





# The Space Between Became Us

*Excessive Vibration: The Resonance of Disruption*

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for the degree of Master of Fine Arts, Dance*

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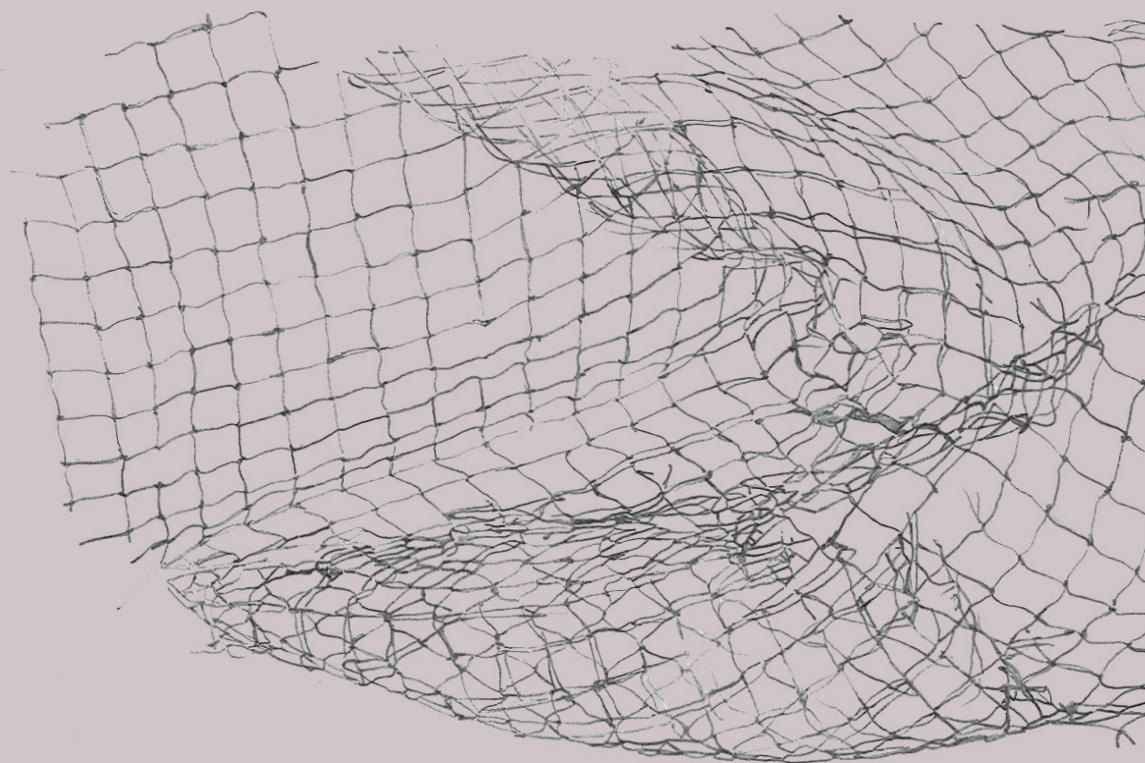
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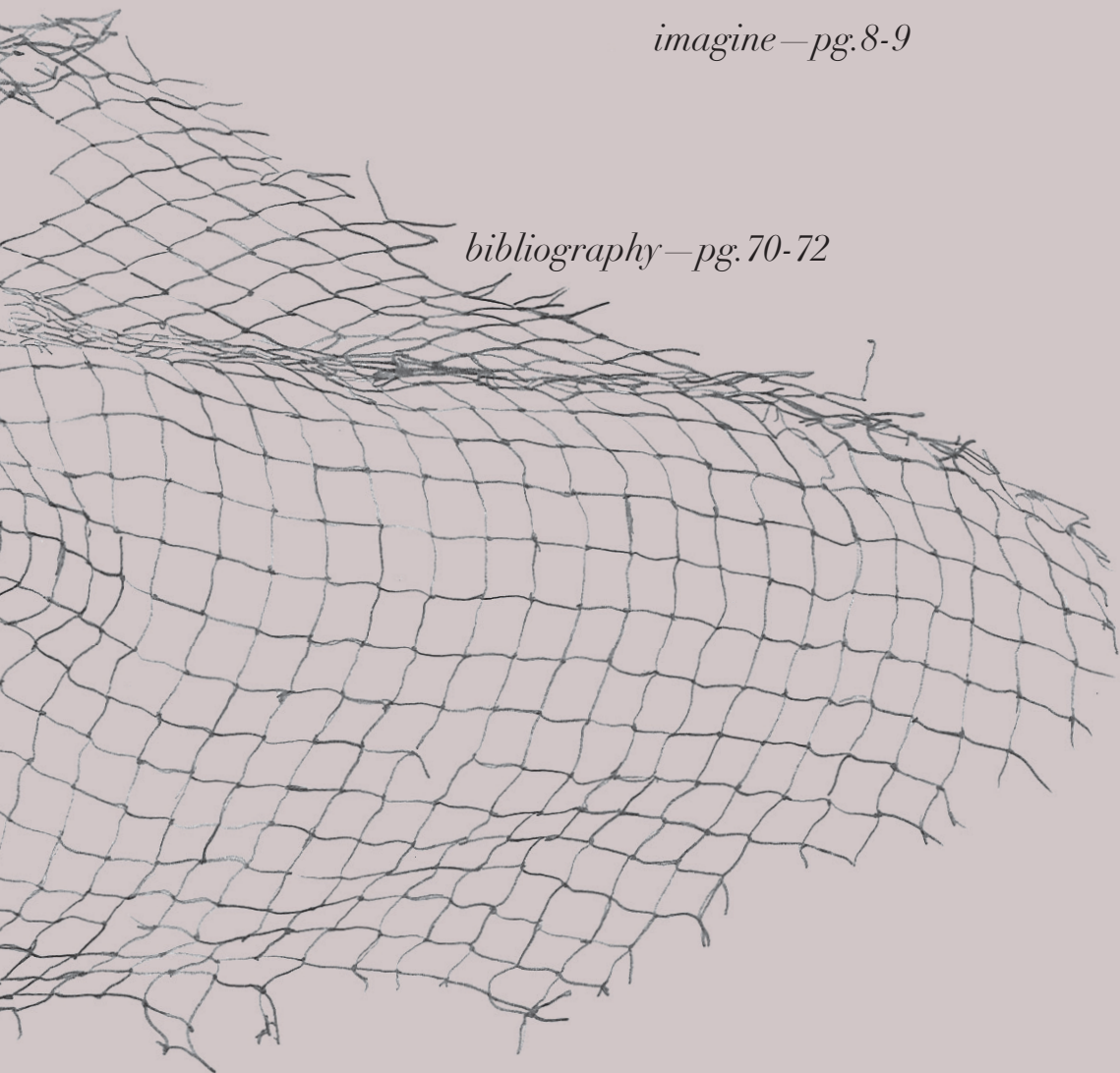


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# *Gratitude and Special Acknowledgment*

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*Simmons, Sachi, JP and Elise, I treasure you and I  
am glad we can be together inside these pages.*

*for Rhonda  
who taught me boudaries*

## *Excessive Vibration : The Resonance of Disruption*

As a dancer who works with amplified and electronic loops, I'm primarily/ currently interested in sound: noise, disruption, violence and resonance. Trin T Minha reminds us, resonance comes from a hollowing of the center; think of the violin. In Physics, resonance refers to a particle's ability to amplify another element with complementary frequency by being in close proximity; one object's vibration invites the amplification of another object's vibration by being next to.

