

Pathogenic Agent

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Dance

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PAYING ATTENTION

to how my body reacts when
I hear any type of sirens

Thinking deeper as it
draws closer,

the siren feels like a
howl in the woods of the
city,

you know it's lurking but
can never pinpoint until
it's too late

And the attack
has happened

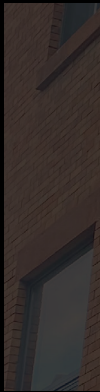
They never come
as individuals

Always arriving in packs
I call them,

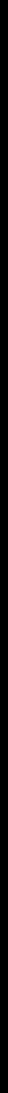
Wild dogs with Authority

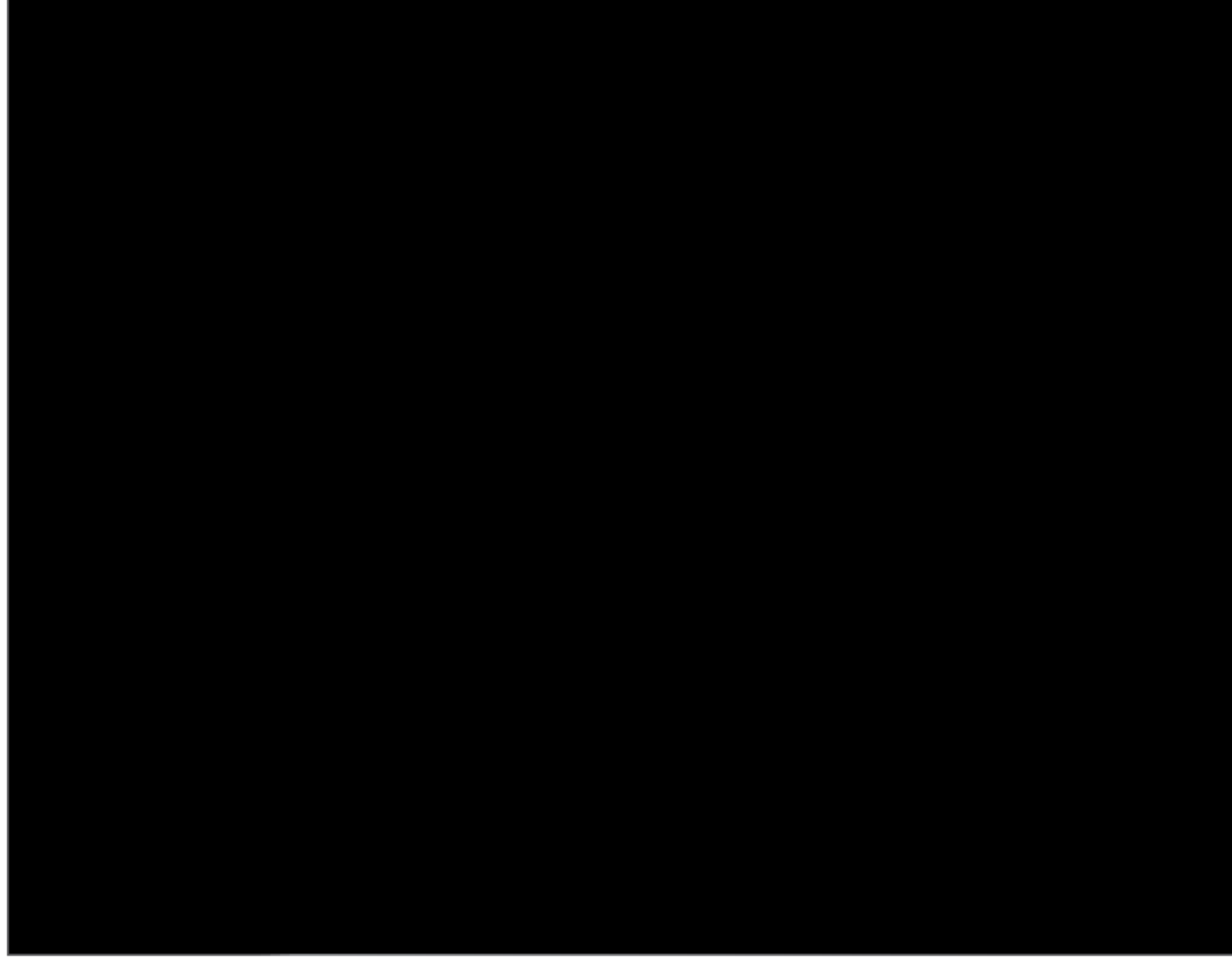
Can I only think clearly with heavy weight stacked
on my back?

