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Sharpe wrote: "It was not better to leave her as I found her; in my reading and praxis of wake work, I have tried to position myself with her, in the wake; 'Alabama' becomes something more than beautiful tribute or memorial. In this performance, manipulation for musical time is a praxis of sitting with. Of sitting together. Across time, through time.

This climactic ending, I argue, is representative of two kinds of temporal rupture. First, the death of Jane and her discovery that she is single moment Second is that rupture of which Christine Sharpe speaks when she writes, "In the wake, the text that is not the past refuses, always, to rupture the present."¹⁰ The past that is not past, the looming disaster of the "past" that cannot be put behind us, is a rupture that depicts that temporal rupture – to create a dialogue and for the text in Birmingham – as Jane, a kind of "not just work." I posit this striking with in death is a spatial relationship, sitting next to, dispirited – but not as it can happen even much later after that death. So, Christine positions herself alongside the other to demonstrate care for the girls.

[illegible]

"The drumset begins a swing pattern, the pedals unspaced chords, and the bass begins a more mated, walking pattern. The solo here has many of the same melodic contours and figures as the opening section, but Coltrane performs them with a more structured rhythm. Eventually a moment of silence shifts us back into a slightly variation of the opening 'speech time.' Soon, the transition material from before comes back, but this time it leads us somewhere unexpected."

This first sound creates what is called speech onset, which is the unfolding of sound as recognized by an ear. The sound is not yet a word, but the long, winding path of the sound's energy, like a river, winds through the vocal tract, and radiating energy on the way from the mouth. The sound is not yet a word, but the energy is contained within an octave, the frequency range most sensitive to the ear. The sound is not yet a word, but the energy is contained within an octave, the frequency range most sensitive to the ear. The sound is not yet a word, but the energy is contained within an octave, the frequency range most sensitive to the ear.

John Williams, an Alabama man with a strong temporal rhythm, died on the night of the four great cities in Birmingham, 1965, one month after the death of Luther King Jr. on a subway at the heart of the four great cities in Birmingham. And he lived to hear the piece again, a series of musical forms, and he lived to hear the piece again, a series of musical forms, and he lived to hear the piece again, a series of musical forms. Williams' sense of time—what he sometimes described as "musical time"—was a series of musical forms, and he lived to hear the piece again, a series of musical forms, and he lived to hear the piece again, a series of musical forms. Williams' sense of time—what he sometimes described as "musical time"—was a series of musical forms, and he lived to hear the piece again, a series of musical forms, and he lived to hear the piece again, a series of musical forms.

Christian Sharpe writes, 'the damage could suddenly reappear now, to fracture the present. In the wake, broiling—constantly posing a threat to the present. In the wake of slavery, the past is dynamic and treacherous, not a static backdrop. The past is not dead, the past that is not past reappears, always, to rupture the present.' For four little girls in Birmingham, Alabama in September of 1963, anti-blackness and the alternatives of slavery caused a fatal rupture: an explosion, a crack, a break in the normative progress of life from childhood to old age.

Carol Robertson, a fourteen-year-old black girl from Birmingham, Alabama, should have performed in her first high school band concert on September 16, 1963. The previous morning, a group of white supremacists' angry about the racial integration of Birmingham City City Schools placed dynamite at the back of Sixteenth Street Baptist Church. Instead of playing that band concert, Carol was murdered alongside three other young girls whose families attended the church: Addie Mae Collins, Cynthia Wesley, and Denise Mc-Nair.

The universe did not unfold in perfect cadence. It stuttered, a fractured symphony of collapsed empires and lost echoes, drifting across the Galactic Fringe. Here, where time unraveled at the edges, the last remnants of humanity wove their existence in the spaces between the beats.

The stars pulsed in asynchronous harmony, their light reaching the last remnants of humanity scattered across the Galactic Fringe. Time was no longer a linear progression but a fugue of forgotten rhythms, distorted and rearranged. The ship—an artifact of a vanished empire—floated through the void, neither past nor present, caught in the syncopation of uncounted ages.

Sora pressed her fingers against the cold, translucent interface of the observation deck, feeling the soft hum of the ship's heart reverberate beneath her skin. She was once an architect of time, shaping the measured flow of history for the Council of Eternity. Now, she was an exile, a fugitive moving to a rhythm the universe had tried to erase. The vessel, a relic from a forgotten empire, drifted through the sonic void—a lull between the beats of history.