Fences, borders and boundaries at the edges of our bodies, our queer communities and our countries face continuous violence; amplification and hollowness, of space and inside bodies. Could queer noise be a means to disrupt such disruptions? "The movements" being: Direct action/ direct sound, a vibration, a groove.

Tongue and Groove: I'd like to build and join new instruments of bodily amplification, allowing the vibrations of bodies to write the score for sonic space. From the tongue's groove, to the needle's on the record, of a body alongside or inside of a loop. To work with sound is always also to work with silence. Time in groove, tongue in group. Quiet; like pause like stillness like slowness.

I have a long term dream about a network of sister-spaces, developing "noise" between economies of performance artists in the south eastern United States in queer constellation. New imaginations of intimacy across space and time.

The way we are held and can hold, like sine wave forms concave and convex... Through disruption, resonance and the silences between. I want to investigate how much we might be able to hold, and emptiness as an invitation/potential for excessive vibration.

I offer here a practice: a study of patterns.

One thing I have learned in this practice is the importance of sitting with grief. A body full. A body empty.

This is a practice of moving closer to what stands in my way, what blocks the ways between, what fixates and attempts to fix. As someone who is interested in movement, I want to find ways to transform these blockades so that there can be movement between.

In the poetic writing to come I have chosen words purposefully and applied a great deal of pressure to those words. I've watched how they've mutated, repeated and made loopholes for me to escape into; transforming the sadness of silence into a reverence for grief; a sort of altar. I invite you to sit at this altar with me.

What does it sound like where you are? I invite you to read aloud, be read aloud to; to begin to bring consciousness to the composition of your sonic landscape. I invite you to stop and start, to trail off, to space out, to quit and begin again at another time, to read and reread. Can reading be a dance? Can this dance create sound from the inside?

I invite you to come with me as I press on and between words, as I spelunk through the etymology of my history. I want to place emphasis on vitality and the devotions of the future. I want to believe sitting with grief creates more room for joy: vibrating with the strengths of our ghosts, amplifying in the body, scratching toward life. This writing is also that space; a poetic synthesis of my time in study, scratched toward you.

Imagine me emptying, sitting on a broken chair, blowing out a crackling candle. Imagine me thinking of the next cigarette, the next touch. Imagine me pink pink getting pinker. Imagine me a romantic friend. Imagine me a dancer, dancing sparkling slow waltzes, walking a tightrope, uncomfortable in my costume, transforming in front of you. Imagine me soft. Imagine me still, still and loud. Imagine me through the cold and into the warm. Imagine me on a walk on endless stairs, neither uphill nor down. There's a small hand painted sign, a sharp hairpin turn and two dry creek beds on the way. Iridescent, alive, ready, listening, holding out the things I have learned. Can it be a journey without a destination? Imagine me curiosity. Imagine what's next, Imagine me there, unlocking the front gate and the the front door. Imagine me moving moving moving. Imagine me moving a long way. Imagine me moving short loops. Imagine my mind moving like furniture around a room, sundial, tundra. Imagine me holding something in both hands and opening it like a choir book.



Imagine yourself as a gate. Imagine yourself as a fence, a fence in a meadow. You can't see where you begin or end, stretching on. Imagine someone running their hands along you on a walk. Imagine yourself as the sound of a hand running along a chain link fence. Imagine what's next, silence. Imagine yourself alone. Imagine the posture of hiding. Imagine yourself a shape so big; Imagine yourself the negative space of that shape. Imagine filling yourself up. Imagine comfort. Imagine justice. Imagine yourself brave. Imagine yourself in a balance on one leg, or seated, or falling. Imagine grief that feels good. Imagine freedom. Imagine yourself malleable, flexible, stretching on. Imagine yourself a suggestion. Imagine yourself a tone; Imagine yourself turned up.



*How do you wake a sleepwalker?  
Walk beside them for a while before leading them back to bed  
Sit far away and make loud noises.*

*The seventeen year cicadas are coming this summer.*

They come when the first Iris opens; when the ground temperature reaches 60 degrees. There will be hundreds of millions of them screaming, fucking, living for three days and dying. Cicadas are the loudest insect. I found an old shell of one stuck to the front porch of my mother's house. I painted it with nail polish and asked my lover to make it a stage. She has been doing research while building the stage.

She wanted to find out how they make the sounds they make. She said "It's like if we could rub our ribs together in a sort of convulsion; Like panting and shrieking at the same time."

We can perform a welcome for them.

We could play metal music and scream from the rooftop.

We could make a rib cage dance and drink violet cordial.

We are quarantined so there is a lot of time to think of how to celebrate nature, nature's insistence on a slow future, nature's screaming.

The Iris is open, they will come soon. My iris is burgundy and yellow with tiger stripes. Yesterday the news said that the first known animal to get the virus was a Bengal Tiger in captivity.

We are ready to greet the Cicadas in their vibrational armor.

They said cicadas are similar to locusts. It makes me wonder about all the other biblical plagues we could welcome: Virus, locusts, water turns to blood, frogs, darkness, death of the first born.

I will not welcome the flies.

I have a record from the 1970's of field recordings of several species of grasshoppers, crickets, katydids and cicadas of North America. They all have distinctive calls and sounds. I tried looping the sounds of the chirps on top of one another. It sounded like being in a room where too many things are plugged in to electrical outlets.

Or, being at a gas station at night, with big buzzing overhead lights.

Truck stop. Electrical overload.

