

EXTRACTS FROM *ALL THAT BEAUTY*

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Naw, we gotta learn to see through things. That's movement, seeing through; gotta learn to love that. Gotta learn to love being seen through. Things are appearances, lenses, not like open caskets through american pictures but what, in turning from the illusive, delusional density of that thing, let lovers get down in the environment. The work is alleyway in its disappearance, when disappearance ain't just vanishing but radical indivisibility that apposes, in radical presence, the merely apparent. Disapparent, radical presence is dissed appearance; it's like some lotion made of valyrical steel by valerie oliver.

If the art world is just a formal conspiracy to make sure that the nothing that's seen through is detained in things that can only be seen when they're the only things to see; if what it is to see through radical presence is obscured by desire for the monument, the mirror of the dead, which—with sound logic and absent morals—identifies inapparent inst umentality as a degraded antagonist; and if the work just wants to be a disappearing passage to the socioecological plain through white, vampiric omnicide, one by one: then, naw, man, we got to see if we can see through some echomuseological

museology, and anarrange the scene we set, and h'ain't, and see through. Feld's field, Baldwi 's scene, undividual, undervisual, felt, relaxed in all that, accompanied by creek and castanet, while creek and castanet are sung to by Michelle. Why destroy a Schutz when you can destroy a Rembrandt? I used to know all these people who know how to see through shit. Then, I found myself, here.

sun and shade

with Roy DeCarava'n'em

Blackness is the ceaselessly miraculous demonstration that there is no black and white, just sun and shade. This insight is serial, over and over, all over the place, as an irreducible element of art consciousness's remedial education, registering the condition that is without remedy. Photographs of people continually getting over the fact that they can't get over reveal their terribly beautiful inability to get over the fact that they do, which is given in looking back in mournful wonder, ahead in worn anticipation. Insofar as the photograph looks back and forth like that in general, its existential condition is given when blackness in play, as the play of sun and shade, is playfully, painstakingly regarded.

The capaciousness of black's color field is actualized out from the outside, all in all, all this insight forming outside inside out. Efforts to achieve black's purity misunderstand its depth of study. In documenting play's concrete abstraction, where abstraction folds in flawed documentation given understandings of abstraction therein unfolded, unraveled, hand delivered, put in play, black is an all but gray blue university—the contemplative eclipse of portraiture and its substructural meta/physics that sociality convenes. It's like a detail in Brueghel that Brueghel left out; or something left out in Brueghel and recovered from and in its immersion in a terrible, projective, illuminating solution of silver and gelatin. Particulate dispersion is applied in the interest of monstrous, ecstatic showing. Faces are held between torn up and hiding, grotesquerie and umbrage. That's our nonparticulate disbursement. The development of excluded essence is a tragedy you render miraculous. What it is to look at black as black, all up in all of it so emphatically that in its absence color is everywhere, is where you carefully, playfully, unsettlingly reside.

What is it to reside without settling? Is that is or is that ain't like being stuck in sweetness, held in life? Black life is like life in hell, or on the el, which is the sound of joy, Sun says. Sun who? Son House, I think, unhoused some day in Harlem's bright Mississippi, two little boys drawing out that string in strange, strung out fray. See, their play is fraught, insistent movement, nervous muscularity, mobility that stays, that's all but still, but for the shift in (over)tone. Captured motion's constant flight turns out to always sound like something. The shit is eerie enough for the difference between loud and quiet not to signify. Silence and blackness are more + less than one in this regard, which is often disregarded as the train falls through the trees, the skyscrapers, and everything, and nothing. The sound you see is movement, a resonance of back and forth in falling from partition to partiality, a preference for our social incompleteness, individuation played out, relation exhausted, in obscure, tensile revelation held right here: "Ahhhh. What's happ'nin'?! What's happ'ninnn? Shit, I know sump'n's happenin'—'cause everything's movin'. Baby." Everything's gone. Every photograph is a photograph of that, which an actual photograph of that makes deafeningly clear. It's not that it's not a sin and a shame that *Sun and Shade* is so beautiful. It's just that black, in being so beautiful, is forgiveness.

