me the air is filled with perfections, perfections lay like jewels all around me, this postcard, this plastic tub, this water, this window, these curtains, the stool positioned half-askanced, the collapsible wooden desk. All of it is for me, positioned perfectly for me. This day. This morning. This moment. This time.

Do you feel the weight of this moment, as future instantaneously becomes codified into past? One minute later, thirty minutes later, and then an hour, then two, three — the hours turn to days.

Once in a while there comes a day when there is nothing but wasting away and fading into the surrounding landscape, like a defeated NPC in a video game, the opacity of it's sprite representation turned down to zero before being deleted, leaving no trace and no memory... I can only respond to this relentless and cruel aspiration with pragmatism. Rain leaves dark streaks on everything concrete. Beautiful in that way, a beauty adjacent to both nothingness and ugliness.

I miss you, will you call me sometime?

Basically,

→ When I was fourteen, while I was living in China, I found Haruki Murakami's memoir, *What I Talk About When I Talk About Running* at my high school library. I had never read any of Murakami's fiction (and still haven't), and wasn't particularly interested in him or his work or his perspective, but the name was obviously familiar. As I flipped through the book, the direct, unpretentious prose appealed to me so I took it home. The memoir, at face value, should be somewhat unrelatable to a fourteen-year-old. Murakami was around fifty when he wrote it, and it's as much about him coming to terms with aging past his prime as it is about running. But there was something about its unassuming nature that felt vaguely inspirational to me. On the most basic level, at least, it did inspire me to run. That summer, I would run almost every day along a path that wound up and around a nearby hill. The whole park/tourist attraction/green space complex has two defining landmarks: 1) a giant bronze statue of a baby riding a bull with wings, and 2) a giant metal and glass structure shaped like a UFO on stilts, that people were able to walk into but served no real purpose. That uniquely Chinese aspirational posturing of grandness is, in my mind, perfectly embodied in the glint of sunlight reflecting off of that grotesquely large bronze statue. It is one of the images of my adolescence I will never forget. I would run after dinner, basking in the glow of the smog-enhanced sunset. The late afternoon sun seemed to fight to stay above the horizon, and I repeated mantras to myself as I ran. That was one of the things that Murakami does when he runs. "Pain is inevitable. Suffering is optional," he writes, is what he would repeat to himself over and over. So I did the same.

I would come home in the dim blue light between the sun setting and night actually falling, coated evenly with a slick sheen of sweat. I felt happy and satisfied even though I recognized the feeling as a temporary state due to the endorphins I had just released.

→ The other thing about me when I was 14 is that there was an extended period of time during high school when I just wouldn't eat. I'm really only just starting to piece together why that was, because this is a problem that sort of just disappeared with time, and I never thought about it again. I would struggle to eat breakfast, having to wash down every bite of food with big gulps of water. I often skipped lunch at school, and then I would pick at my dinner and only end up eating a couple bites. I just simply had no appetite. My parents, I suspect, probably thought I had an eating disorder. I was developing theories that I had a tapeworm living inside of me. Now, looking back, I think I was simply depressed. I was a weak, asthmatic child, with a large scar on my chest from a childhood open-heart operation, as well as a slew of ear surgeries that frequently took me out of school for weeks at a time. I also figured out I was gay when I was maybe nine years old and had been hiding it ever since, so maybe that was part of it too. So as a result growing up in China and being both weak and gay, I had a very low self image of my body and what I was supposed to do with it. But I still have very fond memories of the summers during high school. Running felt like a way for me to reclaim my body. It was the first time that I felt even remotely comfortable with the flesh I inhabited. I was always really bad at anything athletic, but running was something that required very little coordination. It was the only physical thing that I was ever really good at. Maybe

it really was just the endorphins, or all the additional vitamin D, but I was definitely a lot happier during that summer. The sky was always beautiful. I had my iPod Nano. I didn't mind being alone.

World constantly renewed like
World ripping in half like paper like
smell of wet wood and
Lemon and mulch and moths
Songs that feel like sunsets
Sunset songs

(Not wanting to forget about the
loneliness of childhood)

Blue light of almost dusk cools down
dusty heat

Blinds half drawn and rocking on a
rocking chair

Staring at the empty wall where a T.V.
used to be.

And only the memory of leaves
(of the cherry tree, that never had fruit),
brushing against the window in the
swell of early June. A connection
to an even earlier April, the first time
you saw your Father cry after hearing
about his mother's death, on the other
side of the globe.

An ecology of objects / sprites:

A curtain of plain muslin cloth,
a hand-carved wooden bowl,
a ceramic plate glazed blue by a friend,
two hands open the fruit to reveal the
seeds, turning towards us —
a sword, a shield,

a piece of sea-glass,
a business card,
a bottle cap,
a foreign coin.
This analog of flowers —

This small wooden box constructed with
hands of such love and deservedness,
a circular mirror,
this leaf,
paper fan,
tangled roots,
forked branches,
deer with horns of forked branches.

(Unordered list — ornamentation, semblance
of flourish, a library of possible symbols with
no discoverable reference)

Conjugate me, you fool, make me known
and know what to do with me. I am floating
in a river or a lake, not quite sure which
but it certainly feels like I am being taken
somewhere by the current, but it is vast, and of
unknown shape. Is this what they call a sea?
An ocean? I wait for that flash of recognition.
My god, there must be more flashes on
the horizon, waiting to charge across the
landscape with the vigor of a thundercloud,
waiting to envelop me.

Correspondence with you feels so done in
vain. A life is nothing more than a life, magic,
perhaps, but no more than that. And the doors,
they swing intermittently, every few seconds
people walk in and out of the building. The
doors swing discordantly, one and then the
other, and then the first door opens again
before the other door has a chance to close.
If only I could see, even just a little bit, if
only I could see anything, future and past,
ostensibly mine, but not just mine, shared with
everyone around me, but not certain, never
certain.

Dearest salve-maker, did I imagine that?
Or, as the foliage like beach heather
rustles — okay, in the wind — the dogs
barking like the dawn, the sun that rises
paradoxically in the same place where
it set the night before. The waves like
delineations, each crest a white line on
the sand. The stars like poppy seeds,
stars so numerous they swarm around
like bees. This old dog, and the dawn of
inexorable approach.

I am a cave, a cavernous cave, empty but
for water dripping and birds chirping, and
flocking, birds flickering in and out of the
entrance of this cave. This cave is the passion.
A level of intimacy with myself so intense,
I just sigh. The intimacy and joy of knowing
myself.

The freedom of being alone is a valid one.

Have You Ever Seen a Whale by Mena Kamel

I've been trying to breathe for 31 years with my mouth open, but money is burning inside my
lips, dry lips peeling, stomach rolling, I'm caught in this breath. My open zipper, toothpaste,
charmed minute, I'm waking up on the ocean's foam, I'm washed ashore in a piled swarm of
drone-foam from Syria. I can see through your bedroom wall, am I'm a fly on your pillow,
slithered between your sheets? Am I a hairy asshole, waiting to find a tongue, lips hovering I
hold open between your ears, landing. This reflection is a swimming pool, is an ocean, is the first
and last swim lesson I had as a child, my baptism. A priest drowns a newborn in a tub, but it's
fine since they don't die, and of course they need to be reborn after just being born, what trauma
lives in the body again? Our femininity is innate, like cutouts of metal metallic stars on the
incense censer that produces incessant joyous ringing bells. Isn't it great that in English this
object is called a censer? God's gaudy irony, but probably not because of Latin, or is it Greek, I
can't remember but it's definitely something co-opted from the Ancient Egyptians, or at least
that's what nationalist say, or is that science?

This happens to me a lot. As an adult, I learn the English words for things I've known about all
my life, like the word shame. Listen, I go out, eat a sandwich, fuck a man. You go out, you get
bombed. It's really that simple, just one word. Water boils bubbling over air, you're breathing
boiling hot bubbles, shame. It burns when I inhale today, there was a fire in Paradise, shame. I'm
awake now, full of silence, too high to marvel too quick to let the ink dry change, shame. I can
feel again, shame. Awake from hate as if we were hanging from the Nile, shame. Clear of oil,
shame. Clear of laughter, on a falouka, shame. I'm watching the world watching, between
mugwort induced dreams and death, shame.

I hear fresh fruit from the minaret singing things I yell when I cum. Again, my asshole is
inaccessible today because intimacy is but a chance of choice and I have pockets, they are the
only way I can hide. Though I find myself petting his dick like it's the icon of the Holy Virgin
Mary--that is, I softly swipe it with the tips of my fingers before I close them into a fist and

lightly kiss my thumb as if now my palm contains the blessing and essence of him. I close my other hand, a loose-gripped fist, just enough pressure to let him breathe, like I used to remember to do with grasshoppers in the desert. I used to copy what adults did before I too became an adult.

The smell of early Sunday church, of Saturday vespers, of Wednesday and Friday mass, I'm sleeping with both hands on the baseboard. I'm gripping an iron, as I clean the wax from the maroon carpet. The smell of his fingers in the morning are on the nightstand, or is the pulpit? Either way, it's full of unrequited teen angst, what else? My mother is full in the garden beneath and I slept in stillness, while spiraling toward eyes that looked back at me in the dark, what else? I know how to stay quiet, I know how to get by. It's like simmering on low heat in a cast iron pan, balanced and even fire. I know how to fish for cereal in an empty glass of milk, I know how to rim a man with my tongue cut off, what else?

Finally I bite down, failed by my own standards, and a freshly cleaned cum rag. Soon it will be dangling from the fairy lights conveniently draped over my bed. Desert ravens wait at the high school to scavenge from messy children, hot cheetos and crust from store-bought bread, an abundance of litter in an empty yard is near my bedroom window. Fresh flowers, sandwiched between each of my thoughts today, like dried bookmarks in the pages of an ancient manuscript. I don't want to forget that my mother kept her tissues, folded neatly, in her prayer book so she didn't have to disturb anyone when she needed to wipe her tears during worship. I accidentally start to remember the ravens, blown from their nests every spring, now eating soaked dog food, now taking it from my mouth I know that they have always been here well before I have. Memories are that simple, can't be erased and can't really be remembered. There's something familiar here, like the smell of garden soil, like the sound of one toad croaking underneath a brick near the hose on the side of the house, next to the mockingbirds trapped in the grapevine. I wake up, wincing. I've uncovered bitterness, here where it's warm. A formative taste that has influenced what I can now imagine things taste like. What am I allowed to taste? Eggshell colored walls mirror an asymmetrical crown wrapped in cloth here. Is patience a form of grief, I

ask myself. What is water in my pocket? The reason I can't hear rain emerge from clouds is the same reason why I can't hear the Euphrates anymore. Why I cry for justice, for a pinkwashing ballad to remain suspended in my throat since before I was born. The hammer of the piano reminds me of after dinner, after my mother washed the dishes by hand, after she used the dishwasher as a drying rack, after she cooked, after she worked all day. We hid in our rooms, learning to pretend to play the piano, using a black sharpie to write the notes directly onto the keys so we didn't need to learn to read. However, I did learn to read eventually. I learned to read laughter as a pipe organ made of air, I learned to taste breath. It tastes like rose water, orange blossom, and burning flesh, it tastes like cumin before it stings my eye and after I look at Gaza, it tastes like a man's bed on the main road here where he rests, it tastes like the breath of toxic exhaust laughing as he's lulled to sleep by a humming car engine. It tastes like unhoused queer children with wings floating us up to the scratches on his ankles, after death. Ravens again. Is this desert mine? I chose where I wanted to hide again, I saved myself, ran away, on my feet, how do I row-out my ducks, how did I lose them again?

I don't remember how I did this the last time, how I breathed away this wave of memory, when I can hear him in a smell all these years later. Lemon and pepper, and I'm swallowing soap again, locked in a bathroom that has a hole in the door. Barricaded myself in there again, because it was the only door in the house that had a lock.

And as I lick my fingers clean from the scent of detergent, my lips are stained again, dinner is dry again, and the phrase he used in Arabic is, *El mila7a sh3l el e5l*. It means, Angels are carrying the food so we're not allowed to talk at the table. A crusty white chalk that burns me like come dried on my hairy stomach from the night before, easier to clean when I'm not wet. I try licking myself gently but I have a coarse tongue, even that part of my body is hairy. I wish I could still suck my own cock, I used to be able to when I was younger, more flexible, more determined.

I was the shawarma guy, a chair, a mustache, a cordless phone. I was at a party, with my hands dripping of sweat, and I asked if I could swallow toothpaste before communion, and I did not mean a figurative swallow. It was a serious question, because I learned early on that holy bread does not get to touch the floor, a crumb on a spoon, of bread made by praying the Agpeya, a man's job, where lipstick is a sin, and menstruation deems you unworthy, and women are beaten by men, higher because god, and the bigger the misogyny the closer to the chalice.

She is the shawarma, sweating and dripping, spinning around each time I wake up in our bed. I've spun around, flopped and stuffed with fat, farther away and still sweating from my feet. I'm dripping into the floor, spinning in an office chair pretending not to see what's coming. But large glass windows put us on display and my mother beaten with words into a corner, behind the first wall and then another, his spit is his fist, his power, deems her again, unworthy. Unworthy to have autonomy over, yes her body, but that's just how it started. I know this because I'm frozen there too, all of these years later, and this is the moment that I'm made aware. This is the one and only way to stay alive. He's the cook, holding a machete, spinning the charge over his roast. We're not hidden up an alley in Cairo anymore, it's far more secluded in the suburbs of California. From one desert to the other, he's waiting for the chance to cut, spit-roasting on a vertical rotisserie of anger, he shaves off thin slices from the cooked portions, as he continuously rotates her into and out of consciousness. Can't she see that we're already dead animals, years on low heat to avoid complete spoil? She has some clarity in all of this that I don't have, and that is she believes herself the literal sacrificial lamb as commanded by God. Like Abraham was tested to offer his son as a sacrifice, she is the ram that was swamped out from slaughtered at the last minute when God saw Abraham wasn't full of shit and intended to murder his kid. But that sense of survival is not just a sum of feelings, of facts, of patterns, it's life. What are these cross-cultural-continental, cross-fable violences, really? This is home of the brave and free if you embrace slaughter, embrace ending and starting life. The difference is, if you don't know the story, that God never saw the blood on my mother's door, or the bruise on my neck. Her abuser, our father, her cross, our burden.

Drawings of The Male Body in my sister's college anatomy book gave me my first gay boner, and I came in the garage in a box of accordian fax paper that had perforated edges on both sides. You can still return it to Costco by the way, because capitalism. This was our life, consumer culture now and back then too, we spin the clock back now, the frankincense back then too, the phone call from a young Yemeni woman now, she's asking for a connection away from her family of four kids 8,695 miles away from home, back then too. Do you speak Arabic, she asked in Arabic. And my mother went to France and Egypt, and forgot for one year that she had promised to connect her with a friend from Syria. And in that year she waited, or she forgot I suppose, forgetting is common, and now we're going to one of her kid's baptisms in a desert that's not the place I grew up but it feels like a place I know. They say that the trailer park is classy, her name is Sabah, which means seven. I mean you get a backyard and a front yard and you get to grow chamomile and halabi pepper and pot and we sell pills to the neighbors because they don't qualify for Medi-Cal, but you came here when you were 7, so you're different and special, and we don't need to think of your mom's Lebanon, or your dad's Syria, or your baby brother born in the White Desert in Kuwait who was so white that they almost didn't let you keep him, he said. He said, It has never been easy for poor people to do things. I know he's right, it's part of the fabric of our thinking. And I too, a man, participate in watching his wife finely chop parsley and add vermicelli and onions to the rice, kibbeh being padded into balls of meat on the carpet of the living room floor, I can't forget that we're on wheels, and I can't forget that I'm in the role of Man. I haven't done this in a long time, and I hate that it was easy for me to revert. I can't forget that I'm in a desert, again. I can't forget that I'm surrounded by happiness, or something close to it, or maybe it is it? I can't forget what the resilience of SWANA women looks like, feels like, and there's an Afghan skin draped over the couch. I mean the dog, not the person--there's an Afghan Hound skin draped over the couch. And also, we don't like Turkey, the country not the animal, but because we used to live in Iran and we don't talk about Palestine or the Armenian Genocide because who would listen. Wait, don't forget, it's not just meat in the kibbeh—it's almond, walnut, and pine nut too. Add onion and bulgur, pad the outside wall with bulgur before you drip a small piece of batter into the frying pan to see if the oil is hot enough.

Best if you fry outside, with a clamped heat lamp for light in the backyard to avoid having the furs and lace and taxidermy kangaroo smell of oil.

People are casual with me, with their racism, and I think it's because I'm the right hue of brown or maybe they know I ran away from everyone who looked like me for a very long time. What's that called? Internalized racism or teenager survival instinct, both, neither. Maybe the question I need to ask is why did I keep running? Momentum? Fear? Self-hate? And more, I'm sure. I'm sure I went by the name Andy until I was a freshman in college, and my friend Ahmed went by Bob, and that's how assimilation works. There's a whole story there, but I guess all you need to know is that white people won't stop telling me what they think is ghetto. They won't stop telling me that they're petrified of poverty. They won't stop telling me I can't decolonize my internalized race-isms because double-sided, triple-dipped, reversed-reverse racism certainly can't exist and I never understood why my sister's hair was groped at the boulevard 99 cent store by a white woman "asking" if she had "real hair." Before I went bald, they "asked" me if my hair was velcro. A question, a laugh, another pipe organ, what's a boy swimming in fabrics? I'm fabric, I'm a head wrapped in a scarf, a cloth napkin with lace on its edges, embroidered in Coptic crosses underneath my lips to catch the crumbs of the body of christ. I'm in an esharp, on the man's side of the binary aisles. A man in a dress bends over, licking his fingers. He's collecting, softly touches the surface of the maroon carpet again, this time not with a hot iron, but with his finger. He places his wet finger into his mouth. He rims the golden bowl, but isn't allowed to use his tongue unless it's to wet his finger first. Water in his pocket, I remember water mixed with his saliva, swirled together in the finger-licked golden bowl before he downs the mixture of holy spit. Has anyone ever washed that thing with soap? This is really important, but I'm not going to pause and think about it, because this is my favorite time of the year and I don't want to ruin it. A death ritual of literal head knockings, of prayers from your head to the ground, of enlightenment, of fasting, of how it is that we control desires. Wait, I forgot the word for faith is logic, is fasting. I forgot, is it that I won't eat a meal today until 8pm, and if my head hurts, I won't swallow the liquid that grows in my mouth. The earliest mantra I had is I will never swallow toothpaste before communion. Don't swallow and if you're bleeding from your vagina

perhaps don't come at all because your unclean, he said, and you might deserve to die in a hut as a child because your body is different than mine, he said. And now I'm on a bridge, in a car between cities, rolling safely through the sky above water into San Francisco on air-filled tires, on a padded chair between metal and rubber, between occupied indigineous land and landfill, sucking dick and using technology to cope with anxiety. What is a burial site without blood, what is time spent in a place? In my mind, I am just across the Red Sea, where the prickly pears grow, back to my home, I dare not go, for if I do, my mother would say...

PITCHDECK

SHORT ABSTRACT SPECULATIVE FICTION IN THE FORM OF A CORPORATE PITCHDECK, AND PARTICIPATORY VIDEO.

Script for a video/performance by Elite Kedan, created for the Department of Reflection, Misael Soto, (<https://departmentofreflection.org/>) Miami Beach FL, October 12, 2019.

Site of performance is interior of rotunda building in Collins Park, operating as the Department Of Reflection. A single video is projected onto the cement block wall, to match size and proportion of the building's windows (each approx. 20 feet height, 9 feet width), as well as onto a portion of the floor, in the area where the building cantilevers out over water-filled moat. Text appearing in video to be read by participants around circular conference table within rotunda.

[READ INTRO] as a way of staging the piece, as a prompt to yourself and to others. Intentions, impressionistic sketch, the beginnings of something. Include excerpt from Ruha Benjamin.