She turned to Cassiel, who sat cross-legged, tuning the fractured harmonics of an ancient quantum tube. A former composer of time itself, he had once ensured the universe adhered to its ordained structure. But he had heard too much, felt the strain of suppressed notes beneath the imposed melody. Each pluck of the strings shattered the silence, sending ripples through the synthetic atmosphere. They had spent lifetimes together, folding in and out of temporal pockets, their love refracted through the kaleidoscope of endless time loops and eroded civilizations. And yet, in the spaces between the beats of eternity, they found each other.

The rhythm is broken," Cassiel murmured, his voice a sonorous whisper, distorted by the ship's failing translation modules. "The canon was never meant to hold."

Sora traced the invisible patterns in the air—sound waves materializing into fragmented glyphs. They flickered, unstable, the remnants of a language erased by time. “The offbeats,” she mused, “were always our

way forward. The dissonance is our only truth.

The words stuttered. A pause. A syncopation of breath.

Across the galactic rift, the echoes of a long-lost symphony reached them—a song of rebellion against the determinism of the Council of Eternity. For centuries, time had been orchestrated in perfect cadence: Empires rose and fell with mathematical precision, entire histories composed and recomposed in an unyielding loop. But the forgotten, the marginalized—the discarded notes in the universal score—had begun to sing in frequencies imperceptible to the Eternalists.

The lovers had once been part of the great machine, architects of stability in a universe of calculated fate. But they had listened too closely, heard the resonance of the ones deemed out of sync, those who pulsed against the imperial structure, those who whispered in languages that defied translation. Voices that did not march, but broke, splintered, reshaped. And so they had fled, seeking refuge in the liminal zones between epochs, where sound and space bled into one another.

"Do you regret leaving?" Cassiel asked, his hands hesitating over the lute's fractured frame.

Sora smiled, reaching for his fingers, lacing them with her own. "I regret only that it took us so long to hear."

As the ship drifted through the threshold of an unnamed nebula, the sonic fabric of the universe trembled. A new rhythm emerged—not a march, nor a decree, but a syncopated harmony of voices long silenced. Their love was no longer an aberration within the predetermined order; it was the heartbeat of a future unwritten, a pulse in the void, a song not yet composed but already resonating in the spaces between the stars.

The Galactic Empire had composed the melody, but they—the offbeats, the dissonant, the unheard—would write the next movement.

Inspired by Isaac Asimov

Ciel Fu

5. right to land, right to party

How to listen to the mixtape 'right to land, right to party':

Two themes are very present in my research: the right to land—to live with dignity—and the right to play—to live with lightness. A great excuse to give sound to these thoughts is the mixtape *direito à terra, direito à festa*, created in January 2024⁶, in which I was able to take a journey—both real and imaginary—through promised, dominated, reclaimed, dense, and festive territories, through reggae, jazz, experimental, and soul.

"We have the right to territory, to land. Various parts of my history tell that I have the right to the space I occupy in the nation. And that's what Palmares² was saying at that moment: I have the right to the space I occupy within this system, within the nation, within this geographic boundary."³ With this phrase, Beatriz Nascimento opens the first part of the mixtape and anticipates the urgency of land as a foundation. Her voice echoes the historical struggle for belonging and autonomy, reminding us that, from the perspective of the Black experience in Brazil, we have the right to belong to this or to any land.

The relationship between these two themes is complex and full of nuances, depending on each specific context, historical background, and challenges. However, one thing is certain: land and party are two presence-claims of Black life, whether in the diaspora or in Africa. Owning land, especially for those to whom it was previously denied, can be a powerful source of joy. It represents security, independence, and the ability to build a life, a community, or a legacy on one's own terms. Similarly, being able to celebrate means keeping the spiritual connection alive. Partying implies joy, rest, gathering, and revolution, as it is where ideas come together and multiply freely through space.

"Sometimes I think that every black like me just wants a piece of land in the countryside, their own, with no luxury, barefoot, swimming in a stream, without hunger, picking fruit straight from the branch,"⁴ sings Racionais MC's at the opening of the second part of the mixtape. Party also comes from the ability to rejoice in life's ordinary moments and what the land provides. That's why I'm so interested in diggin' through radical observations in the city, in the streets, in emancipatory dreams, and in the revolutionary practices of thinkers—to create and analyze polyphonic spatial histories.⁵

"Joy carries everything," the voice that closes this sonic journey warns us. So stay alert, because if you listen about joy, a revolution is to come², the opposite is also true. The curation of this mixtape is based on facts and stimuli from different languages and sources—from conversations with friends to readings, exhibitions, and personal productions carried out between 2022 and 2023. These two hours of selection reveal my desire to remind us that we have never stopped fighting, but we must never forget the vital vibration that sustains us through celebration.

