



Along Impermanent Lines

A Chronicle of Research 2019-2020

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The University of the Arts

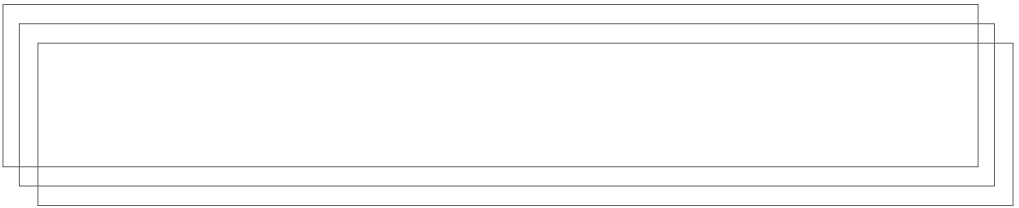
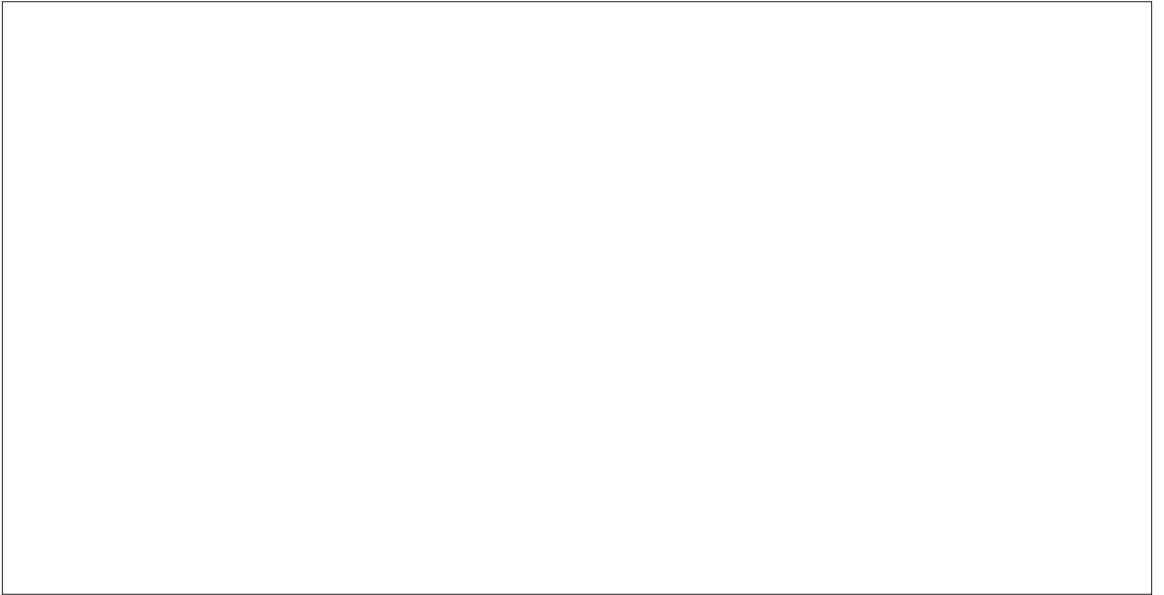


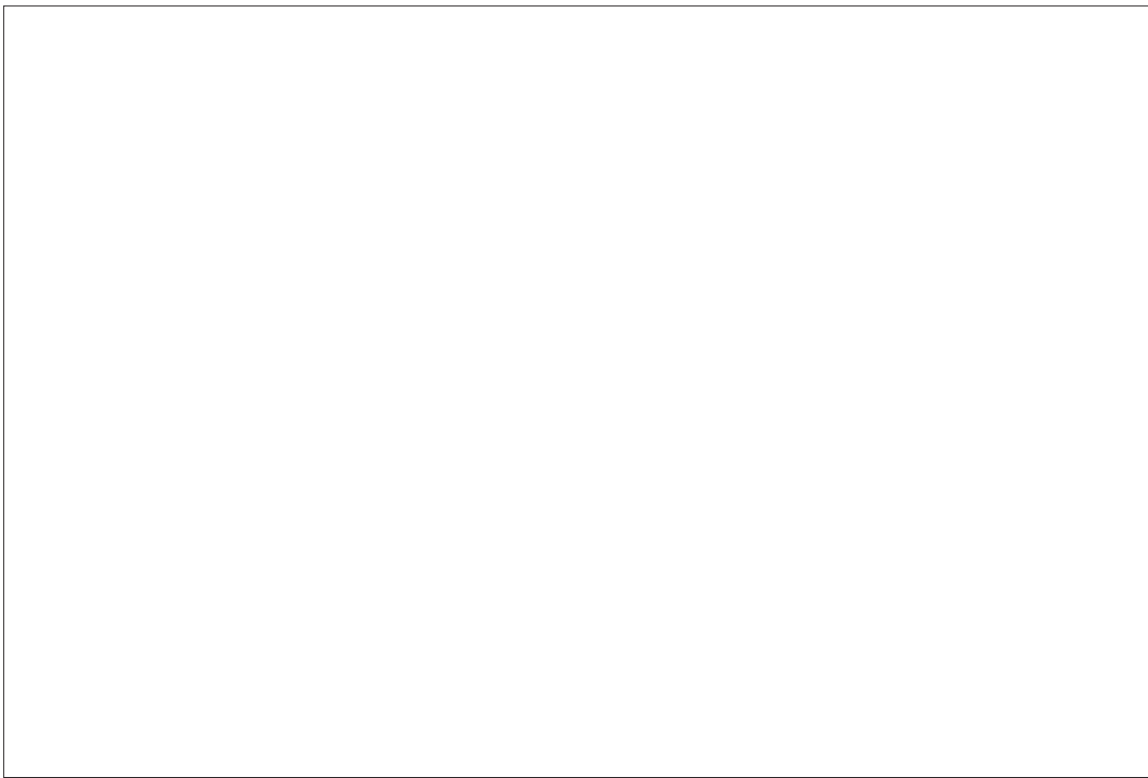
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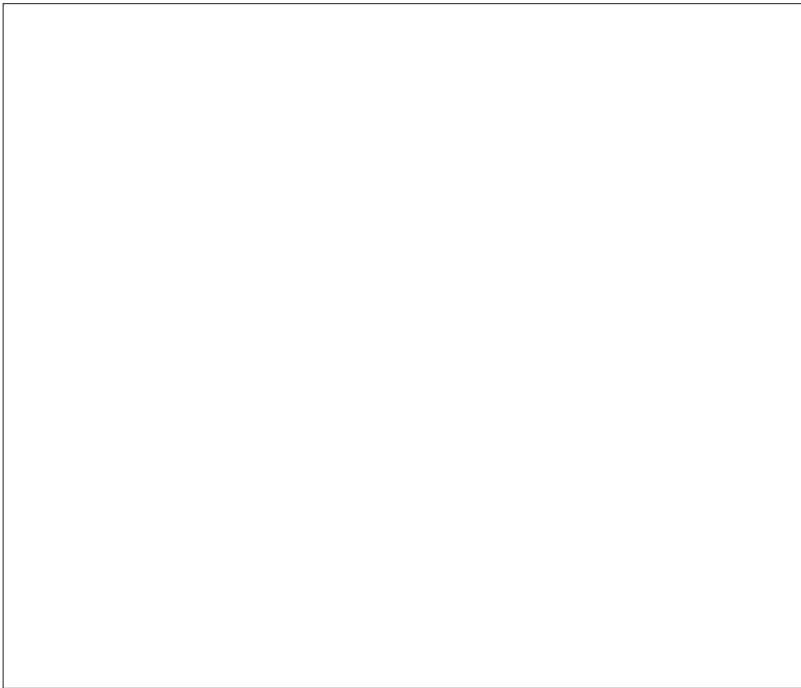


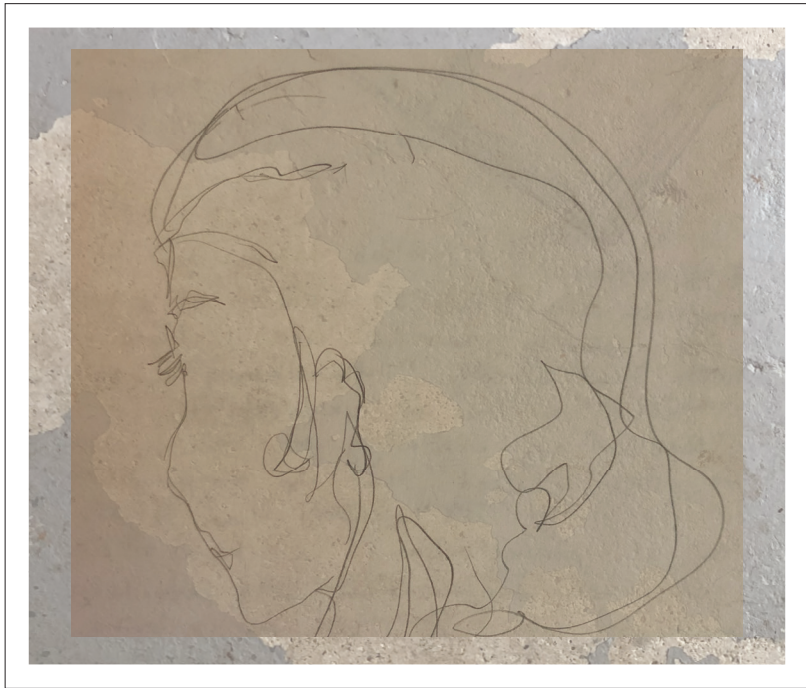












INTRODUCTION

It is a time of critical stillness. A reconsideration of who and what must move is necessary. My body typically embarks upon research alongside moving collaborators, and practices of responsiveness and adaptability are tenets of my dancing that I must continue to examine. In September 2019, I began working with materials whose processes of construction have tempos amenable to stillness. At that time, it felt crucial to align with slower motion as I was compelled to pause and take stock. The bulk of this thesis work has been constructed while quarantined in my home during a global pandemic. I am improvising collaborative practices with materials at hand in order to continue cultivating interaction through deep listening and imperative inquiry with my body, both of which are crucial elements of my artistic practice.

