2021

No Graphic Design Will Contain You

Julia P. Dann

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarscompass.vcu.edu/etd

© The Author

Downloaded from
https://scholarscompass.vcu.edu/etd/6670

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Graduate School at VCU Scholars Compass. It has been accepted for inclusion in Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of VCU Scholars Compass. For more information, please contact libcompass@vcu.edu.
A Thesis Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for the Degree of Masters of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

Julia Dann
Bachelor of Arts, The College of Wooster, 2010

Director: Nicole Killian
Assistant Professor, Department of Graphic Design

Virginia Commonwealth University
Richmond, Virginia
May 2021

Thesis Committee:

Nicole Killian, Primary Advisor
Lauren Thorson, Secondary Advisor
NAT Pyper, External Advisor
let this book serve as an archive of my
tender uncoiling; a thesis in that the work
has begun, though no problems will be
solved here.

for all the angels on my bedpost:
nicole killian; Lauren Thorson; Nat Pyper;
Nontsikelelo Mutiti; eileen rae walsh; James
Payne; Wes Taylor; Andrew Walsh Lister;
Emily Sara; Roy McElvey; mariah barden
jones; Aidan Quinlan; HH Hiaasen; Raúl
Aguilar; Marcela Borquez; Sarah Parker;
Allee Bradford; Cassiel Archdeacon; Charlie
Chapless; Victoria Milko;

for Julietta Singh, for their guiding light
of language and by whom this book is
singularly inspired

and for Jeremy, the Sovereign Angel, first
of his name, winged gawd of my Divine
Imaginary.
my language is the greatest promise i break.
my language is trembling at the surface with
the tension of potential spill. my language is
looking for some new opening. my language
is an incision. my language is sick.¹ my
language is blood-letting. my language is
suturing. my language is fucking itself. my
language is vagabonding. my language
is uncountrying.² my language is a series
of concentric failures. my language is the
fruit that fell from the tree. my language is
rotting.

riseup.net/p/A_Call_for_Complaint%2C_for_Sick_Speech-keep
intricacy foregrounds entanglement, embarrassment, complexity, and mental intrigue. Complication and complicity suggests the logic of pleats and folds. Intricacy is about chiaroscuro and shadowplay, insight through lucid reflection, not through blinding illumination. Intricacy involves mental intrigue; it is about the process of plotting without a single masterplot, about the pleasure of narrativity without an overarching narrative.

SVETLANA BOYM

IN THE EVENING IT’S SO HARD TO TELL WHO’S GOING TO LOVE YOU THE BEST
I don’t know how to begin conversations anymore; I don’t think anyone really enjoys pleasantries, anyway. I wish there was a way for me to start a conversation that felt like putting my hand on your hand, or my arm around your waist, or like tucking your hair behind your ear. I guess these gestures are a bit romantic, though I find them deeply comforting. Maybe I’m most comfortable when I’m romancing you, even if we aren’t in love.

I’ve been feeling a deep chasm between the language I have and the language I need this past year or so. What does it mean to ‘make meaning,’ or even to synthesize when you’re in the middle of a catatonic fog, generally living in a permanent state of coping, attempting to care for yourself while living with mental illness during an isolating pandemic, as well as unravelling and examining yourself during an uprising?

I guess, to arrive at the language I need, I have to start by talking. I have no questions; no concrete desires. I just need to begin with an opening and see what forms there.

Today someone told me they felt like my work was beyond language. I’m not sure where this leaves me. I suppose I can offer my words as clues; as me, romancing my own unravelling; as me, wrapping my arms around myself, hooking my fingertips onto my shoulder blades, rocking back and forth, slowly, until I feel less alone; as me, dedicating myself to the future arrival of a different spirit.¹
writing the waiting body...

i have not been able to write much lately because i’ve lost the capacity to think beyond sexual terms.¹ in the midst of this pandemic my desires remain disembodied in the form of sexting with strangers on Tinder. from behind our screens we wrap our legs around each other with language, building a cocoon for our language with our spit. i haven’t felt like writing because this cocoon is the only place my language works. in this cocoon my language is threshold; perfectly fulfilled [in its unfulfillment]; perfectly contained in its desire for desires. but what of my body, then?

BRAT MODE
GOD MODE

in some ways my private desire spaces are the only places i really feel real, in These Times. it’s not a mysterious connection—moving through scarcity, chasing lust. dreaming up imaginary worlds of deep physical and even spiritual fulfillment with people i’ve never met or otherwise hardly know. one person i was seeing for awhile used to call our text exchanges our Sunny Room; they’d found a picture of a room filled with sunlight and said this was where they imagined we were as we texted. i remember thinking it was almost political, what we were doing; building this little horny utopia together. i think i just desperately needed to believe in something—or at least, something else.

i think that maybe some small part of me died last year. maybe my desire spaces, my Sunny Rooms, are where i bury her. or maybe they are where i resurrect her to some new life. or maybe this is simply where i sit and wait. but what of my body, then?

the only thing i embody now is waiting.

dreaming my body...

as conduit
as shell;
as vessel;
as angel;
as morsel;
as tar and ash;
as feather;
as bone;
as basement; as bedroom; as sharp corner;
as Divine presence;      as object; as
as content; as solace;     as death; as
as blood; as mucus;
as juice;
as spit; as tears; as cringe; as holes; as
receptacle; as gash; as
socket; as engraved;
as bruised; as
altar;
as decay; as breath

I enter into a dead end. There all possibilities are exhausted; the “possible” slips away and the impossible prevails.
To face the impossible—exorbitant, indubitable—when nothing is possible any longer is in my eyes to have an experience of the divine; it is analogous to a torment.

GEORGES BATAILLE

1. crossings is a community ritual for a loved one who has recently crossed the threshold, or passed away, based on Rudolf Steiner’s anthroposophical perspective on dying and death. Similar to a shiva, the community gathers to take turns sitting with the body of their recently departed loved one, in order to ease their spirit’s transition into the afterlife—a process which takes, according to Steiner, three full days.

i used to see a lot of ghosts in my twenties. quite a few of my friends died during that time, and now that i am able to reflect on it, i think i had this sense or awareness of what it means for death to simply always be close by, and thus so was whatever comes after it. for about five or six years i felt like i was passing time between death and grief rituals; getting phone call after phone call. when i was nineteen, i was sitting crossings for a dear friend who had died suddenly. before i entered the room to be with her, my friend’s mother told me to mind my thoughts, as the spirits reap the thoughts of the living like corn. i still remember the way she moved her arms; her reaping gesture. my hauntings began then.

when people ask me about my hauntings, i usually explain the way it looks when you stare at a lightbulb for a second or two before you turn it off. the glow that’s left behind. i can’t tell you about my hauntings now because to explain it is to rationalize it and i have no interest in doing that beyond my meager lightbulb theory. but there is a little feeling i get when i see bugs crawl along my wall in a certain way in my bedroom, or that one time that i went to visit my grandmother and a host of vultures materialized to mate and shit all over her front yard for hours. i’m not sure if i believe haunting is about death, or about life, or about something else entirely. all i know is that there are people who get it, and people who don’t. that’s really all there is.

i am thirty three now; i haven’t seen any ghosts in a while.
my bile is haunting me; it lives in my rotting fatty tissue, which I cling to for warmth and salt.