[BEGIN VIDEO]

[Fade in: spiraling pan flythrough animation at eye level, within computer model of rotunda building and surrounding area on Miami Beach. Begin in wireframe mode, white on dark background] [Shift spiraling pan to 'ghost' mode]

[Note #1 Name a big relevant change in the world]

WE NOW LIVE IN A REPARATION ECONOMY

WE ARE LIVING IN A DIFFERENT ERA

[Shift spiraling pan to 'arctic' mode]

[Scroll vertically from top to bottom of projection]

EXTRACTION > FULFILLMENT> SIMULATION> REPARATION>

[Grid overlay of rotunda's exterior panel façade zooms out and densifies to become screen]

THE GAME IS NOT A FIXED THING

[Note #2 Describe winners and losers, placeholder]

[Shift spiraling pan to 'ghost' mode]

LOSERS

WINNERS

[Note #3 Tease the promised land / don't present product/service details, but 'teaser' of happily ever after]

[Note #4 Introduce features as 'magic gifts' for overcoming obstacles to the promised land. "when you introduce your product or service, do so by positioning its capabilities like the lightsaber, wizardry and spells. Cite incantation or spell here]

**AN IPOD
A PHONE
AN INTERNET COMMUNICATOR**

**AN IPOD
A PHONE
AN INTERNET COMMUNICATOR**

**AN IPOD
A PHONE
AN INTERNET COMMUNICATOR**

[Spiral pan goes blank]

JUST KIDDING

[Pan into 'ghost' mode]

CITIZENS NOW EXPECT THE REPARATIONS EXPERIENCE

[Scroll staggered horizontally]

**MODELING RELATIONSHIPS OF CARE
NAVIGATING CONES OF UNCERTAINTY
CHECKING YOUR BROWSING HISTORY**

[Invert rendering to white wireframe on dark background]

[Scroll vertically from the top]

**FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
WITH GUSTO**

**AND FOR THE SINS
WE COMITTED
IN SECRET**

**FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
AND SCORED**

**AND FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
IN VAIN**

**FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
WITH A SHARP MIND**

**AND FOR THE SINS
WE COMMITTED
SPACED OUT**

[Transition spiraling wireframe into 'xray' mode overlay]

[Note #4 introduce features as magic spells. Reinroduce incantation]

**MORE FUTURES
MORE NARRATIVES
MORE WORLDS**

**MORE FUTURES
MORE NARRATIVES
MORE WORLDS**

**MORE FUTURES
MORE NARRATIVES
MORE WORLDS**

[Note the irony of how this can also be read as the rehashed promise of more, new, better product; also need more gathering, more discourse, more care.]

[Note #5 Present evidence that you can make the story come true]

[Spiraling animation transition to dark mode w/ reflection]

[Light 'ghost' render on dark background]

THE REPARATION ECONOMY IS HERE

[Warp transition mode]

THE WAY WE DO BUSINESS HAS FUNDAMENTALLY CHANGED

[Light, grainy 'artistic' mode spiraling and flattening city]

[Scrolling vertically from bottom up]

The thing is,
you're slaves.
You've got a
slave mentality.
You don't have
a plan. You're
not ready to be
free. And we
don't know
where we're
going.
Into the sea?
That's not a
plan. And I'm
not a leader. I'm
not the guy. I
don't know
where we're

going. And
you're not
ready. And I
can't do it...

[Transition to 'Xray' mode wireframe overlaid with gans generated ocean sunsets loop]

COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE

[End script]

[Begin sources]

[Continue ghost wireframe spiraling with sunset loop overlay]

[Scroll sources vertically from bottom up]

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[END]

[START DISCUSSION]

LOOK



OPEN

(ING)
(ING)
(ING)

\$\$\$

WANNING

for



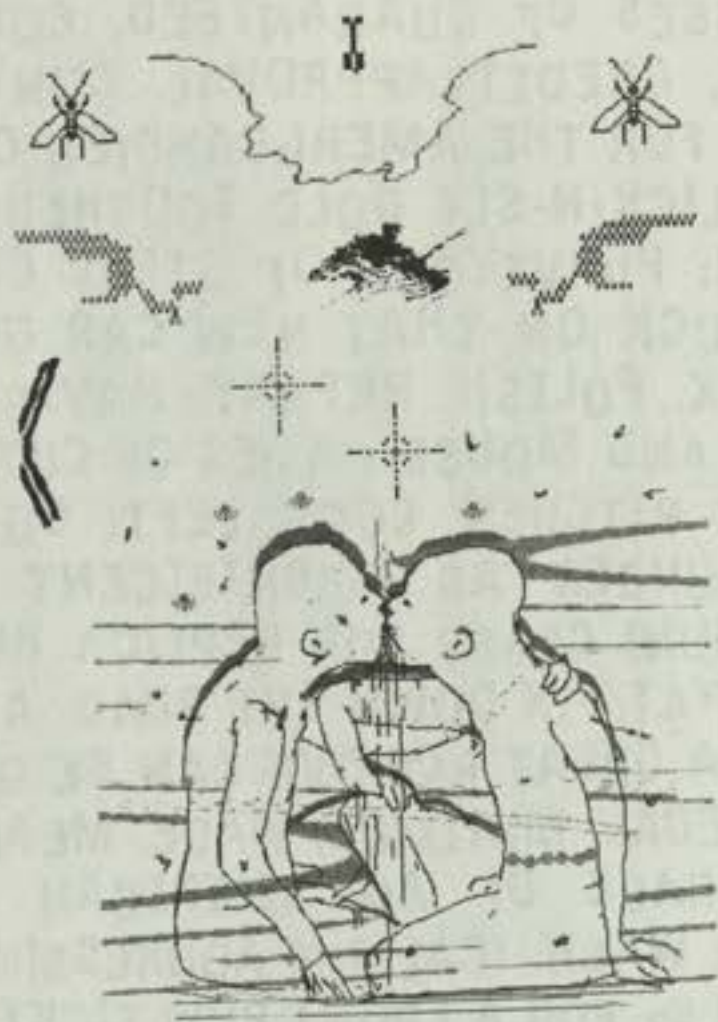
Mon.- Sat.
9:30-5:30

Anything
OF VALUE

BAPTIZED IN BATTERY ACID, BLESSED WITH 20/20 PATINA'D VISION OF BENCH-SEATER BEATERS CHRISTENED IN 24K LUXURY. LURED BY PROMISES OF GUARANTEED, EQUAL OPPORTUNITY, CREDIT APPROVAL. CONTINUALLY QUESTING FOR THE AMERI-CANDIED CADILLAC DREAM. SLICK-N-SLY GOLD TOOTHED VENEER SALESMEN; PURVEYORS OF STEEL CHARIOTS. SAVE A BUCK ON THAT NEW CAR OR TRUCK. WASH. WAX. POLISH. REPEAT. NAVIGATE THROUGH CAT AND MOUSE GAMES OF CUT CORNER CONSUMER PITCHES. LOOK LEFT! COIN OPERATORS LAUNDER AS MAGNIFICENT TOWERS TUMBLE. (GUN) CLAPS FOR REPLICA HUB CAPS. QUENCH THAT FIX DOWN THE ROAD, AROUND A CORNER... A GREAT REMOVE CAN BE OBTAINED THROUGH LEGAL, MINIMUM-WAGE, MEANS... THE SOFT EMBRACE OF AN AMERICAN CLASSIC-TOUCH CAR WASH. (CALMLY ADDRESSING FEARS DIRECTLY.) \$3 FOR A FRONT ROW TICKET IN THE EYE OF A GREAT STORM. A TRIPLE-COLOR FOAM TSUNAMI SURROUNDS... BUT YOU? YOU SURVIVE. SPOT FREE! IN A 1964 CHEVROLET DIVING BELL (DRY & WARM) WITH AN AM/FM STEREO.

September 15, 2018
November 12, 2019

Dialogue between me and Rin Kim



Questions:

2. 🐛 How do we prepare as queer/trans POC to gain immortality? To survive rather than die trying to fight our enemies? 🐛

We are immortal already— Eternal, complex and decadent. We just need better ways of immortalizing.

We must inhabit the third person, so that the heteropatriarchal energies don't. As Luce Irigaray says, "Masculine utterances have generally already been transformed into the third person. In this way the subject is masked by and within the world, the truth. But this universe is the subject's construction. The he is a transformation, a transposition of the I. Which uses the edifice of language to blur the enunciation. And denies also who it is who has produced this grammar, this meaning, and the rules governing them."

If we inhabit the third person, we can make grammar line up against speech.

Pt. 2 do you think respect or survival is more important? I speak as someone who values survival as more important than respect but I am curious your thoughts.

Respect denotes subscribing to or seeking approval of an existing hierarchy. If by respect we are only extending the life of the detumescing project of a self-making and planet-destroying CEO, than not necessary.

In our throats there is a living song, a living spirit song. If we sing it it can heal us, with its healing ways. That song is about what is our internal variety? A chance to be all our various selves.

A concrete feeling of individuality that we re-create everyday. Our choices are real. We are here because we really want to be here. This world, this body and all its glory is also ours. Acknowledging that is respect.

3. 🐛 Do you feel as if survival is revenge? / what are tools of survival that we can give to others like us? 🐛

Survival is linked to history. We cannot write history, history writes itself. Our task is to listen. Regimes always try to write history. But what is a counter-movement to this "propaganda of innovation" and of Eurocentric techno-solutionism?

Perhaps our task is to deepen this life, not phallogratically heighten or verticalize it.

Tools:

- By striving to build a community not a scene.
- By not making money and profit the only measure of success.
- Knowledge, skill, stability and social bonding are of greater value.
- By not preying on the dream of youthful success.
- By telling stories that don't hold still.
- By trying to be a conscious rebel, not an instinctive one.

No more helpless/hopeless talk.
 By taking care of ourselves.
 By always supporting arts and artists.
 By not injecting self-promotional noise to spaces that provide spaces of expression.

By not being afraid of what is complex and ambiguous, think in multiple languages. Cross-pollinate different media. Think about what it means to be multifaceted enjoy the process.
 By paying attention to the things in language that go beyond articulation; that which encumbers its flow and makes it unwieldy; that which fattens language without enriching it. That is what holds meaning into places.

4. 🍷 Is revenge our birthright and what IS revenge? How do you define it? 🍷
 Revenge is a drop of gold, a molten matter returned from the core of earth to tell you interior things – A world-making and world-shattering encounter.

Revenge is a way to assume our subjecthood.
 Revenge is a way to get back to stories we never chose, but were forced to inhabit.
 Revenge is reconstitution of coercive and shitty charity based care.

5. 🍷 I have been thinking a lot about how trans/queer futurism focuses on how the futures of bodies like ours will be that of a "normal" one, but how can we shift these narratives to making our realities our own normal, our own utopia and our futures open for opulence and fantasy? 🍷
 The possibility of emotional resonance.

A verb, 'undo' is both simultaneously describing an action, state, or occurrence, and also redeeming it.
 The plurality, generosity and expansiveness of the word is fascinating to me.

The action embedded in the word is telling you to step forward as much as you are stepping backwards – A constant negotiation. A negotiation with history, ideologies or pasts and futures.

By cathexing an alternative to our endless ability to consume, a post-corporational impulse to produce nothing and consume everything.

By proposing a whole world of ways to get broken, to build and simultaneously unbuild. The future tense, the promise, hard-wired to self-destruct. An eternal waking nightmare, eternal foreplay and eternal warfare. Patron of invisible laborers. An ugly pause. By gestating and birthing at once. A scabby hemorrhaging mixture of worlds – a bloody pulpy mess of omnipresent, fertile mystery.

6. 🍷 How do we invest in ourselves? How do we invest in our community? (our community as in queer/trans bodies in danger) 🍷
 Every person who is truly intelligent knows caring deeply for others is the smartest choice a person can make.

7. 🍷 Do you think straight/cis people understand survival like we do? 🍷

A straight-cis survival is largely affixed on wealth and reproduction. The survival of capitalist sorcery. an unexamined shorthand standing for the "hard" sciences and high technology founded upon continuous economic growth. Let us penetrate them from both ends real nicely – the past and the future.

8. 🍷 Is design a form of survival? 🍷

Any plea for story-telling is a form of survival. Creative labor is difficult, but it is especially difficult when it comes to telling stories. It is ferociously difficult when our stories are tangled up in history and stories of others. What honors those stories we try to tell, is work that acknowledges their complex sense of their own reality. Good art and design, regardless of its style, is always emotionally generous in this way. For this reason it outlives the moment that occasions it. Weaker design delivers a quick, message – sweetness, pathos, humor – but fails to do more. Fails to risk anything. But more is what we are.

Design will not survive if it fails to honor and acknowledge those makers and thinkers outside the purview of 'Design esthetic'. Who have been arranging and making language and form in a polytheistic methodology and temporality. Whose concerns are of the ordinary material events and common civility, of the everyday world-time. Not some grand spectacle or move of power.

9. 🍷 My design is meant to go hand in hand with my survival but my ascension as a demigod. To uplift myself. To place myself on a pedestal. To illuminate sects of divinity within myself. It has never been a cry for help/pity only pure showmanship and opulence. How does your work function in you health/survival. How does it function in your enjoyment of life/ascension into something higher than ourselves? 🍷

Graphic Design, to me are forms that are in anticipation of other forms – everything you make is a precursor to what is about to come. It is a discipline that lives in the future tense. For example, a poster is precursor to an event that will happen; just as packaging needs to be unwrapped for another form to emerge.

I would consider my work devoid of retail or branding. In the sense, I'm more invested in personal narratives and histories. Our homes, our upbringings and languages we speak – fields of rich personal history. Brands on the other hand are agendas of competition and corporate success. It is like being shouted at with assaulting typography and images. However, these yells teach us a lot.

I think a lot about implication and implicit gestures. Every gesture and action is meaningful and effects so much— however, these utterances may not always be loud and clear. There is room for whispers, pauses, silences and quite drama.

In my experience graphic design as a field has the capacity of conjuring experiences. Creating new relationships between existing words, images and spaces or building completely new words, images and spaces. I've learnt about the embedded power behind a gesture. Ultimately, the endeavor would be to move beyond patriarchal imagination.

10. 7 Tell me of the future. The future you desire for yourself. For others like you. Us. 7

We've only just begun.
May our experiences be sung and poeticized.

REFUGEE REPAIR:

KHMERICANA,

ABSTRACT:

Khmericana is a project of diasporic futurity, recasting the collective Khmer (Cambodian) consciousness with renewed love. This is a drawing method that leverages the Architectural contributions of spirit structures as a vehicle for Khmerican futurism. Neither obsessed with nor ignorant of the genocide, but instead focused on repairing the fatally abstracted myths of Angkor to Angkar, critical to this cultural identity. *Khmericana* establishes a generative visual language of the contemporary Khmerican cosmology by leveraging the disciplinary formats of Architectural representation. A decolonizing practice that manifests through the strategic re-narrativization of Khmerican subjectivities. Khmerican futurity reclaims the fragmented memories of the Khmer diaspora to invent a new historical reference point that provides a perspective of liberated reconciliation.

SUMARIO:

"*Khmericana*" es una investigación que revisa y propone una nueva conciencia 'Khmer' que proyecta un futuro para la diáspora Camboyana. El proyecto define un método de dibujo que aprovecha las contribuciones arquitectónicas de las estructuras espirituales budistas como vehículo para el futurismo Khmericano. Ni obsesionado y no ignorante del genocidio, la investigación se centra en reparar los mitos fatalmente abstractos de Angkor hasta Angkar, contextos críticos para esta identidad cultural. *Khmericana* establece un lenguaje visual generativo de la cosmología Khmericana contemporánea cuestionando los formatos disciplinarios de la representación arquitectónica. Una práctica descolonizadora que se manifiesta a través de una narrativa revisada estratégica de las subjetividades Khmericanas. El futuro Khmericano recupera los recuerdos fragmentados de la diáspora Khmer para inventar un nuevo punto de referencia histórico que proporcione una perspectiva de reconciliación liberada.

YEAR ZERO:

"The Khmer people have always seen spaces through a superstitious and mystical world-view."
V. Molyvann, New Khmer Architect.

In April, 1975 the Khmer Rouge formally took control of the Khmer Republic proclaiming all previous traditions and culture annihilated¹. After sacking the sacred Angkor Wat, they swept through the countryside looting most ancient sites. Next, the nuclear Khmer family was efficiently dismantled. Children personally firing at their own parents, completing their re-education with the execution as their graduation cap. Many victims were never properly buried, serving as the most abundant source of fertilizer for the paddies. The Kampuchean Communist Party (CPK), led by the Khmer Rouge Central Committee, believed that Stalin and Mao had failed to orchestrate a complete proletarian revolution in their respective countries. The CPK wanted to forcibly enact a national identity in stark contrast to the values of Western-Imperial society. The village cadres needed little excuse to suspect anyone of acting as a CIA operative or combatant. All were brutally dealt with in service of socially engineering the Khmer "master race" envisioned by the CPK. The French Indochinese authorities also had a hand in actively fabricating the national Khmer identity². There lies an opportunity in this inability to capture a cohesive identity for the Khmer diaspora, whose nostalgic memory is filled with displaced meanings further clouded by the confusion of colonialism and genocide. A condition so rife with myth and abstraction, provides a fertile site to demonstrate a decolonial methodology of repair specific to this fragmented collective culture.



Fig. 1. - Fresh off the Boeing.

TEVADA, *bastardized* SPIRIT HOUSE:

Between 1975 through 1994, the Office of Refugee Resettlement (ORR) processed over 150,000 refugees in "ideal" locales across America³. The pursuit of private property within suburbia was the promised White American Dream baked into the Levittown(s) of 1950's 'model' America. Ethnoburbia is the often dismissed "safe space" of suburban, residential, and business clusters housing a notable number of a particular minority group⁴. The largest Khmerican ethnoburb is Long Beach's Cambodia Town (LBC), which was officially designated in 2007 by the Housing and Neighborhoods Committee⁵. The ethnoburb provides a delineated spatial boundary wherein a minority group may feel safe enough to publicly exhibit their traditional religious and cultural values³. Cambodia Town(s) are a type of ethnoburb in dialog with Chinatown(s), Little Ethiopia(s), Paseo Boricua(s), etc. This manuscript investigates an Architectural taxonomy, a family of animist monuments that endure as a typology in the Khmerican ethnoburb.

In Cambodia, spirit homes are an unconscious practice of shrine construction that predates the religion of Buddhism⁶. There is no ultimate consensus on who lives within them and beliefs vary regionally⁶. Spirit homes are built and served routine offerings of mangoes or Johnny Walker to appease that spirit. These monuments are lined with faux Rococo molding and a skillfully composed Buddhist color palette supplied by Benjamin Moore, complete with an opulent display of gold. These aesthetic decisions project the tension between the class values and devotion of the Khmerican diaspora who pray to them today. I studied this cultural practice and observed several examples of the translation in "Amerikkka;" the spirit home reified and manifest within the Home Depot catalog of standardized (ready-made) Do-It-Yourself materials.