My explorations incorporate concrete and crocheted yarn, materials with behaviors that reflect facets of myself. They also afford me opportunities to witness branches of myself aligned with components of the world beyond my bodily form. Composing with material collaborators, concrete and crochet, also addresses my anthropocentric thinking, exploring materiality of self and dance along with a material that, in a future epoch, could fossilize humanity. These materials at hand are distinct from one another, but assembled, they support a structure of care and reflection. This care is ultimately cultivated for me, in order to care beyond myself.

It is often subconscious to consistently center self, and much of my practice history in performance relies heavily on subconscious presence. I am accustomed to considering the liveness of performance as recollection, repetition and re-doing, all bound by reflective assessment and potential revision of what came before. Each of my makings relies upon traces of previous makings and impressions left by the alignments I have had with humans and materials across multiple creative processes. A move from my center is not only a natural way to begin a collaboration; it is an essential starting point for moving outward.

The palimpsest has been a useful tool for comprehending my research instincts and a helpful device to consider when concretizing abstract pursuits. It is a system analogous to archiving.¹ Chronicled here is content that is gathered, layered, scrawled both with new clarity and old confusion of memories past and emergent. Thick with inquiries about where I am as a maker, dancer, mother, partner, white cisgendered woman, it layers what has been up until now and leaves me eager for increased bulk and simultaneous transparency. Complexity is rich, yet I continue to explore possibilities for clarity, or how seeking personal clarity might even serve me. I continue to experiment with concepts of rendering; actions of layering, yielding and improvising, transcribed into dancing, drawing and sculpting. I remain curious about how these pursuits might activate space. How they remain acts of becoming.

My past continues to emerge as I move.

I cannot reflect on my motion without some preservation of its history.

Sculpting, writing and reflection with concrete and crochet in my home allowed me to contemplate my motion specifically and affirmed the importance of meeting myself in the process. I arrive differently at each assembly.

My book itself is a narrative sculpture, a site for processing and sharing study, interlocking otherwise disparate curiosities. Its act of weaving helps me remember the sequence of my research and honors a beginning and a rounding | squaring | motioning toward opening without ending. It is one result of a deeply inward spiral, one that deepens as the palimpsest of my experience thickens. Ever-evidence of transition.

"So there is a way in which the autobiographical is the kind of point of entry to the broader social context."
– Eddie Glaude²

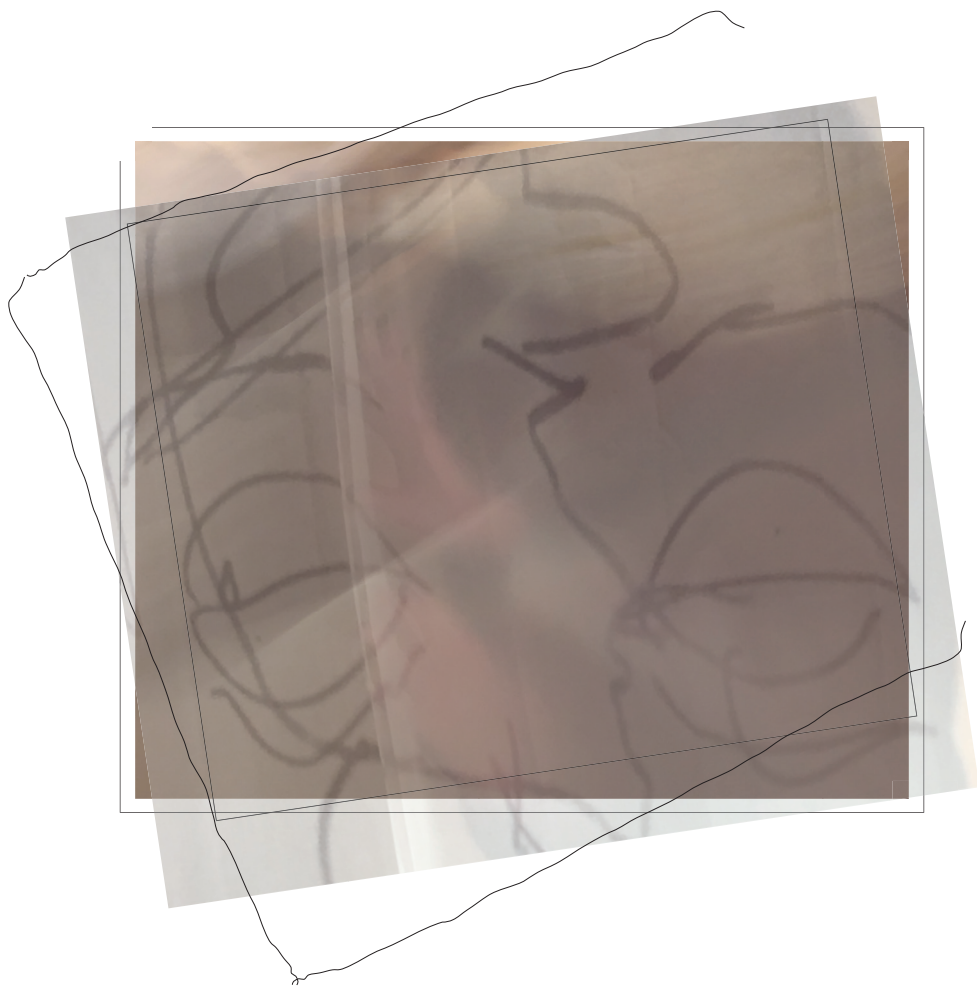
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The support offered during this deep immersion of study has been incredibly grounding yet moving. I am grateful to the following beautiful individuals for their guidance and trust.

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My UArts MFA cohorts 2019-2021

Thank you.

Note: All images in this book were captured and edited by the author.



For some time now, I've continued to move while feeling quite uncertain as to how I should continue to move. Additionally, staying at home during a pandemic in 2020 requires a reconsideration of how I dance and what remains private.³ Most connectivity with my fellow artists, my cohort, my colleagues, my friends and family, now occurs in virtual meeting spaces: Spaces where I trust memories of our adjacent presence to layer with flat images of us now online. In the Zoom portal, in the box next to mine, I notice that the line where your ceiling meets your wall has the potential to converge with the point where my ceiling meets my wall. Those hard edges somehow soften with the introduction of multiple lines and simultaneity. We cannot share a box here or outside this digital domain, perhaps. I notice that seeking movement between our boxes layers with previous dancing and conversations and future-imagined ones, too. I feel myself stuck within this box but fleeing it also. I feel somehow triangulated, witnessing myself here, then and when?

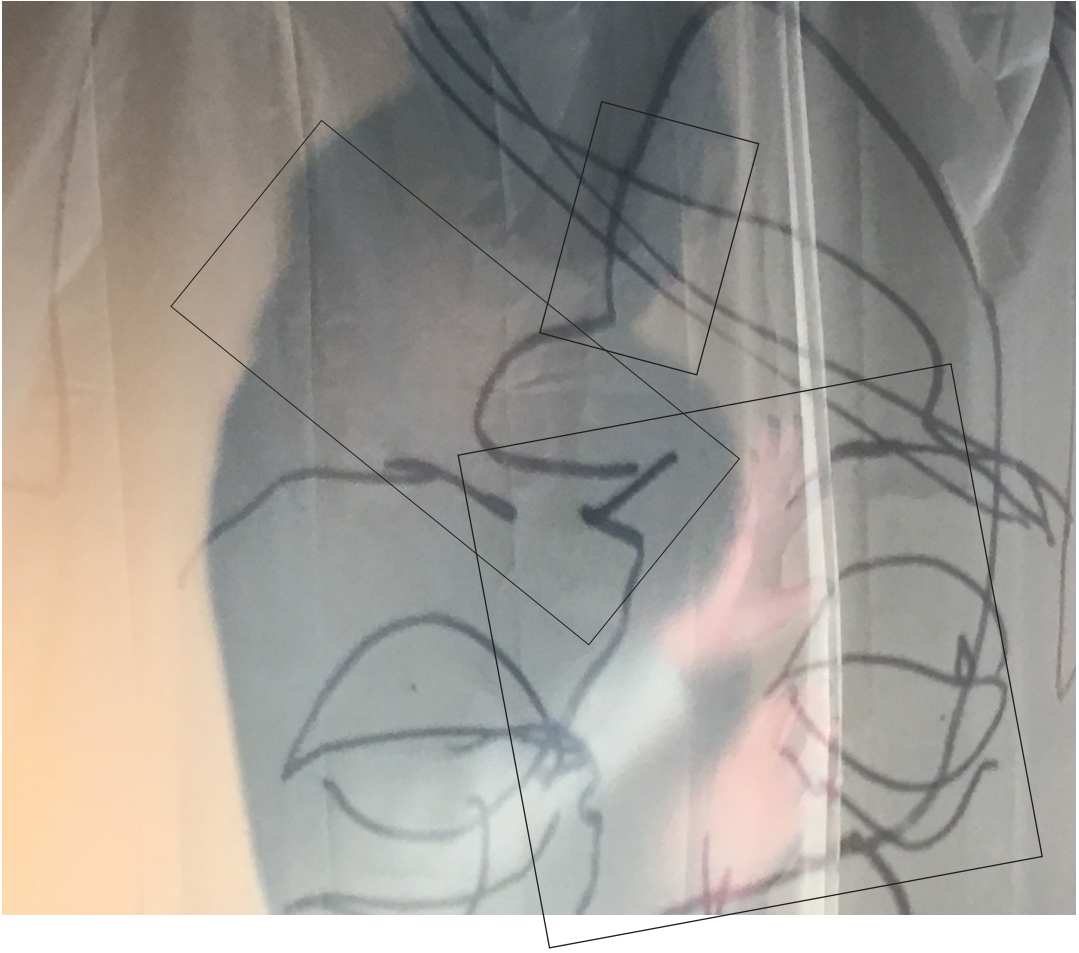
Words often make me nervous. They are stickier and thicker than movement. They can hang in the air. They can drift away, blown by a breeze into ears not immediately present. They can create dense fogs of multiple meanings, and rarefaction is unpredictable.

I am the subject of words. There is play and unpredictability in where we both go from here. In the context of this book, I am defined not just by the meanings of the words it contains, but by the various interpretations of you, the reader: _____.

