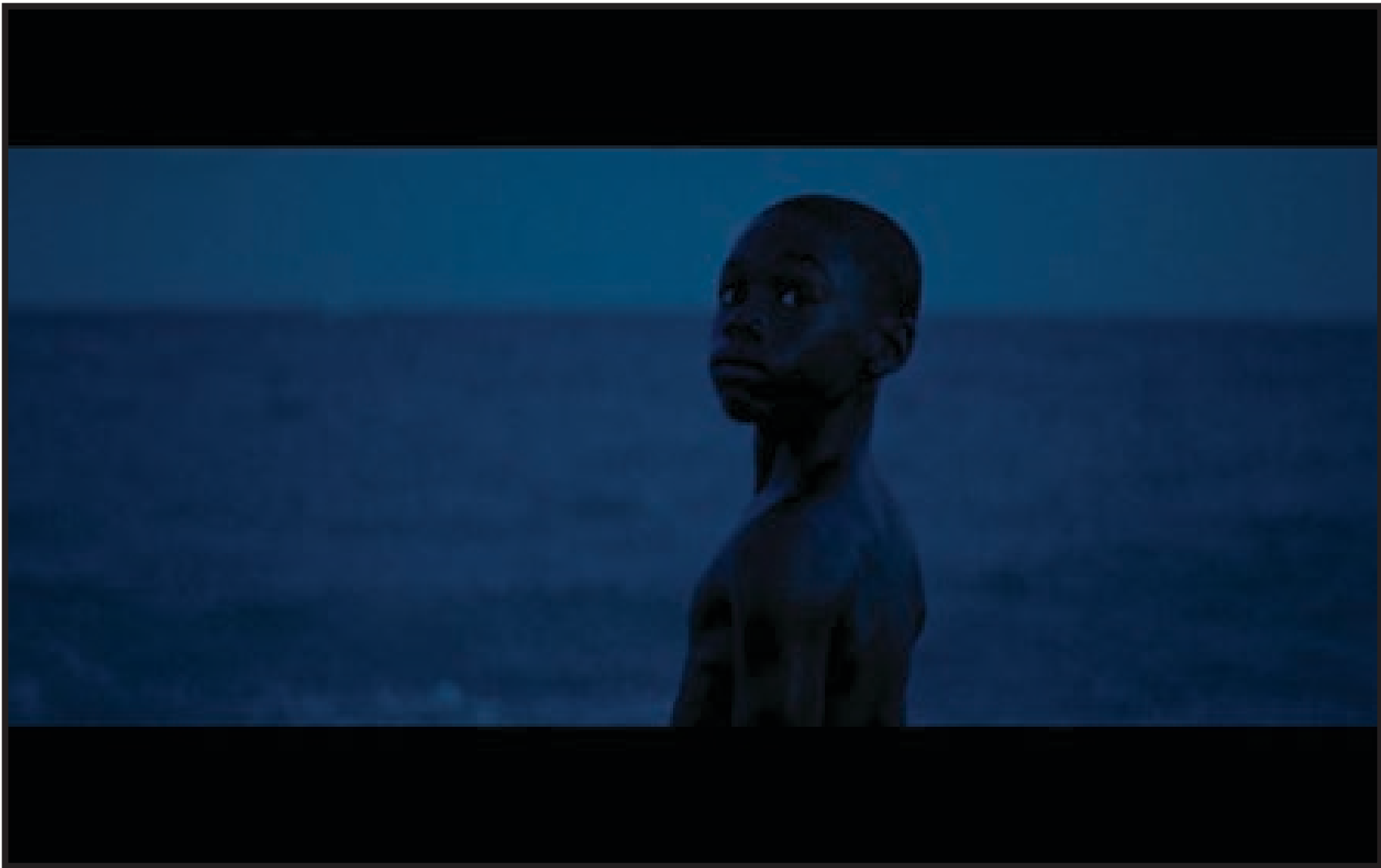


MOONLIGHT (DIRECTED BY BARRY JENKINS, 2016, A24, PASTEL, AND PLAN B ENTERTAINMENT), FRAME GRAB.



