



Listening to Latinx and Caribbean Poetics

THE  
CRY OF  
THE  
SENSES

REN ELLIS NEYRA

**BUY**

THE  
CRY OF  
THE  
SENSES

**DUKE**

Dissident Acts

A series edited by Macarena Gómez-Barris and Diana Taylor

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COVER ART: Joel Rodríguez making the sound recording *Ceiba* in  
the Vieques Sound and Ceiba, Puerto Rico (2014). Digital photograph.

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This book is dedicated to those who do not see themselves in  
the given future—who seek sensorial solidarities unknown.

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There will be mountains you won't move . . .

—Frank Ocean, “Godspeed” (2016)

One suspects that there are several ways to snare a mockingbird . . .

—Hortense Spillers, “Mama’s Baby, Papa’s Maybe:  
An American Grammar Book” (1987)

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## Preface **The Ground?**

What unites and consolidates oppositional groups is not simply the fact of identity but the way in which they perform affect, especially in relation to an official “national affect” that is aligned with a hegemonic class. . . . Not in terms of simple being, but through the nuanced route of feeling. . . . a certain mode of “feeling brown” in a world painted white, organized by cultural mandates to “feel white.”

—José Esteban Muñoz, “Feeling Brown” (2000)

Being white was never enough. Not without being black.

—Denise Ferreira da Silva, *Toward a Global Idea of Race* (2007)

The Caribbean Americas is the ground from which this preface speaks. And my orientation to the Caribbean Americas is crucial to the difference that *The Cry of the Senses* holds in its synesthetic corpus, which theorizes the poetics of a violently “unincorporated territory” (the Puerto Rican archipelago in Puerto Rico’s colonial status vis-à-vis the US) *beside* the poetics of a violently “incorporated” landscape (the Sonoran Desert in the state of Arizona).<sup>1</sup> Because poetics emerges from and thrives on plurality and division, on the senses’ and nonsense’s movements rather than on reason’s frozen “sense” of itself as central to thought and writing, its modalities are keen at thinking differences in relation. A reader might ask: Does poetics *elide* colonial differences? No. This is vital: To critique Western epistemic univocality, individuation, self-possession, and violent monolingual/imperial/unimaginative expectations of meaning matching mandated utterance (all of which require regimes of representation, inclusion, and progress to control unruliness and variation of desire), why reinscribe practices that demand singularity and feign auto-

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consistency? Let us turn to poetics, which shows how to listen to difference without forcibly overcoming it.

One of the conceptual challenges of listening over time to this book's Caribbean, Latinx, and African diasporic archives has been thinking through the semiotic, aesthetic, and social positionings of brown, white, and mestizx Latina/o/x, Afro-Latinx, black, African American, and indigenous. This book is particularly aware of the assassin- and massacre-state's project of fixing black being in a hemisphere where black signifies plurality: fugitivity; death; thingness; rupture; vitality; Haitianness; refusal; uncapturability; brown; the nonbeing of being, or *nothing*—as in Calvin Warren's conception of the "onticide of African being" as what produces black being and as requisite to how human being overrepresents itself; and, in another vein, the historical and social consciousness of Africans, or what Cedric Robinson calls "the embryo of the demon that would be visited on the whole enterprise of primitive accumulation."<sup>2</sup> It is how these significations move in semiotic, aesthetic, and social relation, beside each other, sometimes at odds with each other, and sometimes in each other that interests me. Relation's irreducibility to a *foundation* or an *essence*, and to the assertions of *facticity* lodged in such claims—which can become, at turns, literalist, policing, and funereal in how they aim for resolution—compels me to listen for what Fred Moten calls "anteontological affiliation, a social and historical para-ontology theorized in performance," and in poetics, and for how differences of ontological ruptures cannot be entirely blurred in the name of relation.<sup>3</sup> A poetics of besideness on maroon grounds, constituted by defiant sonic ruptures of sense, and attentive to the differences of how things get together and yet remain broken, is afoot.<sup>4</sup>

In the fields gathered on this book's ground, *brownness*, *Afro-Latinx*, and *blackness* are among keywords in critiques of identitarian and representational limits forced upon and legislated against migrant, fugitive, and sensorially errant people, thought, and aesthetic forms. Not as an object of knowledge, but as a mode of critical feeling, arguments for brownness's negative affects refuse to reconcile the white affects attendant to and reproductive of the visual racism at the heart of the Western episteme. Leticia Alvarado sublimates feeling brown into negative minoritarian affects and a Muñozian conception of "being-with" (a notion that imaginatively reworks Jean-Luc Nancy's writings on poetics and communism) under the rubric of a "camp of queer theory."<sup>5</sup> Ever the anti-literalist, Joshua Javier Guzmán calls brown an "immiscible" color—as in, not mixed; rather, it shows its streaks of irresolvable variation.<sup>6</sup> Note the imagery at the end of Guzmán's complex entry on "Brown" in *Keywords in Latina/o Studies* (2017): "Here is the drama within the color brown: it is itself a mixture of yellow, red, and black—the iridescent reminder that we are in brownness and of brownness, here and now." Brown

is “immiscible,” he says, on his way to situating “the failure of reconciliation to be the onto-poetic ground in which we find our contemporary United States of America.”<sup>7</sup>

Yet I continue to circle around how brownness—which evokes fundament, mud, shit, and color—and immiscibility reside in the eye of the beholder. For in this hemisphere, of which the US is one part, the optics of brownness return to the black/white, racist epidermal schema that, among many other erroneous practices, calls brown skin colors black, and minimizes blackness to the misrecognition of skin color.

Afro-Latinx conceptions of the hemisphere, particularly what Yomaira Figueroa calls the position of “the Afro-Atlantic hispanophone world,” refuse to reconcile the visual racism at the heart of the post-Enlightenment schema of the world by signifying blackness’s geographic range of histories and imaginaries, and showing how African diasporic aesthetic and literary production has been erased, distorted, and peripheralized by the projects of white supremacy, coloniality, and academic disciplinarity.<sup>8</sup> Afro-Latinidad, as a point of view, conjoins and grounds a conception of blackness and Latinidad, jarring US-centrist notions of blackness as singularly and primarily African American, and critically exposing US Latina/o/x studies’ varied tendencies to *incorporate* black thought and forms, when it does not outright reject or trivialize them, rather than positioning them as constitutive.<sup>9</sup> Afro-Latinidad also points to the ontological and epistemological quandaries of blackness. Black being, when imagined in the Americas since the early 1500s, *simultaneously* signifies ontological rupture, or, the void of foundation, *and* Africanness as reasserted (and creolized) indigeneity, or marronage.