(fill in)

The multiplicity of meanings and the simultaneity of interpretation allows compositions of words to locomote.

Yes, dance.



Through dance, I have always trusted my body to speak for me, trusted that my body was more clear and true than my written words. I have prioritized my body's technical abilities, its intentional and emotional clarity, and I have worked to prioritize its health. But how much attention have I given to the interpretations made by "readers" of my movement? My body has shared stories for three decades. I am 36 now, and my performance career molted three years ago. This transition brings fresh perspective to difficult moments. My youthful optimism and confidence were often challenged by a competitive industry. Though I learned to remain resilient despite rejection, I became so accustomed to self-critique that my mental health was often shaken, and I struggled with depression. Working through this disjunction, I found writing to be another way of speaking from my trusted center.⁴

Throughout my career, I have been able to prioritize reflection upon my body's position within and without performance, and this continues to be a critical component of my life. Since embarking on graduate school, this priority feels increasingly urgent. What impact have I had? Can I have? I often crave shedding, crumbling, beginning differently. But forgetting is dangerous too. So, I practice layering to see what emerges from actively pressing together my own residues.



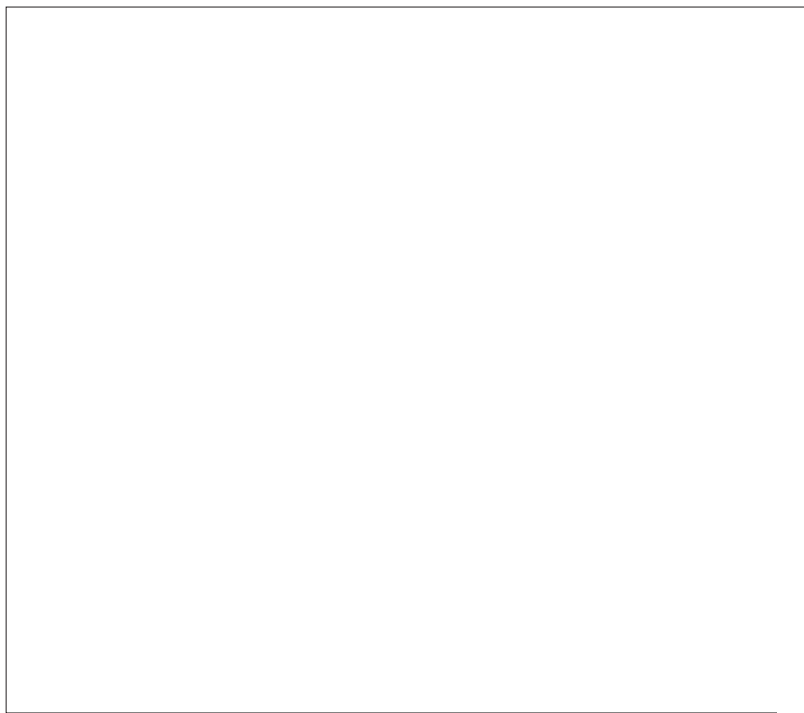
At the end of summer 2019, I arrived home in Durham quite raw. Having ignited deeper study of dance at the University of the Arts, I had been opened, cracked open, by myself, my peers and by dance again, both for myself and for dance. Dance, my companion throughout transitions of home, career, partnerships, parenthood, loss.

I sought reconnection to the core of my dedication to dance. I walked with nature. I sat in the Eno River, its current inciting a contradiction of relative stagnancy. Its current called me to rest, to pay attention to that internal inaction while witnessing its power. What creates this stillness within? Where are my blockages? Where are the stones that prompt my ripples? I sought something to dance with / on / for, but I felt stuck there by the river. No initiation felt quite appropriate. How to move when it seemed the most important thing to do was to remain quietly still?

Questions flowed, reminding me that my curiosity was not stuck.

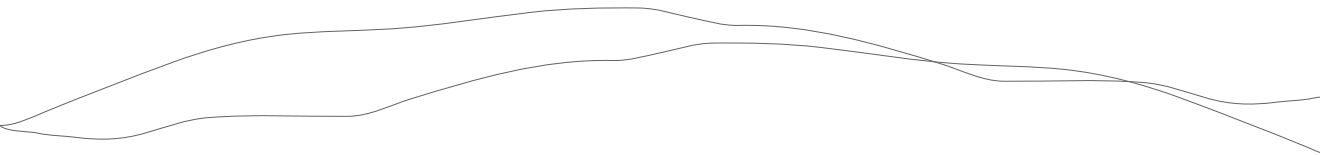
"If we allow all that we feel and know to be true to rise up without censor, then ground it with breath and physical awareness, the ensuing discussion may become a rationale for taking action."

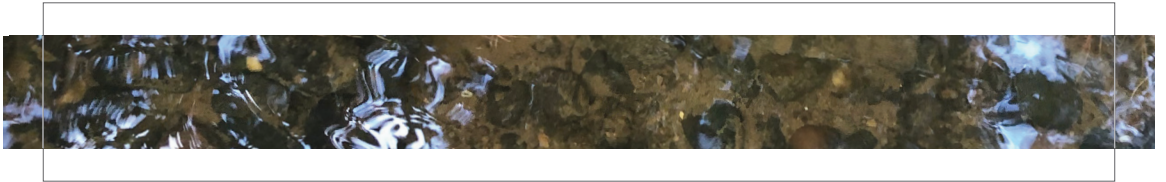
– Martha Eddy⁵



Healing and confronting the absence of healing have woven into my research. My pain was a blockage, a large stone firmly anchored in my subconscious. Pulling it up to the surface was difficult, but some abstract physics of acknowledgment carried it downstream.

The Eno River also encouraged me to seek balance between release and resistance. To notice habit and trust movement. To break my typical and comfortable flow. To consider a shift in flow, adding or removing stones in order to listen and pay closer attention. Flow must be interrupted in order to create rhythm, reference, fun, challenges... what else?





The river within, an underlayer. Action through redaction is an invitation for movement within the potential stagnancy of emotional turmoil.

healing

Memories washed out an ability to ground myself in research. loose thread that needed to be clipped or woven in. triggered arrived home

My heart ached with relief. But my mind was consumed by guilt, plagued



So to break as in yield,
to anchor as in pause,
to continue investigating
deconstruction and resistance,
I arrived on concrete.

I was compelled to return to
a human-built environment,
drawn closer to the foundations
of buildings I more regularly
move within. Though the action
at the river bank offered ample
metaphorical support, it was
not a site for me to dismantle
my foundational trauma. It felt
more natural to move away from
river rock to examine my body's
adjacency with concrete.

I found concrete in the shape
of quotidian parking bricks
and sidewalks. I tossed myself
against it, hoping to find
proximal similarities or familiar
tension, aware that it could
break me, open my skin. Then,
perhaps, something else could
crack. Open. Bleed, as in release.
Concrete became something
I could care about. I wanted to
learn its behaviors, its desires.

Why does it crack? Must it
always be formed by something
outside of itself? It learns the
shape of its container and retains
its impression, but it also cracks
slowly, crumbles, resists its
former captivity by moving.

Concrete holds a familiar
narrative with an unfamiliar
timeline, moving and aging at a
pace I can hardly grasp.

Some theorize that potentially
hundreds of millions of years
from now, when humanity as we
know it no longer thrives, what
will be left as evidence of our
lives will be tons, megatons of
concrete.⁶

Ordered and consumed with
abandon, it is a prevalent
dish and extremely slow to
metabolize. Our existence will
be marked and fossilized by
this material of rock, cement,
and water. Concrete maps our
current history.

*"If something is constructed by us, it
means that it can be reconstructed."
– Shahrām Khosravi⁷*



What would it be like, to live on as concrete?

Remaining observant, absorbent to vibrations and slowing to a rate I struggle to sense. Can I observe interruptions as ruptures that allow for change in an otherwise stagnant path? If immersion is a kind of plunging into, the tempo of the plunge must be relative to fluctuating circumstances. The forces of bodies near me, the weather, the weight of my own matter... Concrete, like fragile pie crust⁸ on top of tectonic plates, moves with regular regard to the external force of gravity, using slowness as agency that remains inconspicuously kinetic.

Empathizing with concrete allows me to de-emphasize the start | end of my own timings, to wonder at longevity and to think of our encounters themselves as unique organisms.

*"Chrononormativity is a kind of protection. A giving up of paying attention."
– Miguel Gutierrez⁹*

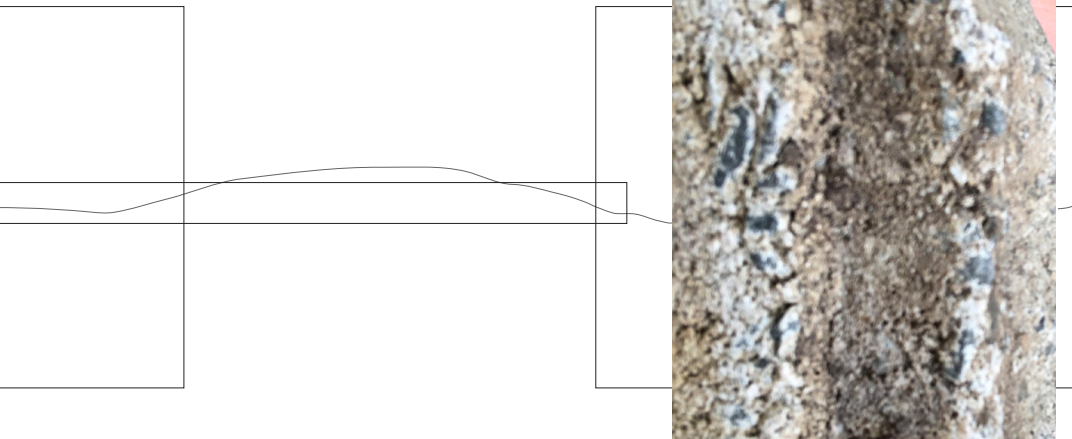




I began to understand that concrete absorbs and observes, and to believe that we are similar substances, made from the same gray and powdery stardust. Just add water and heat, and we activate. I wondered at my fragility while wandering through the possibilities of concrete. We wander with concrete frequently. It stabilizes buildings and our urban feet in transition. We follow paved roads and avoid potholes, rarely aware of the processes this prevalent material requires to solidify or crumble.