To Erotically Know: The Ethics and Pedagogy of *Moonlight*

DAREN FOWLER

Barry Jenkins's *Moonlight* (2016) has something to teach us through its efforts to show how to engage vibrant images of a gay black kid coming of age and coming to terms. *Moonlight*'s images and narrative have rightly been praised for providing nuanced and complicated representation to the underrepresented. The film gives space and care to its main character, Chiron, as he navigates his community's poverty, his mother's addiction, and his own queerness. The concern for suspension that propels this issue is, in part, a concern for bringing care and love to the study of blackness and its aesthetic forms. Alessandra Raengo, the founder of *liquid blackness*, frames suspension as an ethical move—to suspend is to lift up, to hold, to unburden, but also to contain, to freeze, and to scientifically, chemically collect. Suspension lingers in the liminal

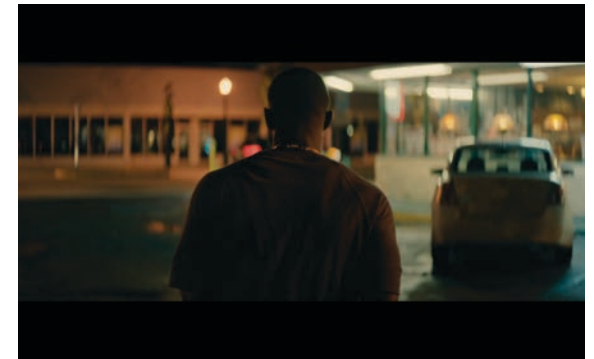
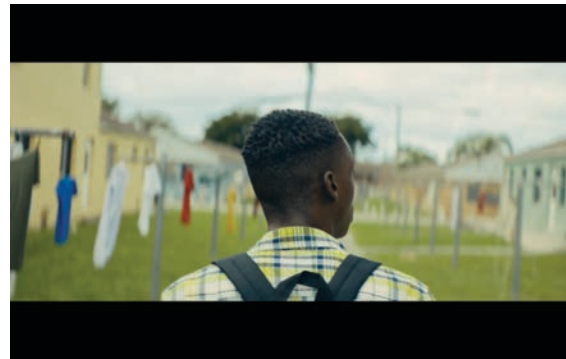
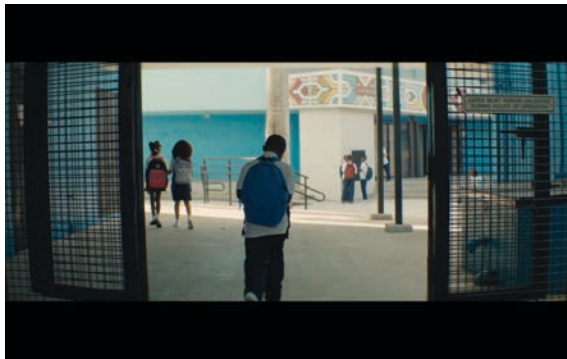
space between love and domination; an aesthetics of suspension points to the ways images, bodies, spaces, and times linger with, for, and as each other—an ethics of relation. The aesthetics at the forefront of this journal issue pose the questions of what is being suspended and how that suspension occurs. Suspension functions as a culmination of sorts for *liquid blackness*, especially considering the previous two issues and their concerns with the “study” and “love” of blackness. In issue five, *Passing Through Film: The Arts and Politics of the Jazz Ensemble*, Larry Clark's *Passing Through* (1977) necessitated a different mode of study. Clark and his film deny the freeze frame style of film scholarship where an image is captured, frozen, and contained so that it can be analyzed and picked apart. As Lauren M. Cramer argues in her essay for that issue, Clark's film “is about movement, connectivity, and scale—

TO CONSIDER THE LOVE OF BLACKNESS AS AN ONTOLOGICAL QUESTION IS TO GIVE WEIGHT AND NECESSITY TO BLACKNESS AS AN ONTOLOGICAL QUESTION FOR LOVE.

there must be room to pass through, and this passing through should not be interrupted.”¹ Cramer argues for a mode of close analysis oriented toward movement that embraces the fluidity of filmic images and the lives they are representing and imagining. She deploys not singular frames, but a horizontal filmstrip-like collection of images that attempt to preserve the movement and change that film as a medium makes possible and in which Clark’s film thrives. Cramer’s proposition, and the guiding premise

for issue five, was to theorize Fred Moten and Stefano Harney’s “Black Study” for film, to ask what it means to study black film and how such study might be undertaken. What was being offered was a mode of being with, as Moten and Harney argue, a process of thinking alongside blackness in its open, lived, fluid, and filmic possibilities.² Moten also oriented the concerns for the sixth issue of *liquid blackness: Black Ontology and the Love of Blackness*. In Arthur Jafa’s *Dreams are colder*

than Death (2013), Moten asks “Can black people be loved? Not desired, not wanted, not acquired, not lusted after...Can blackness be loved?”³ As Raengo writes in that issue’s introduction, of central concern are “the repercussions of approaching the ontology of blackness from the point of view of death rather than the point of view of life. Said otherwise, what is the ontology of black lives, when they are so thoroughly wrapped in an atmospheric anti-blackness?”⁴ I do not want to recount



TRIPTYCH 1. *MOONLIGHT* (DIRECTED BY BARRY JENKINS, 2016, A24, PASTEL, AND PLAN B ENTERTAINMENT), FRAME GRABS.

the ontological questions parsed in that issue, however; instead, what strikes me as crucial, and why I have opened with this seeming detour through *liquid blackness's* past, is that to consider the love of blackness as an ontological question is to give weight and necessity to blackness as an ontological question *for* love. Which is to say, I view the work of *liquid blackness* over at least the previous two issues as a thorough, experimental dive into theorizing how we as theorists and people in

the world come to know, care, and fight for and with blackness. The research group has posed study and love as terms for reconsidering how and where blackness is confronted by academics, artists, and activists—that is, an ethical declaration for the centrality and necessity of blackness and its aesthetic liquidity in the world.

