

■ Kamelya Omayma Youssef

STOOOOOOOOOOONE

Abolition is not absence, it is presence. What the world will become already exists in fragments and pieces, experiments and possibilities. So those who feel in their gut deep anxiety that abolition means knock it all down, scorch the earth and start something new, let that go. Abolition is building the future from the present, in all of the ways we can.

- Dr. Ruth Wilson Gilmore

the silence of a world without writing utensils
and something to write on
qays wrote 7afar

in stone

What are we gonna do with our hands together.
I don't know. I am asking the question. I am not here
making a space for the question to be answered.
Consider a People's Movement Assembly,
the way of organizing (USSF 2010) or
with the Jemez Principles
of Democratic Organizing
(as Rami swiftly
recommended).

we have such abundance
we write clunkily
looking for language
to name the thing
[in the language weaponized] [against us]
that we are [being] and have been being
and are losing

as we speak write

and we transform

(as love does)

the being thing of being
and keeping

going
and joy

in absolute silence

qays wrote in walls for layla

wrote in walls
in stone

The problem of metaphor.

OCCULTATION IN COMMUNICATION.

and in
our sadness
in the loss
and the absence
of action [of heart-hand] (of praxis)
we silent

Even more, oh yes
one can remain silent even more.

- Forough Farrokhzad

ce

and stay

qui_{et} qwaii_{et} hwhy_{it} i— i2 ç

So many sounds —
only the sound of the flute is absent from this sound-filled land of terror.
- Taslima Nasrin

The occultation. I've been thinking.
Someone once tasked me to create an
epistemology. I was surprised that she wanted
to pay me. I was writing / thinking toward
existence. I was looking for work to make
money. Anyways, money. Work. What to do.
Money to work. Money to exist. Episteme.
Knowledge. Through reason. Something
covering something. The coming readers'
existence and non. Occultation or transit or
annihilation or nonexistence. People have
written about this. Moten's ante. Kant's
noumenon. Shi'ism's absent messiah. Darwish's
present absent. The glitch. The line break.
Celan's deepinsnow / ee—i—o. Sappho.
Cassandra. The silent march of the Zapatistas.
The blank pages at the Beijing protest.
Indigenous refusals to translate.
Echo's silence. And so on.

I am working out an idea. In every class I've
taken in which an essay or hybrid form is
prompted, I've been reminded that the term
essay means to *try*, to *attempt* in French.

I told myself I must write about silence.
This is then a time to consider occultation.

"stellar occultation—an object passing
in front of a distant star—"
(Williams College)

"when the light from a star is blocked
by an intervening body (such as a planet, moon,
ring, or asteroid) from reaching
an observer." (MIT)

in mourning we summon ash and lament

Not all writing is unsilent.

Some covers a truth and leaves the reveal
for the other.

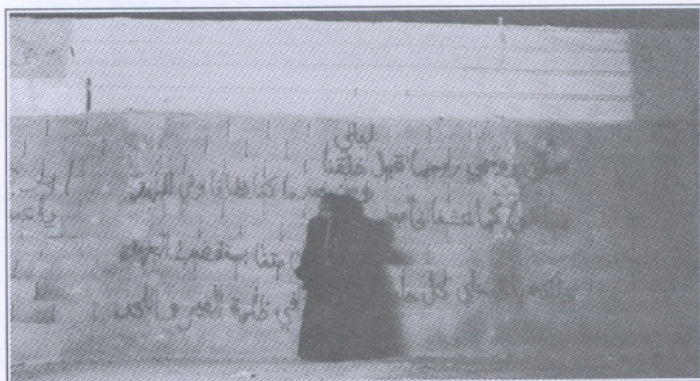
A 2021 study published by the NIH follows up
on Milgram's study of individual choice and
agency under states of coercion and authority.
"Reliably", the study showed that more activity
in medial frontal processes were associated
with a greater sense of accountability under
coercion. And those who "under free choice"
administered more shocks had reduced medial
frontal brain activity.

Any opportunity I get I write (or think) about Etel Adnan.
On how many obsessions do we remain silent?

How many of our obsessions are people?
What do we do with people when we obsess about them?
What does obsession do to the object of the obsession?
What if the object objects?
Does obsession care?

Etel writes in her essay,
"The Cost for Love We Are Not Willing to Pay":

"But what if we do not take those risks,
if we're determined to maintain the present state of affairs,
playing it (only apparently) safe?"