I moved further toward investigating crumbling, disassembly and deconstruction.







Dissection, that first step toward physically seeing what's inside, is a daunting venture. It requires small acts of violence, cutting or tearing away what may already be quite vulnerable intersections.

As I crafted collages from photographic duets with concrete, the act felt both masochistic and cathartic. In order to shape the concrete, I cut my body parts into pattern-like guide pieces. Separating my toes was a momentary departure from my flesh. Slicing them apart with a blade, letting one fall to the floor and moving on to the next. A practice of disengaging from my image and a reminder of my perfect imperfections. Perhaps it was an attempt to shape myself into sedentary (or sedimentary?) rock. A practice similar, perhaps, to attempts by modern industry to recycle CO₂ waste by injecting it into liquid concrete. If concrete represents modernity, with its prevalence and exorbitant CO₂ emissions, perhaps it is a real and accurate personification of humanity (or more specifically, a personification of Western and white humanity).¹⁰

My humanity.

"Concrete is resistant to perfection."

"There is no visual correspondence between outward appearance of a piece of concrete and the actual distribution of forces within it."

– Adrian Forty¹⁰







CarbonCure, a company who practices this gaseous procedure, “is on a mission to make concrete a climate solution and reduce embodied carbon in the built environment by 500 megatons annually” (CarbonCure).¹¹ But their “climate solution,” to inject carbon back into their concrete mixture, still involves mass production. They must continue to produce concrete, so they seek “sustainable” methods to do the same thing they’ve been doing: Producing concrete for continued industrialization.¹² Is this also a familiar narrative? To continue moving, teaching, acting in ways that remain in my ‘wheelhouse,’ to stay comfortably productive in the ways I already know? What kind of balance can I strike between recycling my patterns and breaking away from them?

We are *Homo urbanus*, humans of the Anthropocene, creatures of dense living, centering our productivity and innovation over our connection to the planet, thus incessantly centering ourselves on our concrete pedestals.¹³ The instinct to move is innately *Homo sapiens*. We were hunter-gatherers, seeking sustenance and adapting to survive instability. Now it seems the opposite. I have become *Homo urbanus*, dwelling in a suburban area where sustenance is brought comfortably, thanks to digital grocery shopping. I am less independent and more prone to indulge my habits, dreading instability instead of working with it. This is difficult to reconcile, and it feels incredibly problematic. I want to resist it, to deny it. But denial displaces me from reality, conditioning me to avoid the ripples created by my very presence. Instead of rejecting my anthropocentric thinking, I must embrace it.

Remain in relation to my feet to retain my clearest perspective.



Perhaps if I can
sculpt

my intersectional privilege,
I can directly confront it.

If I can see it, then I can watch it
crumble.

Repeating this is critical.

White privilege is pervasive, and it will

regenerate itself over and over

~~and over and over and over and over~~

until the structures upon which it stands

(which are actually incredibly fragile)

are unfed. Unfestering.

I will sculpt my intersectional privilege.

When I see it in front of me,

I remember that I can separate my
self from my whiteness. Somewhat.

It is not me I wish to destroy; it is the

imbalanced structures that have

allowed me to thrive both among

and on the trodden lines of white supremacy.
These lines do not sustain my life.

They only feed my glass ego.

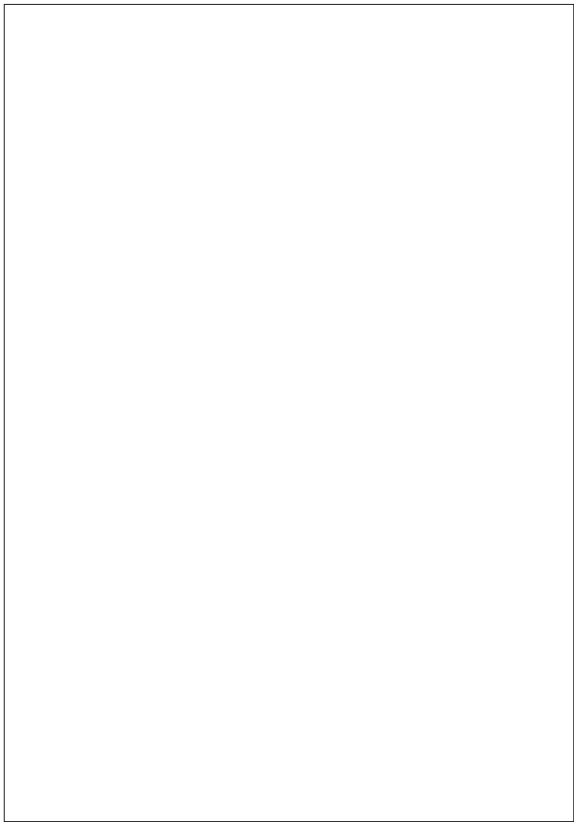
When I fall in line, I become a part of

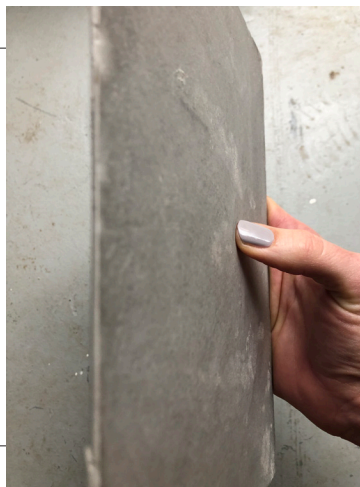
an algorithm created to predict me.

I needed to do, to make. Moving now meant making something to touch, feel, observe. I crafted an $\frac{1}{8}$ inch-thin sheet of concrete from a sort of instant mix called Rockite, like the Bisquick of concrete. I built a paper-thin specimen, something I expected to feel and act fragile. The manufacturer's directions stipulate pouring at least $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, but I imagined using it like a sheet of paper, or an iPad – something to scrawl onto, actions to articulate our similarities. What did it mean to shape this material? What would it do without a container? From scrap wood, I built a 4x6-inch frame with plywood backing fastened together with screws typically used to build walls. Once the interior of the frame was coated with vaseline, applied by my gloved fingertips, I stirred water into powder, watching it thicken and feeling it warm in a plastic cup. Seeking pourability, this first concoction had more water than subsequent mixes, its density something between pancake batter and paint.

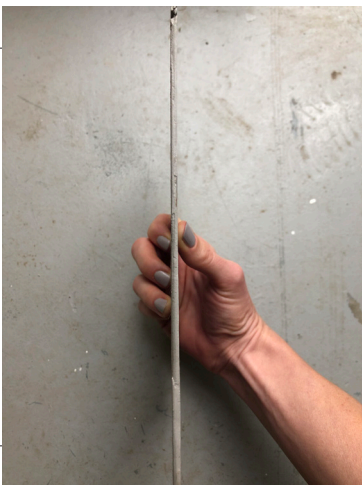
As it cured, I remembered: Concrete is valued for its resilience. Perhaps this attribute is worth holding on to. The curing of a making, its creation extends beyond the point when our hands leave its edges, and this is critical to its very essence.

I walked away to let it be.¹⁴















Caring for the particularities of concrete and learning its tendencies invited its personification. I began to consider it a partner. Making with concrete impressed the material upon me even after I'd stepped away from it. It would pop into my mind as I drifted off to sleep.

But it wasn't a particular outcome or product of the concrete that stuck; it was the heat it produced upon my gloved hand and its thick resistance against my stirring spoon, felt by the muscles of my forearm. It was concrete's process of coming into being that stuck.

Once formed into a thin sheet and released from its mold, it had shifted from a time-based process of solidification to a solid state of being that held time. Its handheldness, smooth and cool, seemed post-active.

I now grasped a thin sculpted line that held dense ingredients and significant mass, but had also become delicate. This sculpture held memory of prior form, its history layered within its opacity.

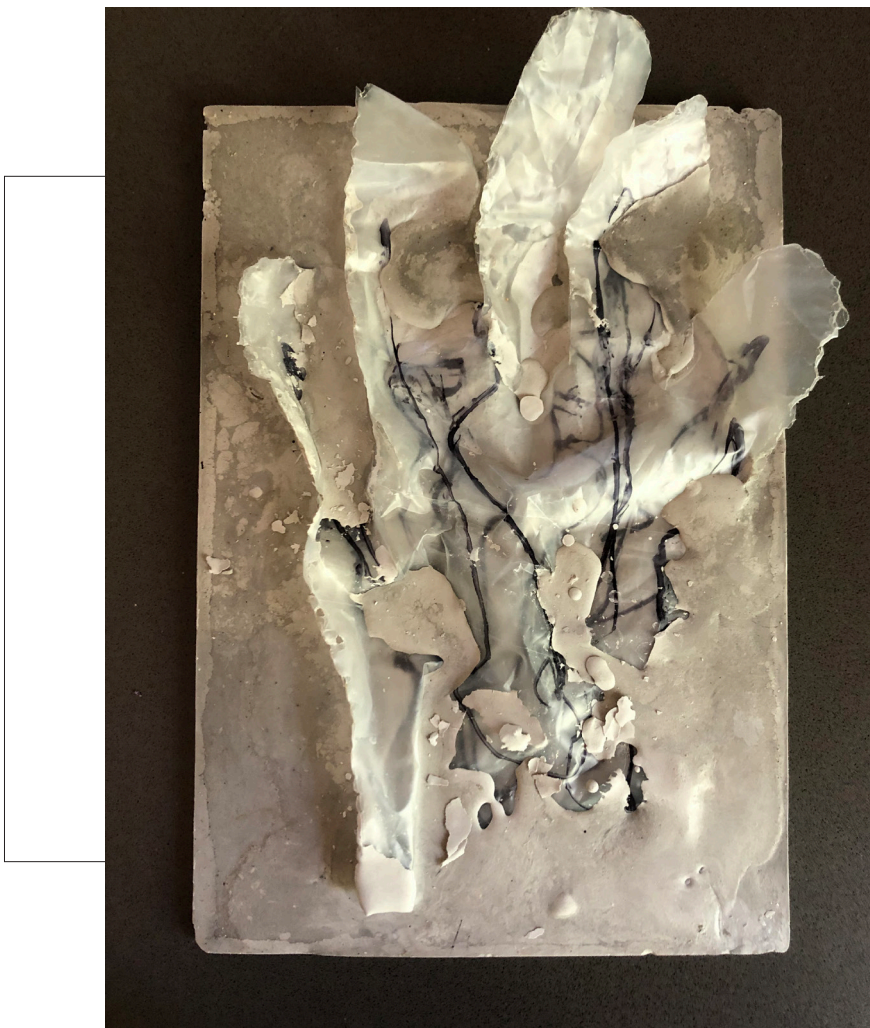
Working with concrete was working directly with changes in material structure. I felt and watched it shift: Solid powder, liquid addition, new solid result. It was composing action by following a scientific score, but it took the shape of my crafted container. A simple recipe with varied results, its form is ultimately decided by its sculptor.