symphony of combs

with Susana Baca, Satch Hoyt and Victoria Santa Cruz'nem

They yelled at me, Black! Black Woman! They called me Black Woman and I called myself saying don't call me out my name. I'm Black! I said. I'm a Black Woman and my sons and brothers shout it, dance it, claim it, caught up in the rhythm of reciting, their hip and hip tight movement turning, twisting how freedom and agony surveil each other everywhere, mess up every messed up everywhere in sowing that fold and cut they carry. They send a primal scene whose white mask'd repetition is cooked down low to rope and clothe the one-line force of *soy*. I am whatever you say I am, but not the way that you say I am, 'cause that's the way that I have to be, if you wanna come on after me, when said in concert comes uncountable as hair's new groomed and grooved refusal to uncurl. *Me Gritaron Negra!* Here they go right now.

Negra soy! is our song of ascents, they say. Here we go right now. Where we been, been where we at. Here, we bear that we been there in never having been there and the other way around. Our rising fallenness is scraped off contact, layered shift and feel, release. Remain. Refuse. Remain. removed, what we do we do over till what's done is undone in haptic, anilluminative halo. What's that resound(ing) sound like? In echo of that sideways lean, they say, here go some sonicartographic do. Fifteen black women from Cali, dressed in various shades of white, walk barefoot through a curving ray of microphones and start to comb their hair. They start to comb their hair like it ain't no thing. They start to comb their hair and say, which one?

How hair get did are ways of violent care. A tightened left of traces give in taking shape. Hair's rich internal rant—it's frizzy way to be on fire, flaring u
against every act and condition(ing) of regulatory burning, or relaxational frying, or alchemical dyeing and side-lying, or everyday bed-riddenness, or them
all but impossibly articulate folios of wraps—recites some prior resistance. Malleable crunchiness and cut off crispiness bear percussive implications. A
choir of rubbing, crinkling and pulling free flee ountlessly.

Mapping turns to echotopographic dislocation, which exceeds him in the nonperformative pretension—the seductive presumptuousness—of the women he fixes, who don't stay fixed, displacing his conduction with unfurled anautonomy. He almost stays unfixed with a lot of them. It's not that they form a body that knows itself in knowing the precise relations of its parts. It's more like a feel whose real airiness in density gives the restrictive illusion of body away. Here, tender-headed tinder-headedness is more + less than individual emplotment. It's a general dance the drummer taps into while lining out ensemble's independence of limbs—that light, thick booming in percussive chorale, auricular tuning and teasing, orchestral scratch. Satch ain't so much head arranging for a band as setting up ritual conditions for various resurrective enactments, or circumatlantic surrogations, of an original insubordination on the cross. In this regard, combing bears *una historia de la revuelta negra*.

Having long been a dj, well-subversed in the art of the record and what it holds in being cut off from live performance, when the object disappears every day in Mary's weeping fog, Satch works a kind of phantom limn, blurring the line between impairment and augmentation, analysis and mimesis, tilling and diving. Performance records this loss and finding, which is handed on in the recording of their performance, like making place in seeing through. When lyric breakdown acts like preening, in disruptive enhancement or retouching or overdubbing, as if to show some essence of the natural, where position is some viciously non-localized tangle, you comb it out, or cut it off, and know it's gon' recur. This active nappiness—the torn collusion and far-flung togetherness we keep feeling—is called diaspora, which is the cozy, kilsonian condition that hair describes, sonically mapping the migration it bears and within which it's propelled, repulsed and desired. Here, there, it's shift, not place, that's mapped, place having been locked and twisted in the restive statelessness of arrest within which movement, and what moves, and what is moved, are all but held. What moves moves with and against itself in deformative formation—braided, swept, as in the staging of a beauty shop as public sound booth turned to and in the retracing of halted steps and sunken strokes. Choreography is foregiven in brushwork's blakey rasp, a constantly inconstative, pluperformative utterance discovered, now, as a symphony of combs. A comb is like a harp, in this regard, and a symphony of combs is a symphony of psalms insofar as the comb is sung to by the hair it pulls, screamed at by what it teases. Its plucking is basic, out of the depths, so you can you hear the harm in harmony. Combing is ritual chanting of the psalter, a song of a song of ascents in descents and dissent, ours only because it's not and gone, out from under the proper and the private doubling one another in brutal redundancy, knotted in praise of the general tangle, I and I against I fanned out in flamed amazement and shook foil, shining ire in the fringe between comb and hair, the teeth of freedom iterative and irritant, itinerant, unacquired, fluted as the exteroceptively interoceptive instrument that knows all Satch's stops, as he would wish, his genius their iration, his arrangement of them anarranging all of him and all as some gilt white roses.