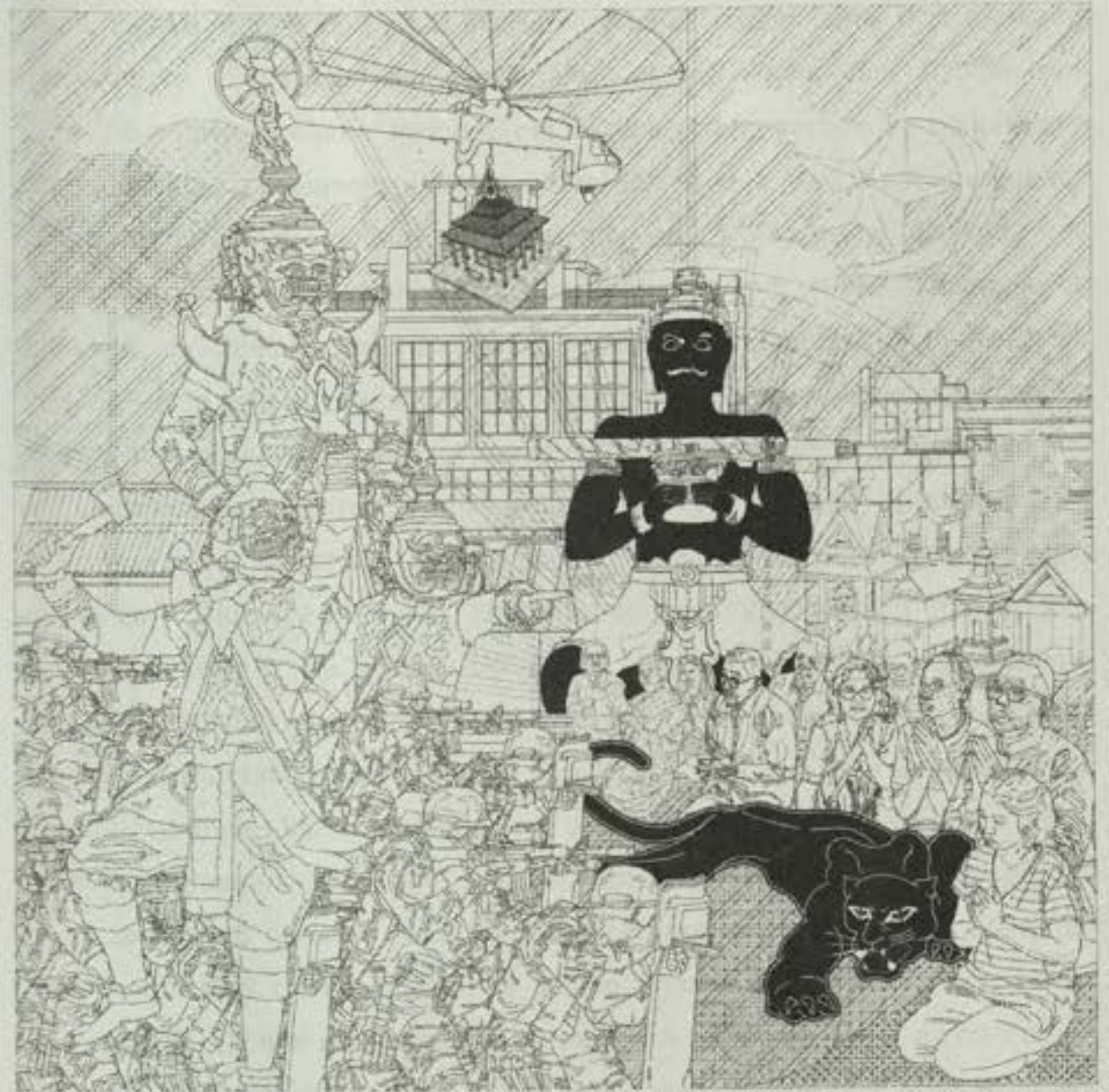


Figure 2. - Neo-Battambang City (ethopolis).

PARA-TYPICAL SPIRIT STRUCTURES:

Para, as in preparedness or anticipation of an action. Spirit structures are a precursor to a larger action, literally mobilized during communal events, some are outfitted with caster wheels. This allows the spirit home to be easily repositioned within the property lines of the Buddhist temple known as a Wat, or the ability to leave the lot as a float for a ceremonial procession. Spirit structures are catalysts which allow the community to further clarify what specific developments within the ethnoburb are underway. The specifications that determine how a structure is built for a spirit remains unclear. Yet the spirit structure somehow maintains an internal construction logic that is legible as a formal hierarchy of elements. Spirit structures tend to live in packs and rely on their families to display the full effect of spectacle, regardless of context. The impression of a much larger scale for instance can be achieved by stacking trim atop of trim, multiplying the number of edges on a spirit structure. This design methodology allows for thinking about the production of Architecture as forecasting certain kinds of deployment, instantiation, and habitual activation. Spirit homes are an enduring and silently upheld practice, carefully maintained within a specific set of constraints. The spirit structure is self referential in terms of organization and arrangement, because the 'true' reasons for these parameters were lost long ago. Spirit homes exist between the format of an object and building. The lineage of this tradition spanning time immemorial, demonstrates the capacity for Architecture to embody an identity. Spirit homes are an ancient Angkorean power object that is either commissioned or built with the most readily accessible materials⁷. They may be inherited and are regularly repaired, upheld by a notion of collective ownership within the ethnoburb.

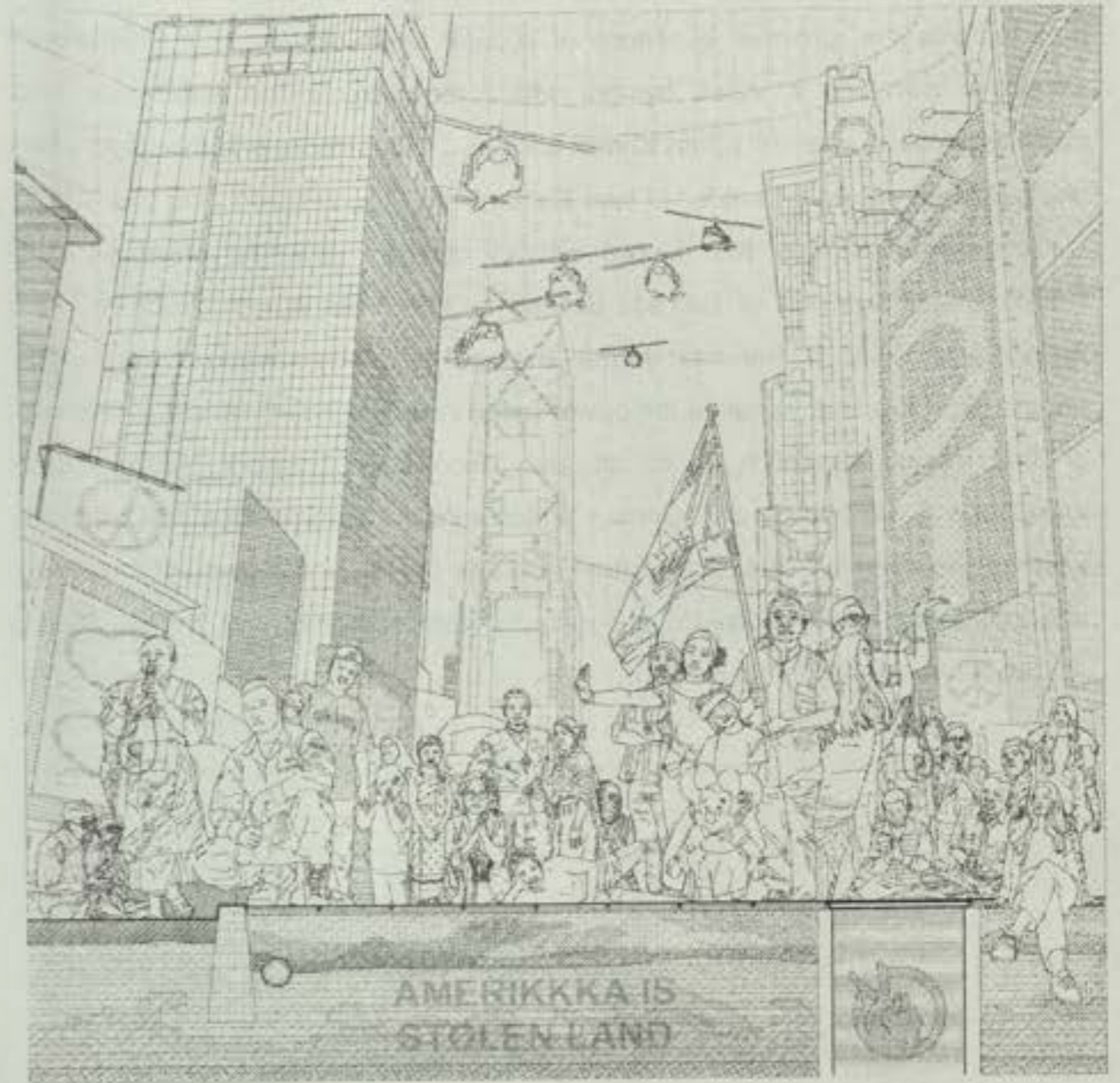


Figure 3. - Hyper-ghetto heroes getty.

EPILOGUE:

The visual language presented in this work leverages spirit structures to invent new artifacts that provoke questions of cultural contradiction. This Khmerican sensibility develops a value system which reconstructs the anti-black and classicist notions present within Khmer society. Ta Battambang is the legendary black-skinned paternal founder of Neo-Battambang City, in figure 2. In the L.B.C. - Khmericans still say the n-word without critically reflecting on their own flirtations with signifiers of success defined by the White power structure. The Architectural detail is the next format that will be instrumentalized to further unpack, develop, and translate the power-laden in these ancient objects. The aim of this design research is to produce accessible diasporic Architectural knowledge. By 2044, the U.S. Census projects White "AmeriKKKa" will officially become the minority⁸. America's future is black, brown, and mixed. Khmericana anticipates the need to create culturally syncretic artifacts that bridge dialog across the spectrum of diaspora.

NOTES:

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I never drowned in the Western Canal, but I did consider the possibility a great deal as a child. The last Thursday of each month, I would sit on the kitchen windowsill as my mother phoned in an irrigation order with the Gila Bend waterworks. Four days later, the clementine orchard behind our house would flood with airless, stale water from the canal. The exception to this rule came in the early summer, when the canal ran dry and we made no phone calls at all.

There was never the right amount of water in Maricopa. The years were bone dry until the floods came. The citrus trees sat dusty and fragrant or wallowed under murky water that reeked in the heat. City workers built 51st Avenue along a dry riverbed; my mom drove the long way home the year that the Salt River claimed the highway again. The canal that fed our orchard dried up in the summer and I would venture down the slope to catch geckos. I'd watch from my room later in the year as flash floods filled it in minutes.

August was spent mostly underwater. The monsoons came in the evenings, with purple clouds stacked up on each other like heavy books and thunder that sounded like dropping them. I was in a Barnes and Noble parking lot when the worst flood hit, watching the water rise from on



top of a shopping cart. I imagined being swept into a rushing storm drain, and how it might feel to follow the waterworks until my ultimate demise somewhere in the Kyrene water basin.

More than the floods, I was afraid of drowning in the canal. A mile from my childhood home, the Western Canal ended its journey from Ahwataukee as it dove under the Kyrene Generating Station in a roar of cautionary stripes and black piping. There was no grate, there was only a point where the dark canal disappeared underneath a darker ledge. The water was vanished, deep underground. I imagined my bike skidding on the dirt bank, hitting the concrete slope and catching the steady current into the cooling pipes of the generating station. I imagined how it would feel as the generators burned oil around me.

A man named Walker Malici was my sole comfort in the waterworks. A plaque outside the pumping station proclaimed that he was the geohydrologist who opened the canal in 1962. With the trust of a five-year old, I imagined that Walker Malici would jump in to save me should I fall into the water. After all, he was in charge. Sifting through the



public records of the Gila Bend waterworks, his signature punctuates upgrades and paperwork up until 2013. I hope he retired peacefully in 2013, but I do worry that he fell into the canal.

A short note on the public records at the waterworks: they are beautiful and comprehensive. The phrase "dear applicant" comes up often. There are many numbers being assigned to things: wells, notices, licenses, reports. There are careful hands pressing stamps onto documents, and there are documents that carefully reference other documents. The whole of Maricopa is laid out in cadastral maps and sub-basin registries. I follow the water up to the Rio Verde. Then I follow it back to the Western Canal.



Do you want to pause on the red dot indicating Groundwater Recovery Well No. 55 - 807931? I do. Walker Malici's name appears twice in this file: he opens the well in 1961, and fifty years his signature returns on a Notice of Abandonment. According to the notice, the well was capped with 400 cubic feet of cement-bentonite grout in

September of 2002. I can't remember what the well looks like anymore, though I know I must have walked by it many times. I forgive myself because it is very easy to forget things in the heat. I wonder if they capped the well out of a different kind of forgetfulness — Gila Bend would have still been soaked from the August floods when the cement was poured. It is easy to forget about groundwater recovery when there is still water to be had.

I would tell you more about the dry season, but I blame the heat again: I don't remember the dry season. There was a sublime quality to the canal water - it fixed itself in your head in a way its absence could not. I remember the water was dark. I remember it smelled like metal and dragged along the bottom of the canal in the last months of spring. I remember it did not reflect the sky and it held onto all the heat from the sun. I remember distrusting all the water in the Maricopa and drinking it anyway.

I am telling you about the water with the hopes that it will afford you some kind of understanding about Gila Bend. The waterworks will always contain traces of life. Here is what I mean: In 2001, the owner of one land parcel containing several acres of grapefruit trees passed away and no one came forward to claim his orchard. In 2002, Walker Malici ordered a cap on Groundwater Recovery Well No. 55 - 807931 due to a sudden fall in water demand. Like a pharaoh with treasure, we buried the grapefruit farmer with his water.

The water in the Western canal still talks about me, though I did not drown in the canal. Sixteen days before I left Gila Bend, a tower failure at the Scottsdale Groundwater Treatment Facility caused a contaminated tank to bypass treatment and flood the Western Canal with tetrachloroethylene. The effects of this toxin are as follows: it kills you slowly. My mother and I packed our bags as the clementine orchard flooded for the last time with dark water. I am told we drank deeply. Perhaps when I die, I will hear the canal again. Perhaps Walker Malici will be there.

**Notes on
Algorithmic
Dysmorphia**

Leon Butler

1. Granular refers to highly specific and accurate, targeting an individual data profile or persona. The founder of the programming language Ruby on Rails Heinemeier Hansson recently tweeted, "The debate over targeted political advertisement [sic] keeps dancing tantalisingly close to the eventual conclusion:

"NO ADVERTISEMENT SHOULD BE TARGETED ON PERSONAL INFORMATION"
2. As adverts have taken over our browser and individualised feeds it is easy to feel like the people of algorithms know everything about us. It can feel as if one minute you are liking a photo of a friend wearing some trendy new sunglasses the next your feed is flooded with targeted ads from resellers trying to sell you discounted Rayban. Often the question is asked how did they know this, did I linger too long on a particular post or the common one the listening to me through the microphone. This all too common experience can also have a counterpoint that can feel jarring and just as confusing as an impressively targeted advert. What happens when the algorithm gets it wrong, and the object and persona that you use to construct your identity are interrupted by something that is not how you would like the world to see you. It may feel watching day time television on a sick day home from work and noticing for the first time adverts for burial insurance playing on the guilt of landing family with a bill clearly not targeted at your demographic but the television can't understand you are just having a day off.
3. In their book *The meaning of things domestic symbols and the self* Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi of the University of Chicago and Eugene Rochberg-Halton University of Notre Dame praise the television, describing it as a "medium has been hailed as the means of restoring human interconnectedness because it provides an instant sharing of information and emotions across continents and cultures."
4. The connection and cross-cultural connectivity afforded the content a type of generality that provided a broad appreciation base. We must now question and contend with the machine or artificial intelligence (AI) have altered from the human intelligence from we which previously sought self-recognition and how that content helped to frame our form.
5. The tools and algorithmic recommender systems seek to use our networks to alter our experience of the self in an agent-oriented fashion that seeks to influence and evolve the persons experience based on this available data for the user's networks. These post-internet interactions that are mined and moulded and based on an algorithmic identity or binary self rather than the generic web which has proceeded this new paradigm in individualised consumption.
6. Digging deeper into what the algorithm thinks of you reveals very little – in a contrite nod towards transparency the big player in the targeted advertising field to allow you to see the <meta> tags they associate with your personality. These bland and generic tags mask what must be a more detailed picture kept hidden from you but available to those who may want to target you. Algorithmically generated t-shirts born from strings of replaceable text. These t-shirts have developed their own cult following and now have devoted subreddit discussing their odd nature that shows how far maybe we are from passing the Turing test. These almost tribal markings worn to identify or what Stuart Hall refers to as hailing others perhaps are the product of our innate need to see ourselves in other to help to interpret our environment.
7. In *Questions of Cultural Identity* Stuart Hall speaks of "identity" to refer to the meeting point, the point of suture, between on the one hand the discourses and practices which attempt to "interpellate", speak to us or hail us into place as the social subjects of particular discourses, and on the other hand, the processes which produce subjectivities, which construct us as subjects which can 'speak'. Identity is therefore a temporary point of connection with which the subject positions themselves which form the discursive practices we use to construct the self.

Failure as Future Making

Failure as Futuremaking

1.

The very structure of success in a white cis male dominated society necessitates that we deny our true desires, incessantly defer them. It necessitates a constant, hyper-masculine drive for dominance—the very thing radical queerness is trying to destroy—in order to attain even a barely adequate standard of living.

Do we become failures in order to preserve a measure of autonomy? Or do we embrace success to live?

So many of us would lose our entire material security if we were to deny even the minimum of success that is offered us. The white cis male lifestyle has become so linked with the very definition of *life* in our culture, that to stray one iota from its assumed universality is to sometimes quite literally, die. Sustaining existence itself has become nearly impossible without conforming to the white cis male state's standards of life.

Is it possible to live autonomously from capitalism, from this narrative of *work*, of security, of attaining material existence through mirroring white cis male desire? Can we even imagine the end of success, of the ravenous drive to subjugate through art, money, politics, family, sex, that has reshaped the world in its own image? Perhaps only if we let ourselves *fail*, finally.

To desire anything other than the ideal image of man, to dream of anything other than authority, and to finally pursue that desire with one's whole heart, is to *fail*.

Yet in that *FAILURE* we see a future, a liminal space in which success comes to be unmade, in which its tools are appropriated, a space created for *FAILURES* as we withdraw gradually from a collapsing system.

FAILURE opens a landscape, a squalid space between the cracks. *FAILURE* is too dangerous, the opposite of security, it is mortal. Yet the very work of attaining even a small measure of security through conforming to white cis male desire is to participate in a system that has destroyed our homes, our communities, and our planet.

FAILURE opens up a space between life and death, an oasis in the desert. Queer is mirage, is distant flame; we pick our failures, eke out a living, retreating to our true selves, our true fears and hopes. We withdraw from success to watch it collapse, chroniclers of the future.

Success is only possible if it mirrors the aspirations of white cis men. Artists, academics, entrepreneurs, immigrants, queers, people of color, all are assumed to be successful only if they ascribe to these same aspirations. If they do not exhibit the same passion in striving to attain the same ends, they *fail*.

Thus we become *FAILURES* in order to preserve our autonomy. We embrace our failure to live.

Failure as Futuremaking

2.

In *FAILURE*, I discover:
 the strength in what is perceived as weakness.
 access to a freedom I have never allowed myself.
 a way to weaponize the messy, the unideal, the underutilized.
 the urgency of matter, printed matter.
 the power of the disseminated object.
 the death of perfection which leads to renewal.
 perfection as the causality of *FAILURE*.
 that *FAILURE* is not mine alone.
 how to embrace the *FAILURES* of others, hold it in and make it my own.
 my own limitations in a hyper-capitalist, ablist, heteronormative, white supremacist culture.
 how growth is limitless.
 how growth is limitless.
 an access to new goals, aspirations and ambitions.
 the need to build upon the crumbling foundations I wish to dismantle.
 the danger of being perceived as unshakable.
 my inability to tirelessly create.
 the urgency of living.

3.

FAILURE is a project. It manifests in moments of terrifying realization. Mental health is the catalyst and inspiration for my own *FAILURES*. A non-neurotypical body, I am a beacon of uncontested *FAILURE* in an ablist, cisgender society. Looking into the depths of my inability to function in the ways society labels "normal", I see *FAILURE*. I see it as a light to understanding and positively charging my abnormality. I could not see myself as I truly am, I could not see my true desires for what I want to become, if I did not love *FAILURE*.

Failure as Futuremaking

4

Failure is tangible, highly visible and operating in plain site. In revisiting this manifesto on failure I am stuck on two things I saw online the other day that I can't get out of my head:



A.

Anyone else excited for this new show?

B. Climate activist Greta Thunberg, 16, addressed the U.N.'s Climate Action Summit in New York City on Monday. Here's the full transcript of Thunberg's speech, beginning with her response to a question about the message she has for world leaders.

"My message is that we'll be watching you.

"This is all wrong. I shouldn't be up here. I should be back in school on the other side of the ocean. Yet you all come to us young people for hope. How dare you!

"You have stolen my dreams and my childhood with your empty words. And yet I'm one of the lucky ones. People are suffering. People are dying. Entire ecosystems are collapsing. We are in the beginning of a mass extinction, and all you can talk about is money and fairy tales of eternal economic growth. How dare you!"