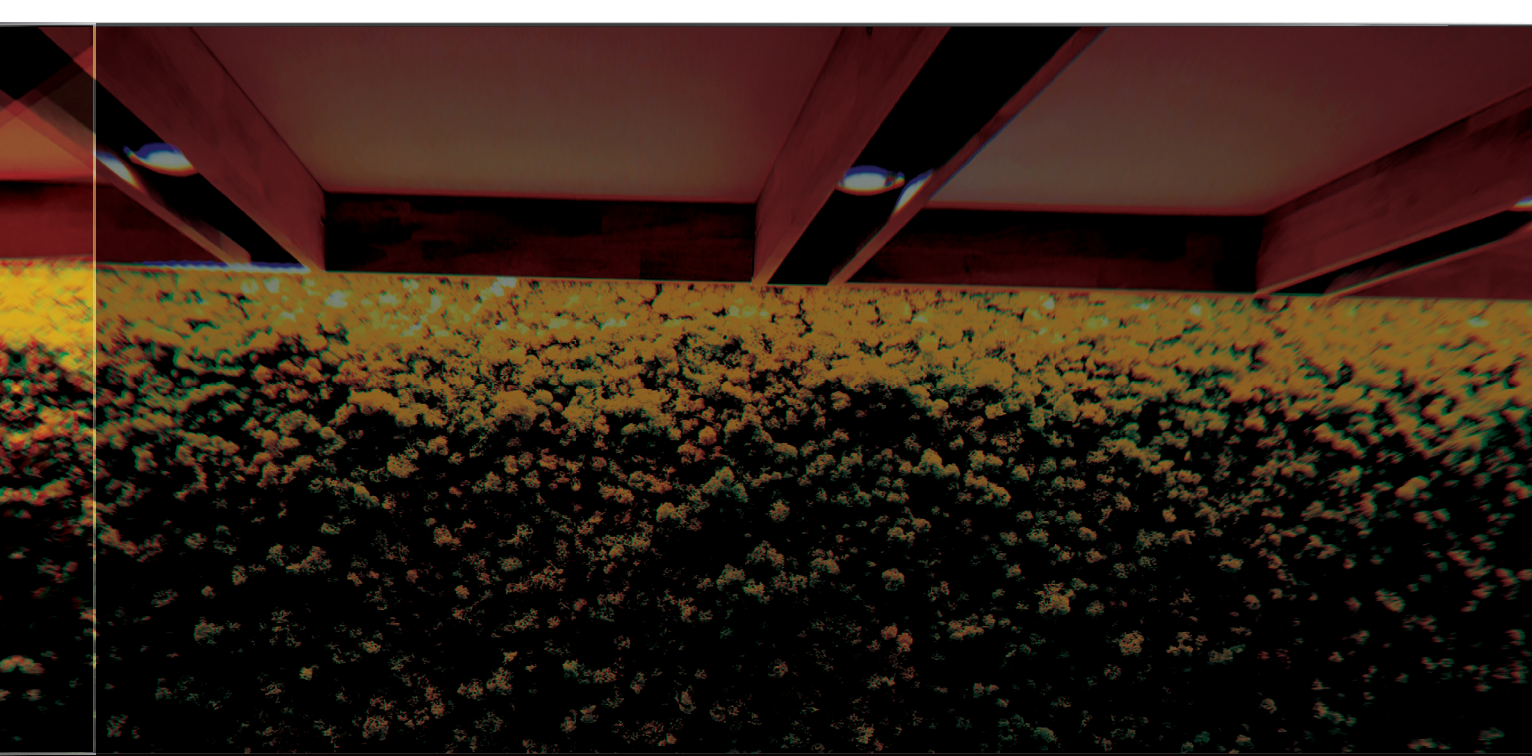
(with the uniformed dogs surrounding me,
with the government displacing my family,
with the architecture fighting against my
longing for home)



A huge enclosed office was located on the right side of the building as you walked down the stairs. The volunteers mostly stayed in this workroom, where they talked to us from an intercom when we arrived and left. The wallpaper surrounding them was a deep brown color that was scratched and cracked from neglect. The kitchen had egg white colored tiles all over the floor and walls with torn arrows pointing to the right side of the doorway, directing us to form a line. The smell of grease was embedded in the walls and the pots, overwhelming the scent of food. The kitchen reminded me of a highschool lunch setting, except there was no joy, no laughter and no happiness, only silence that grasped everyone's vocal cords. In the sleeping area there were various leaks in the walls and sleeping cots in a grid like formation.







The cots were tan colored with silver metal poles propping them up. Without any room to stretch our arms and legs, we had to stay completely straight like a body in a coffin laid out on bricks. Huge overhead lights were usually dimmed and sometimes completely broken, underneath them the stench of multiple people lingered in the air as we slept. The floor was brittle and seemed like it was ready to sink at any moment. The leftover side street couches were hideous but as I sat, I tried to reminisce on what comfort felt like. Decrepit-ness molded itself into the furniture day after day. The first scar came from sitting on one of those couches, reaching over to grab a stuffed brown bear that I had as a child for many years. My wrist brushed a bare bulb which singed my skin leaving burns that have become discolored smears. The second scar arrived from playing basketball outside of the shelter one night, trying to temporarily escape the confines of the shelter. The tip of my knee (which is now loose, wrinkled dead skin about an inch and a half long) had gone crashing into the edge of the broken cement steps, creating a deep laceration with bits and pieces of cement stuck inside.

Discoloration is first introduced to the body through the difference in melanated skin levels (difference meaning a way for the body to scale the quantity of how much or how less melanin is concentrated in specific areas of the body. But discoloration also surfaces through afflictions to the body, from trauma and damage to the skin. The skin is the largest organ on our body while also being listed as one of the primary organs as well, especially with it being receptive to internal and external afflictions.

While the skin is attuned to what happens on the inside and outside of our bodies, the brain is the one who decides how traumatic the event is and tries to help us cope. (The brain is always speaking to the body even with the slightest gestures).

In that transition the brain directs the body to repair the harm. The body then decides to make a scar, a discoloration/a smear, or not. This decision depends on how deep the affliction is, where it is and how much melanin is present in that area. While the skin acts as a shell of safety for other vital organs it still leaves traces behind after repairing itself which most times become smears. These smears take many shapes and forms but they always remind me of the internal and external trauma I have endured. The smear represents the mental, emotional and physical things that my body endures - all in one place.

