

# you are here

bodies & politics

the journal of creative geography



**you are here**

bodies **fa** politics

*you are here* is an annual publication produced by graduate students in the School of Geography, Development, and Environment at the University of Arizona that seeks to explore geographic themes through poetry, creative writing, maps, photography, visual and sonic art, film, interactive digital works, and other imaginable genres.

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# bodies & politics: an editorial introduction

What is the significance of the body in the present political moment?

This is the question that inaugurated the 2021 issue of *you are here: the journal of creative geography*. This question emerged from a confluence of events in 2020, events that lent renewed urgency to questions of the body, embodiment, and politics. As the coronavirus spread around the world, bodies - and their proximities and mundane interactions - became a source of contagion and a newfound threat to life. Following the murder of George Floyd and countless others, streets around the world filled for months with protestors chanting "I can't breathe" - pointing both to the lethal outcomes of police brutality and the suffocating, intergenerational trauma of being Black in an anti-Black society. A sharp rise in right-wing nationalism and xenophobia around the world returned borders and the "outsiders" they produce to the center of political and cultural imaginaries, dehumanizing those seeking refuge. Wildfires, floods, storms, and other moments in a building climate emergency displaced millions, with their impacts unevenly produced through the ceaseless reproduction of poverty, precarity, and the imperatives of capitalist economies.

In different ways, these moments all return us to the complicated fact of our embodiment - prompting us to consider and situate the body as a politicized and political space, one contoured by its uneven relations and entanglements with the wider world.

The contributions featured here represent a diversity of responses to the questions, problems, meanings, and potentials of bodies and politics. We hear from folks situated in geography, anthropology, urban studies, landscape architecture, cultural studies, science and technology studies, queer and trans studies, Mad and disability studies, women's and gender studies, and other disciplinary locations, joined by photographers, filmmakers, creative writers,

and poets. The locations of the contributors and the places they summon in their work span and connect sites around the globe. They coalesce around five themes that speak to the present political moment as viewed from the standpoint of the body and that organize this issue. While we have situated each contribution within one theme, many of the works speak to concerns that cross-cut these themes, underscoring the nuance the issue's contributors bring to their creative engagements with the complex entanglements of bodies and politics.

In **technology, knowledge & the state**, contributors situate individual and collective bodies in relation to the authority and power invested in science and the state. They demonstrate the politics of diverse bodily entanglements, be it through the ubiquity of technology and surveillance in our lives, or the forms of classification and knowledge-making that underwrite colonial, patriarchal, and state projects. A common theme is that these ways of knowing, registering, and controlling bodies frequently fail to account for bodily difference, producing violences through erasure, standardization, and othering that are backed by data, techno-knowledge, and policy.

**Bodies, environments & place** explores how bodies inhabit various built environments and ecologies, in habitations shaped by forms of displacement, belonging, exclusion, and in/visibility. Contributors examine the gendered, sexualized, classed, racialized, and ableist codes of urban space, reflect on the imbrication of ecological and social systems, and situate the body as a register of ecological change and a site for rethinking our models of collective life. Taken together, these works underscore the crucial role that geography plays in shaping the politics of the body.

**Bordered bodies, (im)mobile bodies** explores the contemporary landscape of immigration and state violence, the tightening of borders (both material and figurative), and the politics of transnational and transgender mobility. Contributors frame political borders not as stagnant lines on a map or as rigid conditions that can neatly dole out rights or inclusion. Rather, the borders in this section are lived - viscerally felt and experienced in the practices of individuals' day-to-day lives. They are constituted in place as variously-bordered bodies contend with and struggle against infrastructures of militarized surveillance, colonial histories, and gendered expectations.

In **identity, difference & relationality**, contributors center themes of embodied difference, identity, and various forms of relationality - that is, how bodies connect, remain separate, are recognized, misrecognized, or

unrecognized. Gender, sexuality, disability, and race/ethnicity inform these politics of belonging, recognition, and interdependency. While walking and running, caring and loving, speaking and being spoken to, the bodies in this section become entwined - unevenly- sometimes in relations of support and at other times relations of harm.

**Embodied histories & futures** situates individual and collective bodies in deep histories and lived genealogies while looking toward possible embodied futures. Contributors reflect on the archive and memory, generational trauma and sacrifice, and the reproduction of social norms over time. In doing so, they show how the body is historically made and history is made by bodies. In taking on the difficult task of looking backwards, these works find a balance between commemoration and critique. They also look toward other futures - ways of being, becoming, and relating beyond the inheritances of the past and the immediacies of the present.

Like the many *you are here* editors before us, our desire is that this collection will demonstrate the value and vitality of creative geographies. Taken together, we believe these works communicate the potential and the necessity of reaching beyond the boundaries of conventional ways of knowing, representing, and enacting our shared worlds.

A less lofty wish we have for this issue is to expand *you are here's* engagement with online and digital creative mediums, and in doing so, to more fully integrate the journal's print and online content. Therefore, you will notice QR codes on some of the pages in this print issue. By scanning these labels with a phone, you can quickly pull up extra video, audio, and digital content that is housed at [youareheregeography.com](http://youareheregeography.com). We hope that as you read the journal in your hands (or in your pdf viewer), you will be inspired to browse the creative content on our website as well.

Finally, we hope that this collection of works will spark conversations, theories, and experiments with embodiment and its politics - that it might illuminate the fundamental imbrication of our individual and collective bodies and the cultural, political, and ecological issues of our time, whatever places and positionalities we may inhabit.

Holding these visions in mind, we introduce *you are here's* XXII volume: *bodies & politics*.



**technology,  
knowledge  
& the state**

# what seeps through the pores by ian spangler

## *I. Meanings.*

Badge of shame and sign of worry, proof of labor into money: sweat spills out of us already filled with meaning. If you break a sweat, stifle it (it's too emotional, you're nervous; it's hot, you're too sweaty). Self-prescribe armpits aluminum-salted deodorant - unless, of course, you've been *working*, in which case you should be *proud* of your sweat. It verifies your investment (in your house, in your body); you've earned value in sweat equity.

Sweat is contextual. Perspiration is epistemic. Sweat isn't actually sweat at all.

There's no shortage of metaphors, turns of phrase, or manners of speaking that make us think about sweat in the abstract - but, despite being one of the most fundamental and ubiquitous expressions of everyday corporeal life, we rarely think of sweat literally. Except, maybe, for how to hide it. How to keep it in.

## *II. The Conference.*

In May 2019, Stanford University's Li Ka Shing Center for Learning and Knowledge hosted its seventh annual Big Data in Precision Health Conference (BDPHC).

Precision medicine combines big data-driven population research with the detection of biofluid analytes to stratify disease into more "precise" subcategories.

The capture and analysis of data is integral, here. As one precision health researcher puts it, "Really what is needed [for human health] is big data."

Another: "By harnessing the vast datasets of biomedical information now available to us... we can prevent disease before it strikes and cure decisively if it does."

*(content warning: this submission contains themes of medical imagery,  
colonialism, discussions of historical anti-Black racism)*



Aided by data - *bigger* data, *better* data - disease can be, with military precision, anticipated and eliminated.

### III. The Sensor.

I didn't personally attend the BDPHC. If I had, though, I would have gone to the session on sweat.

"We're trying to make wearable devices that can analyze sweat on the body noninvasively," they said.

Apparently, lots of key analytes of human health swim in our perspiration. Those analytes can be correlated with blood plasma levels to indicate cystic fibrosis, diabetes, and more.

The networked sweat sensor is a deceptively simple, battery-free microfluidic patch, embedded with electrochemical reagents that are networked to a smartphone and report data back in real time.

Despise it though we may, sweat is quickly becoming a bodily fluid *par excellence*.

### IV. The Market.

The networked sweat sensor operates within a booming health tech industry: precision medicine is valued at US\$57 billion as of 2019 and poised to exceed \$110 billion by 2026.<sup>1</sup>

Biosensors alone are expected to exceed \$36 billion by 2027.<sup>2</sup> During the same period of time, global sweat sensor revenues should pass \$2.5 billion.<sup>3</sup>

### V. The Church.

As Shannon Mattern reminds us,<sup>4</sup> "Seemingly everyone is trying to break into the risky but lucrative health tech market." This includes companies like Gatorade, maker of the Gx Sweat Patch and publisher of the most robust literature review of sweat gland physiology to date.<sup>5</sup>

The result of this rat race, as Gina Neff puts it, is to blur the lines between medical devices and consumer goods,<sup>6</sup> which is to say, between medical knowledge and capitalist production.

Welcome to the Church of Sweat and Data: may you achieve health, wealth, and salvation through perspiration.

### VI. New Meanings.

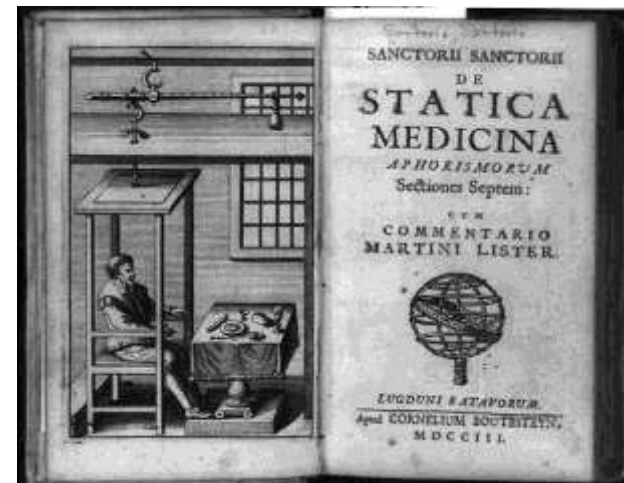
If what we learn from sensing sweat can anticipate our ailments - heal us, even - then sweat must take on a new meaning. It must become an object of medical inquiry.

### VII. Old Methods.

Of course, "sweat as an object of medical inquiry" is not actually a new meaning, and sweat sensing is not actually a new concept. For millennia, medical science has tried to squeeze sweat out, capture it, analyze it- just not always by the same method.

The earliest discussion of sweat can be found in the Hippocratic corpus, which spoke often of rates of sweating and kinds of perspiration. Galen of Pergamon recommended the physician inspect a patient's sweat - even describe its taste. The tongue may have been the first sweat sensor.

Later, in 1614, Sanctorio Sanctorius built a weighing chair. He used it continuously for three decades, weighing himself in relation to his meals and his excretions- an experiment in self-quantification predating the Fitbit by four centuries. In this way, he discovered that we sweat without noticing, which he called *insensible perspiration*.



The weighing chair of Sanctorius, an early technology of self-quantification.

Throughout the 19<sup>th</sup> century, methods to extract sweat became more creative. Some patients were placed in steam baths, their fluids forced by injections of pilocarpine. Others were sweated inside a large rubber bag- "the entire body except the head" - and covered with a hot blanket.

The sweaty body could even be mapped. A patient would be painted with a solution of iodine, castor oil, and alcohol. Left in a heated room to perspire, the first beads would resemble "poppy seeds." Increasingly, the patient took on shades of "violet-black," revealing the topography of their perspiration.

VIII. The Rash.

The two centuries following Sanctorius experienced a remarkable uptick in how Western medical science captured sweat and researched sweat physiology. How can we contextualize this sudden, rigorous interest in perspiration?

It came down to a problem: the production of comfortable infrastructures for colonization.

Sweat rash, a disease that produced anhidrosis and abscesses in its subjects, was cruel to colonizers. Painful vesicles appeared at the mouths of their sweat glands. Pores clogged. For colonization to succeed, it was clear that the problem of tropical acclimatization must be solved. And when the task of eliminating sweat rash fell to medical science, the physiologist became a colonizer; the colony, in turn, became a laboratory.

IX. The Physician-Colonizer.

In 1744, John Mitchell described the perspiration of "black or tawny people" as "more apt to degenerate into a miasm than the mild effluvia of whites."<sup>7</sup>

In 1780, Alexander Wilson claimed there was a substance in Black skin that produced a "foul odour." A few years later, William Cruickshank stated that the "essential oil" of sweat causes blackness and odor in "the skin of a negro."<sup>8</sup>

In 1799, shortly after claiming that "negroes sweat much less than Europeans," the physician Charles White writes that the "rank smell emitted from the bodies of many negroes is well known."<sup>9</sup>

Frantz Fanon once argued that "the French medical service in Algeria could not be separated from French colonialism in Algeria."<sup>10</sup> Likewise for the new physician-colonizers, whose order of business was to pathologize the sweat of the Black body.

1854 A STUDY IN PERSPIRATION. [JOUR. A. M. A.]

FIGURE 2: TABLE WITHIN OF NORMAL INDIVIDUALS.

Age	Sex	Height	Weight	Temp.	Time	Amount	Quality	Remarks
1	M	5'8"	150	98.6	10	1.5	Thin	Normal
2	M	5'10"	160	98.8	15	2.0	Thin	Normal
3	M	5'11"	170	99.0	20	2.5	Thin	Normal
4	M	6'0"	180	99.2	25	3.0	Thin	Normal
5	M	6'1"	190	99.4	30	3.5	Thin	Normal
6	M	6'2"	200	99.6	35	4.0	Thin	Normal
7	M	6'3"	210	99.8	40	4.5	Thin	Normal
8	M	6'4"	220	100.0	45	5.0	Thin	Normal
9	M	6'5"	230	100.2	50	5.5	Thin	Normal
10	M	6'6"	240	100.4	55	6.0	Thin	Normal
11	M	6'7"	250	100.6	60	6.5	Thin	Normal
12	M	6'8"	260	100.8	65	7.0	Thin	Normal
13	M	6'9"	270	101.0	70	7.5	Thin	Normal
14	M	6'10"	280	101.2	75	8.0	Thin	Normal
15	M	6'11"	290	101.4	80	8.5	Thin	Normal
16	M	7'0"	300	101.6	85	9.0	Thin	Normal
17	M	7'1"	310	101.8	90	9.5	Thin	Normal
18	M	7'2"	320	102.0	95	10.0	Thin	Normal
19	M	7'3"	330	102.2	100	10.5	Thin	Normal
20	M	7'4"	340	102.4	105	11.0	Thin	Normal
21	M	7'5"	350	102.6	110	11.5	Thin	Normal
22	M	7'6"	360	102.8	115	12.0	Thin	Normal
23	M	7'7"	370	103.0	120	12.5	Thin	Normal
24	M	7'8"	380	103.2	125	13.0	Thin	Normal
25	M	7'9"	390	103.4	130	13.5	Thin	Normal
26	M	7'10"	400	103.6	135	14.0	Thin	Normal
27	M	7'11"	410	103.8	140	14.5	Thin	Normal
28	M	8'0"	420	104.0	145	15.0	Thin	Normal
29	M	8'1"	430	104.2	150	15.5	Thin	Normal
30	M	8'2"	440	104.4	155	16.0	Thin	Normal
31	M	8'3"	450	104.6	160	16.5	Thin	Normal
32	M	8'4"	460	104.8	165	17.0	Thin	Normal
33	M	8'5"	470	105.0	170	17.5	Thin	Normal
34	M	8'6"	480	105.2	175	18.0	Thin	Normal
35	M	8'7"	490	105.4	180	18.5	Thin	Normal
36	M	8'8"	500	105.6	185	19.0	Thin	Normal
37	M	8'9"	510	105.8	190	19.5	Thin	Normal
38	M	8'10"	520	106.0	195	20.0	Thin	Normal
39	M	8'11"	530	106.2	200	20.5	Thin	Normal
40	M	9'0"	540	106.4	205	21.0	Thin	Normal
41	M	9'1"	550	106.6	210	21.5	Thin	Normal
42	M	9'2"	560	106.8	215	22.0	Thin	Normal
43	M	9'3"	570	107.0	220	22.5	Thin	Normal
44	M	9'4"	580	107.2	225	23.0	Thin	Normal
45	M	9'5"	590	107.4	230	23.5	Thin	Normal
46	M	9'6"	600	107.6	235	24.0	Thin	Normal
47	M	9'7"	610	107.8	240	24.5	Thin	Normal
48	M	9'8"	620	108.0	245	25.0	Thin	Normal
49	M	9'9"	630	108.2	250	25.5	Thin	Normal
50	M	9'10"	640	108.4	255	26.0	Thin	Normal
51	M	9'11"	650	108.6	260	26.5	Thin	Normal
52	M	10'0"	660	108.8	265	27.0	Thin	Normal
53	M	10'1"	670	109.0	270	27.5	Thin	Normal
54	M	10'2"	680	109.2	275	28.0	Thin	Normal
55	M	10'3"	690	109.4	280	28.5	Thin	Normal
56	M	10'4"	700	109.6	285	29.0	Thin	Normal
57	M	10'5"	710	109.8	290	29.5	Thin	Normal
58	M	10'6"	720	110.0	295	30.0	Thin	Normal
59	M	10'7"	730	110.2	300	30.5	Thin	Normal
60	M	10'8"	740	110.4	305	31.0	Thin	Normal
61	M	10'9"	750	110.6	310	31.5	Thin	Normal
62	M	10'10"	760	110.8	315	32.0	Thin	Normal
63	M	10'11"	770	111.0	320	32.5	Thin	Normal
64	M	11'0"	780	111.2	325	33.0	Thin	Normal
65	M	11'1"	790	111.4	330	33.5	Thin	Normal
66	M	11'2"	800	111.6	335	34.0	Thin	Normal
67	M	11'3"	810	111.8	340	34.5	Thin	Normal
68	M	11'4"	820	112.0	345	35.0	Thin	Normal
69	M	11'5"	830	112.2	350	35.5	Thin	Normal
70	M	11'6"	840	112.4	355	36.0	Thin	Normal
71	M	11'7"	850	112.6	360	36.5	Thin	Normal
72	M	11'8"	860	112.8	365	37.0	Thin	Normal
73	M	11'9"	870	113.0	370	37.5	Thin	Normal
74	M	11'10"	880	113.2	375	38.0	Thin	Normal
75	M	11'11"	890	113.4	380	38.5	Thin	Normal
76	M	12'0"	900	113.6	385	39.0	Thin	Normal
77	M	12'1"	910	113.8	390	39.5	Thin	Normal
78	M	12'2"	920	114.0	395	40.0	Thin	Normal
79	M	12'3"	930	114.2	400	40.5	Thin	Normal
80	M	12'4"	940	114.4	405	41.0	Thin	Normal
81	M	12'5"	950	114.6	410	41.5	Thin	Normal
82	M	12'6"	960	114.8	415	42.0	Thin	Normal
83	M	12'7"	970	115.0	420	42.5	Thin	Normal
84	M	12'8"	980	115.2	425	43.0	Thin	Normal
85	M	12'9"	990	115.4	430	43.5	Thin	Normal
86	M	12'10"	1000	115.6	435	44.0	Thin	Normal
87	M	12'11"	1010	115.8	440	44.5	Thin	Normal
88	M	13'0"	1020	116.0	445	45.0	Thin	Normal
89	M	13'1"	1030	116.2	450	45.5	Thin	Normal
90	M	13'2"	1040	116.4	455	46.0	Thin	Normal
91	M	13'3"	1050	116.6	460	46.5	Thin	Normal
92	M	13'4"	1060	116.8	465	47.0	Thin	Normal
93	M	13'5"	1070	117.0	470	47.5	Thin	Normal
94	M	13'6"	1080	117.2	475	48.0	Thin	Normal
95	M	13'7"	1090	117.4	480	48.5	Thin	Normal
96	M	13'8"	1100	117.6	485	49.0	Thin	Normal
97	M	13'9"	1110	117.8	490	49.5	Thin	Normal
98	M	13'10"	1120	118.0	495	50.0	Thin	Normal
99	M	13'11"	1130	118.2	500	50.5	Thin	Normal
100	M	14'0"	1140	118.4	505	51.0	Thin	Normal

Table from Hoelscher's (1899) "A Study in Perspiration," detailing various rates, amounts, and qualities of sweating in "normal individuals."

## X. *The Lecture.*

If the first idea from the colony-laboratory was that Black sweat was pathologically miasmatic, the second was that Black people sweated more efficiently than whites. Despite lacking any basis in reality, this became prevailing knowledge in Western medical science.

Century after century, their lies were confirmed by peer-review.

In his 1924 lecture at the University of London, Professor Christiaan Eijkman lamented the "white sojourner in the tropics." After explaining that the "coloured man... is by his pigmentation better protected" against sun and the heat, Eijkman concluded that "the white cannot... keep on doing heavy muscular work in the tropics; he must leave it to the natives."<sup>11</sup>

Later, M.L. Thomson's 1954 doctoral research induced sweat in "twenty-one European and twenty-six African male hospital orderlies." While "no significance can be attached to the difference between grand averages of sweat glands" in Africans and Europeans, he nevertheless argued for a "greater efficiency of the African's heat-dissipating mechanism."<sup>12</sup>

Thomson's research in Nigeria was supported by the Colonial Medical Research Council, a British fund that supported research activities in the colonies. Allocations from the colonial research fund for medical research into "physiology of hot climates" received nearly £200,000, ranking fifth out of twenty funded research areas.<sup>13</sup>

It would seem, through the 20<sup>th</sup> century, that sweat remained important and useful as ever for processes of colonization. A key focus of 1920s and 1930s colonial development was making logistical systems for the extraction of cash crops and minerals. If Black bodies were better suited to sweating than white ones, then the extraction of their labor was not only normalized - it was justified. The physician-colonizer, their task set into motion, wrote the conditions of justification.