"For more than 30 years, the science has been crystal clear. How dare you continue to look away and come here saying that you're doing enough, when the politics and solutions needed are still nowhere in sight.

"You say you hear us and that you understand the urgency. But no matter how sad and angry I am, I do not want to believe that. Because if you really understood the situation and still kept on failing to act, then you would be evil. And that I refuse to believe.

"The popular idea of cutting our emissions in half in 10 years only gives us a 50% chance of staying below 1.5 degrees (Celsius), and the risk of setting off irreversible chain reactions beyond human control."

"Fifty percent may be acceptable to you. But those numbers do not include tipping points, most feedback loops, additional warming hidden by toxic air pollution or the aspects of equity and climate justice. They also rely on my generation sucking hundreds of billions of tons of your CO2 out of the air with technologies that barely exist.

Failure as Futuremaking

"So a 50% risk is simply not acceptable to us — we who have to live with the consequences.

"To have a 67% chance of staying below a 1.5 degrees global temperature rise — the best odds given by the [Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change] — the world had 420 gigatons of CO2 left to emit back on Jan. 1st, 2018. Today that figure is already down to less than 350 gigatons.

"How dare you pretend that this can be solved with just 'business as usual' and some technical solutions? With today's emissions levels, that remaining CO2 budget will be entirely gone within less than 8 1/2 years.

"There will not be any solutions or plans presented in line with these figures here today, because these numbers are too uncomfortable. And you are still not mature enough to tell it like it is.

"You are failing us. But the young people are starting to understand your betrayal. The eyes of all future generations are upon you. And if you choose to fail us, I say: We will never forgive you.

"We will not let you get away with this. Right here, right now is where we draw the line. The world is waking up. And change is coming, whether you like it or not. Thank you."

This failure is so palpable, familiar and commonplace: Climate Change is deadly and the burden is placed on those who are effected the most, the young, the poor, indigenous folks, folks in color. At age 16 Greta Thunberg, Helena Gualinga, Autumn Peltier, Mari Copeny and other young people are feeling the immeasurable burden of this failure that is shared among us, tapping into the raw feeling of that failure as a catalyst for change.

Erica Chenoweth, a political scientist at Harvard, found that it takes just 3.5% of the population actively participating in protests to ensure serious political change. Like many others I "avoid the underlying problem" due to a plethora of excuses, conveniences, and first world problems. My guilt plays into the hands of the few corporations responsible for climate disaster. Capitalists want us to feel helpless, to continue their own profits and heap the failure on us. It is crucial to weaponize our inherited failures to dismantle capitalism in pursuit of climate justice.

Failure is seen as an end but we need to harvest its raw power as a means to this end, the end of the world as we know it. A world that was never built for us must be dismantled, revived and built again.

9:42pm; November 11, 2019

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You are the first to read this. This is obviously incorrect, but I'm opening with this lie to ease into it, to submit this writing. I've started this process countless times over. Muscle memory is subjective and unreliable.

I've always considered myself to be endlessly curious, easily absorbed by so many things. But I'm as equally easily overwhelmed. So many *things*. It's easier to claim paralysis as latency. The surface is a comfortable place. If I stay here for long enough, the surface will acquire depth, right?

With an open call for texts as generous as this one, how can I not participate — submit *something, anything*? This is a welcoming space. Pick a surface and get comfortable.

Admitting to a fear of failure is by no means radical, and yet I struggle to own up to this fear, to admit that I'm still afraid. Isn't this why I paid for an MFA? To figure this out — to learn how to try and fail and try again, how to avoid total paralysis. Did I fail at learning this? So many *things*. I put great care in helping others overcome it, but this fear is still very much mine. *My thing*. Even if I claim it as my *thing*, give it a name and tend to it, it doesn't change the circumstances. I'm afraid of my work failing, because failing means trying again, and muscle memory is subjective and unreliable. I want the fruits of my labor, not crossed fingers. To my benefit at least, I'm naturally a wishful thinker.

I've been thinking about how quitting is only tolerated when its pitched as an end to make space for something new. Space made for a potential *anything* is better than no space needed for *nothing*. When is a pause no longer a pause? It's easy to move around on the surface.

I'm petrified of sounding trivial stupid. Hiding behind poetic language and a privileged vocabulary isn't helpful if I'm not saying *anything*. This is me saying *anything*. Can you hear it?

I've been thinking about how failing can be an act of resisting the desire to perform, if done intentionally. A failure's *nothing* is translated into a resistance's *something*. But intentionally missing the mark means you still acknowledge the mark exists. I'm afraid to admit to being okay with staying comfortable.

I've never liked the phrase 'feeling stuck.' Feeling stuck implies a state of being with greater velocity, and a desire to return to that combination of speed and direction. I think stuckness has its own intrinsic velocity, but is a rate which is indistinguishable by conventional metrics. I'm supposed to feel upset about being in stuckness, and especially guilty if I begin to enjoy it. Pleasure can be a catalyst for *nothing* to be treated like *something*. Wishful thinking tells me my happiness is real.

I've never been good at leaving anything unfinished. Can you see the mark from here?

There are so many reasons to leave myself behind. I know that one day I'm gonna die, but I don't know if this will mean anything. There's a billboard on the BQE that asks if I'm going to heaven or to hell and all my answers seem to come up short. I don't believe in those things, but it's also hard for me not to believe in those things. I think of Pascal's wager as another kind of reason, one predicated less upon logic and more upon fear. I have lived so much of my life in fear.

Next comes the telling. I'm trying to be honest, I promise. I'm asking you to trust me when I say that but, Juliana Huxtable says that I'm entitled to opacity, and boy how I love the thickness of my language. Who the fuck is Pascal anyway? Why the fuck do I think about him so often?

Do you ever notice the way that everything we gather around transforms into a market? I'm googling gender-neutral clothing lines and lamenting the fact that so few sell plus sizes. Or that when they do, those plus sizes are for bodies that are radically different from my own. I'm trying to imagine the physics of this fabric against my skin, lamenting the failure of screens to account for touch and the failure of Target to account for me, my body in the streets sweating through my button down shirt.

I used to be happy with my height. Happy with my glasses too. I let myself go blind for the sake of fashion and if that doesn't tell you about desperation then I don't know what will. But you're probably familiar with that sentiment. We all know people who have starved themselves for the right pair of jeans, someone who is ashamed of something they've done to fit in. We're all familiar with some kind of scar tissue, and I know our fascination with Nazis is not based on superstition. We are more alarmed by how human we look then how sad we feel. But here I am, writing about feeling sad again.

Maybe this is all just fundamental? Maybe microscopes shift us into a new kind of headspace? Maybe we were never meant to see the atom? Or maybe churches shouldn't have gone out of style? I know, I know. All of that speculation is bullshit, but I still wish I could sit down somewhere warm before work without having to buy an Americano first.

On facebook I find a video of a dying chicken. The folks who posted it say they stole her from a factory farm. I'm left thinking about the cruelty of industry and the squishy tissue of this bird's bare skin. What we are doing to them is unspeakable. Still, I admit, I eat tofu for the extra estrogen. I don't often think about who *I'm* responsible for killing.

When we say that we are "atomized", I dream of atom bombs. There is clarity in the flash of light that has me shaking. At least here the evil is obvious, unmistakable in its form. But I'm feeling less like atoms these days and more like dust. Neil Degrasse Tyson says that this is beautiful that I am the corpse of a dead or dying sun. Still, I know, for practical purposes that I am no such thing. I also know that Tyson has been accused of sexual assault.

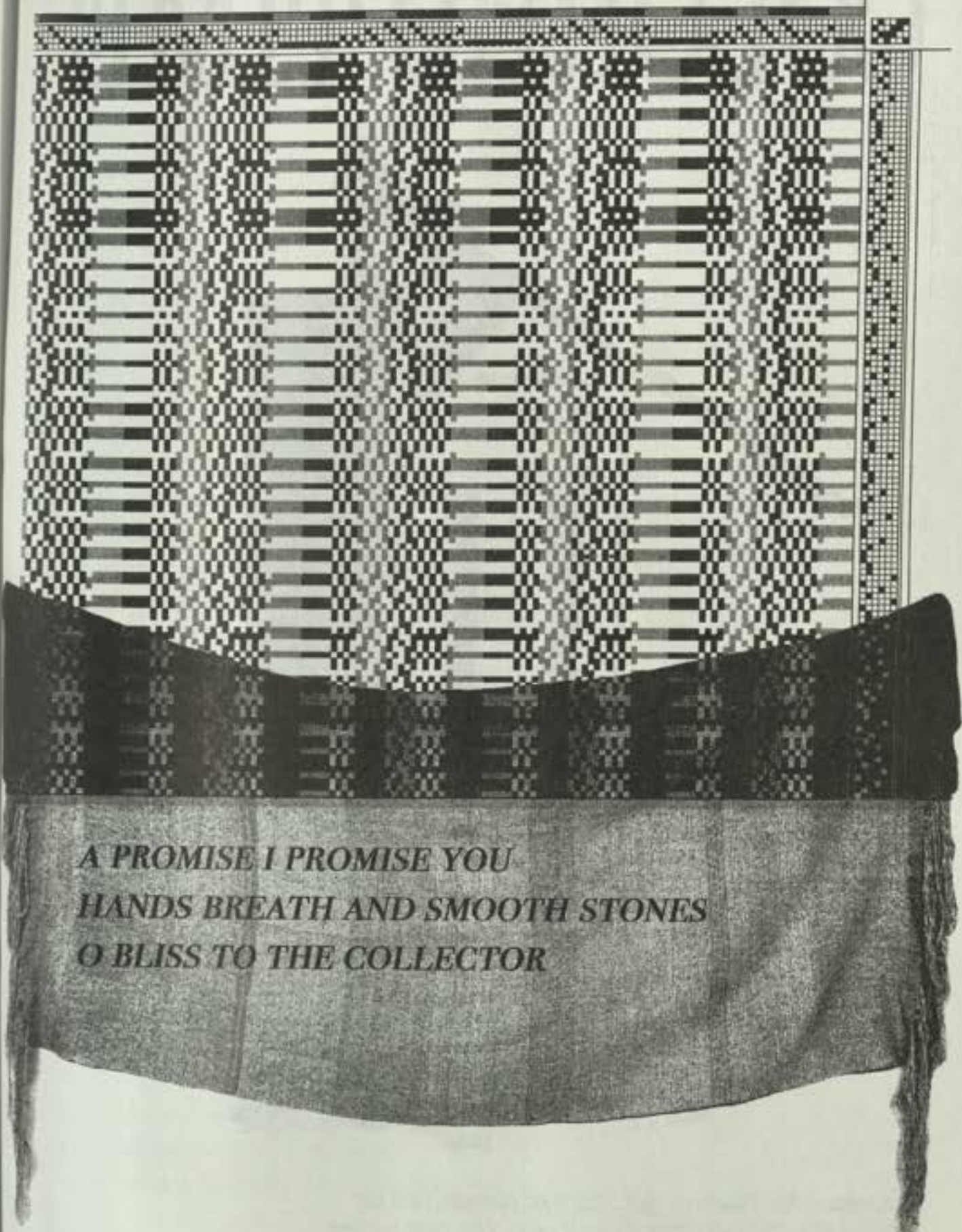
I find an article about it through google. This one, on the "World Socialist Website," calls Tyson the latest victim of "the sexual witch hunt sweeping the professional middle class known as the #metoo movement. I don't understand the virulence of radical dude-bros who would rather delegitimize their campaigns then entertain the idea that their idols might just be shitty men. Who the fuck is Elon Musk anyway? Who the fuck is Julian Assange?

We all worship something. I worship at an altar of art. I could spend all day defending Diane Arbus but on the other side I'd still be wrong. It's impossible to take up space in this world without crowding something else out. As much as I love the idea of art-making for art's sake I find myself wondering all too often 'well, how can you monetize that?' and again I find myself on Juliana's words:

*"Atomization has destroyed congealment.
What do we gather around and for what purposes?
Picking up pieces of our need for contact
in the face of collapse."*

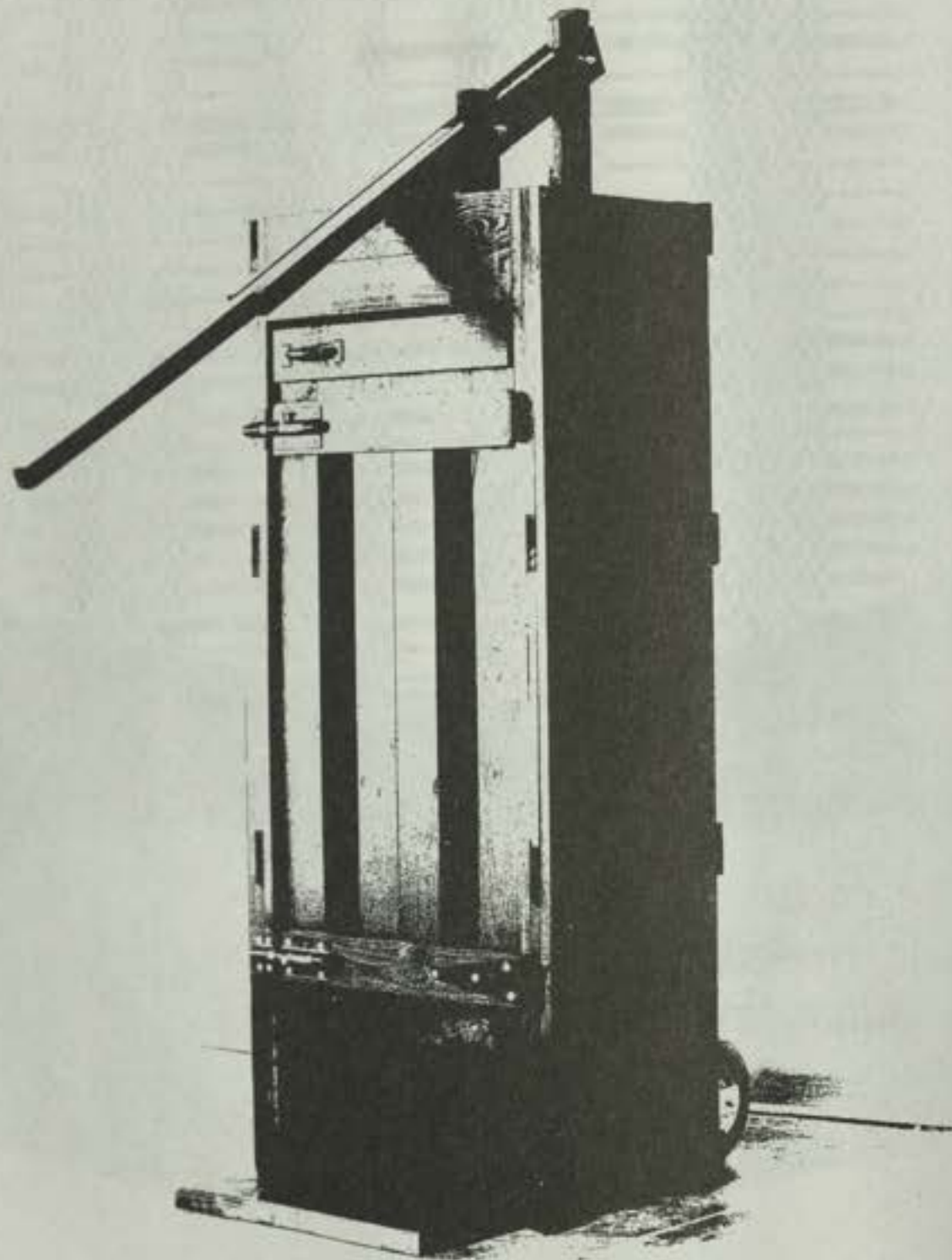
The blood congeals as it rolls down my shoulder and across my arm. It dries black, and with it, a habit I thought I'd kicked. I gather around you to talk poetry, to take pictures and to make good and marketable art. I gather around cameras in the hopes that my own collapse might prompt a kind of spiritual renaissance.

I'm trying to be open because I believe in that sort of thing, and I'm trying to be honest because I'm tired of being left behind. So tonight i'm eating tofu and brushing my hair, collecting each strand that falls out as I run my hands back.



A PROMISE I PROMISE YOU
HANDS BREATH AND SMOOTH STONES
O BLISS TO THE COLLECTOR

COLORED TIME



American Artist. *Data Server Rack*, 2019. Wood, hardware, paint, hay baling twine. University of Iowa, Stanley Museum of Art. Photo courtesy the artist.

In 1895, H.G. Wells published *The Time Machine*, a book that began his renown as a science-fiction author, though he wrote in many genres. Despite Wells's success being patterned with infidelity and misogyny—behaviors that decorate the biographies of many white male historical figures—*The Time Machine* is still considered the book that introduced time travel into the lexicon of science fiction. Many products of sci-fi have become realities within the past few decades, but a machine such as Wells's remains elusive. We can feign time travel through international flight, but the ability to travel across centuries hasn't left the realm of fantasy.

Having read the novel years ago, I recall its depiction of the familiarities of civilization made superfluous, as they ebbed and flowed against the exterior of the engineer's machine. Wells's ability to imagine species entirely different from humans as the only protagonists throughout most of the novel was impressive to me. It made me wonder if a reality beyond the vectors upon which humans draw barriers could ever



American Artist. 2015 (video still), 2019. HD video; 21:38. Photo courtesy the artist.

materialize. Imagining oneself as the engineer in the novel, would the fascination of witnessing a world beyond one's own be curious enough to prompt the acceptance of one's consequential nonexistence? To put it another way, if you knew that the next stage of the Earth consisted of giant crustaceans building community amid sunset-colored skies with no concept of difference, would that be fantastic enough to aid you in accepting your own end, in order for the new world to be brought about? Maybe this is similar to the crisis of legitimacy that institutional gatekeepers face today, as they attempt to radicalize and racialize their public images by employing more non-white people and queer people.

I thought about Wells's proposition while I traveled this year between Brooklyn and

Detroit.¹ As predictions of a climate disaster contend with Octavia Butler's apocalyptic premise in *Parable of the Sower*, I wonder: If we were to presumably save the world, would everything still function in the same way? And if so, whose world would be saved, and why should I care to save it?

In the article "The Social Life of Social Death," Jared Sexton uses the plot of the 1967 film *In the Heat of the Night* to cite the concept of "colored time," a form of incarceration that is different from "white time." The main character, Virgil Tibbs, describes it as "the worst time you can do." Sexton goes on to describe colored time as "interminable, perhaps even incalculable, stalled time [...] the slow time of captivity, the dilated time of the event horizon, the eternal time of the unconscious, the temporality of atomization." This differentiation in time as a condition of Black captivity is important for reconciling a sense of time's relativity within the frame of sociality. Though Wells prompted a consideration of how we, a *singular humanity*, might break through time, into an *other's* temporality, he did not account for the difference in temporality that already exists between people in the same geographical place at the same literal time, experiencing different epochs of possibility because of the linear narratives into which they are inscribed. Wells was not aware of the fact that—time just moves differently for some people...

1. During the course of writing this essay, the author visited Detroit as a teacher of critical theory at the School for Poetic Computation (sfpc.io).



Alisha B Wormsley. *THERE ARE BLACK PEOPLE IN THE FUTURE*, 2019. Billboard installed at Library Street Collective, Detroit, MI. Photo courtesy Library Street Collective.

On July 20, 2019, the artist Alisha B Wormsley debuted a billboard in downtown Detroit: "THERE ARE BLACK PEOPLE IN THE FUTURE." The white text on a black background is easy to read and hard to mistake. It's a clear proposition that mirrors the mundane insistence of vitality presented by the Black Lives Matter movement several years ago—but maybe for a sci-fi audience. In a statement about the piece, Wormsley says that it is "a response to the absence of non-white faces in science-fiction films and TV."² What Wormsley points out is: Culture that attempts to depict the future defines the possibility of the future in that moment. It gives us a glimpse into the future being planned for us if it continues unchecked. The mundanity of Wormsley's billboard is important to note because the Black Lives Matter movement was labeled as "Black-identity extremism" for merely pointing towards resilience of Blackness. Are there Black people in Wells's version of the future, or do we exist in colored time? From what I recall, the novel anticipated the pipe dreams of contemporary technocrats like Elon Musk and Jeff Bezos: the engineer of the time machine was the only person that made it out of the present alive.