Negra soy becomes *Negra presuntuosa*, in and out of grasp. Seductive Black Woman, Presumptuous Black Woman. Black Woman, in your authentic and essential pretentiousness, your deep and fundamental nonperformance, are you not? Are you nothing other, all? Called out of your namelessness into a general naming, called out on the street where you live, calling out to your name between your street and my soul, called out your name, something of mine is lost where something of yours is hidden; in the rhythm you hand to my accompaniment, my arrangement disappears. How can we fall through what naming and unaming bears, mystery, who won't be one, or free.

resistances, impromptu

with Tania Bruguera and Fernando Zalamea'n'em

When we reverse engineered the movement, we found the moment it became the movement was the moment we stopped moving. A body politic for newly born political bodies in the drawing of one last breath by one. Pear trees full of rivers all tied up in sugar ditch; pulpit gutbucket molasses still in still, strong and good, but gone. I was born in friction, alabama. I voted for drone chalkline. I died in fraction, california. I remain a posthumous citizen.

So, resist the reduction of non-meaning. Resistance in poetry is how we feel. Grammar striding to divine this weave in not quite seeing. When he says, "to resist is to become a conductive thread," that's what she throws: signal's disruption of itself and code in the common feel. What if we could slice lived experience off the bone? Failure is life, which death achieves so we can five or six more. There's a black poetics of integrative biology, baby, and it bends like wine. Way too good to be a little bit above what the people say. The people say my mama pinned a rose on me.

We still don't know how many choruses gonsalves gon' take. Give in take is scale off scale: pedagogical riots, transitional institutions, experimental bands. But why does the problem of scale always swerve into the problem of audience? Why does the need for institutions always show up as the problem of scale? Why is showing up always scaling up them lonely streets? What if what the people suffer isn't large absence but small noncommunicabilities? Let's say, with regard to poetry, or music, that small communicability is sound. Then find one and find another one feel good next to it. Put one next to another and sound is beside itself. Line that verge out animal, mantic, anamathematical bruise, subdermal popularity.

Yeah, they are liquidating the national endowment for the arts and scientists need to freak out about that. It's like a breeze holed up in greenblatt's basement. Will the class break up into small, self-taught classes? Spacetime is just an echo of mutual aid. To renew our habits of assembly we need renewable assemblies, like langston's multiverse. Welcome to cuernavaca. Welcome to callahan. Indirectly act to welcome. They can't stop us; they can't even hope to contain us. People in the public better find someplace sufficient for poetry in the market's outer depths. Better make it plain as noplace.

A divan with a double s and a bridge with a blur and a single stanchion. A calatravan bird where bird play jimmy lyons playing bird. A double-ly airborne science opaque in motion, motion all but still, till linda come sing her eyeball off the man. Her method against method is a baby bjorn, gray-blue in a blue-black dive. I can't not get next to you, she says, in rubbed breath, whose expiration politics demands, to which the arts and sciences aspire, as

resistances.

photopos

with Zoe Leonard'nem

The question always entails living in the world, but Stockhausen's musical habitat or Dubuffet's plastic habitat do not allow the differences of inside and outside, of public and private, to survive. They identify variation and trajectory, and overtake monadaology with a "nomadology". Music has stayed at home; what has changed now is the organization of the home and its nature.