## XI. *Meaning as Power, Analytes as Politics.*

The networked sweat sensor, with its growing market capitalization, emerges from this lineage. As I ponder how the health tech market constitutes sweat as both an object of medical inquiry and of capital investment, I am left thinking about how the body isn't delimited by its skin, subjectivity, or consciousness.

I'm reminded how we are born into ecologies of microflora, microfauna, and microdata, which comprise and exceed us; how the body exceeds itself, and how in that excess we find sweat - literal, bodily, corporeal, which we cannot contain as it spills forth, unwillingly, from the pores.

Sweat remains contextual - its meanings depend upon the bodies that are sweating. Sweat seeps from the pores already gendered, racialized, sexed; seeps not just with meaning, but with power; not just with analytes, but with politics.

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<sup>1</sup> Precedence Research. 2020. "Precision Medicine Market Poised to Grow at 11.5% by 2027." *GlobeNewswire*.

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## unrecognised bodies by yung au

The word "biometrics" is derived from the Greek words of [l3Lo] (life) and [unpLK6c:] (to measure). So, how have we been measuring something as varied as "life" - and how will we continue to do so in the years to come?

Biometric recognition technologies are "systems that 'fix' official identities to bodily, physiological, or behavioural traits, providing new ways for individuals to identify themselves, and also to be identified or tracked."<sup>1</sup> Biometrics have been used throughout history in order to identify "familiar" and "unfamiliar" individuals. As surveillance technologies and their related industries grow, our deconstructed bodies are increasingly being registered. We are a composite of our retinas, facial geometries, gaits, signatures, voices, DNA, fingerprints, footprints, saliva, keystrokes, as well as the spaces between our eyes, nose, and lips.

Biometrics, then, is a site where bodies and technologies merge. However, as fleshy interfaces, some of us register more accurately than others. For instance, the first time a person registers on a biometric system is called enrolment. The failure to enrol rate (FTE) is the percentage of the population that fails to complete enrolment for a biometric application. So, who fails? Who is unrecognised? Whose identities are not found?

Current identification models are often trained on limited datasets that do not represent the spectrum of society. Our biometric systems are crafted with a narrow set of people in mind. These models, furthermore, operate under an illusion that their practices are objective and seamless. "Errors" start to emerge when an individual deviates from the prototypical bodies on which these systems are founded and standardized.



As automated biometric systems are increasingly embedded in smart phones, smart borders, and smart cities, how are these failures also cascading? Who has access to spaces and services that are guarded by electronic gatekeepers that identify some, but not others? Who is denied access to their phones, to their welfare checks, to hospitals, to a vote, or to border crossings?

Identity documents- low or high tech - have always fragmented individuals into bodies and their composites in order to read, organise, and deal with bodily complexity.<sup>2</sup> A corpus of evidence grows by the day on how biometrical sorting deepens pre-existing socio-economic, racial, caste, gender, and other intersectional rifts, yet the rapid adoption of these systems continues.<sup>3</sup>

As machines and their human operators continue to privilege the prototypical and stutter on the atypical, will we merely approach each model with a question of calibration? Or, will we recognise the need to confront the systems that created such persistent exclusions in the first place?



Will we be content in our attempts to fit into "biometric ideals"<sup>4</sup> - imaginaries that best serve the body that is:

white,  
affluent,  
able-bodied,  
average-sized,  
gender-conforming,  
free of perspiration,  
and never aging a day.



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- <sup>3</sup> A. Kak 2020; U. Rao, "Biometric Bodies, Or How to Make Electronic Fingerprinting Work in India," *Body & Society*, vol. 24, no. 3, pp. 68-94, Sep. 2018.
- <sup>4</sup> U. Rao 2018; P. M. Frowd, "The Promises and Pitfalls of Biometric Security Practices in Senegal," *International Political Sociology*, vol. 11, no. 4, pp. 343-359, Dec. 2017; J. Buolamwini and T. Gebru, "Gender Shades: Intersectional Accuracy Disparities in Commercial Gender Classification," in *Conference on Fairness, Accountability and Transparency*, Jan. 2018, pp. 77-91; B. Ajana, "Biometric citizenship," *Citizenship Studies*, vol. 16, no. 7, pp. 851-870, Oct. 2012.

# mirror

## by devika ranjan

The Mirror was a Christmas gift from Neha's boyfriend who, shortly after giving it to her, became her ex. They had seen ads for it on the subway, promises of transformation and joy. The models in the ad glistened with sweat. They were radiant, even under fluorescent light.

He thought he was helping. Neha snubbed the gym with jokes about the Spin Superstars, the grandmas who jiggled their way through Zumba, her liquid diet. The Mirror proved that he saw through it. After he left, those bleak days between December 26 and the new year, Neha covered the Mirror with a sweater that no longer fit her. It was hard to lie to someone who wasn't there.

When the holidays ended, Neha ignored the ads, answering emails and avoiding eye contact with the other grey passengers. She evaluated double the stocks of anyone on her team. The firm congratulated her as she brought in new investors, even slid promises of a promotion between the lines of emails. Neha stayed long after the rest went home, researching every detail of the firm's portfolio. Over the weekends, she meticulously tracked her bets.

She found out it was President's Day when the office doors were locked shut. Hours later, cradling an empty green bottle, the sun flashed in her eyes. She stumbled to her living room window to lower the shade. Her bare foot caught in a tangle of clothing.

Neha grabbed the Mirror, bracing for the crash. For the first time in months, she felt hope—that the object would be gone, swept up by the cleaning lady, out of her home. But the Mirror still stood. She yanked the sweater from its frame; even then, it did not fall. It was sturdier than she thought.

In the Mirror, Neha saw the steroids from last year's skin infection, the Pill, the genetics, the depression, the wine, the luxury of knowing that someone had loved her. Her head spun. And even though it was February and resolutions had been passe for weeks, she made a pledge to herself.

Neha unwound the cord from its plastic wrap and plugged in the Mirror. The instructor smiled at her. Neha clicked the volume down, barely audible, so that the sound would not seep through the condo walls.

Hello, the instructor murmured. Thank you for choosing yourself. At first, she just stood still, eyes closed, listening to his gentle instructions. She imagined her downstairs neighbors banging on the ceiling. What are you doing up there, whale?

During the second set, she cracked her eyes open. If she focused only on the instructor's image in the Mirror, his fluid motions, his slim hips, her own body could become a blur next to him. She began to move, small rotations of her shoulders. She nudged the volume one bar higher.

Neha did not tell anyone about the Mirror. She did not want them to think about her body, to think about her as someone who was thinking about her body. Still, she found herself repeating the instructor's phrases to her team, tender encouragements she earned after a particularly difficult session. As disaster struck, her team clung to those praises, anticipating the barbs that would come.

By the time Neha had to work from home, the instructor would not let her have time off. His expectations became higher, and his approval less frequent. He was pushing her, he explained. He knew that she could be great, if she just tried.

Neha set up a series of monitors on her coffee table. Rumors swirled of financial ruin, echoes of 2008, industry-wide layoffs. Her investors started to pull out, and with them went the firm's revenue. One by one, Neha's team

was laid off, locked out of their systems overnight. More rumors: of the remaining analysts, maybe five would stay. Maybe only three.

The market continued to plummet, its hollow bones too fragile to hold itself up. Her colleagues sold. She waited, gambling against time. The stocks that she had watched for months, predicting every quiver, suddenly plunged. Still, she waited. She kept the shade down, working through the nights, the days.

Only the instructor kept time. Whenever he commanded, she stood. His words and his image became sharper. She thrust her body along with his movements, outdoing his intensity. She felt good, strong, one of those ancient warriors who ate little and gained power.

When she finally woke, her monitors had dulled into sleep mode. Her gaze slipped around the living room. The instructor stared at her from his gilded frame. He coaxed her quietly, dangerously. He whispered things he had never before said. She started to move. Her head felt too heavy to hold up.

At the end, Neha sank in front of the Mirror. The instructor was silent. She knew that he was disappointed. She rolled her forehead against the cool of the Mirror. Its mechanisms purred to her.

Her parents' first computer had sounded like that. When she was a child, Neha would crawl underneath the faux wooden desk, leaning against the warmth of the CPU. Her father sat in front of the keyboard, back straight. He tapped out messages with his pointer finger. Her mother leaned over his shoulder, dictating notes to her parents about their new routines, the local library, the sudden colors of autumn. They scanned a picture of the Styro-foam solar system that they had assembled for Neha's science class. They revealed their homesickness in requests for recipes from her grandmother, whose stews they tried to recreate in their tiny kitchen.

Neha pressed her flushed cheek to the Mirror, searching for the vibrations of the CPU. She waited for her parents to finish writing their emails and carry her to bed, placing her warm body between them.

By the time her fever broke, the instructor was gone.

Neha stared into the Mirror's reflection. Eventually, she filled a bowl with dry cereal. The milk had expired a longtime ago. When she turned the shower on, it leaked red, rusty water before it ran clear. She sank back onto her couch. She didn't know where else to go.

With one keystroke, the screens flashed in anticipation. Letter by letter, she entered her password, stretching her fingers across the letters. Incorrect. Neha shook her head, trying to recall the last time she changed her password, maybe after she started working from home.

She tapped in the last one she remembered, her ex's middle name and his favorite numbers. Incorrect. One attempt left. Neha's stomach churned. She entered her father's birthdate, carefully this time, without any mistakes. Then she deleted it and keyed it in again.

Locked out. Acid burned her throat. She typed her passwords again and again, her fingers drilling into the machine. Maybe she had just forgotten. The monitor kept flashing. Locked out. Her keystrokes rang in her ears. She remembered the missed calls from her colleagues in March, panicked when they couldn't sign in. Did you try IT?, she texted back, knowing fully well a password reset wouldn't solve their problem.

She dropped her head in her hands. But the sound of typing still surrounded her- deliberate keystrokes, an incorrect password, a slow email. The tapping grew more urgent, faster than her father could type, and despite herself, she imagined the instructor boring through the glass, breaking through, standing in her living room above her.

The Mirror showed that she was still alone.

The tapping drilled through her, faster still, maybe a jackhammer from infinite City construction. Neha pulled the shade up, releasing a cloud of dust around the window.

The window did not edit her body the way that the Mirror did. In fact, it distorted her, pulling limbs away from each other and shining a street light through her like a ghost. When she put her hand against the glass, she felt the tapping through her teeth. A little black woodpecker drilled into the window frame.

It was dusk. Maybe cold outside. Neha picked up the old sweater from where it had fallen at the foot of the Mirror. It fit her now, but not the way that it used to.

By the time Neha came downstairs, the bird was gone. Water, or maybe the cold, seeped into her socks. After months of climate control, the sharp breeze tingled her arms.

Someone was out for an evening jog. He didn't look as he crossed the street. The last time she had been outside was the winter, packed into the subway with the rest of the commuters, their backpacks, their puffy jackets, their downward gazes.

The loneliness was different now.

Neha searched for the hole that the woodpecker had made, a tiny portal into the innards of her apartment. The monitors glowed through the glass. She thought she saw the shadow of the instructor, pacing in the confines of his frame. Neha sank her feet into the ground, asking for another moment. She waited for the next runner.



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supplemental content

## polonium by hanna coy



*hanna coy, polonium, mixed media, 2018.*

This piece was inspired by the murder of Alexander Litvinenko in 2006. He was poisoned with Polonium-210 and died of radiation sickness. The painting is a reflection on the history of violence and scientific discovery from the early 20th century to the present day and a commentary on how scientific discovery and myriad forms of violence are interwoven. It also reflects the loss of control we have over scientific knowledge, and how scientific ideals are contaminated with and leveraged in relation to political impulses.

The name of the element Polonium comes from Marie Curie's homeland of Poland. Her early investigations into radioactive elements were important to the scientific revolution of the beginning of the 20th century. Putin has used Polonium as an assassination tool without any consequences, illustrating how scientific discoveries articulate with political and state violence.

The ghostly figure on the left is intended to suggest Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom. Her sickly and shiny lungs represent the way that Polonium-210 can accumulate in the lungs of smokers. The central figure is perhaps Litvinenko, perhaps the angel of death.



# 1810-?

by vanessa saavedra

Since 1810, Mexico has been an independent country, shaped by sexism from the beginning. Gender is culturally constructed through the expectations and values that each culture attributes to men and women. In Mexico, cultural ideals have assigned women to be caretakers of the home and subservient to men.

Feminism was born out of such intuitions of oppression and inequality. Thanks to suffragists' work, Mexican women gained full citizenship through the right to vote in national elections in 1953. However, gender inequality remains. We see it in unequal pay between men and women. We see it in the average often women who are victims of femicide per day in Mexico.<sup>1</sup> We see it in the normalized blaming of victims of rape and femicide and the perpetrators' impunity. We listen to it from our disinterested government that tries to ignore violence against women as much as possible.

When we ask for equality, we mean the disappearance of gender roles that, after all, are only a social construct. There have been long years of social growth. I wonder if we will ever see that respect that we all deserve. Will sexism ever be talked about as something that disappeared?

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<sup>1</sup> Kirk Semple; Paulina Villegas (Feb 19, 2020). "The Grisly Deaths of a Woman and a Girl Shock Mexico and Test Its President." *The New York Times*.



vanessa saavedra, 1810-?, oil on canvas, 2020.

# the body with organs

## by dorsey kaufmann and jesus solis

*The Body with Organs* is a performance piece in which artists and performers explore the way in which state authority is exerted over individuals by the US political system. In the video accompaniment, fragments of state documents (policies, sanctions, etc.) are uncovered through careful excavation. The reductive language of these forms often dictates where bodies travel, where bodies are detained, the value assigned to these bodies, and determine if a body is worthy of belonging, at home and with family. Forms once scattered in the sand are moved and reconfigured, suddenly replaced with moving bodies. Confined, dancers show the effects that reductive policy continues to have on individuals in these situations. Accompanied by audio media, voices read excerpts of writing authored by the artists and performers.

Creators of this piece convey their lived experiences dealing with oppressive systems as a previous ward of the state placed in institutions for 'extremely troubled youth' and as a first-generation immigrant and former DACA recipient, respectively.



2		2	3
2	hit	hit	hit

This piece is comprised of 28 movement phrases  
These phrases are not our own,  
They are inherited from those who taught our bodies to move  
The ways they held and embraced us  
And the moment they let go

How to explain,  
pain migrates; like we do  
From knee to belly,  
to mind, to heart  
then spirit!



Despite the social designations marked on our bodies by policy, we reclaim our bodies, reframe our relationships to ourselves, and own how our bodies move in and occupy space. The actions we take can either participate in or defy normative regimes. *The Body with Organs* presents the body as a vessel to perform our beliefs, emphasizing opposition to oppressive norms.



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Capitalism  
Manifest Destiny  
Divine Intervention

To what gods do we pray?  
To what gods are we prey,  
when our cries remain unanswered?  
When all held sacred is reduced to the dollar?  
When we fight and yearn so deeply for change that hasn't come?<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *Solis, Excerpts from 'Broken boy' and 'Change'*





**bodies,  
environment  
& place**



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## haunted house by meep matsushima

this ghost and me,  
we're both mourning the same thing

we miss  
the smell of rain evaporating  
off hot pavement

air conditioner blast  
shivering against sweaty air

fingers sticky ice cream dripping  
soles melting onto pavement

we miss  
our bodies in the city



*I write this thought-piece from a position of relative privilege, a place of continual questioning and understanding of what this position means. I am a white, middle-class, able-bodied, and cisgender woman. I have, however, lived experiences of gender inequality, violence, and harassment as a female in public space. I **have changed my body accordingly**; shrinking, expanding, turning back, stepping up my pace, crossing a road, holding a key between my knuckles according to how welcome I feel or the level of threat I perceive. In this sense, I resonate with feminist academic Sally Munt's depiction of **the street being paradoxically an image of freedom and violence**.<sup>1</sup>*

*This thought-piece aims to present one fragment of how our public behaviour is dictated by cultural attitudes and societal constructs surrounding power, race, gender, sex, class, sexuality, nationality, and beyond. These relations intersect in the public realm, **framing our social and political identity** and our perceived sense of space, self, and other city-dwellers.*

## the act of loitering by rebecca faulkner

**We live in a world of increasing surveillance of the body politic.** Globally, our movements are monitored and our habits tracked. For some, the major or even total restriction on mobility brings to fore discussions surrounding justice; who is considered valuable in society, who has autonomy over their bodies, who has a **right to be seen**, and who has the **right to move** on a city and global scale.<sup>2</sup> This right, I argue, is a social construct that is transcribed into national and international laws and the design of the built environment.

When one steps out onto the street, one has entered a **space of law**.<sup>3</sup> City-wide, we find rules, laws, policies, instructions, and restrictions **encoded into the built environment** - designed to monitor, manipulate, and govern our movement (often invisibly). These codes racialise and gender bodies and space, making public places accessible to some and inaccessible to others.

The term *city* is synonymous with "the appropriate body to inhabit it: the behaviour of this body must be hygienic, respectful and standardized."<sup>4</sup> Policies shaping urban space have produced white, predominantly-male, and able bodies as *appropriate* while producing everyone else as *other* and a supposed anomaly or threat in public space. This is evident both in laws that seek to prohibit convening and in acts of violent, physical extraction. Sadly, our bodies have become **disciplined to adhere to codes and social norms** around movement with remarkable ubiquity. After all, the design of the built environment is where **the body and the city converge**. Physical manifestations uphold laws that restrict whilst simultaneously promoting hostility. This problem is cyclical, deeply rooted in discriminatory practices, and unjustly inflicted on those falling outside the *standardised body*. This must be challenged, especially by those who occupy the *normalised* typology and the privilege that entails.

Codes, standards, and binaries are part of a system transforming abstraction into something tangible. **Loitering is one such code**. *Loitering* is a funny term. It is both passive and active, a construct of space and time. It will mean many things to different people. To some it may sum-

mon imagery of soliciting. To others it is synonymous with *youths* hanging about and causing a nuisance. And for some, it will instill a sense of fear. Most likely, as an action, it will have negative connotations.

The definition and the laws that seek to make *loitering* criminal are purposefully vague, often relying on discretion. **Occupation in the city becomes loitering once policed**, whether through personnel, objects that limit or restrict access, or through surveillance technology such as CCTV. **Loitering, therefore, cannot be divorced from privilege, permission, and human bias**, the effects of which are never felt equally. **One person's being is another person's loitering**; the term feeds on suspicion and fear. Globally, laws which encompass *loitering* have led to police brutality and bias that has overwhelmingly targeted non-white bodies and disproportionately affected young Black men.

On May 25<sup>th</sup>, 2020, the unlawful killing of George Floyd, an unarmed Black man, by US police prompted the resurgence of ongoing *Black Lives Matter* protests, both on and outside American soil. Not only did the anger and frustration of his murder encourage more than 250,000 people to take to the streets from June 2020 in the UK, but it also prompted conversations surrounding systemic racism within our own institutions. Notably and appropriately, British policing was catapulted into "a race crisis over stop and search and use of force." In a recent public address, the leader of Britain's Police Chiefs has promised change to confront "generations of history... between police and [B]lack communities, strained by stop and search and decades of reports finding [B]lack people were being treated differently to white people."<sup>5</sup>

**This uneven policing of urban space has deep roots.** As a policeable action, *loitering* stems from Medieval and Elizabethan England, where *rouges*, *vagabonds* and the *idle poor* were often criminalized.<sup>6</sup> In 1824, *Vagrancy Acts* were introduced in the UK, designed to prevent suspected thieves from 'lingering' in certain places. These Acts were unjustly imported into British Colonies, the legacy and violence of which are still felt through the laws of many of those countries today.

Historically, *loitering* has been treated as an inherent preceding offence to other forms of public crime and disorder. *Loitering* provides a lesser offence that can be used by police to confront and deter suspect individuals from lingering in a high-crime area, especially when criminal intent is suspected, but not observed.

*loitering*, at its core, is stillness - an occupation of space -. But our inability to challenge its discriminatory underpinnings enables anyone deemed **out of place or dwelling** too long to be moved along, or worse, criminalised. Simultaneously, swathes of the city are being policed and reconfigured in the name of regeneration, perpetuating systemic injustices - we only have to look at the increasing number of privately owned public spaces in the UK to see how this is being played out.

Under the *Crime and Disorder Act 1998*, an *Anti-Social Behaviour Order* (ASBO) was a UK court order, obtained by local authorities, to **restrict the behaviour** of a person "likely to cause harm or distress to the public."<sup>7</sup> ASBOs, famously used by Camden Council to 'remove' sex workers in their Kings Cross 'clean-up' campaign, could be worded to effectively banish targeted people from any given area.<sup>8</sup> Despite ASBOs, eradication in 2014 by the then-Coalition Government, the legacy is still felt within its replacement, *Public Spaces Protection Orders*,<sup>9</sup> which are aimed at tackling 'anti-social behaviour.'<sup>10</sup>

I first came to *loitering* through my writing, *Sex Work and The City*, an anti-pocket guide directly rebutting *Harris's Lists*.<sup>11</sup> Through the 1800s, the aforementioned Vagrancy Acts controlled female urban movement in a complex, yet codified manner; yet for suspected sex workers, this regulation was amplified. Female magazines at the time simultaneously encouraged women to walk as suitable exercise, whilst regulating their movements, advising to **walk only "in certain ways, at certain times and with a companion."**<sup>12</sup>

The *Contagious Diseases Acts* (1864, 1866, and 1869) made it the law for women **suspected of prostitution** to register with the police and submit to an invasive medical examination. Despite Parliament suspending the Acts in 1883 and repealing them in 1886, the history of the Acts has set the precedent for how sex workers and women are viewed, and how laws and movements to 'end sex work' have since been constructed.