To fight and to party, to celebrate while fighting!
Above all, I wish that land may never be taken from us
again, so that our lives may hover joyfully and dance
freely upon it.

6. Playlist: Hyperzinc

hyperznc is a mix that resists canonization—capturing the fast, the loud, the raw. From the techno of Detroit's Black underground to Jersey Club's frantic bounce, from the defiant ballroom beats of New York's voguing scene to Tu Hai EDM electrifying Asia's new wave, this mix weaves diverse soundscapes to reflect on club music as rebellion, and the club as a site for alternative community-making, cultural resistance, and nonconformist expression.



DLR:00 (Yiru Wu)

7. Lecture Reception Drink Reviews

A committed lecture attendee and seasoned drinker reviews the weekly drink choice at YSoA's lecture reception.

WHISKEY, WARMTH, AND BITTER(S)
1/9/25

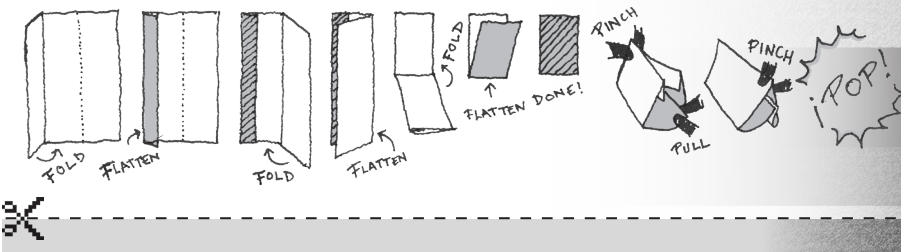
From our hometown of Rudolph paws, it was easy to feel camaraderie with the Tuskegee Chapel, especially after the charming and warm lecture by Kwesi Daniels and Helen Brown Bechtel's introduction to the new gallery exhibition. This warmth continued onto the second floor, where the whiskey-basted cocktail of the evening welcomed everyone back to the new semester. While the new gallery layout was still under construction for the first semester, the new exhibitions made up for this in giving us new things to look at and copy for our studio projects this semester. The drink, featuring a duff of Kentucky and Tennessee whiskey and celebrating black-owned distillery Uncle Nearest, was served on the rocks but left a very warm feeling in the stomach on the cold January night. I give this week's cocktail and its ending of many dry Januaries 3.5 out of 5 stars.

REMixING THE CLASSICS

1/30/25

It's hard to mess up a gin and tonic. While criticized by some on the way out of Hastings Hall for being a basic choice for an architect that is anything but basic, I would argue that the gin-tonics served in Benedetta Tagliabue honor its title. With peppercorn, juniper berries, and a dash of tonic added to Italian gin, the drink was elevated from a standard G&T (especially the ones you can order at Heidelberg or Gryphon's) to what EMBT's work, always hits the spot. Benedetta aims to make architecture to make people feel better or to make better people, and while I can certainly not a better person for drinking three (or four) cocktails at reception, I can confidently say I did feel better for having one do, at least for the evening. While most gin and tonics are a solid 3 stars, I give the Spanish and Italian inspired version from tonight a 4 out of 5.

8. As if sorrow is downloaded from the cloud twice



In the year of 2015, when Sandee Chan (陳慧妮) released her album 如同悲傷被下載了兩次, which I loosely translate as As if sorrow had been downloaded from the cloud twice, I immediately knew that this would become the name of the playlist I want played at my funeral.

I am not sure how the idea of assembling a playlist for your own funeral will be perceived—pessimistic? pretentious? and I am definitely going out of my way here, as talking about death is a major taboo in my Chinese upbringing. But in our current technological era, isn't it also as common as writing your own will?

Jack Halberstam's *In a Queer Time and Place* explores the ways queer and transgender individuals experience time, space, and life trajectories differently from heteronormative expectations. The linear progression from childhood to adulthood, career, marriage, and reproduction do not necessarily apply to queer lives. This is such a fascinating lens. I reached adulthood before I experienced puberty. I loved people in an adolescent way when I was 27, and perhaps, I had already died before I knew how to live. This queer body, in this queer time and space, dances to distorted tunes in an unpredictable life.