The purpose for this brief reflection on *liquid blackness* is to offer a frame for how I understand the terms for the current issue on the aesthetics

of suspension. As I wrote in the opening of this essay, suspension exists in a liminal space between care and domination, and to turn toward such a term and the aesthetics it can produce is to turn toward ethics once more. I propose suspension as a continuation and culmination of that ethical project. Suspension offers not a new mode of seeing, but a new practice of being with and caring for. It is a mode of black aesthetic possibilities that does in motion what *liquid blackness*

has been theorizing—a praxis for the ethics of black liquidity. And I see *Moonlight* as offering one of the most cogent and affectively impactful demonstrations of what an aesthetic of suspension can visualize and open for film while also presenting a pedagogy for caring, holding, and loving (queer) blackness without containing, suffocating, and freezing its vital movements.

Within this frame of an aesthetic of suspension, I finally turn in earnest to *Moonlight*. Barry Jenkins's *Moonlight* follows the coming-of-age story of Chiron (alternately called Little in part one and Black in part three). *Moonlight* thus exists as a triptych: three sections work to imagine three Chirons. And like a triptych, the dividing lines between the three stories and worlds are blurred with characters, settings, and moods lingering in the harsh black screens that separate each

movement. Chiron is a young black kid from Miami whom we first see around eight years old as a blur of color (his black skin standing out against his white polo) being chased by three other kids. In part two, we see him again as a thin and lanky teenager barely in the frame, as his bully, Terrell, berates Chiron over whether it is his “time of the month.” In part three, a twenty-something Chiron has transformed, his body Adonis-like; he stands in a kitchen lit in blue light as the camera stares at his muscled back with his face hidden and stretched into the freezer. Each Chiron stands as an outgrowth of what came before—what the viewer has been shown and what the viewer has been denied. Each part of the film (i. Little; ii. Chiron; iii. Black) seeps into the next, though rarely with images; more often, this intermingling of parts is enacted by the affective and narrative remains of what came before and

the haunting of what is to come.

This sense of haunting is one of the critical poles in Arzu Karaduman's essay, also included in this issue. Karaduman and I are drawn to the ways the film holds and protects Chiron from the world he lives in and the world in which the film is made visible (i.e., recognized and deemed valuable). In her essay, “‘Hush-hush, I Will Know When I Know’: Post-black Sound Aesthetics in *Moonlight*,” *Moonlight*'s “suspension of synchronization” between sound and image is key. For example, a scream from Chiron's mother begins the end of part one and marks the beginning of part three; this suspension produces a rift between the violent shaming of the mother's (and the world's) disdain and the film's need to protect and care for Chiron and his queer blackness. As Karaduman argues, the aesthetic work of rupturing aurality contains

and holds Chiron's queerness away from queer shame until he finds a path otherwise and, crucially for the pedagogical ethics of suspension, keeps the film from enacting a repetition of that shaming violence.

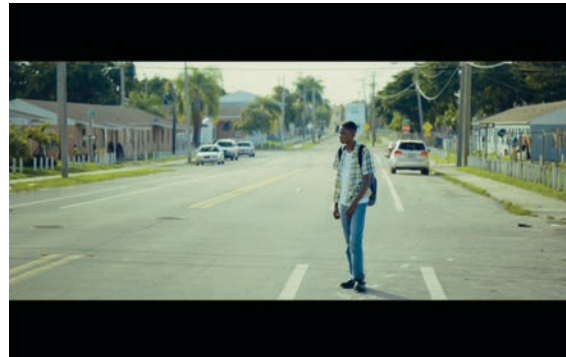
What is at stake for Karaduman and I, and why this issue turns multiply to *Moonlight*, is precisely this pedagogical potential in the film. The film aesthetically makes available and aesthetically teaches the viewer the love and care for queer blackness. And—like Cramer's development of an alternative mode of textual analysis that preserves the multiplicity and fluidity of the filmic jazz ensemble—to watch, know, and speak of *Moonlight* is not to consider a singular moment or a singular instance of Chiron, but to consider the fluid, non-linear movement of the film's entirety. Just as Chiron is not simply Little, Chiron, or Black, but an amalgam of each and much more, the

film demands through its aesthetic fluidity an open participation with and alongside Chiron—a study of and love for. This essay, therefore, will attempt to embrace the fluid triptych structure that the film deploys. I offer three sections of my own—hardness, water, and erotics—that theorize three modes of Chiron's image and the implications they have on him for himself, for the film itself, and for those bearing witness to both. These three terms are not addressed discretely in the film, but exist simultaneously within and without each other. Therefore, this is not a progression or hierarchy of terms, but the atomic materials holding Chiron and *Moonlight* in a conflicting and stressed movement between care and containment.