A healer once told me that my intestines were full of death and shit. She told me she saw me in a vision, lying underwater in a shallow river; neither dying nor attempting at life. Simply holding myself under. She looked into my body and found my guts full of decaying matter. Spiritual remains of old wounds, of a child I never had. She asked what it could mean to me to release my grip; to let it all go. To let it crumble and break down and wash away.

But my fingers have atrophied. I know no such magical lever of acceptance. Instead I hold my breath and salt my tongue; no death will exit there. I wade back into the river and wait for a new opening.
in the process of writing my body, in which i ritually gut myself and spill my insides, i’ve begun to wonder about my belly as the point of incision.

my belly is apparent; it protrudes. it is abundant; it is unbecoming. my belly is the site of my queerness; soft and discomforting. fertile and full of the rot of many small deaths; bound by tar and ash.¹

¹ Tar and ash were used in ancient Sumerian and Roman mortars for laying bricks. The word “mortar” comes from Latin mortarium, meaning crushed.

IMAGE: A sketch of Ophelia from Hamlet, which I made for a study of Shakespeare in high school.
Stuart Hall’s and Jack Halberstam’s concept of low theory can be used as a way of understanding a punk∞-body as an error of presentation. They see low theory as a way of embracing failure as a counterintuitive form of resistance, a way to inhabit the refusal of mastery and success. It entails a willingness to fail and to lose one’s way, in order to pursue difficult questions about complicity.

This allows us also to think about a punk∞-body in relation to failure. It creates a disorganized path between seemingly opposing styles that have been set up to determine value, desire, and etiquette. It doesn’t just try to fail, but it sets a new way of understanding failure as a form of success. It is messy in that it blurs the lines of merit to a point where evaluation is infinite or impossible. Punk gives us an example of how failure is an intentional practice, or as social theorist Jacques Attali calls it, a “formidable subversion”...

PUNK BODY≈PUNK FEELINGS

Led by the aesthetic and acoustic distortions of punk rock, which values the amateur and sloppy play as form of success, punk became a symbol of opposition and an assertion of power. It wears the messy as a badge of honor...Embracing aesthetic and behavioral fluidity, gender identity/presentation and sexuality become abstract from a normative understanding. This all blurs into a beautiful mess that I refer to as a punk∞-body (miniscule intended). For our purposes, ≈ represents the acceptance of the limiting nature of language and acts as a visualization of the constantly shifting link between these two insufficient words. It also signifies an understanding of the infinitely unorientable and speculative nature of the ideas held within them.

CHRISTOPHER COREY ALLEN

pressing your tongue to a battery; metal, acid, charge. lithium. sweat dried on the skin. salmon eggs. sea urchin. pluto energy. Anemoia.

in search of a cold place to be

"We’re all, first, alive. Then we’re whatever else. When we die, something has changed. It’s not really universal. Death’s the only thing none of us have gone through. Who knows what it feels like to pass? To be gone? Some of us are very unlucky and have dealt with eons of grief. One person close to us dying lasts forever. Or multiple friends. Family. When that happens then we begin understanding the door."  

SAM REISS

my memory used to be sharper—or at least, i always had a knack for remembering small moments. it occurred to me recently, after close to two decades of fairly heavy drinking, that i don’t remember much anymore. in some ways it’s a bit relieving; this sort of dark blur where my synapses used to fire. maybe i’ll regret that later. for now i simply screenshot.

i have retained some moments, through the blur. i remember sitting in the kitchen with my mother, listening to the radio. we were listening to an interview with a nun-cum-scientist who was talking about darkness. the things that bloom in the dark; animals, in utero; the body of Jesus, in the tomb. perhaps these metaphors are fairly obvious now but as a child i felt comforted by the idea that darkness could be a balm.

i remember sitting at my mother’s kitchen table, desiring darkness.

when i first really understood death as a finality, or at least that one day my life in this body would be over, i could not sleep. i lay up at night staring into the space of my dark room wondering about death. i remember feeling deeply sad. one night i got up and left my room to find my dad; that night he threw the I Ching for me for the first time—he never did again. i don’t remember what the coins revealed to me. i remember that the title of the I Ching roughly translates to “Book of Changes.” i remember that we talked about the universal balance of death. i’d never heard my dad talk like this before, and i haven’t since.
"i dreamt we all had wings" was conceived as a salon-as-critique via an evening Zoom session on March 19th, 2021. The following documentation includes the event invitation, as well as transcripts from both the chat and the automated closed-captioning provided by Zoom; save for a couple small adjustments, I have left the transcript largely untouched.

"i dreamt we all had wings"
Hi all

I am both excited and terrified to invite you to join me (and my intertidal committee; Nicole, Lauren, and Nat) this Friday at 6pm for:

- a gathering
- a listening
- a conversation
- a time to reflect
- a time to say hi to friends

in lieu of my 4th semester review + preparation for the MFA thesis show & corresponding book.

Link to more info: https://www.instagram.com/p/C75bAmMhfgp/

This will not be a formal overview of my work, both given the constraints of not being able to sit with work in person, and also in the interest of holding space for the bizarre threshold that I find myself in, and maybe you do, too. This semi-emerging, semi-external, semi-catatonic, semi-towards Futures but acknowledging, in some ways, this very minute, need that, personally, and hope you’ll indulge me.

The zoom room will open at 6:45. There will be music. Feel free to hop in, take some time to get comfortable, say hi to friends in the chat. The ‘presentation’ will start a little after 6.

Accessibility notes: "I dreamt we all had wings" will be a live reading with accompanying visuals. Closed captions will be available. Discussion will include some topics you might feel sensitive about, like physical pain, mental illness, body modification, and sadness. There will be some strong language, used only for emotional emphasis. Guests are encouraged to come in whatever way makes you feel comfortable: videos on or off, though I’ll be happy to see your faces and spaces if you’d like to share them. Please feel free to zoom from bed. Self-soothing activities are welcome and will not be deemed disruptive (i.e. feel free to grab a beverage, smoke, cook dinner, eat dinner, pace around the room, knit, or any form of stimulating that helps you).

What if we touched?
At the intersection of art and technology

This is my cat

Email invitation, “I dreamt we all had wings,” March 2021.
17:51:32 We’re here.
18:03:22 barely touching the
18:03:37 spirit.
18:04:45 strange, Strange.