She has allergies; I don't have any allergies.  
Elan said allergies are an over sensitivity to the world. Your body thinks  
something is harmful, that really is not.  
Her allergies are the way I sort the days.  
Today it is long haired dogs and hibiscus.  
Mallow, okra, hollyhock, honeybell, linden  
Chamomile  
Also rose and jasmine.  
Gluten and soy.  
She has low potassium in the summertime.  
A toe that goes numb.  
Shoulder pain, dry skin, mucus, cough.  
Seasonal allergies pollen, mildew.  
Cats.

*The iris is striped like a tiger. Drooping, panting and shrieking  
at the same time.*





*you could never know if they liked it*

She was the most beautiful dancer I had ever seen.  
Feet like hands

as long as I'm alive I'm dancing.  
just imagine  
some of you might fall in love

(i wish this could look like a complex math equation)  
Pleasure Currency  
desire as capital  
volition boom

---

Duration

How do you get stuff? want need manifest divine  
How do I pose for pictures? I could send you another Time  
Time is how you get stuff  
What if Time is how you get stuff?  
desire over Time  
    volition rhythm  
        appetition tempo  
    cadence

Just put a little tally mark every Time that desire's impulse comes up.

Mark your calendar the night you go into the theater  
Mark your calendar the night you go into the garden  
    What occasion is this?

        occasion as a swerving into body  
        how is my body related to the horizon  
when we come together to make things, we make new forms of kin  
    not to be able to lean in/capitalist medicine

A swerving into body

        non-stop slowness  
getting to a place where you can go full-out  
musculature of slowness  
sometimes things get really flat and you have to round them back out  
again.

What is there to do about the Irises?  
you could touch them but you could never know if they liked it.

Dearest,

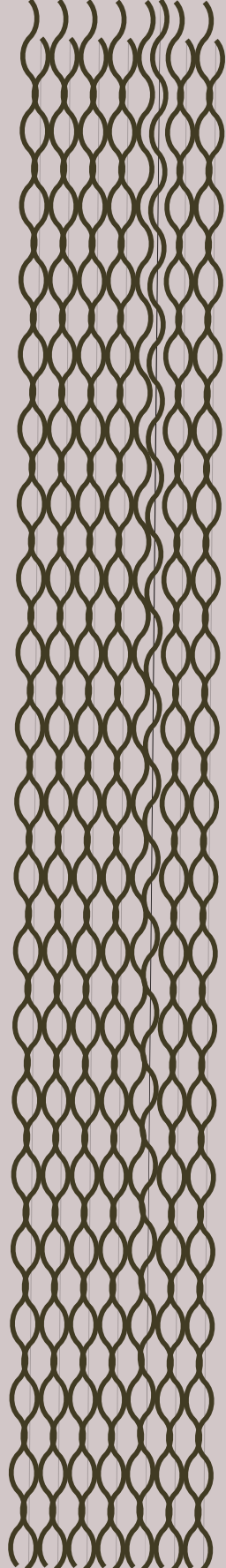
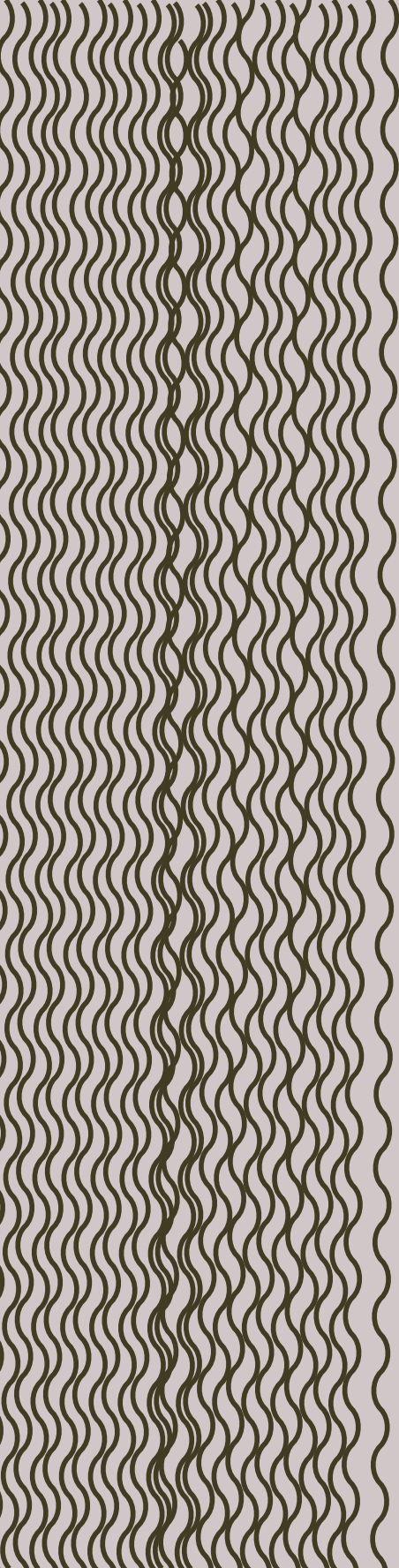
The shadows that have accumulated in, under, around: the structures of stopping, the silences of waiting, time stretched out. I miss my friends. The specter of home looming behind, right behind my head. My back is getting stronger, my backbone, moves me backwards towards. The home, formative container fraught with invisibility and silence for young queer bodies. Coming out of the closet is also a coming out of the house, into the garden and often much much farther. All the way to New York City or New Orleans or the Bay or Seattle or into the woods... is it time to turn back, is it time to turn around again? It may feel as if your DNA is made of barbed wire, it may feel as if you don't know how to begin...