The smear is a result of how my body processes trauma.

These scars are physical wounds connected to that building and will forever be. It feels like a kind of branding to me that constantly makes the body relive experiences, a branding that speaks to purgatory - a time constraint on the body that puts me in a state of neither here nor there (a consistent drifting), a branding that speaks to architecture - where the space is the reason why violent acts have taken place on my body, a branding that is connected to trauma that rises to the surface of my skin, a branding that exists out of time and a way for the past to breach time itself.

Discoloration

Discoloration

Discoloration

Discoloration

Discoloration

Smears

Smears

Smears

Smears

Dis
Smear

Smears



doing time

universal time

12:00

color

in and out of
time

... time and I have always had an interesting relationship. Growing up and having a parent consistently telling me that "time is of the essence" because of my blackness calibrated me to understand that time usually worked against me. This phrase meant that I didn't have time to spare, because my life at every second could possibly come to an end. Time is the biggest dictator because it is an entity that is man made that has control over the world, control over my mental state. Neurally humans understand time by the brain arranging our experiences into a sequence of events. Trauma disrupts that flow. Trauma takes out or elongates different experiences. Trauma distorts time in the mind and body and when that occurs the mind and body try to cope.

your
time

carceral time

taking

TI

ME

this time

on time

ed people time

our time

00:00

my time

time

civil time

going through time¹³

What happens
when there's a

CONSTANT
stream of just
TRAMUA?

Does the BODY protect and try to cope

OR

Does it start to do the

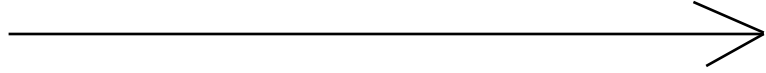
OPPOSITE

and ATTACK itself with the help of architecture?

Slowness wanders to be with
Collective burden
Trying, seeking refuge
Who shares the burden of survival?
Constructing and deconstructing
We are not in control
Wreckage
The voyage

|The box|

Taking some time to understand what shelters are for, when re-searching definitions of a shelter it is first listed as a building (a site of protection) before it is listed as a possible temporary home. Though protection is wrapped in the thought of home, the experiences that happen inside are what actually make it a safe haven.



[Paying attention to how my body reacts when I don't hear anything]

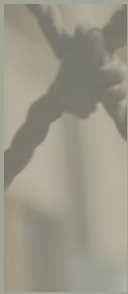
I ask myself:

Can I only think clearly with heavy weight stacked on my back?

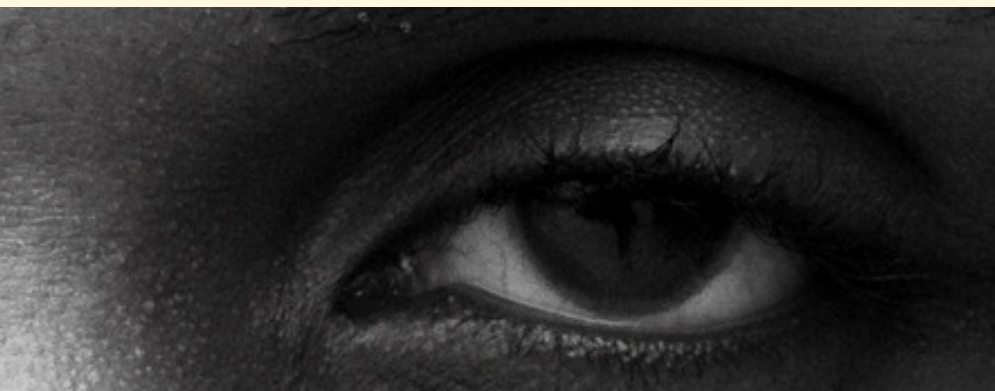
I'm thinking about my experience of time in the shelter and how to seek refuge in a place that puts constraints on bodies who move through it. I recall the architecture of the shelter and that feeling of time being a pressure cooker there. Time seemed to act differently in this place. Marguerite Hemmings, in an artist talk she gave in July 2020, brought me to this idea of trying to "seek refuge" and the thought that it "is not a function of speed, it is a function of construction."¹ I felt that this idea can be situated in architecture. The construction of slowness happens in the body and mind because it is purposefully embedded in the architecture. By creating a space of constraint and unsettledness the body experiences time differently (slowness). Emilio Rojas also on that same day provided a bridge into trauma; "trauma of the body is connected to the trauma of architecture."² Architecture (like the body) does experience traumatic events overtime. While some architectures can be remodeled and "fixed" the trauma still resides within the walls. Shelter are places that holds people's burdens that become saturated with trauma, devastation and refuge. These buildings create a line of trauma that sets up conditions not only to form scars (or what the building does to the body) but also forces me to carry the burden from being there, from the people before and the people after. "Everything that we ever touched carries the energy of the person that has touched it before."³ This quote makes me think about what I have

left behind and my burdens transferring over to the next kid who accidentally touches that light bulb or even sits on those steps. I am thinking about the parents who left burdens behind only to be felt and altered by the next parent. These situations of trauma and purgatory have changed the way I deal with things in my life. Somehow my body and mind work as if I still live in that building. In some situations of uncertainty and loss of time I think better than ever to keep some type of form of control. I never panic, I'm calm, but continuously trying to build a sense of security at every corner. The emotional constraint of the building made me believe that crying was an annoyance and unnecessary. I started to believe that crying will never get you anywhere because after all the tears the problems still tower over you. Tears in that place didn't solve the problems, the volunteers made me think that actions do, by giving us some type of schedule that was in accordance to how people with "normal" and "successful" lives live. Now as I sit in this moment in my new apartment, the sounds of the city breaching the walls along with the quietness I've tried to build in the confines of the apartment,