There is a current—and likely transitive—tension between brownness and Afro-Latinidad, which operates on two levels: 1. that of methods and of bibliographies of study, which generate different relationships to and valuations of the very grounds of critique, identity, and what constitutes anti-identitarian scholarly and imaginative work; 2. that of the body, particularly when imagined in the racist epidermal schema, in that some scholars who theorize brownness in the US academy are not of African descent, and some have (sometimes inadvertently and sometimes deliberately) read the term away from Muñoz’s repetition that it is not a placeholder for identity, but a veer of affect. But this may also be because we cannot shake the signified of color where the optical and ontological are contiguous. I will not resolve any family matters in this preface. But I acknowledge them so as to redirect critique to prevalent and minoritarian valences of (white *and* mestizx) Latina/o/x studies that order an odd relationship to (its) blackness; sound a call for close readings of how brownness operates in relation to—and not—blackness, black thought, and black citationality; and reorient us to other valences that enjoin

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us to think about sensorial practices that are part of black lifeworlds—echoing Mary Pat Brady’s invocation of “other sensual knowledges of space, including those derived from auditory, tactile, and olfactory capacities.”<sup>10</sup>

There are openings imaginable, for example, when Caribbean literary studies scholar Dixia Ramírez asks, what is there “after, before, or beyond representation,” what other nonwhite epistemes and cosmogonies are imaginable, and less visible?<sup>11</sup> Whiteness does not have spatial, temporal, cosmogonic, or imaginary primacy in this hemisphere; it trespasses with its apparatuses of property, it deranges diverse ecologies and imaginaries, and it also knows *nothing* of the epistemic and sensory arrangements in parts of this book. Yet, as Guzmán, in conversation with Antonio Viego, shows, “Whiteness [also] operates like Lacan’s master signifier, existing outside of any signifying chain, yet highly organizing, because it makes (racial) difference possible. This...reveals Whiteness as both terrifyingly blinding while making perception possible.”<sup>12</sup> In a Latinx psychoanalysis, whiteness is not only phenotypic, but also the “unconscious fantasy for wholeness,” a fantasy against which brownness plays out.<sup>13</sup> But there’s a deeper issue here, for if “language cuts up the body, and the primordial loss suffered by the subject of language is that of a ‘hypothesized fullness prior to the impact of language,’ a sense of wholeness that was taken away, blemished, or forgotten. . . . [And attuning] to Lacanian psychoanalysis in particular and a politics of loss in general allows Latino Studies to think about the profound and complex ways racialized bodies experience loss,”<sup>14</sup> then what do we do with how language has not only “cut up” Africanicity, but also rendered particularly black women’s bodies as *flesh*, black as physiological, linguistic, and ontological incoherence?<sup>15</sup> Viego’s psychoanalytic treatment of Latinx studies shows us the panic-inducing political, semiotic, and temporal *incoherence* of the sign of Latinx. But that incoherence is charged with hyper-reproductive futurity—one he jars with his reading of Spanglish and the hysteric.<sup>16</sup> (I would say something similar of the incoherence of “brownness,” which I see, in Latinx studies, as a middle term seeking equivalence to blackness, but wishing to be a third way.) This marks a difference with the incoherence of the sign black, whose female biological organism is dispossessed of motherhood, and also of historicity and futurity, whose offspring are disposed of the sign of “family,” whose social formations disturb the white patriarch’s legitimate progeny, and who are ontologically un-given primordially, except as rupture.

In some instances, a Latinx discourse of brownness enacts a semiotic maneuver in the important names of affect and critical negativity that minimizes blackness’s incarnation in the Americas through the negation of African being. We see a trace of my concern with this in the epigraph from Muñoz, who is influential to this book, but where in an argument for queer of color feeling displaced into the

sign of “brown feeling,” “simple being” is evoked as something that certain representations of identity construct. But from the perspective of the black radical tradition, as da Silva’s line reflects, there is no such thing as “simple being.” *Mitsein’s* requisite *Dasein* is black nonbeing. There is work for future investigators to do with these different starting places for relation. What I interject into this onto- and semiotic irresolvability is that Caribbeanness offers a third way.

The sign of Caribbean—what does it mean but multiplicity and indefinability? The “Caribbean,” and “Hurricane,” Hortense Spillers writes, are the sublimated keywords of *Keywords*, the flesh engendered by Europe’s making of America.<sup>17</sup> In Ronald Judy’s reading of the Spanish scholastic tradition as it was engendering the Americas for Spanish dominion, we read that “the very moment in Western history when the recognition of alternative worlds becomes possible, is the moment when that possibility is precluded by the correctness of Reason and the ignorance of the affectivity of experience.”<sup>18</sup> Multisensorial poetic listening, the methodology of this book, critiques the regime of reason, and disperses affect into sense. Judy continues, “At its inception, modernity is caught by a malaise, *whose pathology is undetermined* until it reaches the point of crisis that we find ourselves in at this point, when contravening action is virtually inconsequential to the outcome. . . . *The multiplicity of worlds* is what modernity has sought to annihilate all along.”<sup>19</sup> Judy’s critical explication of Francisco de Vitoria’s and Hernán Cortés’s writings shows how discursive force rendered Indians as natural slaves, as children, and as lacking a *literati*, and, therefore, required enslavement by Christians to humanize them. I must emphasize the not only cartographic but also cosmogonic backdrop of this “multiplicity of worlds”: the Indies, the Caribbean, the Antilles, including the troubling maroon region of Veracruz—the black and Caribbean *part* of Mexico. The “multiplicity of worlds” of which the Western episteme still cannot make proper sense is the place of many names and the maroon ground for this book. It is the archipelagic place from which Glissant theorized relation, from which I draw my theorization of besideness, which invites us to slow down with solidarity.

If we imagine Latinx Studies in relation to ecological and sensorial losses that are not gone, but submerged, chimerical, and metamorphosed, and in ethical relation to black and Caribbean studies, then what field concerns and possibilities arise? If we imagine the Monroe Doctrine and the Roosevelt Corollary as anti-ecological, imperial-economic, spatial derangements that the Caribbean and parts of Mexico, and even the US, have in common, then how do Latinx, Caribbean, and African diasporic practices of division, or poetics, change?

This book aligns with a range of nonwhite, queer refusals of US imperial, settler colonial, military invasive, majoritarian legal, nationalist affective, and ocularcentric projects. *The Cry of the Senses* swerves here: it does not reassert visual-

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**Figure FM.1** Xandra Ibarra in *Nude Laughing* (2016). Quiebre Performance Festival, Rio Piedras, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Photograph by Walter Wlodarczyk.

ity, which returns us to specific conceptions in the hemisphere of racial mixture, to what Sylvia Wynter, after Frantz Fanon, calls “the sociogenic principle,” or socialized historically racist notions of regulating black people in the law and extrajudicially (think from vigilante committees to “BBQ Becky”). But it also does not naively champion sound or rhythm as the anti-ocular, or foolishly pretend to be post-ocular. Opening terms enmeshed in visual regimes to the *immiscibility of synesthesia*, to detours of perception, changes our perceptions of them.

My book assumes the “onto-poetic ground” to be fugitive, and potentially weaponizable by those who Fidel Castro said are of the ground in history, living with sensory deprivation, sensory overload, and itinerant sensoria in anticolonial struggle. *The Cry of the Senses* listens for the sounds of synesthetic poetics that erupt from what was there before the US, and from places beyond and beside US regimes of representation—from waters, under-waters, post-military, and post-Enlightenment desert and island ecologies decentering and detouring from the supremely unstable claims of US sovereignty, which benefits from but does not singularly engender hemispheric white supremacy. I am interested in how the ground morphs in ecological and multisensorial spatio-temporalities of relation. The introduction discusses Puerto Rico as a “hystericized” site of archipelagic, geological, extrajudicial, and psychic *ataques* [attacks] not only on the United

States and its colonial representations of the archipelago, but also on hemispheric economic paradigms that benefit from US military hegemony. The final chapter reads the Sonoran Desert in an imaginary of recent border crossing, migrant, maroon, mournful, and pleased movement. Anticolonial sensorial solidarities flourish in the breaks between places overdetermined by a continental imagination, the geographic-discursive bedmate of Manifest Destiny. Here, the ground gives way to water, wind, and other unsovereign elements and ideologies.