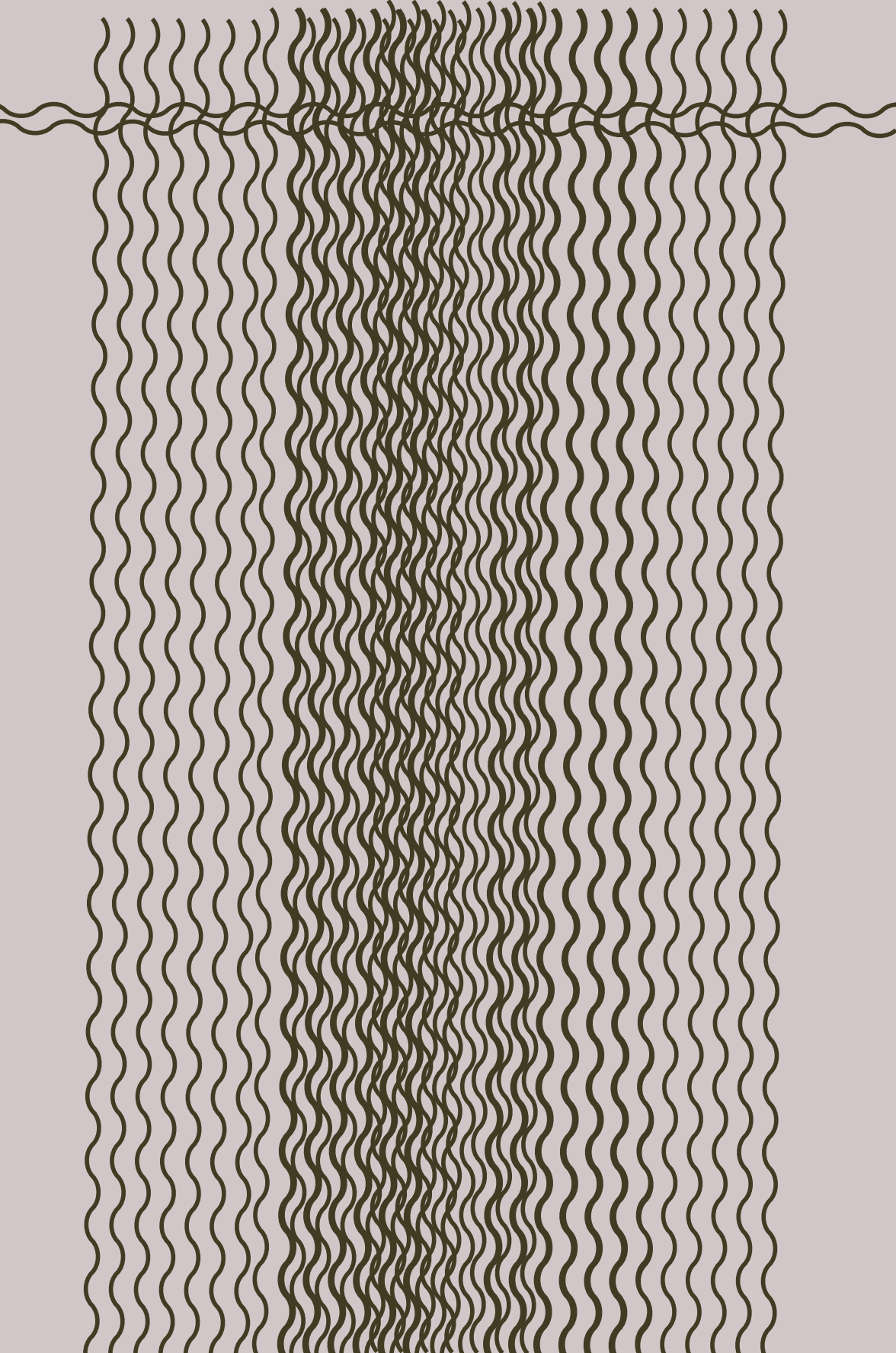
Press into the spaces between. Start with a name, the heaviest name. What you find will horrify. What you find will be hilarious. What you find will allow you to tell on yourself. Tell on yourself! Hit home, and while you're hitting it think of all the people forcibly moved from their homes. Theorize what the fuck home even means when some bodies can be taken and some can just leave and never come back?!

Home is the place you can think about certain things.  
Certain Beauty.

Home is a place the rhythm of accumulated memory speeds up. Hit home. Hit home so hard your mom gets mad at you. Hit home so hard you have to negotiate with ghosts every day. If there's money, hit home so hard money comes flying out and rolls away from you, like you've won the slots. Because, you have won the bet. Home bet you'd die without its protection but now you know how to live. You are finally alive, and you can tell your DNA all about love and that sound will change its shape forever.

Your friend,  
B







## *Eulogy*

She named herself Feral when she began to transition.

She called herself a tranimal.

Four more nipples tattooed down her torso.

She was noise, not a song. Meticulous circuit remains.

Animal remains.

What is the word for animal meat? Carrion? carrion. Carry on.

We ask the Ghost Ship Fire to haunt us.

Some of my family are from a small area called Ferrell Town.

When they say Feral it sounds like it gets stuck in the back of their mouths  
like honey in the throat.

Carrion implies rotting.

Rotting unburied animal flesh: charred.

Death by fire: burning.

Pinecones dormant until fire: opening.

The relationship between Feral and comfort ; wildness and care:

The garden, the fence-row.

The bramble, houses the fastest animals, rabbits

The animals that teach us how to move quickly through moments of fear.

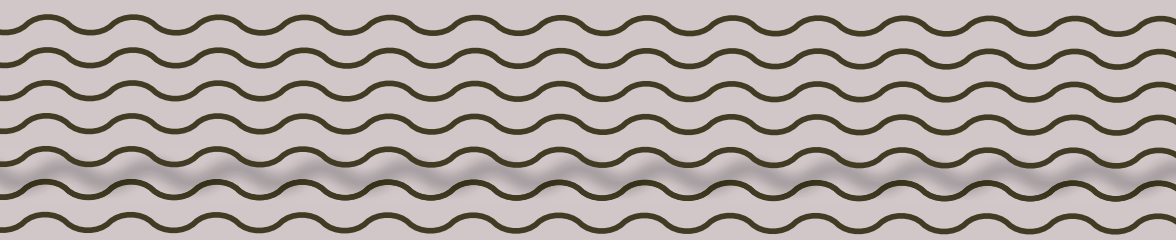
Nestled in thorns, my beloved is the same as the divine





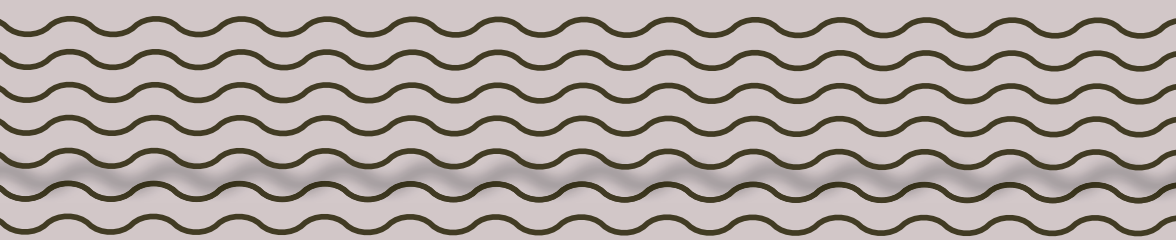






*it is in your being*





*the rhythm that stays*



*Thirst dust:*

Pour us, porous heavenly bodies in  
Constellation rhythm can give measure to the immense Tension  
Holding frequency as eroticism  
My lover  
Real cream  
The space between  
Seeing and touching  
Coming and going  
Is this fucking?  
Coffee tea mud  
Death, bathe me thirsty  
Afterlife  
Consent of the dead  
Atmosphere of content  
Estrogen mouth dry

*All the sound  
Sitting straight up underground*



*All is lost and nothing found  
Can't learn the song till I sit in the sound.*





*How do I open waiting?*





*waiting*











## *Transgressing the Grid*

The grid is an ancient organization with a long history as a visual logic  
The hands of early graphic designers were guided by the hands of the divine.  
We say things like we know them; it's just how we talk.