My dear friends, my working playlist probably doesn't escape the tarjanker stereotype. All of me is singing to you with my imperfect pitch. If you happen to outlive me, I think we would both enjoy this one-way sonic communication. You might remember when I called you after watching DeVotchKa's 20-year anniversary show in SoHo, where everyone cried to How It Ends. Show me your silly dance moves before my queer corpse biologically decays, sing back to me, as if sorrow had been downloaded from the cloud twice.

O-Sheng, Feb 12, 2025

Playlist

00-As if sorrow had been downloaded from
the cloud twice
By: O-sheng
15 songs, 1hr 16 min

Track 1: To Build a Home – Patrick Watson/The Cine
matic Orchestra (6:10)

Track 2: Til Death – Barcelona (5:19)

Track 3: The O.A. Main Theme – Geek Music (1:16)

Track 4: Saturn – Sleeping At Last (4:49)

Track 5: Run Ruled the Crawling – Agnes Obel (4:24)

Track 6: End Space – Beach House (5:20)

Track 7: How it Ends – DeVotchKa (6:50)

Track 8: Wait – M83 (5:43)

Track 9: 塵空の詩 – 秋葉風 (5:02)

Track 10: Daubalagon – Sigur Rós (6:36)

Track 11: New World! – DeVotchKa (5:14)

Track 12: 未だ及ばず – Sandee Chen (5:16)

Track 13: Kettering – The Anifers (5:17)

Track 14: Always a Stranger – Tindersticks (5:57)

Track 15: 我々は生きている想念 – Sandee Chen (3:22)



Shengyu Cai

FE ROUTES

2/6/25
This review is for the white wine drinkers at reception. Make no mistake, the cocktail this week was excellent – in Andrew's words "a bouquet of flavors" with floral, gin, notes of ginger, celery, lemon, rosemary, and spearmint – I give it five stars. But in the spirit of Beck's lecture, I want to celebrate the option to drink a non-arranged cocktail every week. Safety and choice to play or not to play, rules we all agree on and can lose ourselves within, are the things that make a space welcoming and create community. While for myself the white wine is what to resort to when the cocktail runs out, its role in reception (along with the mocketal du jour) is important to give everyone the ability to play in the way that best works for them. While it might only be a 2.5 star wine, its reliability as a safe alternative is a 4.5 stars.

Natalie Fox

9. TLV? Soft Skin Deserves Tenderness?

I went to the beach. Lately, I had been going there often, whenever my thoughts started circling, folding in on themselves with no way out. The last time I had been there, I was consumed by thoughts of having OCD. My mind had turned against me, taken your side, moving in endless loops, suffocating me. And it was all triggered by you.

You canceled our plans after I had spent a week planning. That morning, I had woken up excited to work, washed my car, and thought about where to take you for dinner. But then you canceled, again. The news came suddenly, simply, as if it were something small, unimportant. And I was left with an intense anxiety that led me back to that same beach. The waves rolled in and out, the same motion, the same sound. Nothing changed, but nothing stopped either.

It was just meters away from where we had shared our first real kiss. But that was only a fact, it had no real weight. Instead of spiraling downward, I found myself observing humans being humans on a cold and beautiful beach day.

A woman sat alone. She was beautiful, probably Russian. She took off her sweater, revealing a thin frame with pale skin, marked by a symmetric scar that looked like it came from a medical surgery. I could help but wonder what had happened and when. I thought about how strange it was that we can break open and then heal. As I continued to observe her scar my thoughts drifted to your skin. One morning, while we were cuddling in my bed, you were still asleep, and I was mesmerized by your hand. Your skin was so beautiful, so soft, covered in freckles that spread everywhere, uneven, yet forming their own kind of synopicated rhythm. A pattern without order, yet somehow complete. It was delicate, as if it had never endured the hardships of your past. I touched it slowly knowing that if you ever stayed, I would always treat it with care. When skin is that soft, it deserves nothing but tenderness.

Suddenly, I remembered being bullied by a guy two years older than me in ninth grade. He was a redhead like you, but he looked nothing like a winner. In fact, he bullied everyone around him, and I had had enough. I told my friend I was going to hit him because I couldn't take his unfair treatment of me and others anymore. My friend laughed and said I didn't stand a chance. They claimed that redheads had stronger bones than others, that was why they were so tough.

It all made sense to me now. I had been deceived by your exterior, thinking that a body with skin as soft as yours could never hurt me. But I forgot about what lay beneath the surface. And in the end, I did not stand a chance.

All that was left was the sound of the waves, coming and going, pulling the sand and letting it go. It went on like that, without stopping, without rest.

Yuval Yadlin