18:06:57 Hello.
18:07:02 Wow, What a grid. Hi
friends.
18:07:12 I feel like I’ve been
waiting backstage.
18:07:22 I didn’t really think this
through. I was like, I’ll set this
up, people can come in, and
then I was like oh okay I guess
I’m just gonna sit here and stare
at the screen.
18:07:46 So yeah, y’all one
of my committee members is
almost here will be here very
shortly so I might take another
couple of minutes, I hope that’s
okay with everyone.
18:07:57 Thanks for your
patience.
18:08:06 now I get to catch up
on this chat.
18:08:24 Also, just like want to
shout out the distance, I’ve got
Lucy, I’m so happy you’re here
from the Netherlands! Hello I’m
sure you’re so tired.
18:08:35 Thank you for coming.
18:08:40 Eileen which branches
are you talking about?

18:08:45 well I gave Lauren
some flowering quince branches
last week, which is like my
favorite spring floral, we are
opening up like it’s gorgeous.

18:09:08 Wow.
18:09:17 Hi Hi Hi, Joe in
California Hi Hi there, Joe are
you in New York?
18:09:19 Oh, I’m so happy
you’re here.
18:09:31 Hello everyone I’m
here my stage with my wings...

18:09:25 From Eileen
Rae Walsh (she/they): this truly
feels like the on
stage hello
18:09:27 From Eileen
Rae Walsh (she/they): into the mic

18:09:42 Nat is here, I’m letting
them in right now.

18:09:46 Amazing.
18:09:53 Hi Nat.

18:09:56 Hi, apologies.
18:09:58 No worries. I’m glad
you’re here.

18:10:03 Yeah, me too.

18:10:05 Welcome. Okay, so a
couple of things.
18:10:13 So yeah some quick
acknowledgments.
18:10:18 Thank you all for
coming. I already said this a
million times but I truly am
grateful for you all for being
here, and a special thank you
to my committee Nicole, Lauren
and Nat for being here and for
all of your work this year, excited
to share this with
18:10:34 you all and with
everyone at the same time.
18:10:38 And so I’m going to...
18:10:42 What I’m going to do
is, I’m going to share a link in
the chat.
18:10:47 I’m going to do a
reading, and what I’m hoping
is that this link will take you to
a Google Slides presentation
that’s just one slide.
18:10:58 If you can go to that,
navigate to that and present it to
yourself, so that it’s full screen.
18:11:06 I will get started with
reading in about a minute, but
yeah get comfortable
18:11:25 One note, I’m going to
read through the reading.
18:11:27 There’s one bit at the
very end that I’m not going to
read aloud. I’m going to put it
here in the chat for everyone to
read. And I’m hopeful that you
can just like take a minute to
read it, and we can just take a
second to like transition from
listening
18:11:41 to talking
18:11:42 When that’s done.
18:11:46 So, it doesn’t need to
be like an instant “Okay, time
to talk.” Everyone can read will
take a minute and then start
discussion.
18:12:19 This is a draft of some writing I'm working on for my thesis book, something which will be a sort of First Person narrative style guide through processes of death and rebirth presented in fragments.
18:12:33 These fragments are coming from, about a year of research that shifts between sort of deeply academic and deeply personal reading, both quietly and out loud to myself, and with friends or four friends.
18:12:50 Sitting in various combinations of terrified silence and numbness, walking and repetitive circuits around my neighborhood in Richmond both alone and with friends, and a small slow drawing practice.
18:13:14 The writing itself is the result of meditation conversations with friends, collaborative learning, lots of crying and developing a practice that aspires toward abolitionist thinking.
18:13:30 Almost every aspect of this writing and presentation were created in the last five days.
18:13:36 I wrote this into a letter to Nicole last fall, but for the most part, I feel like I’ve spent this year in what feels like emotionally sort of like I’m crouching in a corner with my fingertips against the wall.
18:13:49 I’m nervously waiting, intensely static, while at the same time, also trying to think critically about the past and proactively invest in the future.
18:13:59 So for this evening I really just wanted to take a minute to read and write myself into the week that I’m in, that we’re all in.
18:14:07 Acknowledge transitions of time and be present in those new waves of collective grief grief and loss, and also maybe just hold a little space for crying and resting.
18:14:19 So, that’s just like a little bit of a preamble to to this writing which I will read to you now.

This morning I woke up from a dream that I was getting tattooed.
18:14:43 And this dream it wasn’t just one tattoo, it was one long day of getting new piercings in multiple places and getting my stomach tattooed I think with a tiger. in the dream I was looking down on myself from what felt like the rafters watching me in this lab like room just receiving my day of pain.
18:14:54 It was sort of surgical, but also quite peaceful, like a low humming niceness.
18:15:01 The Dream itself started with me sitting at some beautiful outdoor restaurant with crawling ivy and string lights, telling my friend’s Melba Toast boyfriend, that pain I can choose as part of how I regulate my moods.
18:15:12 I think just to watch him squirm.
18:15:15 I had this dream a couple of days after one of the worst anxiety attacks I’ve had in years, which my body is still sore from as I write this, I can hear my mother saying, so you’re saying you’re so stressed out you’re dreaming of pain.
18:15:29 My mom hates my tattoos.
18:15:33 I had a conversation with someone recently about deviance within the context of pleasure.
18:15:38 He asked me if I enjoyed deviance and if so how
I asked him if he thought pain was deviant.
18:15:45 He said certainly since we’re taught that it is bad.
18:15:49 I’ve thought quite a lot about this conversation, and why I felt the need to even ask if he thought pain counted.
18:15:55 Maybe I think pain is only deviant versus white men.
18:15:59 I’ve thought quite a lot about this conversation, and why I felt the need to even ask if he thought pain counted.
18:15:55 Maybe I think pain is only deviant versus white men.
18:15:59 I think about the way time and pleasure and illness continuously mark my body with pain, pain for this body is not aberrant or rare, though.
For me, it can also be exciting challenging and relieving the pain I choose that is.
18:16:16 I also think about Nicole’s talk with Mika Albornoz for the art book fair about getting tattooed, and how pain you choose can still be surprisingly painful.
18:16:25 Last week Cassiel told me my thesis is about guts.
18:16:29 She’s been helping me take a deeper look at my writing and we were talking quite a bit about specificity, a word that haunts me because of how much I’ve struggled to attain it in my work, like I’m bullseye adjacent, like I’m forever circling the drain. circling
18:16:43 the drain is one of my favorite metaphors, by the way.
18:16:49 I was talking about the body, my body.
18:17:04 I was gesturing to my round soft body and swirling motions, talking about all of this stuff inside of it, and how I’m curious about the ways my relationship with what’s happening inside of it could mirror my relationship with everything else.
18:17:06 And she was like, it sounds like you’re imagining your guts.
18:17:12 Like I’m imagining blood and guts and cells moving around, like I need to be talking about my bile and my shit and
18:17:21 Sometimes I think this is hard for someone like me who grew up in an environment the things of bodies like sentient beings swirling around and silks.
18:17:30 Maybe my specificity is the way sweat feels when it’s dried on your skin sticky uncomfortable.
18:17:37 I think I’ve been relating to specificity as a metaphor for attainment or enlightenment and for that reason have constructed a complicated relationship with it.
18:17:46 I want it, but there’s some refusal there are some resistance.
18:17:50 Maybe my specificity is pain I can choose sharp searing unnecessarily difficult and surprisingly painful.
18:18:00 Maybe my specificity can also be swirling silky guts.
18:18:06 I’ve been thinking that maybe I’ve been trying all this time to craft my guts as a divine presence, sort of like Emma Thompson in Angels in America appearing to me in bed, an imposing and terrifying albeit majestic messenger.
18:18:20 But if my guts are indeed divine. I have a feeling they’re more like Alan Rickman as the Meta Tron in Dogma, or that one Angel giving Tony Danza a neck massage in Angels in the Outfield.
18:18:32 The point is not to share my meek pop cultural references with you though they are sort of comforting.
18:18:37 I think it’s more that I don’t understand my point of reference anymore, and sometimes this kind of haunts me.
18:18:44 Maybe the haunting is my bile.
18:18:47 It’s like when Neil Young sings “I guess I’ll call it sickness gone.”
18:18:54 It’s just a long song
about the futility of nostalgia but also about how good it feels to really feel it anyway.