Gilles Deleuze, *The Fold*

There is nothing inherently unpleasant or nasty about a dissonance: insofar as any chord can be said to be beautiful outside of the context of a specific work of music, some of the most mellifluous are dissonances. They are even to most ears more attractive than consonances, although in one respect less satisfying: they cannot be used to end a piece or even a phrase (except, of course, if one wants to make an unusual effect of something incomplete, broken off in the middle)

It is precisely this effect of ending, this cadential function, that defines consonance. A dissonance is any musical sound that must be resolved, i.e., followed by a consonance: a consonance is a musical sound that needs no resolution, that can act as the final note, that rounds off a cadence. Which sounds are to be consonances is determined at a given historical moment by the prevailing musical style, and consonances have varied radically according to the musical system developed in each culture... It is not, therefore, the human ear or nervous system that decides what is a dissonance...A dissonance is defined by its role in the musical "language," as it makes possible the movement from tension to resolution which is at the heart of what may be generally called expressivity.

Charles Rosen, *Arnold Schoenberg*

We who are out of sync can't help but be committed to sequence. This promise is constant rupture. The photograph worries us, in this regard, which is shaped by regard and its impossible desires. As images succeed one another, something is supposed to come from them—in the stillness we impose upon them and take away from them—rather than their mobilization. Movement is tainted by stillness and what it's 'posed to distill in us, for us. Does seriality have to align itself with the vulgarity of the timeline, which is held in the sterile fetishization of the singular? Or is there something in or to such vulgarity (an eloquence, an obscure disorder) that one must hold and be held by precisely so that one can't be? These questions won't quite be a bass line, a periodic table of displacement whose preparation is ritually provided by we who get at the bottom of things, where neither the individual nor its opposite can be found. Is seriality antithetical to the pointillistic circularity Mingus'n'em enact or act out or act out of, over the line of music's punctuation? The time of the bass line is spread out, folded, then spread out again, like a realistic sheet. Maybe the contact sheet is music, disquiet offered in very cleft, as crease's trace and foldshade and every shape a cave somewhere, somewhere in a serially whole new shape, mobile punctum moving emptiness through a troubled home, phonic aftershock and anticipatory aural depression keeping airborne repetition underground. But few ever really look at this music. Whoever do become nonlocal, saying, "You see, I am here after all," then saying it again, though always, when they be saying that, here be gone, I gone after it, here and I emergent, after all, in the wake of all's facticity, in pursuit of its subsequent countlessness. What's an image—or a sheet or a show or a page or a pavilion full of images—got to do with the incalculable? What's seriality got to do with all? That's a bend of questions for Zoe Leonard, philosopher of the sequence out of sync.

We been so worried by the gap between what we want from the photograph and what we want from photography that we started wondering if all this phonography, hidden in plain sight's plainsong, is mere ambience. Is the hum in view in picture just surround sound? It would be cool if the background that allows photographic representation to take place were aural. What if it's the sound of the falls displacement, when italics visualize, in *This is where I was*, the mistophonic hush wash over postcard liturgy? Then the tain is unattainable background noise and that less restrictive notion of background sure is nice. Restrictive not just in the sense of constrained to describe a still obscure mental faculty, but more precisely in the sense of submitting to the very idea of ground while it's subverted, flooding how it's vulnerable to the very "representations" for whom it is a precondition. We want an aural, auratic background that's pierced and held, possessed and dispossessed, structured by self-enjoyment and self-sacrifice. We want to want a troubled, textured, nasty, nastic, gnostic background; a grooving, mangrovic background with an extra edge; a sequential moan that breaks because it's broke. We want how we want to see hum in plane and hear it sound through sound and feel it taste the verb and spread in grind and blur and blue in green and tossed not in between. It's not that the analytic of seriality demands the eclipse of any given photo's singularity; it's that analysis of any given photo's singularity manifests an already given seriality without beginning or end. What if photography—even in the brightest intensities of its righteous and altogether necessary and proper documentary fury—is nothing but this practice of forgiveness? Photography's continual, contactual postdatedness is present when the photograph is gone. The photograph forebears. Photography refrains. They swirl and loosen, move through line, corrode in lotion, picture. See? Seriality is dissonant rub, immanence made fluid by fluid till mist arise like music. All this album, all that beauty, charts a diving, hiding, river.