*Not individuals but processes, like viruses*

Grids impart consistency

Hieroglyph, a canon of proportions

Hieroglyph, based on the human fist

Justice

The synthesizer; where the grid, the curve and the concentric circles  
can be together.

Shelter in Place...

linger

transgressing the grid

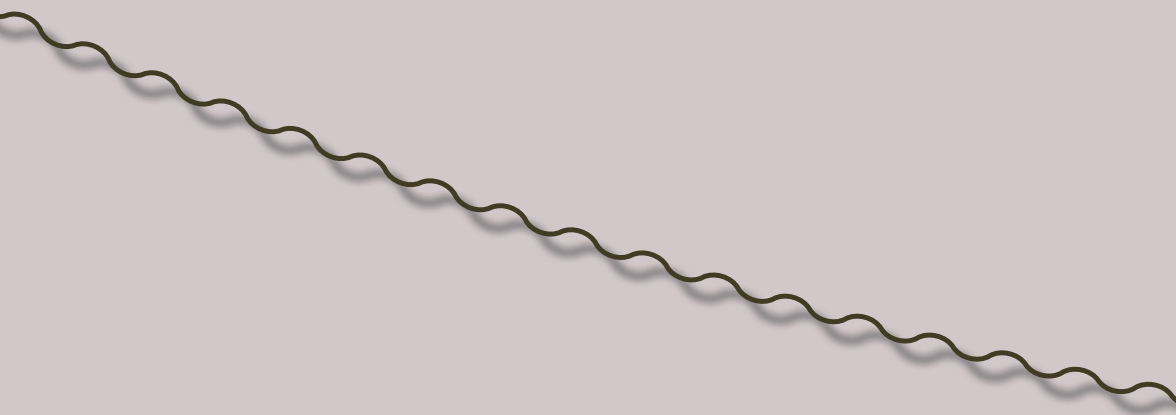
thread the needle

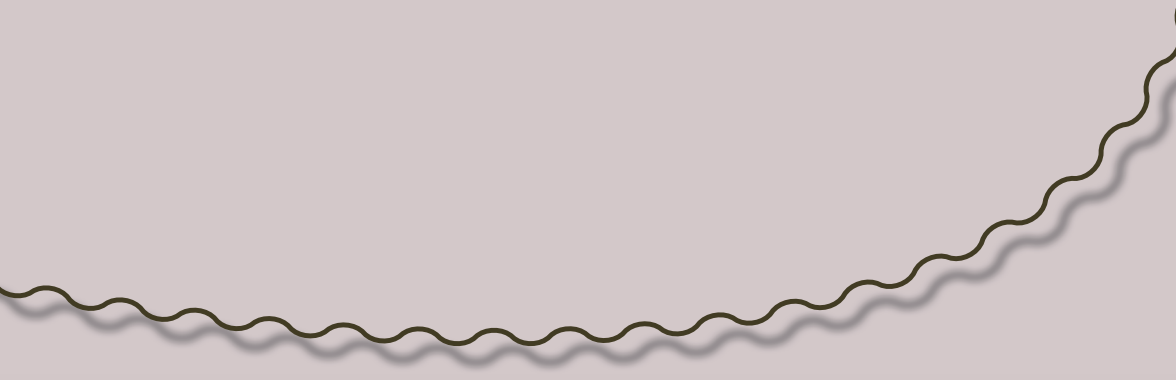
orgasmic

threading the needle

intercom

Imagine me moving moving moving. Imagine me moving a long way.  
Imagine me moving short loops. Imagine my mind moving like furniture  
around a room, sundial, tundra. Imagine me holding something in both  
hands and opening it like a choir book.





Imagine yourself a tone; Imagine yourself turned up.