18:19:00 Even the meandering nature of the song just makes it feel like one long wistful sigh for past lovers, even as he tells us we’re all just pissing in the wind nostalgia is like a pain you can choose, the bile is the reproduction.

18:19:15 The sleepy meandering folk song that tells you to stop caring so much and also to fucking care about something for once.

18:19:21 It’s the bitter pill. It’s the conduit.

18:19:27 I guess, to my mind, everything is so fucking meaningful and so fucking meaningless when you’re alone all the time in grad school just thinking about your guts and the middle of a pandemic.

18:19:36 It’s something like isolation, but not nearly as violent.

18:19:39 It’s more like sitting home on a Friday night every day for a year, though this hurts more.

18:19:45 This isn’t a pain we chose.

18:19:48 When I first got to grad school I told Aidan I thought I’d lost touch with my guts.

18:19:52 At that time I imagined my guts to be the sort of hockey check you feel in your belly when something isn’t right.

18:19:58 But that barely happens, those aren’t the guts, I know.

18:20:03 Maybe my guts are the mate the ways I maintain my myriad thresholds edging psychically zooming out cosmically.

18:20:11 Maybe my guts are the great cowboy mythology I intend to write that I know will be a genius work if it ever actually reveals itself to me.

18:20:19 Maybe my guts are all the little things floating just beyond my reach that are more perfect in that state than they could ever be through my hand.

18:20:26 Maybe my guts are the feeling you get when Jason Molina sings tell all my friends I’m bound for heaven, and if it ain’t so can’t blame me for living.

18:20:36 I’m just gonna copy and paste the end of this into the chat for y’all can just sit with it for a sec.

18:20:45 From Julia Dann (she/her) to Everyone: maybe my guts are the way my dreams swirl into yours. The ways you become my reference, my teacher, my friend, my angel.

18:20:51 My brother Jeremy told me he dreamt that we were all wearing wings; that we were in another space and time where everyone had wings, and everyone could fly, maybe his dream is what makes my guts Divine.

18:21:01 “Satiation wasn’t succeeded by tristesse, it was itself, immediately, tristesse. Satiation is the point at which you must face the existential revelation that you didn’t really want what you seemed so desperate to have, that your most urgent desires are only a filthy vitalist trick to keep the show on the road. If you ‘can’t replace the fear or the thrill of the chase’, why stir yourself to pursue yet another empty kill?”

—Mark Fisher, Ghosts of My Life: Writings on Depression, Hauntology and Lost Futures
Um, well discussion of this and like any, any thoughts that y’all want to share open obviously to everyone in the room but maybe we can kick off with my committee and sort of let the conversation go from there.

Whenever y’all feel ready.

I feel like we talked a lot about last spring, but could you talk about your relationship to letter writing.

Yeah.

I mean I love to write letters for variety of reasons and usually like these letters or emails, if that’s important.

And I think it’s like, it has a lot to do with sort of passage of time, I feel like letters are like kind of a generative way for me to write because it like lets me be sort of in this sort of present moment, and like, there’s a promise of potentially another letter in the future. And so you can kind of like let, let, right now be the sort of guiding the guiding narrative.

Yeah, we’ve exchanged some letters back and forth, so I don’t know if you can speak to that at all either but yeah i mean i feel like writing a letter in an email form feels so different than writing an email.

In terms like pacing, or just allowing yourself to slow down, I think when you started sending me letters, you said, you don’t have to respond, but it would be great if you responded and it can be months from now.

And I think that’s sort of slowness of conversation is something that I’ve reflected on with with your letter writing or with your writing in general, that it seems to kind of

It doesn’t have it doesn’t necessarily have a rhythm right like it kind of. It allows itself to sort of flow.

Can I ask about the image, huh.

Yeah. Do you have a specific question or you want me to just explain it?

Oh, um, I guess I’m not necessarily looking for an explanation, but maybe like can you maybe talk about the pairing of the reading and the image?

Yeah. Um, I kind of wanted like I was just like thinking about the dynamics of the Zoom Room and, like, wanted to, like, to just like create a sort of like an ambience I guess that was like about sort of exiting the room, you know, zoom, zoom, especially when you have cameras on is such a like self conscious place and you know we’re all kind of looking at ourselves and looking at each other and.

And I just like wanted to just like also part of the event itself I just like was trying to situate comfort so much and I wanted people to be able to listen.

And like be able to walk away from the screen or, you know, you know, do whatever you need to do it’s not about like staring into this image, like, you know, intensely.

You could look at it or not. I also full disclosure, made this in the middle of the night when it was really dark outside and so at the time it was like meant to be this sort of warm glowing light.

you know a little bit more of a like loving connection with the screen instead of, you know, the sort of harshness of it.

From Eileen Rae Walsh (she/they):
it waits for a return but is willing to never get one

From nicole killian ^^^^
18:26:13 But now it’s like daylight savings time and super light out so it didn’t quite have the same effect but that was the intended goal.

18:26:29 Julia, I just, I just wanted to say that, um, I would really love to actually have the experience of reading more of your writing because it seems to me to be so metaphorically rich and just to kind of circle back to Nicole’s question for you about letter writing and their comment about kind of the pacing is that it strikes me that letter writing also allows you that opportunity to kind of deliberate, over, over a metaphor over a very kind of specific relationship that you might have with the person who’s reading the letter.

18:27:11 And it strikes me that also that you seem to have kind of tried to, to some extent kind of create that experience for us also by putting a piece of your writing in the chat right to kind of give us a moment to really kind of sit, which is I think something that letter writing does that gets kind of lost particularly kind of in a, in a moment in which we are also kind of constantly in sort of rapid communication with a lot of people. And so I just wanted to, I don’t know if you have thoughts about that but I just wanted to sort of offer that observation.