Like concrete within this research, dance is a material manifested and facilitated by observation and manipulation of action. Both hold time carefully, providing containers to think alongside making and doing, adding density to moments so they can be held. Turned. Scaled. Revisited and referenced.

Consistently for me, both making and teaching through a lens that observes (and encourages) subtle change affirm the value of process beyond outcome. The concrete sheet or the recorded dance are more like notches on the wall that measure the growth of my child, than polished results to be placed in a gallery.

Dance is an integration of thought and action, an opportunity to consider relationships between articulating muscle fibers and bone cells along with an expansion of mind. Dance holds me grounded in non-time and offers an empowering contradiction between presence and impermanence.

Moving with concrete invites further consideration of the materiality of thought inside movement – and movement as a transformation of thought into action. The action becomes the material: Instantaneous and flexible, but holding a density of collected observations and sensations often obscured by its apparent impermanence.







Mamu's

Mom's

Mine

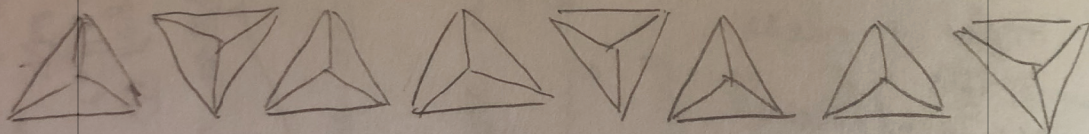
Finding a resonance with concrete prompted me to seek an additional material collaborator. I wanted a shift in texture and was drawn toward fibers, pliable softness, and a link to my mother and her mother.

Crochet. My maternal grandmother nearly always had a crocheted project in a basket next to her recliner. She had long acrylic nails that click-clacked against her metal tools as she worked. She was Mamu.¹⁵ Mamu's husband, my Papa, was an aeronautical engineer and a sculptor.¹⁶ He loved to say Mamu was too busy tying knots over and over again to do anything else. He poked at her often, teasing her as if she was a neglectful Mamu, but I don't recall Papa ever feeding us the Jello cups we craved or driving us to visit Santa Claus as she did.

Mamu taught my mother to crochet, and my mother taught me. It is a craft that connects and holds generations of our family, evidenced in one way through baby blankets.

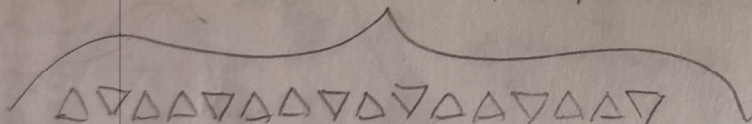
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16

It's 4/4

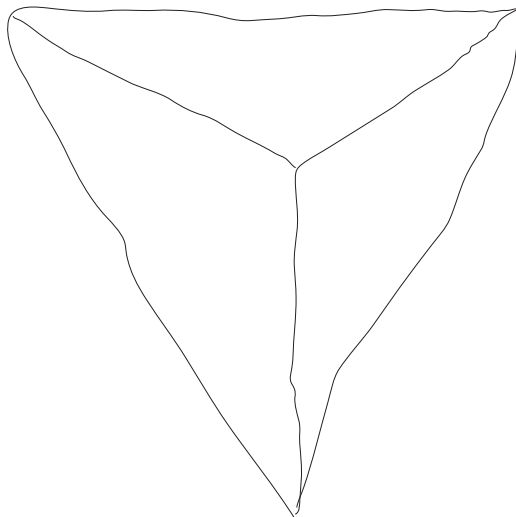


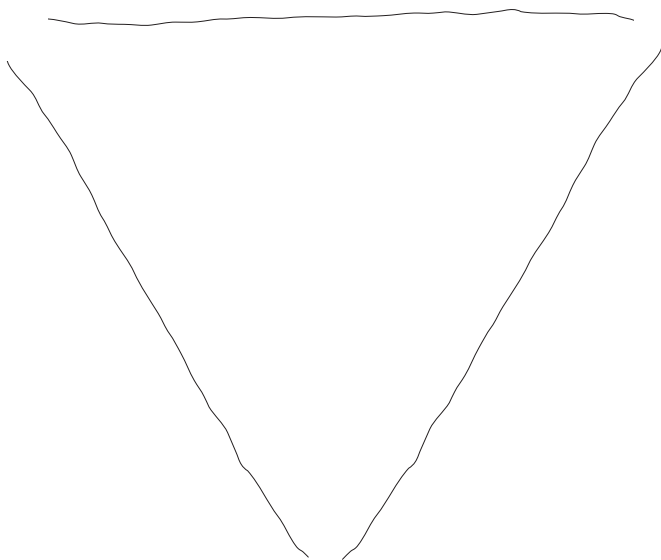
↑↓↑↑↓↑↑↓↑↓↑↑↓↑↑↓

A B A A B A A B A B A A B A A B

singing:

1, 2; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5





The practice of crochet was anchored into this research even more deeply once I learned the chemical structure of concrete. Its robustness and durability are actually results of its relatively messy, imperfect structure.¹⁷ I doodled the shapes of its structure, Cement Hydrate, or Silica Tetrahedra, like a line of tetrahedral shapes. Every fifth and/or eighth tetrahedra inverts, like a downbeat, poking a hole into the calcium oxide below or above it. The addition of water to the cement aggregate creates heat, and everything begins to bind, strengthen and eventually, solidify.¹⁸ It was like discovering a rhythm, compositional and discrete but strengthened by improvisational manipulation. Crochet allowed me to animate concrete. I imagined concrete's structure as a diagram of directions to follow, dashes on a page like crochet patterns for granny squares and doilies.

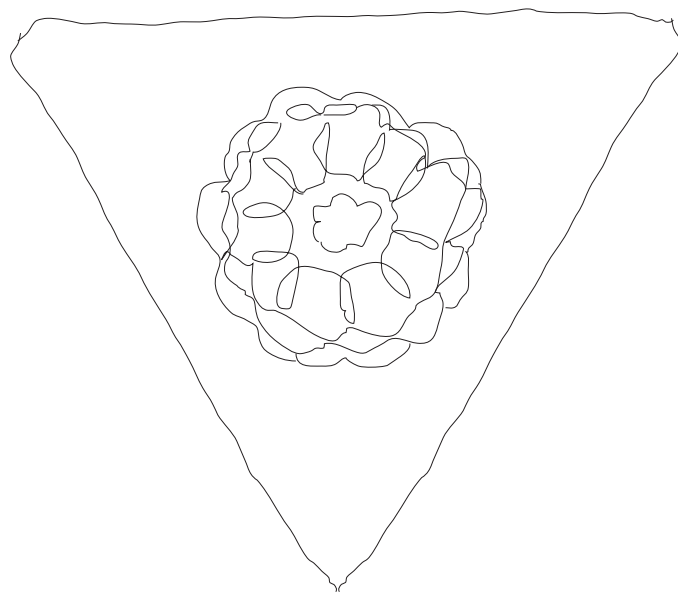
Crochet is a relatively simple practice, self-contained by a single tool (the hook), yarn, and hands. It accepts mistakes easily. Perhaps mistakes help us resist universality once we pay closer attention to them. To crochet is to repeat rhythms determined by my hands, tying soft knots upon knots upon knots. The various recipes of crochet rely upon my sensation as well as my tempo. Tension on the yarn is a critical force one must add to the structure of crochet, yet it is felt only in process by laboring hands. The finished work gapes and sags if completed with too little tension, or shrinks with too much.

The anticipation of "tying off" my work, making that cut in the yarn, often looms. But I remember the cut as possibility, the cut as the moment when we register what the work has been and what it might do.¹⁹ My crocheted makings lend themselves toward a woven embodiment of moments and memories both present, finished, and to come. When held with concrete, crochet seems to turn it inside out, as if it can reveal an interior possibility. There is a clarity of limitations with both materials that allows for great manipulation.

*"For what moves choreographically is not first and foremost a body.
It is rhythm, a cut in duration, a field of resonance, an interval."
– Erin Manning²⁰*



Practices of cyclical doing and undoing release pressure toward product and remain focused on action. During summer 2020, instead of gathering to dance, to be alongside each other, to investigate what else dance can do together, we remained home, bound by our collective negotiations to move without moving. We took to writing. Considering writing inscriptions of the body, I craved a process that could explore gathering and responsiveness in the way dance improvisation does. How to write as a performance? Perhaps writing as the performance remains resilient to time, place, remains pliable, changeable. Can I tease out more regard for slowness in writing, and can my words self-compose without belabored final shapes?



As a practice to understand the materials at hand – concrete, crochet, home, and self – I animated us together in the form of a closet drama (a play meant to be read and not performed).

The players:

Concrete

Crochet

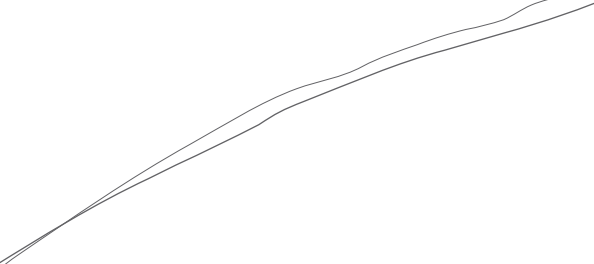
Basement

And you, reader.