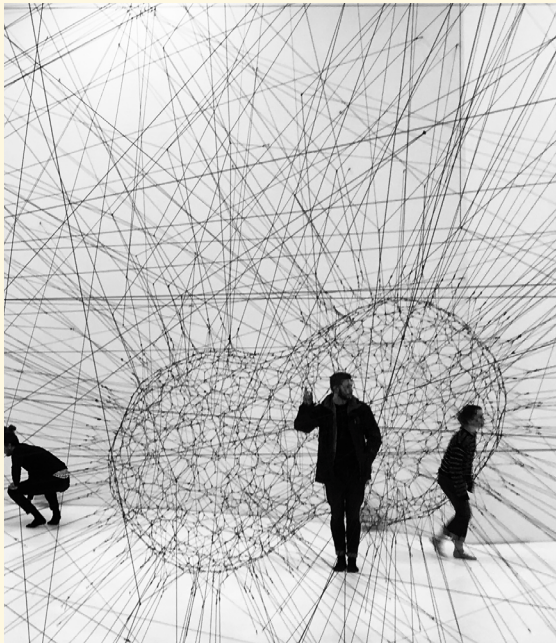








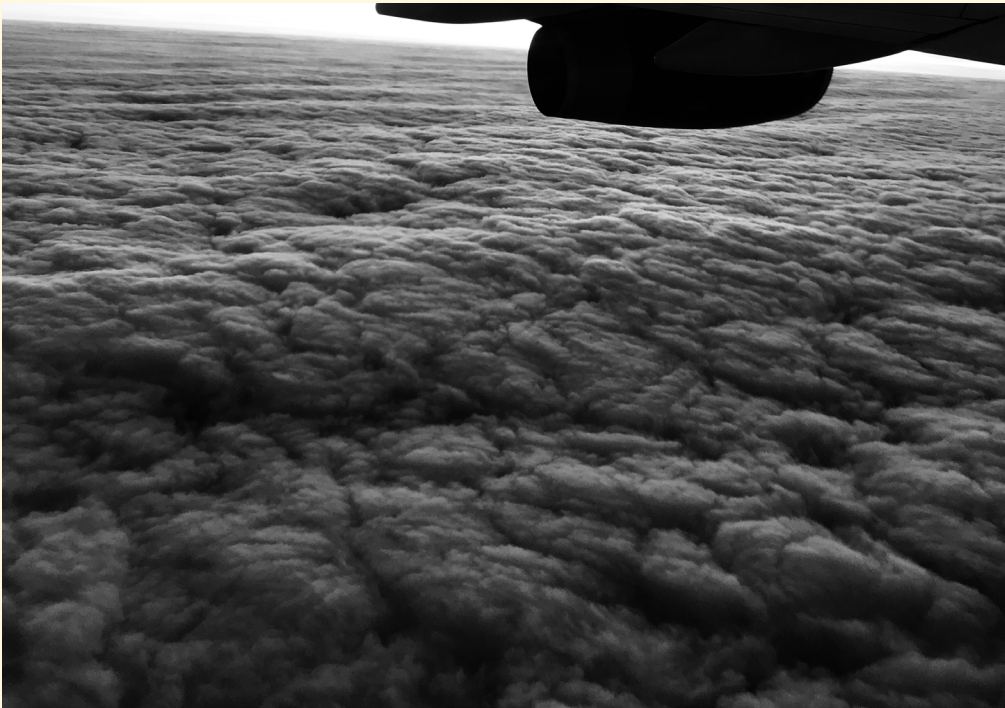


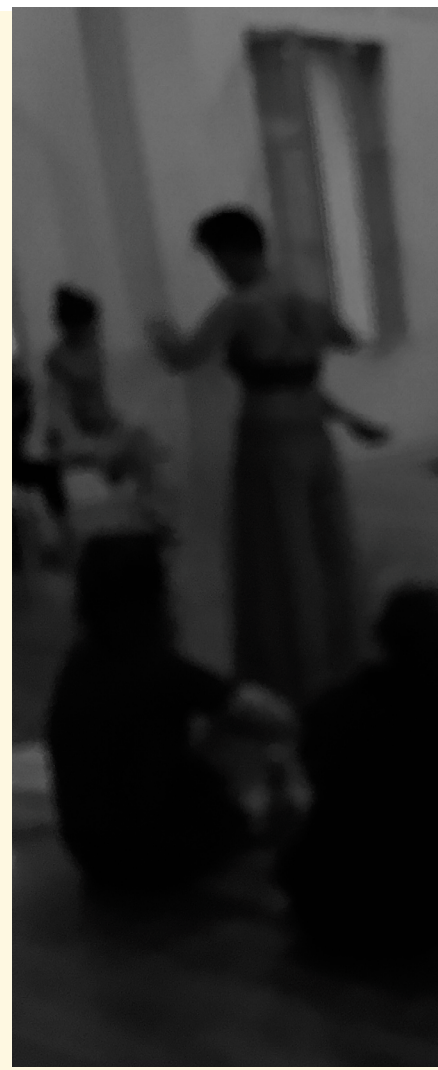


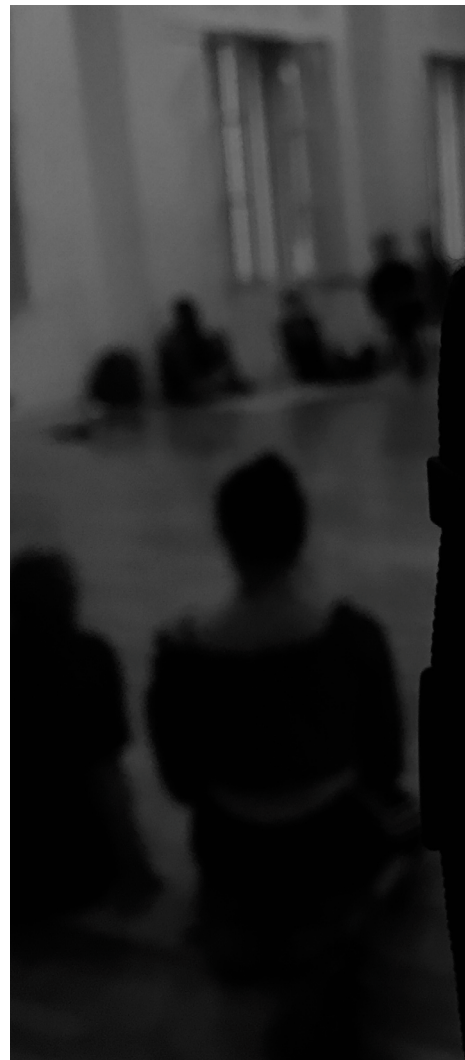


















Searching my body for architectural-trauma and using it as an arrival point into my work has been crucial to looking deeper into the acts of displacement that blackness and black bodies have to deal with daily. Slavery is a massive trauma of displacement, the history of displacement can be tracked through the present. Being in the wake is a present state of continual displacement. My family and I's relationship to land has always been determined by someone else, not ever owning but only renting. When thinking about land being the foundation of all the buildings and spaces built upon it, it brings me back to who owns the land and how it is politically charged throughout history. Within history it is a proven fact that I would not be here now if it weren't for slavery. That being an "American" means being born on this land and in this country in which my ancestors were once slaves. This makes me question the asphalt slabbed into the concrete that we walk on. The black body is always in a constant battle within the cracks and specks of the steps we take. Not only am I questioning the ground I walk on, the steps I take but then also the air I breathe. This relates specifically to the constant state of navigation when it comes to architectural spaces. (I'm thinking about how a building is made. The architecture of it determines the air in the building. This air becomes part of how relationships come to be between one another.)

~~being~~

This air becomes, and becomes and becomes and becomes and becomes and becomes and becomes...

crucial, it is and what must be, it is and what is unavoidable. it is history? or is it the present? Battling within, inside? Outside in

brings me to the surroung, brings me up, brings me down, brings me to the right, and back to the left

Breathe

~~I would not be here now if it weren't for slavery~~

37

~~slabbed slabbed~~

Architecture Ar-

Archi-

[illegible]

architecture

Architecture as a profession has always been dominated by whiteness which allows it to decide who is placed where, how space controls bodies and who spaces are for and not for demographically. It allows whiteness to continuously uphold its toxic hierarchical status in a society that is said to be built on morals around equality. This idea that equality is gifted to everybody is a facade that is explicit in this democratic country that says it's "run by the people." Whiteness continues to perpetuate its power by the means of control and suffocation. Control over housing in relation to gentrification, control over economic gain and control over educational gain. It's a