As I now see it, this book emerges *à l'heure entre chien et loup*, at the hour between dog and wolf, of twilight—on an elemental, geological scale. *Homo modernus* rears its head today knowing that its time is over. Let us use whiteness's ideological and affective confusion, its cultural illiteracy, its post-halcyon flares of fascist self-consolidation, to study how to blur ourselves into the landscape and make relations, not of transparency, but of opacity, abnormal pleasures, unruly and unsovereign refusals, sensorial errancy, and migratory refuge for ecstatic mourning of solidarities lost, where lost is not the same as gone. What has been lost grows otherwise. Landed narratives of self-determined futurity are running out of earth. The earth itself seems to have fierily aligned with the position of the hysteric. Let us make a poetics that listens for the creaturely, vegetal, tidal, and maroon movements and stories stirring in the gloaming.

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Before I returned to the emergent Tr\*mpian US, after my research sabbatical in Puerto Rico and Vieques in 2016 becoming 2017, I had the word “BOMBA” tattooed on my right hand at Senzala tattoo parlor in Old San Juan. I went with my friend and collaborator, the artist Sofía Gallisá Muriente, who was having her own Caribbean homages and Puerto Rican image-weapons drawn. I couldn’t come back with a bomb in my hand, or doing a performance of a dirty bomb in my suitcase, like Carlos Irizarry, a story I learned from the cinema of Beatriz Santiago Muñoz. But I returned with my hand as a bomba, a force to conjure the musical form and the delicious Caribbean fruit that goes by various names, *fruta bomba*.

Dixa Ramírez D’Oleo, my love: you translated (and took) my hand, and me, when you said, “You know what I see there? When I read B-O-M-B-A? H-A-I-T-Í!” May we continue to “believe in small countries,” in “montes,” including those in the eco- and psychic borderlands of the island you love most, and those made in our home together, which is blessed by your aesthetic, writerly, sonic, dreamy, domestic splendor and elegance. Thank you for reading cover to cover, and for your Aries-fire critiques. Laughter, tentacular-growths, and dancing will abound on all of our possible horizons. As will Dixa D’Oleo’s and Darío Tejada’s garden. And bling. And kitties. Te amo.

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Time was. A cry?

—Robert Hayden, “Night, Death, Mississippi,” *Collected Poems* (1962)

. . . in this universe every cry was an event.

—Édouard Glissant, *Poetics of Relation* (1997)

### **Synesthesia and Poetics**

Synesthesia [*sún*, “with” + *aísthēsis*, “sensation”] occurs when a sense impression manifests itself out of place—when you hear the smell of flash-fried shishito peppers, or when something visual stimulates a sensation of touch in your genitals. When Chicana writer, poet, and ceramicist Gil Cuadros’s unnamed character in the short story “Sight” sees a “hazelnut glow” around his doctor’s voice, AIDS is generating a synesthetic experience for the body decomposing in lived time.<sup>1</sup> By medical definition, synesthesia is involuntary; it shares this quality with cries. Synesthesia also marks an opening of alternate pathways of sentient cognition, what Tsitsi Jaji calls an “inter-sensory detour from one mode of perception to another,” which emphasizes synesthesia as a redirection of dispersed sense, itinerant feeling, and potential meaning.<sup>2</sup> When viewed not as a diagnostic, but an orientation to perception, and to the histories of different sensoria in relation, synesthesia invites what Tina Campt in *Listening to Images* (2017) describes as the “counterintuitive,” which occurs on the level of the sentence, as when she “proposes a haptic mode of engaging the sonic frequencies of photographs . . . by setting [quiet photos] in a kind of ‘sensorial’ relief.”<sup>3</sup> The counterintuitive sensorial

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detours of Latinx, Caribbean, and African diasporic archives gathered here occur in and as a poetics.

Poetics [from *poien*, “to make,” or *poietos*, “made”], as a mode of thinking and writing, cares about how synesthetically charged objects, subjects, and traditions get beside each other in space and time, or how things get together by not becoming whole. By *not becoming whole*, I indeed mean, not aspiring to whiteness, and I mean slowing down with various ontological ruptures and their differences. For example, the differences of the mestizx, Latinx border-broken ontology and the African diasporic ontology broken by the slave trade. Meditating on Latinx “anti-normative feelings,” José Esteban Muñoz rereads Hortense Spillers’s essay on psychoanalysis and race, “All the Things You Could Be by Now, If Sigmund Freud’s Wife Was Your Mother” to argue that minoritarian affect does not assert a cogent identity; it “is, instead, supposed to be descriptive of the *receptors* we use to *hear each other and the frequencies* on which certain subalterns speak and are heard or, more importantly, felt.”<sup>4</sup> He describes “brown feeling” there as a mode of listening to black and queer frequencies of desire toward the “emancipatory potentiality” in what Spillers describes as “making one’s subjectness the object of a disciplined and potentially displaceable attentiveness.”<sup>5</sup> Later in her essay, Spillers translates this “displaceable attentiveness” as the specifically black capacity to shift perspective from the urgencies of the black “biological creature and whether or not it is safe and secure” to the “contemplative,” “transformative” “dimension of activity in the lifeworld,” in other words, to be able to think, “to concentrate on something else.”<sup>6</sup> Muñoz’s translation of Spillers’s black psychoanalytic reorientation to the everyday and the contemplative into a queer of color and specifically brown attunement to “the public life of blackness” does evoke identity, when he writes that brownness is “not white, and it is not black either.”<sup>7</sup> What I am interested in, as a highly perceptive and counterintuitive, which is also to say queer, nonblack, variably white, US-born subject of the signs “Cuban,” “Caribbean,” and “Latinx,” is how detours of attentiveness and listening to frequencies of relation can make “unchecked generativity.”<sup>8</sup>

Some sites of relation throw synesthetic Molotov cocktails into the war machine, troubling rather than abetting nationalist boundaries, and their reinscriptions of the post-Enlightenment in US global-capital hegemony.

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2 Introduction

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**Ataques [Fits] and Laughter—The Quiebre Performance Festival,  
Xandra Ibarra's *Nude Laughing*, and Macha Colón y los Okapí's Sound**

Quiebre in Río Piedras

The crowd is sweating late-August sweat. In the northern Caribbean's seasons, the breach of August into September is deepest summer, when balmy becomes bluest heat, churning with the recurrent transformations and traumas of hurricanes. Hurricane season has extended and intensified with the ocean's warming. What in recent history cycloned between August and November now begins in June and stalks into December, with prolapses in February. But this August night, the skies are clear, save for intermittent plumes of spliff-smoke. The excessively cemented gray *terre* swelters. The corner bar on one end of the Plaza in downtown Río Piedras has run out of Medallas, a local Puerto Rican beer. It's not micro-brewed *ni nada*. Palatably cheap, the bottle has a blingy gold label that flashes when we *chin-chin*. My friends—fellow artists and writers—and I drink Dominican green-bottle Presidentes instead, to defang the wide-mawed heat that stretches late into the night as we wait for Macha Colón y los Okapí to take the stage.