The question being: How do these elements of my thesis dialogue? Is dialogue what we are after through performance? This script, enlivened by an additional layer of performability, emerges as a working-through of the shapes and possibilities of concrete, crochet, basement, and readership.

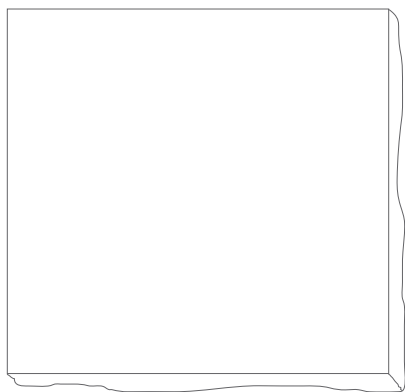
Readers are invited to participate in this text, to offer and supplement its drama.²¹



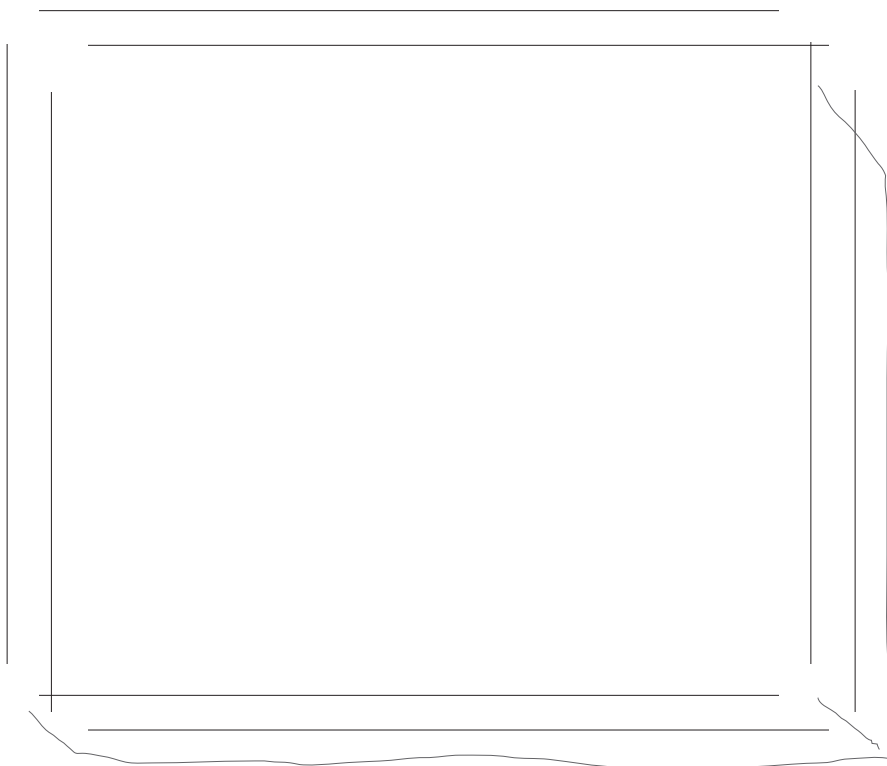


What follows is an anecdote about resisting a previously drawn line.²²

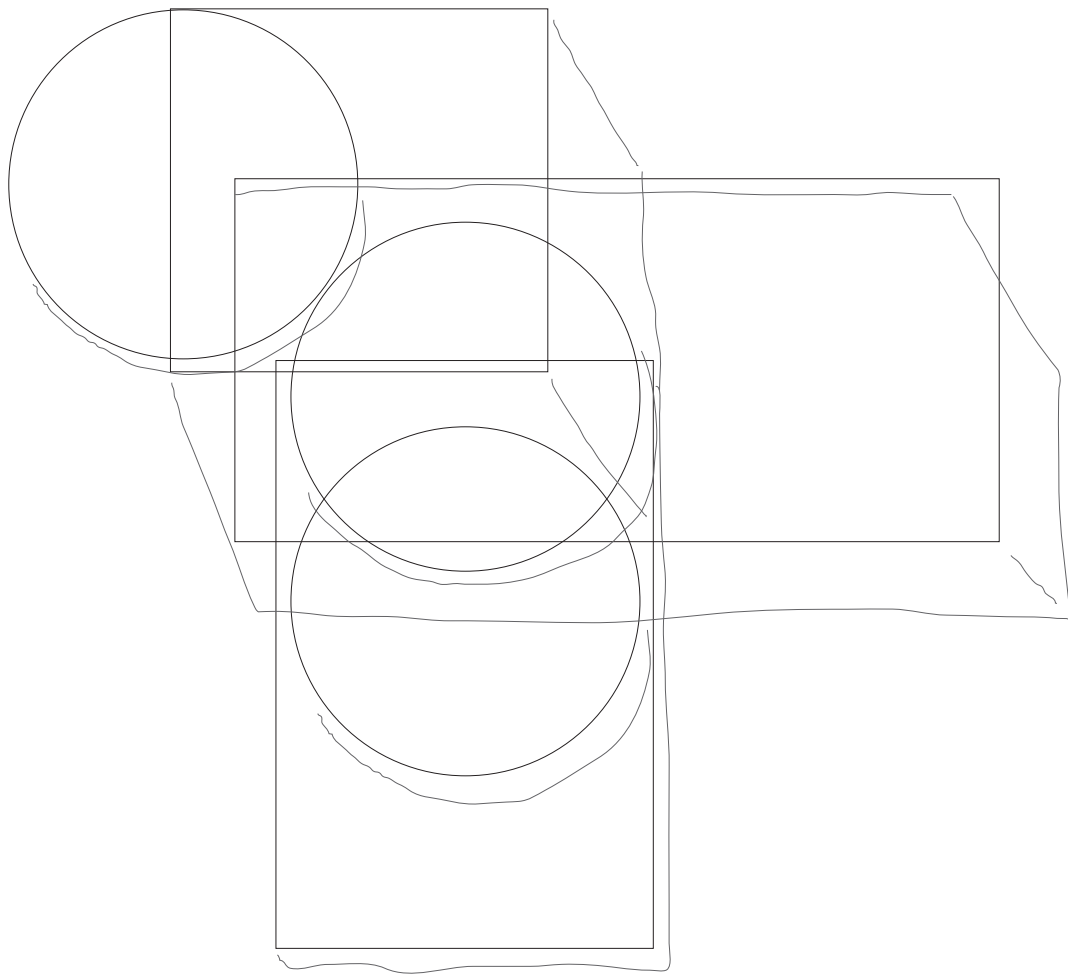
My parents shielded us from conflict, as a gesture of protection I suppose, but I often found it internally. A personal duel between finding freedom or perfection, or virtuosity. I often refer to my Gemini sun sign as a possible explanation for a duality of moods or indecisive tendencies, and as an excuse to continue tussling things out with myself rather than asking for help. But I believe I was never taught mechanisms for coping with conflict, with change, with difference. As a result, I am often frozen by my own inner voice of silence as resolution. Migraines, most often created by moving through nausea and searing pain in a selfish effort to overcome. To prevail, to resist.











LAYER CAKE

Labor of love
Stacked effort for ingestion.

Tower of confection,
Compounding simplicity.

Hand-crafted and
Momentarily sculpted.

One slice.

Reveals its insides
Like peek-a-boo.

Two slices.

Insides exposed
Everyone knows.

Three slices.

The question of halves
Duality of presence and absence.

Four slices.

Eager tongues
Pavlovian anticipation.

Five slices.

Countup
Toward disappearance.

Sixth.

The last slice
Of a masterpiece.

Done.

Now freckles on our lips
Memories for our tongues.

Taste marking time
Taste impressing space.

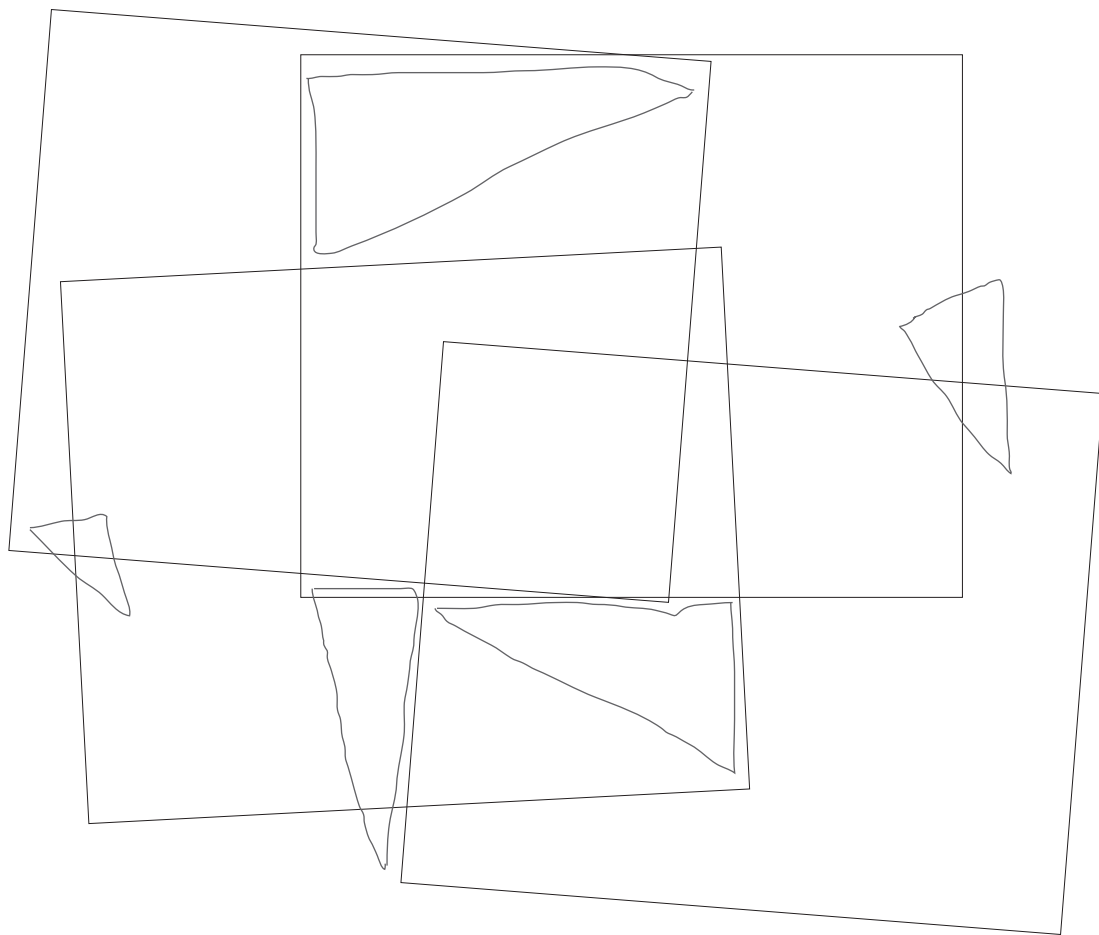
We remember less
When it's pleasurable.

