

Collecting

He collects things because they were free, or a deal; they sit around him like matters of pure potential. They're his muses. They gather in companionable clumps: fishing rods with reels, hooks and flies (dry and wet, poppers), lures (swim baits, plastic creatures, crank baits, spinners), weights (split shots, drop shots), jewelry-making beads, silver, wires, finishings, and tools (pliers with nylon jaws, goldsmith hammers, beading needles, flush cutters), leather-working needles and oils, a knife shaped like a half-moon, awls, stains and dyes, stamps, swivel knives, waxed linen thread, leather lace, conchos, buckles, rivets, snaps, guitars with their strings, song lists, capos and stands, knives with cases and sharpeners, fountain pens with their jars of ink and cleaning methods, acrylics and watercolors, rolls of canvas, flat brushes and round brushes, brushes small enough to put the pupil in a doll's eye or four inches wide, books everywhere, with their bookmarks, the reading lights that hook onto their covers or hang on the bed frame, magnifying lenses with lights and book stands so your hands are free.

He enjoys his routines of care and repair. He is compelled to read catalogs. Now he's taken an interest in boats, he's learning the vocabulary of sails and engines, finishes and knots and navigation. He files in his brain all the details of all these interests and other useful items like springs and cabinet hardware. There's some peace in this but it's prolific too. He develops favorite companies; he mail orders more things. He decides to build a racing bike, and every day more and bigger boxes start arriving. He needs a certain kind of screw he can't find. Much time is spent searching for things that are needed to get started. But there are always treasures discovered. An object sets off a line of thinking.

If we could pay attention to everything

I can't say how many walnuts I've forgotten, charred remains spoiling the pan's iron bottom. Salad peas also languished and puckered in the copper pot's low simmer while I walked in the blithe idiocy of next things and torque. But forgetting's only one kind of inattention, duct-taped shut in a relentless screaming. It would be great if the fossilized air in bubbles popped and spit out second chances. It would be great if the "oh nos" and "not agains" reappeared as parties. If we could pay attention to everything, there would be no comedy.

Everyone leans on her desk, everyone leans on his desk, the animal does a downward dog and he's a cat, ordinary things impede productivity, therapy, and citizenship. Sometimes failure is just bad. Not queer, better, redeemable, a profile in courage, delicious, or a genuine experiment. Some days you throw up your "why bother?" hands. But because pleasure might rest under any scratch off, hard stuff's no bedrock. I eat noodles made from yams that smell like fish yet have no flavor or nutrients. Spectacle has been made the soundtrack to legs moving under a blanket in the dark. Silhouettes emerge from my fingers typing there was no dream.

(BERGSON [1900] 1914)

What is it to be naked among men?

The lake is infused with alien fish and smugglers dumped into the water unseeable things and soon bacteria were taking massive shits there, sending to the way of decay our sloppily arranged infrastructures. We are fucked from building haywire on ecologies like that, choosing, choosing, barely chewing, confusing survival for desire. Inattentive when bored, eating while driving, singing in the car, fiddling absentmindedly with this or that, and refusing to let go, hoping the dying takes place later, or over there. Empires end like that, you know, dissolving slowly while grammars stand dry-eyed on the shore waving, grinning, and making up new ways to be inconvenient. Now the shore shocks, reappearing as the edge of a cliff, the ground washed out while the bright light shines blindingly, all yellow-spiked and hopeful. Imagine a cartoon of the monster fish under the sudden cliff and subtract the promise of immortality that makes cartoons comical.

Harder's not always the same thing as worse. In the chronicles of disappointing touch there's a lifetime of accommodation and the throat wedges, trying not to suffer from the wrong wants again. Against that wind, the question asks itself: what is it to be naked among men?

In a crisis people flail. If x is like this, we can treat x the way we treated this. The state wants people to die: not like the Shoah, like the slow deaths of slavery, not like blue-collar exhaustion, like the life loss in migration, not like the banality of meat but the unpeeling that's leather. The nots are randomly placed. So look at all the ways x is not like this. Will a sick analogy respond to treatment? What relation obtains between treatment and repair? And justice, let us not go there.

Just now, another analogy went bad. That is the story of this, and many stories. In other ones, an analogy goes good.

After disaster, more love. After disaster, more democracy. After disaster, there is no after but a newly congested tableau of the present that motivates people toward cushions. "What is it to be 'naked' among men?"

Foucault asks. The quotation marks force a hole in the world that sucks disparate moments into vulnerable copresence. What is it to be *naked* among men? The italics are a resource for rebooting resonance. What is it to be “naked,” where are you just now? The literal, the figural, staying alive.

(FOUCAULT 1997; MILMAN 2016; RAFFLES 2002; SPAHR 2011)

Camera Worthy

I was raking leaves in the backyard when I heard honking and yelling on the street. Thinking one of our dogs or cats had gotten out, I ran through the gate to find neighbors standing in the street yelling back and forth. “What was that?” “We should call the police.” “Did you get her license plate?” A woman walking a dog and pushing a stroller had to walk around a parked car into the street (no sidewalks). A car speeding up the street nearly hit her and then stopped to yell, “GET OUT OF THE ROAD!!!” A young couple walking down the other side of the street told us the driver was well known as “the crazy driver” and there were YouTube clips of her doing this kind of thing. The police had been called, her license plate had been circulated on the neighborhood listserv. There was a pause. We looked at each other. The scene felt overfilled and rickety, ricocheting off isolation, vulnerability, snap judgment, the state of place, the status of community watch, the thinness of commonality. I wondered where that crazy driver lived and what it was like inside her house, and her life, and her car.

The Strange Situation: A Wedding Album

Any phrase can open up a space to walk around in, if *You are not alone* is the scent it carries, if the impression it makes stays in the air, if it does nothing but offer even the slightest sense of a link. Sometimes it makes gravity pull away, forcing an unbidden freedom; sometimes it taints what seems unencumbered from another angle. But as the cat on the bathroom floor welcomes the cool without being grateful to it, and the fly darts out the window you crack without sending a thank-you note, when a way out appears as a way in we'll tend to scramble toward it without aforethought.

No one documented the slapstick crash. Near the highway the hill was pitched so steep that the squirrels tumbled down from a vast misreading of how hard the dirt was packed. We clambered up on all fours and lost a shoe. Hitchhiking to the wedding ensued and the AAA saved us on the side of the road, swerving to the airport and wishing us the luck it turned out we needed.

What was off about it wasn't cinematic. We arrived and my eyes opened to a small cluster of bug-eyed people. It was as though I had drawn them from my palm like taffy, liberating them into life without the snapping sound of lost teeth. In a minute the crowded room buzzed harshly, each friend perhaps wondering why they continued to show up just in case. Everyone places secret bets at a wedding. The laughter is a goldmine of realness.