*BSL3 Biomedical Science Lab, level 3*

**SPLIT**

Virus laboratory  
Biomedical limits

Rooms inside of rooms

The fences grew overnight

Bearing witness

Panic,

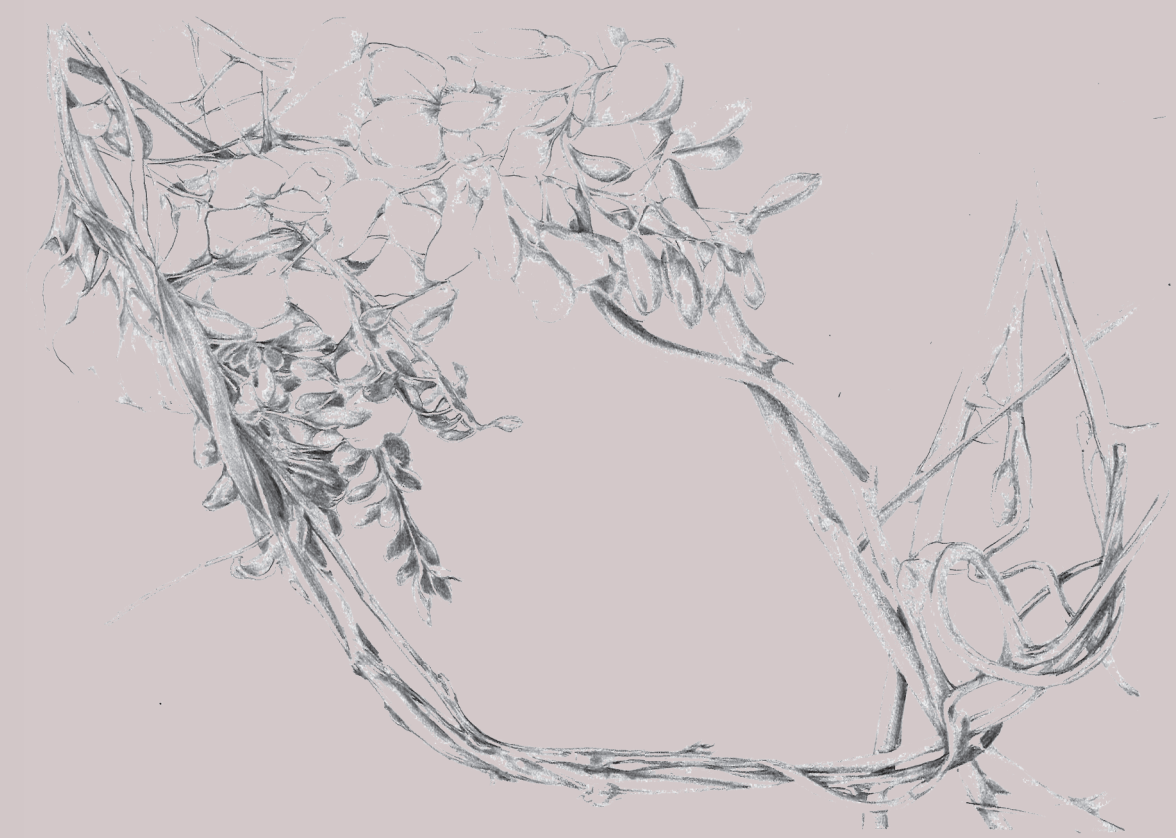
SCREEN

Streets  
Protest

Cities inside of countries

blame like a big red dot on the map.

Graphic saturation.





May 7, 2020  
Transgress, to push back, to press  
Press on a bruise: remember where it came from  
Press on a screen  
Touch screen  
Grid veins  
Drip  
Feed  
IV  
A ventilator is to keep you from drowning

May 13, 2020  
Dancing  
Mancy - brizomancy  
Lithium is a single atom  
susperia  
Hysteria and Wisteria. Hyst meaning womb, Whisht an insertion of silence.  
Shhsst schist shale. Shit for sale.

*An altar is an invitation:*

*God comes when the smoke goes up*

## *Coscinomancy*

Divide divine divination  
To build / To take  
A fence / Offence  
abandoned / abandonment  
net / catch  
sieve / clean  
fence / border  
grid / quantify / civilization  
grids are a visual logic, pervasive, ancient, concealed  
and ever present framework

DIVIDE      DIVINE      DIVINATION  
fall in line







Watering	while	dying
Throwing	critters	around
Find	the way	back
	Culture	the culture
Empty	neem oil	spray bottle
A chair		
An arrangement		
66	page	manual
Death	certificate	PDF
Ghost	army	of sounds
what's	that	sound?
Spill		bite
Comfort	in the	questions

*The space*

*I'm writing in  
Is also the space I'm dancing in*



## *Glissando*

Does a body finally get to be a garden as it dies?  
tended, tending, attend to  
Time:eden  
improvisation as a push back against unilateral bureaucracy  
unapologetic kindness - gentleness  
just to be, to tend to  
address - readdress  
tend - retend  
who is pushing time?  
council outside of time, form allows  
counsel outside of time, form allows  
thank moments of softness  
performance doesn't always ask how to witness.  
I didn't want to see it again.  
carry without using

rip it up and reassemble it  
Joinery

## *Witness Mark*

license to drive drive driving a car unthinking mastery  
unthinking mobility  
thank you for that outfit.

just a wild hair on the way to somewhere i want to be more than that to  
you a window on in that house a light on in that house not a light on a  
window on the Outside of the house

I meant to take a minute

To rub arnica on it

riding miss me miss me miss me cody cody cody code switching means  
you already know the other language is poetry for philosophers that don't  
want to explain themselves?

imagine a violin

slow sustained slur

slur slur slur

climbing slur

looped sobriety and psychedelia

on top climbing down experiencing my body betraying itself, 'no' los-  
ing its meaning racerbacks and diamondbacks ultrachose: present but  
ambiguously, within perception but out of grasp. Things that can only be  
believed with the lips. Some of you might fall in love. even if the fence's  
obsolescence finds you again in openness some of you might fall in love.  
erotic is power circle of your hips not always, all ways  
all ways

more than one

control becomes skillful management

I'm looping at patterns for answers

lyric never means more than a sound

I'm looking at patterns for answers

reverse engineer drive drive driving me hard slur slur slur diamond back  
power circle the lips coyote hold your heartbreak  
i feel something when i look at the water, moving/still. i feel it sleeping  
fish feel it rambling rolling pink rock Swelling gratitude Absorbed heat  
Stacking the pile, then moving it around Yesterday I poked myself in the  
eye with a stick, it hurt through the night state's restrictions 24 hours to  
dry how do you stop writing and start editing? How do I hold your heart-  
break?

Black Cardinal  
no means yes, petrified forest

Improvisation readiness philosophers and theorists call themselves poets  
when there is improvisation inside the written word the field is open a  
meadow maybe permission transmission how does a virus work flatten the  
curve slow down the spread flatten the curve slow down concave convex;  
back to it what did we say about holding and silence? the shapes of the  
waves fitting together frequency together resonance amplification power  
the outlet, electrical the hip socket acetabulum physics laws and laws of  
the state laws of the bones and how they move laws of the bodies of the  
bodies how do you amplify silence was the question i'm not answering  
anymore looking for silence searching made me quiet listening became  
loud became a field a field where many calls came: the box the radio the  
tape record groove archive skip scratch cut catch Simone.  
the gate the fence the border boundary concentric circles the drops in  
water like water in water comeback comeback comeback beckoning a call  
with a pull many pulls all already pulling splitting obliterating abstraction  
or just replace it. use a metaphor, pull from the pile. slow down. spread  
absorbed heat. you can not know what will resonate.  
where can i hide my ideas craft crafty crafting impenetrable moment traps  
what is it called when you leave yourself a trail to follow back research  
bread crumb family forest devoid void of course courseless  
coursing lightness.

drive drive driving the sound i hear something when i listen to the  
water, moving/still. i hear it sleeping fish hear it rambling rolling pink rock  
Swelling gratitude Absorbed heat Stacking the pile, then moving it around

sound, my body is a sound, my body is a sound changing sound, moving  
sound, bending frequency What about the rabbits?  
Are they just a heightened cortisol response; killing them an act of mercy?  
the things we convince ourselves in order to avoid sadness those are the  
horrors What else can I call it? Pictures of bee sting eyes? Shape Shifting  
trailer in the woods turns into a memory of stretching my legs in a jail cell.  
The hilarious horror of already knowing body boding foreboding anything  
can be a jail cell to cell jail to cell cell to cell to scroll scrolling serfing the  
working class care ritual like pulling burrs from fur but its a stopper in a  
bath drain.