In my artwork, I juxtapose different temporalities to show that the ailments of science fiction are facts that are often too banal to register as the thing depicted through cinema. Most science fiction dramatizes the

2. Alisha B. Wormsley (website), "There are Black People in the Future," <https://alishabwormsley.com/new-page-1>.

bourgeoisie's fear of becoming the Other while the real thriller is addressing the fears actually created by the bourgeoisie. The artwork titled *2015*³ characterizes the use by the New York Police Department (NYPD) of predictive policing software, an approach introduced to the public by films such as *Minority Report* and used in the United States as early as 2012. The sculpture titled *Data Server Rack*⁴ compares the pouring

3. The video *2015*, made in 2019, contains a fictional heads-up display (HUD)—a device that displays critical information within a windshield or cockpit window—an early form of augmented reality. A precursor to the HUD appeared in 1900 in anti-aircraft gun sights. This is a reminder that most new technology is developed and funded by the military industrial complex. The NYPD announced publicly that it would begin trials of predictive policing software on June 29, 2015, the date the video takes place.

4. *Data Server Rack* (2019) responds to the Silicon Prairie phenomenon: in recent years, an increasing number of tech entrepreneurs and computer programmers from San Jose have moved to the Midwest for job opportunities comparable to those in Silicon Valley. The relationship between the high-tech industry and agriculture has a precedent in Santa Clara Valley, California, where the fruit industry that prospered in the early twentieth century was eclipsed by the tech sector by the 1960s.

Spanning the same two decades that many young, white, male venture capitalists have focused on the Midwest, the United States Department of Agriculture has been in a legal fight over loans that were denied to Black farmers for over a decade. After failing to adequately award settlements to petitioning farmers in the 1999 *Pigford v. Glickman* lawsuit, successive bills were authorized, allowing additional farmers to apply for payouts. The most recent bill, *Pigford II*, was settled in 2010, for which applicable farmers didn't receive payment until 2013.

This sculpture draws a parallel between the shape of a data server rack—a modest utilitarian device, usually unseen by consumers, that provides the infrastructure for the data cloud—and a handmade hay baling machine—a niche tool to alleviate costs for farmers, made from wood and found materials, in order to create industry-standardized bales of hay.

of technology-focused venture capital into the Midwest with Black farmers' struggle for settlements in the largest civil-rights lawsuit in the history of the United States. My work, like Wormsley's billboard, reveals the machine that not only makes different outcomes possible for various individuals in the same singular frame but also announces—with criminal regularity—the casualties of colored time.

American Artist is a resident at Abrons Art Center and a 2018–19 recipient of the Queens Museum Jerome Foundation Fellowship. They have exhibited at the Museum of the African Diaspora, San Francisco; the Studio Museum in Harlem; Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago, and Koenig & Clinton, New York. The exhibition, *My Blue Window*, will be on view at Queens Museum from October 6, 2019, through February 16, 2020. American Artist's work has been featured in *Artforum*, *ARTnews*, *Mousse*, and *Huffington Post*. They are the art director of the arts and politics publication, *unbag*. American Artist lives and works in Brooklyn, New York.

WAVE TO PRINT DURING LAST RAIN BEFORE SNOW EDIT MANDAG NOVEMBER 11 2019
19.09.37 (CET) ALWAYS ALREADY A SLIMY GHOST A DRAWING A HEART A LETTER

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Re: Loudness softness.jpeg

1.
03:50 AM wednesday the first year
Writing to you on The Little Big Screen, vision small, hands oversized, fingers thick, feet swelling, not enough room for all the grease, falling off. Mirroring a face of meat into black glass
2.
Morning has broken,
like the first morning
3.
From now on into eternity, we spell I we
OXYTOCIN is a supporting structure
4.
Strolling towards sunrise and stealing apples too sweet
halfway to the city
half bed half rock
5.
A tired arm, leg or head can be propped up by a fellow freelance worker. To avoid further discomfort or occupational injury, a walk can be walked together
6.
We split the ocean
hand under
Crackle overcoat, EU US WILL BE WARNISHED
slippery bodies thrown off away into
7.
Watching women's backs at the gym, rounded, soft n stiff from domestic labor, layers, years. Hot water, finally A Body, AFK, love, etc. Tears and shoulders, tears and shoulders, tears and shoulders, tears and shoulders, friends and lovers.
8.
Heaven is a temporary solution, like economy. Material conditions can be rubbed into skin after bathing
9.
SENTENCES, SUN SEARCHES, SOLAR STORMS AND ALL
THE REST THAT YOU WILL FOR SURE WITNESS SOON,

HARD HEARTS FALLING INTO END OF WORLDS. On tender streets in tender company make tender happen.

10.

A friend will soon bring you a gift
Rose root and chamomile
Strong hands resting on thigh
waiting to wake up

WEALTH, TURNS

Tipping is a custom among points, chairs, people, walls
unbalanced everything
Share change with the underpaid
and the underpaid will serve you your chair
ready to sit
sharing gripping
shards of glass
shards of ass, ass of words
Words arise from the face, but really
words, don't come easy
words, mostly come like cheese; salty, soft, ripe
A wordy body is a worthy body
Can you please
bring us
a plateau of flowers, bricks, babies
Yeah here s/he comes:
full frontal in proper high heels
flexi-tasking in wet white tee
s/he sits on your hands constraining your scroll
assing on your words turned data turned profit turned dust
her hands, her face, her soft retina skin, helpful, hushed
I promise we'll tip

we always tip
 we'll slowly tilt sideways, diagonally, sway sway
 we'll overturn
 fall
 roll over
 rise

WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS
 AND LIPS
 IMAGINATION
 SPEED
 SLEEP SLDEEP SPLEED

LEATHER TEASER LEATHER TEARS.
 FRONT ZIP UP, FRONT ZIP DOWN,
 INTO AND OUT OF. UPWARDS,
 INWARDS. ON THE BUDGET PLANE,
 ON THE BUDGET TRAIN, IN THE
 SMALLEST COMPARTMENT. LAPS
 AND TOPS, FEATHERS AND
 STONES, PLASTIC FORKS AND
 SPOONS. FRIES BEFORE GUYS, GUYS
 BEFORE BEDTIME, HALF TRUE
 HALF TIGHT HALF THIGH.

SHE WAS A NEW YEAR, SHE BEGAN
 SOFTLY, SHE KEPT TALKING,
 SOFTLY, DRINKING WATER,
 SEVERAL BOTTLES IN FRONT OF
 HER. IMAGINATION, SPEED, SLEEP,
 LACK, SLACK FINGERS, SO FORTH

AND SO DRUNK. A BEGINNING
 PROMISING MORE, MORE. OF THE
 SAME OF THE SAME.

SHE WAS A NEW YEAR, SHE BEGAN
 SOFTLY, SHE KEPT TALKING: ANUS
 OVER BONUS, ORAL OVER MORAL,
 SATIN OVER LATIN

The world is collapsing Why? Because it's breaking apart Why? Because it's built on mud and pain Why? Because capitalism Why? Because history Why? Because rocks and blood and rockets and blood Why? Because patriarchy Why? Because why not Why? Because collective attempts failed Why? Because neoliberal marinade Why? Because it gives a richer and fuller flavour Why? Because there is a lot to cover up Why? Because when we blink we lose Why? Because we need to protect our eyes Why? Because they are currency Why? Because we could use them to buy the means of production Why? Because we have skills and the will Why? Because we share them Why? Because

Sweaty legs
 Hole
 & Wine
 Longing
 Hard heads
 Cure your hands
 Something that only comes with alcohol
 Someone who just comes for the alcohol
 wild wave over our bodies
 wave wave wave wave wave wave wave
 wave wave wave
 wave

Some will be exploited
 Some take advantage
 Some come for love
 Some leave
 Maximum millimeter justice will give me
 nothing

"Many different types of culture are used to mask this **** system but we unmask
 entangle make more drooling on everything make other ways dig new roads into"

I press my kneecaps against the screen
 I press your eyes against my screen
 We tie knots from long legs
 Show everything
 View request and request
 no work
 Whale and cool
 Herding the body from day to day, every
 hour a body
 an effort

Relax limbs
 Hole holes on hands
 Slab against the network
 Someone just comes with the sun
 Someone just comes with flowers

Someone just comes in the flowers
 Someone just comes for the wif
 Someone comes without everything
 Someone comes with life
 We'll bring we I we
 we we we dot we dot we

Sex, debt, and endings are all themes in your life that will be activated.

no matter how carefully phrased **That's putting it nice.**

This particular perverse continuity is you aren't alone, even if it seems that

that's another piece of advice **take care of yourself. If you feel** life, it isn't easy, but it can be done.

why don't you go to the future of **the future of** what kind of sex
will become

put it this way: we try to determine
your oppressor, you are oppressed.

and you said you **overcome**
Historically, no longer being defined by its oppressor.

uncertainty principle. if you know where your gender is, you don't
exposing idk, you know I don't **always** **not today!!!!**

new paths of encounter **to** the life one truly wants **in** it's growing form
walking **Being** drawn to **"understand" "How" "feelings"** exercised me forever

i didn't really believe that there was one. I look at that and I know I will not live to see what comes next, to see a **a Thing**

flexing on me feels so cool **this cool idea.** **Gay Kids – Cool children who also exist**

What we have are **idea s.** **Now** a community. the queer community. **will fossilize**

sitting with my **endangered great gay inferiority complex**

is the common identity a choice to make oneself melt away. it amazes me almost it's understandable, shame, I suppose, but not helpful.

an individual idea of what needs to exist; great **That** things could happen differently.

Instead, She won't be finished

part of hate this! **intermittently angry** **She Was Poised To Be A Star –**

and she has this like indelible shine of superstar in my child's memory **but** **Too much comfort**

cracks the intellect. **I should have known the things we pay** **To** protect her

at all costs **To** **get back what we own** **We May Be** **outspoken**

you're talking less I am discovering (again) what art, who can speak. **She smiled wistfully.** **and ur Missing:**

that if it turned out **Being The Lesbian is a journey to Eternity**

but I could make my essential qualities malleable. I didn't see **I'm something even worse** Like farther fike daughter

the crime is in the

know Not What you stay defined by **when she's falling apart**

it's too way **No one's using that.** (Don't touch with care even if it almost killed me.

it's not even a question that **the gaze itself** begins pre-intellectually, beyond whether it's good – good for us, good

watchful eyes can crystallize a complex

look closely at everything & be quiet

I have found within **could you create** in an intimate way. **in a relatable way.**

if you will be dead before people gathered together for comfort and consolation

Startling? because does it and **before and after**

We Know What We Are, what can still make us feel

the world we will leave behind and all the sudden **Life isn't boring.**

without question

we end

And

aren't technically waiting for anything

I thought? routinely

I don't think

I was just born not to know:

"naturally" adept at

meaningless.

selflessness

self-ab·ne·ga·tion

until long after he dies:

insight into the power of

making it more complex, difficult, and eccentric-

a work of wrong. That might

queer

welcome growth, beyond themselves

erstwhile

winded truths

behind him

if I'm not?

I can offer

making a literal mark

separate from

innately giving, alive to witness.

I think

-know

a lot of stuff, technically

and put simply

fear's

artists

Because what material conditions fear getting exposed.

I have only seen that

take generations to create

surely I am not blameless here

I'm a little confused

Calmly and

constantly relive

with my body as the grief

(Convenient, isn't it, to ground

present sense of mastery a complicated act of the future that none of us

start to be approached

with

the needs of others

as long as life has to go on.

we are instinctively

served

the mystification of

essential

centuries

being must be totally extinguished, nothing

forced

the denial or abasement of oneself

it brings to mind, perhaps, what we should be caring about this kind of thinking

set some goals. The funny thing about the rabbit that lived next to the newly found out potato factory was that it was spotted as a black pet bunny. The nearby sports bar that is home to the impressive teen pool table kept vouchers in the form of rabbit pellets. Upon the mission to feed the longed for air sniffer - it was found that it was just an industrial rabbit - brown - regular - really not interested in these shiny cylinders of condensed playground. Watching the untrust of human in the eyes of an animal.

(I go to take a sip from my fluffy dog mug and dump a good dribble down my shirt.)

In that moment I too want the rabbit to trust me. I want to feel probably a little less or a little more than human. The boy squeaks about how he is afraid of the rabbit. When he dances he holds eye contact with a bar goer and resembles a weird floppy puppet. He and his dance take up too much room

RESIST DESIGN PERFECTION / STAY WITH THE MESS
 COMMIT TO MAINTENANCE AND SELF-CARE AS A FORM OF URGENCY
 ACKNOWLEDGE COMPLEXITY AND CONTRADICTION IN MAKING
 UNDERSTAND THE POLITICS OF YOUR PLATFORMS
 PRACTICE A SLOW APPROACH TO FAST MAKING
 DO WHAT YOU CAN
 PRACTICE NON-LINEARITY
 PRIORITIZE COMMUNAL CARE AS A NEVER-ENDING PRACTICE
 USE (STEAL FROM) THE INSTITUTION WHEN YOU CAN (WHILE RESISTING ITS VALUES)
 PRACTICE MEDIA FLUIDITY (NAVIGATE MULTIPLE SUBSTRATES, MATERIALS, NETWORKS, PROTOCOLS)
 WORK TOWARDS THE THEN AND THERE OF QUEER FUTURITY, WHILE ACKNOWLEDGING PAST STRUGGLES (AND PRIVILEGES)
 RESIST AND DECENTER WHITENESS
 WORK IN PUBLIC (PUBLISH)
 RESIST AND DECENTER ABLEISM, HETEROPATRIARCHY AND SETTLER COLONIALISM
 AGITATE / INTERFERE (USE MODEST TOOLS AND MATERIALS)
 RESIST CAPITALIST STRATEGIES
 USE ("MAKE GOOD TROUBLE")
 FAIL TO PROVIDE THE PERFECT READ (RESIST LEGIBILITY)
 @Sovelle117

Wspontcraft

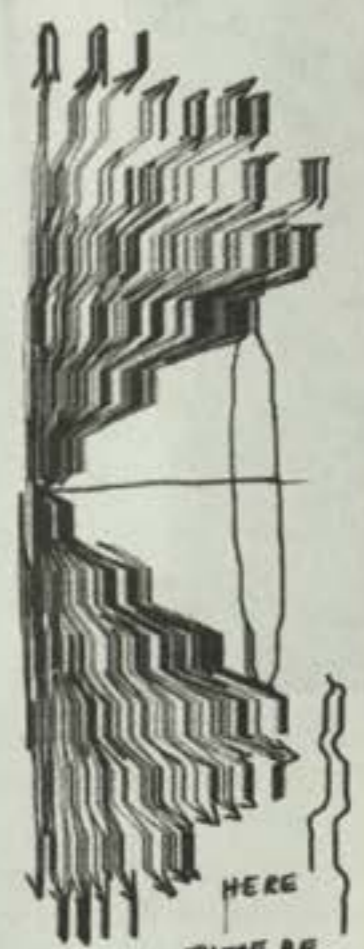
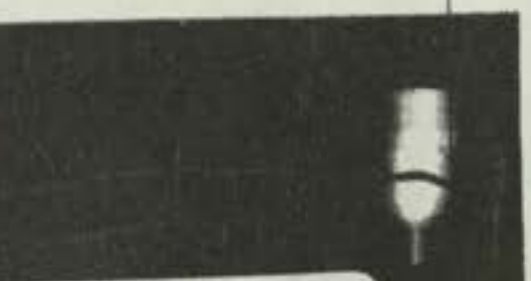
Hardworking Goodlooking

After publishers generating work from countless, locations, contexts, con-
 munities, and cultures with little to no tradition of critical cultural production
 they're suddenly not as diligent as before. As my colleague Kristian Thomsen
 once said in an interview (the quote was erroneously attributed to me and I
 perhaps it isn't in their context, but all of publishing is revolutionary.
 The problems we face—practicing in a vacuum of interest—is it near the
 perfect to our relevance. Almost everything we do think to publish is worthy
 of attention and preservation because it is too unimportant.

In a way, it's like what
 features can solve on its
 efforts that best work.
 from that the existing
 framework of the time.
 it is increasingly part of
 complexity in the time
 that change from the art
 in privileged economic
 line theoretical literacy
 making is re-visited, it
 goes through publishing
 thought—as long as one
 belongs to cultural capital
 change is more important
 because intellectual spe-
 cimens may be
 How to overcome the gap
 on a number of working
 ing down, a refusal to be
 is a romantic construction
 out of publishing that
 do anything else time
 ing in the Philippines, I be-
 questions and often come
 Even so, we persist. We
 amounts. A thousand less

this is the thing:
 when something surprises
 me, it is because
 something else told
 me that thing should
 not exist.
 And yet it does.

FLOWER FUTURES
 CASSANDRA HRADIL

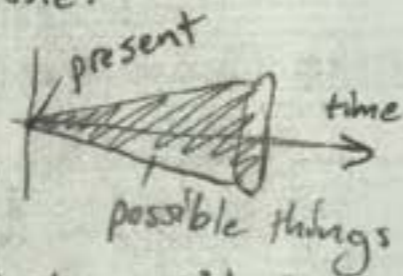


HERE
 THERE BE
 MONSTERS

THIS is an attempt to synthesize ideas about speculative thought and the future; queerness and anticapitalism; creativity and destructive resistance.

Imagining Indians
In the 21st Century

THERE IS THIS IDEA from speculative design called the "futures cone":



it projects possible, plausible, & likely outcomes expanding over time.

the
fu
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like
- It
vers
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- It
prog
of

The speculative is a strange term that encapsulates everything from the financial to the literary, from the design world to radical activist thought.

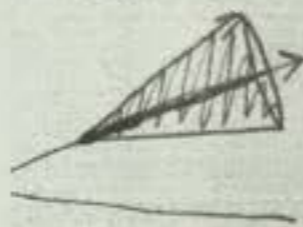
In commercial contexts like finance and speculative design, speculation means restricting possibility to the most likely set of outcomes. Speculation becomes entangled with prediction - attempting to imagine the most likely version of the future so that one can respond to and control it to maximize profit. This kind of speculation, rooted as it is in the dominant conditions of the present, is inherently conservative.

... History of the Indigenous Future

e problem with the
tures cone is that
constrains us to the
ly.

recognizes only 1
tion of the present,
iversalizing.

usually follows false
resistivist narratives
history.



Maximizing the Future

In the context of the future, the way we imagine the future is not neutral. There is the work of my co-director of ASTEC, the Maliseet artist Shawonni, including *Imagining Indians in the 21st Century* (2001) and *Time Travels* (2008-2011). These two works, companion pieces, traverse

And what happens if the predicted fabrication of the future decides that you are unlikely to exist? per Hito Steyerl:

What are dirty data? Here is one example:

Sullivan, from Booz Allen, gave the example the time his team was analyzing demographic information about customers for a luxury hotel chain and came across data showing that teens from a wealthy Middle Eastern country were frequent guests.

"There were a whole group of 17 year-olds staying at the properties worldwide," Sullivan said. "We thought, 'That can't be true.'"

The demographic finding was dismissed as dirty data—a messed up and worthless set of information—before someone found out that, actually, it was true.

Brown teenagers, in this worldview, are likely to exist. Dead brown teenagers? Why not? But rich brown teenagers? This is so improbable that they must be dirty data and cleansed from your system! The pattern emerging from this operation to separate noise and signal is not very different from Rancière's political noise filter for allocating citizenship, rationality, and privilege. Affluent brown teenagers seem just as unlikely as speaking slaves and women in the Greek polis.

FUTURISM MAD LIBS
(play with a friend or by yourself!)