Macha Colón y los Okapí's concert will become one of the climaxes of three days of performances at *Quiebre* [Opening, or Crack].<sup>9</sup> *Quiebre* is the second international performance arts festival in San Juan, Puerto Rico (see fig. I.1). Organized by Mickey Negrón and Arnaldo Rodríguez Bagué in 2016, *Quiebre* harkens back to *Rompeforma* [Formbreaking], the dance and performance festival curated by dancers and choreographers Viveca Vazquez and Merián Soto in the 1980s.<sup>10</sup> Some of the same artists and choreographers who have been making dance, performance, and independent music scenes in Puerto Rico since the 1970s participate in *Quiebre*.

An array of emerging as well as established Latinx and Caribbean artists from across the Americas—Nao Bustamante, Las Nietas de Nonó, Xandra Ibarra (née La Chica Boom), Awilda Sterling, Carlos Martiel, DJ Trancesexual, Eduardo Alegría and Alegría Rampante, Fofé, Viveca Vazquez, and others—breathe life into history's dead ends and participate in making ephemeral archives of future histories in and around the Paseo de Diego in Río Piedras.<sup>11</sup>

My experience of the *Quiebre* festival in Río Piedras is haunted by the toxic war machinery of the US military's heavily armed presence in the Puerto Rican archipelago and, by extension, in the Caribbean archipelago, all of which anchors US hemispheric hegemony. Río Piedras is the largest municipality in Puerto Rico, and the last to be annexed and incorporated into San Juan in 1951. It is also the suburbanized and commercialized site of various structures relevant to the geographic and sensorial imaginary of this book: a former US military hospital

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**Figure 1.1** Quiebre Performance Festival (2016) organized by Mickey Negrón and Arnaldo Rodríguez Bagué. Poster design by Omar Banuchi. Used with permission of Omar Banuchi.



where “hysteria” was alternately diagnosed by US medical officers as “Puerto Rican syndrome” (discussed further below); one of the University of Puerto Rico’s campuses; and small farms, forests, and *el monte* [vegetal overgrowth]. The small farms, forests, and eruptive overgrowths are not only vestiges of the plantation system, but also reiterations of marronage, maroon gardens, and small-scale unruly life formations that “sprou[t] persistently like fungi amid the rubble of hurricane disasters or abandoned plantation and industrial sites.”<sup>12</sup> The discourse of ruins is deceptive where the irreverence of tropical growth, migrations, and vitality flourish, and where the plantation is not past—for its modernity morphs into various apparatuses (i.e., the locations of *carreteras* [roadways], the logics and

placements of prisons, detention centers, and what remains of public housing, as well as into the pleasurable deviations from standards constitutive of Caribbean languages, including Puerto Rican Spanish and Spanglish).

The University of Puerto Rico, Río Piedras campus has a fraught rapport with the neighbors and neighborhoods around it: spatially and economically, it encroaches and appropriates without significant reinvestment. Meanwhile, many students, staff, and faculty at the public university have a long, leftist history of activism against US invasion, and against local opportunistic corruption that services that invasion—by which I mean, the historic US Naval invasion on July 25, 1898, and the ongoing, quasi-normalized US colonial, military, economic, and tourist invasions, lived every day on the island. Blistering *bombardeos* [bombings] of graffiti scream against US colonialism in the Caribbean, Palestine, Guantánamo, and Oklahoma, across *barrio* [neighborhood] and commercial walls near the university.

Invasion sprawls spatio-temporally in the Puerto Rican archipelago: on the land, in the skies, and on the sea floor (as I discuss in chapters 2 and 3). Section 27 of the 1920 Merchant Marine Act, generally referred to as the Jones Act, provides that the US government controls all cabotage (coastwise and maritime trade) around the Puerto Rican archipelago. This is also to say that the US Department of Defense and the US Department of Transportation control a substantial part of the Caribbean's waterways and the region's economic relations.

San Juan is a city of semi-autonomous neighborhoods, interconnected municipalities. San Juan is not metonymically collapsible into the docks where enormous tourist ships hulk in and unleash tens of thousands of plundering bodies that iteratively perform a razing of the city, only to be reabsorbed into those buoyant Trojan horses. The cruise ships leave a trail of so-called “black water”—expulsed from ship toilets—on their fantastically white and globally antiblack way out, contaminating and wreaking havoc on the geographical islet of Old San Juan, in the bay itself, and across the bay in Cataño. While foreign strip malls and Burger Kings made alien-landings, and cement was poured like reverse-water on the earth for private profit in the twentieth century, asphyxiating many forms of life in the process and molding the face of things (for now), Río Piedras sprawls with over sixteen *barrios* of over 300,000 people. After the devastation of Hurricane María in September 2017, and the calculable and incalculable losses of that ongoing event, and of overheated seas, coloniality, and social death, in the streets around the university and particularly the Paseo de Diego blossomed performance art, political actions, underground music scenes, queer club scenes, poetry readings, and everyday *jangueros* [hangouts]. But losses, the dead, and the diaspora's cycles are deeply and daily felt. Losses and displacements of the late nineteenth and early

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twentieth century erupt again in those of the twenty-first, intensified by US sovereignty's metonymic vultures: post-disaster developers.

Fits of Laughter, Ambling, and Retching in Xandra Ibarra's

*Nude Laughing*

On Friday at Quiebre, the second day of the three-day festival, Oakland-based Tejana-Chicanx performance artist, writer, and photographer Xandra Ibarra enacts her durational performance, *Nude Laughing*.<sup>13</sup> Ibarra choreographed *Nude Laughing* for art galleries and museums. At the time of my writing this, since 2014 Ibarra has performed six iterations of *Nude Laughing*, four in museum and gallery spaces of temperature-controlled enclosure and the barbarity of civilization's collections. I imagine *Nude Laughing* as a performance that communes with the dead, because I imagine museal spaces as cemeteries, chambers that materialize colonial attempts at theft of the Other's spirit.<sup>14</sup> When Ibarra performs *Nude Laughing* in a museum, I imagine, audiences behave in part because of the whispering propriety that controls affects where collected, dishonored dead things are displayed, untouchably, in glass.<sup>15</sup> But the objects that she drags through the performance conjure other energies, for the dead do not remain silent. Ibarra's nonwhite racialized, feminine melancholia enacts a mode of displaced attentiveness to what is lost but not gone.<sup>16</sup>

Ibarra begins the performance naked—a possessed, nonwhite return of art history's "nude" model—walking and emitting sounds between laughter and crying out (see fig. I.2). Marked by loss and injury, she walks and alternately arcs and dips her laughter into erotic and frantic, seemingly unceasing hysterical cries.<sup>17</sup> Though relentless-sounding, Ibarra's cries are precise, for she would faint if her breathing and eruptive vocalizations were not internally measured. For Quiebre, Ibarra dons the yellow high heels she has worn in other iterations of *Nude Laughing* and walks outside, up and down the long and wide Paseo de Diego in Río Piedras. She walks along a strip of boarded-up and open storefronts, through a working-class and middle-class history of a space designed for pedestrian commercial transit, cruising walkers, and window shoppers. She wears tits over her tits, a strap-on light-colored bust that does not "match" her medium skin color, and nothing else between her long black hair and *tacos* [high heels]. She sounds out nonsense and dysphasia: mouth wide open, laughing loudly, exposed, walking up the block, surefooted, then turning, wobbling on her heels, walking back down the block, sashaying, yet teetering, laughing a practiced, erotic arc, head thrown back in a rehearsal of being or appearing pleased, laughing strenuously, face contorted on the verge of tears, then laughing erotically, playfully again, then strained (see fig. I.3). Against the storefronts, Ibarra performs a demanding physi-