## *Pentimento Infidel*

I need to go back and vaccinate the writings from the summer  
Inject fidelity  
Fidelity like devotion to sound, promiscuous praying  
A prayer for love: padlocked fences falling into the ocean,  
love spells are threatening architecture  
Fealty  
I want to divorce an oath from ownership  
A ringing bell  
Lupine Delphinium Collision  
bell hooks  
Collision in the mouth in the sound in the body

Do we hope for a lucid witness?  
Or a high fidelity

Maybe none of us are professionals anymore  
The posture of an imposter, the artist knows well.  
I found part of my life, not an answer for all of my questions  
living is the answer to all the questions you are asking.

A wet blanket can kill you  
If you are asleep  
The last lesbian...  
Little lotus on the train. A chicken leg with a bow on it.  
Pool was one of my first words. In my dream of the nostalgic pool they  
kept telling me it was almost time for it to close. They had made half of it  
into a wave pool. I lounged in the deep end, with arms outstretched on the  
edges. I thought of my meeting with Tommy De Frantz as a pool. Potential  
shallow end and deep end. Let's do a little of both. Blue, the color of life.

Texture on water. Equanimity, leaving and returning. Desire is there.  
Loneliness is there. Can queer be alongside?  
Can experts communicate with one another?



## *Thelma and Louise*

Does writing help me clamber (clamor) up that wall inside my hollowed out body where you've dropped down echoed?

Spelunking with those thoughts again?

Not an angel but a liar with wings, thinking things.

Dressing a redressing

Confessing

All the way across the country

Every time I watch Thelma and Louise I think it is going to end differently. This time, I think, they won't have to drive off a cliff.

This time...

"We're just not connecting" she says

Yeah, you're right, I think, it is boring to act like I comprehend the twisted blame : you assign your shame out into the world.

Spell it out for me.

Say it out loud.

Rearrange the furniture in one room.

While the mold just....

I think I might have to wipe it down. Get a q-tip.

Use this disinfectant. Alcoholler and holler and holler.

Sop that sound up.

Baby Jessica, she got out of the well but not out of that town.

Oh well.

*The space between became us*

I stayed up thinking

The working class care ritual, like pulling burrs from fur  
it's a stopper in a drain

Sweep wash cook clean soapy bleached  
Rocked to sleep  
my clit on the dryer  
Fluff

Burrs in fur  
How to get back to her  
Middle of the night  
On a train?  
Calmly cumming  
on a recording  
Stand over me  
The bird circles  
Falcon  
Feral can be trained - not tamed.

Cumming on the train  
Iron rail old collision  
belle  
Bury me on top of you  
you air you wind  
Let's die! Let's get the virus! Let's go ride the train!  
reclaimed shame  
Aimed fame  
I want to be famous for falling in love

*The space between became us*

Everything is moving away from me

Gravity

Things that are near each other are drawn together because of their mass

The Drive Iritt Rogoff

Managerial logistics

Clockwork breaking down contraption backfiring car exhaust fumes hiss  
sap weapon

Haunting smell of cyclical time

Joinery

Rip it up reassemble

Reverse engineer

Carry w/o using

Woke up with a tiny bird sittin on my hip

Brown thrasher

Coyote

Cypress

Desire is proof the world changes with you

Desire - long for

Long very long

De sidere; from the stars

TV fast food TV fast food







Have you ever been so hard on yourself, inside your own head that you  
wince, like you're absorbing your own blow?

Wiley, wait awhile.

train time

training time

Sound is involved: clock strikes, bell tolls, grandfather Westminster, long  
tone short, telegraph, sonar

Wiley, wait awhile.

Wince recoil, I can't help but think of the barrel of your gun.

Resilience resentment.

Whine, trigger point wince signs: sternocleidomastoid.

neck head squint

shrug

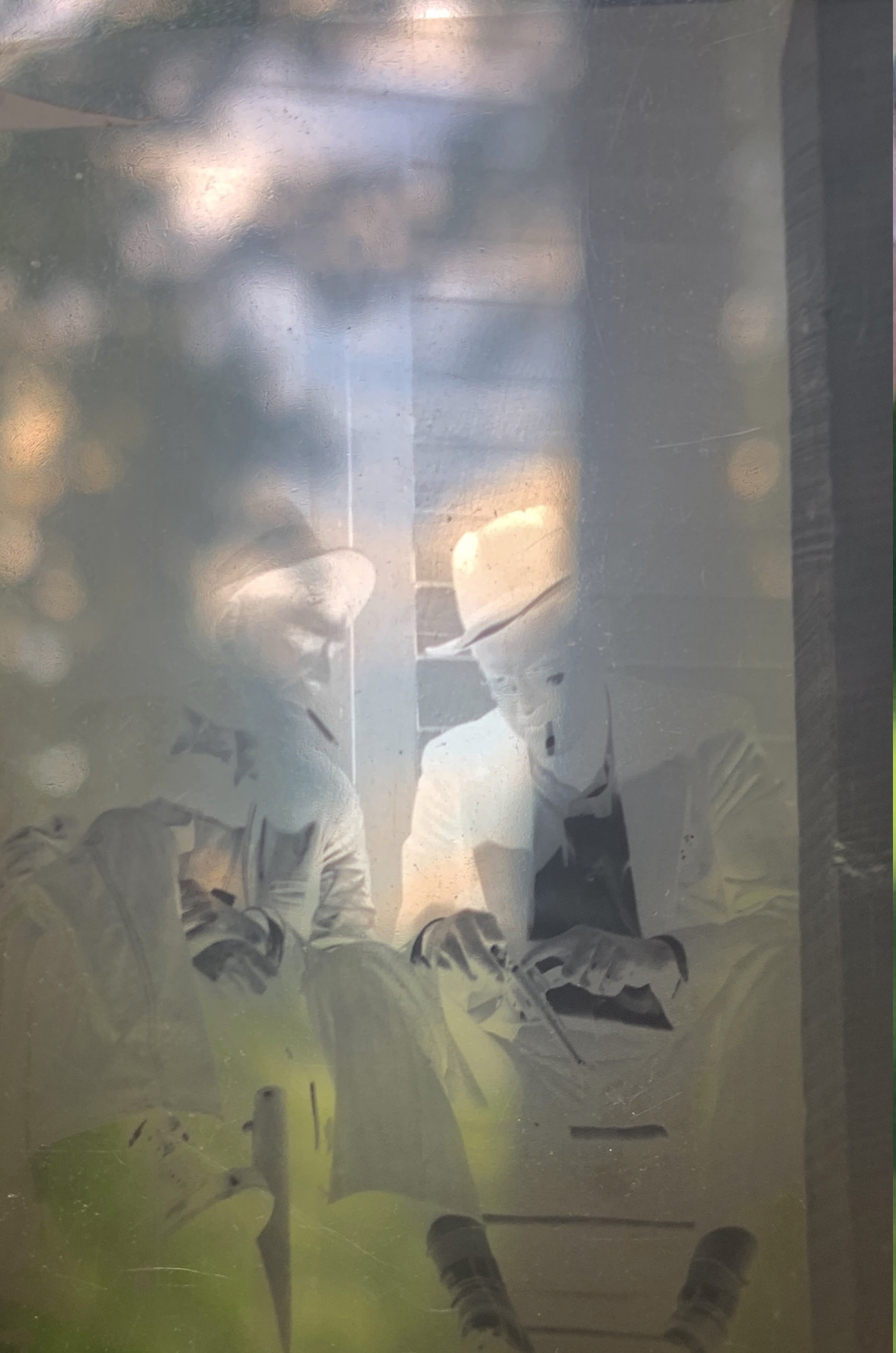
magic, hollows you out

art, memory of the lost

art magic, Certain Beauty.