Genre's an efficiency, like identity. I am lucky to be a dreamer because a dreamer never stops being interested. People know when they haven't said enough, that's why they dream. Or that's not why they dream but why they continue loving.

(AINSWORTH ET AL. 1978; BION 1959)

All I know is

It takes a lot more than clarity to keep someone going; there's more at stake than just knowing. Certainty can be an expressivity mistake, willful bullshit, or an out-of-body experience like spotting a dog poop on the living room floor as you try to make your way to the coffeepot in the morning. In the middle of things, already improvising with already felts, things tweak the nerve between epistemology and ontology.

I knew people who died because they wouldn't go to a doctor. Because they knew there was something really wrong and they didn't want to know. They didn't want others to know. They didn't want a doctor talking to them that way. What do *they* know? So they made a method of secrecy. They kept it to themselves while the others watched their bodies, afraid to say anything *to* them. The others talked, of course, but not much and at a whisper; they worried, but intervention wasn't even an idea. It wouldn't work; it would make things worse, no one wanted to sacrifice themselves on the altar of helping that's taken as an invasion.

The everyday is a radical empiricism, a weird realism, where things are not examples of anything but a profusion of forms performing their capacities in a situation. On a walk in the suburbs, Dillard saw a mockingbird take a single step off a roof gutter into the air and "just a breath before he would have been dashed to the ground, he unfurled his wings with exact, deliberate care" and floated onto the grass. Heading out to cop, a heroin addict's neighborhood is like struggling through high grass but then, later, after, the place is a different real—full up, wistful, exactly right; he wouldn't want to be anywhere else or doing anything else.

(DILLARD 1975; HARMAN 2012; MCCORMACK 2013; ROBINSON 2009)

Written in a place that smells like chicken

I saw my heart today oh boy four monstrous wormholes linked by flapping gates. And though the news was rather sad I had to laugh at the flesh egg's large pores, which sight triggered a jump cut to my poor cat's heart suspended in the middle of a gray X-ray showing a mass they called foreign when they meant dangerous. My hand has its own memory of that heart and the beat left behind by all the anchoring loves. Even this cut of pulsating holes is sound finding figuration. Blood expels blue and returns tired red. It gets used without being used up, is what blood does while you are still lucky. My doctor tells me that she is fried by the flood of broken systems and mental illness that seems the right response to how life is now. What is healing when illness is reason and reason a style you are supposed to fake to maintain being useful, convenient, and familiar? Breathing room is a way of catching up to that; elbow room is what your thrashing affects try to make in the middle of the encounters that can never let you be secure about where the middle is.

(JAIN 2013; LENNON AND MCCARTNEY 1967)

Anxiety made a nest in her

At twelve, a man screamed at her for having the dog off leash. We made jokes about it. He's a crab face. Everybody else *likes* dogs. But she's not taking any more chances. No new situation is safe—not miniature golf, not the supermarket, not the shoe store where there might be a rule against walking in the shoes to see if they fit. She wants all the rules posted everywhere. She thinks we're rule breakers and we'll get her in trouble. She's on her own and trying to get oriented. My fear of her anxiety makes me snap at her. "Are you kidding me?" "Get a move on."

In Philly we got caught in a thunderstorm walking back to the hotel. She worried about getting her new henna tattoo wet and the lighting. She wanted to take a cab. But then we were running in the rain, screaming alarmed, excited, it could have gone either way. In the hotel, the elevator was broken. We were soaked. We had to walk up four flights of stairs. By the time we got back to the room she had cracked wide open; her mouth full of ice cream, she couldn't stop laughing.

Book Reviews

1. POLICE STATE

There's a map on the web that pops up a poem about the Chicagos dead from police interaction at each site of the year's "incidents." Chicago blackness is live like that: an old homeless woman took a joyous shit in the Walgreens parking lot on 55th the first day I was in the city. We all stood around for too long, stunned: it is hard to see someone smile and shit, it confuses the rescue ambition. In that same spot today I saw a totaled sedan that looked like a mangled shark. People were standing by murmuring. Two men hovered near each other parallel and silent. One of them was old, my age. The other one was even older, the old man's father. I should say they were whitish men, their skins splotched various shades of potato. Behind them was a nice dark blue BMW. It's not rare in Chicago to see someone lose their freedom, or to demonstrate a freedom they don't usually enjoy. But there are consequences in this city. My neighborhood is home to effects and remains. The father's father's through with driving. Each of us is a neighbor attending to life and to forms of dying.

(REGAN AND HOLMES 2016)

2. WHAT BELONGS TO YOU

In an unexpected meeting last week a man giggled at his drunken irrationality and adjusted his pants. There is nothing I love more than watching someone use their freedom. If there's a thing like freedom and you use it I will love a thing about you. I'll coast in awkward transit, family meals, and acrid sex to get next to a freedom. I'll fling myself at ordinary monsters if in the crevasse of the mistake I get next to a freedom. We bear each other hoping to breathe in each other's freedom.

This is what it means to be amazed.

(FOUCAULT 1997; GREENWELL 2016; ZERILLI 2005)

The Twins

They shine. One is a ballet dancer. Music ripples through the muscles on his shoulders and upper back, taking the shape of a humpback on a wave. Joe's shine is more desperate, more drugs and brain damage from an attack with a baseball bat. When he was eleven he would leave the house at night and go into the storm drains. One night he came back with chemical burns all over his forearms.

They're not quite dialed in; they had a rough start. They're looking for something, changing the subject, wandering, perking up, asking basic questions they need the answers to. Do you think a doctor would be good for me to marry? We dance really well together. Would it be good to try to get a job in a bar, maybe? Which one? Where is that? How much would it cost to get an apartment? How do you get electricity? Every few minutes they move in for a hug. A touch.

They've been together only once in the past ten years. A reunion at their adoptive mother's who kept the dancer but not the one with problems. They all snuck out late one night and hung out in the neighborhood smoking cigarettes. That got him disinherited because it's a smoke-free neighborhood; you can smoke on your property but not on the street. The neighbors stopped giving him yard work. He misses the yard work. His brother masturbated to his girlfriend's pictures. He had to tell her. She said make sure it never happens again. So he took her pictures off his computer. She was mad, but it was the only way. She broke it off. Today he's following my lead, trying to get things straight. He has a meeting for a job but he doesn't know where it is.