**Figures I.2 and I.3** Xandra Ibarra, *Nude Laughing* (2016). Screenshot. Used with permission of the artist.

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cal rumination on the structural wounds of living as a nonwhite, hypersexualized, shameful *sucia* [dirty female]. Ibarra appears as abjection's vocative.<sup>18</sup>

At this performance, I observe gazes and energies of stealth-surprised mothers going shopping and inquisitive kids hanging out, but there is no gesture signifying, *Look, a medium-skin-colored laughing nude!* Rather, semi-syncoated crowd participation and passing disturbances cross paths. Throughout the walking portion of the performance, Ibarra drags brown panty hose filled with odd, gendered ends. On her website, she describes the nylons and their contents as the “skin and skein of race,” objects vexed by skin color, and, worse, knotted to “white womanhood.”<sup>19</sup> Ballet slippers, fake furs, plastic, pale-skinned body parts—a solo breast and areola juts out—white pearls, and other subtly hostile, classed, feminine accoutrements wad up in the dragging. The hose stretches, fraying on the hot ground and with the weight of mashed-up objects at the nylon's end.

After several minutes, Ibarra stops ambling and laughing, and crawls into the hose. She stretches the nylons and contorts her face's features, no longer resembling herself, while holding a flat, affectless expression. The “skin and skein of race” contorts her into a monster. The video recording of this visceral moment of the performance is shot to track the performer's physicalizing of the concept of the score in space. The camera does not overlay another aesthetic onto Ibarra's, but sticks close to rendering hers. While I see the setting and the crowd in the video—I even see “myself” several times—this footage primarily *moves with* Ibarra's movements. The handheld camera maintains proximity, it thinks with the artist. I feel a kinship in this contiguity and spacing, a *withness* that my writing seeks to enact here and throughout this book.<sup>20</sup> Each chapter's texture and affect therefore varies: writing with salsa's queer movements in chapter 1 sounds different from writing with a defiant Rican female character in an absurdist play who refuses legal racist and gendered subjection in chapter 2. Writing with marks a joyful shift away from an aspect of how I was trained to write as a literary critic—on, about, if not above, the text—and offers possibilities for close-reading sound with a bilingual orientation. This mode of listening is embodied and multisensorial: it is not experienced solely through the ears, defined as adornments to a Cartesian, disembodied, and unfeeling mind-head, but the ears, in Spillers's perceptual sense, as portals to something other than the “perceptual cramp” of seeking the eyeball of the Man (external to or within ourselves).<sup>21</sup>

Perceived multisensorially in the video recording, Ibarra bends inside the hose, writhes on the cement. Her body twisting in agitation draws contortions of eroticized abjection on the ground, producing a visceral sense of the harm done by the institution of white womanhood in the objects rubbing against the Puerto Rican

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concrete's heat, burning the sentient surface that marks a porous threshold to Ibarra's body, the site of her interior ruminations.

Her yellow heels stand vigil beside her snaking body. She molts out a piece of fake fur, a pink slipper.<sup>22</sup> I sense Ibarra's movements as *retching*. They do not pose to appear normatively "sexy"; they do not sound a rehearsed, flirty register in the laughter that erupts from Ibarra while walking—to sound like what the (masculine) other's "auto-affection" wants to hear from her.<sup>23</sup> Her performance does not move from sound to total silence, either; there's nothing so cleanly dyadic in its poetics. Retching: the reverse movement of the esophagus and stomach occur to expulse a jammed up, choking, intensely internalized anxiety. The reverse of gustatory pleasure in Ibarra's contracting muscle movements crushes the objects and evokes *bad taste*. Not the fantasy of good taste's projection of bad taste onto the debased, but the bad taste of white domesticity's penchant for romanticized chattel and self-congratulatory vestiges of exploitation. How do we listen to retching? Retching evocative of mourning rubbing against pain, melancholia, and constraint? How do we listen to a bodily reflex that reminds us of the connection between the guts, lungs, throat, and psyche? That clenches together those parts, expulsing some, and gorging on others, parts that Western medicine historically has preferred to see separately, and in the case of the psyche, and especially the nonwhite racialized psyche, to see pathologically?

She unknots herself—peels out of the nylons. Slowly self-expulsed, she turns over on her belly. The camera stays very close as she wriggles, face down, her long, black hair effacing her features and visible, emotional expression. Here, around sixteen minutes and forty seconds into the video recording, the camera flips upside down. Ibarra is in extreme close-up, because the documentarian has placed the camera-object into the performance, close to the performer's body. Ibarra turns over onto her back, exposing her face, but the camera is still flipped: the world remains upside-down. Cement becomes the sky, sky grounds, as Ibarra grinds on the conjoining break of cement-sky.

Ibarra's flushed face pushes through her black hair. A string of white pearls hangs from between her teeth. Lifting up, standing, she allows the pearls and strap-on tits to slip. With the camera and her image still flipped upside down, and the tits in her hand, she stalks off from the crowd barefoot. The camera wobbles, lifts, flips right side up, and follows her, as does some of the crowd, down the block toward the Plaza. The performance ends. The camera turns around to film what remains of the crowd, who clap. The camera turns off.

The title *Nude Laughing*, together with Ibarra's enactment of eroticized, verging on frightened, laughter and crying in the walking portion of the performance,

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and her quiet retching against representations and metonyms of white womanhood's fragile prostheses and financed skein, invoke a poetics of multisensorial attunement to hysteria.<sup>24</sup> What if we were to imagine in the camera's turning cement into sky, sky into ground, a simultaneous decomposing and recomposing, or re-poeticizing of what goes where, an audiovisual eruption of the colonial order, *otro ataque*, for a moment, there and then, in 2016? And for a moment here and now? Which may become another, beyond where, and when, and what we know.