Cheryl Dunye and Zoe Leonard found the meta/physical force of one ain't there—not in the portrait's capacity to give voice but in sounding's revelation of portraiture's essential anarchy. Nowhere in the arkcave, down here neither here nor there, out there all held in exile, our measure the measureless bottom of a measureless fall, we study visiting. Photography takes us in tore-up stride, as the atmosphere thin sculpture shapes with thick inscription—a plain, profane, unworldly coil of accent kneaded on the belly of some water. We walk around it till we find ourselves walking in it after we lose our selves. As an atmosphere for the misplacement of things, photography is an instrument for making findings in loss. Having heard the passionate variety of all that thickness from all up under home, lifted up over the sfumy phonograph, transmitted in migrant studios, dubbed in mobile study, an instrumental envelope evades monitoring and confounds prediction. Our atmospheric condition is chronic, Miss Carter, but the appositional intensities, knowledge spread out in buffeted intimacy woulda been one come after that but can't quite get where we at, after all. Then, underneath the surface we keep scoring, we keep saying all we're left with is some pictures.

Image can't quite take place in the world. It might take place through the world, but then it wouldn't quite take place. Take place can't quite get at the appreciation. We hear you talk through image through the world in handing can't quite grasp itself. Can't quite get it but it can let go where come and go displace and skip, barrage, barad, burrage in study. Last night the meeting *gave* place is what I'm trying to say. See? It sounds like an image that restores the earth, which the world destroys, by giving place away. Water falls like a tree's embrace of fencing, which is cared for in a photograph's caress. That tree, which is here after all, ain't quite here no more, or less, can't quite, let's go.

Wonder if what it is to help somebody along the middle of the way is this quantum strangeness of the photograph? Look how it propels itself, along the path it is, toward the sun, material placelessness it bears. See how she takes us through? This movement, this layer what it is to be moving, which still makes movement through the photograph, sound like what lovers look like: not wind drawn but tore down, tangled up as thorns in number, crying through every rub they crave, somebody saying they did it to themselves. Endlessly in the middle of the way to and from itself, the tree enlarged itself through itself through chain link, saying to itself, why you rend me, swoon, when limb been gone to meeting?

Art and ethics derive from one another. They drive through one another. Zoe is an anchoress and seamstress. The photograph is divine sewing. Showing is not those shows on the wall. Sometimes we say a show reveals. Showing is modest practice in devotion. Sewing makes a habit of serving. Morning in Alaska, we say, is like mourning in New York and moaning in Philadelphia.

When you're attuned to your attunement to scarring, then you're on your way. A way of walking down the street in Germantown, or the Lower East Side, that corresponds to the making of a trail on the outskirts of Eagle. A way in and out of noplacé, for those who thought of making (it) somewhere—local surrealism's frayed locale, unmade in a way of seeing we made, so we could stay there. What seeing? Sewing, inseparably. See? Here's the thing photography always shows: that seeing and separation are inseparable. We notice morning is gone, and death shows up like this in Zoe, vis à vis the fracture she reveals in sewing, thereby showing us to sharp inseparability. This comes through sculptural displacement, the swarm and scatter of slow smokelessness, its path-breaking derangements, putting things together that been together, putting one foot in front of the other in that way that walking through burning to shine lets flesh, which cannot be, be serial, which pictures of moving bear, like the uncanny establishment of the fact of free fall really being, surreptitiously, absolute materiality's—or, sociological matter's—flight from being and embodiment, like a river taking bent advantage of the chance to get away from itself for a little while. What if Zoe is the name we give to ζωή, the practice of ethereal waterfalling?