18:27:53 Yeah, I don’t know, I mean I was trying to. Part of the reason I put that in the chat is because actually I practice this a few times and every time I read that part I burst into tears.

18:28:04 But I think it’s also like, I don’t know, a lot of this is like super responsive to this format of like being on zoom and, like, the way that sort of timing intention can feel or like timing can feel so tense on zoom.

18:28:20 You know silences feel really like noticeable and uncomfortable and, you know, like the sort of gap between, I was mentioning this like, I forget who was talking to this, talking to you about this but the gap between talking and listening and these spaces can feel really intense and these types of transitions can be, for me, particularly hard. And so, like, trying to create kind of like a, like a middle moment to to move.

18:28:52 Move out of listening or just like sitting with, with the screen.

18:28:57 felt important.

18:29:00 But yeah, I love that. Thank you.

18:29:17 From Julia Dann (she/her): shoutout to cassiel

18:29:14 Hi, I really enjoyed hearing about your guts. And I wrote on this line that I enjoyed when you said something along the lines of, to craft my guts like a Divine Presence.

18:29:27 And I was kind of thinking about that in relation to the image.

18:29:30 How you know the image feels kind of the theory oh maybe but also feels like gut, see or like bowel ish or something like that. Um, and I also appreciated that like in the way that you’re kind of like unraveling.

18:29:47 These thoughts with us, it feels like a live disemboweling.

18:29:54 yeah, this kind of like this.

18:29:57 Almost in talking about pain, talking about this like active like kind of pulling out and just like letting the thoughts kind of like land where they are, yeah it was, it was just was, I really liked the, the format and how it kind
18:30:15 of resonated with this
18:30:18 Like, discussion or thoughts about guts.
18:30:24 Thank you.
18:30:25 Yeah, I mean I was thinking about, I was thinking about the sort of active processing which is like the majority of my work I think is that is like the the action that’s happening, and within the workings it’s like trying to make sense of things and.
18:30:43 And so, like, trying to try to work through this almost linear process of like, like digging deeper, deeper, deeper like it felt and and also like never really hitting the bottom like never really getting all of it or getting there and kind of
18:31:03 like getting, like I felt like I got lost.
18:31:08 And I kind of wanted to like leave like let that be or like leave that.
18:31:14 And like, yeah.
18:31:18 I mean this is a draft obviously like I’m going to keep working on it but as like a structure like the sort of the sort of.
18:31:28 Yeah, like the pulling out.
18:31:31 What sort of important to Yeah.
18:31:34 On that note, I’m also curious to know, or like see what you’re writing would look or sound like when it kind of just like meets those moments of, of, like perplexity about how to, you know, continue the process of pulling out or like the pain
18:31:56 that you encounter, you know, in that moment and I think I’d be really interested in seeing that like appear formally in the writing itself.
18:32:06 Yeah.
18:32:19 Yeah, that sounds terrifying! I mean like it was a
it was a painful thing to write. Um, and so I think that’s also part of it is like, yeah, maybe like thinking about how I can represent that to like those moments where you hit a point and like, Eileen,
18:32:28 I feel like we’ve talked about this quite a bit, but like those moments where you hit a point where you’re like, Ooh, this is like this is a little too much, like this is a little too hard.
18:32:38 Or this is a little too painful, or this is surprising me how painful This feels even though I’ve done this before.
18:32:47 Yeah.
18:32:49 I want to, like, in that moment or conversation mentioned, the way that you spoke about how my specificity is maybe dried sweat.
18:32:59 And to think about that in terms of like the specificity or clarity can’t come until after a great release and until after the sweat and thinking about how you set up a moment for all of us where I feel like I was allowed to not really sweat, how I would 18:33:17 present or how I would be in this space. Today, like I was allowed to kind of not feel that anxiety or anxiousness and.
18:33:31 So think about how you set us up for that. And like, maybe how you won’t have clarity about this thing that’s happening now, until after its stride, a little bit, but what might it mean to kind of go back and write about the dried sweat after as a way
18:33:46 to not put yourself through the pain constantly have the guts, but to have a kind of moment of reflection on the dryness, maybe, I don’t know.
18:33:59 Yeah, I mean, for sure.
18:34:04 Oh, oh, I have a quick question.

18:34:08 I was just wondering if you could expand like how, like the ideas of abolitionist work or abolitionist ideals like connect to your, your work in this piece.

18:34:19 Yeah, I mean, I think, I think that I was just starting to get there at the end and this part, this part about dreaming.

18:34:31 I think feels like really like the next sort of part or, or a way of like moving into that moving this work into that space, which is like a lot of the texts that I’ve been reading specifically like the research that I’ve done and spin specifically within utopias and how you know you have to kind of like imagine something that’s never existed in order to like put yourself into a place of like thinking about how things could be better, and spaces that do exist and.

18:35:04 and it’s beginning with this word.

18:35:21 Also that I did with did last year around like developing a utopia, or that that builds shared language, specifically across like a sort of like neuro diverse space.

18:35:29 And like a language of of like sharing and care between like.

18:35:37 Specifically, it’s me and my brother, who I don’t believe is here.

18:35:41 Who was autistic. And a lot of like this language and that and that sort of framework is coming from that work.

18:35:51 Sort of dreaming dreaming different futures.

18:35:56 And so I was trying to think about a lot of my work also like tends to have sort of forefront collaboration and community and, or at least it’s something that I’ve care very deeply about and I’m thinking about like, as I’m like, in this process of like disemboweling or like gutting myself, that there are like these moments where I see like that it’s not just my guts or it’s not just like my insides aren’t just comprised of me.

18:36:25 And like, imagining like, yeah, maybe my guts are where my dreams.

18:36:33 Swirl into yours is like a start at me starting to envisioning sort of like bringing in abolitionist thinking into, like how I work in, and right.

18:36:49 I love that. Thank you.

18:36:52 Thanks for that question.

18:37:15 I have a question.

18:37:29 That’s a great question Roy. Actually I have a bunch of writing that I’ve done that I’ve shared with some of y’all about this and Nicole and I actually had a really great conversation about this recently about that I feel kind of like a strange sadness about it, like obviously I’m really excited to hug my friends in a bar, and, you know, feel a little less fear or like apprehension about being around other people in public but, um, I think I feel a little bit of sadness, about all of the things we learned how to do in this space and yeah like I guess how much like leeway I had for dreaming.

18:38:16 And I think just like generally like the empathy and
patients that we all like seem to have developed with each other in a way that I’ve never experienced personally before like, just like an ability to be like, yes like be where you are like this like
18:38:31 know your true capacity, everyone else’s expectations of you are not important. Like, you should know like I respect your ability to like bow out, or say no, or do it differently.
18:38:44 And yeah i mean i hope that that we can sort of hold on to that.
18:39:01 This sort of urgency of of that kind of empathy.