filtration system that only lets white alternatives seep through while black opportunities are left behind and under the thumb of oppression. Always lingering, always taking space and always only allowing itself to have any expansion to its lungs. Moving through these muggy air spaces I always questioned the architecture but not the architect. I realized that I was not thinking about who was in control of building the spaces, I was more focused on the damage architecture did to the bodies inside. After questioning the entity that is building these harmful spaces the architect for me began to be a representation of whiteness.



WHY

do they not see me for me?

does my blackness make me seem like an outsider?

have I been taught to navigate white spaces?

Institutionally and career wise?



I'm always aware of the people around me and how they perceive me, not because I care to change or bend myself to their perception but to be aware of the stares and to be aware of the contemplation that occurs with the stares. To be aware of this speculation helps me think critically and politically about the spaces black bodies inhabit. As I'm thinking deeper about spaces and architecture Juhani Pallasmaa writes "Architecture doesn't help us fabricate an imaginary world, it specifies our existence in the world and strengthens our sense of reality and self."⁴ This made sense to me at first thinking of ways humans have a need to plant their feet in the soil which allows ownership over something but what does this mean for black people? That architecture is made to constantly repeat the reality of oppression and displacement of black bodies?



HOW

does any black person formulate a sense of home?

Do I ever have a home?

Most places I've called "home" have always been given to us through the government with a program called "section 8/Public housing."

This program is meant to help which a lot of times I believed it did but the more I came to understand the program through research I started to pay attention to the rigorous requirements the government asks of a family. It then started to reveal itself as yet another pressure cooker. A legal box of oppression. The requirements in this program say that you must stay under a certain cap of income and you must always prove to a case worker that your job is paying just enough to be under this cap but not too much to put you over.

These requirements are not made by someone who has lived a life of poverty but instead the exact opposite. I started looking at a map that lists the available homes for public housing in the city of Philadelphia. Through this searching, I looked at the environment and architecture of each pinpointed home on the map and I started to see a pattern. Almost every home was in a complex, like grouped housing.