In the *Street Offences Act* of 1959, *loitering* is used as a term to define being "for purposes of prostitution" in a street,<sup>13</sup> which, counter to the *Oxford English Dictionary's* definition, is arguably a very apparent purpose. In 2009, the *Policing and Crime Act* made it easier to prosecute street-based sex workers by creating a new crime for "persistently loitering for prostitution."<sup>14</sup> Conduct is persistent "if it takes place on two or more occasions in any period of three months."<sup>15</sup> In their book,

**Revolting Prostitutes**, activists and sex workers Molly Smith and Juno Mac point out that most people in any workforce need to turn up to their job on two or more occasions in three months, making it almost impossible to not break the law.<sup>16</sup>

Even the language surrounding female sex workers has negative connotations for all women in public space today. Terms synonymous with prostitution, such as **street-walkers**, **women of the streets**, **women on the town**, and **public women**,<sup>17</sup> suggest that our presence in the public realm is read in relation to solicitation. Contrastingly, **man about town** is a fairly positive term. In Rebecca Solnit's book, **Wanderlust**, she remarks that "the law makes it virtually impossible to be a respected public female figure, and ever since, women's sexuality has been public business."<sup>18</sup>

Occupation in the city is a privilege not felt equally. So, how can we resist the policing of our movement and presence in the city?

One form of resistance is through collaboration and performance. These are tools to hack, critique, and challenge, to expose how meanings and values are produced, and to transform us from bystanders into active citizens. For me, performance is crucial to the fabric of urban life, a mechanism for collective identity to be played out in the public realm, where people, objects, animals, insects, and land connect in a shared moment. In my practice, I use performance as a tool to provoke.

**The Act of loitering, a City Awakening**, sought to celebrate the quieter spectrum of movement; stillness. It was performed on International Women's Day on March 8, 2020. Sandbags (a fascination of mine), sculptures that litter and *loiter* in the city, were reimagined as performative props. Giant, wearable versions were fabricated to both constrain and liberate, their heavy nature restraining their female handlers' bodies, momentarily gifting **loitering**. This performance gave meaning to a highly-deterred act, momentarily offering a new vision for protecting and celebrating stillness across the city. Incidentally, it was one of the last performances I staged and collaborated on before this moment of enforced global stillness, giving it a renewed focus in my research.

In the UK, emergency legislation introduced in light of COVID-19 has given police more power and more discretion over what qualifies as purposeful motion in the city, i.e., what actions are regarded as **exercise or necessary**, and what and who is **active or inactive**.<sup>19</sup> Alarming, at the time of writing,



the government is attempting to rush the 307-page **Police, Crime and Sentencing Bill** through the UK Parliament, giving police more power to crack down on our civil liberties and rights to protest - a scenario not limited to the UK.<sup>20</sup> Globally, our rights to convene and to be present are being stifled.

Our bodily, social, and personal movement has shifted forever; the limits on our civil liberties are for the first time being felt more collectively. Despite this, evidence suggests that lock-down measures have, once again, disproportionately targeted the Black community. In May 2020, the Metropolitan Police conducted 43,000 stop and search operations in London, double that of May 2019. "According to the force's own published data, Black people were 3.7 times more likely than their white counterparts to be stopped and searched in the year to the end of November 2020. For May, the figure rose to 4.25 times."<sup>21</sup>

We must collectively and individually examine how we can better consider the mobility of individuals and collective bodies to actively challenge existing power structures. We must fight so that the lasting legacy on mobility in the city (and the globe) does not continue to discriminate against the **non-standardised body**.



To do this, we must become contingent. Being contingent asks us to consider how city-making could be conceived as a means of speculating about possible futures. It asks us to actively practice how 'what if' questions can be used to open debate and discussion about the kind of future people want and do not want.

In an ideal world, this would be a call to action to get out into the street, to claim back and occupy space, to awaken the city. However, such a call that cannot be heeded by everyone; our race, gender, sexuality, economic status, etc. will contribute to how safe or viable of an option this is. At the same time, simply occupying space in the city is not enough to radically undo deeply-embedded spatial codes and legacies.

To *loiter* is to *linger*, to stay, to *belong* to a moment. The act of *loitering*, the presence of our bodies, should be celebrated and protected, and not just the privilege of the select few.



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to view video

This piece is adapted from "The Act Of Loitering- Being Contingent," commissioned by Theatrum Mundi and published in Theatrum Mundi's Edition: *Embodying Otherness*.

<sup>1</sup> Munt, S. 2001. *The Lesbian Flaneur*, Published in: Borden, Kerr, Rendell, Pilvar et al, 2002, *The Unknown City: Contesting Architecture and Social Space*, Cambridge, Massachusetts; MIT, p.256.

<sup>2</sup> Sheller, M. 2018. *Mobility Justice: The Politics of Movement in an Age of Extremes*, London: Verso, p.38.

<sup>3</sup> Cidell, J. and Prytherch, D. 2015. *Transport, Mobility, and the Production of Urban Space*, New York: Routledge, p.49.

<sup>4</sup> Pujals, B. 2016. "Bodily cartographies." *The Funambulist* [online], p.138.

<sup>5</sup> Dodd, V., 2021, "Race crisis damages our legitimacy and effectiveness, says top police chief." *The Guardian* [online].

<sup>6</sup> Aberg-Riger, A. 2018. "What is loitering, really?" *Bloomberg* [online].

<sup>7</sup> See UK Parliament. 1997. *Crime and Disorder Act 1998*.

<sup>8</sup> Summers, C. 2002. "Cleaning up King's Cross." *BBC News* [online].

<sup>9</sup> See UK Parliament. 2014. *Anti-social Behaviour, Crime and Policing Act 2014*.

<sup>10</sup> See the Crime Prevention Injunction, the *Criminal Behaviour Order*, the *Community Protection Notice*, *Dispersal Orders* and *Section Thirty-Fives*.

<sup>11</sup> Harris's Lists were annual directories of prostitutes published between 1757 to 1795. These guides were derogatory lists objectifying sex workers in Georgian London for the male consumer.

<sup>12</sup> Rendell, J. 2002. *The Pursuit of Pleasure: Gender, Space, and Architecture in Regency London*. London: Athlone, p. 21-55.

<sup>13</sup> "Street" includes any bridge, road, lane, footway, subway, square, court, alley or passage, open to the public; and the doorways and entrances of premises abutting on a street and any ground adjoining and open to a street, shall be treated as part of the street or public space.

<sup>14</sup> See UK Parliament. 2009. *Policing and Crime Act 2009*.

<sup>15</sup> See UK Parliament. 1959. *Street Offences Act 1959*.

<sup>16</sup> Smith, M. and Mac, J. 2018. *Revolt Prostitutes: The Fight for Sex Workers' Rights*, London: Verso, p.181-235.

<sup>17</sup> The *Vagrancy Act 1822* contains the first instance of "night walkers" equating to prostitutes, defined as "wandering in public streets as idle and disorderly persons." 1824 amendments shifted the definition of disorderly behaviour to riotous or indecent, expanding the public realm to any place of public resort.

<sup>18</sup> Solnit, R. 2001. *Wanderlust: A History of Walking*, New York: Viking, p.235.

<sup>19</sup> See UK Parliament. 2020. *Coronavirus Act 2020*.

<sup>20</sup> Allegretti, A. and Wolfe-Robinson, M. 2021. "New anti-protest bill raises profound concern and alarm, human rights groups say," *The Guardian*, Article [online].

<sup>21</sup> Wright, R. 2021. "Race relations: the police battle to regain trust among black Britons." *The Financial Times* [online].

# penumbra

by mariel miranda

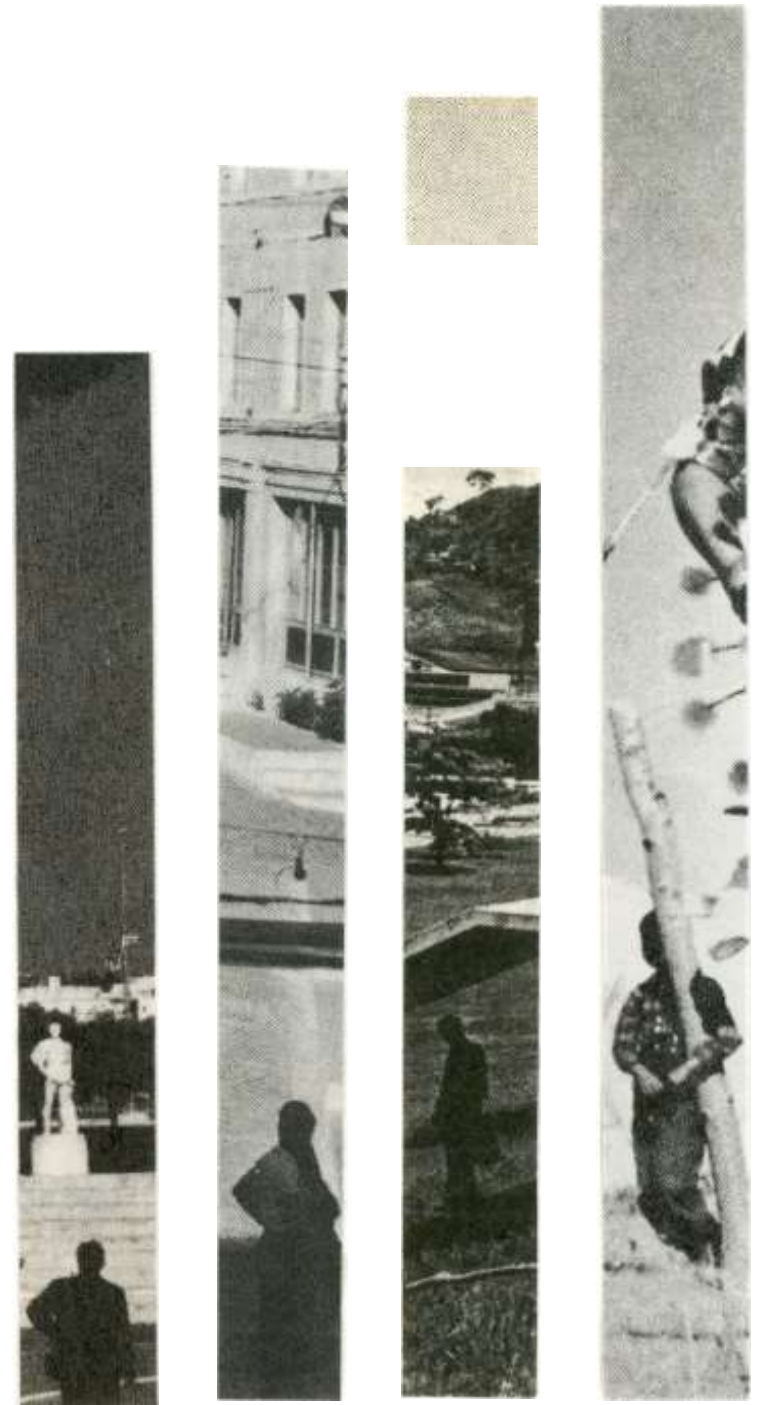


*Penumbra* is an exercise/experiment in seeing, in reading from the background. These archival compositions are manually assembled using the original images that illustrate 20 volumes of the Latin American encyclopedia *El Tesoro de la juventud*.

In the research process, looking at the thousands of encyclopedia images, I realized that the foreground, whose main element will almost always be centered, focused, and illuminated, has been a key representational strategy in the aesthetic canon. I thought then of exploring the power of the opposite: the out-of-focus, the margin, the element that appears out of necessity, the shadow, the surplus, "the error," the frontier: the penumbra. As I attended to the background, I encountered these bodies inhabiting the everyday spaces of the urban imagery. Little by little, their peers began to appear, and with this multiplication of shared gestures, what also appeared was the possibility of imagining this assembled fiction as a sequence,



a collectivity. I chose here to link the commonality of these figures despite the difference of time and space they inhabit. The method of looking at the penumbra aims to illuminate a way of thinking about bodies in space as a collectivity and a potential site for political action. The penumbra can be the site of creation, among many other things, for the heterogeneous, for difference.

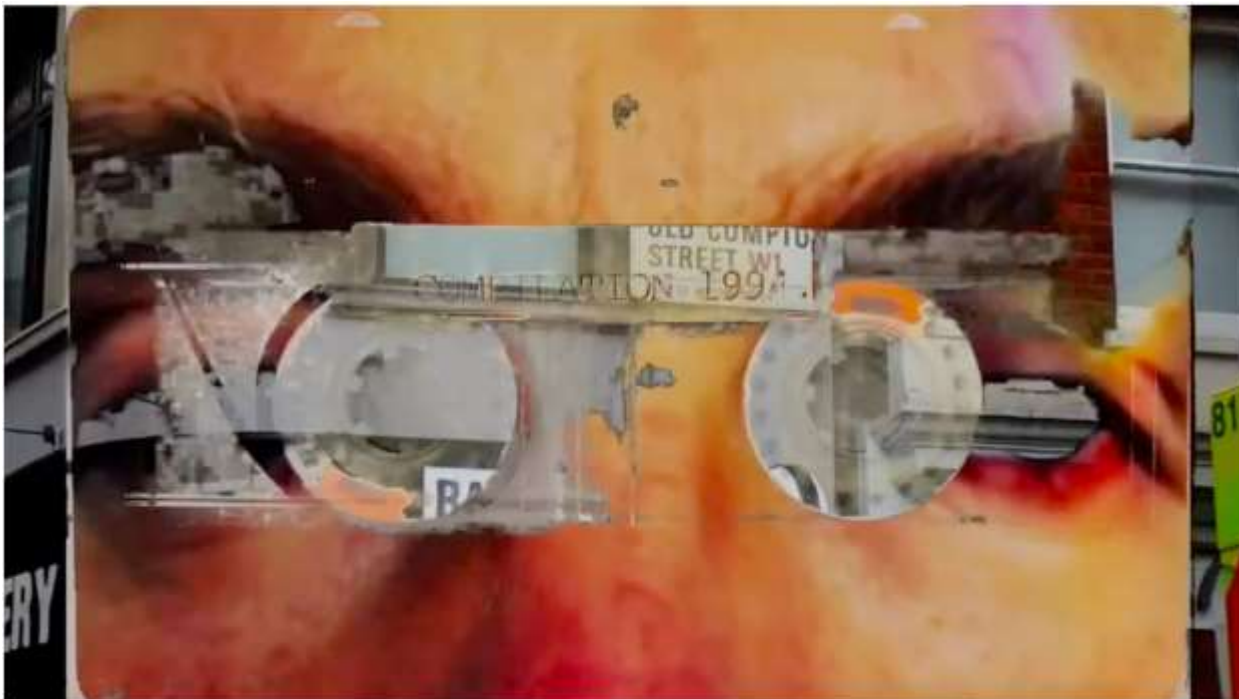






## see me: a walk through london's gay (un)seen by lee campbell

*See Me: A Walk Through London's Gay (Un)Seen* (2020) was made during the COVID-19 pandemic lockdown in London in July 2020. This film includes sections of a walk that I made through Soho, London. As I walk, I listen on headphones to the compilation music tapes that I made when I first came to this area as a teenager in the 1990s. As I walk down the streets that were so important in shaping my life as a young gay man living in London, I revisit the gay bars and pubs that have been my safe spaces for the last twenty years and more, spaces that are now closed. In this "new normal," what spaces are available for queer people to perform their visibility? What is the future of those spaces that I discovered on my walk that are currently closed? Will the queer people that once inhabited these spaces become invisible/unseen as their safe spaces have disappeared?



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to view video



## **i prefer to be insulted**

by marcos warschauer, levi guimaraes luiz,  
victor bellem de lima, and thiago freire



*As people living- in a broad sense - together, we cannot escape the notion that the terrible events we see around us are essentially our problems. They are our responsibility- regardless of whether they are from other people. -Amartya Sen*

It is estimated that Brazil has more than 100,000 people living on the streets,<sup>1</sup> spending their nights sleeping under marquees, in public squares, beside streams, under overpasses and bridges, or even on the streets under tents built with plastic and pieces of wood. Between 2007 and 2008, the Ministry of Social Development of Brazil carried out nationwide research on the unhoused population in order to quantify and qualify the various factors that lead to being an unhoused person. According to the survey,<sup>2</sup> the three main reasons for being on the streets are alcoholism and/or drug use (35.5%), job loss (29.8%), and family conflicts (29.1%). The majority of this population is concentrated in large cities, is Black, and has a paid activity such as collector of recyclable materials, car watcher, porter, or urban cleaner. However, this income is not enough to cover living expenses and the cost of life.

One of the largest problems faced by this population is prejudice, as the story of unhoused designer Eric Batista in the documentary *I Prefer to Be Insulted* shows us. Unfortunately, this problem has worsened in recent years with the sharp increase in social inequality resulting from the current extreme right policy that governs Brazil.

During the documentary recordings, Eric read "The Third Bank of the River" by Brazilian author Joao Guimaraes Rosa, a short story that tells us about a family man who made a canoe and went to live in the middle of the river. "*Ele nao tinha ido a nenhuma parte. S6 executava a invenç;ao de se permanecer naque/es espar;os do rio, de meio a meio, sempre dentro do canoa, para de/a nao so/tar, nunca mais.*"<sup>3</sup> Eric recognized himself in the tale, as a person who lives and works along the bank or margin of a river - in his case, a river of cars. And, throughout the film, he positions himself socially on the third margin - a place of existence for those who do not recognize themselves in our society- through his speech and the drawing he develops.

How many margins does your city have?

With the signature "I am Eric" written on the city walls, Eric draws our attention to the life on the streets of a large city in Brazil and, with his art, makes us reflect on inequality, invisibility, and prejudice experienced by marginalized people. The documentary/ *Prefer to Be Insulted* follows the artist between traffic lights in Sao Paulo and reveals a rich and complex character.



scan QR code  
to view video

<sup>1</sup> Brasil, Ministerio do Planejamento, Desenvolvimento e Gestao. Estimativa da populaç;ao em situaç;ao de rua no Brasil. Texto para discussao / Instituto de Pesquisa Econ6mica Aplicada. - Brasilia: Rio de Janeiro: Ipea, 2016.

<sup>2</sup> Brasil, Ministerio do Desenvolvimento Social e Combate à Fome. Rua, aprendendo a contar: Pesquisa Nacional sobre a Populaç;ao em Situaç;ao de Rua. - Brasilia, OF, p. 83-105.

<sup>3</sup> Translation: He had gone nowhere. Only carried out the idea of staying in those spaces of the river, half and half, always inside the canoe, to never leave there again. Quoted in: Rosa, Joao Guimaraes. Primeiras Est6rias. 15. ed., 3. impressao. Rio de Janeiro: Nova Fronteira, 2001, p.67.

*I wish to acknowledge my deepest respect and gratitude to the Ktinaka Maoli, the Indigenous people of Hawai'i, whose traditional territories were yielded under threat of bloodshed in the name of colonial capital extraction, backed by the US military. I am not native to this region, having grown up on Lenape land. I hope to represent this region faithfully.*

*In fall of 2019, I spent time with colleagues on Sand Island, once known as Kahaka'aulana, then as Quarantine Island when it was used to quarantine possibly-contagious ship passengers. It was also a site where Native Hawaiians and Japanese Americans were forcibly imprisoned in internment camps. This Native land was stolen, and made a site of exclusion for non-white bodies in the service of the implicitly-white project of American empire.*

*Thinking alongside the unhoused community who built and maintained a village here on "Squatter's Island" in the 1970s and '80s - only to be unceremoniously ejected by the state once more sanctionable usage for the site was proposed - I want to also consider what it means to live necessarily in response to the threat of water and to what water's proximities announce.*

*This piece was originally written as an accompaniment to a multimedia, embodied performance co/laboratory with Astrida Neimanis, Tess Lea, Lindsay Kelley, and Stella Maynard, presented at the 2019 American Studies Association conference in Honolulu.*

## **on weaponized verticality: or what to the subsumed is daylight?**

**by toby smith**

The edges of the beach on Sand Island are speckled by an encrustment of bottles, discarded building matter, and rusted metal bits whose once-recognizable forms have dissolved into rubble, fixed in a matrix of what I'm told is concrete, although it presents to my eyes and feet as hardened lava. As I walk, this haphazard buttress softens the crashing waves as they grow more forceful, shielding me from their impacts, and seeing to the task of boundary maintenance. Sand Island's shore - the stability of its shape at any given moment- is written in the residues of hardened detritus.<sup>1</sup>

A coastal beach resists the attempt at precise knowledge. Its shape and edges can only exist as a continuous negotiation... tide comes in and goes out. Waves recede and endlessly return. The sea is a tireless composer, forever modifying, destroying, and bringing into existence -that is the promise. But how does such a promise translate to belief? How much certainty is needed to settle near the sea, and at what scale?

Elise Hunchuck describes stone tsunami markers along Japan's Sanriku coast as "part of a multivalent knowledge exchange through time and space" - the markers index times and spaces of inundations past.<sup>2</sup> Archives of devastation, yes, but also signifiers of some reach toward future certainties in the form of a missive across time: "Never reside on submerged land again."<sup>3</sup> And because it must do so, this dispatch also comes with an assurance: this is how you will be safe. Rebuild, but only *just* until this point. A sort of impermanent stability is agreed to... until it isn't.



