



THINGS THE EYES
CAN'T SEE

the tools to interrupt the cycles of oppression and violence

"throat-clearing gesture"

the labor of living

an inescapable global design

The Morning Demons

keep faith

unat

get

My own effort is to try
have to be there when
the next storm. Storm

unexpected kinaesthemes forged
almost by accident where sounds
and words and scenes run into one
another where we always meet
Kathleen stewart lauren berlant
susan lepselter jason pine
stefano harney fred moten along
the fine line between legato and
two-hand finger tapping

somewhere between tina campt
listening to images and friend
collaborator self-described 'academic
wife' saidiya hartman performing
refusal refusing to perform and
françoise vergès multidimensionally
unpeeling the politics of the banana
across laurie anderson's language
virus and ariella azoulay's
rehearsals of disengagement for
potential history

learning degenerated ways to
publish
poetics of nonaction with
anne boyer
domesticity of performance
with giulia palladini
being in-difference with avery
gordon
indetermination with natassja
martin
and the bear
eloghosa osunde's text
sprinkled with joachim's links
if you were wearing my skin

mute
poem
us
listening
our books having conversations
squatting pages corners
sentences notes words
intonations
hammer-ons pull-offs cut-
throughs
not writing any shit
hanging out
together

all
still-moving images
in mute poem
are (un)owned
by noa&snow people

mute poem
materializes
the experience
of
reading
as
a place to be lots lost
to
(un)own with others

mutoy poem
is happily indebted
to the dys-léxique
developed within noa&snow
artistic research project
on the (mis)choreographic forces
of poetry
main dealer alix eynaudi
with quim pujol and paula caspão
as co-re-se-ar-chers

mainmalmise
not in hand
out of hand
not in good hands

mute poem materializes
the experience
of reading as a social space
we have been living through
in the frame of noa&snow
with alix eynaudi with quim
pujol with joachim hamou
with valentina desiderì

a way of feeling through others
a feel for feeling others feeling you

Books, like people and their ecologies,
are not complete. They are part of the
matter of life, which is always undergo-
ing a process of de/composition. A de-

hanging out with books
and their friends

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