i. Hardness

To begin thinking about the film, I will turn to where it ends. Chiron stands hunched in the corner of the kitchen,

his back almost touching the wall. He stands just far enough back to avoid its touch. A body-length away stands Kevin, the man Chiron has driven nine hours from Atlanta to Miami to see after a decade. Chiron's eyes stare down, his mouth slightly open, ready to speak should the energy come. Kevin stares straight ahead, trying to find Chiron behind the averted gaze and tight grip of his muscled body. The camera stays in a medium shot from Chiron, close enough to see his body and apprehension but too far to really gaze into him. The camera cuts to Kevin, his eyes still attempting to penetrate Chiron to find the kid he grew up with, the kid he desired, the kid he broke. Kevin finally speaks, "Who is you, man?" Chiron looks up, confused and frustrated, "Who's me?" Once more, Kevin asks, "Who is you, Chiron?" A pause stretches out, filling the room with affective desire—desire to answer, desire to scream, desire to touch, desire to know (each other and



TRIPTYCH 2. *MOONLIGHT* (DIRECTED BY BARRY JENKINS, 2016, A24, PASTEL, AND PLAN B ENTERTAINMENT), FRAME GRABS.

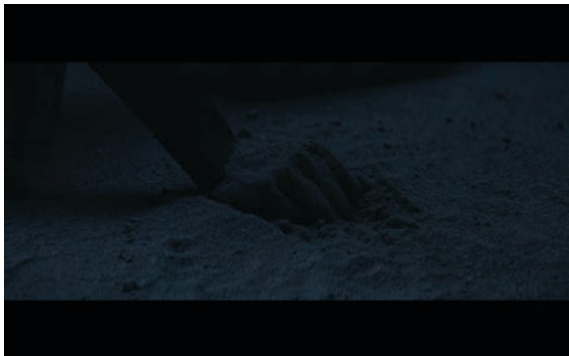
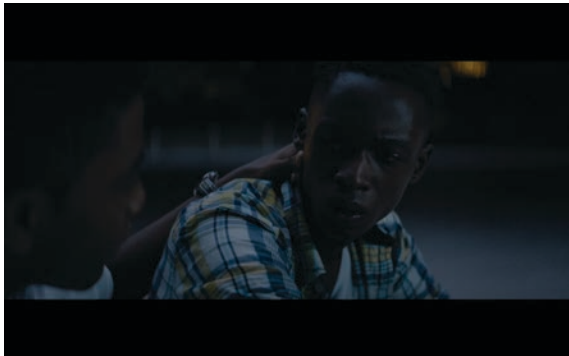
Chiron). “So, you hard now?” Kevin, after hours, finally utters the question that sums up what he sees as the gap between this older Chiron, this Chiron who now goes by “Black,” and the lanky Chiron whom Kevin touched, caressed, and kissed on a beach a decade before. Another pause stretches out, and the camera stays on Chiron hunched in the corner. His body grows tighter; his lips close, hiding his fronts. Kevin’s question, “So you hard now?” frames much of the tension of the film: what does it mean

to be hard, how does one achieve it, and what are the ramifications for doing so? In part one, we see Chiron and Kevin playfully wrestling after Chiron has left a larger group of boys. Kevin asks if Chiron is soft, and Chiron unequivocally declares that he isn’t soft. Kevin says he knows, but that Chiron has to act harder so that everyone else will know too. Hardness is a performative act of masculinity. It can be visually signaled through the hard body—a muscled, masculinist image of solidity and fortitude. To

be hard is to not be soft, to not be weak, to not be gay. Juan, a drug dealer who finds Chiron after he has escaped from his bullies, performs hardness most clearly and powerfully in the film. Juan is a beautiful, dark-skinned Cuban man. His body is muscled, and his skin is flawless but always contains a slight glisten of sweat. Juan becomes Chiron’s father figure. He takes Chiron swimming for the first time, gives Chiron a second family, and pushes Chiron’s mother to get her life together and stop taking



TRIPTYCH 3. *MOONLIGHT* (DIRECTED BY BARRY JENKINS, 2016, A24, PASTEL, AND PLAN B ENTERTAINMENT), FRAME GRABS.



the drugs that he sells her. Juan is the first person Chiron confronts about his own sexuality, asking, “What is a faggot?” Juan answers honestly—“a hateful word for gay people”—and tells Chiron that he will figure it (his implied sexuality) out eventually, but not to worry about it now. Juan becomes the symbol of a proper-life: his body his hard, his wife is beautiful, he is open and caring, and he sells drugs. There is a normality to Juan, despite his illegal trade, that becomes a clear idol and future model for Chiron (Triptych 2).