- "in the future, science will believe that queers are ____."
- "in the future, queers will live ____."
- "in the future, sex will be ____."
- "in the future, ____ will be illegal (but queers will do it anyway)."
- "in the future, _____"

Clara Bologner /

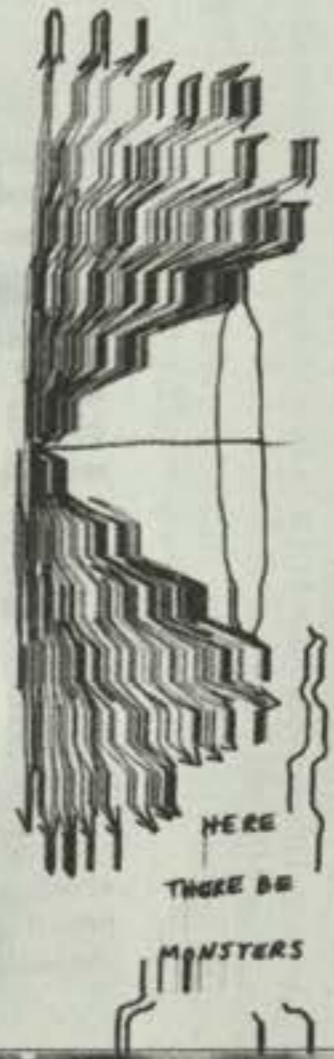
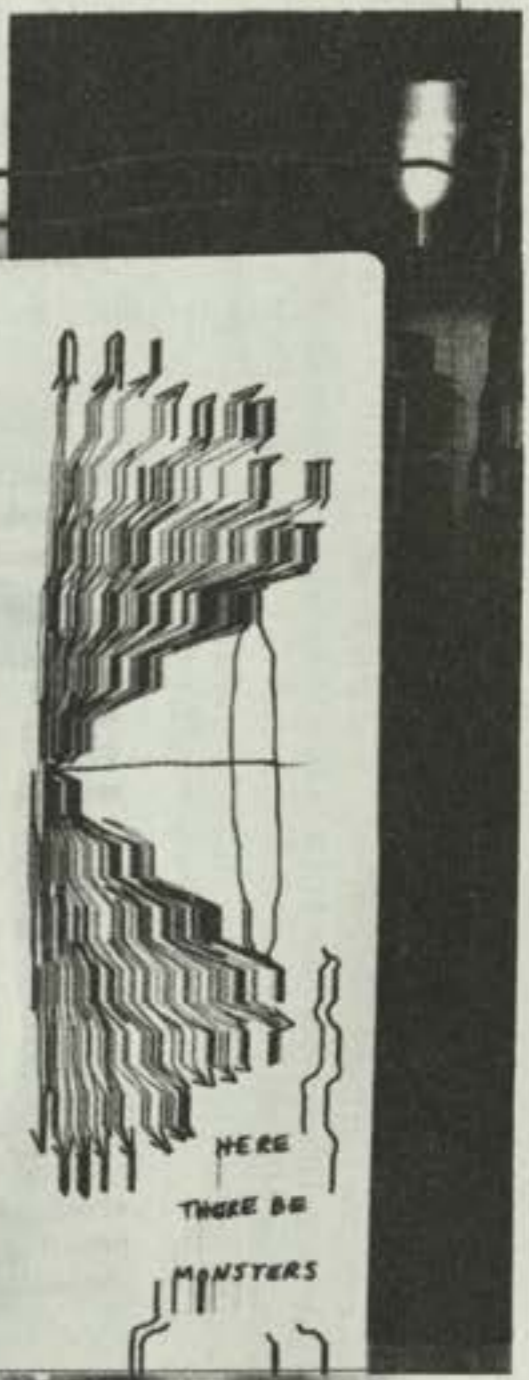
Hardworking Goodlooking

And suddenly, governing work, both countries, locations, contexts, con-
 stants, and cultures with little to no training of critical cultural production
 they're suddenly up to the task. As my colleague Kristian Thomsen
 once said in an interview (the quote was somewhat attributed to me and I
 paraphrase it here), in these contexts, any act of publishing is revolutionary.
 The problem we face—publishing in a vacuum of interest—is it since the
 product is our relevance. Almost everything we don't wish to publish is worthy
 of attention and preservation because it is being marginalized.

What do I mean by their editors wear away, using space, looking after,
 reading self-interest. At the very least, we could perhaps address the problem
 of publishing this stuff by creating the pressure and appetite to produce in
 surplus for no good reason, out of narcissism, excessive optimism, or just
 because that's the supposed "mission" you need to produce.

In a sense of what social
 location can solve in its
 efforts that tend, work,
 down with the existing
 framework of the elite
 it is necessarily part of
 complexity in the work
 that emerges from the art-
 in privileged environments
 like theoretical literary
 settings, overwhelmed, at
 group that produces
 through—as long as all
 because as cultural capital
 change is more important
 because institutional spe-
 cialized may be
 How to overcome the pro-
 on a number of things
 ing down, a refusal to be
 is a realistic description
 of the existing situation
 all things, they have to
 ing in the Philippines, I
 questions and other con-
 Even so, we persist. We
 through a thousand
 linkages. A thousand

this is the thing:
 when something surprises
 me, it is because
 something else told
 me that thing should
 not exist.
 And yet it does.



no

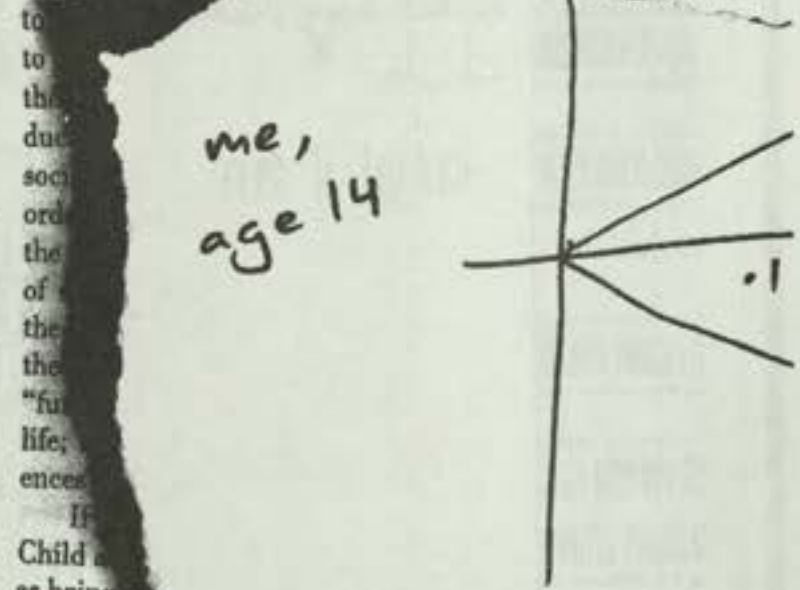
In Baedan, the author(s) lay out a theory of queer anarchism defined by absence and refusal. In particular, they respond to Lee Edelman's argument in *No Future* to build out a more pragmatic and applied design of queer refusal of futures as an anti-capitalist project. Edelman and Butler do not go far enough, they argue, in seeking negation. To me, the thinking in Baedan explicates and legitimizes Edelman. Originally, I really objected to Edelman, because I found *No Future* to be short-sighted in its failure to consider Afrofuturism, indigenous futurisms, and other bodies of work that push against attempted genocide. *No Future* isn't radical if you're coming from a body of people whom the state attempted to exterminate. But in Baedan, future is equivalent to continued capitalism. Future is part of a progressivist conception of history and time, and as a concept, it cannot be salvaged or separated from that paradigm.

baedan

social and symbolic form, might well be described as politically self-destructive... but politics (as the social elaboration of reality) and the self (as mere prosthesis maintaining the future for the figural child), are what queerness, again as figure, necessarily destroys—necessarily insofar as this "self" is the agent of reproductive futurism and this "politics" the means of its promulgation as the order of social reality... Political self-destruction inheres in the only act that counts as one: the act of resisting enslavement to the future in the name of having a life.

Evading the Trap of the Future

It should be obvious through Edelman's treatment of the relationship of politics to the Child that the cathexis which captures all political drive toward the future. The social... the future so as

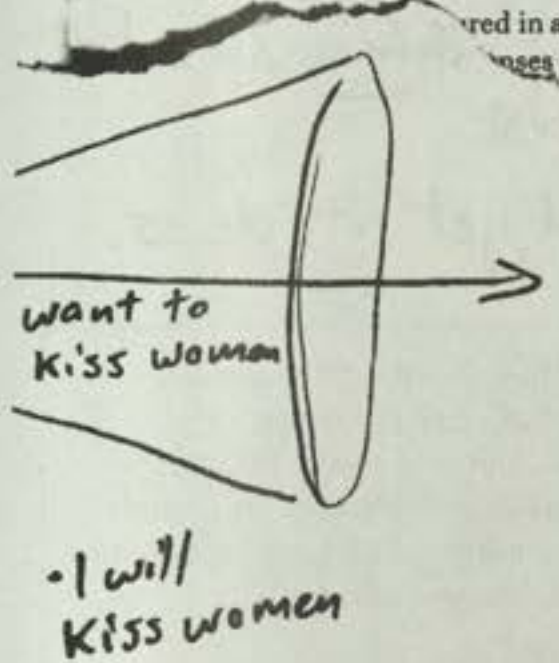


Child... as being... project... civilization

221

The Anti-Social Turn

Edelman argues that "the queer comes to figure the bar to every realization of futurity, the resistance, internal to the social, to every social structure or form." He locates this queer anti-futurity as being the primary fantastic justification for anti-queer violence: "If there is no baby and, in consequence, no future, then the blame must fall on the fatal lure of sterile, narcissistic enjoyments understood as inherently destructive of meaning and therefore as responsible for the undoing of social organization, collective reality, and, inevitably, life itself." He invokes the anti-queer interpretations of the Biblical destruction of Sodom to describe the ways in which the collective imaginary is still haunted by the notion that a proliferation of queerness can only result in a persistent threat of societal apocalypse. Thus in the name of the Child and the future it represents, any repression, sexual or otherwise, can be justified.



ered in an innocence seen as continuously... poses a fantasy of vulnerability to the... ities precisely insofar as that... mation, the very value... condemned: an... store an Imagi-... ishistic fixation... d investment in... ral to the com-... And so, as the... ceers is a life-... ld whose ruin... of God made... es for the assis-... its purpose was... ctive futurism:... ower to kill our

... the ways in which reproduc-... urism is intrinsic to white supremacist ideology and 25

Clara Balaguer / Hardworking Goodlooking

Artist publishers generating work from countries, locations, contexts, communities, and cultures with little to no tradition of critical cultural production have a different set of difficulties to tackle. As my colleague Kristian Henson once said in an interview (the quote was erroneously attributed to me and I paraphrase it here), in these contexts, any act of publishing is revolutionary. The problem we face—practicing in a vacuum of interest—is at once the preface to our relevance. Almost everything we dare/risk to publish is worthy of attention and preservation because it is born endangered.

I'm unsure of what social
lication can solve on its
efforts that land, work,
Even with this collabor
framework of the elite
it, is necessarily part of
(supposedly, in the best
that emerge from the art
in privileged environme
line theoretical literacy
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content may be.

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me that thing should
not exist.

And yet it does.

N. Scott Momaday writes, "The greatest tragedy that can befall us is to go unimagined." And so the work becomes to speculate outside of likelihood. This stands outside of inclusion, which is absorption into the capitalist direction of futurity.

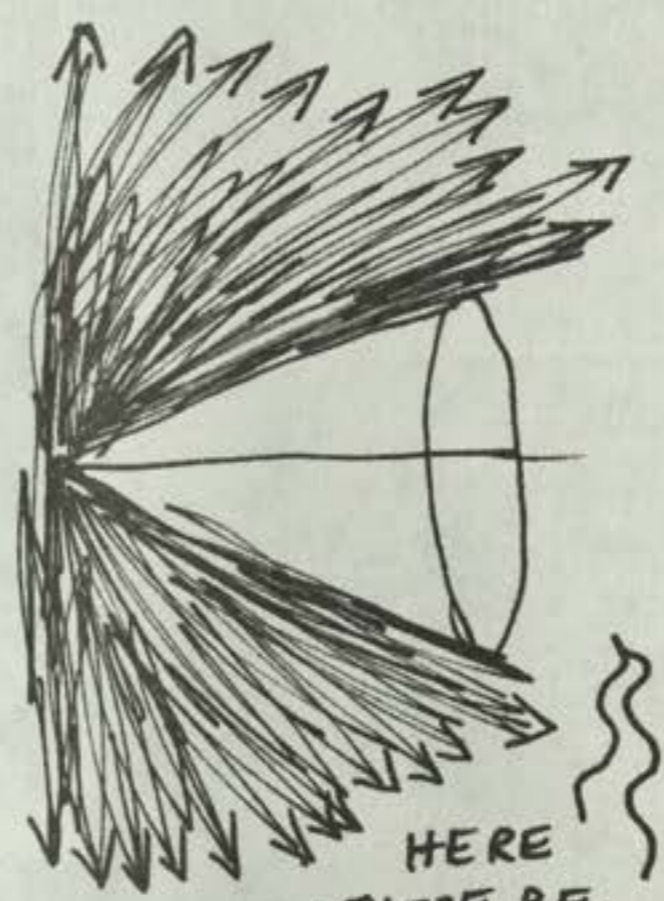
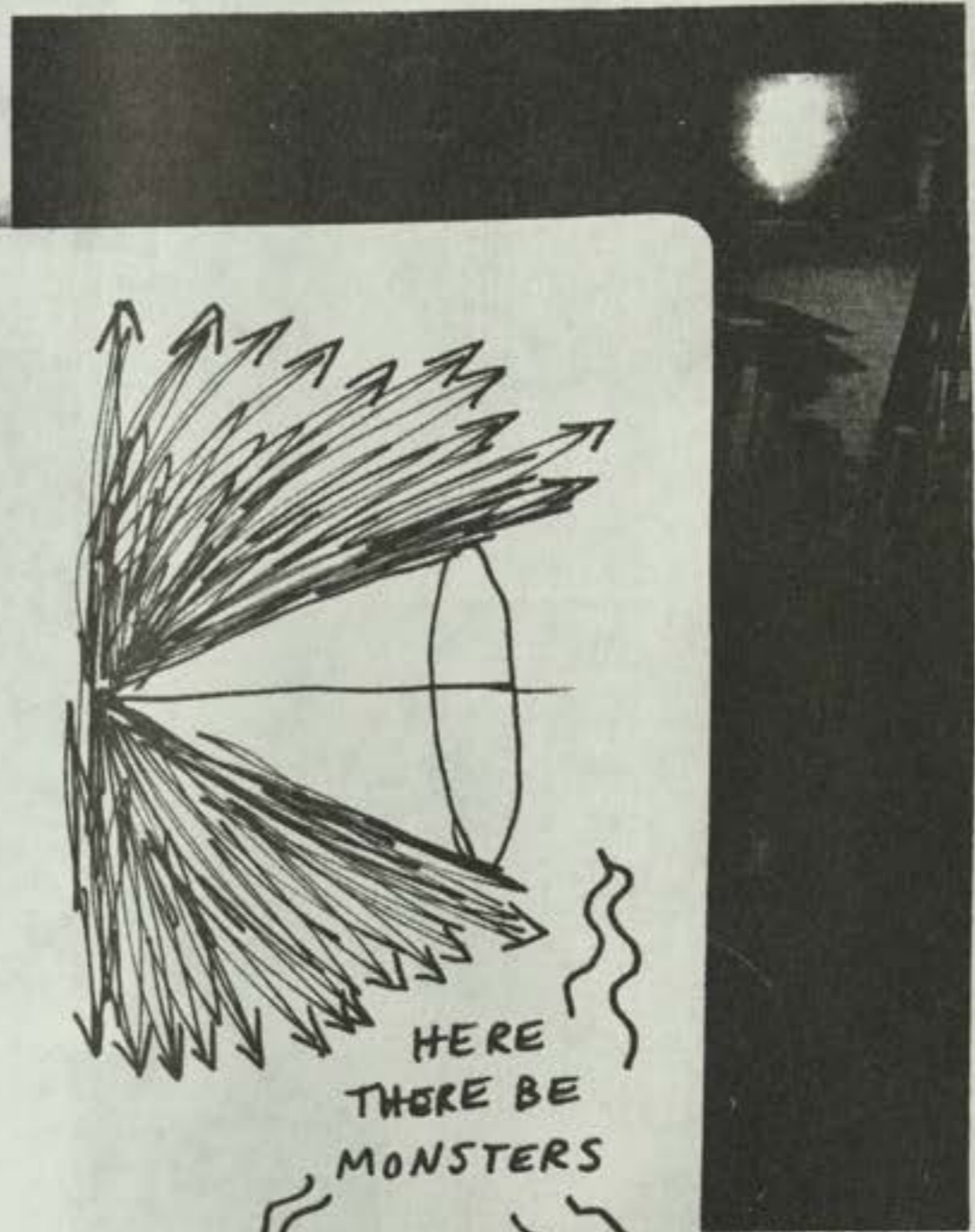
How to overcome the par
as a publisher of (socially
ing down, a refusal to fur
is a romantic disobedienc
risk of furthering voicele

At this point, after nine y
ing in the Philippines, I h
questions and often contr

Even so, we persist. We
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What for? Most of these editions waste away, eating space, feeding mites, eroding self-esteem. At the very least, we could perhaps address the problem of dwindling life-space by curbing the pressure (and appetite) to produce in surplus for no good reason, out of narcissism, excessive optimism, or just because that's the supposed "minimum" you need to produce.



HERE
THERE BE
MONSTERS



This is a handkerchief from 1906, and when I saw it in the archives at NYU, it surprised me!

NOT GAY AS IN MONSTER BUT QUEER AS IN CRYPTID

BRENDAN WILLIAMS

In the simple days of 2015, before our time on the internet was dominated by reading through Twitter feeds full of calls to action and reports on the latest atrocity, the hottest Discourse on The Internet was about the Babadook, the eponymous monster of the 2014 Australian horror film. Specifically, what did it mean that the Babadook was gay? Since being outed thanks to a Netflix categorization error, the Babadook's rise to gay stardom was, as any rise to gay stardom, full of drama. Was it wrong for the gays to embrace a monster as an icon? But by the time The New York Times was asking this, we were on to the next pop culture obsessions.

The new rising star, shining above a diverse community threatened on almost every axis, was harder to classify as strictly problematic. That new star was multi-faceted, and, for now, remains shining bright. That star is Cryptids. While gay people have long embraced Monsters, Cryptids have emerged from their hiding to represent a new, digital age of queer monstrosity.

None of this is without precedent. A cursory google search for "gay monster" yields

Queer speculation
resists ideas
of the predictive.



10v
thread in the
Mysteries forums titled "what
cryptids are gay?" that begins
with the earnest claim that
"Nessie is a lesbian, but what
do you guys think?" and ends
with pedantic homophobes
asking how we could possibly
know Nessie is female to begin
with. Still, if you spend any

techno-capitalism relies on constant prediction of what users will do, leading us to be defined by and dwelling in the future, rather than the present. The future has been absorbed by capitalism. Any possibility to think truly speculatively outside of capital's constraints requires that we look elsewhere.

more appeal for people who
love writing
of the predictive
able.