William Corbett calls it “city nature,” this fateful, communal differentiation that streets and rivers share. Zoe has faith in that, shows it that way, recognizing, too, that the city and the woods are an arkhive—blood on the vine, blood at the root, abuzz in bloody blossoming, moved in the chained removal of trees full of swarmy dreams. They work in the wake of the living, too, for whom we care if we care for the dead, sharp as John Keene and keen as Christina Sharpe in the play of redaction and annotation. Retraction spells notation. Refraction notices, undocuments, denotes and detonates and tear shit up and scratch it out—displace the story of displacement with some late, arkcadent abreaction. Is this how blackness works in Zoe Leonard; or how it works through Zoe Leonard in Cheryl Dunye; or how Fae Richards works the long night lounge? Dig in your own displacement and live there. Dive there. Sound that. That’s the general principle and the periodic feel of how a photograph, or what is photographed, is neither here nor there, past picturing. O, the baroque and broken foldedness of this black *notando*! Come index edgelessness, spray stain and strain, off, late, ahead, time’s serially celebrated (Billie) Holiday, which the bar line’s soft, brutal standardization could only stay, and only for a minute. If redaction is anamensural, and anvitruvian as her arm bend, then photography, if we look closely enough at the close looking it requires and allows, is the glisten and quickness that broken surface brings. Deep water runs from stillness, and that’s the flight and sound we come upon, moving through it when we move around it, cyclically, pensively, in contour, as social curve. See? This gift is all but blinding.

Earth is dynamic and uncut from its surround, a difference we bear and save in its bearing of our motive dislocation, like a gaitless gait or some Gatemouth Brown, Nate Mackey says.

The exoteric indigeneity of the archive.

We tried so hard to remember what hadn't happened that we started remembering what we were doing right now. Our presence became parietal. Everything folded, creasing, in a kind of common and fugitive wakefulness, the remorselessness of things in their diffusive nothingness, radiant pigment set to flicker. An image of the image is a thing, being held in givenness, in being given away, in being held away in caressive handing. It's like bringing someone, for someone else, neither of whom you've ever met, both of whom you've always known, a mess of greens. Y'all look at one another, through one another, all y'all having been made up by the others for the others, and serially, out of sync and out of round, you say, "You see, I am here after all."

In search of black topographical existence, unheld by the liberal relay between epidemic and cure, care can only hold out for so long in segregation. So, you go northwest to mourn, restore some arc, flown from the world and its pictures back to earth. You find that landscape and cityscape show worked things, things booked in turning, but the move from image to image, does something else, too, materializing nothing. Disuse, not defuse, 'cause there's an explosion: the world ends with a buzzplained feel and pictures curl back underground. *Nota nere's* anaredactive force is given in counter-reductive flavor, that low liquor in which film is submerged like words in a bright obscurity of weather that circles out, after you walk around it from side to side, into fuzzy sharpening, edge broad and clean, thrown out and folded, so you can see what she sound like. It's an art of measured chant, calligraphic and post-crepuscular; a solfêgic ensemble of value's and the note's soft disarray, past where one can get to, showing where book and score don't quite go together like art and life won't quite come together, either. That's life, where catalogue and show just can't quite work it out. In steadfast dissonance from unison, like a preternatural garden, the distance is some fingertips, clap your hands just a little bit louder. Did Fae Richards ever sing a one-syllable word? Melisma troubles the singularity of the portrait like water. What remains is solicitous ligature when all is said and gone. You got to be attuned to the raggedy-ass situation, which ain't about an image of the one who's never there in the first place, or the ones who, in the lonely hour of the last instance, fall apart. One mo'gin let's call this endless wounding sequence. Can there be seriality without one, or (the first) place, or (the last) instance? We ain't from what never comes. We come from nothing that survives. That tilled hard row unslit when you look for the opening come find you, where the image disappears in the absent singing of a song called "Scrapbook," which works that old new way of folding we be folding, the never to be naturalized who always be denaturalizing home, as if we were a catastrophic precedent for what we want to want to want. Surrounded by it as we look at it sideways, having been invited by it to step aside and dance, it's the *musique concrète* of a photograph you might come upon, almost right now, almost right where you think you are, all but almost here and there, after all. We're held by what's out of this world, out of this world pulled over our eyes, where we can't live. In this regard, Zoe'n'em don't represent one's incapacity for inhabitation; they move as presences in movement sharing endless meetings, placing images and things in question, out of place; in sequence, out of sync.