In that kitchen—with his body, identity, and self so thoroughly questioned, just as it was when he first heard “faggot” as a child and Terrell pushed Kevin to punching Chiron—he finally speaks the closest thing he has to an epistemology of himself. It has been a decade since Kevin and Chiron sat on that beach together, smoking a blunt, and this

the first opening of himself we have heard since. Back then, Chiron spoke about those breezes that blow out from the ocean and through the hood, breezes that feel so good “all you can hear is your own heartbeat,” breezes so good, they “make you start to cry [...and] turn into drops and just crawl out into the water.” One such breeze rushed out from the ocean to hit them, to pull Kevin’s hand up to Chiron’s neck, to guide his mouth to Chiron’s mouth, to caress his fingers against Chiron’s pants, to touch Chiron (Triptych 3). But this new opening spoken in Kevin’s kitchen comes faster than on the beach; it comes harder and stronger and more desperate. Chiron speaks of his life after Kevin made him bleed to cover over his own fears. He speaks of his life after he broke a chair over the back of his tormentor, Terrell. Chiron speaks: “When we got to Atlanta, I built myself from the ground up. I built myself so hard.”

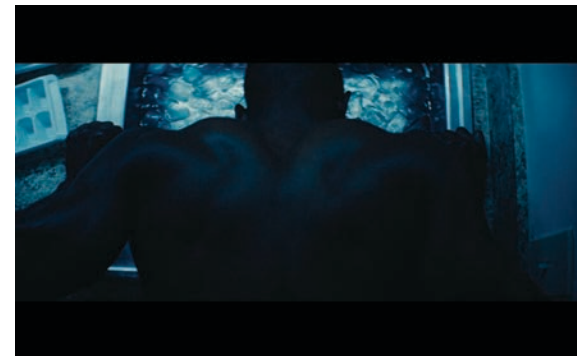
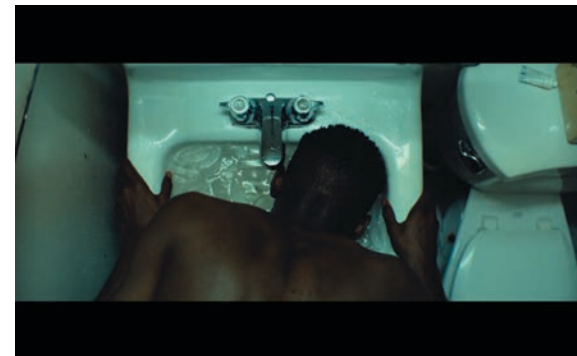
TRIPTYCH 4. *MOONLIGHT* (DIRECTED BY BARRY JENKINS, 2016, A24, PASTEL, AND PLAN B ENTERTAINMENT), FRAME GRABS.

After Kevin's confrontation with Chiron's hardness, Chiron is finally able to respond and speak of his own choices, his own agency—something Kevin consistently denies him from childhood to the present adulthood. Chiron speaks of the work and labor he did to make himself hard. After shattering that chair, Chiron is sent to juvenile detention and eventually moved to Atlanta. He builds himself up anew; he builds himself up as his ideal male figure of consistent love—Juan. The film, unlike Kevin, does not reject this hard Chiron, nor does it argue that his identity as Black is a simple performance covering over his “real” desires. However, the film does share Kevin's apprehension. When we, and Kevin, return to this older Chiron we see Juan, a hard-bodied drug dealer, but Chiron is missing something, and it is not the heteronormative family. Chiron is missing the slight glisten of sweat, the porous movement between solidity

and liquidity. That sweat marked a porousness between Juan's inside and outside, between his hardness (the performative act of masculinity) and the caring caress of family and love he showed Teresa and Chiron. These are not oppositions, but facets of Juan that made him the lingering, haunting figure in Chiron's life. What is at stake, aesthetically, for Chiron in that kitchen, and in his life, is finding access to the exuding of liquidity, a fluid openness of self and world.

ii. Water

The film does show Chiron as wet, his skin covered in water, but it is just that—covered. We see Little make himself a bath after his mother's latest bender. We see Chiron dunk his beaten face into a sink of ice. And we see Black submerge himself in a sink of ice as a ritual for his hardened body, a step alongside pushups and the rest of his workout. Chiron must always place water *upon* his skin; he



HE CANNOT REACH INSIDE HIMSELF TO KNOW HIS LIQUIDITY...THE FLOWING QUEER CONTINGENCY OF A DEBT UNPAID, A DEBT REJECTED AS NEVER BEING OWED.

cannot *exude* the liquidity of Juan. Chiron's ritual submersions in water demonstrate a need, a yearning for that thing that he does not have, that he cannot perform (Triptych 4).