Boundary encrustment along the edge of Sand Island's southern edge.

How are markers made when there are no such eventful moments to archive for the future? How do you mark slow, ongoing, yet discontinuous progressions that happen somewhere across and between multiple logics, when the work of imagining watery futures is also the work of imagining *bureaucratic* futures, of imagining *infrastructural* futures, of imagining *discursive* futures, of imagining *atmospheric* futures, of imagining *economic* futures, of imagining *social* futures? Of imagining *embodied* futures?

In Honolulu, one way we might begin to understand the role of inundation in shaping the city's presents and futures is to gaze upward at the many towering constructions that promise Honolulu's wealthiest residents the sort of luxury that separates them from the everyday concerns and unstable futures of the city's poorest residents. Directly across the Honolulu Channel from Sand Island lies Kaka'ako, one of Honolulu's districts most threatened by rising sea levels. This area has shifted from what was once a largely working class, industrial neighborhood into an increasingly commercialized one, now marked by luxury hotels, high-rise condominiums, and high-end shopping.

Kaka'ako is one site where the stark disjuncture of uneven resource allocation can be read in the built environment, and in Kaka'ako's imagined futures. By examining the ongoing threats of displacement and erasure that one development project poses to the district's existing communities, I will argue for a sustained attention to the role verticality plays in real estate projects in partitioning material living conditions under climate change. In the formulation of political violence-by-way-of-real-estate I gesture toward, I will consider how elevated airspace and verticality render new terrains in which class is negotiated and given dimension, enacting forms of exclusion via architectural boundaries.

One of the first multi-ethnic working communities in Hawai'i, Kaka'ako was designated an industrial zone after World War II, and many local residents were displaced in favor of businesses - an ongoing process that continues today in the form of gentrifying projects that promise community spaces for living, working, and playing.<sup>4</sup> But for the many now living in tents throughout Kaka'ako - along Aleman Boulevard, by the Kewalo Basin - the reality is disrupted sleep due to the discordant noise piped nightly through sidewalk speakers and the continual violence of police sweeps. And, despite the array of fountains that line hotel landscapes, a houseless man in nearby Thomas Square tells me that the water has been turned off in public parks to prevent unhoused folks from spending any time resting or recovering in them. In Ward Park, the only privately-owned park in the district, security guards patrol with the same intent.

Since 2014, the Howard Hughes Corporation has been developing the luxury Ward Village, a 60-acre beachfront "masterplanned community" in Kaka'ako that promises to add more than one million square feet of retail space and over 4,000 new housing units.<sup>5</sup> Prior to construction, architects discovered a longstanding easement on a 1928 map of the area. Beneath a manhole cover, in a concrete path nestled between shopping centers, an underground stream runs several hundred meters before emptying into the Kewalo Basin. The 'auwai was an irrigation ditch built by Native Hawaiians to divert water from inland streams to the wetland taro patches that once covered the coastal plains of Honolulu, and it had been overlaid and covered by culverts in 1931, as Honolulu began modernizing its infrastructures.<sup>6</sup>

Plans were announced to daylight the 'auwai and display it under glass as the central feature of a semi-public viewing room. The Richard Meier & Partners Architects LLP description of Ward Village's ultra-luxury Gateway Tower promised a "revitalization of the area's once vital, but long-hidden, natural

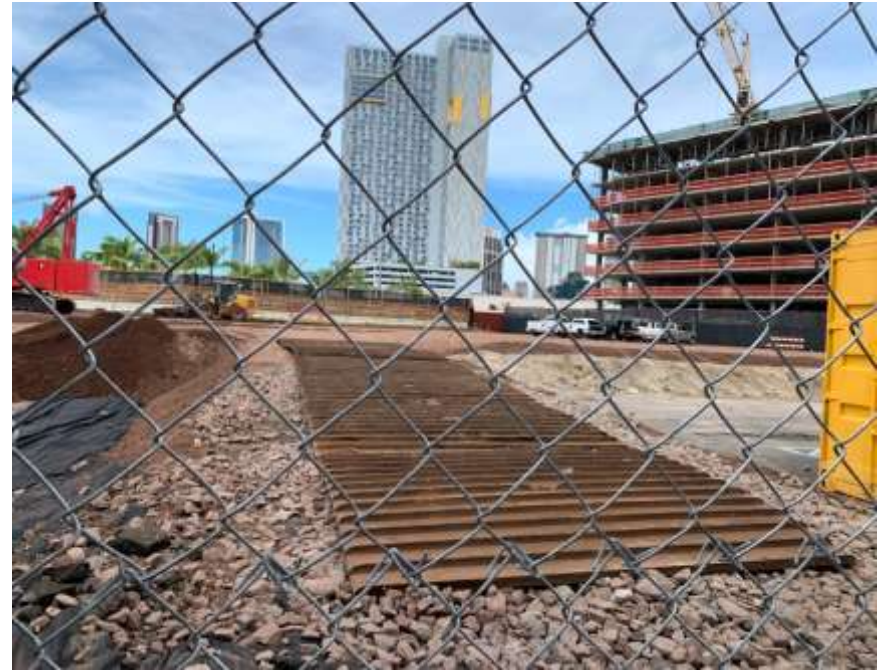


spring waterway, which will be augmented to flow through the project's new, publicly-accessible estuary located in a one-acre outdoor room."<sup>7</sup> And, perhaps extending the daylighting metaphor, they further observed that "[i]n Honolulu, the quality of daylight is heightened by the dynamic patterns of shade and shadow from clouds driven by trade winds."<sup>8</sup> The project of daylighting the 'auwai became a portal through which the aesthetic value of Gateway Tower condominium, and therefore its ultimate market price, would be similarly elevated. Daylighting also allowed for a demonstrative, public gesture toward honoring some sort of vaguely imagined pastness and indigeneity. For Ward Village, "daylight" seemed to perfectly imply verticality in every desirable way.

Yet, in May of 2018, the Gateway Tower project was abruptly shelved, replaced by plans for a network of elevated walkways for use by Ward Village residents that would include shopping and future rail connections. Referencing New York's Highline, the Hughes Corporation assured that this shift would "more complement what [they]'re trying to do at the higher plane in terms of the master design."<sup>9</sup> How this ominous "master plan" functions is unclear, but if we look to the Highline for answers, we recognize the violent exclusion of unhoused communities from the banal everyday functions of an elevated public space officially proposed as of use "for all," but unofficially policed along the boundaries of financial circulation.

Gone from the Ward Village plan is any trace of the 'auwai, whose crucial "vitality" - or, rather, developer-conferred re-vitality-amounted ultimately to a branding exercise. What remains is the bare act of elevation, and with it, the reach toward aesthetic and aspirational luxury, distilled into the single dimension of verticality.

The 'auwai's reburial pays back and then some, as a counterpoint to the new park's highlinification. Subsumption with interest, as even the 'auwai's existence now approaches disavowal. In search of its hidden body, I cobble together a location from fleeting mentions in newspaper articles, schematic maps of the Ward Village plans, and the few photographs I was able to track down online. My friend and I could barely begin our field recording before we were moved by a security guard. "Move along" demands particular kinds of sanctionable activity, which do not include recording audio and video of a commercial building site, we learn. And, as it turns out, the well-guarded location of this mythical 'auwai was not, in fact, the site of our recording. Days later, I ask a laborer leaving a nearby construction site if he might point me in the right direction. Pablo lowers his voice and tells me, "I shouldn't really be



One of the many high-rise development projects under construction in Kaka'ako.

telling you," before sending me toward what I'm after. There, down a cracked driveway, at the end of a narrow corridor between a shopping center's back wall and a cordoned-off construction field in a parking lot, beside the glint of amber water in a fading Dasani bottle, I find it: a quiet, three-inch portal in the asphalt, sun catching a watery ripple only just visible a few feet below the surface, that has been there, silently daylighting the 'auwai all along.

How might we generatively consider the everyday violences activated through processes of urban daylighting and subsumption, which aren't new, but become newly optimized in producing the narratives - and the rights to life and space - of the powerful? Rob Nixon describes the incremental effects of ocean rise as "a form of slow violence that is rapid in geological terms but (unlike a tsunami) not fast enough to constitute breaking news."<sup>10</sup> The temporal threats of climate change to residents of Kaka'ako are drawn along social and dwelling strata; it isn't difficult to recognize that what constitutes a compelling urgency for some, occasions design and planning novelty for others. But should we follow this thought much further, we might begin to imagine watery futures in which the mere threat of inundation is an historical footnote, having given way to powerful certainty. In this future, as Astrida



A nondescript portal to the freshly flowing 'auwai at the center of Ward Village's indigenizing branding plan.

Neimanis imagines, some of us will "have been breathing below the surface for lifetimes already."<sup>11</sup> In such a world, from where will the possibility of space, recuperable by the powerless, emerge? And, for whom will that possibility be foreclosed?

If we recognize hostile architecture and design as current practices that foreclose public space and dehumanize the order to "move along," we must also consider *weaponized verticality* as a metric for understanding violences proposed by elevated urban futures, and the people those violences will affect most.<sup>12</sup>

Now, at least in Kaka'ako, the sea is coming. The sea is here.

<sup>1</sup> See Fujikane, Candace. *Mapping Abundance for a Planetary Future: Kanaka Maoli and Critical Settler Cartographies in Hawai'i*. Duke UP, 2021. Fujikane describes Sand Island by the 1970s as "a dredged landfill and a sewage treatment plant polluted with the wastes of urban Honolulu."

<sup>2</sup> Hunchuck, Elise. *An Incomplete Atlas of Stone*, forthcoming.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid.

<sup>4</sup> See Grandinetti, Tina. "Unearthing 'auwai and Urban Histories in Kaka'ako," in *Detours: A Decolonial Guide to Hawai'i*. Duke UP, 2019, for a caring and more detailed explanation.

<sup>5</sup> Copy from the Ward Village website, describing the neighborhood overview, accessed 11/2019. <https://www.wardvillage.com/neighborhood>.

<sup>6</sup> Grandinetti, 2019.

<sup>7</sup> In architecture, "daylighting" refers to the general practice of directing sunlight into interior spaces. In the Ward Village project context, it may be understood as making the underground 'auwai visible from the surface.

<sup>8</sup> Copy from the Richard Meier & Partners Architects LLP website for the Ward Village Gateway Towers project, accessed 11/2019.

<https://www.richardmeier.com/?projects=ward-village-gateway-towers>.

<sup>9</sup> "The Howard Hughes Corporation To Redraw Master Plan Foregoing New Towers, Adds Plans for Elevated Walkways." *Kaka'ako.com*, May 25, 2018.

<https://www.kakaako.com/blog/howard-hughes-corporation-redraw-master-plan-foregoing-new-towers-adds-plans-elevated-walkways/>.

<sup>10</sup> See Nixon, Rob. *Slow Violence and the Environmentalism of the Poor*. Harvard UP, 2011: 263.

<sup>11</sup> See Neimanis, Astrida. Untitled essay accompaniment for "Everyday Militarisms: Feel-ed Work in the Ecotone." American Studies Association annual conference, Honolulu, November 2019.

<sup>12</sup> See Lambert, Leopold. *Weaponized Architecture: The Impossibility of Innocence*. DPR-Barcelona, 2012; Ranciere, Jacques, et al. "Ten Theses on Politics." *Theory & Event*, vol. 5 no. 3, 2001.



View looking south from Pendinas over the Afan Ystwyth channel. Floodplain (middle-upper left) and Tan-y-bwlch beach (middle-upper right).

*This poem explores the troubling embodied experience of walking along a beach that epitomises one aspect of the climate and environmental crisis in the United Kingdom, specifically the impacts of rising sea levels and increased frequency and magnitude of storms on coastal communities and infrastructure. The dynamic nature of the gravel ridge is felt underfoot, and it is difficult to ignore the impact of early industry and capitalism on the landscape in the sights, sounds, and smells that one's body senses at the site. The Afan Ystwyth, which now flows parallel to the beach into Aberystwyth harbour, was diverted northwards to address sedimentation issues impacting the entry and exit of fishing boats and boats exporting heavy metals such as lead and silver. The mines extracting the metals from the upper catchments of the Afan Ystwyth and Afan Rheidol were long-established (some having been worked since the Bronze Age and the Roman period) and very productive, especially in the mid-late nineteenth century. Miners would often die young due to diseases caused by their work, and heavy metal pollution associated with this mining remains in the rivers' floodplains to this day, and is redistributed during flood events. This is the same type of extractive industry that has led us to the climate crisis and the Anthropocene, and to present concerns about the future management of Tan-y-bwlch beach.*

## tan-y-bwlch by hywel griffiths

The gravels rattle and the cobbles roll  
underfoot, on the narrow ridge,  
and you must either risk a stumbling sprain  
and feel the living, shifting shoreline,  
or keep to safe, well-trodden paths.

Today I chose the latter,  
to survey what we had done  
without the need to watch my step;

to see the ghosts of ships in the bay,  
waiting, low in the water, for their tide-turn,  
to see the backlog of lead and silver  
heaped in the harbour,

to feel the briny air turn to mine-dust,  
cold in my lungs,  
to feel the spray stinging my face  
from wide-open horizons  
turn into the rain of untimely upland funerals  
in narrow churchyards,  
to see in each pacing gull  
the impatience of progress,  
and to hear, in each wave, crashing in my ears,  
echoes of bedrock blasting.

Underfoot, once more,  
on the taut yet shifting sea-level tightrope  
of our making, the cobbles slip downslope  
towards the sea.

# entanglements

by magdalena a. nilges

*Entanglements* is a magical realism portrayal of anthropomorphic creatures built of mycelium and the fruiting bodies of fungi. It is inspired by the role of the mycorrhizal network in forests, which acts as a web between trees to provide nutrients as well as information, therefore supporting multiple species and building an architecture for a successful ecosystem. Donna Haraway captures this idea, and its challenge to capitalism's Darwinian justifications, with the term "sym-poiesis" - organisms building worlds through making together.

The lessons of "sym-poiesis" resonate with current events, when issues such as the willful denial of systematic racism for economic benefit are being magnified by the pandemic. By valuing an arbitrary few over others, our communities are weakened. The ecology of the forest illustrates an alternative - strength depending on multiple worlds interconnecting, where beings are entangled together in fluctuations of growth and decay, revealing to us ways to maintain resilience when a world values economic growth over bodies.



magdalena a. nilges, *entanglements*, digital illustration, 2020.



**bordered bodies,  
(im)mobile bodies**

Through several years' work alongside migrant families in Glasgow, Scotland, and as a volunteer visitor to the only immigration detention center in Dungavel, Scotland, I have witnessed at close quarters the brutality of the United Kingdom (UK) border. Over that time, my understanding of the border as a site of systemic and racialized state violence has deepened. Reading you are here's call for submissions on the theme of bodies and politics, I was struck by the tangible and physical ways in which increasingly-hostile border control policies impact the bodies of many people in the UK - as well as the many communities of care and solidarity that resist borders in everyday life. This piece of writing is dedicated to one such community: the Life After Detention group in Glasgow.

## knotweed by lucy cathcart froden

*Reynoutria japonica* is a species of herbaceous perennial plant of the knotweed and buckwheat family Polygonaceae. It is listed by the World Conservation Union as one of the world's worst invasive species.<sup>1</sup>

Drawing the green standard-issue curtains aside, she looks out from the 22<sup>nd</sup> floor. The disused railway is now so overgrown that it is barely visible, in the hollow between the housing estate and the river. Touching the window with her forefinger, she draws stems and leaves in the condensation, remembering that once upon a time she had thought she would feel safe here. That her body would be allowed to belong.

*It is a frequent colonizer of temperate riparian ecosystems, roadsides and waste places. It forms thick, dense colonies that completely crowd out any other herbaceous species.*

She remembers right after crossing the border, that feeling of arrival at a long-awaited destination, the relief. Nafve, really, to imagine the border as a simple line, like it is on the map. An inevitable part of the landscape, like the contour line of a mountain range or the course of a river. Something that just exists, unquestioned, neutral, inanimate.



gabi froden, *knotweed*, illustration, 2021.

She is far from the border now, but it turns out it does not stay still and let you cross it, at least not in this body. It is writhing, reaching for you, under the surface, unseen. She now realises her body has become the stillness, and the border crosses her. The border is the black-gloved hand knocking on the door before dawn, closing around her upper arm, leaving bruises. The border is no time to pack, sweating, running from room to room, airless. The border is gates, blue uniforms, the sound of heavy keys in lock after lock after lock. The border feeds you, beige platefuls, so much potato, so much stomach ache. The border is eyes on every part of your body, entitled.

*The success of the species has been partially attributed to its tolerance of a very wide range of soil types, pH and salinity. Its rhizomes can survive temperatures of -35 °C (-31 °F) and can extend 7 metres (23 ee) horizontally and 3 metres (10 ee) deep, making removal by excavation extremely difficult.*

After a couple of weeks, she was released from immigration detention and back to the high rise. Thankfully, the border hadn't got around to putting her stuff in black bags and destroying it, as it had done to others. She mostly keeps the curtains closed now, although sleep is virtually impossible. Her dreams are filled with plants that won't stop growing, that fill her bedroom, bind her limbs, grow down her throat.

*The plant is also resilient to cutting, vigorously resprouting from the roots. To eradicate the plant, the roots need to be killed.*

It is much harder now to do the simple things - step outside the door, wait for the lift, watch the metal doors close. Smiling at strangers takes a lot more effort. But she has found others. Others whose arms are bruised, whose bodies are watched, and still others who care, and listen, and fight. There are Tuesdays at 4 o'clock, around a table with pistachios, pastries, quiet solidarity. Small, steady acts of resistance against the relentless spread of these roots beneath all of our feet.

<sup>1</sup> All italicized text is taken from <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reynoutriajaponica>.







Central Arizona Detention Center is operated by CCA in Florence, Arizona.



Imperial Regional Detention Facility is operated by Management & Training Corporation MTC in Calexico, California.



Florence Correctional Center is operated by Immigration and Customs Enforcement in Florence, Arizona.

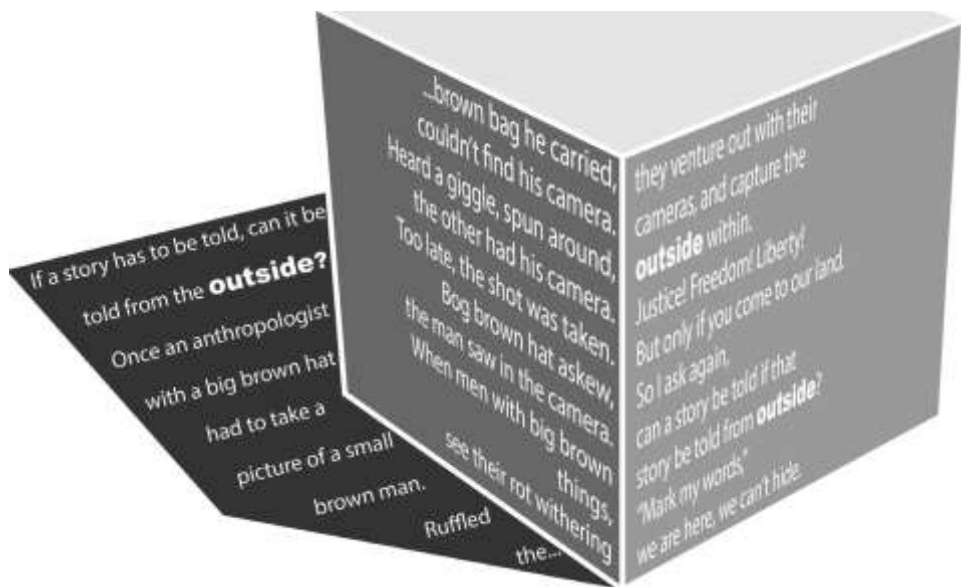


El Paso County Criminal Justice Center is operated by Immigration and Customs Enforcement in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

## **bodies in tension: reflecting on entangled geographies by spatial stories working group**

Spatial Stories Working Group (SSWG) is a collective of PhD students who met at "Anthropology-in-Transit," a conference hosted by the University of California Irvine's (UCI) Anthropology Department. Our members include Perna Srigyan (UCI, Anthropology), Kaitlyn Rabach (UCI, Anthropology), Marwa Bakabas (Michigan State University, Anthropology), and Shahab Albahar (University of Virginia, Urban and Environmental Planning). Our long-term objectives include organizing symposiums and curating exhibitions centered around "spatial stories," as well as fostering a community for graduate peer-review and mentorship. Our conversations include themes of infrastructuring, archives, transient spaces, landscapes, anticipatory space, (re)mapping, affect theory, psychogeography, migration/refugees, war, trauma and traumatic spaces, monumentality, home, (il)liberalism, trace and space, and feminist geography.

In this contribution, through the concept of "entangled geographies," our group challenges hegemonic ways of understanding the world as governed by Western logics. This contribution is a synthesis of narratives that links disparate geographies through shared experiences of the violences inflicted by nation-state logics of governance. The notion of border, borderland, and territory are interrogated by situated and contextual discourses that expose through praxis the underlying myths of what constitutes an edge or border condition. Below are four narratives, inspired by a workshop series we hosted this year, that begin to unpack our approach to "entanglement" in geography across four sites: Kuwait, United States-Mexico borderlands, Guantanamo, Cuba, and Mali.