All the Desperate Calls Rolled into One

Each day begins glasses off and a quiet reading of the world's noise. The cats, the street already flowing with joggers and cars, sirens because I'm in a city and inside the hover of yesterday's knee-buckling encounters. I call Katie for a refresher course in dedramatizing the crazy. We banter and cackle, then she says: rather than saying "I'm hurt," say "I feel funny" and "What's up?" Rather than saying "I want *x* to change," say "What if we did *x*?" I've also heard "Feel ten in your heart, act seven in your movements." "Smile like an animal tracking prey." "Don't rush to breathe: just write."

Baldwin says, love the racist enemy too fearful to ditch his vicious innocence. Imitation is the something of something but it's also a way of learning, and I'd give anything to sound loving-sad like that instead of not understanding the burst of what comes out when I play the keyboard. Because I love no one when I'm writing there's an everything—it's like laughter, fierce and emotionless. Norms are spongy, absorbing a lot and smearing the encounter with grit. I say embrace the love you feel surging when you're taken up by your whatever weapon.

(BALDWIN [1963] 1992; BARTHES [2002] 2005; BERGSON [1900] 1914)

It's Structural

Every house we lived in had a thing we called “the built-in.” A built-in is an infrastructure for everyday order slotted into a closet whose frame would have read, “This house is mine” if things had signs revealing their true function. My father’s change jar sat there, a large brandy snifter that was once for something else, a terrarium or ceremonial candy. His watches lay there too, just next to his cufflinks. Near them were his stacked white laundered shirts, each of which had supportive cardboard in the back, and if you slid it out carefully you would have a thing to draw on. Today I emptied mine, for \$27.23. His was full of quarters: never lesser coins. The counting machine at the Jewel supermarket at all times has a long line of characters. It’s like a social club where everyone makes everyone else more alive, but less jumpy. Coinstar tithes 10 percent of what you pour into it and it’s involving to pour the change in, to catch the spraying rejects and try again. The woman ahead of me glanced over and said, “Everything helps.” She poured her change from tall tins that had once held incense or Pringles.

(MÁRQUEZ [1967] 2006)

Media Trouble

One of the parents tells the others, in shock, that the kids have been sexting. But when I check her texts, it's all, "Hi, meet me over there" then days or weeks later, "I CAN'T BE YOUR FRIEND ANYMORE!!!!!" then again, "Hi, what are you doing?" I ask her why she keeps breaking up with her friends. She says she doesn't remember and launches into an impenetrable side stream. I realize that whatever's happening is distributed across platforms—Minecraft, Animal Jam, Instagram, recess. Not the kind of thing that lends itself to helicopter forensics. The moms say, "Drama! I'd like to knock their heads together." But we're all in too.

They play fake dating games that get real and end in mountains of shame and blame. There's profound humiliation and wilding retaliation and we can't even figure out what happened. She was hurt when she tried to get support from her friends after her car accident and they texted back "cool." One accused her of "fake crying." We had a talk about preteen awkwardness but within hours her best friend was screaming at her for saying "whoopee" at the news that she'd been selected for a solo in a musical.

Hundreds do things

Hundreds do things with movement, pattern, and concept; hundreds stretch out a scene, hold up a world's jelling, and register change, which is not the antithesis of chains. They're an operation without a tone of voice you'd expect, like the sonnet whose couplet resists a capture, the dozens that play black excellence, baby! for the torque and surprising norm, the calendrical poem that says `WRITING WAS HERE` at a place-time that loose-hinges what a stranger could know to the density of something shared. We call them poems because they're about making. Because language is such a force from the world we jerry-rig figures and fiddle with pulse to make things accessible. A play on is what we have to work with, parts reaching out to other ones in lateral spray, toward time's fronts and backs, or stilled, broken and present: because we are historical. The freedom of loving is like this swerving ongoing transcranial fishing for our unshakable relational singularity, which includes our tropes. What are we going to do with our proximity, baby!? Worlds and scenes and poems come from it, and a sense of what counts and builds out, the metrics. We, too, make tracks for potential sync.

(S. ANDERSON 2016)

Survivors in Training

JUNE

I know you know the body has autonomous events, blips and bloop. It's all dynamic and a thing happens that induces another thing whether or not you sense it, want it, feel happy about it, love being chewed up and spit out by it, scratch an itch unconsciously, eat candy or take a handful of nuts because the good object hides the shameful motive that brings you to be absorbed in it. I hear Affect Theory announces that life persists throughout moments. But why is that a thing to say? June's worn makeup to the gym each Sunday since after her mother died suddenly. It is a summer afternoon and the world we live in involves friends walking tightly around the inside of the track to make room for the runners. Gestures and floating phrases add up or not, until in the badly lit steam room she opens up about caretaking and chemo, invented for war as a killing poison. Turns out they're all survivors but I'm grinning too, although I can't say for sure if it's at this scene or something else, like the sensation of my beautifully fitted sneakers, silver-gray and snug like a snake with a mouse in it.

TY

Ty is always in training. He is huge like a skyscraper's grand front door, ambitious to expand and twist like a looming python in full hood that can block out the sun. He is a body builder; he is slowly becoming blind. He says, "I'm black but I only eat white food." In the square Tupperware with the tight blue top there are egg whites and white rice. Today is his birthday and he asked me to tell you that he will never give up, never. We are gym rats together. I met him at the gym when he was seventeen; he was the kind of kid who asked Big Questions. Men trained him; women fed him. I helped him with homework and applications. Today he asked me to describe him to you. His mind is always working, like the Egyptians who chew khat and squat all day. In the beginning they all chewed six hours a day, now it's just the chosen few. Ty's got a theory of everything and has a lot to say. He works at least two jobs each day. This is his life, a magic carpet that thrums on a bumpy sky.

(MALABOU 2012)

Two young men with beards kissing on the floor.

A man with a beard walked in and kissed his boyfriend, who was lying on the floor in a brown coat. The reclining man wore a hoodie and bright earplugs a different color than his skin. All the people in the room were on the floor with earplugs, but not all were bearded or greeted by a bearded boyfriend whose passionate kiss arced in a beeline to the head he cradled for a shorter time than it takes to describe them, the brown-dressed bearded men, one of them white, kissed in the crook of an arm on the face.

Refractions

An enigma that is also an overflowing of form renders its “we” a voice of contagious reiteration. A mystery path entrains a problematic, pressing materials into service. Some people become its crazy or a refraction of its tempo or some chaos of possibilities.

Others are amazed by all this, if they even notice.

What counts as the social now has sound effects, like a metronome’s tick. Talking about it is like talking about ghosts or auras or power.

Evaluative critique is a mental habit of demagnetizing things for the sake of clarity. Try remagnetizing and then think again.