#### Puerto Rican *Ataques* [Attacks] and the Hysterical Position

To lose control, as in, to exhibit visceral detachment from containment, abjectly perform laughter, shaking, and retching, and to convoke a social scene around that rehearsed loss of control, exposes how the loser-of-control is not submitting to the master's terms of self-possession—including on the levels of soma and what materially excretes therefrom. Susan Stewart marshals lyric poetry's history of emotions in her discussion of Western taboos on the bodily excrescences, its visceral excesses, such as “menstrual blood, vomit, spittle, hair, dandruff, nail pairings, semen, excrement, [and] urine.”<sup>25</sup> She shows how such taboos interconnect with neoclassical and modernist, aesthetic and social, prohibitions on both laughter and weeping. Citing William Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty* (1753) and its interdictions against “excessive laughter,” which contorts the face and opens the mouth such that it “appears like crying,” Stewart connects Hogarth's disturbance at the “disagreeable look” of excessive laughter (which “porters” and “clowns” do, not “well-bred” folk) to T. S. Eliot's prose-poem “Hysteria” (1917).<sup>26</sup> Eliot's poem interests me less than how Stewart's reading of fluids returns us to “the problem of feeling” in “the problem of the cry,” and how all of this language, like Hogarth's invocations of “porters” and “clowns,” evokes white aesthetic determinations of emotional and sensorial order with an eye trained upon controlling nonwhite racialized peoples and expressive forms.<sup>27</sup> Stewart writes: “The interdiction is not against laughter or weeping per se so much as the excessive and unmeasured flow of expression out of the face: unbidden tears and explosive laughter involve a loss of volition.”<sup>28</sup> The overflowing subject performs *nonperformance*, in a legal sense, a nonpossession of the self (as I discuss in chapter 2).<sup>29</sup> The loss of volition in overflowing excrescence does not submit to the law's parameters for self-possession; it does not tender the master's better reason, but retches race on his paranoid boundaries. The uncontrolled laughter, like the hysteric, infects his psyche, here with an eruptive feminization of sound. Such eruptions crack open questions of pleasure and alternative agentic performances of the self: a percussive, emotive, excreting of the self as object in a world of porous objects. Porosity is not only

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receptive, but also transformative, offering a portal through which to pass and wander multisensorially.<sup>30</sup>

The shapes that Ibarra retches with her body at Quiebre recall stories of Jean-Michel Charcot—the “Master of Hysterics”—observing his patients’s histrionics. At the peak of his reputation in the late nineteenth century, Charcot gave what Lacanian psychoanalyst Patricia Gherovici calls “lecture-demonstrations” to packed audiences of doctors, artists, and intellectuals (including Sigmund Freud) at the teaching hospital Salpêtrière in Paris on Tuesday nights. While Charcot’s take on hysteria insisted on locating it as biologically innate to the individual female body, Gherovici and Antonio Viego underscore that hysteria’s performativity points to its social life, which is also to say its racialized, geographical, and cultural bearings. The hysteric created the “talking cure,” psychoanalysis.<sup>31</sup> The hysteric’s soma and embodied sensorial expressiveness simultaneously render, play with, and (dis)articulate “symbolic efficacy.”<sup>32</sup> Now consider this on the level of place, and situate “Puerto Rico” semantically where you read “The hysteric’s soma . . .” in the last sentence. Puerto Rico disarticulates US hegemony in the Caribbean Americas.

In the early 1950s, as Río Piedras was being incorporated into San Juan, as the US war machine, post–World War II and post–Bretton Woods, was also heavily investing in enforcing the narrative of “economic development,” warring with Korea,<sup>33</sup> and disguising its colonialism, the diagnosis of “Puerto Rican syndrome” emerged.<sup>34</sup> War wrecks psychic and somatic havoc on those whose lives it touches.<sup>35</sup> It demands that bodies be mutilated for national conscience and for the maintenance of colonial categories of being. Anticolonial vocabularies emerge among the mangled, and include, as Frantz Fanon was writing in the early 1950s in Algeria, permutations of colonial medicalized terms for racialized psychiatric disturbances.<sup>36</sup> Many of the Puerto Ricans enlisted to fight for the US military in the mid-twentieth century came from working-class backgrounds, and found a brief stay from poverty and policed class limits in the promise of a career and class mobility through military service to their island’s colonial, invading power.<sup>37</sup> US medical doctors frequently observed *ataques de nervios* [attacks of nerves] and convulsive fits in Puerto Rican soldiers, sometimes followed by no memory of the event (as event). In her study of the diagnosis of “Puerto Rican syndrome” (2003), Gherovici writes that by 1953, the Veterans Administration Medical Center in San Juan was serving a war veteran population of around 95,000 Puerto Ricans.<sup>38</sup> This medical center still stands today, located in Río Piedras, not far from the university and the Paseo de Diego, the site of Ibarra’s performance. Gherovici describes doctors observing patients who displayed:

paroxysms of anxiety, rage, psychotic symptoms, and unpremeditated suicidal attempts, followed with depression and often amnesia about the spectacular crises. Thinking they had discovered a manifestation uniquely Puerto Rican, the armed forces psychiatrists labeled the startling set of symptoms “Puerto Rican syndrome.” This set of symptoms meriting the invention of a new diagnosis, is identical to the most famous form of hysteria that some hundred years earlier helped Freud invent a revolutionary cure—psychoanalysis—and showed him the path to the unconscious. This is a strange coincidence.<sup>39</sup>

Medical officers acknowledged that the imminence of Puerto Rican soldiers being discharged from service prompted *ataques*. Notes about the soldiers attempting to “profit” from their symptoms inadvertently acknowledge that the aggression used by the US military to train these soldiers (and from which the US war machine profited) was internalized and being used by Puerto Ricans against themselves.<sup>40</sup> There was also simultaneous recognition among US and Puerto Rican physicians that these *ataques* made cultural sense, as fleeting excesses of feeling about oppressive conditions and poverty, which is bad for psychosomatic stability and incites eruptions. The *ataques* augured a return to impoverished conditions sustained by the invading power temporarily employing the soldiers as metonymic war machines and then discharging them into a colonial structure. The doctors working for the US military did not read these symptoms to critique colonial invasion, however, but to project them onto a culture as pathological. This medical-colonial project, of course, is not new: African being as black and black as pathology grounds how “Puerto Rican syndrome” sounds.

US medical officers renamed these *ataques* “hyperkinetic seizures” and “Puerto Rican syndrome.” Gherovici’s intervention is made in a Lacanian vein: she reads *ataques*, like hysteria, and their vexed medical archive in Puerto Rico, as having cultural and social meaning. She does not read them to reveal something about an individual patient’s pathology, but for the context in which they, with others, were living, and refusing to live. Gherovici argues that in the case of “Puerto Rican syndrome,” a diagnosis premised on an inaugural, oft-cited, yet unpublished study called “‘*Ataques*,’ Hyperkinetic Type: The So-Called Puerto Rican Syndrome” (1954), there are various reasons why US medical officers would not issue a diagnosis of hysteria for the paroxysms they observed in Puerto Ricans, including a historical attachment to gendering hysteria as feminine and all soldiers as masculine. The refused diagnosis marks a semantic suppression of hysteria that services the foreign power’s perception of the other as objective fact and casts the anticolonial culture as a pathological syndrome. Scientific objectivity asserts it-

self here as a form of nationalism. Gherovici writes: “a diagnostic category may appear as an objective description of a clinical fact that only affects those who experience health problems,” according to the master narrative. But “the clinician is not only implicated in understanding and engaging the patient; because the clinician provides an account of the disease, he or she is not just an observer but also a participant.”<sup>41</sup> Gherovici shows that US medical officers deliberately distanced themselves from Puerto Ricans—nonwhite racialized subjects from a place the US had recently colonized—and from their “symptoms,” while, it appears, Puerto Rican medical officers identified with the scientific nationalism of foreign US officers, and suppressed their knowledge of *ataques* as cultural expressions of feeling about oppression in reports destined for a scientifically white nationalist archive. Gherovici thus conceives of medical treatment as unfolding within a dynamic of participant-observer, a dynamic invoked by both cultural anthropology and performance studies. It is one dynamic that inflects in this book’s reworking of close-reading as multisensorial poetic listening and writing with texts, art, ecological formations, and other cultural objects.