*Border on the Outside.*

We turn to a space, inhabited by a people, known to take pride in their place. They preach democracy and equality. All for all, when the dire situation of their reality calls for more. In a part of the world where oppression sees the norm, the land of Kuwait is a promise for reform. Their women can drive, and in the workplace they thrive at the very top. In affirming their right to vote, another history they rewrote. Their women can legislate, in politics they actively debate. But with the stroke of man's pen, and by law, their lives are made to end in untimely fate. Under the guise of "honor killings," stands a penal code, justifying murder for adulterating sin, man's inexcusable exercise of power female kin. At a \$50 bail, we ask, "what is a woman worth?" Abolish Article 153 and justice bring forth. For we must not claim pride when prejudice sets our boundaries within

*Border from Within.*



# some things have been decided by helen bowie

*This is a "found poem" created through erasure. I have used a source text relevant to the topic of the poem, and then blacked out words to create a new message from what is left behind. The use of erasure feltfitting, emphasising theJuxtaposition between the source material and the message of the poem, as well as highlighting how official narratives erase the reality of so many people's experiences.*

*"Some Things Have Been Decided" draws on an article<sup>1</sup> about the process of the United Kingdom (UK) leaving the European Union (EU) and the impact that has hadfor UK and EU citizens, including the loss of rights and the bitterly divisive rhetoric around the referendum and subsequent transition period.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Drawn from the BBC News Website, "What Would A No Deal Brexit Mean?"  
<https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-politics-48511379>.

Whether or not there is a trade deal, several things will change on 1 January.

For trips to Europe, you'll have to make sure there is at least six months left on your

passport and wait in a different queue at the border.

-free shopping will return, but there will be limits on the amount of alcohol and

you can bring into the UK from the EU without paying extra duty.

The right to live and work in the EU will no longer be automatic for UK nationals

they already live in an EU country by the end of 2020.

A new immigration system will come into force in the UK involving a points-based system for people wanting to work.

Trade with the EU for UK companies will involve customs declarations, certificates,

licences and special labelling for some types of foods, plants and live animals.



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## my chewing gum body by salma serry

My work is a response to *you are here's* invitation to reconsider the body (in this case, my own) as a political sphere. However, being a fourth generation "temporary immigrant" from the Global South, residing in the oil-dependent Arab Gulf, the question of reconsidering my body brought to my attention another basic need which I realized I do not have: the privilege of being situated and considered in the first place. I took a look at my body as a space of conflict between the political and economic systems in the Arab Gulf - which exploit workers on "temporary" visas until their work is no longer desired - as well as a representation of an elastic and highly-adaptive yet "homeless" being. In the work presented here, using food and foodways as my area of studies and film/writing as my technique, I represent my body as chewing gum. My body is one of high elasticity and adaptability that has been made redundant by the system and "spat out," only to be stretched between various points on the global map in search of validation, acknowledgement, and recognition. I end my presentation wondering whether sometimes, in order to resituate and reconsider, might one's body need to be situated and considered first?

## butch flight by sarah cavar

*This poem responds to intensifying discourses of violent anti-trans harassment from trans-exclusionary radical feminists, or TERFs, and a rapid "closing-of-the-ranks" among binary trans people who feel that the existence of transgressive trans people threatens their respectability. These groups' outlandish claims are not simply claims to legitimacy, but claims to territory, both literal and figurative: while ejecting trans women from what are nominally known as "womens' spaces," including domestic violence shelters, they stake claim over the bodies of those designated "female" at birth and Join the Christian Right in pushing autonomy-stripping legislation. It seems, too, that the trans defect(or) from womanhood is not necessarily safe among fellow-crossers, who have and continue to collaborate with the medical establishment to circumscribe trans possibility.*

*(content warning: this submission contains themes of cissexism/transphobia and slight reference to medical abuse/assault)*

*For all people pursuing gender-affirming surgeries amidst a pandemic, regardless of apparent medical "legitimacy," the language of "electivity" leaves operation timing perpetually-precarious. This precarity disrupts not only peoples' everyday lives (days spent waiting for phone calls, tasks deferred by sudden joy/heartbreak, rapid work-rescheduling - or *not*- when a new date opens or shuts) but their broader "transition timeline," a teleology from wrong-to-right-body grafted onto trans narratives for the benefit of the cis medical cartographer.*

*Given these conditions, I offer a line of (butch) flight that acknowledges the continuing, painful reality of those of us - such as myself - marked both as lesbian-traitors and as wrongfully-trans. In living the anti-gender reality that I do, I hope to map out not a path(ology) to identity, but a trail: something a little more wooded, a little darker, a lot more prone to curves and bumps. One that leaves a trace.*

Butches in flight.<sup>1</sup> Butches flying past homeland security. Butches not knowing to rise for the flag, butches not knowing what it looks like.

#

The butch fledges. Fledges, as in *obsolete adjectives with large-enough feathers*. The butches fly so high so far-fast we<sup>2</sup> can hardly find them we can never capture with our eyes the butch bodies flying out of lez(air)space right toward the troublesome genderqueers transes nonbinaries and oh do we let them go or do we shoot them down our own before they can disappoint us further

#

Here it is. I am it. I am the butch. I was not a lesbian first. I was trans first, I was nonbinary (autocorrect: *nonlinearly*) by fifteen. genderfluid. genderflight genderflight. Hide behind my eyeballs in the butches, I man (I mean) butches. Bushes. I mean, all this is real and mine and instinctual. I mean I can't sell butch. oh

#

In a way we all ought to be genderfluid because that lets us be humble in the face of all the outside forces we call pathology. I'm genderfluid the way water is fluid. Water is water but there is no containing it. Can't get me in your fingers, can't get your fingers inside me. No stopping every crack. No fullness to await. I'm genderfluid, rubbing genderfluid in the bathroom on my back at night, and my back sings to it, and the song's wintery skinflakes fleet across my towel.

Fleet, as in *passing<sup>3</sup> rapidly*.

Ever since I was little I have wanted I a I dick- right? i mean a mustache - i mean a basketball - no i mean a ball- or 2 i man - imean a pair"

of wings. Or to be a better liar. I want led to be a dragon, or something with that sort of power. Dragons are so like the real thing you can almost believe they were real, once, just something in excess of lizard, sometimes wearing wings.

Plenty flies. The last scab flies when it's ready or you pick it to be. It flies downward, which could be called falling, but if you stare close at the redblack paint chip-like thing as it scuttles free of living skin you see it makes tiny upward motions with each breath it falls. Rarely is this slow enough to see

The wings. *Fly* for forgetting/lee.

---

<sup>1</sup> The specter of "the disappearing butch," writes Ivan Coyote in *Gender Failure*, emerges as a figure in the wake of increasing access to medical transition (2017:160).

<sup>2</sup> According to transmedical narratives, the trans person should indeed "flee" their assigned sexgender, cut off all contact with their past self, deeming that person both antiquated and false.

<sup>3</sup> Passing, Passing-Through

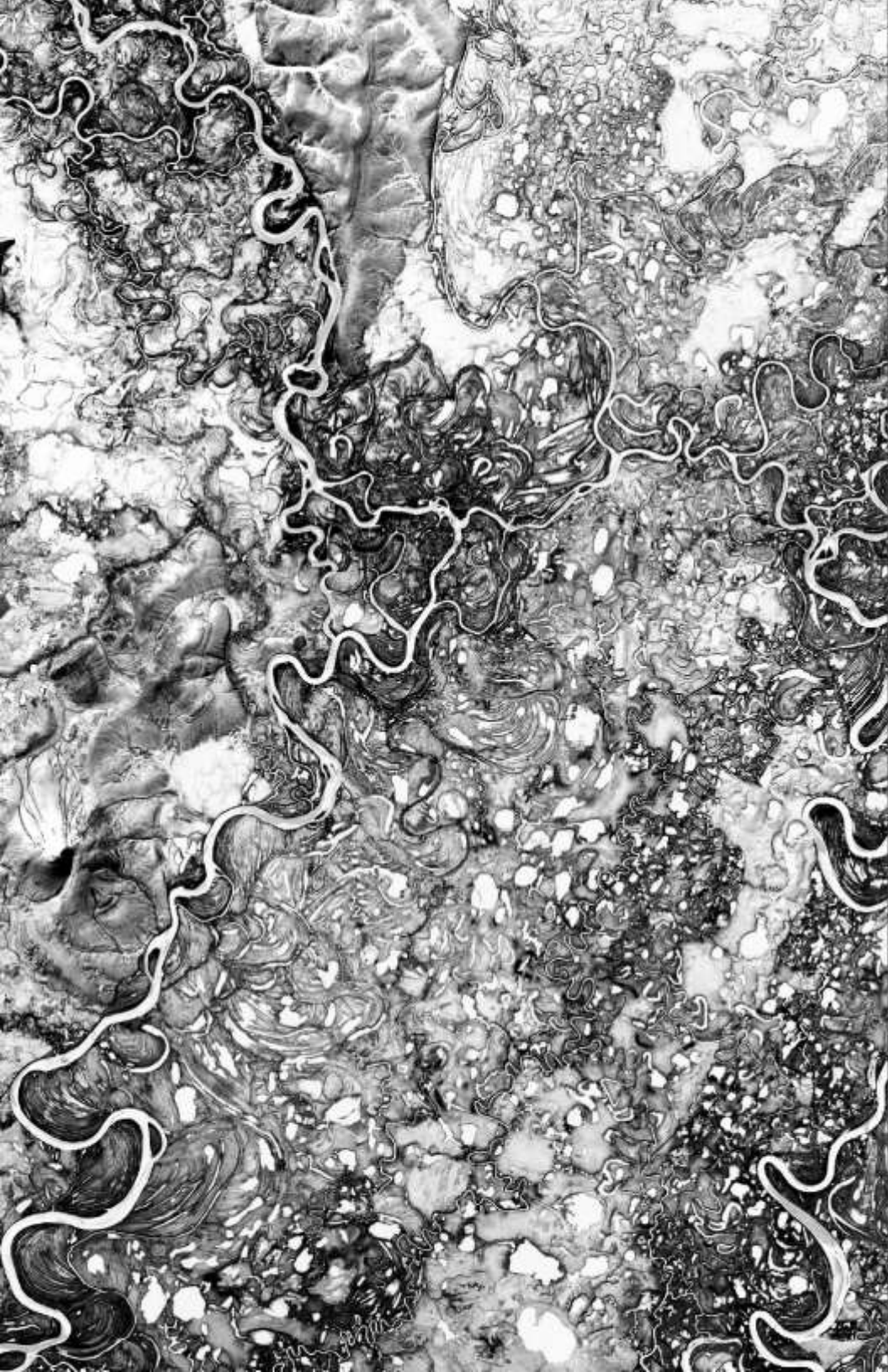
Passing through one identity on your way to another

Being allowed or not allowed to pass through a space

Passing-On?

<sup>4</sup> In this formulation, all trans men would think like paradigmatic trans man and autobiographer Mario Martino, who- upon seeing ChristineJorgenson's medical transition - longed to follow in her footsteps, writing in *Emergence: A Transsexual Autobiography* of his longing "leave this girl [that he was perceived as] in Denmark" (E34). Here, he conjures even the image of genuine flight: crossing over-seas and coming back a new man.





**identity,  
difference &  
relationality**

# a threat

## by helen bowie

*This is a "found poem" created through erasure. I have used a source text relevant to the topic of the poem, and then blacked out words to create a new message from what is left behind. The use of erasure felt fitting, emphasising the juxtaposition between the source material and the message of the poem, as well as highlighting how official narratives erase the reality of so many people's experiences.*

"A Threat" draws on the homepage of the LGB Alliance,<sup>1</sup> a group based in the United Kingdom (UK) that actively campaigns against trans rights. The group has gained a large platform in the UK press despite a great deal of pushback from within the LGBT+ community. The vast majority of the community stand together in solidarity and do not feel that a trans exclusionary organisation speaks for them. This growing platform feeds into an already particularly hostile environment for trans people in the UK.

---

<sup>1</sup>Text taken from the "About" page of the LGB alliance, <https://lgballiance.org.uk/about/>.

So here's a bit about us.

We are

rank

wild

and

a

threat.

We

are pseudo-scientific

and dangerous to children.

# the longest stretch

*between ruby jewel aid (mile 29) and clear lake aid (mile 39)*

by lucien darjeun meadows

*"The Longest Stretch" is the center poem of a hybrid manuscript that explores place, memory, and identity through the running of the Never Summer 100K ultramarathon. In a sport that focuses on embodiment, it is a very particular type of body that is welcomed and valued. As a queer Cherokee runner, I am increasingly aware of how my embodiments impact the relational human and ecological networks around me. "The Longest Stretch" explores these themes and interrogates some of the often-unspoken privileges and politics of ultramarathon running.*

Mid-afternoon and the shadows retract      reappear in odd places  
    blue shirt on a barn door  
            two black gloves on a wet rock  
            arms of mud reverting back to dirt  
as I run through this endless summer-dappled sky      *blue-white-blue-blue-white*  
            *white-white-white*  
            all these runners around me  
  
            *white-white-white*  
opening the trail beside me  
  
                    *what I would give*  
                    *to not be alone*  
  
    breaking myself between sky and some invented notion of wilderness  
    as the trail leaves forest and begins to climb  
    such a white group of men ahead of and behind me  
*sometimes I feel so afraid and I don't know why*  
            last branches underfoot      *break*      in the dry heat

\*

Two months earlier      second and final loop of a SO-miler in Northern Colorado  
    and I see      and she sees  
                    the first not-all-white person all day  
  
we run together for awhile  
    we cheer for the runners completing their first loop  
                    as we head out      *a parallel course*  
  
                    *white man-white man-white man-white woman-white man*  
                                    *well done, keep it up*  
  
she says  
    *they call me Calf Monster*      and I smile      she leads on every uphill  
            *hey Monster looking good*      someone shouts  
                    and I flinch  
  
they stop and hug      and we run on  
    some bird calls *chew-sit chew-sit choose-it*  
                    yes  
            you can call me Monster  
                    you can call me a Monster  
  
if it means you call me  
    anything  
                    don't we all just want to be called by our name

\*

Thirty miles southeast my partner is waiting  
how does everyone remember my name he asks I see them maybe twice a year  
and I know  
and I know but I don't want to say because  
we're the only queers here

Reading the running magazine each page another story about another white man  
speeding fast and strong to some major win or FKT or something or other  
but then I read  
but then I read helped by his husband  
and the world changes color for a minute

my god we do exist maybe I am not alone

I save the paragraph  
fold it into the smallest pocket of my hydration pack  
when everyone else is talking about wives and kids  
I can smile

when the man next to me in the carpool for a training run moves his leg away  
the third time I mention my partner the first time I slip and say he  
I can smile

Easier to be your spokesperson training tool little buddy so-cute-together  
easier to forget the stares when you need one kiss before 16 hours and 50 more miles  
easier also  
just to pass sometimes watch those pronouns watch that voice  
when you are 50 miles from the nearest town  
when the other men outweigh you outrun you if you know  
somewhere is another bird with my voice too

\*

But now  
balanced on slush snow here in late July  
slickening these smooth rocks  
and below the cupped hand of Kelly Lake ultraviolet blue a half-mile wide  
but just the size of my foot

how can I continue when I slide  
one foot down for every step forward  
nothing to break the fall of 1000' feet

trekking poles slipping and the lake below becomes sky  
my god this is the end of me

What is this hands on hips on knees breathe now breathe  
some little existential crisis  
of a man who cannot always pass straight  
but who has no trouble passing white  
who is mostly white  
white enough to forget sometimes

\*

One other man on course today who might also be Native  
going up Diamond I say *good job looking strong* he rolls his eyes  
two hours ago  
I passed him again I said *nice pace* he said *no it isn't*  
I didn't know what to say so I ran on  
leaving him leaving him

probably just another *white man-white man-white man* to him

O what a bird

*choose it-choose it* I say

English and Deutscher and Tsalagi

I say

enrolled Mountain Chickadee I mean Sugar Maple I mean Eastern Cherokee

I say

*you want to count my blood but the Red Cross wants nothing to do with me*

I say

mixed Native and European

I say

one of you not one of you

somewhere between you and we

I am

looking for an us somewhere

big enough

that no one is a monster or else we all are

\*

I had a grandfather I never met a great-great-grandfather  
who was a bird who was killed by a bullet meant for a bird  
while he was picking rocks for his garden  
O *what a bird*  
he was

he flew to America in 1885

he married a woman

who gave birth to my great-grandmother and died

and he married another woman with the same name

he said

he was a bird who flew he said to America

from Germany in the 1900 census

from Austria in the 1910

from Hungary in the 1920

from Yugoslavia in the 1930

to a garden to a bird a rock a bullet in 1933

it should be no surprise

we are all a little confused

what is origin but a myth anyway

*choose it-choose it*

picking my way over boulders

over names when field becomes meadow becomes bird becomes boy

\*

Sugar rush into a clearing      sudden the light  
 we are all pink and blue and gold and violet inside      I can never be color-blind  
     I will always be looking  
             for another Native face  
                     for a bird like you      *O bird O choose-it*  
 I will always be wanting  
     to not go into the night alone  
                     I could use a father right now

The way this sky shivers high on the saddle my feet lost in the snow I feel the world  
     could break open and I could break too  
 tell me there is summer past the next hill  
             tell me I can be alone and still do anything  
                                     tell me I am      not

I want to take off all these masks  
     press my face to the direct mystery of it all  
 but what if even these hands are  
     this face is      *this I is*      a mask too

I want to remember everything  
     the flickering of the backlit leaves this morning  
             the breath of these runners passing by      lifting a hand  
     this basket of warm air

there is no *we* without an hour  
     *now* out of a flower

## hand in hand by clara beccaro-lannes and miranda tuckett

How can we learn from a bodily experience that is lived unequally? Can it be shared? And to what extent might this practice of interdependency teach us how to care?

Guided by an experience of chronic pain, *Hand in Hand* is a four-month-long collaborative project which remaps the relationship between body, pain, and landscape. Joining feminist literature on embodied care and vulnerability - and resonating with sentiments such as "the personal is political"<sup>1</sup> - our project imagines intimacy as a necessary academic and political space. By de-centering biomedical interpretations of pain, we understand our project to trouble who the "expert" of pain is. Against an academic impulse to lose the materiality of the body in favor of analytical concepts, we have used our bodies to produce a counter-knowledge.

This project draws on academic lines of thought<sup>2</sup> but is shaped most importantly by our relationship as lovers. We relied on walking as a method of inquiry. In the course of walking, we produced a series of images to explore the materiality of the physical and geographical terrains we were negotiating. These were then juxtaposed with x-rays' unsuccessful plotting of pain in the body. We combined these cartographies with visual metaphors, medical imaging, and sonic narratives, to assemble a short film. Lying precisely in the narrative-of-the-intimate, this research is an effort to apprehend what the anthropologist Elizabeth Povinelli calls an "uneven social terrain."<sup>3</sup>



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The film we present is the culmination of this experiment. We took the materiality of our queer and disabled bodies to engage in an ethics of care in which interdependency is valued rather than diminished.<sup>4</sup> In doing so, we have offered a space in which the pain felt by one of us, but not the other, transcends the boundary of the individual body and occupies a shared terrain.<sup>5</sup> The film's central scene is a conversation between the two of us: one speaking in French, the other in English. Though both of us speak English, only one of us knows French, so this scene - the words of which may remain opaque for some viewers - is an attempt to communicate without translation. At stake in this project is not to identify a set of truths about pain, or even to come up with a diagnosis. Rather, it is to reflect on a condition - disability - which one can come to embody at any time; and as such, to cultivate a bodily encounter through which the experience of pain escapes its place as a signifier of otherness and becomes instead the basis of a possible mutuality.

<sup>1</sup> hooks, bell. 2000. *Feminist Theory: From Margin To Center*. London: Pluto Press.

<sup>2</sup> Basso, Keith H. 1996. *Wisdom Sits in Places: Landscape and Language Among the Western Apache*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press.

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<sup>3</sup> Povinelli, Elizabeth A. 2011. *Economies of Abandonment: Social Belonging and Endurance in Late Liberalism*. Duke University Press Books, p. 17.

<sup>4</sup> Butler, Judith. 2004. *Precarious Life: The Power of Mourning and Violence*. New York: Verso Books.

<sup>5</sup> Scarry, Elaine. 1985. *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World*. New York: Oxford University Press.

## covid travel diary

### by rebecca patterson-markowitz

I drive from the leafless trees of the southeast winter into the open vast yellow dirt of the west Texas desert and further through to Arizona. Once the horizon opens up and I see in every direction from my windshield and even in my rearview mirror, my body heaves a big sigh. I maneuver cautiously through aisles at gas stations to bathrooms where I try to touch as little as possible and breathe even less, though I have a KN95 mask on my face. I am just a passer through. These places are not mine to know or be known, and every potential human encounter is tinged with the fear of our permeability, the things we might share that we cannot see.

One night I sleep at a west Texas campground a little ways east of El Paso. There are sand dunes, and the pandemic has not stopped the tiny park office from its business of renting out plastic sleds. I equivocate, but decide to pay my \$20 for the night and go set up camp. As I am eating my dinner, packed diligently in North Carolina and preserved along my drive, I notice rousing in the tent across the way. Two twenty-something young men are waking up as the sun sets. They make a meal in a cast-iron pan over the short blackened grill provided at the site, then tidy up and don orange vests and hard hats from their trunk. They drive off together. I proceed with my dinner and eventually hunker down in the back of my own car, which I've turned into a nest for the cross-country trek.