But the sour tastes
The bitter ones

We remember best.²³



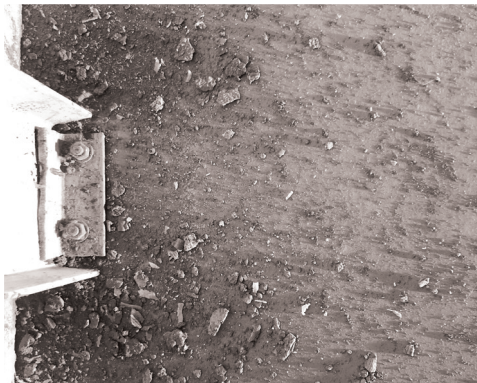




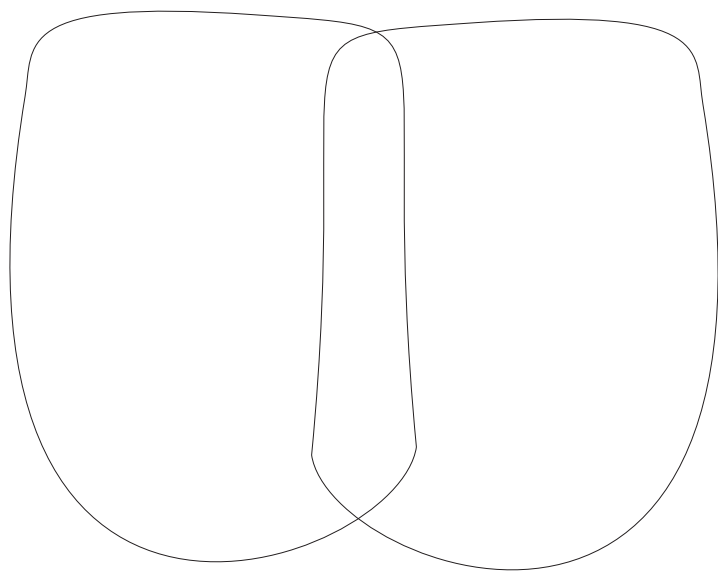
There is a call to sculpt larger. Eight months into staying at home during a pandemic, I sense a clearer direction toward supporting artists by offering a space that can support dance and performance.

We are not in theaters right now, but we know we can be without them. We can trust they will remain, their concrete infrastructures withstanding the epochs and -ocenes to come. Dance too remains, activating opportunities for gathering. For gathering people and ideas toward sharing time. For simultaneous witnessing and to remind ourselves of possibilities beyond ourselves.

The practices chronicled here of layering experience and memories and pressing materials together to imagine adjacency differently, are beginning to inform the physical space of my in-process basement studio. I am not yet sure how our space, Studio B (for basement), will operate. It will be my family's collective workspace that will become vibrant in its permeability and oscillating usership among artists here in the Triangle of NC. It nests within our home, layering with domesticity, parenthood, culinary pleasures, all of it pressing against itself into a delectable and servable whole. It will be sliced, consumed, regenerated, its own multi-dimensional palimpsest eager for bulk and build—but as a site for creative play, it requires a negotiation of privacy as well. And we're not quite there yet. So, I must negotiate my reach at this moment with my intention. This negotiation is considered now through the form of a workshop proposal that bridges dancing with sculpting to build a palimpsest layered with our thoughts, observations, and bodies to explore what materialities they may generate.







Workshop Proposal

We are in a time of critical stillness, but seeking movement together within the boundaries of a pandemic remains critical, too. How can micro-sculpting with objects at hand, at home, reveal and encourage deeply innate movement desires? Can we find robust possibilities through messy physical explorations?

This workshop intends to support and facilitate tactics for scaling personal sculptural practices toward something beyond the internal. What these practices elicit is ultimately for your reflection. We'll pay special attention to our sensations of internal texture, color, terrain, and tempo, and build from there.

- Objectives:
- To build with dimension in order to support dimensional movement
 - To observe our aesthetic choices and consider how they may inform our movement choices
 - To observe physics as it relates to materials initially distinct from our bodies

We begin by moving slowly to observe our current physical presence.

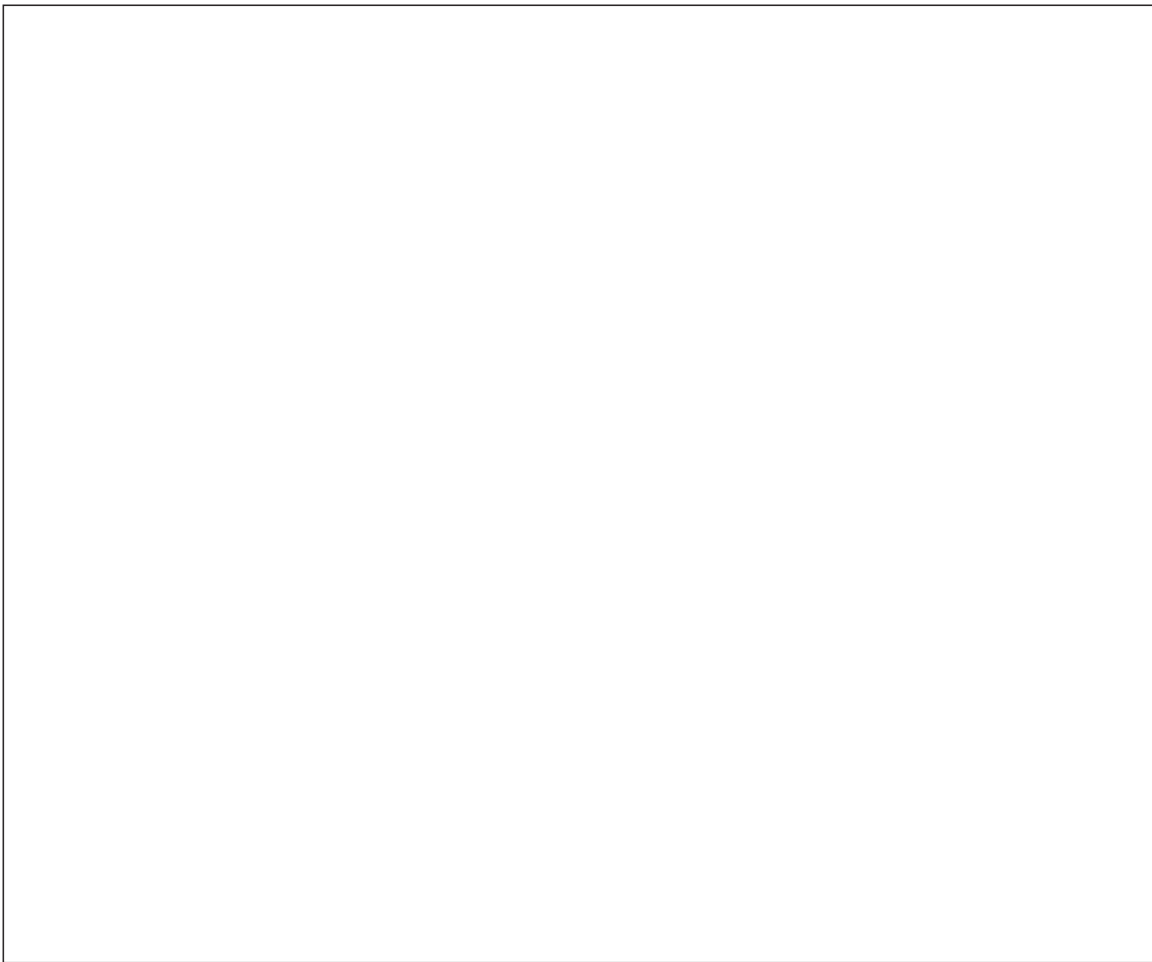
Initial Inquiries: What sensations do I notice now?
 What Textures
 Sounds
 Colors
 Factors
 do I sense?

We continue by making small sculptures with materials on hand to explore dimension. Examples for possible sculpting materials include Play-Doh,²⁴ cardboard or paper from the recycling bin, food containers, books, an assortment of objects collected at the time of the workshop, etc. Participants will also need writing materials.