Unlike Juan, Chiron has a different weight, a different alterity: the closet. Chiron's orientation—sexuality and directionality—forms his body and its potentials differently. How one is oriented, whether one follows or veers off the proper line, produces different effects and affects upon the body. Writing on queer feelings

in *The Cultural Politics of Emotions*, Sara Ahmed argues that "What needs closer examination is how heterosexuality becomes a script that binds the familial with the global: the coupling of man and woman becomes a kind of 'birthing', a giving birth not only to new life, but to ways of living that are already recognisable as forms of civilisation."⁵ Ahmed is speaking directly to the norms of sexuality that oppress and suppress queer bodies and feelings that "accumulate as impressions on

the skin."⁶ She sees this as a form of labor that works over and on bodies to shape their surfaces into proper form, to orient bodies toward proper affects, and to produce all the limitations that orientation entails.

Chiron is oriented toward the object he has made of Juan; he is following the path he feels Juan explored before him. And yet, that path has been its own form of restriction. The home he has built does not breathe the way it did for Juan; Chiron's skin does not open up to allow his

liquidity to flow as it did for Juan. The inability to extend himself into this space is not a failure of Chiron's agency—his hard body and trapping. Rather, it comes from his inability to orient himself as someone beyond the closeted world in which he lives. As is made clear in the next section, no one has touched Chiron since his encounter with Kevin on the beach. But his lack of touch is not simply physical. The empowering knowledge of the erotic eludes him; he remains closed off from the fountain of possibility and liquidity found in the dark and hidden places of the past and of the future. He must cover himself in water because he cannot reach inside himself to know his liquidity—the flowing queer contingency of a debt unpaid, a debt rejected as never being owed.

What is left, for Chiron and this essay, is to find a means to this erotics through a different

aesthetic formation—one of water, of hardness, and of suspension.

iii. Erotics

I turn toward Audre Lorde's erotics for its consideration of those bodies and feelings long denied and othered, those that have been regulated and constrained by oppressive heteropatriarchal orderings. Other sensuous terms are readymade for *Moonlight*; the scenes of crucial importance to this essay are filled with bodies touching, seeing, smelling, and hearing. However, these terms fail to account for the multiplicity of feelings and sensations occurring in any of those moments and the ways those sensations linger in and change the bodies they encounter. The sensuousness of touch is apparent when Kevin and Chiron sit on that beach, but that touch is momentary and emphasizes the physicality of what Chiron is experiencing and

we are witnessing. That rapture on the beach or Juan holding Chiron up in the water are spaces of care, of coming into contact with the other through and for the self.

For Lorde, "The erotic is a measure between the beginnings of our sense of self and the chaos of our strongest feelings."⁷ To reach for the erotic inside ourselves is to reach for the empowering flow of energy between our self and our desires. In Lorde, for a woman to know herself is to know her desires—not to necessarily achieve them, but to recognize what she needs, wants, and has been given or earned. It is a reflective but never easy act of self-care that is fundamental, for Lorde, to black womanhood, long denied the time and agency for thought and feeling. The erotic knowing of oneself comes at the expense of a system of oppression that exists around women and those left to the side.⁸

The system Lorde speaks of values work only in terms of its usefulness to capital, and that usefulness stretches beyond the product made and the labor deployed; it stretches into the skin, bones, muscles, and even the sinews of the self. The body is sapped of feeling and force, especially those bodies never conceived of as compatible with humanity. The erotic, then, is not just some abstract feeling of the Other with no substance or thrust. The erotic, in the face of suffocating and vile racist heteropatriarchy, stands as a radical act of self-care that nurtures, soothes, and grows the self beyond the limits of expectations while going on to form new and hard-fought possibilities.⁹ The erotic, I wish to argue, offers a category of revolutionary aesthetic self-care that momentarily ruptures space and time so that bodies, selves, and souls can hold each other in collective embrace. That is, the

erotic suspends queer blackness in between the violence of the world and expansive, ancestral love.