In *Dead Subjects: Toward a Politics of Loss in Latino Studies* (2007), psychoanalytic and Latinx studies scholar Antonio Viegó draws on Lacan’s analysis of hysteria in the latter 1970s as part of social life in his own critical, poetic provocations around Spanglish.<sup>42</sup> Viegó enjoins the field and practice of Latino studies to cease discursive aspirations to and performances of “happiness,” wholeness (i.e., whiteness), productivity, and re-productivity: “Latino studies must teach the university not Latino cultural difference, *per se*, but rather how to speak, read, and write in Spanglish, the hysteric’s mother tongue.”<sup>43</sup> With his reading of Spanglish, my auscultating method of poetic listening emphasizes anticolonial and anti-antiblack sensorial and sonic possibilities. Poetic listening is an attentive and sensitive mode of bilingual listening that hears carefully Glissant’s calls for a poetics of impurity: “The era of proud languages in their purity must end for man: the adventure of languages (of diffracted but recomposed poetics of the world) begins.”<sup>44</sup> For man, or *man* (which must end), and for me, for us, for we who are formed by bilingualism and multilingualism not only as ways of speaking, but also as ways of listening and feeling. As in Ibarra’s convergence in *Nude Laughing* of laughing, crying, and retching, which offers a nonwhite poetics in performance and a performance of nonwhite poetics. My *chiasmus* at the end of the last sentence redraws the X of Latinx as an X eliciting queerness, blackness, and many indigenous languages’ -X’s, which Spanish colonialism and its afterlives cannot shhhhh, cannot disappear.

I imagine the young Puerto Ricans serving in the US military, its warring and self-absolving ideology, as enacting abject, disruptive, and muscled attacks of hysteria. I have not read records of an “organized attempt” at uprising by soldiers

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trying to transition from scenes of battle into scenes of hospitalization, which we must imagine as fraught. If we auscultate this archive of madness, listening for riotous possibilities in Puerto Rican scenes of subjection, then the movement of attacks from the colonizer's battle into the colonizer's hospital is a flailing, failing, contracting, retching form of disturbance and refusal of the enforced order, including the order that expects the colonized to be sick, on its terms, and to need colonization to teach them the master's prescribed modes of getting better from, and not "healing," of, their abject existence.<sup>45</sup> Thus, Gherovici phrases the scenario in Lacan's terms: the Puerto Rican soldiers "try to escape and at the same time expose an impossible situation. Ultimately, the symptoms look like a return in inverted form of the message received by soldiers during their training. Both a failed revolt of soldiers forced to fight for a country that is not theirs and a declaration of defeat, the symptom spells out a realization, or an unconscious stirring, that there is no other way out."<sup>46</sup>

This unconscious "failed revolt" of hyperkinetic seizures is generative. To remix it in Judith Butler's terms in *The Psychic Life of Power: Theories in Subjection* (1997): these hyperkinetic subjects' raucous subjection moves within the very structure of their eruptible subjugation. Rather than hearing defeat per se, I listen to the recording of these soldiers' and veterans' movements as *discharging* the terms of coerced agreement from within. Hysteria appears out of place in Puerto Rico, in nonwhite racialized, working-class men. Hysteria appears in Rican Spanish's enactments of somatic excess of linguistic standard orders. And in kineshetic attacks on US scientific nationalism in Río Piedras, hysteria summons our attunement to synesthetic riotousness in Latinx and Caribbean poetics.

#### Sounds out of Place, Laughter, and Macha Colón y los Okapí

After hot August days of attending live performances at Queibre and writing, working on drafts of this book's chapters, I want to feel para-verbal. I want to enter another scene of audition, a surround of dancing, and be sung to in the night, by a sonically explosive creature, *una macha*, by la Macha Colón (Gisela Rosario). Rosario, an Afro-Caribbean musician, performer, and filmmaker, calls the performance persona Macha Colón a Caribbean hybrid of Divine, Blondie, and Celia Cruz. *Macha* is also a feminization of *macho*, and *Cólon* invokes Cristóbal, the syphilitic Genoese, colonizing cartographer defiant of Catholic scholasticism, its map of the earth's waters, and massacring indigenous life forms—Antillean and African. This surname she performatively shatters with her sonic eruptions.

With the Queibre crowd, I wait and face the stage, chatting and dancing to music drifting over from a truck parked nearby. The fluorescent glow of Helad-

ería Georgetti, the famous ice cream parlor on the other side of the Plaza, calls to me with its homemade coconut, *parcha* [passion fruit], papaya, and mango creams, and its shots of AC. Georgetti's stands near the dance and cultural space Casa Ruth Hernández, at which Gisela Rosario, Mapenzi Chibale (née Michel) Nonó—who performs with her sister Mulowayi Iyaye (née Lydela) as Las Nietas de Nonó [Nonó's Grandaughters], and appears in a film discussed in chapter 3—choreographers and dancers nibia pastrana santiago, and Awilda Rodríguez, among other Puerto Rican performance and dance artists, organized communal events and hosted international artists in residency. (I note this practice in the past tense, for since Hurricane María in September 2017, the municipality of San Juan has defunded and closed Casa Ruth Hernández. The building is extant; the cultural organizing does not gather there now.)

We hold our spot near the stage to be as close to Macha and the band as possible, for our own pleasure, and also for her to see her friends' faces near the stage for this packed performance. Erupting from within and behind the crowd is a chant, "¡Siempre estoy pompiá' por la revolución!" Disoriented as to where the sound is coming from, I turn to find the chant: it booms from way back in the crowd, opposite the stage, opposing my expectations, at the other end of the Plaza's long rectangle. A line of black, white, and inscrutable Caribbean, genderqueer bodies wearing animal masks move together toward the stage, one of them hitting a cowbell in a *son* rhythm. They continue chanting: "¡Siempre estoy pompiá' por la revolución!" "¡Siempre estoy pompiá' por la revolución!" And the crowd joins in: "¡Siempre estoy pompiá' por la revolución!" *Pompiá'* is Spanglish and a distinctly self-delighted Puerto Ricanism that signifies pumped up, hyped, rready (with a rolled *-r a la* Bad Bunny's *rrrrra!* ad lib). Macha's animal-masked friends' prelude to her concert translates as "I'm always hyped for revolution." Or "I'm always up to get down. Flip this shit!"

I hear Macha's laughter from off-stage before I see her—wearing a green-tubed, auto-illuminating, tentacular, Medusa headpiece, gloves and leggings covered in plastic eyeballs, a green asymmetrical top, and green monster feet (see fig. I.4).<sup>47</sup> Propelled by her animal friends' chant, she takes the stage from behind, from the crowd. From her gut, her laughter makes a ripping, femme-y sound that you feel in your insides, that you want to keep hearing, and makes you laugh. Like Cardi B's laughter on a trap track, or your grandma's from the church pew when she hears a double entendre in the sermon, or a little kid after they've pooped their diaper, and they're old enough to know *you've gotta clean it up* (joke's on you), there's something infectiously pleasurable about this unexpected, sensorial emergence.