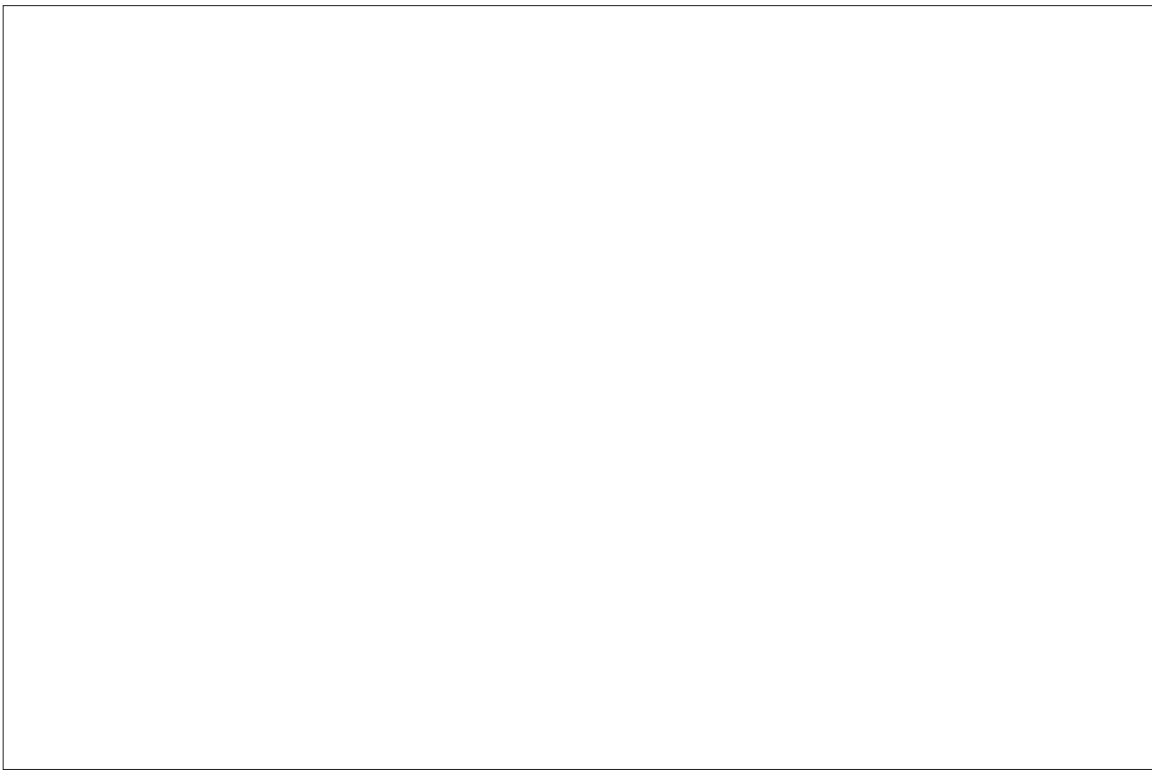
Next, we move in response to the following inquiries:

- How does texture in your sculptural form translate back to your body?
- How can we layer sensation in our movement?
- How does structure transpose from your sculptural form back to your body?
- How do we meet ourselves at this moment in time?
- How does my micro-sculpture inspire a micro-habitat? How can it be shared?

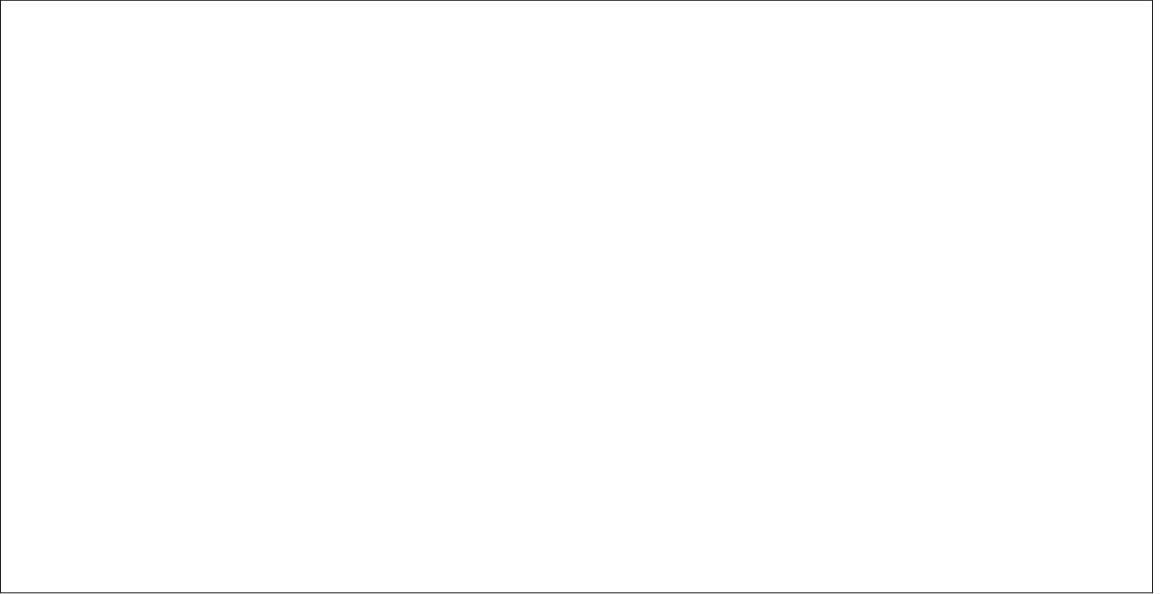
The final portion of the workshop will be determined after this point, following a moment of individual reflection and writing and an invitation to share discoveries with the group. These reflections will guide us further.













NOTES

- 1 Palimpsest: something reused or altered but still bearing visible traces of its earlier form. Oxford Lexico. Accessed September 20, 2020. <https://www.lexico.com/en/definition/palimpsest>. The term palimpsest emerged in conversation with Jesse Zaritt as we considered how trauma becomes visible through what layers on top of it.
- 2 Eddie S. Glaude, Jr., interview with Rund Abdelfatah and Ramtin Arablouei, Throughline, NPR, Podcast audio, September 17, 2020. <https://www.npr.org/transcripts/912769283>. Glaude references what he considers a pattern in James Baldwin's writing, "that he goes to the interior not to stay there but as the launching pad to go outward. So the interior is the basis for moving to a broader form of social criticism."
- 3 AJMC Staff, "A Timeline of COVID-19 Developments in 2020," *The American Journal of Managed Care*, (November 25, 2020), <https://www.ajmc.com/view/a-timeline-of-covid19-developments-in-2020>.
- 4 Kristin Clotfelter, *Restoration Effort* (blog), <https://restorationeffort.wordpress.com>.
- 5 Martha Eddy, "Intersectionality - within the body and beyond," *Embodied Philosophy* (May 8, 2019), <https://www.embodiedphilosophy.com/intersectionality-within-the-body-and-beyond/>.
- 6 Adam Davidson and Adam McKay, Surprisingly Awesome: #3 Concrete, Podcast Audio, November 17, 2015, <https://gimletmedia.com/shows/surprisingly-awesome/brhxn/3-concrete>.
- 7 Shahram Khosravi, Love Café Artist Talk, Lecture and Conversation, University of the Arts, Philadelphia, PA, Live on Zoom, July 5, 2020. See also his article written with Mahmoud Keshavarz, The Magic of Borders, e-flux architecture, <https://www.e-flux.com/architecture/at-the-border/325755/the-magic-of-borders/>.
- 8 Annie North Bedford, Mary Poppins (New York, NY: A Golden Book, 2016), 11. "That is a pie crust promise, easily made and easily broken."
- 9 Miguel Gutierrez, Love Café Artist Talk, Lecture and Conversation, University of the Arts, Philadelphia, PA. Live on Zoom, April 8, 2020.
- 10 Adrian Forty, "Adrian Forty: 'Concrete After Modernity.'" YouTube, May 29, 2018. Accessed May 26, 2020, <https://youtu.be/PkMjNX29US0>. In this lecture, "Concrete and Modernity," Forty describes concrete's resistance to conform. Its opacity prevents us from understanding exactly how it absorbs pressure. This is a strong metaphor for me, allowing me to consider breaking my own mold while not having to reveal all of the reasons why I do so.
- 11 Carbon Cure, unknown, "CarbonCure's Path to the Decarbonization of Concrete." Carbon Cure. <http://go.carboncure.com/rs/328-NGP-286/images/CarbonCure%27s%20Path%20to%20the%20Decarbonization%20of%20Concrete%20eBook.pdf>.
- 12 Jane Margolies, "Concrete, a Centuries-Old Material, Gets a New Recipe." *The New York Times*, August 11, 2020. Accessed September 8, 2020. <https://www.nytimes.com/2020/08/11/business/concrete-cement-manufacturing-green-emissions.html>.

- 13 Richard Florida, "Homo Urbanus." *The Atlantic*, June 5, 2009.
<https://www.theatlantic.com/national/archive/2009/06/homo-urbanus/18884/>. See also, by Linda Weintraub, To Life! Eco Art in the Pursuit of a Sustainable Planet. Addressing sustainability becomes a very personal question. Not only regarding practices to produce less waste, but practices to regenerate my focus toward continuation of creativity within myself and my relationships.
- 14 The Beatles, "Let it Be," Track #6 on *Let it Be*, Apple, January 1969, digital.
- 15 Carolyn Ruth Dempsey, obituary, 2004, originally published by *Dayton Daily News*, June 2, 2004, archived by *Legacy*, <https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/dayton/obituary.aspx?n=carolyn-dempsey&pid=2289113>.
- 16 Freedom Museum, "CHARLES A DEMPSEY Honoree 1996 - WWII/ AF R&D US ARMY AIR CORP/AIR FORCE ," Freedom Museum USA, Last Modified February 2000.
<https://freedommuseumusa.files.wordpress.com/2017/05/dempsey-chuck.pdf>.
- 17 Denise Brehm, "Cement's Basic Molecular Structure, Finally Decoded," *MIT News Around the World*, n.d.
- 18 Michael Mamlouk & John Zaniewski (1999): *Materials for Civil and Construction Engineers*, Addison Wesley Longman, Inc. See also, <https://www.engr.psu.edu/ce/courses/ce584/concrete/library/construction/curing/composition%20of%20cement.htm>.
- 19 Erin Manning, "Interlude: When Movement Dances," in *Always More Than One: Individuation's Dance*. (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2013), 14.
- 20 Erin Manning, "Chapter 4: Propositions for the Verge," in *Always More Than One: Individuation's Dance*. (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2013), 89.
- 21 Kristin Clotfelter, *FOR YOU: A Messy Closet Drama*, Last Modified November 1, 2020,
<https://files.cargocollective.com/c807367/FOR-YOU---A-Messy-Closet-Drama.pdf>.
- 22 Sara Ahmed, "Introduction: Find Your Way," in *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2006), 18.
- 23 University of Haifa. "Food memory: Discovery shows how we remember taste experiences." *ScienceDaily*.
www.sciencedaily.com/releases/2014/09/140922110149.htm (accessed October 28, 2020).
- 24 Jamielyn Nye et al., "The BEST Homemade Playdough Recipe - I Heart Naptime," *I Heart Nap Time*, April 22, 2020, Accessed May 12, 2020. <https://www.iheartnaptime.net/play-dough-recipe/>.

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