18:39:03 I cannot imagine a world in which this work ever has the bow.
18:39:10 it’s, like, it feels so messy to me.
18:39:26 Yeah, I mean I guess like the work is responding to like this time definitely but I think that it’s like idea is that it’s also developing a framework for thinking that, that, you know, that could spend a lifetime where at least that like 18:39:41 gives me the tools to like, continue to adapt over many years. And so, you know, my ability to like, like I said like think into this space or read into this space or write into it.
18:39:57 So it doesn’t tie a bow around this work, once you walk out.
18:39:01 It lives on.

18:39:56 From mariah barden jones (she/they) to Everyone : slime bow

18:40:09 I love talking about this with wings on and I just have to say everybody should.

18:40:20 Hearing this, Julia.
18:40:23 This reading, most of which I hadn’t heard before making me think of pain as something that we experienced both physically and also mentally emotionally and you’re talking about that and the pain, the bodily pain of tattooing and piercing and then also 18:40:41 the emotional, mental pain of loneliness and isolation.
18:40:46 And I’m wondering like is there room for pleasure in this discussion, or is there, as you know some another sensation that we experience, physically, and also, mentally, emotionally.
18:41:00 Is there room for that in this discussion or is there like a real intentionality to not be talking about pleasure.
18:41:07 And in talking about, you know, guts and like gutting yourself, it seems like it maybe walks the line and.
18:41:16 And maybe, I don’t know, what do you think?

18:41:17 I mean, I kind of was trying to get at pleasure in the beginning, and, and that there is also like a distinct pleasure in the writing itself, like sort of grappling with, like, holding my guts.
18:41:32 But there is also something almost erotic about it, in you know the work itself, which like was like painful for me to write also made me cry bunch, and like, you know, there is like also like a sort of pleasure and that like the pain 18:41:46 you can choose as pleasurable.
18:41:50 And, there’s like a lot that derives from like a sense of desire and
18:41:56 like longing, both of which are also like, I think, at least for me, I think of them as being pleasurable experiences, even though they’re also sad.
18:42:08 And so, and like that there is some pleasure in sadness, I think. obviously sadness is a big word, and like there are lots of different ways to beyond the superficial, the considered phrase. “It feels right to me,” acknowledges the strength of the erotic into a true knowledge, for what that means is the first and most powerful guiding light toward any understanding. And understanding is a handmaiden which can only wait upon, or clarify, that knowledge, deeply born. The erotic is the nurturer or nursemaid of all our deepest knowledge.
—Audre Lorde, “Uses of the Erotic”
be sad and feel sad, and not all of them are pleasurable, but I think that I would like to spend more time with that way of writing through this, because the pain and the pleasure, in this case, are quite intertwined. And it’s, yeah. I don’t know if that answers your question.

Yeah.

It makes me think a little bit too about how Julia You and I have been saying out loud together, as we’ve been meeting but laughing while doing so, like, “ouch, ouch.” that kind of like threshold for you.

Yeah, I mean I wrote this on Thursday, or I started writing on Tuesday, and I was like having a major moment in my body and it felt urgent like I had things that I wanted to get down on paper and, but I was also just like the whole time like “ouch ouch ouch ouch,” but it was like it felt good.

I don’t know. Yeah, there’s sort of a sort of reciprocity, I guess.

I mentioned this to Eileen that my therapist said that if you’re thinking about your like your emotions, in the space of like positivity or negativity, as being like, positive five or negative five, she said that the healthiest place to be technically as a negative one, where you’re just like a little bit sad.

Just like feeling a little bit of longing, or a little bit lonely because, it creates this sort of optimism,
sovereign sort of royalty, 18:46:27 as being this sort of archetype of moving between like passing between worlds, and usually as like a guide, but always transient, and, and I’m just like very inspired by that for a lot of reasons because I like resonate with being 18:46:46 like on the move. I resonate with, and being transparent in us in a way, 18:46:54 in a way, but I just appreciate sort of metaphor of the guide, because I think I have like a bit of a like searching processing way of working and like being in the world and. 18:47:09 And like, it’s something that I just began to latch on to as like a bit of a like creating a guide for myself, creating like this other thing that that I could use as like a weight like something to follow or like a way to guide me. 18:47:26 If that I’m still I still feel like I think a tad hazy on it ultimately which I also really like that I’m like in the process of developing my relationship with this metaphor, too. 18:47:40 But that’s like the starting point. 18:47:44 Yeah, thank you. 18:47:45 Thank you. Yeah, I mean also like, sort of like aspect of like the confessional like you being in front of all of us and telling us like sharing your writing, just made me think about like going to sleep when I was a kid, and kind of talking to my ensure 18:48:04 that kind of thing. 18:48:06 Like you have like this moment of connection where you have like this direct line with your angels the one that’s protecting you. 18:48:12 I was just thinking a lot about between like that feature and image of like Angel and the whole aspect of like confessing
supporting wings. It's strange to see wings folded up to me, right, I mean it's like the implication is that they're going to take 18:50:45 you away, like, I keep thinking about this way of talking that it's like this openness to getting lost and just being able to kind of like the slowness. 18:51:02 But, and then it's like what are the markers, like you know, what are the moments in time that you decide to like, this is the moment that I will reflect upon that. 18:51:13 I mean, just it's like that's like when the wings closed right it's like it's like the resting moment before like it happens again. And I, and I just wonder it's kind of. 18:51:25 Yeah, I guess it's not a question but I'd like to see the wings like sort of like in this image, like, fold it up, and it's like what is going to happen like, when this expands and I suppose that comes into like the structures that you're making like 18:51:41 there. 18:51:44 I've seen a sneak peek thankfully, but 18:51:48 you don't want them to look 18:51:52 like they're seamless, right, like. 18:51:57 So, I don't know I'm just like thinking about the architecture of the wings and like maybe how that comes together with like this steel that you're making like as an expansion, like the implication of like moving on to the next step but also like this 18:52:10 is the marker of this moment now. 18:52:14 That's not a question but, 18:52:31 yeah, if you've thought about them as wings. 18:52:33 A lot of the thesis show is going to be sort of like a material, sort of like material research and exploration of like a lot of these sort of topics. 18:52:47 Through these sort of like steel are mutters that have like plexiglass shapes that hang from them that like are also a result of my drawing practice. 18:52:58 And I like we were talking a bit about like why do they need to be closed or why do they need to be like presented in the form of a frame and, like, could they begin to take another, another form or another shape, and could they connect you know in different 18:53:16 ways to themselves or to other parts. And so, yeah, I think that like thinking of the metaphor wings is so good for that, for sure. 18:53:28 I'll just start wearing my wings to the studio. 18:53:33 Yeah, I feel like James will will understand fire hazard or something. 18:53:38 I don't think I can weld with wings. non OSHA. 18:54:02 The piece that you read to us today. 18:54:06 Do you write that with the intention of it being for a reading for an audience, 18:54:14 or is this forum, a requirement that you read it for an audience. 18:54:25 Hmm. You talked about, you talked about letters earlier, you know the the writing for a specific persons and audience of one. 18:54:34 So I'm wondering about the idea of, and you read it to us. 18:54:41 Do you write for a
general audience for people to read this work who may not know you.