Reading Notes, the Week of December 16, '16

1. A dog embodies what in being will choke itself on its leash. (BOTTOMS 2008)
2. Allegory is a puddle of remnants imitating a membrane. (W. BENJAMIN 1999)
3. Poetry is an idea of a diffuse action settling for a mood. (JACKSON 2005)
4. Breathing is what dodged a bullet if you're lucky. (TREMBLAY 2018)
5. Sickness is to an image of life what the imitation of style is to writing. (BELLAMY 2015)
6. Everyone needs a project or they might die, or become literal. (SEARCH PARTY)
7. The mustard color was so intense that it read as a racial membrane. (MERPORT 2017)
8. Some sentences suck the world in and become drunk with detail. (DANGO 2017)
9. I wanted to smear myself all over the world so that I would never miss you, but I keep missing YOU. (BROWNING 2012)
10. Ariana and the dog are loud and jumpy; I needed a space to love without dry ice. (STEWART 2007)
11. Here's another tableau of intimacy that won't respond to questions. (LEPSELTTER 2014)
12. Draw what you can't say yet. (CAUSEY 2016)
13. The riot, the *dialectic*, not giving up, *showing* up. (CLOVER 2016)
14. I promise. (TRUMP 2016)
15. Joyous violence without the masks of reason is truly the end of trust. (THE HISTORICAL PRESENT)
16. A world in crisis where indifference is impossible turns out not to exist. (WILDERSON, WITH BALL, BURROUGHS, AND HATE 2014)
17. We wish for evidence the way we wish to use love—to simplify and let us be good-natured sometimes. (WHITEHEAD 1999)
18. Love is food that makes you emptier than food with no qualities, which makes you fuller. (KLEEMAN 2015)
19. Love involves wanting people to get what they want. (LEGIT 2013–2014)

20. Love and power, where your mind goes first thing in the morning. (HOOKS 2000)
21. Secrets and manners sustain families and slaveries. (SPILLERS 2003)
22. All psychosis is sociopathy but not all craziness is. (W. J. T. MITCHELL, FORTHCOMING)
23. Love is hate and so is hate. (AHMED 2003)
24. Locally sourced savory pretzel stuffed with Ham & Cheese. (KAFEIN)
25. I believed *x* because I needed to stay in the room. (HOANG 2016)
26. You can't trust in theory: take wordplay. (COMEDY)
27. The stain, you can't wash it away. (LETINSKY AND MORABITO 2015)
28. The way we solve problems involves capping what leaks. (SCAPPETONE 2016)
29. Shitshow, clusterfuck. (OVERHEARD AT A PROTEST)
30. Schadenfreude comes to me, harries me, hooks me, militates the mind. (PRINCE 1988; SIMON 2017)
31. Open my heart to better defenses. (QUOTE UNQUOTE)
32. Beach vacation versus hibernation! (TAXICAB)
33. Your ad on this bench! (AFTER THE TAXICAB)
34. Passing between another's body and yours, not lecturing. (WINNICOTT [1971] 1982)
35. Aloneness is a fundamental inalterable state of boundlessness that allows you to feel confident that the world persists alongside your noise and shredded confidence. (EIGEN 2004)
36. Psychopaths identify the world as its holes. (EIGEN 2004)
37. The desire to catch the drift. (OGDEN 1997)
38. I see the object in the distance but I lose confidence. (WRITERS)
39. Comedy reduces speech to nonsense and politics converts nonsense to speech. (FREUD [1905] 1960; RANCIÈRE 2011)

Just being me

I'm in Boulder and in the hotel hallway there's a framed photograph of Bob Dylan's face above an antique table and a vase of flowers. The lacy handwritten caption reads, "All I can do is be me, whoever that is." The "me" is a mass of reactions vaguely jarred into being at the glimpse of a method or a thought. Just trying to catch up with whatever's happening, it sloughs off retroactive dreams of itself, like old skin. It's a recombinant unfolding but with a life of its own. It likes to swim; it hates to wait; it wants raspberries.

Office Hours

The Hundreds is not just “where does the misery come from?” as we sense the felt tip of the world drawing figures, hooks, and asterisks. It’s also about what happens when we stop saying “affect is in the world” as though the phrase resolves the writing of impact, spring, and relation. You have to and can’t trust yourself with placing what’s structural, technical, transferential, pulped, leaking, intense.

One day I was late, despite a New Year’s resolution to be early always. I admit I was irritated that this student had insisted on an inconvenient time, so when I say that my lateness was unintentional I have no ground from which to speak. I dash into the café with the silver light where I like to hold an hour because it’s public and no one can feel more trapped. It’s a white room with a high glass ceiling whose purpose, I’ve been told, is to show that the sky is no limit. We sit at a white table on white chairs made of a metal infrastructural grid. The inadequate cushions are Ad Reinhardt black. The designers imagined a still life, not a lifeworld where we show up to build things out.

It is hard to focus on her because I’m palpitating and she’s a blur to herself. Her language moves sideways into hesitation. Students all around us are hugging and fist-bumping. She looks tired and there’s a cake makeup layer that points to what it isn’t hiding. Her live idea is that celebrities want to be famous but not to be known. We rack our brains to convert this interest into a research question. On reflection it appears that she hates people who have pushy curiosity and also people who don’t.

You can decide not to be known or to be disappointed mostly in the way you are known, I said.

While we were talking, my next hour walked in. The hair on this specific vector of warmth is shiny, made brittle by too much product. She walks in tights and a roving sweater. When she comes over to let us know it is time I see her teeth worn to china disks. The archive of bulimia smiles and the meth mouth’s jagged edges crashes in and my already wrung

heart really, not metaphorically, aches into the generosity of the impersonal silence that allows us to focus on what *can* be done.

Survival of the fittest means a different thing now, not all of it bad or good, and not all of it something that has an opposite.

In the book *Mildred Pierce* the eponymous one was a little dense. She thought a good business would allow her to bank some love. One daughter died of an acne infection that began in the triangle around the mouth. The person who told me this said it in bed one night with a tensed-up face. I am falling asleep as I type, as this is getting close to a thing about learning whose pressure on attention is exhausting.

One time a student asked me to “rip to shreds” their overworked yet dormant object. “Is that what I do?” I asked. “Deadline” derives from the line drawn around a prison that permits a police sniper to shoot if a prisoner crosses over without permission. Another time someone confessed they were poor, and that their mother was a hairdresser. Another time a student was condescending, so I gave them their echo to play with. Another time we were watching a movie and students rebelled because I watched the credits in the dark till the end.