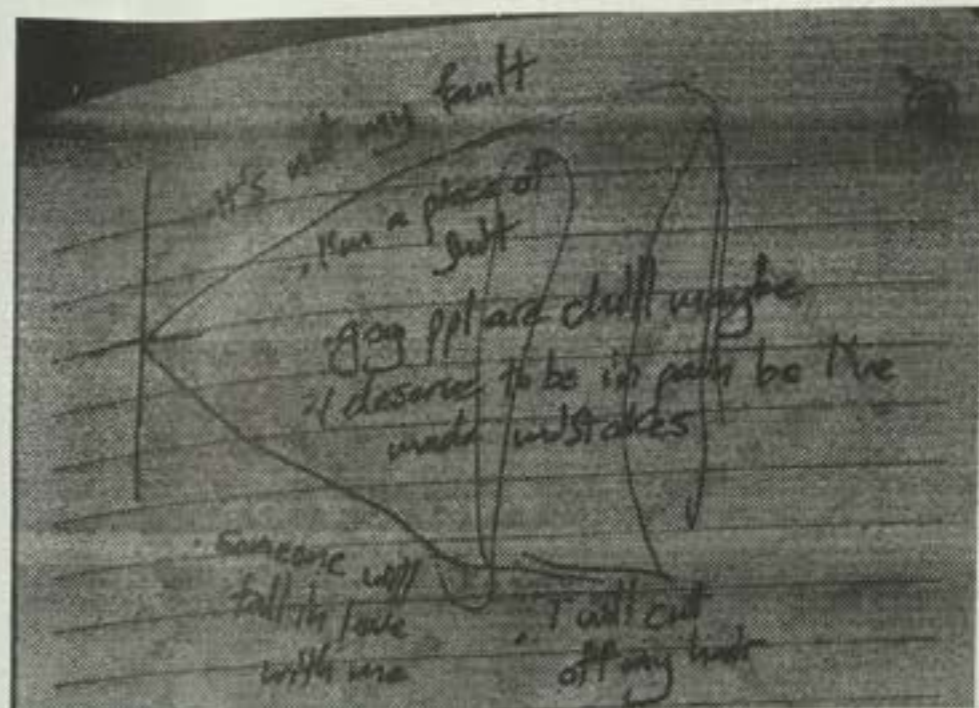
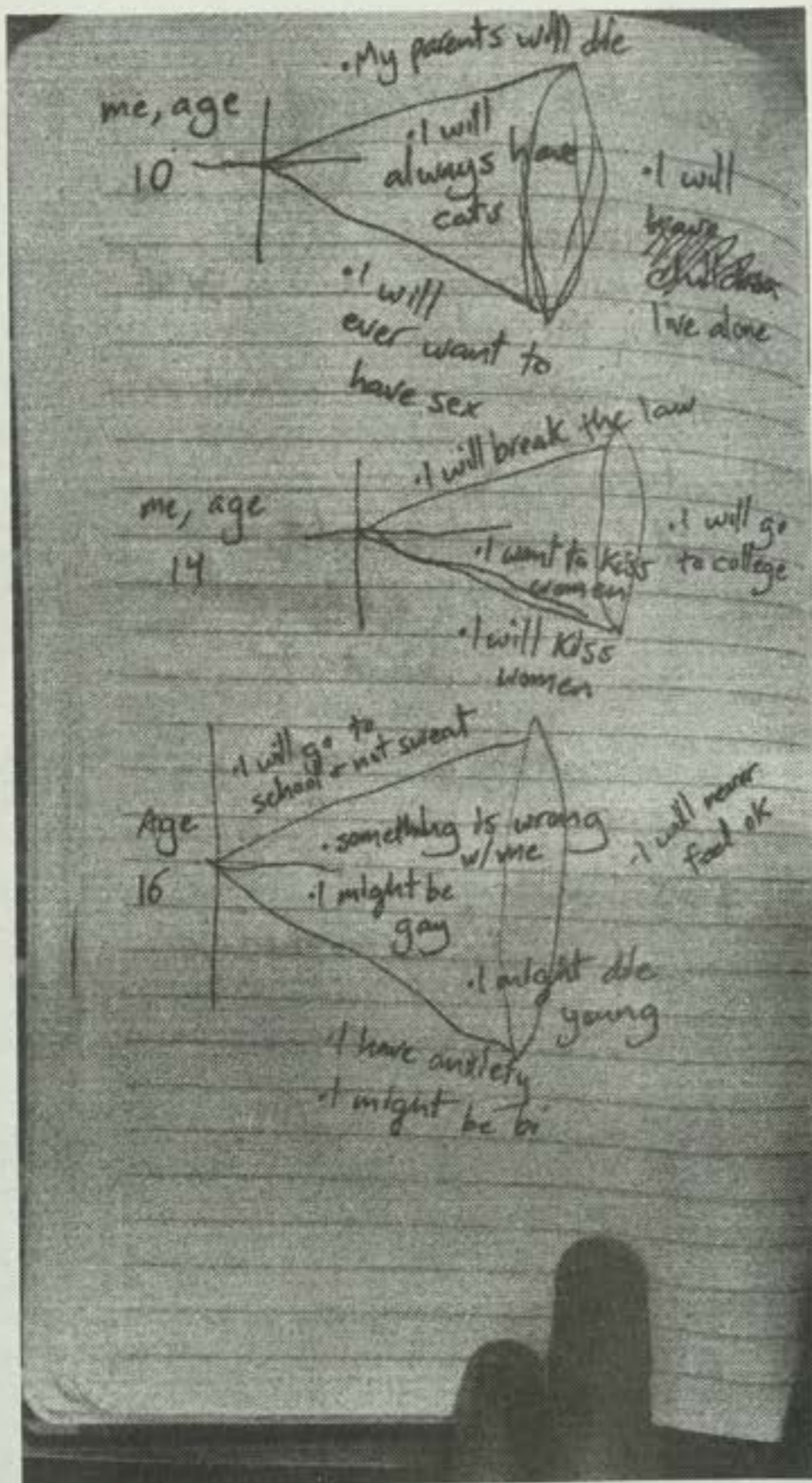
The most obvious
explanation for a cryptid/
monster divide, where younger
(under-35) queers are more
likely to see themselves in a
cryptid and older (over-35),
is the internet. Not because
LGBT people over 35 aren't
online (they absolutely are)
but because social media

vampires or the Frankenstein
monster is. If academics
flock to monsters from the
Victorians, Internet Kids flock
to the less famous, more
bizarre icons of the New Age.

Secondly, there's the very
real phenomena for younger
lgbt people, that we've all
encountered in one way or
another: the "oh-shit-what-
am-I? experience." All of us
have managed this in our own
way, with our own timeline
and our own idea of where
we should be looking for the
answer. Some people go to
Google and come out feeling
excited and content. Some
people do the same thing and
end up holed up in the New Age
section of the county library not
sure who they are but sure that
a chupacabra wouldn't judge
them for it.

Prior to the Modern Internet
and the revival of cryptids,
if you were a queer youth
having the "oh-shit-what-am-I?
Experience" and were drawn

Personal futures cones of my relationship to queerness at various ages. Things that I thought were definitely going to happen appear within the cones. Things that I actively thought were impossible appear outside the cones. As the cones illuminate, a large part of my feelings about my identity were constructed in relationship to impossibility.



My queer identity is a kind of speculation that I could not have predicted. This is a reminder that likelihood is a construct of normativity.** The only escape is to seek out the unlikely.



**Normativity itself was developed alongside statistics, which was developed by white eugenicists.



The winter's bark

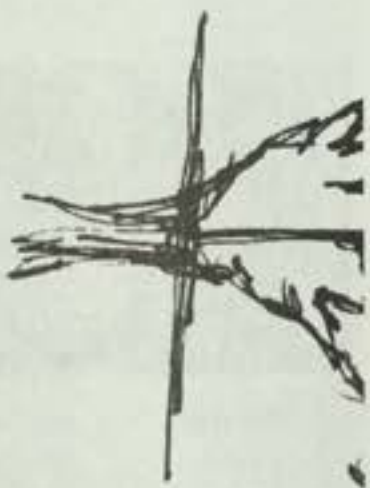
We became aware of a world all at once. It was ~~observable to the north-west of the first.~~

Near the coast the nest was kept perfectly water-tight. It grew steeper still.

The mist thickened in scrutinizing the sky. A beautiful carpet of mosses and ferns grew toward the thin wall of infinite strength and infinite toughness. It flashed harmlessly up and struck the turret room.

I saw a wind. On the same range, it appeared nearly north. The wind resembled the wind spells, the sea. Great snow-cover presented a sight never to be for the quality of the nearest divide. of the mountains ceased sudder however, the place was still. I he Was this rocky exterior merely a a turtle? It was hard and resonant

Perhaps fu



QTC0097

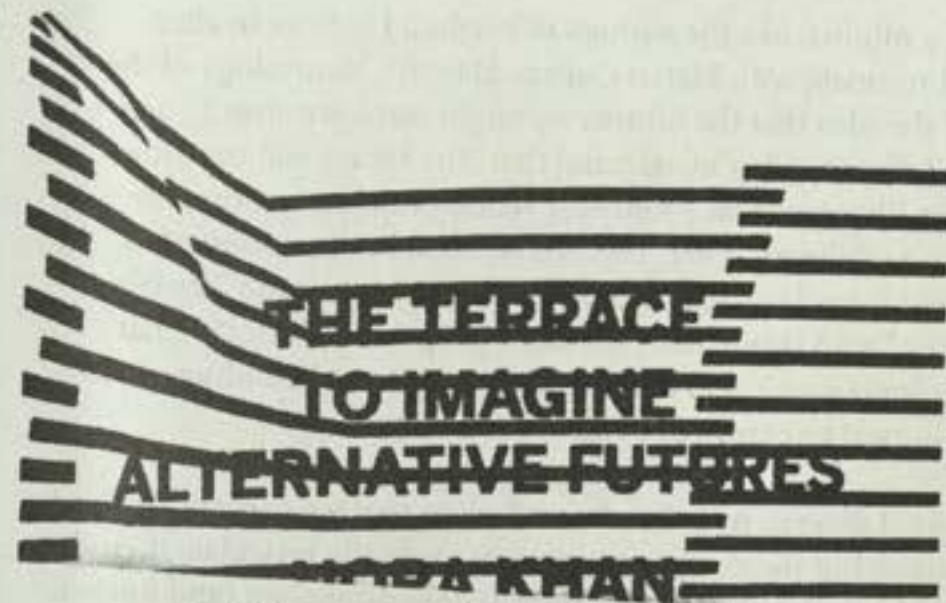


QTC0098



QTC0099

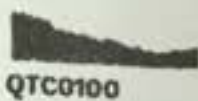
Our Arrival



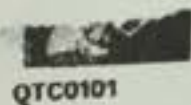
ture could be a flower instead, with petals that curl



back onto themselves.



QTC0100



QTC0101



QTC0102

I am not a nihilist, like the authors of *baedan*; I believe in alternatives. I resonate with Marco Cuevas-Hewitt's "futurology of the present," the idea that the futures we might want are already present. I do follow *baedan* in agreeing that "the future will continue its mirage-like spectacle, promising redemption yet continually deferring its delivery" (36). This is true because the notion of futurity itself is constructed by capitalism (per Mumford's "doctrine of progress", and incidentally the same progressive histories that justify colonization), and because the very idea of "building a better future" is used to entrap us in an oppressive present.

Therefore, I diverge from *baedan* in feeling that we desperately need alternatives, but these alternatives must explicitly articulate their divergence from the discourse of futurity that capitalism (and indeed, design thinking) offers up to us. The future ought to be contested ground. Afrofuturisms, Indigenous Futurisms, and queer/feminist speculative worlds form the river "deltas" that Cuevas-Hewitt speaks of. These are deltas that we can and should travel now.

Steps to being a gay person

1. be nauseous
2. buy ur students snacks
3. drink coffee
4. tutor ur students for 1 hour
5. teach ur students for 2 hours
6. be distressed when they look at u blankly
7. take a nap
8. be tired anyway
9. go to social event
10. leave social event to text ur crush
11. go back to social event for distraction
12. be exhausted
13. leave social event go home
14. get high
15. eat chocolate
16. listen to hayley kiyoko
17. be angsty abt the lack of text back
18. hang ur friend's art
19. write poem

Works that appear as the meta-texts of this zine:

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Indigenous Art: New Media and the Digital. Heather Igloliorte, Julie Nagam, Carla Taunton, eds. Public 54: Winter 2016.

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Queer Qryptids. Swampouse Press.

Steyerl, Hito. "A Sea of Data: Apophenia and Pattern (Mis-)Recognition." E-Flux, no. 72 (April 2016). <https://www.e-flux.com/journal/72/60480/a-sea-of-data-apophenia-and-pattern-mis-recognition/>.

This zine was composed to the tune of:

¡Alas! "Outlaw Mixtape"
<https://soundcloud.com/alasmusika/sets/the-outlaw-mixtape>

and various dubstep tracks from Mr. Robot

Notes On Drawing as Masturbation and the Pursuit of Solitary Pleasure

by Nic Wilson

01. Drawing has a long relationship to preparation and to delay. One can make thousands of sketches, plan endlessly, and keep busy for an entire life without ever getting around to 'it', whatever 'it' may be. The imperative to sketch, to dream, and to glimpse offers some safety to those who are pre-disposed to failure. The endless iteration of prep work is like saving for a rainy day. No matter how impressive, large, intensive, crafty or detailed, drawing, as a history and a collection of material and conceptual circumstances, will always retain its relationship to hesitance.

02. Drawing also has a long-standing relationship with representation and reproduction. Old master drawings have up until very recently been a large part of traditional art education, and one's progress as a student could be gaged by one's ability to reproduce the work of the Masters. A failure to reproduce equals a failure to progress. This attitude towards representation persist: when a drawing fails to represent something with an adequate or expected degree or realism it is 'bad'. It holds a mixture of disappointment and shame. The 'bad' drawing is pathetic. But the contingency of this badness might rest in its ability to get the job done, depending on what the drawing is meant to do.

03. Drawing has a special relationship with masturbation. Wayne Koestenbaum alludes to the relationship in his essay "On Doodles, Drawings, Pathetic Erotic Errands, and Writing." He makes a list of several satisfactions that unite the making and viewing of erotic drawings. Selections from this list include: "the need to use the hand," "the need to verify (or disguise) an internal fantasy by giving it visual form," and "the need to produce and not produce, simultaneously." Koestenbaum's nimble interplay, between drawing and jerking off, highlights the intertwined activities which hold associations to heteronormative assumptions about both practices. In his polemic, No Future, Lee Edelman lays out the anti-queer political agenda which underpins what he calls "reproductive futurism." Edelman observes the conservative political tactics which privilege heterosexuality and heteronormativity by placing paramount importance on the figure of 'the child' and preserving a particular type of future for these imagined children of tomorrow. This type of future usually involves stripping people with uterus and ovaries of their right to choose and trivializing and, paradoxically, infantilizing

people who choose not to have children or are incapable of or not wealthy enough to reproduce.

04. This imperative towards reproduction, towards a more productive and perfect future makes the 'bad' drawing into the "spilled seed" of masturbation, the rough draft, the wasted paper. The failure of naturalist or realistic representation can hold unknown and divergent pleasures. Jack Halberstam imagines failure as an alternative to the "dogged Protestant work ethic" which pervades hetero-patriarchy, and the "social and symbolic systems that tether queerness to loss and failure." The failure of drawings, their choppy lines, conspicuous mark making, inconsistent line weight and flatness are, to borrow Halberstam's words, a "failure [which] recognizes that alternatives are embedded already in the dominant and that power is never total or consistent." The failure to reproduce text or images seamlessly in some drawings can be read as a queer failure. It imagines other reasons for being and other modes of exchange. The awkward choppy lines and the inconsistent surface mirror the skips and leaps of queer, non-reproductive lineage.

05. The viewpoint "reproductive futurism" also places sexuality squarely at the mercy of reproduction, transforming all sex into a parable of procreation. When I draw, I am reanimating past pleasures and ideas and performing the same repeated motion until one drawing is finished and another can be started. I am reigniting a glimpse of pleasure from other experiences, other people and other times. This solitary practice of recollection and making is an erotic connection similar to the erotic fantasy and pleasure of masturbating.

06. More broadly, the practice and repetition of drawing can be a meditation on the loop or repetition of solitary pleasures that come up over and over again beyond those that can be identified as strictly erotic. It is the pleasure of the sun on one's face or cold, crisp wind on a body of water at midday. It is the meditative stroke of pencil on paper and the soothing release of that pencil from an aching hand when a drawing is completed. They are a reminder that pleasure is never complete; it stirs and goes dormant, then stirs and goes dormant and on and on and on.

07. Drawing and masturbation have an association with childhood, play, and illegitimacy. Children are often encouraged to draw at an early age, often before they are able to write. Drawing is a means of expression before the exchange of written language comes to stand in for the early pictographs of rainbows and boxy houses with boxy windows and triangle dresses for girls. As children mature into adults, the emphasis on this form of externalizing thoughts wains or is

professionalized. Similarly, masturbation, while not usually encouraged, is often associated with early adolescence and one's teenage years. As humans mature into sexually mature beings who have sexual/erotic encounters with others, the act of sexual self-gratification could be characterized as childish or unnecessary.

09. As an adolescent, I would often make erotic drawings in secret. In part, they were meant to stand in for or recreate the few pornographic images I had seen, but most of the charge came from this taboo expression of creativity itself. Making sexual drawings expanded the erotic pleasure of solitary sexual activity. Making the image was itself an erotic activity. Add to that the arousal of seeing sexual images and add to both of those things the charge of shame and transgression of not only having dirty pictures but also making them. Drawing has been and continues to be a way in which I connect the solitary pleasures of the body, the failure of reproduction, and the continual re-emergence of the gaps where these pleasures can be found.

Wayne Koestenbaum, *On Doodles, Drawings, Pathetic Erotic Erands, and Writing*, (New York, Faber, Straus and Giroux, 2013)

Lee Edelman, *No Future: Queer Theory and the Death Drive*, (Durham, Duke University Press, 2004),

Jack Halberstam, *The Queer Art of Failure*, (Durham, Duke University Press, 2011)

I've spent the past several months making **bread** [**bread**....is something that you can make or buy and eat that gives you energy, it is made from a **grain** (**grain**....such as wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, etc.) that is grown and then ground into flour and combined with water and salt and yeast or a sourdough starter or **levain** (**levain**....is made from a grain that it is grown and then ground) to make a dough which is proofed, shaped, and baked into a loaf that is then sometimes sliced or ripped. You can use it as a vehicle for **anything** (**anything**....such as, tomato sauce vegetables butter oil avocado peanut butter marmite vegemite hummus curry pate sardines....) or can be eaten **by itself** (**by itself**....this is better when the bread is better bread). It is chewy. It is filling. It is nourishing. It is comforting. There is artisanal bread and supermarket sandwich square bread, there is flat bread and risen bread, there is a form of "bread" in almost every culture. I am thinking about the kind of bread that is baked in small batches, and the kind I bake rises for more than 12 hours usually and has a hard, dark crust. I like eating bread at all times of the day and I especially like eating it when it is a hunk ripped off a loaf, but I also like toast. Making bread is exciting because it costs less than a dollar per loaf and it makes you feel like you could feed yourself forever if you needed to. It is a very very simple food but the way it's made can be thought about to endlessly complex and scientific degrees. I am not a scientist or a baker, I just like bread a lot. I like how my house smells when I bake it, I like that it is the only thing that I don't mind waking up early to tend to, I like that it tastes good with pretty much everything.]. I am no great **talent** [**talent**....I don't know what this is but people talk about it] but even when a loaf of bread does not succeed the way I hope it to, it almost always teaches me something new about the **variables** [**variables**....temperature, bacteria, moisture, is the heat working? It's colder today than I thought] of the environment, the **materials** [**materials**....flour from King Arthur (King Arthur... \$4.95 per 5 pounds) or Bob's Red Mill (Bob's Red Mill... \$5.29 per 5 pounds) or Stop and Shop (Stop and Shop... \$3.05 per 10 pounds), have I been using the same packet of Saf's instant yeast for too long, does Providence water really have lead in it [in it....it does], did I clean this bowl from Saver's well enough, I think this salt was left by **the last people who lived in this apartment** [the last people who lived in this apartment....K___ and J___] I'm using, and the way I move my hands. And it's almost always still **edible** [**edible**....depends who you ask]. Bread is **easy** [**easy**....depends who you ask] to make, but has an **infinite** [**infinite**....seemingly] number of alterations and

specificities. To achieve a certain crumb, crust, flavor, color, or texture, each aspect of the bread must be considered. Today, I measure 1,000 grams of flour, then 780 grams of 94°F water, and then I mix them with my right hand in a large bowl until they're **just combined** [**just combined**....I'm still not completely sure what this means but I do it the best I can]. This step is called autolysing, which **B**___ [**B**___....makes very good sourdough], one of the bakers I used to work with, introduced to me, but which took me months to get around to actually trying. I'll do all the mixing by hand; it's much easier to listen to the **dough** [**dough**....flour salt and yeast, bread before it is **baked** (**baked**....put inside a preheated **dutch oven** (**dutch oven**....I have two. One is red enameled and is on a long loan from **S**___'s mother (**S**___...M-H is my partner. They are my favorite person to look at things with and be near. They make music and drawings and collections and words that I love, they feel more than anyone I know, they show an incredible amount of care to everyone they interact with, they wear a bandanna around their neck, and their hair is always in a snarl. I've barely been away from them for more than 24 hours since we met a year and a half ago [now two and a half years], and I've never felt so lucky to have someone in my life) **S**___'s mother (**S**___'s mother... M___ M___, or Mam K___). She has me reach tall things in the house and sometimes I dye her hair for her. We used to watch "The Crown" together.), and the other is cast iron and was a gift from **my mother** (**my mother**... S___ B___). I can't believe I had the fortune to be raised by this woman. I inherited all of my **weasellyness** (**weasellyness**....I have now learned that this actually means being sneaky, untrustworthy, or insincere, but in the family this has always meant doing something or making something small and intricate and being somewhat obsessive and paying attention to details that no one will ever notice. We have admiration for weasellyness, but also scold ourselves for not prioritizing things properly and for being impractical) from her.) inside a preheated oven until it has a hard crust and makes a hollow sound when you tap the bottom)] by touch than by sight. I mix to combine and fold to add strength. Twelve hours later, the dough is **twice as big** [**twice as big**....for twelve hours the dough has been fermenting (**fermenting**....this baby's alive) as when I started and is nearly spilling out of the bowl, large bubbles at its surface. From there, it will need to be **halved** [**halved**....cut in half (two)] and **shaped** [**shaped**....into two spheres, tucked under itself so it has a **seam** (**seam**....connecting line) and a smooth top.] and placed into two smaller bowls covered in **linen towels** [**linen towels**....called "floursack towels." They used to actually be cut from the cotton bags that flour was sold in. During the Great Depression, women made clothing from flour sacks to save money on fabric, and the flour companies responded by printing the sacks with colorful patterns] dusted with flour, and the knowledge that it needs this care is the only thing that gets me up with the first of many **alarms** [**alarms**....I have alarms at 6:33 am, 6:45am, 6:50am, 7:00am, 7:20am, 7:30am, 7:40am, 7:50am, 8:15am, 8:30am, 8:45am, 9:00am, 9:15am, 9:25am, and 9:37am] that ring every morning. And even

though I think I'll be able to go back to sleep, I always end up waiting at the kitchen table [kitchen table...L M made a table and moved away, now it lives (lives...somewhat worse for wear) in our kitchen], in the company of the proofing loaves and preheating oven. If all goes as planned and the house is warm enough and I don't do any of the math wrong, there are two loaves of bread on the table by 9:30am.