18:54:50 Yeah, I'm actually that's been a bit of a struggle. 18:54:57 And I'm like, so intensely in this environment that I've been writing for it into it and I actually like really don't want that. 18:55:07 And so, I like I'm having to kind of like, sort of pull myself out of it and figure that out because I feel a little like like my head is in the sand.

18:55:23 In a sense, I mean, part of the question is what form does the writing take, you know, is it does it live in its reading and it's public performance. 18:55:32 You know, does it does it have a life, independent of the performance or of the reading. 18:55:40 Yeah, an author writes a book and puts it out in the world or, and you know, a poem. 18:55:46 And it's consumed by people without the control, right of the, of the author.

18:55:54 Yeah, this will be part of my thesis book. 18:55:58 And I mentioned in the beginning that it's going to be a first, the thesis book will be a first person narrative. 18:56:08 And so writing through like the, a lot of my research and like thinking and living and talking through these sort of narrative experiences.

18:56:33 I was just gonna say that my question was similar I was wondering where this lives after the zoom call. 18:56:38 But I also appreciate it what Roy brought up about, you know, how like we're kind of like, receiving this text within this format. 18:56:51 And you know what,
could be interesting for sure.  

18:58:50 I was thinking too about how you chose to read us, and amount of text, which had its own experience but then you also chose to paste text for us to read in the chat and like maybe you could speak about kind of differentiating between what we can keep in the chat to kind of keep rereading that you wanted us to meditate on that as a reader versus us being immersed in listening to the parts that you shared like what was different about those two things, maybe for you.

18:59:22 Well yeah, I mentioned that that particular that particular little bit,
18:59:27 I’ve tried reading out loud multiple times and I kept bursting into tears.
18:59:32 And so it was just like, maybe too vulnerable.
18:59:36 like I could have cried for you all,
18:59:40 and I chose not to.
18:59:41 So there’s that.
18:59:45 And, and that maybe it felt private, in a way, which is funny like this chat is public, but it also like the, I guess the privacy I’m referring to is like sharing my voice and my, like the sort of emotion behind it and like choosing to keep that for you all,
18:59:40 and I chose not to.
18:59:41 So there’s that.
18:59:45 And, and that maybe it felt private, in a way, which is funny like this chat is public, but it also like the, I guess the privacy I’m referring to is like sharing my voice and my, like the sort of emotion behind it and like choosing to keep that for

19:00:02 me.
19:00:06 In this particular moment, the space.
19:00:48 I don’t know I lost my train of thought was talking hope that makes sense.

19:00:53 No, totally. It makes me think about how you might approach, the kind of legibility or secrecy of those moments in the thesis book of when things feel like too hard to share, like maybe that those parts have a different treatment or approach
introduces and frames this like
in other times, you’d
19:03:25 like reflected on
them with a kind of email, text
afterwards.
19:03:32 And
19:03:32 the same way in the
vein of like how, if these become
texts in a book like and you’re
thinking about capturing the
likeness of it. Like I wonder
where those things live as
well, because they’re always
physically so much care and
attention and openness,
19:03:47 like, and like I just
always enjoy those texts
so much, and I’m like what
happens to them, are they just
an email on that so they serve all
the instructions are they pieces
in themselves.

19:04:03 Yeah, it feels like
there’s, like, there’s always a
little bit of ephemera and I think
it’s, it’s like, maybe like a bit of
an insecurity like wanting to like
set everything up perfectly or
like a control thing like I want
everything like, I want to make
19:04:16 sure your expectations
are like met like set and you
know what’s going to happen.
And I want you to feel like taking
care of or like, you know, there’s
like always this feeling of like, I
need just to like give a little bit
more or create, or like, maybe
19:04:29 it’s just like helpful for
me to like set the tone or create
the space before hand, sort of
like a staging.
19:04:40 But yeah, I mean, it’s
definitely coming from a place
that.
19:04:44 But yeah, I feel like
there should I could, I should
hold on to them in some in
some way and
19:04:51 find a way for that to
be part of the book to I think
that’d be great.

19:05:14 I don’t really have
a question, but I did want to
share like something about this
experience for me anyway.
19:05:21 The presented image,
took on like so many different
moods for me as you read.
And, you know, the forms in
the image and your writing both
allow for that specifically, and
then experienced what you
intended, you know, coming out
of that, then passive listening
19:05:43 sent some sensation
to like read your, your closing,
which in itself is really powerful.
19:05:48 But I was glad that I
still have the image, open on
the side, as I read that last part,
because it was so powerful
together and it almost had the
image take on this new this
even, like, it reached another
level for me transformation, you
know like, circling
19:06:09 swirling guts into
this like community of winged
creatures holding each other or
something, and I was so glad
that I had it open on the side, as
I read what we’re really powerful
words at the end, and I was
just curious if anybody else had
similar different
19:06:27 experiences there but
it’s not we’re sharing.

19:06:55 I had something that
I don’t know if this is if this will
be like productive or if this is like
something that you wanted to
talk about.
19:07:04 but I’ve been kind of.
19:07:06 I’ve been holding on
to like, and partially because
I think we’ve had a bunch of
conversations about this but the
cowboy or I’m like wondering
where the cowboy also sits
in relation to like be like these
metaphors that you set up, if
you want to talk
19:07:20 about it, if that feels
valuable but I’ve been, I’ve
been sort of like, as we’ve been
talking about angels and wings
and all of these things like the idea of the Cowboys, and like what role account workplace has been sort of like lingering there.

19:07:37 So I don’t know if you wanted to talk about that.

19:07:41 Yeah, I mean, I like the cowboy is another guide.

19:07:48 And I don’t. Yeah.

First of all, you can be an angel and second of all, yeah I know the cowboy is a guide and I don’t entirely understand it yet. I think the cowboys are more problematic guide for me.

19:08:01 And I’m interested in, like, exploring sort of, like, some of the problematic for me like in my like journeying and my work.

19:08:12 Just because like I think of the cat like the way that I have the metaphor of the cowboy in my head constructed.

Now, which is a bit vague is like quite fraught with like a lot of different kinds of things having to do with strength and stillness and sort of physical prowess and sort of a bit you know ability and also like you know there’s a lot of.

19:08:43 There’s a lot of like, sort of, yeah masculinity like there’s also some like fucked up stuff. I mean, I don’t know, I haven’t thought about it too much, which is why I like dropped it in there.

19:08:56 Almost as like a promise to myself that maybe this would be a moment for me to like spend time with that. And, you know, in the next month or so while I work on this, but that it does feel quite elusive to me because there’s also like a lot of like already established and loved mythology around cowboys that I’m kind of trying to make my own.