(J. BENJAMIN 1998; CAIN [1941] 1989; MOTEN 2008A, 2008B; POE 1846; ROSE 1989; STILLINGER 1991; WINNICOTT [1971] 1982)

Under Pressure

Sociality is a thing under pressure. Before, beside, after all the rules and the roles, it's a rhythm marking the beat of a saturation no one's just in or out of. Charged by the manic labors of keeping up with what's at hand and bowled over by the torque of things, its too-muchness is also a deficiency but not something to sneer at.

Some look for a method. You keep your water glass in the same place on the bed stand for your hand to grope in the night, you shrink-wrap yourself when someone comes at you, you decide to sit this one out, you try to get out there and interact, or talking to people in an encounter is a way to make and hold up the noise of the world.

The so-called big picture is something else where now, somehow, the punishing realism of best practices gets to elbow in, posturing at a centering but all that's really centered is power's force, plain and simple. There are claims to knowledge, some knowledge is unbearable and a threat to living. There are safeties for thought—concepts held in common, the rediscovery of a well-known logic in a scene that might have done something else if it could have.

But our method is not that. It's a co-compose pushing off a cut or a story, finishing a thought in play, editing down to the momentary but perfect capture that's not just a characterization but the machinery of generation. The point for us is not to track things into their secret lairs but to see what could happen in singular thought-events. Ours is a thought experiment of thought experiments. Being overwhelmed makes a different kind of sense. In a starting point things jump into relation but remain unglued.

Once my mother's father dropped his four little girls at school a town over and never came back. After school they stood on the sidewalk together. Then they started walking. They asked a stranger for a nickel so they could get something to drink. They didn't know where they were going. By the time she was ten my mother was driving his truck all over

town, not that she wanted to. I wonder what the stranger with the nickel thought.

There was an act/body. There was a thought. Something happening shifted on its weight. There was back talk, decomp. The Jell-O jelled.

(“UNDER PRESSURE” 1982)

Ordinary Love

In the dream we took turns being inconvenient to each other, so the dream was good social theory. It wasn't pleasant—domesticity was a big mood swing. Downstairs, two black women and a white man our age made gigantic sculptures impossible to see from any angle: it was a cooperative and everyone took each other gently. Our ginger cat climbed up the door and squeezed into the space at the top. I became afraid to leave, to lose more things. The next day the internet was down: as usual we were forced to work with freshly approximate knowledge.

Now the feeling my body's holding seems like a good because it's holding me, but that's bad theory. It's not just holding that's good or being held: also play and wandering. Among the puns cut away were holding chamber. Among the edits were many words after "held." Since my cat died I've also stopped wanting to spend money. Paradoxically, I've been fixing up things I'd let go, and we all know delay always ends up costing. I've turned around and in that turning face nothing but the twist that can't be fixed by strong arms. It was nice to feel that much love.

(MCEWEN 1998; PUCK)

Stocking Up

The Salvation Army is our mother lode. Cross-country skis for five dollars a pair, little china plates for twenty-five cents. The old bookshelf won't fit in the car. We stand there looking at it. A woman in a truck smiles at us and then pauses near us as she's walking into the store. The manager comes out to put something in her car. "How's it going?" "Oh, ya know, a manager's life is open to close." Me: "We can't get this in the car." "Don't you know anyone with a truck?" "No, we're new." She stands by sympathetically for a minute but I can't tell if she's keeping us company or sticking to a company policy of no returns.

The woman from the truck comes back out. "Are you going local?" "Ya." "Put it in the back. I'll follow you." "Wait . . . What? . . . No. We're going all the way over to Gilford on 11A. It's far." "It's OK, I know the area." I drive gingerly, watching her in the rearview mirror, not sure what I'm worried about but there's weight. When we get there I can see she's very emotional too; I give her twenty dollars. Her eyes light up and she shakes a little. I give her a hug. Me: "Thank you so much. You made my day." "Oh, that's OK. Welcome to New Hampshire. I'm a pay-it-forward kind of person and like I told Mike when I walked into the store, the proverb was kind of long to memorize today, could I read it twice out loud and get the 10 percent off, and he said sure. So it all works out." I try to rise to the occasion of her gleam. She's small, thin, French-Canadian-looking. Later, our condo manager confirms that this is what people here do.

Bad Weather

Two women with skin like construction workers and middle-aged pony-tails were eating pretzels and mustard in the airport bar, 5:30AM. One carried a quilted white porthole purse and the other carried a military backpack with everything you could ever want in case you're stranded, plus beer. It was like I had landed on a desert island "spacious without the need for verification of space." Porthole says, we are best friends, we should be married, our husbands—what are you going to do with men who won't move? My grin drops a quarter in the complaint machine and talk sets flight.

(CHA [1982] 2009)

In it

We write to be in the reverb of word and world.

From the start we committed to the composition and decomp in everything, we took the long way around. We tried on other keys, feeling out the timing for a joke, working the angle on what describes and hovers. Dropping the diagnostic tone even for a minute brought surprise, attitude voiceovers; perspective became precise. We worked subsentence, looking for phrasing and a sense. Impressions reshaped a thought practice. Refrains looped back and unraveled slowly.

We made a method of sounding things out, rolling over words as if we could curl our tongues on them, whispering “choo choo” as we laid down a track. We tried different points of emphasis, cutting and stretching a sentence, sacrificing adjectives and metaphors in favor of the right sonic sequence. We developed relationships to our own and each other’s word sounds. Katie wanted to get the world some attention. She became a letter writer writing of a world to a world. Lauren wanted all the knowledge of a place to converge. She bargained for precision with rhythm and beauty.

We write to invite and to goad, to bring the weight of scenes home; not to model.

A Number on Introductions

I am so happy to introduce to you this esteemed stranger. Once they would strategize the fate of the world: now they worry about the force of words.

Once I read a thing by this person that shifted some other things and changed stuff that I saw later, and not just in books. My sense of implications was so jacked up it was “as though I were constantly vomiting but had no mouth.”

This person’s work is often funny, as in “this milk tastes funny.” A pun pushes your tongue into the bad taste of your drive toward it. It pulls you back into artless play. It sours when your persistent interest leaks. But wait—that’s how Frank and Sedgwick describe shame! *CSI: When Generalizations Meet*. Our concepts penetrate each other till they’re “in the air.”

My colleague never calls before arriving to town. It’s ungracious for me to whine in public about this, but a sense of abandonment is just another name for frustrated attachment, where Bion locates the primal scene of thinking. They promise to theorize the revolution that will happen if we pay attention. They promise a talk that will fuel us for the next wars of attrition.