I read *Beloved* by Toni Morrison by lamplight. Her words invoke the invisible and visible histories of the land I am crossing. I sleep in fits, and so I wake up not before dawn but after the sun has risen, to see my campsite neighbors returning in their car. Making my breakfast, I look up at the sloping sandy dune that sits just above where I camped. I decide I should sled, and try to figure out what I can use for my impromptu sport. I decide on a trash can lid from the collection of dusted metal trash cans chained together nearby. I march up the dune, lid in hand, and find its ridges make any kind of sledging near impossible. Heaving the weight of my lower body forward I lurch but cover less than an inch of ground. I continue these attempts for longer than is reasonable before conceding defeat. Boots a little more full of the fine white sand for my effort, I trudge back down the slope. One of the two young men, with a broad freckled face, walks toward me. He is holding a bright green disk in hand. Shyly he extends it out, still keeping a distance, telling me, "The park rangers gave us this one a while back if you want to try it out. It has a crack in it and someone said it pinched their butt and that they were gonna sue the park, so they took it out of rotation and said we could have it." Wary of our maskless faces but touched by his offer after my trash can lid antics, I take the sled, extending my arm in a reach as far away from my body as possible, holding my breath a little. After a few steps backwards and a thanks, I ask him what he and his buddy are up to. He tells me they've been living at the campsite for their work in a nearby sand mine. "We're on the night shift now. We're both into the outdoors. It's \$100 a month split between us here at the park campsite. A trailer would cost \$500 for the month." I thank him again and get his name before he walks back towards his tent. His semi-permanent address.

I try the bright green sled. It works, in spite of the crack. I try to position my weight towards the back, as he told me. In jerky progress, I descend the slope, the markings left behind me in the sand confirm my awkward yet ultimately-successful trajectory.

The two men already have zipped themselves into their tent for their daytime sleep by the time I've packed up my little camp stove and gotten my things in the car. I still have the green disk. I take some pears and apples from my snack stash as well as a can of smoked trout. I wonder briefly about the trout, imagining fish breath in tented close quarters. I leave these small offerings anyways. I tiptoe over and place them into the bowl of the bright green sled, hoping the arrangement evokes a cornucopia or a gift basket. It's on the metal picnic table right next to their tent. I wonder if birds or small rodents might get to the fruit before they do.



Body a little more limber for my efforts on the hill, I pack and hit the road. I'll make it to Arizona a little after sundown.

It's late in Phoenix. Holding a FaceTime call in one hand, I tap my fingers on objects at my grandmother's house. A lamp with ridged sides, a glass of water on the bedside table. On the other end of the country and appearing in the tiny device in my hand, my partner attempts to mimic these sounds with their voice. A bedtime TikTok game.

I hear my 95-year-old grandmother from across the hall in her bedroom, "Okay Google turn on the TV." Google might be the name she has spoken the most this last year, living alone as she does, eyesight failing. Visitors have come to check on her with great caution; they must wear masks and sit outside. Or, this was the case. Until I got a phone call that she and my father both had COVID-19. That she had also fallen while trying to grab something without her walker, and was in hospital.

I'm now in the extra bedroom at her squat small house in the Phoenix desert, both because of her broken wrist and her amplified tiredness, the blessed aftermath of her surviving COVID pneumonia. I'm doing a weekend care shift. For all my attempts and enthusiasm to take care of her, she insists on doing most things herself. Bending forward, breath slightly labored and wheezing, she'll spend a minute trying to get the ridges of her pliable cotton socks over all five toes with one hand. Then pull them up slowly. She has patience, and most of all, her independence this way.

I have been on my phone more these days. In many elsewhere, people point their cameras at themselves or friends, recording pranks, cooking triumphs, cute kids, dance routines. A dog voiced by its human is lamenting the cute outfits it didn't get to wear this year. A disability rights activist dances to the latest viral trend. A woman from Appalachia speaks to the camera to contest the stereotypes of the region. A young white queer teen teaches his slightly befuddled but willing older parents a burlesque routine. I dive into these worlds for comfort, for humor, for distraction, for connection.

I also find time to leave this technological connectivity behind. Since arriving in Arizona, I have been watching the mushroom-cap-shaped bubbles stream off my hands as they plunge ahead of me into the aquamarine community pool of my childhood. I swim laps for an allotted 30 minutes in a lane next to my mother. I try to be attentive to the inevitable hovering of the next swimmer with a reservation, to spare them the need to come closer than

might be safe and fish me out. With my glasses off, it's hard to keep track of time. It's been hard to keep track of time. My childhood memories mingle with present day. The mountains look the same as they always have, though I know fires ravaged them this past summer. In the evening, the bats and nighthawks still swoop low in the sky. My mother and I remind each other, "Make sure to bring a mask!" or, "Put a mask back on after the water." My favorite laps are those I swim on my back, looking up at the expanse of sky, the play of light and shadows through distant trees and squat shade structures as the sun dips lower in the afternoon. Taking comfort in the way this happens every day, and in the knowledge that at least for now in 2021, while the hours don't change, the daylight is getting longer.



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supplemental content

**expansion**  
**(rural routes to womanhood)**  
**bys. ashleigh weeden**

I am a Big Woman

I am not supposed to exist anymore  
let alone revel in my toes in the earth  
while I'm here  
(even others of my kind no longer recognize me as one of their own -  
after years of their grind to conform to grids and lines)  
my very being  
in this big soft body  
an act of resistance  
original otherness

spacious, bodacious - unruly and uncontained -  
claustrophobic in big cities  
an outsider in an urbane age  
arriving home to myself  
on rural routes  
mapped like the laugh lines on my face (so much like my mother's)  
that tell stories and promise journeys  
everywhere  
and  
nowhere  
all at once  
only home in spaces and places where  
I  
can  
e x p a n d

Big-Bodied  
Bawdy Broad  
refuses to be limited by bad broadband -  
instead, a one-woman band  
playing to the universal sound  
with bigger-than-byte-sized vibrance  
proving the fallacy of a borderless world  
by swallowing it whole  
to create the pre-ordained  
(never inevitable)  
fully formed - full to bursting  
unfathomable to those who cannot open their eyes as wide as wheat fields

Zeus's favourite daughter  
born of a mother of wit and wisdom  
so powerful her name has been forgotten to history  
swallowed whole by false g-ds and men trapped by their own (rib)cages  
if only they could conceive

the world grows in direct relationship to my courage  
like the muscles filled with the blood that built my bones  
passed down through generations of  
Big Women  
who willed spaces and places into being through their expansive existence  
(even when someone demanded they shrink)  
feeding families  
conceiving communities  
from their fleshy fullness

Big Women  
with broad shoulders  
and backbones stronger than steel  
built your city  
but you've forgotten where you come from  
cross-wired connections  
creating fault-lines  
where the front porch  
used to welcome you home

but my square tipped fingers - so much like my father's -  
hold memories  
and reach far and wide  
heretical in a vertical world  
that strives to be tall and thin like skyscrapers  
rigid and fragile as glass  
my work is to tend forgotten roots  
both soft and solid  
and build bridges  
tethered together with arms like tree trunks  
holding fast over watersheds that

run  
like  
tears

but there is nothing sentimental  
about empty barns  
and fallow fields  
no romance in broken windows  
that whistle with the wind

nothing comes from nothing  
so I resist the urge to paint the landscape  
with waves of nostalgia for what might have never been  
choosing instead to rearrange my atoms  
becoming something new

my name will live forever  
etched in the side of birch trees  
and echoed in the giggles of creeks, cats, and raccoons  
both the forest and the tree  
(and the birds and the bees)  
live in me  
growing wild from a heart like the horizon  
never diminished or demure  
exploding like a supernova  
or a field of summer canola

beyond city limits  
and limitations

I am a Big Woman



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*(content warning: this submission contains themes of intimate partner violence)*



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spoken word version and  
supplemental content

## killing us by heather a. davis

They're killing our men  
And our men are killing us  
They walk out the door and don't know if they'll make it through the day  
We roll over in bed and don't know if we'll make it through the hour

We raise our men to be tough, to check their emotions on waking  
Don't be weak, don't take any shit, be respectful to other men just in case the police come  
From school to prison we shape that pipeline to an unbendable, only breakable cause  
We, women, are the breakable

They're stripping our men of dignity  
And our men are stripping us of love  
In their powerlessness outside the door  
The core of #resistance lies in our bodies and minds  
Bodies good for only fucking and gawking  
Minds goods for only mirroring ego destruction  
They don't exist, so we don't exist

They are turning our men against us  
And our men are turning us against each other  
To make a name for themselves, to have some money, to labor and release  
They release themselves on us and in us, without connection  
Or connection so intangible, we have forgotten what it's like to not tolerate bullshit

They are making our men desperate for hope  
And our men are making us hopeless  
Cheated out of opportunity, our men cheat us out of themselves  
Or cheat on us or with us and discard us  
Where one woman 'wins,' another loses, a false economy of a man's unrecognized fear

They are taking our men's lives  
And our men are taking their lives from us  
And still we stand, as women always have  
At the foot of the cross  
Where men betrayed each other

## geography, accent and self-worth: a letter to my fellows

by hanieh haji molana

This is not autobiography.  
This is not a work of fiction.  
This is therapy.

She raises her hand to answer a question for the first time. She always has an answer in her mind, but shyness weighs her down, like a paperweight on her hand. She is ashamed of the way she sounds. Today, she vows to herself, will be different. When the professor asks everyone in class, "What were some aspects you thought could be expanded on in this week's readings?" she puts aside her fears and anxieties and volunteers an answer.

"Maybe more discussion on *teories*."

Professor: "What? Tourism?"

"No. *Teories*."

"Sorry, what again? Tourists?"

"No..." Blushing, she spells out "T-H-E-O-R-I-E-S."

"Aaahhh, you mean Theories. Good. Though 'tourism' would have been a better answer."

She looks down and turns an even deeper red. She remains silent for the rest of the semester.

She has no friends in class and does not know anyone. She guesses that none of her fellow students even know her name. They are all native-born, she thinks, judging from their looks, from the confidence and ease with which they raise their hands to offer up a noncommittal guess in response to the professor's next question. She's not even listening anymore, only cursing herself. *Why do I bother?*

This is new for her. Three months after landing in this country, she is still too embarrassed to attend office hours, or to ask the student next to her in class where he found the cheap copy of the textbook. At home she had been outgoing with her peers, charming with her teachers. She had been an extrovert in the classic sense. Now, nothing matters as much as the way she sounds. Which is foreign. Dumb.

Immediately after class ends, she walks swiftly to the bathroom, hides herself and cries. In that moment, the bathroom is the only safe place. Walking back to her dorm, she is full of self-hate: hating her body, her skin, the way she looks and the way she sounds.

Why am I an angry person? This is the question that always seems to haunt me. The anger seeps into my professional life, my home life. *I was never like this, not before.* They say ignorance is bliss. We educate ourselves, lose our ignorance piece by piece, and what happens to our bliss? We either harden our hearts, replace bliss with cynicism, or else-? a gap opens up inside. As a woman, a minority, an immigrant, I have a foot in my old world, a foot scraping the edge of my new world, and in between, a chasm. Before people ask my name, their first question is, *ahh, you have a nice accent. Where is it from?* And then, maybe, my name. Where does this come from, the gap between my body and myself?

The answer is, of course, multitudinous. Factors big and small. There is race; sex and gender expression; nationality; language; politics, global and local; religion; generation; class. There are thousands of scholars who can speak with great eloquence on these topics. But for me, there is one factor that always intersects with each of those. I find that it is not often taken into account. Maybe this one issue seems trivial, even pales in comparison to the aforementioned demographic components. Yet I find it affects life in a quotidian way, fills the gaps in my day and my subconscious, complicating what used to be simple, the life I had inherited and took for granted. This thing I am speaking of is my accent.

Maybe a simple check-in with yourself can help you to answer these questions. When you meet someone new, how do you reckon their intelligence or skillset? Are they professional or unsophisticated? Trustworthy or mischievous? At an academic conference, how often do you see the panelist who speaks English with an accent? Do you hear them and think *Good for them, their English is surprisingly clear*? In your mind, are they an authority on the subject, or is there some room for doubt?

Your style of accent gives your body, and your body of work, a "worth." Who in this country, who in the world, do we value the most? Is a speaker's prestige enhanced in your mind if they sound like the anchor on the nightly news? (Though you may still detect a hint of that Southern twang...) Do you consider them erudite from the beginning, no questions asked, if they deliver their talk in polite, pithy British tones? Does the timbre of their French accent render them sophisticated, nonchalant? Is it the accent itself or the place they represent? Western or not? Colonized or colonizer?

I would hazard a guess that, let's be honest, on the whole, we are unconsciously more attracted toward the one with a British accent than someone whose style of speaking was born in the Middle East or Asia. It is hard for me not to interpret this as a hold-over from colonialism. We are forced to abandon the self for the sake of the "right body." There is a perceived superiority of whiteness: white skin, white culture, white language. We find ourselves, even momentarily, understanding the truth of the Black man entering France, as described by Frantz Fanon in *Black Skin, White Masks*: "He [an African-American man] proves himself through his language." Whether consciously or not, I find myself *acting white*, like that man or woman on the sitcom or the news. I try so hard to diminish the gap of otherness that I can palpably feel during each interaction with my *white* friends. I can put highlights in my hair. I can dress like the women on my block. I can decorate my house to make it look like a California home goods catalog. But the one part of myself I can't hide is my voice, that is, if I am to speak.

Some universities have accent workshops with friendly, anodyne titles like *English Language Proficiency Clinics* to reduce apparent confusion in the classroom. Have you attended any of them? Were any of the participants Caucasian scholars with thick New England or Southern accents? Or were the majority non-Western international students who had passed the TOEFL and yet had somehow not measured up to a subjective standard of speaking? We always see workshops trying to reduce some faculty's accent

in order to make it easier for students to understand lectures. As a geographer, it begs the question, why are we not simultaneously expanding our students' competency in different accents and their origins? Isn't accent a reflection of culture and history? Aren't we taught to embrace diversity? Is this forced assimilation?

Many critics term our society "post-racial." The truth is that colonial attitudes are so embedded in everyday policy making and practices, within and without the academy, that we don't necessarily find accent reduction courses colonial or racialized. By acquiescing, we are grading our bodies, and importing others' standards for measuring our self-worth. Who is a better teacher? What qualities do they embody? Maybe white and with a light accent.

Emotional experience guides political thinking and decision-making. Emotions are gendered, and social mores confine them to specific spaces. *This* is acceptable in the classroom, *that* is fine at home. A foreign-born person should act *just* so in public: gracious, humble, agreeable.

Here, I'm not trying to solve any social issues. I am not making value judgments of non-native scholars in the Anglophone world. I am not putting anyone on a pedestal. I am trying to speak to the experience of non-native English speakers in academia who must cut through more than one layer of discrimination, sexism, racism, or xenophobia. I want to hold it up to your face, force this uncomfortable reality into your worldview. It seems clear that as scholars sharing the same intellectual and physical space, we need to work to empower each other, not to be judged by our accents. We must free ourselves from colonial standards that continue to haunt our institutions and our imaginations.

**being a woman is not  
a consensual act  
by ana·1s peterson**

*she* sits on the tip of her tongue and sometimes it falls. i do not flinch when it hits my skin, landing heavy displacing a gentle cloud of dust. i am not the *she* in question. i wait for the pause, the blushing, the uncomfortable correction, the apology, the space where i feel compelled to provide comfort once again at my own expense, the gracious smile i feel i must conjure and plaster on my lips, the overemphasis, the *she* to line up on the tongue ready to fall again, the pause, the blushing, the conversation to continue, the smile --  
i keep it tucked behind my teeth. not waiting for the apology, not expecting for it to come.

if i didn't smile if i didn't hold space for your discomfort if i knew how to say it i would tell you it does not matter how many times you call me anything but *she* because there will be that slight pause, long enough to break up your sentence the small stutter as your lips start to form around the s but you force them instead to say *they* there will always be a look of relief that washes over your face when you get it "right."

you will say *they* or sometimes *them* and you will not have to be corrected but i am still hearing your whispered airy s it is crawling in my long hair, putting a bony finger under my chin tilting my head up till i am forced to meet its eyes, poking at my hips tracing a path that curves in ever so slightly from my ribs - i know to you, i am a woman.

and this has never been an invitation to speculate never been a declaration of what i know never been a confirmation of what i am not but

you do this to humor me, i know, because to you my body is a girl in this body i am a woman and you will never look at me without *she* rising to your lips, threatening to fall from your tongue.



**embodied  
histories  
& futures**



## in search of a lesbian geography by julia golda harris

In the archive, my body relaxes. I am seated at a spacious table in a cool, orderly reading room at Harvard's Schlesinger Library, pale wintery light streaming in through the high windows. There are little shuffling sounds as the other researchers move their papers around; other than that, the room is still. I am here to visit the records of the Seneca Women's Encampment for Peace and Justice, an anti-nuclear peace camp that rabble-roused in Romulus, New York, from 1983 to 1991. The boxes I have requested are from the last few messy years of the camp's operation. In the tidy hush of the library, I lift the lid *off* the first box, and open a portal into the dirty, chaotic world of the encampment.

The Women's Encampment convened on a parcel of land abutting the Seneca Army Depot, where the US government was storing nuclear armaments awaiting deployment to Europe. The initial goal of the camp was straightforward: to pressure the government to close the depot, to not deploy the missiles. But, more than that: to end nuclear development. So, beyond that: to save the world. As a millennial, I feel well acquainted with the concept of the global threat (most commonly expressed in the form of climate catastrophe). Until I began this research, I did not understand how deeply the threat of nuclear war was seen, was *felt*, as a global threat by ordinary people in decades past. I notice that it's scarcely spoken about as a threat by my peers today, although the threat is no less real - there are too many emergencies, all the time.

The mission of the Women's Encampment was entirely global. And yet, it localized, again and again, in the bodies of its participants. Though many straight women stayed at the camp, it was a sort of lesbian-normative place. Women kissed openly and walked around with no shirts on - this was part of their project. The camp's early actions, which involved theatrical and symbolic demonstrations at the gates of the depot, were infused with a sense of utopian imagination. Women painted murals, adorned the chain-link fence of the depot with flowers, performed expressive dances about the sanctity of life on Earth.<sup>1</sup> They repeatedly antagonized the depot authorities by hopping the fence. Theater as protest, protest as theater.

This localization in the body occurred, too, in the antagonism that some townspeople felt toward the encampment. They feared that the closure of the depot would take away jobs, yes, but they also expressed plain revilement at the gendered and sexualized bodies of the protesters. Counter-protesters were known to chant "nuke the dykes" at encampment activists, willing to symbolically torch the Earth in order to eradicate these troublesome queers.<sup>2</sup> The slip between global and local went both ways.

The daily operations of the camp were necessarily concerned with bodies. In attempting the world-saving feat of eliminating the threat of nuclear war, activists had to figure out how to feed the crowd, to keep the campground clean, to care for the children, to maintain the house and grounds during the quiet winter months. I'll admit, the ability of dykes to turn any project into a collective enterprise with a hand-written chore chart never ceases to charm me.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the US Federal Government did not yield to a crowd of lesbians staging mock-funerals for Mother Earth and scrambling over the depot fence. The two missiles housed at Seneca were deployed to Europe within a year, an event that anti-nuclear activists referred to as "the last straw."<sup>3</sup> But the Women's Encampment remained: they had bought the land, and on the land they stayed. Summers still brought visitors, but fewer and fewer, and notes in the Schlesinger archive describe that maintenance of the camp became overwhelming for the die-hard members. They began to receive an influx of women who treated the place like a sort of shelter, running away from abuse or other unlivable circumstances. The encampment residents wanted to help these women, but they didn't really have the resources. Residents began to believe the army depot was "zapping" the camp with microwaves that disoriented and depleted them.<sup>4</sup> With the missiles already shipped away, the world-saving mission of the camp became more diffuse.



Mirna Cataldo, *Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace Justice*, gelatin silver process, 1983. Courtesy of Schlesinger Library on the History of Women in America at Harvard University.

What was left was the local, and the local was becoming unmanageable.

The Seneca encampment has seldom been written about since the feminist writers and journalists reporting on it at the time—the Greenham Women's Peace Camp, which was active in Berkshire, England from 1981 to 2000, is more frequently cited by those writing about feminist anti-nuclear organizing today. I was drawn to research the Seneca encampment because it felt close to home, and it marked the robust international web of this type of organizing. Once I learned about it, I began to notice little offhanded references to it in other lesbian and lesbian-adjacent writings. It's part of what I began to think of as a semi-submerged lesbian geography, one whose sites are largely unmarked, or hang on in a sort of half-life: shuttered bars, ordinary houses that once were home to thriving cooperatives, the Seneca property which now quietly lives on as a land trust.

It can be challenging to figure out how to relate to these histories. So much of queer history-making and marking is about recuperation, about finding the heroic. Lesbian communities like the one at Seneca are not ones that I would wish to fully recreate. Most (although certainly not all) of the participants were white. Their framing of gender was binary and essentialist. We can't

afford a white-feminist gloss on this history that claims pure heroism.

But we should, I think, mark it as a spot on our maps. In doing so, we can make a case for the histories of failures, of ambiguities, of attempts. We can be curious about what happened there, and what it can teach us. At my quiet table in Cambridge, I read through reams of hand-written notes, surveys, fliers documenting the minutia of this particular attempt to save the world. And what that looked like, day to day, was people taking care of each other, taking care of the land, sitting down together to hash out their differences, and sometimes failing. There's an audacity to it, the desire to save the world by jumping a fence, by cleaning the communal kitchen. I can't help but feel that their aims were simultaneously too big and too small. I can't help but love that.