19:09:11 I think that it presents sort of like another guide that feels like. Quite flawed, that I don’t want to like that I’m like very that’s like very sexy and like I’m attracted to it but it’s also.

19:09:38 It’s got a lot of stuff going on that, that feels like words like part of the part of the work of me me unpacking that feels like part of the word.

19:09:55 I’m Lauren I, I’m glad that you said that also because I was thinking about, I think I was talking to you about this Cassiel but I was thinking about rhythmic writing and like that like sometimes, sometimes like I’m more like attached to the rhythm of the

19:10:13 writing then the meaning or, or even the words like that I write in sort of a rhythmic way.

19:10:21 And I don’t even know if it comes out as much and reading it out loud as it does to me when I’m writing it but that like there is some sort of meter, that’s happening in my head.

19:10:32 That’s sort of like long medium short, long medium short or something that like feels, I feel this like attachment to it when I’m writing that I have to be.

19:10:43 I’m almost I almost care more about that than anything else.

19:10:48 which is a control thing.

19:10:50 Well I very much like feel that when you read it as well. I mean like what they’re talking about. Portions of your writing that you were reading and then asking us to like read.

19:11:02 I like the way that I’ve read your writing is at a very different rhythm right.

19:11:07 And it was like upsetting that I couldn’t like emulate what I was hearing
before because it was so like.
19:11:14 It just seemed more natural.
19:11:16 So I’m like wondering, about the rhythms and how to set it in an audio. I don’t know, I always like to hear you read.
19:11:31 From mariah barden jones (she/they): me TOO
19:11:36 From Nat Pyper: second audio
19:11:38 From mariah barden jones (she/they): I love when y'all read our homework to me
19:11:45 From Andrew Walsh-Lister: https://poetrysociety.org.uk/the-politics-of-delivery-against-poet-voice/

“This is cadence in the material world: the poem is cadent with it because of its sprung deaths, its cosmic and ideological castings, the violent but broken corporeality; spells of delivery in custody, reassigned voice in intonated un/broken testimony, the poem is the conditions and the prosody is the reaction to its conditions.” Holly Pester

19:11:46 Yeah, I mean I did like this. Some of y’all tuned in, but I did like a, like a weekly ish zoom reading where I just like pick a text and read it out loud and I didn’t really like part of the part of the point of it was to like read almost against comprehension 19:12:06 like it wasn’t about understanding the text.
19:12:11 And sometimes I would feel like when I was done like I had not absorbed, like, almost a single word that I had just like read and like appreciated language, and like the sound of of words coming together and stringing together in such a way and yeah it 19:12:25 was sort of the rhythm of it that I actually was like most attracted to, in that experience and so it wasn’t about like, let me read you something and then you’ll understand it and I’ll understand it and we can all say that we’ve read it.
19:12:38 It was just like, I just love the sound reading out loud, and I like the way I like the way it feels to read out loud, like it’s like in my body, I guess.
19:12:48 And so, yeah, I mean I think that’s like, that’s kind of part of it.
19:12:56 I don’t really know how else to explain it

19:13:09 I’m really resisting finding some metaphor for you, wearing wings and also sitting on the ground right now.
19:13:14 From Lauren Thorson (she/her): ^^^
19:13:42 What would it be?
19:13:48 I don’t know, what would it be Julia, I don’t know. I only think of things with wings is being in the air, 19:13:56 really see things with wings sitting cross legged on the floor
19:14:33 I’m trying to think of I have any questions for y’all.
19:14:37 So we’re almost an hour.
19:14:51 I have like a million questions and none of them have words that make sense.
19:14:56 I feel very curious.
19:15:16 Everyone unmute.
19:15:23 Here.
19:15:29 I wish zoom allowed us to hear like many, many mics at once, instead of choosing one.
19:15:39 I can hear the trombone player of Richmond, through my window right now.
19:15:45 It’s so beautiful. I wish you guys could hear it.

19:16:03 Well, thank you all for like, I mean, if people have more questions feel free to ask them, but, you know, while we’re if we’re still thinking, I’ll just say thanks for, you know, being generous with this writing obviously it’s like pretty, pretty personal.
19:16:20 But I like was excited to share it with you all 19:16:36 Thank you all for your presence. Thank you.

19:16:57 Thank you.
19:16:58 Yay.
19:17:02 I’ll save the transcription and the chat for you.

Thank you.
19:17:09 I’m going to finally have a sip of this Martini.

19:17:12 Yes.
19:17:15 I am the Only one that took you up on just smoking during the thing

19:17:22 so jealous.

19:17:24 I pulled out my most favorite mid century ashtray and like open my windows and I was like, I’m just creating my apartment for the sake of the vibe of this review.
19:17:34 It was so good.
19:17:52 So, you deserve that Martini.

19:17:57 Thank you.
19:17:58 It feels good look good to have a drink, you know, when you’re, you’re a drinker.

19:18:19 You know, you have to do some thing for yourself Julia.
19:18:10 Take your wings off and have your Martinez.
19:18:19 Say out loud, “out out out out out,”
19:18:37 just got the I love reading the captions it’s like in the caption say, says, “out, out, out, out” like “get out.”

19:18:37 Amazing.
19:18:39 Thank you, Cassiel.
19:18:45 Wow, such friends I have.

19:18:49 I also love the hang back, like this is the creative Julia where like people are like oh everyone’s leaving. Wait, can I maybe not, with some faces I want to see?
19:19:15 Amen. How are you doing, okay?
19:19:20 How’s everybody here?

19:19:29 Good.
19:19:35 Okay, now that we’re in a more private space Who is your favorite Angel
19:19:38 of all time?
SPIT ON ME AND SEE ME SHINE KICK ME IN THE TEETH AND GO
OTHER-ACHES, 2021, The Anderson, Richmond, VA.

A divine gutting; steel eurythmics.

Painted steel; metal binder rings; plexiglass; clay; LED rope; steel spring clamps; zip ties; clamp lights; red and soft white bulbs; double-jacketed thermoplastic power cords.
To allow oneself to be enchanted by human beauty is a sensibility of poly-fugitivity. These modes of association are stunning. An encampment, a clothing exchange—these produce a kind of enchantment. Being enchanted is akin to one’s ability to be vulnerable. First you’re in awe, then you engage. That engagement produces vulnerability; we say yes to paradise. When our local communities open themselves to the activities that poly-fugitivity offers us, the easier it is to see our surrounding police forces and governments become obsolete. We don’t need them; our friends are available to us. The words of the Elizabethan poet become flesh. “For thy sweet love remember’d such wealth brings. That then I scorn to change my state with kings.”

KENO EVOL

2. “My website is a shifting house next to a river of knowledge. What could yours be?” Laurel Schwulst, TCI x Are.na’s Library of Practical and Conceptual Resources, May 21, 2018.
4. AGAINST CURATION OR LOSING YOUR GRIP, Litia Perta. Writing Bodies Text Action, Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts 2015.
5. I love Dick, Chris Kraus. Semiotext(e), 1997.