(BION 1959; FRANK AND SEDGWICK 1995; SOLOMON 1998)

A month in arrests and other things

In one month in some coal mining camps in West Virginia I wrote down these things I heard:

1. Someone broke into Della Mae's and stole fifty dollars, pickled eggs, and pinto beans.
2. Someone burned Charlie's house; his daughter's doll collection melted.
3. Pete Shrewsbury and a boy from Killarney were arrested.
4. Someone pulled the wire on the water pump in Rhodell.
5. Ronnie Alexander died of pills and liquor, his father left them when he was two, he went to school through third grade, he drank a lot before he married at nineteen, he had eight kids, he saw things in the woods.
6. Sam Tanks's son beat him up bad.
7. Elanda Hamlet was almost raped by William Street.
8. Zackie Shrewsbury spent a day in court. He worked in the mines, in lumbering, on the railroad. One son drank himself to death in Chicago, a daughter died of diphtheria, another daughter is nervous; she tingles.
9. Etta Spangler's husband was indicted for grand larceny for stealing cars. She had thirteen kids, her uterus hangs out of her body; when I called her to ask about getting some firewood she opened with a ten-minute monologue on planting by the signs.
10. He always takes a red-hot shower. Most of the accidents in the mines are caused by carelessness. He smashed a finger and broke a toe from the spewing rock; they call it inactive. There was no job or safety training. They'd go to their cars to drink, they'd smoke in the mines. Don't drink in the mines; the air pressure makes you sick. Once there was a fire, a loud whooshing sound like a train coming. He stayed in until he realized the foreman didn't know what he was doing and then he got out.
11. She had three marriages; at one point she stopped eating meat because she thought she had to for her hypertension. She has numbness and tingling.

12. Many lost houses, cars, furniture, during the last strike. This one will be easier because people will have tax returns.
13. There was a house fire; a screaming baby was trapped inside.
14. A description of what a flood did to a house.

I always wondered what this litany did, but if I tried to get at it they'd say, "I don't have no ideal, Katie," and then they'd have to start over.

Not Over Yet

You take the factory with you when you leave the factory town, the tinny smell of defrosted chicken shivering in its final moment. Telephones, too, remind you that you used to be willing to tether to something, even to lift the receiver to hear the ex say that you're still a piece of shit. But it's not over yet. Everywhere you went there was love and other kinds of dispossession. Everywhere you went you had urges without plans and sometimes you made plans. You can look around where you're sitting now and know that what's there isn't all of it.

(BION 1959; CONRAD 2014; HIGHSMITH [1962] 2011)

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II. Indexes

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Index · *Fred Moten*

There's too much pointed repeating to point at, being caught up in it.

The overall is all over
the place, numberless in thick and thin. No place to go is all over the
place. Shifters, riffless
because the splits are staggered, get their drink on. Echoes can't get
located, obvious things
gone aviary, map flown all over the place. We're missing the overall.
You're missing the overall,

this way free that way green, stuck way out like this, when don you
know de day's erbroad?
Outnumbered, parenthetical finger pointing around the corner, won't
straighten all up in can't
straighten how you straighten up in the morning, all your voices un-
raveling while your voices
lounged in the overall, what pleasure had these tracks laid down? Noth-
ing but all that shifting,

how the road turns over the edge of anything you be trying to do. Let's
call this song exactly
what it is. In lieu of its name let's call it you, or y'all. All y'all up in there
started flying out of
place, started missing, started can't get started, won't fly right, can't get
it straight, can't turn
it loose but there it go and now it's gone and there y'all go again, can
call it but can't point to it.

Y'all keep saying that's what I'm talking 'bout don't even sound right
and now you want an
index? And that's just what y'all be always talking 'bout with all the
voices in your voices and
their outstretched hands. The overall is alert to this dancing more than
singing, y'all said, and

there's a hand jive with some presence in it all throughout but no place
special, off to the side,

glancing at all the colors in thirty-third. Level, degree, flickering resource
back and forth all over

the place, amarillo all over the place as sunlight, called exactly what it
is but pointed out only so

we can say what it feels when we describe it, get it all down to the
point of it being all y'all all

over the damn place. It feels terribly beautiful. It feels terribly beauti-
ful. Everywhere you went.

Not-Index · *Andrew Causey and C. Thresher*

PART OF THIS STORY YOU HAVE TO TELL YOURSELF

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The Index · *Susan Lepselter*

Nathaniel Bagshaw Ward, an English botanist, accidentally invented the terrarium in 1842. In his glass case meant for insects, a spore of fern took hold and grew. He called it the Wardian case. Allow him please to demonstrate the wonder. Heat and light enter the glass, water evaporates inside, vapor gathers on the walls, falling back to the ferns below. Jesus Christ. Sometimes it's all too much. Walking on the beach we watch the tide go in and out and in. Patterns form. We have come to this house for decades. Now some of us are old. Cans of soup line the shelf. *We ask our readers to perform the jamb when language overruns the mental breathing that reading entails.* No one said the Wardian case has to fit on a desk, or in a town. In my city the floods begin, the streets give way to rivers. A wooly mammoth once pissed as it ran. Nothing completely disappears. My city will dry up, and the rain will come to yours. My dog is drinking a puddle. *We make a pass at a swell in realism, and look for the hook. We back up at the hint of something.* My sister and I had not spoken in months; the hurt swelled. Yesterday we finally talked for hours and she sobbed into the phone. Nothing was resolved. I felt ripples from a rape in the seventeenth century, behind a barn somewhere in Romania, where generations later my bitter grandmother disparaged her children without knowing why. Nothing disappears. Resentment wafted like a gas in the house. No one noticed. You breathe the air you're given. Stalking around cracked pavement ferns, this crow, with its strong beak and calculating eyes, resembles both a pterodactyl and my father. A girl lashes the wind with kelp. I stumble on aftershocks from a shock I can't point out.

Words sediment next to something laid low. The conversation builds; this epistolary novel is a poem. But already a poem is a conversation. A single word is dense with charges. Writing back and forth for years, two voices recalibrate and sync. Overlap and pull apart. Listen to this. Look. Index it. But don't point the finger, little judges. You remind me to point sideways, to the shapeless thing I want to name, the thing that hangs around. It shifts its shape. A shifter's only meaning is the object it happens to point to. The little girls pose with one hand bent from the wrist as if once in some other place or time this was the way a princess stood. *Melodramas*

of mixed ontological status hit swells of feeling and the force of things colliding. You opened the window to get rid of the atmosphere; but the air just swelled. Come here and watch the vapors gather into clouds of the fiercest orange. A drop of mammoth pee still rides in that fleece. In their glass case Mr. Ward's ferns survived the performance of shipping to Australia—fringed, coiled seahorse tails, the green recycling, breathing. Oh come on, maybe a few of them died. It is just so fucking lonely here sometimes. *Go back, I suggest. You can never return, he says. I have to relearn life all over like a baby; it's so damn lonely.* Maybe the boys are throwing poppers. We walk on the dunes and forget the news of missiles. We just feel this recursive earth might break any day like a glass container, back to the particles of its birth.