(Susan Youssef, SY Films, 2011)
Watch it on Netflix rn, look up "Habibi"
better: rent it from habibifilm.com, pay artists

From time to time, there occurs what suspends time, revelation — at least for certain people, martyrs. But then the apocalypse, the revelation, is withdrawn, occulted by the “apocalypse,” the surpassing disaster, so that symptomatically *apocalypse*’s primary sense (from Greek *apokalypsis*, from *apokalyptein* to uncover, from apo- + *kalyptein* to cover) is occulted by its secondary meaning, and *martyr*’s primary sense, witness, is occulted by its secondary, vulgar meaning: “a person who suffers greatly or is killed because of their political or religious beliefs.”

- Jalal Toufic, Resurrecting the Arab Apocalypse STOP [THE WORLD] (introduction to Etel Adnan’s *The Arab Apocalypse*, Post Apollo Press, 1981).

- Harmony Holiday

I should write about where I’m
There are urgencies too, I know
I find people are silent about the
closest to their bones, that is, if
particular bones.
I like to take away my own right
else takes them away from me.
I will quiet myself instead.
I should be be out now dancing
How many true universes
I write until I disagree
I want to unwrite all of these
I want to erase all of this and tell you

Shalhoub-Kevorkian, Nadera. (2019). *Incarcerated Childhood and the Politics of Unchilding*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Shalhoub-Kevorkian, Nadera. (2020). *Necropenology: conquering new bodies, psychics, and territories of death in East Jerusalem*. *Identities*, 27:3, 285-301.

Weheliye Alexander G. *Habeas Viscus: Racializing Assemblages Biopolitics and Black Feminist Theories of the Human*. Duke University Press 2014

Yet unpublished, seeking permission of the author.

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OCCULTATION
OCCULTATION

[A FRAMEWORK]

AS
AS

bodies in transit
awaiting revelation
marchers towards
the asymptote
of justice

What star is not out

SEMOTICS
[REFUSING] DISPOSABILITY [DISAPPEARANCE]

a celestial body will [shift] into sight
or it stays occulted
or implodes explodes fissures astrophysically combusts
in the state
of occultation.

in the sky tonight

I am forced to be silent :: I choose quiet

OCCULTATION

PRESUME THE BODY DOESN’T EXIST
SOMETIMES THE BODY IS IN TRANSIT
YOUR CELESTIAL BODY
THEIR CELESTIAL BODIES

there. quiet. unknown.
unquiet. unknown.

That’s what Levon my friend and I came to see:
looking at fascist futurisms
so much white space
with no overgrown greenery
reclaiming the earth
with something gestural of/around “rightful” “own”/er/ing/ship/positionality
toward life
and to whom it belongs

Israel is killing.
Life.
Not the silence around it.
The State in order to hide the crime, genocidal logics
The presumptions that live in the silence s.

These are also American technologies.
Jerusalem made into a surveillance technology showroom.
The West overkilled¹ in order to exist.
Violence an ontology.

They have dead bodies in refrigerators.
They, [if ever through a shrinking window of legislation to eke basic minor dignities

People on their [own] ancestral land
must request the frozen bodies
of their loved ones
to bury
in a funeral
that lasts
for less
than an hour
in [darkness]
of night
to bury



a child.

not all the slain
have burials. Some are
in freezers right now.
How do you stop
the violence without
reproducing the violence
aesthetically when
you want / need / are dutied
must
honor the spiritpersonflesh

Unchilding

Necropenology

Enfleshment

[the martyr]
الشخص
الشهيد

This is not my truth to tell.
It is a conjecture,
an attempt
[an essay.]

Whose dignity do we assume
Whose dignity do we abnegate
Whose dignities exist
most fervently
most true-ly
most shrillingly
in the silences

The technologies accelerate
What are we going to do

Where complete silence can be frigid and
mortified, quiet resurrects and builds on
murmur, gasp, brush, innuendo: intentional
incompletion that holds space for
accompaniment but does not require it. Silence
is severe; quiet is casual, sometimes a little timid,
warm, inviting, it fidgets and teases disruption.
Quiet feels stolen and temporary where silence is
totalizing.

- Harmony Holiday
on Finding Quietness in a Loud World

OMISSION

AS

AGENCY