Returning once more to Kevin's kitchen: Chiron, for possibly the first time in the film, stares fiercely at another person. The camera has cut in close to Chiron so that he can be seen in ways entirely new to both Kevin and the audience. Chiron's hesitation is no longer timid or nervous. It is bubbling with something else. "You're the only man that's ever touched me," he says. "You're the only one. I haven't really touched anyone since." The camera cuts away to Kevin in a medium shot, his body seen holding his green tea in his small kitchen. His eyes are soft, his gaze longing. He smiles a smile that gestures to relief—relief that Chiron has finally spoken.

I contend that there are three times Chiron opens himself up to the contingencies of a queer life—a

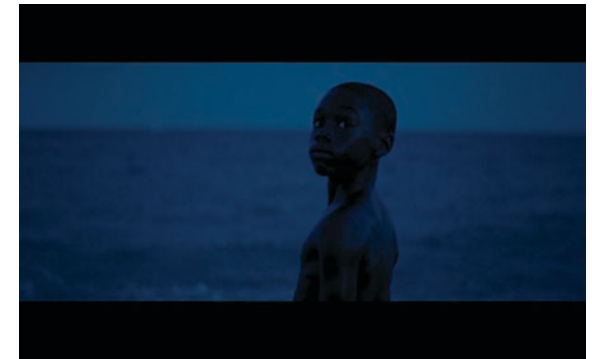
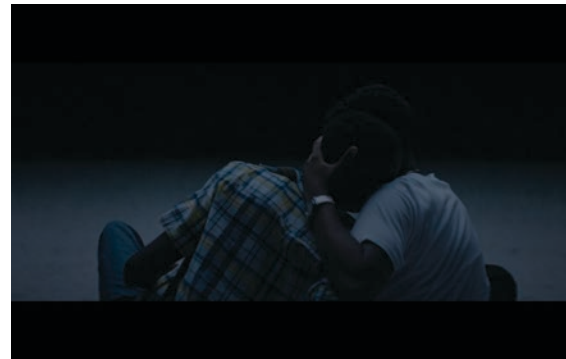
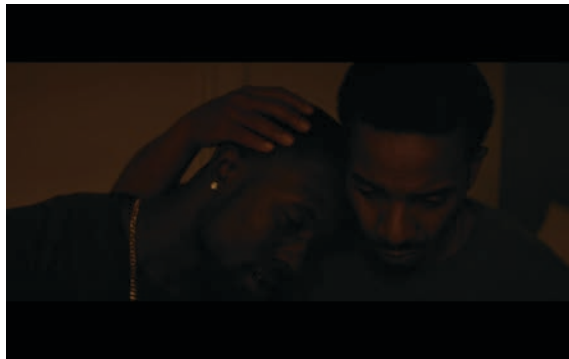
life lived otherwise. First, when he arrives at Juan's home and asks, "What's a faggot?" Chiron, as Audre Lorde calls for, recognizes himself, his own way of knowing other than the way before. His question is not an attempt to return to the proper; it is not an attack on the possibility of being a faggot nor utter terror at its possibility. His question is one of reaching out and hoping for an answer so that he may learn who he is and why he has so little space to extend. He gestures out to the queer paths around him. The second opening occurs when Chiron and Kevin are at the beach and Chiron speaks of crying so much that he opens up completely, returning to water and crawling back into the ocean. He speaks once more of a desire to know who he is, of the liquidity he knows he has but is too afraid to reach inward to claim. He gives himself up to the contingency of queer futures, of becoming liquid,

and in that openness, Kevin touches him. Third, Chiron stands in Kevin's kitchen being challenged on the validity of his hardness, his agency, and thus he speaks of his abstinence. The lack of physical touch Chiron has experienced since Kevin does not read as Chiron simply desiring Kevin once more, but instead of not knowing how to return to that moment of reaching in toward the fountain of possibility. When he tells Kevin he "really hasn't touched anyone since then," he is letting go of that which weighs him down, the thing keeping him stuck, the thing that doesn't allow him to flow the way his skin so desires. He opens himself up and lets out the solidity of expectations for the "good life" so that he may know his body, know himself, know his erotics.

Importantly, these three moments of opening are not propelled by physical contact, though two of

them end that way. The means through which Chiron knows himself is through speaking, through letting his voice radiate toward the other's ear, but also toward his own. The erotic cannot exist simply inside the individual. To know the erotic is to encounter an ancestral past so that one can see what one must *share* with others. And this sharing is the key; for "the sharing of joy, whether physical, emotional, psychic, or intellectual, forms a bridge between the sharers which can be the basis for understanding much of what is not shared between them, and lessens the threat of their difference."¹⁰ The erotic, and its poetic origin, produces a profound act of knowing the self so that one may know another. The growth of the self helps grow one's relationship with the rest. These three moments are erotic because Chiron, in his own voice, reaches into himself so that he may encounter those dark and hidden places long denied him

THE FILM CARES FOR CHIRON BY LEAVING ITSELF OPEN, BY PRODUCING GAPS AND HOLES THAT KEEP CHIRON APART FROM THE VIEWER



TRIPTYCH 5. *MOONLIGHT* (DIRECTED BY BARRY JENKINS, 2016, A24, PASTEL, AND PLAN B ENTERTAINMENT), FRAME GRABS.

and speak them to and *for* others. His hardness and his liquidity come into an open, suspended embrace by hearing Chiron speak of himself to others. These are moments of self-knowledge and agential declaration that make Chiron open to others and open to his own erotic love.