Untitled · *Stephen Muecke*

The aesthetic, in its original meaning, is about sensitivities discovering their form. . . . And a sensitive child takes offense easily and then sulks for hours. So much seems to slip by, yet we want to cultivate the arts of attention so that important things don't get lost forever. Who decides? The makers of history are closer than you think. Some of them will agree to talk to you. They might have an agenda, or a program, as in, stick with it—or not. But pattern? Maybe, because of rhythm. Prepositions are matters of concern, or rather pivots: the intimacy of the *with*, rather than the military strategy of the *about*.

Having, rather than being. As in attachments, weak links. We can dance to one side of the identity politics of asking what it is, and instead ask, *What's it got going for it? What makes it persist?* Listen to Karen Dalton sing "Something on Your Mind": "I've seen the writing on the wall / Who can't maintain will always fail." The right kind of accessory matters, anyone can tell you that.

Stephen (texting Pru in airport departure lounge): "I'm feeling sad."

Pru: "I felt sad too but it will be alright." And she adds, "I always panic in the lead up to a change and I managed the tsunami in my dream perfectly."

Who would ever think of indexing as a chore? When you have all that random power, and the publisher won't quibble. You can index words like "loitering." Or a friend's name that makes only a brief appearance in the acknowledgments, because of a fondness. Indexers "R" Us: all we literally do is point, that is why all this mob is getting crick necks. Style is another matter—no new thought without new style (Nietzsche). Here you go, Fred. Style is a test. Any objections? (Sort them all out, and you have a totally sick objectivity—Latour.) Yes, it is fictocriticism: The *ficto*-side of fictocriticism follows the twists and turns of animated language as it finds new pathways. The *-criticism* part comes in the risky leap of taking the story to a different "world," where it might be tested by an unexpected public.

The glitches are welcome interruptions that force a reset (like a robo-toy that hits the furniture, reverses, and turns left) so that the persistence can go again. And of course you wonder what the mechanism is, the system, the black-box magic. It *is* all there, after the performance you go backstage and the masks are off. Someone cries and you wonder about erotic undercurrents. Tomorrow, or later tonight, the masks will go on again, and again, slightly different each time.

Who needs a long narrative arc anyway, when fragments have their own subjective affordances? Long narratives are Wall Street investments in character. Literary monuments. But here there are hundreds of glimpses, flashes like in the fire opals from Lightning Ridge. A glimpse, a figure half seen in the mist, is an emergent concept or feeling that has its value in its evanescence.

For Your Indexing Pleasure

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- Highsmith, Patricia. (1962) 2011. *The Cry of the Owl*. New York: Grove Press.
- Hints (as in a hint of sour or vanilla; glances).
- Hoang, Lily. 2016. *A Bestiary*. Cleveland, OH: Cleveland State University Poetry Center.
- Hobbes, Thomas. (1651) 1991. *Leviathan*. Edited by Richard Tuck. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
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Hopper, Edward (painter).

Howard Johnson's.

Hunter, Holly: said in *Top of the Lake* season one, episode seven, "All you hear are your own crazy thoughts like a river of shit, on and on. See your thoughts for what they are. Stop your helping. Stop your planning. Give up!"

Immersion—unintended, serial, unnoticed.

Impeckable Aviaries. Johnson City, Texas.

Ingold, Tim. 2015. *The Life of Lines*. London: Routledge.

Instagram.

"Jack and the Beanstalk."

Jackalope Coffee & Tea House. 755 W. 32nd St., Chicago, IL 60616. Storefront.

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Jacobus, Mary. 1995. *First Things: The Maternal Imaginary in Literature, Art, and Psychoanalysis*. London: Routledge.

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Kafein. 1621 Chicago Ave. Evanston, IL, 60201.

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Kerouac, Jack. (1957) 2012. *On the Road*. New York: Penguin Books.

Killed kids.

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Klein, Melanie, and Joan Riviere. 1964. *Love, Hate and Reparation*. New York: Norton.

Knap, texture, sediment, shrinkage.

Knowing states: sharp, surprised, surprising, heavy, dissipated, disappointed, fascinated, not forever, fickle, motivated, clueless. *See also* rushed, as in adrenaline.

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Occupy.

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One word changes the tone.

On the outs: wearing out; giving out; getting out; handing out; following out; going out; measuring out; seeking out; spinning out; feeling out; beating the shit out of; turned out; tricked out; checked out.

Ordinary registers—skittish, speculative, sedimenting, funny, overworked, saturated, with or without traction.

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Parrish, Maxfield (painter).

Peanuts (the "wah wah" teacher voice). 1967. Originating in *You're in Love, Charlie Brown*, 30 min. Directed by Bill Melendez. Written by Charles Schulz. First aired June 12, on CBS.

Pencil and paper.

Perec, Georges. (1974) 2008. *Species of Spaces and Other Pieces*. Edited and translated by John Sturrock. London: Penguin Books.

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Pita bread.

Poe, Edgar Allan. 1846. "Cask of Amontillado." <http://xroads.virginia.edu/~hyper/poe/cask.html>.

Posmentier, Sonya. 2017. *Cultivation and Catastrophe: The Lyric Ecology of Modern Black Literature*. Baltimore, MD: Johns Hopkins University Press.

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Preppers.

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- Raffles, Hugh. 2011. *Insectopedia*. New York: Vintage.
- Raffles, Hugh. 2012. "TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IS A LONG TIME." *Cultural Anthropology* 27 (3): 526-34.
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- Receptivity. See encounter; spark. See also things that are tiring.
- Red Bull.
- Regan, Matthias. Co-ranter, Feel Tank Chicago, 2017.
- Regan, Matthias, and Brian Holmes. 2016. *Watersheds*. Digital map that includes poems from *Police State*. <http://midwestcompass.org/watersheds/map.html>.
- Reinhardt, Ad (painter).
- Robinson, Roxana. 2009. *Cost*. New York: Picador.
- Rose, Jacqueline. 1989. "Where Does the Misery Come From? Psychoanalysis, Feminism, and the Event." In *Feminism and Psychoanalysis*, edited by Richard Feldstein and Judith Roof, 25-39. Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press.
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- Scappetone, Jennifer. 2016. *The Republic of Exit 43: Outtakes and Scores from an Archaeology and Pop-Up Opera of the Corporate Dump*. Berkeley, CA: Atelos.
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Search engines.