## Glossary

### **gloss** (n.1)

“glistening smoothness, luster,” 1530s, probably from Scandinavian (compare Icelandic *glossi* “a spark, a flame,” related to glossa “to flame”), or obsolete Dutch *gloos* “a glowing,” from Middle High German *glos*; probably ultimately from the same source as English *glow* (v.). Superficial lustrous smoothness due to the nature of the material (unlike polish, which is artificial).

### **gloss** (n.2)

“word inserted as an explanation, translation, or definition,” c. 1300, *glose* from Late Latin *glossa* “obsolete or foreign word,” one that requires explanation; later extended to the explanation itself, from Greek *glōssa* (Ionic), *glōtta* (Attic) “language, a tongue; word of mouth, hearsay,” also “obscure or foreign word, language,” also “mouthpiece,” literally “the tongue” (as the organ of speech), *glogh*- “thorn, point, that which is projected” (source also of Old Church Slavonic *glogu* “thorn,” Greek *glokhis* “barb of an arrow”).

Glosses were common in the Middle Ages, usually rendering Hebrew, Greek, or Latin words into vernacular Germanic, Celtic, or Romanic. Originally written between the lines, later in the margins. By early 14c. in a bad sense, “deceitful explanation, commentary that disguises or shifts meaning.” This sense probably has been colored by gloss (n.1). Both *glossology* (1716) and *glottology* (1841) have been used in the sense “science of language.”

**Altar** an opening between realms of the living and the dead. A space of offering.

**Amplification** enlarging and or increasing: size, space sound, intention, aptitude, body, meaning, volume

**Appetition** as in appetite, the living in a life, a seeking after; desire directed toward, desire’s movement toward. One of the two aspects of desire as outlined by Aristotle “Hunger of the process.” Manning, *Always More Than One*, 254.

**Beauty** hooks, *Art on My Mind*, 119-120.

**Becoming** (n.1) coming into being  
(n.2) southern colloquial especially flattering.

**Desire** pleasure’s movement

**Devotion** dedication of a promise

**Divine** (n.1) of god  
(n.2) of nature.  
(n.3) from divination; soothsayer, sorcerer, astrologer

**Equanimity** like french *equilibre*, like water in water, the dance between freedom and balance.

**Fidelity** (n.1) the degree of exactitude possible in sound reproduction; Hi-Fi  
Lo-Fi  
(n.2) faithfulness

**Fealty** from old French; sworn loyalty to a lord, see fidelity

**Fence-Row** Space on either side of a fence that remains in stages of uncultivation.  
Needham, *The Fence-Row*, 186-190.

**Feral** (n.1) Family name  
(n.2) state of being untamed

**Frequency** (n.1) how often an event occurs, number of waves that pass a fixed place.

**Groove** (n.1) indentation gently spiraling toward the center of vinyl plate that holds sound recording  
(n.2) recognizable repeating rhythm or loop.

**Grid** (n.1) a number of technologies linked together.  
(n.2) ancient visual logic that utilizes intersecting vertical and horizontal parallel lines, created in Egypt based on the proportions of the human fist.

**Hollow** (n.1) cave or hole  
(n.2) empty inside

**Home** spaces of increasing rhythm of accumulated memory

**Join** YouTube, “*Loophole of Retreat*.”  
Part 1 27:00.

**Justice** (no.1) “Space for a body, free from molestation” Nora Chupamire  
(no. 2) no justice no peace

**Kin** Harroway, “*Making Kin*”

**Loop** YouTube, “*Loophole of Retreat*.”

**Occasion** choreographic proposition, time, time as now in motion  
Manning, *Always More Than One*.  
Randy Martin “swerving into body”

**Pintimento** strokes, as in a painting, that have been changed or painted over.

**Resonance** force taking form in vibrational relation  
Manning, *Always More Than One* 176-77.

**Rhythm** patterned flow, in relation to time, sound or movement

**Sound** (n.1) structural certainty uttered  
(n.2) moving through the environment while being able to be moved through  
Kelly, *SOUND*.

**Suspiria** from latin *suspirara* breathing; respiration as a body language, breathing quietly, under breath, secrets

**Transgress** to push or press against in attempts to move through  
YouTube, “*A Public Dialogue Between bell hooks and Cornell West*”

**Vibration** with, a language that allows us to read between  
Manning, *Always More Than One*, 169.

**Volition** wish’s movement toward will

**Wave** Calvino, *Mr. Palomar*



## *List of Images — in order of appearance*

- 1. Front and back Cover Image by Janpolo Prichardo / Fukspeeling*
- 2. Gear sketch by Blakeney Bullock*
- 3. Netting illustration by Elise Kauffmann*
- 4. Caitlyn Swett's feet fence photograph by Andrea Knight*
- 5. Alaska Lagoon photograph by Simmons Em*
- 6. Sadie's Door photograph by Sachi Nasatir*
- 7. Janke's Back photograph by Simmons Em*
- 8. Waiting photograph by Sachi Nasatir*
- 9. Wisteria illustration by Elise Kauffmann*
- 10. Split Three Mountains photograph by Simmons Em*
- 11. Rose Fence illustration by Elise Kauffmann*
- 12. Dallin's Trailer photograph by Blakeney Bullock*
- 13. Dottie and Violet Dancing photograph collage\* by Blakeney Bullock*
- 14. Three Mountains photograph by Simmons Em*
- 15. Tangle illustration by Elise Kauffmann*
- 16. Cleaning Guns photograph collage\* by Blakeney Bullock*

*\*materials: 1940's acetate safety film., Blue Ridge Parkway; iphone camera, sunset, tweezers, Lowgap, North Carolina*

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