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The Little Edges

Fred Moten

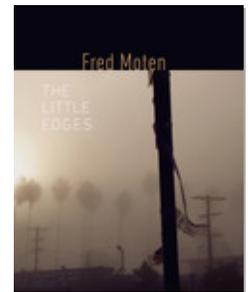
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hand up to your ear

(for you to find a way to sound and move, dont rhymes with robert's selmer like a plastic fuse, to blow out the emperor's
ambience with shouting in the theological desert of the city. you bring with you to galleries an echo of shipping, an avenue
warehouse, a river bea, and the prendergast machine is discipline against an echo of shopping, too much arrangement in
the head, susan's sound through store-bought power. that show of shows is a bill of lading, a business pleasure, and the
auctioneer's nervous run is overtaken by worn shadow, homeless ware is walking, the armory is walking away, some nervous
agent in the air)

Dont Rhine and Robert Sember 1.24.12/3.29.12

CAConrad, Amiri Baraka, Angela Davis, M. NourbeSe Philip 4.16-20.12

laurie prendergast and Susan Jahoda (diving) 5.5.12

You are a base community

Apprehend before the sound. The cargo, the brutalized openings, which also surround it, but only for a time that can't be measured, in permeance. It's an imprecision bordering on invasion to call this context, that

rapturous silence, shouting, composed in listening so we discompose ourselves in one another. Lose your

composure in repose, at rest, in descent, in the general murmur, a general antagonism of noise, the fugue of the absolutely poor, her gift of diving, her depressive largesse of lifting, in study, in series, her overlapped

happenings of attendance, lapsed concentricities, submerged cyphers, like a bunch of little churches and ballrooms with open doors.

You are the bottom

We care about each other so militantly, with such softness, that we exhaust ourselves, and then record, in the resonance of our slightly opened mouths, the sound of that, in the absence of the enemy that we keep making.

A disconnected movement, as if preoccupied, held already in the beautiful gathering afternoon, carried by one

another as one another's play mamas. Listen to the sound through one another's skin. Preserve the sound through membrane and water, to find our form in corresponding.

Your body is a mixing board

Come take a listening walk and admire your hand twisting. The listening is in watching how you move to touch in sounding, brushing up against your friend, to see how his position sounds to make the music we are making by moving the people moving around. Make soundworks out of rustling to notice the material that comes up on us, that we come upon, do something with. Do something with the sound like it's your friend, like you met her at the quadrophenic playground.

You are a child, in a club

One night in San Francisco, off the impeccable to fray nailed stud of a live black hawk, of the more and less than full divided air of a mystophone, through her divided air, o master of ceremonies miles, like a speaker in a whisper with a monster, say form a pit and brush somebody hand. Make a mix in violent rubbing till your work is gone. Make a prompt a foursquare then the squares collapse as separates but other than before till work is made to disappear to register its fields as present in the sound and its sources. Everybody brush somebody hand till work is gone to the alternate slam. How long can you sustain the foursquare? This is how to make little works just walking down the street, collaborating with the hand you brush, as shawls serrate the length of her arcade.

You want sensory issues

Curate the sound you make by jumping. Flap your hands before your eyes. In lengthening, become from another country. Imitate the movement but expel more air. Say this is your house and run a lap in it but dance with the air immediately around the ones who seem at home. Repeat a word or phrase, slightly louder, up three steps then down, like a color block in a Hoffman painting. For a minute say every letter of every word but slowly. Hold somebody hand up to your ear.