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<sup>1</sup> Costello, C., and A.D. Stanley. 1985. "Report from Seneca." *Frontiers: A Journal of Women Studies* 8 (2), p.37.

<sup>2</sup> *ibid*, p. 34.

<sup>3</sup> Russell, D. 1989. *Exposing Nuclear Phallacies*. Pergamon Press, p.4.

<sup>4</sup> Krasniewicz, L. 1992. *Nuclear Summer: The Clash of Communities at the Seneca Women's Peace Encampment*. Cornell University Press, p. 239.

# still here by luna chung



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supplemental content

## Pt. I

*Hong Kong 1993*

*Refugee camps were overcrowding*

*The Hong Kong government began a sweep of refugees*

*Thousands were being repatriated*

*Many refugees voiced against the unsystematic inhumane process*

*They protested,*

*Used their bodies,*

*Starvation-*

*Mutilation-*

*Suicide.*

She refused to believe she would die in the refugee camp

She refused to be repatriated back to Vietnam

She refused food for 7 days

For seven days, the twenty-year-old refugee and her seven friends sat outside  
arm-in-arm and protested against the government sweep

Refugees

Protesting

For themselves

Standing up

For themselves

Using their bodies

For themselves

She saw

People who refused captivity

So they jumped

And flew

Off of 20 foot buildings

She knew that their wings carried them farther beyond where this world would  
ever allow

*There are other worlds where we are not limited by imaginary boundaries*

*Worlds where we can move, and fly, and be exactly who we are*

She saw

People who refused to have their lives reduced

To the decisions of others

So they took a knife

And aimed it at their own bellies

Their blood - so red, so warm

Soaking through their shirt

Reminded them that they were alive

that, *They were here*

On day eight

She woke up in a makeshift clinic

An IV in her arm.

She had fainted earlier

She looked down at her arm

And saw her pulse beating at her wrist

And she smiled - the rhythm

reminding her, that

she

was

alive

Pt. II

Maybe that is why she birthed a child  
the doctors called malnourished.  
An extension of her self, this child  
Her own flesh for flesh  
will be shielded from the destructions of life

She scoffs,  
My child will be born knowing that nourishment comes from our own bodies  
will be born knowing that our body, our mind, our spirit  
holds everything we need. Will be born knowing we do not need to  
be spoon fed by any one lie anyone's lies to survive.

Her child was born already resisting the taste of the state on her tongue

born fully aware

of what she was capable of

The child was not malnourished  
She refused to drink state formula  
Only taking from her mother's milk  
Her mother's child.

*I would rather starve myself than be kept like a pig in a pen waitingfor slaughter*

This is not agency  
This is not survival  
Nor body autonomy

This is the entanglement of bodies,  
Knowledge passed on  
without words

Pt. III

This is life  
beyond  
survival

To survive  
is not always to live

and some of us,  
some of us chose life,  
even if it means to die.

the boundary between life and death is a figurative one

for those who pass on from this world  
enter another

and even those who die  
still live on  
through our memories

and even those

who are not remembered  
or cannot be  
are still

Here.



## women of two by alizeh ayesha



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You who at home, are home  
Are of service,  
You who become your mother  
As the language you speak  
Becomes a prisoner of you  
You who don't feel like more than a vessel  
You who can name all the things you must be  
future-wife, now sister, now daughter,  
Now burden, tomorrow too,  
Repayment seems endless  
So your servitude becomes you,  
And the restrictions of your world,  
Prevent you from becoming someone else  
But you know,  
You are just performing for those who you love,  
Who you were born to love

When love and service cannot be torn apart from each other  
You move to another world,  
You who are a woman of two

You who at university are someone else,  
You with your friends,  
You with a class that seems separate from home,  
You with a language an institution taught you,  
You with a language that the west sent to you,  
You with your opinions, your thoughts, your ideas  
You present a sameness unto them,  
Convince them, I am one of you too,  
I am a woman of two,

You who fears freedom,  
You who indentured gendered servitude  
You who indentured the servitude of modern woman too,  
You want to be accepted in two

Does it not suffocate you,  
Women of two,  
Split in two,  
Being pushed into becoming two,  
Deny that you are urban  
Deny that you are center  
Deny your mother's aspiration for you  
When she commanded that you leave your home  
And become man  
When she commanded that you still be woman  
When she asked for you to be two,

You with your opinions, your thoughts, your feelings,  
You, in two worlds, are the third,  
You forget to be them

## women in my life by alizeh ayesha

My grandma holds herself against all of the outside  
She sees it like a dinosaur towering over a village  
She sees the house as a space where we belong,  
'Stay here with me', Ami Jan says to me

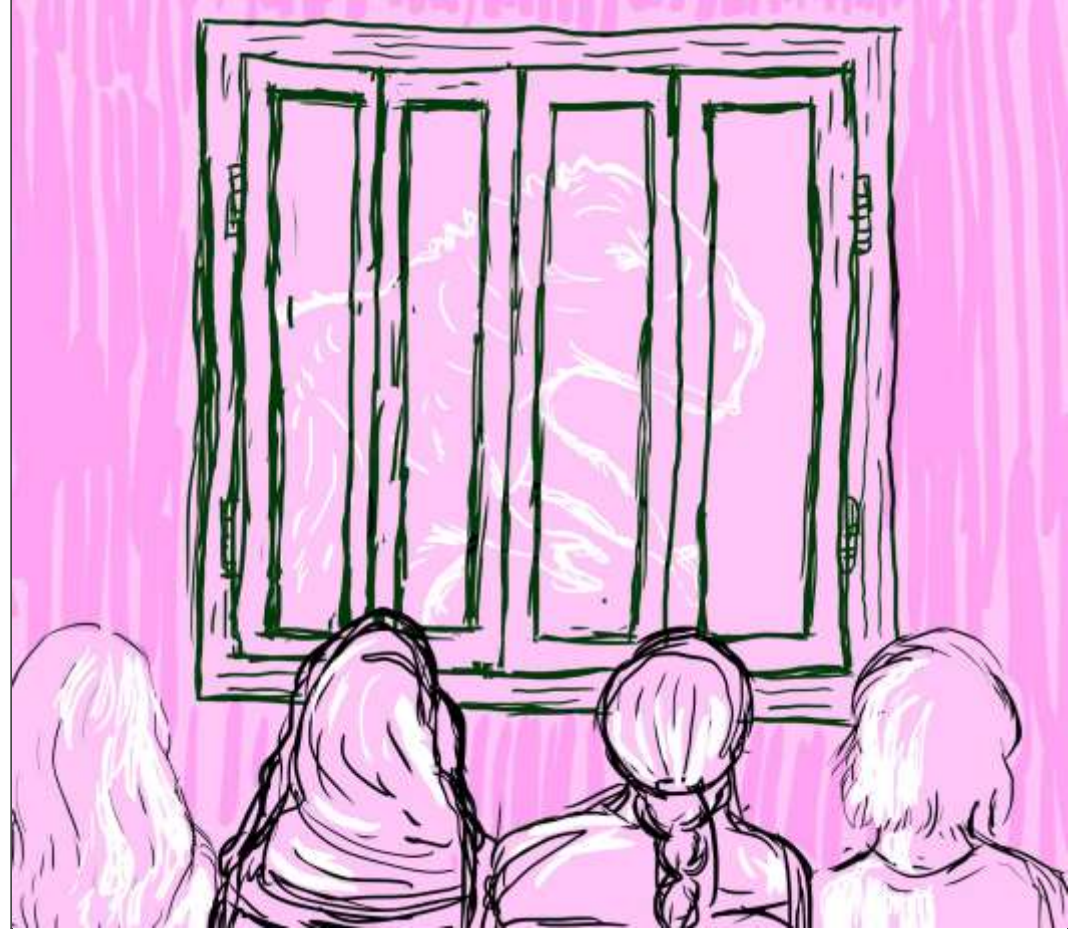
My mother represents the dwelling  
As not a space of rest but as a space of endless labour  
She walks while she eats,  
She looks at each room and sees all the work she must do  
Sometimes, when it's dark, the home transforms into a ghost,  
And my mother talks of running away

My sister is like a twin to me  
We do the same things  
We lie in our homes all battered  
We smile in an institution,  
Carrying memorabilia in our heads

Sometimes I feel like I've abandoned the home  
Sometimes I feel like the outside is a monster

There are women in my life  
That I cannot recognize in the walls  
Of dwellings, institutions, parks, urban and rural  
They remind me not to forget where I am from,  
A heritage of gender that I must carry with me  
In fancy spaces; in a home my mother is frightened of

'Go into the outside,' AmiJan says,  
'But don't become a stranger to me'  
I wonder what space I look like to her



In speaking a foreign language with foreign meanings  
Am I unrecognizable space or am I deluded space?  
How do they figure I deserve all of this access  
Or these containers that they tread over and embrace

These women in my life,  
When they cry or wail, I see so much space  
That I must make myself close my eyes,

Amma wrote notes on a page where I wrote a poem  
Those notes talked about objects  
That were lost in this house

She couldn't read my angrezi poem  
And I almost didn't understand her Sindhi

# la mano

## by daniel ramirez

A crowd of people, about half unknown to me, semi-circle a rectangular pit, walls geometrically straight. The fringes of the canopy flap while bangs flutter across eyes. Velvet drapes the family section. Mexico-bound semis whoosh the highway a few hundred yards away. Sun pours forth, gracefully warming the people who choose to stand outside the shade. You almost have to be thankful for the mercy of death in our mild season and not in the middle of a south Texas summer. Except for a different priest and a few of the old ones donning masks, the scene was remarkably similar to the one just over two decades before, when her husband passed away. She will be buried right beside him after all.

Beside the casket, dirt mounds up. A green tarp covers it but doesn't contain its tumbled spill. If not combined with the sandy aggregate of the coast to our east, it would be completely black. Instead, it is dusky grey. It's stuck together in clay clumps. Not the type that crumbles under pressure but that requires effort to crack it into smaller and smaller clods.

A smaller clod ends up in my mouth. It's gluey and underwhelmingly minerally. I keep it on my tongue. Even bathed in saliva, it doesn't crumble. It dissolves like a hard lozenge. A remedy for grief?

There's something particularly beautiful about the custom of sprinkling dirt atop a casket. Those that accompanied them in life now participate in their passing to a new one. Personally, I can't think of a higher honor than contributing the material that will turn them back into earth, our timeless source of comfort.

This time, though, some funeral home man holds a clear plastic canister with tan sand for us to scoop out. They want us to sprinkle *that* on her casket when there's a perfectly good pile of dirt right beside her? Actually, it's more than perfectly good. It's the only appropriate thing to put on top. Without this dirt, the person in that casket would not be here. Without this dirt, / would not be here. The least I can do is honor her with it, and so I do. I take a little clod of the dark clay and break it up as much as possible. With my right hand I sprinkle a pinch of sand from the canister, and when the funeral home man isn't looking, I sprinkle dirt with my left hand.

It is the fill for my grandmother's grave. I call her *Gile/a*. Some call her *Lala*. Despite a few years of rapid deterioration, she lived a full life to 94. It was not too long ago she was still at the helm of the pifiata cord, yanking away children's dreams with vigor. Her father made it even closer to 100. I'm encouraged to have her genes within me.

Bishop, Texas, could be the poster child of rural American blight. To pass through is to view a scene of dilapidation - boarded windows, weeds cracking concrete, caved-in ceilings, vegetation growing out of roofs. It had a heyday though, back when commodity agriculture needed hands. When it was people, not machines, that did the work. Main street once thrived - dime stores, tailors, a bank. It's almost as if time could be measured here Pre-Combine and In the Year of the Combine.

Its setting is almost featureless, but there is one major newcomer punctuating its skies. Almost blasphemous to petroleum-loving Texans, wind turbines are everywhere. With the area's proximity to the coast, there is a reliable breeze. Or maybe we'll just take power in whatever form is abundant. Staring at the wheeling blades is an easy route to hypnosis, just make sure you're not in the driver's seat. The futuristic towers are especially stark in such an empty landscape. It is so flat that, as long as your gaze faces some easterly direction, the horizon undoubtedly touches ocean.

The flat defines the area's other main physical characteristic: row after row after row after row after row after row of farm field. These rows are the product of that dark clay dirt. Nowadays, they may be comprised of corn or milo (sorghum used as feed), but they are just as likely to house cotton. It was that pillowy crop that brought people here to settle. Or in our case, to follow its northward budding, only to come back here as home base.

She would often long to return to this home since the early parts of her life required her to be uprooted. The constant pursuit of another fruiting field led them down long highways, where, at the end, was only a cramped shack. It was in one of these that her first child was born. So when the time came, all she wanted was to stay put. To have a place to call her own.

Even well into her advanced dementia, she pleaded to go home. It was the type of plea that ached those that brought her to assisted living. The type of plea that, on the surface, did not seem to match the condition of that pier-and-beam house itself, over 60 years old. But the house she longed for was as much comprised of memory as physical substance. The one where my father was born. Where his bronzed baby shoes still sat on a shelf. Where she stood by her daughter and husband in a quinceañera photo on the wall. With portraits of numerous other offspring. Where Jesus sat blessing the seder meal that he shared with his Apostles. With its brown shag carpet. That in the back had a shady bench swing, a corroded pit smoker, and the *piquin* bushes that were the source of a painful salsa. No longer needing to be transient, all she wanted was to stay put. Wouldn't you? After all, it was her husband who'd built that house with his own hands.

When I think of *Gue/a*, perhaps the most prominent feature I envision is her hands. As her grandson, I only knew them when they were knuckly and gnarled. But ask anybody, and they'll agree that they were always occupied. They scrubbed. They folded. They planted. They chopped. They stitched. They crocheted. They didn't abide idleness. I was the lucky recipient of many of their products. Their hats have warmed my head in cooler climes. Their quilts have comforted my resting body.

What delighted me most about those hands was the way they grabbed a pin to roll out dough for tortillas - always flour. The kind that get pockmarked amber to tell you they're done and that powder your hands and face. There's not a tortilla more delicious than one rolled out on your *abuela's* countertop and roasted on her comal. And every morning we stayed with her, she would fill them with *chorizo con huevo*, the house-filled scent more pleasant than any alarm-clock buzzer.

Around the same table where we partook of her breakfast, *Gue/a* would play *Loterfa* with us. She was well-known in Bishop for being an avid Bingo player. It was no Bingo for amateurs. It's the kind played with a spread of cards for each round and a lineup of daubers. Her cumulative rewards prob-

ably outstrip my yearly salary. My siblings and I still call out her trademark "vin-GO" victory call. Still, she'd condescend to play that child's game with us. She'd dole out dried *frijoles* for us to mark our boxes. I was always drawn to the people on those cards. *El Apache* fascinated me. I was afraid of the knife-wielding *valiente*. I always wondered what a *catrín* was? Now, the one that sticks out most *La Mano*.

She arrived in Bishop many decades ago to put her hands to work. In the surrounding expanse of fields, she picked and lifted and dragged and hauled. She was responsible for harvesting that raw material that would clothe and comfort so many of us, the going rate a dollar per hundred pounds. For a plant associated with cushioning, raw hands bled against spiny stems. But be careful - blood taints the product. This, done in the middle of a Texas summer. I repeat, done in the middle of a Texas summer. If she got a few bills in her pockets, some got storehouses and compresses and train cars for her labor. Those she brought into the world were not exempt from the toil. Facing a situation of economic need, her children picked with their hands just like her.

When the combine thresher showed up, their hands were freed up for other tasks- pouring concrete, slaughtering chickens, ironing dress shirts, pushing the buttons of a cash register, writing on a blackboard, placing a stethoscope against a patient's heart. Our story, however, starts with that dirt. No, a sprinkling of exotic sand just won't do.

As she's lowered into the ground to be covered by it and eventually overtaken by it, we mourn the loss of our *abue/a*. We mourn a *mama*, a *tía*, a *hermana*, a *bisabue/a también*. With her hands she gathered the material that comforted a nation. With her hands she nurtured new generations that would educate and heal a nation. Before her casket was closed, her hands clasped her most prized possessions - a prayer book and rosary. These are the hands that built a nation. Of course they're knuckly and gnarled.

QUE EN PAZ DESCANSE.



*This work builds on the /MAJ/NE (Integrative Mechanisms for Addressing Spatial Justice and Territorial Inequalities in Europe) Scenarios created to explore the future of regional equality in Europe by a team headed by Dr. Marie Mahon at the National University of Ireland, Galway. IMAJINE's scenarios challenge contemporary understandings of regional inequality by presenting four visions of the world in 2048. Each scenario depicts circumstances in which inequality and injustice between territories has taken on different and challenging forms.*

*The text invites the reader to inhabit the bodies of four individuals from IMAJINE's futures, beginning with a process to encourage awareness of one's own present embodiment as a reader and a consumer of plausible futures.*

*Each future individual's experience serves as a prism through which the body, self, and place can be observed. They include a complacently-wealthy centenarian whose health is tied to the medical services of their smart home; an Olympian whose body may offer a route to national salvation in a contest which embraces culture as well as sport; an inhabitant of privatised digital space where the physical self is almost forgotten, as consciousness merges with aglobal fleet of autonomous delivery vehicles; and a figure who seeks to reject local understandings of gender and identity in a fragmented Europe where microterritories have developed around wildly-different beliefs and values.*

*The aim is for the reader to experience the body of future individuals with reference to the situations, values, and logics of future geographies, chosen not for their probability or desirability, but for the ways in which they challenge our current understanding of the inequality between different territories and regions.*

## instructions for inhabiting imagined futures by matt finch

Find a calm, quiet place to sit. Take as long as you need to settle.

Leave behind your daily life. Allow your body to find stillness.

Turn fully into this moment. Pay attention to each of your senses. Let commentary, judgment, thoughts that arise, all float away.

Move attention through your body. Sense your jaw, lips, teeth, gums. The ceiling of your mouth, the floor of your mouth, your tongue. Notice the breath flowing through your nose and throat.

Pay attention to your left ear, your right ear, both ears at the same time. Your left eye, eyebrow, temple, cheekbone. Your right eye, eyebrow, temple, cheekbone.

Forehead. Crown. Back of the head. The neck.

Left shoulder, left arm, left wrist, left hand, fingers. Right shoulder, right arm, right wrist, right hand, fingers.

Pay attention now to your chest and back: the ceiling of the torso and the floor of the torso. To your legs, left and right every sensation from hip to toe.

Relax, and let perceptions come to you, from ten, twenty, thirty years hence. New bodies, new futures, are waiting.

The first body is old, healthy, and strong. You sit in a comfortable chair at home, recharging- quite literally. The house's contactless medical systems are checking your levels and recalibrating your implants.

You distract yourself from the process, though it is not especially unpleasant, by scrolling the newsfeed. Aid packages from Europe have arrived in the United States. Pop-up manufactories - vast, versatile 3D printers - are being set up on the outskirts of a shantytown in the deep snows of a refugee camp on the Canadian border. Aid workers are handing out products fresh from the printer's maw to the hands of grateful Americans.

Swipe left. The next story is the usual trouble in the east skirmishes between Russia and Belarus. The Russians have never forgiven their neighbours for joining the EU, though the conflicts remain petty. They knock our drones down, we knock their drones down.

Swipe left. You feel a twinge, but can't tell whether it's distaste for politics or just your liver implant rebooting. You smile. To be a centenarian and still in your physical prime! It was unimaginable when you were born, in the ashes of the Second World War. If Europe could rise from that, it can face any future. You may fret about the world your grandchildren will inherit, but it's not as if you have to hand over the reins just yet.

There's a soft chime as the cycle completes. The newsfeed is replaced by a diagnostic: green lights across the board. You pat the armrest by way of thanks as you rise. By far the best nurse you've ever had.

The second body. Much younger, less than a third of the age of the previous one. And fit! You've never felt so strong, so ready.

You rise early and make your way through the Olympic Village to the pool, swimming for half an hour, reciting familiar verses as you plough through the lengths. You can feel that race-day fear and focus at war in you, the strange moment approaching when you have to harness the anxiety and put it to work in your favour.

You're halfway through the dodecathlon, yet every morning you face the same battle. Nerves are a wily foe. They know all your weaknesses. Every time you develop a defence, they find a way to counter it. They unerringly

seek the weak point where your attention cleaves: half your mind on the track and field today, half your mind on the poetry event tomorrow.

As you dress, as you train, your lips mouth the stanzas of the work you've composed for the bardic event which will conclude the contest. Your grandparents came to Europe from Peru, and you've included a refrain in Quechua by way of tribute to them.

Where they worked menial jobs in the Madrid of a dying capitalist age, you find yourself here: beneath the air-conditioned domes of Kuala Lumpur, Europe's great hope for a gold in the new Olympiad.

There's so much at stake here, not just for the people who've pinned their hopes and dreams on your fortunes in this contest, those folks back home with all their yearning for something beyond the endless dread of this burning world. Your family's fortunes ride on this week in Malaysia, too.

A medal, any medal, would bring the chance of taking them all from the hollow, haunted city with its floods and outbreaks of disease, finding them a place in the still-green hills, among those who have already progressed on the long, slow climb out of the pit of the Anthropocene.

Today's exertions will be your contribution to that climb. You stretch, touch your toes, shake off the fear and find your focus. Step into the stadium, the cool, conditioned air of the climate-protected city still unfamiliar. Fulfil your role: hopeful champion of an entire continent.