No space for yards, no space for gathering, no space for other possibilities than what the government has permitted. Within these complexes no home was different than the one next to it, there was no space between the walls besides the beams that held the establishment together. Not only was there a lack of space but also the architecture itself was decrepit and underdeveloped. Bell Hooks writes "The state built dwellings to erase all chances for unique perspectives to shape living spaces and replaced these with a blueprint of sameness."⁵

"Us" has always been my mother sister and I

The government uses this word "development" in the mapping of homes, which is now alarming to me. Bell Hooks writes "Development can be played out as a game of spatial discrimination."⁶ Living in Center city, I am now being awakened consistently by construction. I see these signs that say "under development" with a preview of what the building will look like once its done. This makes me question:

How is it that there is always work being done on buildings, always work improving and changing at the center when the outskirts never have this same opportunity?





DE - VE - LO - PE - ME - NT

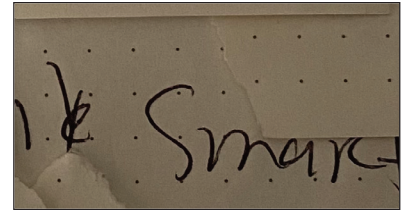


Deeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

TN | EM | EP | OL | EV | ED

The word development has different connotations to it in the government's eyes. When they are using the word development in relation to public housing it is an act of discrimination, a way to place black bodies where it sees fit, the power to only allow blackness to thrive where it wants blackness to be. When development is in relation to commercial real estate it is connected to opportunities and keeps whiteness at the forefront of what is new and ever changing, while leaving blackness to be suffocated in poverty and underdevelopment.

I am familiar and close to decrepitness in architecture. Remembering one home we stayed in, the toilet was two inches below the floor, always having problems, the carpet filled the home with a stench of mold that was beyond repair. The walls covered with stains of whomever stayed before us and the sink pipes always coming apart flooding certain parts of the home. Regardless of all these problems it was still home for us. Bell Hooks writes "Public housing brings a sense that if you're poor then you're powerless, unable to intervene in or transform one's relationship to space."⁷ As I think back to these times, home was not a place of deep sadness for me, in fact it was the exact opposite a lot of the time. I believe part of this is because within the three of us (though one is considered the guide for the other two) we were constantly re-learning and re-teaching each other about space and having to think about it critically so that we could create our own state of liberation that exceeded the confines of architecture.



We grew interested, not only as individuals in three different times of our lives, but also as a family experiencing the gravity of oppression, in how to build practices that allowed for black creativity and black liberation. These practices included music, black hair, cooking, cleaning, watching movies, praise, drinking and therapeutic discussions. In our black household these were practices that allowed us to expand beyond the infrastructure of architecture, beyond oppression, beyond the thumb of public housing, beyond the government and beyond the world itself. These practices are also a refusal of the spatial and architectural discrimination which Admassu helps contextualize. He writes that the spatial practices that are involved in black radical traditions actually exist outside of architecture as refusals of measurability since the discipline of architecture encloses space while also being measurable and exploitable.⁸



suffocate



Looking beyond the binds of architecture I started to search for places that hold black creativity and black liberation innately. I thought back to spaces that feel like a second home. Being at a barbershop and salon felt like being with a family that was distant but close. A space that upholds black culture and embellishes the objects and things that make it so special. It is the way the chair is being elevated, the styled cape spread over you to block the cut hair, the clippers shined and brushed for preparation, the setup of tools on the barbers countertop under the huge mirror, the sound of the clippers sliding against your neck while being meticulously used by the barber. The connection between black hair and black liberation is always at the base of black culture, while black music and the congregation of people in these shops act as power banks for black liberation in these specific spaces. For me these spaces are fissures that break open the barriers that map oppression. Whiteness is not allowed to take-over and suffocate the bodies that inhabit the space. I started paying attention to what my body does as I walk in, or sit in the chair before I get a cut. My body is at ease and the tension decompresses from consistently walking streets that are always reminding me that I don't belong. Instead, these spaces remind me of my existence, that I am not just a body made to be used and placed by the oppression of whiteness but that I can embellish my blackness and feel safe.



Thinking about

WHERE

black hair is done at,
brings me back to the

PORCH

or the

FRONT STEP

As a way to live or be in the
elsewhere of architectural
confines

Like secret spaces in a
mansion, secret passage-
ways and catacombs

To break open the

liminal space

of architecture

| A place for possibilities? |

A continuation of living
space?

The smell of black hair, the sound of the clippers, the music floating through the air and around the seats of the barbershop. Black music has always been a part of black life, it has always been a means of survival and creativity. We look at the percussiveness it provides that bleeds through the walls, traveling through architecture, charging the air, amplifying the cry of freedom. It is driven by the same steps walked by so many to stand against government and displacement. Black liberative music has always critiqued architecture and space in its lyrics;

the sound
ic floating
nd the seats
music has
ack life, it
of survival
at the per -
that bleeds
ling through
he air, am -
dom. It is
walked by so
vernment and
rative music
hitecture and