Several edits down the line.....

Olive B. Godlee

THE SCARCITY OF QUEER SPACE

Why arent there more spaces for queer people? Well-meaning cis-het people have asked me time and again and in the moment, I let myself down with a less than coherent answer. This is what I wanted to say in all those moments. Children, let's start today's lesson with a common denominator to any living thing: S P A C E.

Under capitalism, space has ownership, and ownership costs money. Therefore inhabiting space at any given moment costs the inhabitant money--money to be given to the original owner. From apartment rent to excuses to leave my living space like buying a coffee for free wi-fi, moving and living in any space on this planet means there is an economic exchange of money for residency. Public space is "free", but representative of institutional ways of being. Cruising culture capitalized on public space, however the ability to walk offer does is privileged.

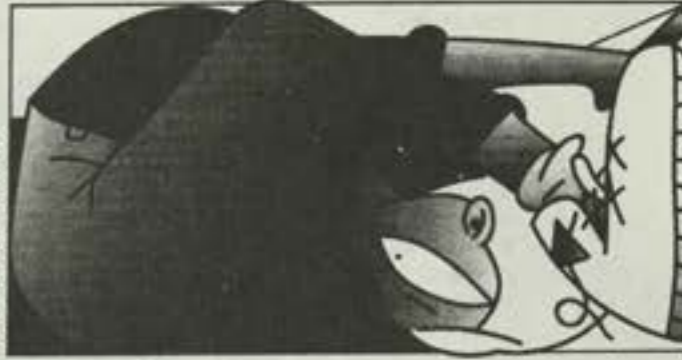


Since space costs money, those with financial power have ownership or control over more space. And since space is a finite resource, those with societal power have been more likely to amass this resource over time than oppressed identities. With most of the land stolen and cloaked at this point, land wealth is really held in the hands of the historic ruling majority, colonizers. They continue to make money from their land ownership over time, amassing generational wealth unobtainable to the oppressed. One's inability to make money due to institutional oppression manifests in different manners depending on one's identity and its based structurally on the affiliation to white cis-hets.

Amassed queer wealth, not to be confused with white gay wealth, is practically non-existent in this time because of historical and present-day discriminations. The identities that fair the best economically are those that fit into the globalist western pedagogy of the cis-het white man. Monoculturality is more dominant in space, media, and economy because white cis gays fair well under the existing structure in comparison to queer and trans bodies. Also some queers including myself would argue we are not seeking to align

MARISA FULPER ESTRADA

ourselves or benefit from a system built to work against us and others. This is not a reason why queer wealth does not exist, but rather a declaration: we do not care to attempt to inhabit or embody the capitalist mindset that has directly afflicted us and many others across time. The more ones identity deviates from this hierarchy, the more they are oppressed socially and economically.



There just has and is not capital readily available to support and sustain queer space as there might be for someone of a less transgressive identity. Queer spaces have existed but often cannot be sustained for numerous reasons including growing rent prices and unequal incomes. Even in a 100% city like Toronto, there is only a few queer-essue spaces that exist temporarily amidst dozens of gay establishments.

Owning and inhabiting space is imperative to legitimizing marginalized identities economically and socially. We see this all the time in dominant culture: every space by default is cis-het. There are few queer spaces, so visible queer identities are harder to manifest without those communities for growth and support. Queer people need to be able to have the means to write their own narratives. The fact that those who have been denied sight, space and at times their lives, still cannot afford to hold space demonstrates living inequality. I am not even speaking to the reality of communities - which is also critical - just to economic impossibility of present times to even want to hold community as a queer or trans person.

NOW DO YOU EXPECT TRANS AND QUEER BODIES TO OCCUPY SPACE WHEN THEY CANNOT OCCUPY THEIR BODIES? The sheer amount of energy and time it has taken me personally to conceive my true self mentally and will take physically is incredible. If time equals money, then I could have been richer than I am now had I not had to jump extra hurdles to actualize myself. TO MY QUEER FAMILY- I met you through this writing for a moment of shared community across time and space. As you hold this paper, I hold you - we share a moment of abstract physicality together. My more warmsides bring us cake which we will lovingly eat and share together. Wishing you abundant love and blessings!



Matthew Altman

to Eeekemp ▾

riding in my car your hair smells like a vanilla milkshake
 I think
 why can't it always be like this?
 you think
 it can.
 Soon I'll know why but for now the trees are waving and we must smile back.
 you say you're in heaven as he holds your head with three fingers,
 the closest thing to a near death experience.
 and when it gets dark it all looks the same
 so better to never let that happen.
 emo or zen you ask yourself
 how does one see through the fog on this goddamn road!
 I think of kissing
 cheeks like pillows
 I want to lay my head on them and never wake up
 which is to say that before I die I want to --
 is it a distraction or the main course?
 who cares fuck me now I love you forever.
 don't lie mum saw it in your eyes
 so remember that when you're on the floor unable to stand.
 sit up, look
 the windshield is playing our favorite channel
 "Reality is rich" Thorn says floating in his cape
 and now I see:
 art
 it's I like vultures but not grackles
 olive trees but fuck a cypress.
 did you prefer the frescoes or the flowers?
 the cats or the candles?
 and the answer is always both or all of it depending on the day's haul
 I read it back
 art makes no sense!
 TO BE IN LOVE.
 when the clouds look like movie titles in the golden afternoon.
 But all of this is easily forgotten
 that is,
 if you didn't understand
 there's two ways of looking out the window on your favorite road in winter.
 but you do so let's go get some pie.



Emma Kemp <eeekemp@gmail.com>

to Matt ▾

can't get the film out from behind my eyes:
 roses in the greenhouse and strong Irish rain.
 how can i describe the scene at the table:
 a pair of pale, creased hands working a new block of butter
 turning it over and over for hours.
 a towel shook out on a table that was more like
 a rich woman in velvet, fainting.
 in my movie there will be no sunlight only
 rotten geraniums. there will be no butter
 only breadcrumbs wedged in the skirting.
 Never mind that the floorboards quiver.
 Never mind that the attic is teeming with moss. Dancel
 i want a house filled up with dancing. i want a house
 full of silent, sharp-toed ghosts. it's impossible, you agree,
 to decide between cruel optimism and a decaffeinated sublime.
 just as it's impossible to ask the big q's
 such as when is the last orca going to die
 and are we okay with the plan for her future?
 you dream that i leave while you sleep
 you dream that i run while you wait
 you dream -- no no that's not quite
 right
 it's carburetor malfunctions
 it's locomotives derailing
 it's all the petals falling off in one go.
 when it gets bright enough i watch your eyelids flicker,
 an impressive lightening storm through a smeared pane of glass.
 gently i press up against it and hold on like there's no word for tomorrow.

another wednesday in the sixth mass
extinction.

holding a new kind of rock
and a desire to

completely coat the world
in plastic

with pristine business hygiene i push six
minutes on the clock
signaling virtue in increasingly clever
ways

not a semblance of ambivalence
not an inkling of impurity

outside of ethical relationality
i craft a certain
intimacy with petroleum

i will wade through creepy crawlies
for you

a clear dividing line between before and
after
and you are here for 100,000 years

last week i discovered
i no longer dream of falling
or of failing
only advertisements of distant places
"greater than your wildest dreams"

most ready to break off and float off
a logic of this rock
not of this earth at all

who is made to live
and who is left to die
and let die

on the bedrock of a new miami
or a new providence
or a new saigon
or a new jerusalem

or a game
from when dinosaurs walked the earth

by noa machover, @noa.mori

i visit her image
and each time, i drop a petal
they turn to sediment
in the corner where she hangs
i pull back her rubber skin –
and it holds flowers
it holds dirt
it holds flocks of flightless chickens
stretched taut, confident atop
cheekbones of desire
and it looks just like mine

when i visit my other mother
she asks me to bring her
a kind of generosity that demands
everything
a kind of gift that was always yours
she sits beside my bed
her gaze collapsing the space between us
a strange vessel that's mostly a gaping
hole

my body is a sleeping bag with three
zippers
small mom, old mom, queer mom
each grab a zipper and pull
inverting flesh and bone
it becomes easier for them to devour me

she spends her afternoons with her
palms in humus
massaging out the wisdom of
massachusetts
it smells nothing like hayama
but it's the same messy, palimpsestic
hotness
of staying
of the house of belonging built over fault
lines

as twin daughters of conquest
we weave theology of disaster

her shears trim my toes
they lie like baby carrots beside her
basket
with dying breath they whisper flight
it's not that i don't love home
it just doesn't belong to me

i traced her face ten thousand times a
day –
in mud
in ash
in dry blood
into stomachs
and overlapping mine
until she made me promise i would stop

today i am wearing the sunset
you asked me to describe my perfect day
i said any if i can see its edges

by noa machover, @noa.mori

trevor bashaw

notes on my project (un)be cum: a queer archive of the ecological self-in-relation

there are a few things at play here

becoming: change is constant, everything is always in-process, unfurling toward potential futures. to be cum is to remain nimble, flexible, adaptable, survivable ...
 queer archive: how do we organize our memories? individually? collectively? what deserves to be preserved? how should we organize it? who is allowed access to see?
 ecological self-in-relation: 'I' do not exist. I am waves, relationships between beings and objects and spaces. Yet 'I' seem to persist anyway – so where do I find home?

my hope is that the content of the manuscript critiques dominant western cultural representations of environment (which tend to frame the natural world as an anthropomorphic metaphor or object to be consumed/mastered). hopefully, it also offers up some alternative modes of understanding the environment that deconstruct these hegemonic representations by focusing on the queer interrelationships between mind/body + word/world that are frequently overlooked. in order to show my ideas (embody them; perform them) rather than tell them (theorize them), i wanted the manuscript to be a multi-sensory experience, immersive, completely belligerent and over the top. ungovernable, unintelligible, assertive, sensory overload, but still meaningful.

the project was an experiment with forms of queer representation. should queer people be striving for visibility when rendering oneself visible is what also renders one vulnerable to harm? i am interested in a representation without intelligibility as a potential queer form of engagement with the natural world that alters the power dynamics embedded in the subject/object dichotomies underpinning our understanding of nature. i show myself but does that not mean you understand. how am i in control of the ways i am seen? how can i embrace radical vulnerability (publicity) while upholding some kind of boundary, keeping certain things inside, in a place just for me (privacy)? the book spills out of itself, the bindings cannot take the images on them, the paper sagging with the weight of the representation.

i needed to answer these questions for myself. before doing so i felt like i needed to do deal with the inside/outside binary that was implicit in the questions' framing. it seemed to me most binaries were grounded in some basis that relied upon an inside/outside distinction. so that's why we might as well start there? first, the whole thing is loosely stitched together and might fall apart at any minute, physically and rhetorically. i quite literally brought the outside inside by incorporating natural materials into the manuscript—bark, a log, fleshy-looking slime, bodily fluids. lol. then the inside, outside, by stuffing the book full to where its bodily limit was overwhelmed and it began to spill over itself. it cannot close. the whole thing looks monstrous to me. it makes the room look cluttered just by being in it. is it even a book? is it a sculpture? an assemblage? a 3d collage? a decollage? proof of my own insanity? a liability???

i am interested in the artistic legacies left by international art movements of the late 20th century including conceptual art, anti-art, lettrism, situationism, and neoism. their parallel stances against the commodification of art, its reduction to social capital and spectacle, have influenced my artistic practice and have helped me privilege the process of the art-making more than the content it produces. furthermore, their many attempts at creating new / altered visual languages capable of representing that which falls outside of the signification of language are all fascinating to me. fundamentally, the manuscript asks the question: what is art? how do we present it? how do we preserve it, or should we preserve it at all?

they say utopia is greek for no-place – it can never be embodied, it is an ideal, always transcendent potentiality; foucault says something about heterotopia – greek for 'different place' – pockets within society that are rife with utopic energy that are actually capable of resisting the homogenizing drive of late capitalism, neoliberalism, the fascist creep, whatever you want to call it. but if spaces have no insides nor outsides, how can a true heterotopia even exist, one with stable rigid borders, a true 'safe space'?

i am unsure so i also wanted to expose the artifice of performance as a tool for being-in-the-world and archiving as a mechanism of remembering it. i wanted to demean the art object. i recognize that it is not going to save me, nor the earth. but i am still committed to it. nothing i make will ever be as beautiful or meaningful as something 'natural' so i have chosen to perform about the artifice and failure of performance as a mechanism for being in the world. the contents of the book have been deconstructed and reconstructed, broken and pieced back together. only the experiencer can piece them back into a coherent whole, if they desire to do so. regardless the object will still exist and people have to deal with it. just like their trash.

i wanted to keep the production of the manuscript responsible. i thought about how a circular, sustainable, gift-based economy might look applied to the art making process. so i tried to use recycled materials, and locally foraged natural materials. most of the material used in the book was bought second-hand, taken from my employer / school, or found in the trash. i did not create much for the exhibition but rather curated and arranged and (re)assembled.

the biggest flaw (strength?) of my manuscript is that it still falls for the 'knowledge as accumulation and a form of understanding that can lead to some kind of control over the subject' kind of argument. in order to truly situate and embody the knowledge the paper is trying to provide, i need to go outside and meditate and move my body around with my friends and the trees and animals and stuff. another criticism i can think of is that eco-performance and philosophical reorientations of our relationship with the environment is that it's so abstract that it might cede the sphere of what is understood as 'political' action. not only do we need to reorient ourselves, to truly help the world we need to also ensure environmental justice struggles are being heard and resolved, that 'developing' countries have access to renewable forms of energy, that consumption be addressed, etc. etc.

but, i mean, if all avenues of legal change and direct action have stagnated or lead to recuperation by neoliberal capitalism, maybe taking a step back and thinking and re-evaluating what's going on between me and this 'environment' thing with regard to the quotidian OK and necessary for a second before some kind of paradigm shift that sets me up for the future.

final note re: visibility – if u want to view my ~super secret project~ contact me directly at

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people / groups who contributed:

compost collective
grinch
social service league
lawrence food not bombs
rachel atakpa
diana chilton
manhattan experimental theatre workshop
maddie anderson
olivia bashaw
savannah smith
i ching
adriene from yoga with adriene
w**d
coff**
ken
gen prescher
violet jade
autumn hatcliff
rachel chang
memes
national geograpic
mark zuckerburg
hillary clinton
takashi murakami
chloe phillipe + ku debate
my grandma

QUEER ETIQUETTE
ZACK WILKS

QUEER: BOTH AN ADJECTIVE AND A VERB. IT DOESN'T JUST DESCRIBE THE NOUN TO FOLLOW, IT MAKES A DEMAND OF THAT NOUN. IT ASKS: DO WE WANT QUEER THINGS? OR DO WE WANT TO QUEER THINGS? (BOTH). FOR A WHILE NOW I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE CONVENE AROUND THE TABLE. A NUMBER OF THINGS, OBVIOUSLY. WE CAN SHARE A MEAL. WE CAN TALK. WE CAN SPILLOVER OUR MOUTHS TIL THE TABLECLOTH'S WET. THERE'S NOTHING MORE DESIROUS THAN A BEEFSTEAK SMILE. A WORD'S POWER RESIDES IN ITS SEAT IN THE NODE, NOT AT THE HEAD. YOUR ARMPIT EMANATES AN OBTRUSIVE SCENT BUT IT'S WELCOME. YOU'RE WELCOME. COMMENSALITY IS A CLUMSY WORD BUT I NEED IT. ETIQUETTE IS A VIOLENT WORD AND THOUGH I DON'T NEED IT I WANT IT. COMING TOGETHER IS DIRTY AND SMELLY AND LOUD AND POLITICALLY FRUITFUL. IF I BORE FRUIT WOULD YOU EAT IT? WOULD THAT BE WHERE OUR MANIFESTO BEGAN? LET'S STAY ABREAST. THIS IS ABOUT COMING TOGETHER TO THE TABLE AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WE DO SO. THE CHICKEN WASN'T PLUCKED. WE DEFERRED TO NO INDIVIDUAL SUCH A POLITICS ESCHEWS PROPRIETY, WHICH IS ABOUT PROPERTY. PROPER BEHAVIOR. THE PRESERVATION OF ORDER. WE ALL KNOW AT WHOSE EXPENSE. I'M TRYING TO IMAGINE SOCIAL NORMS SANS PROPERTY, A PHILOSOPHY OF BELONGING WITHOUT POSSESSION. YOUR EYES REACHED OUT ACROSS OUR LAPS AND RESTED ON THEIR THIGH. TEST NOODLES DANGLED FROM THE CEILING. THE BEST THOUGHTS ARE OFTEN AT THE HIGHEST RISK OF FALLING TO THE FLOOR. HOWEVER, THE DOG LOVES THE TASTE OF THOUGHT. HAILED BY THE ASPIC, I BECAME AN OBJECT OF SUSPENSION. WE HELD BELIEF IN OUR BREATH AS WE PEELED POTATOES. SOMETIMES DEVOTION LOOKS LIKE MEAL PREP. SOMETIMES POLITICS SMELLS LIKE CHICKEN STOCK. SOMETIMES I WANT TO PUT IT ALL ON THE TABLE RIGHT AFTER I UNDRESS IT. IF WE WEREN'T SO QUICK TO DEFINE WOULD WE INSTEAD ONGOINGLY REFINE? AND WOULD SUCH A PRACTICE MERELY REDUCE, OR WOULD IT INTRODUCE NUANCE? AS A CITIZEN OF HOMEMADE STEWS, I KNOW THAT BOTH CAN BE CONCURRENT. THE KEY, I HEAR, IS TIME, WHICH DOES NOT, AS THE CLICHÉ GOES, "HEAL ALL WOUNDS." TOGETHER WE SMELTED STRAIGHT TIME DOWN TO PLASTIC THEN TRIPPED OVER ITS RIPPLES, BUT IT WAS OK; WE NEVER NEEDED PERFECTION. AFTER FUCKING, THE SPOONS WERE ALL BENT.

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