Your third body is less important than the suit you pull on. It clings so tightly that when the final clasp is in place and you bite down on the mouthpiece, you forget it is even there. It syncs to your smart lenses and the gloves tingle momentarily as you begin to sense the virtual world, space beyond space.

The AI assistant has your task list ready. You taste the priorities, salt and sweet the algorithm flavours the most pressing tasks to increase their appeal. It works for kids tending virtual pets in kindergarten and the haute cuisine version works for you now. Labour can always be savoured.

In generations past your role - in logistics - might have seemed dull and routine. Then the machines got smart enough that your predecessors were

only there to watch for errors or serve as troubleshooters. Then the world got more complex again, and now it's a virtuoso's job, to inhabit and coordinate swarms of autonomous agents, physical and virtual, as they traverse the world. A more fanciful colleague has called it "conducting the music of the planet's circulation." For you, it's enough to know that you get the job done.

You soar into the skies to look down on your charges through a satellite's eye. You're not so unpoetic that you fail to admire the world. The Earth is green, blue, and silver: forest, ocean, and solar farm. Between its cities and factories move data, goods, raw materials: whole fleets are at your command.

Such power is only possible because the vehicles do most of the thinking for you. Your augmented sensorium alerts you only to problems beyond their capacity to resolve: the nagging ache of an intricate weather pattern over the Pacific, a recurring tickle from the Norwegian charging station which is running below spec, a toothache signifying a possible incidence of piracy in the Antarctic.

As a child, you used your first smart lenses to watch birds in the wetlands of Tamil Nadu. You became so absorbed in their beauty that you would lose yourself in the movement of the flock. From there to the flight of the machines, sometimes seems no distance at all.

The final body is denied. You walk in it, you live in it, but the labels are all wrong. You feel like the opposite of an invisible man: you can be seen, acknowledged, you can play your part in the world, but inside there is nothing.

In the last days of trust, people could barely agree which way was up. Screens told the stories their viewers wanted to hear. Maps rewrote themselves to accommodate prejudice: disputed territories named according to the preference of their viewer.

When lands could be contested, so could bodies. The language of who we are proved infinitely open to rewriting. The same flesh could be burdened or lifted by labels. The continent became a patchwork of values and beliefs: whom you could be, whom you could love, where you would be recognised.

You've heard whispers of a place where they don't speak of men and women anymore. There are different labels there. Would they suit? It's ten days walk,



Vinoth Chandar, *Bird Flock In Vedanthangal*, photograph, 2010.  
Courtesy of Wikimedia Commons.

and you'd have to cross the border.

You don't know what name you wish for yourself, only that you must slip the bonds that have been placed on you here. They must weigh everyone down, mustn't they? Yet no one else seems to complain.

The same whispers say that in the north, they've given rights to smart machines, to prevent their abuse. That's barely offered to a dog in these parts; they are low in the hierarchy of Creation. So where do you rank?

Return now to the present, to the body you inhabit. Find your way home. The futures you've visited are not places of hope, nor places of fear - at least, not exclusively. Each one presents opportunities and threats to every body within it- and each body will feel and know those opportunities and threats differently.

Breathe. Remember. The future is not yet written.



## contributor biographies

**Shahab Albahar** is a PhD candidate in the Department of Urban and Environmental Planning at the University of Virginia. His research interests revolve around notions of social justice in the constructed environment. He studies spatial realities and practices of trans women of color in Washington, DC. Shahab holds a Master's in Landscape Architecture from Harvard University and dual Bachelor's in Architecture and Fine Arts from the Rhode Island School of Design.

**Yung Au** is a PhD student at the Oxford Internet Institute, University of Oxford, where she is a Clarendon and Rotary Scholar. Her work examines the infrastructures and underbellies of technologies, particularly how intelligent systems and data pipelines are intricately intertwined with power, control, and surveillance. She is also a researcher at the Project for Democracy and Technology as well as the Oxford Commission on AI & Good Governance.

**Alizeh Ayesha** is a writer, architect, and artist from Karachi, Pakistan. She studied architecture at Indus Valley School of Art and Architecture. She is interested in questions related to space, politics, gender, and colonization and hopes to continue to explore these themes through her writing, research, and art practice. She was recently shortlisted for the Zeenat Haroon Rashid Writing Prize for her nonfiction essay "Bad House."

**Marwa Bakabas** is a PhD student in the Department of Anthropology at Michigan State University specializing in Global Urban Studies. Her work uses critical ethnography to explore the spatial implications of conflict, displacement, and trauma. She is interested in understanding the cultural nuances of 'spaces of refuge' through the practice of applied and public anthropology. Her current work looks at the lived experiences through the lens of displaced Yemenis.

**Clara Beccaro-Lannes** is a gender-queer anthropologist working on zones of contact with HIV/AIDS in France. Clara is a Master's student at the New School. Clara relies on mixed media -from video to graphic modeling- to examine the place of the body and its entanglements with pain, pleasure, and loss. Clara's methods are rooted in speculative anthropology, crip performance studies, and queer critical theory.

**Victor Bellem de Lima** lives in Sao Paulo, Brazil. He is a lawyer who graduated from the University of Sao Paulo. For four years, he worked as a writer, researcher, and content developer for a film production company well known for creating documentaries. He currently practices copyright law.

**Helen Bowie** is a writer, performer, and charity worker based in London, England. Her work has been featured in *Queerlings*, *Beir Bua Journal* and *Dwelling Literary*, among others. Helen has one cat and several bafflingly strong opinions about extremely trivial matters, and some even stronger opinions about less trivial matters, including bodies and politics. You can find her on Twitter as @helensulis.

**Dr. Lee Campbell** is an artist, queer punk performance poet, experimental filmmaker, curator, lecturer at University of the Arts London and founder of *Homo Humour*, a film project that explores gay male storytelling and humour. His recent moving image work revolves around his personal autobiographical perspective and explores male homosexual identity and desire through humour. His recent films have been selected for many international film festivals including QueerBee LGBT Film Festival in London, SPLICE Film Festival, New York, MicroMania Film Festival 2021, and Wicked Queer: The Boston LGBT Film Festival 2021.

**[Sarah] Cavar** (they/them) is a PhD student in Cultural Studies and Science and Technology Studies at University of California, Davis. They live, work, and study at the nexus of trans disability and Mad studies, and their ongoing research concerns queercrip and transMad digital counterepistemologies as forms of antipsychiatric resistance. Author of two chapbooks, *A Hole Walked In* (2021) and *The Dream Journals* (2021), they have had work in *Electric Literature*, *3:am Magazine*, *Bitch Magazine*, and elsewhere; their scholarly work is forthcoming in *Disability Studies Quarterly*. They live at [www.cavar.club](http://www.cavar.club) / @cavarsarah on Twitter.

**Luna Chung** is a PhD student in Gender and Women's Studies at the University of Arizona. She is a first-generation graduate from the University of Georgia.

Born in a Hong Kong refugee camp, her research focuses on illuminating the epistemology of Vietnamese refugee women that exposes legacies of US imperialism and undoes land-based formations of refugee subject formations within the sphere of the everyday. Her research focuses on the lived experiences of Vietnamese refugees at the intersections of gender, sexuality, class, race, and ethnicity.

**Hanna Coy** is a visual artist, poet, and hydrologist. She lives in Tucson, Arizona, and enjoys rivers, even when the only time they flow is the brief period following a rainstorm.

**Heather A. Davis** is a University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Geography PhD candidate. She is a Pushcart-nominated, award-winning writer and literary/spoken word poet (as part of the 5th Woman collective). She also produces and hosts her own community radio show, *Knox Community Well Be*, on Knoxville's community radio station, WOZO Radio, 103.9 FM. She has spent her career working in community activism, communications, public affairs, and research, in the US and abroad. Her work has appeared in *The Pigeon Parade Quarterly*, *Liquid Imagination*, the Knoxville Mercury, American Diversity Report, the Knoxville Writers Guild, and the National Academy of Medicine's *Visualize Health Equity* project, among others.

**Rebecca Faulkner** is a self-proclaimed researcher, writer, and architectural Master's student currently situated at Central Saint Martins, London. Her self-defined practise intersects an emerging field of performative-thinking and urbanism. Built on the rich foundation of critical feminist research and activism, she explores the gendering and the governing of public space. She is interested in themes of permission, privilege, surveillance, and the technological gaze. Her work explores how these conditions affect our understanding of self and the city. Using the embodied knowledge of movement, she uses her body as a tool to contemplate space through performative interventions as a means to understand, hack, critique and challenge.

**Matt Finch** is a writer and foresight researcher helping communities and institutions to explore the futures they face. He is an associate fellow of Oxford University's Sa'i'd Business School and an adjunct research fellow at the University of Southern Queensland. See more at [www.mechanicaldolphin.com](http://www.mechanicaldolphin.com).

**Thiago Freire** lives in Sao Paulo, Brazil. He has a degree in Radio, TV, and Internet from the University of Fine Arts of the City of Sao Paulo. He is the

director of Naestrada Produ 5es, a company that develops audiovisual products for the digital market with a focus on social networks. He also works as a director and producer of advertising campaigns.

**Gabi Froden** is a Swedish illustrator and writer who lives in Glasgow. Amongst her clients you'll find *The Guardian*, the British Broadcasting Corporation BBC, the National Health Service, and *Huffington Post* as well as Age UK, Action Against Hunger, and many other charitable organisations. Her children's books are published in Scandinavia and recent reviews call her work "jubilant."

**Lucy Cathcart Froden** is a community musician, linguist, and doctoral researcher based at the University of Glasgow and with arts organization Vox Liminis. Her practice-based PhD explores collaborative songwriting as a research method, and draws on experience of community development and shared music-making with differently-situated communities including prisoners and their families, socially-excluded young people, and forcibly-displaced people. She is a member of the research team of *Distant Voices*, a project that explores crime, punishment and reintegration through songwriting. She also makes a podcast, an audio scrapbook of the research process, called *Our Chance of Becoming Human*.

**Hywel Griffiths** is a senior lecturer in physical geography in the Department of Geography and Earth Sciences, Aberystwyth University, Wales. He is a fluvial geomorphologist and poet, writing mainly in the Welsh strict meter form of *cynganedd*. His English-language poetry has been published in *GeoHumanities*, *cultural geographies*, and *Poetry Wales*, and he is the author of three Welsh-language volumes. For more information visit [hywelgriffiths.cymru](http://hywelgriffiths.cymru) or follow @HywelGriffiths.

**Levi Guimaraes Luiz** lives in Sao Paulo, Brazil. He is a journalist who graduated from Faculdade Casper Libero. He currently works at TV Globo - the main open television channel in Brazil - as editor of programs such as *Esporte Espetacular* and *Fant6stico*. He develops series projects, feature films, and documentaries, mainly on themes related to human rights, race and gender diversity, inclusion of the disabled, immigration, and social inequality.

**Hanieh Haji Molana** is an assistant professor of Geography at California State University, Sacramento. She received her PhD degree in Geography at Kent State University. Her research focuses on Muslim female Middle Eastern immigrants' lived experiences in the United States. She is particularly interested in collecting stories and bringing subjective voices into the

expansion of knowledge production. Her research builds on feminist and decolonial methodology within the context of the Middle East.

**Julia Golda Harris** is a PhD student in American Studies at Harvard University. Her research interests include lesbian cultures, queer archival practices, and survival in the Anthropocene. Before coming to grad school, she worked as a farmer and she remains dedicated to dirt.

**Dorsey Kaufmann** is an artist who works in time-based media including video, animation, performance art, and 3-D installations. Her practice examines the conflict among corporations, governments, and community health. Her work visualizes how these tensions and perceptions constantly define and redefine our built environment. Reflecting on system design, she considers the freedoms and limitations of movement in daily life (of bodies, products, and/or capital) by using art to translate the politics of our environment and reveal the complex histories of place.

**Meep Matsushima** is a disabled white genderqueer lesbian poet and librarian. Originally from New England, Meep got her name in Tokyo and currently lives in the Washington, DC, suburbs. Meep is a student at Hamline University's MFA in Writing for Children and Young Adults program. She has poetry in *Strange Horizons*, *Microverses*, and *Strange Fire: Jewish Voices from the Pandemic*. You can find her on Twitter as @transpacifique. Her website is <http://meep-matsushima.neocities.org> and she has a Patreon at [http://patreon.com/meep\\_matsushima](http://patreon.com/meep_matsushima).

**Lucien Darjeun Meadows** is a writer of English, German, and Cherokee descent born and raised in the Appalachian Mountains. He has received fellowships and awards from the Academy of American Poets, American Alliance of Museums, National Association for Interpretation, and the University of Denver, where he is working toward his PhD.

**Mariel Miranda** is co-founder and director of the International Festival of Photography Tijuana (FiFT), a self-organized and feminist platform created for the undisciplined reflection on the image and its current modes of production. FiFT activities have been carried out in multiple spaces in Mexico and the United States. Miranda's practice as a visual artist is built at the intersection of research, theoretical writing, production, and the dismantling of images. Her work is primarily concerned with the visual and textual appropriation of archival materials to discuss issues related to the history of images: their epistemic inscription, their rhetorical narratives, and their role in complex

social relations of power mediated by class, ethnicity, and gender. Recent honors include: the University of Arizona Fellows Award (offered to the University's highest-ranked incoming graduate students) and scholarships for Mexican students studying abroad from the Jumex Contemporary Art Foundation and the National Institute of Fine Arts.

**Magdalena A. Nilges** was originally born in Illinois, and moved out West to earn a Bachelor of Fine Arts with a minor in Graphic Design at Laguna College of Art and Design in California. After exploring the design field professionally, they proceeded to earn a Master of Design at University of Washington. There they researched the conflicts between designers and the ecology, focusing their thesis on alternate ways to understand non-human timescales through designed objects. They currently work in Seattle as a graphic designer for an engineering company, while in their personal work they continue to explore design research and studio painting practices.

**Eliseo Ortiz** is a Mexican media artist, filmmaker, and scholar. He holds an MFA in Media Arts Production from the State University of New York at Buffalo and is currently a PhD student in Emergent Technologies and Media Arts Practices at the University of Colorado, Boulder. His work has been presented in *Mono No Aware* in New York City, *Centro Cultural Tlatelolco* in Mexico City, and *Currents New Media* in Santa Fe. His work has been supported by Fulbright and the National Fund for Culture and Arts of Mexico. <http://www.eliseortiz.net>.

**Rebecca Patterson-Markowitz** (she/they) is a PhD student and feminist geographer interested in the connections between the body, power, and well-being. She is currently at University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill researching the intersections of therapeutic practices and social justice. Born in Tucson, Arizona, she feels lucky to be connected to such an amazing region with a rich and complicated history. During the COVID pandemic, she finally downloaded TikTok, marched for Black lives in Durham, North Carolina, and has been re-learning the fiddle.

**ana'is peterson** (name//they) is an organizer, mixed blessing, and lover of the sky. ana'is'work is a mix of lyric essays and prose poems written around the topic of freedom in its many forms and often returning to dwell on sunflowers. ana'is is the digital content coordinator for *Off Menu Press* and poetry reader for *Non.plus Lit*. anars writes in black pen and Garamond size 11 and tweets from @anais\_pgh. You can find a full list of ana-1s' publications and more information at: [anaispeterson.weebly.com](http://anaispeterson.weebly.com).

**Kaitlyn Rabach** is a PhD student in Anthropology at the University of California Irvine (UCI). Her current research explores the relationship between populist politics, late liberalism, and housing insecurity along the Irish and Northern Irish border. She is a 2021 UCI Division of Teaching Excellence and Innovation Pedagogical Fellow and is also interested in collaborative pedagogies.

**Daniel Ramirez** is a writer, aspiring puppeteer, and educator of youth from San Antonio, Texas. His environmental journalism has appeared at *StateImpact Texas* and his personal essays at *Twisted Vine* and *Foliate Oak*.

**Devika Ranjan** is a theatre-maker, ethnographer, and educator who tells stories about migration through performance, research, and advocacy. Born in Nashik, Maharashtra, India, and raised all over the US, Devika found her roots in her family as they moved from the mountains, to the prairies, to the shining sea. She is resident director of Albany Park Theater Project, a social justice theater that tells immigrant stories. She also teaches theater and performance studies at Georgetown University. Her devised theater and facilitation work has been commended by Meghan Markle for its importance for disenfranchised migrants and political crises at large.

**Vanessa Saavedra** was born in Jalisco, Mexico, in 1997 and raised in Nogales, Sonora, along the US/Mexico border. She received an Associate in Fine Arts degree from Pima Community College, Tucson (2019). She is scheduled to earn a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in 2-D Studio Art from the University of Arizona in May 2021. Saavedra's paintings and drawings embody the silenced lives of the women from Latin America, from individual victims of harassment to victims of femicide. Although comfortless in tone, her works are not memorials: Saavedra substantiates oppression, absence, and the lack of legal action. Saavedra's work is nourished by her Mexican-American identity and her role in the current social-political environment caused by systemic patriarchy. Her most recent body of work addresses themes of feminism and femicides within the Mexican community. Her series *Mexico Rojo* (2020) serves as testimonies on behalf of victims of femicides. Saavedra is currently exhibiting her work virtually in shows such as the University of Arizona BFA Show (2021). Her work has been exhibited nationally and internationally since 2017. She recently earned third place in the statewide contest *Par Una Vida Libre de Violencia, Igualitaria, Justa y de Paz*, Cajeme, Sonora, Mexico (2020). Saavedra's most recent in-person show was the *SHILO Exhibition*, Nogales, Sonora, Mexico (2020).

**Salma Serry** is an Egyptian-born filmmaker and interdisciplinary foodways researcher. She is currently pursuing graduate studies in Gastronomy at Boston University where she researches and writes about food and foodways from Southwest Asia and North Africa at the intersection of culture and history. Salma has previously taught mass communication courses at the American University of Sharjah after completing her Master of Arts degree in Television and Digital Journalism. Her works - including *Saraab*, *Dinner 7665*, and *6 on 18*- screened at Festival Du Cannes Short Film Corner, Internationale Kurzfilmwoche Regensburg, Abu Dhabi Film Festival, and Al Riwaq Art Space in Bahrain.

**Toby Smith** (he, him) is a PhD Candidate in Cultural Studies at the University of California, Davis, earning a designated emphasis in Science and Technology Studies. His interdisciplinary research examines how histories of built environments, urban infrastructural systems, and ongoing practices of militarization and financialization have been used in coordination to dispossess specific communities across Northern California. Toby's work also considers how techniques of resistance have emerged in response, through projects of art and performance, and through formations of coalitional care. Toby is a member of the Everyday Militarisms Research Collaboratory and a research fellow with the Initiative on Racial Capitalism.

**Jesus Solis** is an artist, scientist, and educator whose interests lie in storytelling media such as music, poetry, and dance. As a first-generation Mexican immigrant and queer person, Jesus' work is heavily focused on the decolonization and reframing of self. By speaking truth to power for the communities he represents, Jesus' work aims to encourage others to assess, redefine, and rework what society has taught us to think and know about ourselves and each other. During a time where the mere presence of Brown and Black bodies can warrant detainment or execution, the idea of existence as resistance seems fitting.

**Ian Spangler** is a failed musician, aspiring playwright, and current PhD candidate in Geography at the University of Kentucky. His dissertation research explores the spatialization of digital real estate technologies, but more recently, he has become interested in the politics of sweat. He is a morning person, but only at night, and greatly despises fluorescent lighting.

**Prerna Srigyan** is a PhD student in Anthropology at the University of California, Irvine. She works on science pedagogy and politics of collaboration in people's science movements, focusing on transnational science and tech-

nology studies. She is the co-author of the book *Atmosphere of Collaboration: Air Pollution Science, Politics and Ecopreneurship in Delhi* (2021, Routledge).

**Miranda Tuckett** is an anthropologist working on issues of death, intimacy, and aesthetics. Her work focuses on care and aid-in-dying in the United Kingdom. Her research draws on ethnographic, participatory, and arts-based methods.

**Marcos Warschauer** lives in Sao Paulo, Brazil. He holds a PhD in Sciences from the School of Public Health of the University of Sao Paulo where he studied the relationship between health, body practices, and leisure from a humanistic perspective. Using cartography as a method of investigation and intervention, Marcos' work *moves* away from the hegemonic view of health as the absence of disease and from the idea that physical activity alone produces health. He conducts his research in the integrality of bodies and in the management of public programs and policies, delving into themes of bodily practices, territories, health promotion, intimacy, and autobiographical reports.

**S. Ashleigh Weeden** is a Canadian rural futurist and feminist who splits her time between Ontario's Bruce and Wellington counties. Her work is fundamentally concerned with place, power, and policy - and how these forces shape people's lives, particularly in rural communities. A long-time advocate for place-based approaches that include embodied experiences of place as a powerful lens for creating effective public policy, Ashleigh has spent her career championing community-led innovation. Ashleigh is currently a doctoral candidate in Rural Studies in the School of Environmental Design and Rural Development at the University of Guelph, where she works under the direction of Dr. Ryan Gibson, the Libro Professor in Regional Economic Development. Recognized as a thought leader on rural renewal and 'the right to be rural,' policy foresight, and public sector innovation, Ashleigh has provided expert commentary to outlets like *Buzzfeed News*, the *Ryerson Review of Journalism*, *CBC News*, *CTV News*, and several media outlets, and her work can be read in publications like *The Conversation Canada*, *Policy Options*, and *Municipal World*.