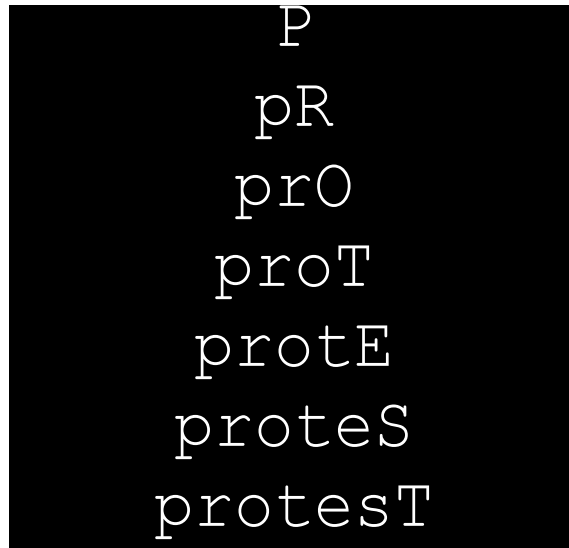
*"Yeah, they called it the projects
They put us in projects
What they gon' do with us? Can't call the
cops yet
You might just get popped at
'Cause they the ones shootin' us
I'm on my mom's steps
It's like a bomb threat
The violence pursuing us, I ain't meet God
yet
'Cause I'm on the block where
It's just me and Lucifer, look what they do
to us
They know we in poverty"*

Meek Mill: Oodles O' Noodles Babies⁹

Lyrics like these combined with a space of black thought and black congregation that involve talking around politics, sports, life, art and more produces practices of protest. A protest that involves a cool cadence of lyrics intertwined with heavy percussion and critique of black life. Here I am centered. Here I sit, breathe and listen, with individuals that live my life experiences. My black body is not positioned as a tool for white spaces to highlight their allyship.

Sometimes I think of this as performance

Simplistic
Impactful
Ways of expanding the infrastructure

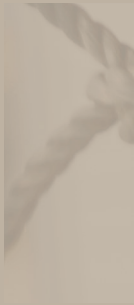
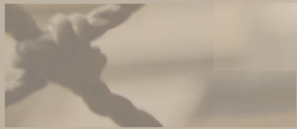


P
pR
prO
proT
proteE
protes
protest

There is a growing ancestral tree of protest

It feels innate to go against





Traveling back in time listening to codified hymns of resistance, "Strange Fruit" comes to mind first. A song that exposes America's deep brutality and actions against black bodies in history. It puts you in a state of rapid imagery that floods the mind, imagery of what this country likes to forget. Black music allows us to pierce the air and makes people question themselves. Black music has put us in a timeline of ongoing defiance from white supremacy.

"The revolution will not be televised"¹⁰

It will not be something that is able to be seen by the dominant western sense of the eye

You will never be able to capture it

You must be in synchronization with

You must feel the hum, the rhythm, the beat

Why does it call for the body to move?

Why does the sound catch your body before it catches your intellect?

White people have the luxury of not seeing/
noticing, being able to throw away and discard
what they are uncomfortable with. They want
to only be close to blackness when it can be
marketable, when it can be exploited. These
sounds and acts of resistance take numerous
shapes and forms, but will never be silenced.

SILENCED-----



SILENCED-----

SILENCED-----

While looking deeply into architectural spaces I've been thinking about ways to tug and pry open the rifts and cracks of the homes that have failed and are still failing to provide enough space for other possibilities. Possibilities that involve gathering in the backyard, possibilities of relaxation by being able to sit out on your porch or step without being watched by the cops, possibilities of being able to just be who you are in the space that you want to be in. I first looked into different mediums like charcoal partnered with the practice of drawing to help reveal some of these possibilities in each home. (Charcoal is usually used to bring out the light or dark values in an art piece but it is also an extremely versatile medium by the usage of brushes, pencils, sticks and hands. Drawing has always been a personal practice of mine that is connected to my mother, as she was an artist that specialized in watercolor painting, illustration and drawing)

Though she is not here with me anymore, drawing has become a conversational tool for us. These conversations are only specific to her, knowing that I've inherited this skill from her alone. Over time I would forget the way her hugs felt, forget the way her skin felt, forget the way she smelled. The memory of her was starting to become fragmented over time. As I pulled things out of my basement I found a box full of her drawings, paintings, brushes, paint, and other utensils. Instantly my brain flooded with memories of her teaching me how to draw, what methods to use and her explaining that drawing was a relationship not just a practice. A relationship and partnership between the paper, your hand and your mind, that is all artistically driven. Coming back to myself after getting lost in my memory, I went upstairs with her utensils and sketch pads. I started sketching things I was interested in or just came to mind at any moment. As I'm rekindling my relationship with the pad and the utensils I realized that I was also reawakening her voice stored far in the back of my head. Her voice guided my hand and curated my artistic drawing ability. From then on I knew that through our separate relationship with the pad, the utensils and our skills we would always continue to have conversations through our joint connection with drawing.

I use the PHA (Philadelphia Housing Authority) development page as a map and then physically go to as many complexes and homes as I can to see what the environment is like, to compare each neighborhood to the next and to see if there's a pattern.

Are there specific stores around?
What is the demographic of people who live here?
Is there a community center there?

I usually take pictures of each environment and head to the studio or my home and try to sketch them out. I use contour line drawing to see what I am innately drawn to trace and re-map.