Search Party.

Sedgwick, Eve Kosofsky. 1990. *Epistemology of the Closet*. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Sedgwick, Eve Kosofsky. 1993. "White Glasses." In *Tendencies*, 252–66. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

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Self-defeating DIY house-for-sale photographs: posted online, passionately captioned, too much, too late, too little. See "all wrong."

Serial immersion.

Serres, Michel. 1997. *Genesis*. Translated by Geneviève James and James Nielson. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press.

Shaviri, Steven. 2016. *Discognition*. London: Repeater Press.

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Sister talk over decades.

Solomon, Andrew. 1998. "Anatomy of Melancholy." *New Yorker*, January 12. <http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/1998/01/12/anatomy-of-melancholy>.

Some hooks: the precisions of a walk, a look, a predation, a pause, a stuttering, the history of sugar.

Spahr, Juliana. 2005. *The Connection of Everything with Lungs: Poems*. Berkeley: University of California Press.

Spahr, Juliana. 2011. *Well Then There Now*. Boston: Black Sparrow Press.

Spillers, Hortense. 2003. *Black, White, and in Color: Essays on American Literature and Culture*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Star Trek. Originated by Gene Roddenberry. NBC, 1966–1969.

Stengers, Isabella, Brian Massumi, and Erin Manning. 2009. "History through

- the Middle: Between Macro and Mesopolitics—an Interview with Isabella Stengers.” *Inflexions: A Journal of Research Creation*, no. 3. http://www.inflexions.org/n3_stengershtml.html.
- Stern, Lesley. 2001. *The Smoking Book*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
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- Stewart, Kathleen. 2007. *Ordinary Affects*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.
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- Stockton, Kathryn Bond. 2009. *The Queer Child: Or Growing Sideways in the Twentieth Century*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.
- Story problems.
- Strike Debt!
- Suicidation.
- Sunset* magazine.
- Surfaces: suspension, proximity, patina, pattern.
- Surprise: being tripwired, being ready, being in the middle, being off base, being all ears.
- Sutherland, Keston. 2009. *Stress Position*. London: Barque Press.
- Taussig, Michael. 1992. *The Nervous System*. London: Routledge.
- Taussig, Michael. 2011. *I Swear I Saw This*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Taylor, Christopher. 2014. Red Pants (personal wardrobe).
- Taylor, Christopher. 2015. “Thoughts and Prayers and the Terror of Politics.” *Of C. L. R. James*, December 3. <http://clrjames.blogspot.com/2015/12/thoughts-and-prayers-and-terror-of.html>.
- Temple, Shirley (a person and a cocktail).
- Text message jams when a comment pinged on threads that took off.
- The body: a contact sheet with a nervous system, mouths opening and closing.
- The built environment.
- The ethnographic ground.
- The historical present.

The nap of corduroy.

The Voice.

Things people say about clichés.

Things that are spoken, but not loudly.

Things we noticed that other people were noticing too (or not quite).

Things we said to each other: “That’s so funny!” “I don’t know what you mean.” “Who wrote that?”

Thought. *See* afterthought. *See also* pragmatics; composition; comfort food; imperatives (think about this, see that, remember that, clean that up).

Tipping points into expressivity, things toppling over.

Tomatoes.

Townies.

Tremblay, Jean-Thomas. 2018. “We Don’t Breathe Alone: Forms of Encounter in Anglophone North America Since the 1970s.” Ph.D. dissertation. University of Chicago.

Trump, Donald. https://en.wikiquote.org/wiki/Donald_Trump.

Trusting. *See* testing.

Try It Out Bags.

Tsing, Anna Lowenhaupt. 2005. *Friction: An Ethnography of Global Connection*. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press.

“Under Pressure” 1982. Written and recorded by Queen with David Bowie. On *Hot Space*. Island Records 277 175 8, 2011, compact disc.

Voice Dream.

Wainwright, Loudon, III. 1973. “The Swimming Song.” On *Attempted Mustache*. Columbia Records KC 32710, 33 1/3 RPM.

Wallace, David Foster. (2005) 2009. *This Is Water: Some Thoughts, Delivered on a Significant Occasion, about Living a Compassionate Life*. New York: Little, Brown.

Warner, Michael. 1991. “The Mass Public and the Mass Subject.” In *Habermas and the Public Sphere*, edited by Craig Calhoun, 377–401. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.

Ways of being up for it.

Weak links (people, machines, systems, now).

Weeks, Kathi. 2011. *The Problem with Work: Feminism, Marxism, Antiwork Politics, and Postwork Imaginaries*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.

- Welty, Eudora. 1994. "Petrified Man." In *The Collected Stories of Eudora Welty*, 17–28. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Harcourt.
- When being long-winded adds something (the whole week's shakes or telling the whole story even though you need only a detail).
- When being short-tempered adds something.
- Whitehead, Colson. 1999. *The Intuitionist*. New York: Anchor Books.
- Wilderson, Frank, with Jared Ball, Todd Steven Burroughs, and Dr. Hate. 2014. "We're trying to destroy the world: Anti-Blackness & Police Violence After Ferguson. An Interview with Frank B. Wilderson, III." Ill Will Editions, November. <http://ill-will-editions.tumblr.com/post/103584583009/were-trying-to-destroy-the-world>.
- Williams, Patricia. 2005. "Salt in the Wound: Why Is *The New York Times Magazine* Floating an Unsubstantiated Theory of Genetic Determinism?" *The Nation*, June 6. <https://www.thenation.com/article/salt-wound/>.
- Winnicott, D. W. (1971) 1982. *Playing and Reality*. New York: Basic Books.
- Wiseman, Frederick (director). 2001. *Domestic Violence*. 16 mm film, 196 min. Cambridge, MA: Zipporah Films.
- Wittgenstein, Ludwig. 2009. *Philosophical Investigations*. Translated and edited by P. M. S. Hacker and Joachim Schulte. Rev. 4th ed. Oxford: Wiley-Blackwell.
- Worlds—provisional movements, dreams of cohesion, sensations of being in something heady but real, a promise charged with retractability, what appears when a rhythm is interrupted. Wrecked, try to write back into form or sense.
- X and its effects. *See surrealism and work*.
- YMCA.
- Yummly.
- Zerilli, Linda M. G. 2005. *Feminism and the Abyss of Freedom*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Žižek, Slavoj. 2004. "Passion in the Era of Decaffeinated Belief." *Lacanian Ink*, no. 5. <http://www.lacan.com/passionf.htm>.
- Žižek, Slavoj. 2014. *Žižek's Jokes: (Did You Hear the One about Hegel and Negation?)*. Edited by Audun Mortensen. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.