southern pear trees

Reiteration won't
account for the continuous
exacerbation of shimmer,
elements showing (through)
themselves as other than
themselves, falling in this endless
and beginningless rubbing,
rubbing o , rubbing raw, bruising,
bruising sound,
sound falling off rom itself
to bruise itself in sounding,
falling, fallenness in foldedness,
in terrible fruitfulness, in
palimpsestic time, fallen off in
that or let to fall in rising, in
time piercing and terracing,
wasting, embracing, again and
again at a moment's notice gone
violently unnoticed, in the brutal
overlooking of our looking with,
in savage neglect of our caring,
which had to have been shown,
and seen, and sewn, and seen
through, and demonstrated.
Now, here we are in memory of
a miracle of remembering, to
prove the miracle and reprove its
murder, both of which appear in
sustained decay, in living driving
diving in favor of evading diving
into equilibrium, as duncan says
erwin says, as gregg says zoe says
lady says, as zora says janie says,
in sheaves of high-low curacy
and corrosive blossom, of stitch
and echo in caress, of how to
take care of loss and its refusal,
of how to let it hum and fade in
massage like a symphony of open
questions, like a sea dragon in
ashy pear, like a leaning spring,
like an everlasting
invitation to dance that cannot last,
for david.

sembalance

with The Otolith Group'nem

Beginning would have been outside. We tune up on how relation pre-exists itself, sets itself beside and before itself, as resemblance does to semblance as you know, in this sharp curve of calcareous plain you show, sawing and saying what you see and hear through me and you, y'all.

Is balance ours to have, or want? Sembalance.

An asymmetry of sēm, an upsetting of same, for some general flourishing. Such going off together **ain't** quite is or not, which shows up anaphorically, as a matter of hair and stone, semblance resembling but reassembling imbalance, which dance—that disability—requires. What's the difference between this elegant exudance in our ear that lets us see and our capacity to stylize the derivation of position from position till position is undone, or at least apposed, in hyperkinetic blur? Our critical disposition toward deposition is exudance, in honor of making movement's airy densities, as if white cliffs were migration's residue.

As if Codona were killers of sheep, Stein balancing Burnett in keeping us off stride, falling's ongoing all but falling in the balance of movement making unamerican living in the music out from being and nonbeing, as no one's disorderly history.

The sun is remade in the heat of stones, which is the negative fire of the light table: more and more I hear it when I see it they say, all the ways there are for people to be resembling in not being one, none and none assembling in the editing of shelter into other swings, a musician not the musician himself, the cineastes not themselves in being else and o , y'all, serving this preservational quality in solemnities of unevenness, in ceremonies of anasimilarity that cinema provides: the fiery preparation of the light table, which is a kind of sliding.

Repeating the whole of them in the hole of each one of them is ensemble, sembalance in consoling eye and ear in touch and slide on mixing, to be resembling and reassembling in nonaligning and lining out in festive blowing, in percussive breathing in aurora, in rapturous corona's flame and capture, that repeating always coming out in dance's flicker and combatterie of Collin, Don and Nana, and Colin Dayan and Marielle, through Marian and Arazi, with Kodwo and Anjali as anthology through ontology to sample, samizdat, samsara, seam. And seem and seme and Sanskrit. Criticism.

Criticism is empathic scarring.
Black thought is a feather brush of open switchblades.
Show me how to do like you.

This article comprises excerpts from the book:
Moten, F. (2019). *All that Beauty*. Letter Machine Editions.

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