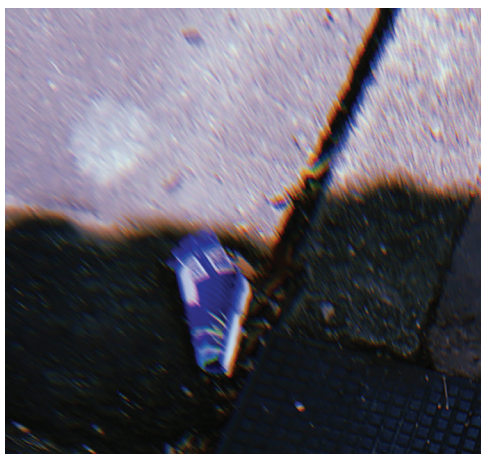
"Contour line drawing uses one, continuous line to capture what you see. It helps us look closer at an image, and especially draws our attention to the lines within an image."¹¹

But as I'm sketching I strap the paper over a huge speaker while amplifying the base of the black liberative music playlist I've made. I find that black music has empowerment in the beats, in the rhythms, in the lyrics and I'm interested to see if those same pockets will also beat into the paper and into the homes as I sketch them. I want to reveal the apertures of freedom that the government never provided in the first place. I start to feel that I am both the drawing and the mark maker. In terms of the beat, rhythm and words of black music breaching the actual page, my organs and sensorial experience starts to be influenced by what is heard, seen and felt. This guides my hand that's tracing and re-mapping. I stay within this re-mapping, I take time to explore and discover this in my body for a couple hours at a time. Once I'm done drawing, I use the same practice of being attentive to what I am visually perceiving by staring at the mapping, and letting my body take over through movement. My body informs my perception of how I am understanding the spaces I draw. I use this as a way to unearth what my mind and body is experiencing when I am in the presence of these spaces. Through this practice of repetition seen through the eye, done by the hand, and felt through the body, I think about how this can be a mode of protest. "Despite all virtuality, protest arises from the human body. This body is the primary means of expression of and the utmost commitment to the cause that is attested to in a protest. In protest, individual bodies act together and

are organized into a mass. Bodies are formed, reshaped, touched, repelled and fused."¹²

If I am thinking about protest then I'm thinking about it under the umbrella of civil disobedience because without the body it can't exist. Some of the most familiar forms of civil disobedience are denial of services, picketing, illegal boycott, refusal to pay taxes, strikes and sit-ins. I'm thinking deeply about sit-ins, that this only involves presence as a form of resistance. In my practices I am investigating how my perception changes and my body reacts to being inside or outside certain spaces. That is because I don't decide to assimilate to what the spaces call for my body to do. I am constantly resisting them by the action of being present. This form of civil disobedience brings along questions like: where and what places do these actions happen? How am I navigating architecture if it is a site of political conflict for blackness? and How am I reforming my perception? I have been heavily influenced by Julie Mehretu's work, how she utilizes multiple viewpoints to construct a reimagining of city-life. Constantly trying to bring her drawing practices into time and place. I take heed of the things around her practices which help me engage in the question of what else. The what else of black life, in the way I walk, the way I breathe, the air I breathe, the places I call home, work and everything else.

To always pay attention to what I'm paying attention to as a way to discover the possibilities of liberation and freedom.



I am not about to defend the Black Arts Movement. It needs no defense. It is indeed a movement of itself. However, I would like to see more involvement in the Black Arts Movement.

Black Art, by definition, is an art which combines the social and political commitment into an artistic reflection. As an aesthetic foundation it seeks to build on the tradition of American art which has enclosed Blackness.

Both by choice and design, the Black Arts Movement is a cultural scene. Its aesthetics are rooted in the life and/or activity of Black people. It has been denied or washed over so that it has not foundered in the mainstream of contemporary art.

Black art reflects the active struggle against the ideological barriers of the slave system.

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beautiful and artistic
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exists primarily for B
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Illustration:

1. pg: 4-5/57, July 18th 2021, Philadelphia PA
Taken By Cameron Childs
2. pg: 6-7, June 29th 2021, Paris, France
Taken by Cameron Childs
3. pg: 11, July 19th 2021, Philadelphia PA
Taken by Cameron Childs
4. pg: 18-19/68-69, July 22th 2021, Philadelphia PA
Taken by Cameron Childs
5. pg: 20-21, Feburary 10th 2018, Philadelphia PA
Taken by Keith Reid
6. pg: 22-23, January 4th 2019, Paris, France, Palais De Tokyo
Exhibition "On Air" by Tomas Saraceno
7. pg: 24-25, Januray 4th 2019, Paris, France, Palais De Tokyo
Unknown Exhbition
8. pg: 26, January 12th 2019, Roubaix, France, Beyond Bollywood Studio
Taken by Cameron Childs
9. pg: 27, July 30th 2019, Montpellier, France, Julian Barnett RAA
Taken by Cameron Childs
10. pg: 27, January 14th 2019, In transit to Ealing - Howell
Taken by Cameron Childs
11. pg: 28-32, July 29th 2019, Montpellier, France, Marina Magalhaes
RAA
Taken by Cameron Childs
12. pg: 34/50/51, July 24th 2021, Philadelphia PA BOK
Taken by Cameron Childs
13. pg: 37/68-69, July 20th 2021, Philadelphia PA
Taken by Cameron Childs
14. pg: 41/44, July 20th 2021, Phiadelphia PA
Taken by Cameron Childs
15. pg: 50-51, December 2018, Paris, France
Taken by Cameron Childs

16. pg: 53, July 20th 2021, Philadelphia PA
Taken by Cameron Childs

17. pg: 59, July 29th 2019, Montpellier, France
Taken by Cameron Childs

18. pg: 76 - 77, December 2018, Paris, France, CND / *"Black art notes"*:
Melvin Dixon
Taken by Cameron Childs

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2. Emilio Rojas, *Artist Talk* (The University of the Arts, 2020).
3. Rojas, *Artist Talk*.
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6. Hooks, *Art On My Mind*, p. 152.
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10. MediaBurnArchive, (0:01 Gill Scott Heron, 2010).
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