I have focused more on the erotic rather than the other two modes of the triptych not to present it as primary, but to lift up what the erotic does uniquely and crucially in this film. I have worked to show some of

what the erotic can teach us as an aesthetic engagement with queer blackness. The erotic, as a mode of ethical self-care proposed by Lorde and made aesthetic in hardness and water by *Moonlight*, does the work that I propose suspension asks for and that *Moonlight* offers and teaches—an aesthetic taking care of Chiron and a practice for aesthetically caring. The film cares for Chiron by leaving itself open, by producing gaps and holes that keep Chiron apart from the viewer, so

we cannot consume him whole and assume a knowledge of completeness and clarity that Chiron does not have and that we are not owed. The film circles and moves through the world as it flows around Juan in its opening, or as it delicately follows Chiron through rippling, colorful concrete, and as it meanders behind Black's car as he stretches out toward Kevin once more. This fluidity could give a sense of mastery, but that fluidity instead keeps us at bay, leaving us desperately behind. The

harsh breaks in time; the stark black screens cutting each section; the fracturing, silent screams of Paula, Chiron's mother; and the absent and dead characters left in that off-screen and past-black space—each of these challenges the assumption of knowledge that the viewer may desire from a film. In particular, these suspensions preclude the sort of mastery and wholeness that viewers often expect from a film that gives access to the underrepresented—the multiply exoticized other.

In this disruptive care, *Moonlight* also begins to teach us how to aesthetically, erotically care—a practice of aesthetic suspension. This is how I understand the final montage of the film. The camera cuts into Kevin's bedroom. The two sit on the edge of the bed, Chiron's head cradled in Kevin's neck and Kevin's hand gently resting on Chiron's head. The room is lit in red

and purple light. The film finally cuts backward, returning us to Chiron's hand clutching sand as Kevin touches him. The film cuts back one final time to an image we have never seen: Chiron as a child faces away from the camera, looking out at the ocean in blue moonlight. Chiron turns and looks back at us, back at his future, back at Chiron's present (Triptych 5).

Chiron's final moment of erotic opening ruptures the film's form and temporality. The film has been moving persistently forward, the previous sections only felt in the affective radiation they left behind on the frame. But here—after this moment of Chiron owning his body, owning his choices, owning his erotics—the film begins reaching back toward the past moments of self-care. The film spirals so far back into its memory that we are given a wholly unseen recollection: the image of Chiron, a child once more, standing

underneath that blue moonlight, his skin absorbing its luminescence and glowing all its own. The film is no longer representing some coming-of-age story, a genre whose form is well-known and reliably cliché. The film has flowed and stretched, like Chiron, into an expression of the erotics, an aesthetic reaching in toward the self to find a fountain of contingency, a coursing liquid suspending one's self up through the energy of queer black life and potentiality. The glowing young Chiron looks back at the camera and peers forward through time to the adult Chiron sitting on that bed, his head nestled in Kevin's shoulder. Little, Chiron, and Black look at, know, and hold each other. They speak in a collective voice of love to, of, and for each other. In that embrace, an opened and emptied Chiron knows himself, knows a radiating vitality of queer possibility, a caressing of a radical epistemology of queer blackness. ■

Endnotes

- ^{1.} Lauren M. Cramer, "Passing Through: A Methodology for Close Analysis," *liquid blackness* 2, no. 5 (2015), 41.
- ^{2.} Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study* (New York: Minor Compositions, 2013).
- ^{3.} *Dreams are Colder than Death*, dir. Arthur Jafa (2013).
- ^{4.} Alessandra Raengo, "Introduction," *liquid blackness* 3, no. 6 (2016), 18.
- ^{5.} Sara Ahmed, *The Cultural Politics of Emotion* (Duke University Press, 2004), 144-145.
- ^{6.} Sara Ahmed, *Queer Phenomenology: Orientations, Objects, Others* (Duke University Press, 2006), 9.
- ^{7.} Audre Lorde, "Use of The Erotic: The Erotic s Power" in *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches Audre Lorde* (Berkley, CA: Crossing Press, 2007), 54.
- ^{8.} Ibid., 55.
- ^{9.} Ibid., 57.
- ^{10.} Ibid.