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**Figure 1.4** Macha Colón y los Okapí at Quiebre Performance Festival (2016).  
Photograph by Walter Włodarczyk.

Laughter, especially when it appears oddly timed, allows our embarrassment or repressed childishness to resurge for a hot minute, and release, too. Sounds that do not constitute proper speech tickle us, and tickle out unexpected effects, the effects of what is stuck in us but requires irrepressible stimulation—the sonic—to loosen it/us up. My experience of Quiebre in the “Free Associated State” of Puerto Rico, Ibarra’s performance of hysterical laughter and retching, the eruption of queer chanting, and Macha’s laughter before she addresses the audience and sings the lyrics of her songs, many of which are filled with depressive and euphoric feelings, provoke a reimagining of the cry beyond the epistemology that I have spent years studying, from Aristotle, to Rousseau, to Derrida, to Moten. Listening in a para-verbal state, not as the knower but as one among many wanting to feel sensorial solidarity beside others, has changed how I tell the story of the cry.

#### **Auscultate: Marronage’s Cry**

*The Cry of the Senses* is a method book. Its archive is built around the paradigm of the cry. And the cry—as paradigm, that is, as mode of inquiry—is a sonic disturbance of Enlightenment, Romantic, and plantation orders of the senses. This book enacts how it wants to be read and felt—sonically and synesthetically—with

the archive it has built and for which it advocates. Multisensorial poetic listening and sonically oriented close-readings yield synesthetic reattunement and generate swerving creative-critical movement. The copulations of possibility in the aforesaid adverbial and gerundive arrangements offer emotional refuges to imaginatively avow submerged sensorial solidarities *inter alia* that elude violent, monohuman, liberal, economic sovereignty.<sup>48</sup>

Martiniquais poet, novelist, and philosopher of ethnography Édouard Glissant's poetics offers such semantic and imaginative refuges. In Betsy Wing's translation into English of Glissant's *Poetics of Relation* (1997), readers encounter the verb "auscultating" as a way to approach the twisted "memory or guts inside" the plantation's archives of madness and filiation.<sup>49</sup> Auscultation is a medical term borrowed from the Latin *auscultare*, or *inclining the ear* toward the sounds of another's body. *Auscular* in Catalan and *ausculter* in French retain the sounds of *escuchar* and *écouter*, but the auscultating ear (*auris*) is doing more with listening than hearing.<sup>50</sup> With stethoscopes, for example, physicians listen through the acoustic device to the lungs, intestines, and heart, percussive organs that offer rhythms and arrhythms of breath, blood circulation, and digestion. Their listening-as-touching hears and senses the sounds of the other's body. They're listening for a correspondence with what they expect to hear from a healthy enough organ—for a rhyme, of sorts—but they're also listening-touching the feeling of the sounds expressing themselves at that moment by that body. The French doctor, and intense Catholic, René Laennec is credited with inventing the stethoscope in 1816, in part because he did not want to lay his head against a woman's breast to hear her heartbeat (Mssr. Laennec inclined toward wooden trumpets). Auscultation is a mode of listening with/on the verge of, yet not, touching another body.

As a process of listening for what is expected, and for surprise, for the palpating terms offered by a body in performance, or in a text, not only under visual scrutiny but sonorous engagement, auscultation reorients us to listening for those aporetically slanted sounds that disrupt a structure from the inside. It is a mode of intramural and relational listening. Listening with the sounds of another body's interior responses to external stimuli may manifest unexpected results (not merely illness), and may shift how we think of what relationality means to listening, and vice versa. Ibarra's body, retching, in esophageal contraction, intestinal ellipse, or arterial squeeze, knots with shapes of abjection, which is not the same as being stuck. Her body emotes and moves with her voice's errance. I listen to Ibarra's repetitions of flirtatious then frantic cries and hysterical laughter as racially performative, drawing on her Tejana, desert-dry, United States–Mexico border, psychosomatic, melancholic, historical formation. I listen to Macha Cólón's queer, space-breaking vocatives as bomb-dropping *gritos* [cries] from a place that

rejects the given terms of US politics, not because it “cannot decide” what to be, but because it enacts the hysteric’s position—expressing different sounds and terms on which to be heard.

As a political sound put to the narrative service of nineteenth century nation-building, and especially in the Spanish Caribbean Americas, the cry has been positioned in narrative retrospect to mark the beginnings of revolutions—namely, *el grito de Lares* in the story of Puerto Rican independence; *el grito de Dolores* in the story of Mexican independence; *el grito de Yara* in the story of Cuban independence; *los gritos de Capotillo* and *de independencia* in stories of the Dominican Republic’s independence. However, the cry’s eruption in music, in sex, at birth, and as weeping *llanto*, alternately marks the embodied, nonwhite racialized, provocative, daily, pained limits of language and feeling, as well as political shifts. Whereas in Spanish, *el grito* is defined as a vehement expression of general, even organized, sentiment, in French, *le cri* registers as inarticulate sound that emerges from spontaneous feelings of vigor. There is an unruliness to the French *cri* to which this book is attuned. Cries, old and new, blow through this book, some with the force of hurricanes, others with the force of intimate whispers.

Glissant’s poetics of the “cry of the Plantation” is a provocation for my method of multisensorial listening in *The Cry of the Senses*. As systematized in *Poetics of Relation*, the “cry of the plantation” is a crucible of voice, sound, and word that erupts into murderous modernity. It courses through an aesthetics and poetics of the Caribbean Americas forged amidst and in relation to plantation life, and continues sounding out long after the legal end of slavery in what Saidiya Hartman theorizes as the ongoing afterlife of slavery.<sup>51</sup> The roiling, abyssal belly of the slave ship,<sup>52</sup> multiple musical forms budding from plantation regions—Glissant notes *biguine*, jazz, calypso, salsa, reggae—and a silence of night surrounding the slaves’ barracks, resonate in that cry’s poetics.<sup>53</sup> This book takes up and plays with, rather than resolving or rationalizing, Western philosophy’s rendering of cries as vibrating—pathologically, irrationally, savagely, and hysterically—in the crack forced between (black) animality and (white) humanity. This book is not about the *humanity* of the cry.<sup>54</sup> It writes rather with the pleasurable and troubling thoughts and feelings that cries convoke.

Glissant writes about other cries, such as the “cry of poetry,” which he metaphorizes and pluralizes as moving like “open boats”: “we sail them for everyone.”<sup>55</sup> An everyone misread by many white theorists as *white*, Glissant’s “everyone” is an Afro-descendant and plural one of those historically denied their oneness, and denied opacity. Earlier in Glissant’s poetics, a throaty, *maroon* cry emerges from *collective audition and proprioception*.<sup>56</sup> I hear invocations of the throat not as part of an individual experience of speech or kinesis, but as part of a collective proprio-

ception in relation to the sounds of marronage. In the passage below, translated by Nathanaël, the cry disappears into the figure of the maroon, who is constitutively plural, constitutively not individual, and who appears not as a noun but in and as movement across Martinican cliffs and *les mornes* [hills]:

What then is language? This cry that I elected? Not only the cry, but *absence* beating in the cry.

For if you grant me through the throat Such or Such, to convince me that I must surrender,  
I in turn disgorge for you the song of the one who for the night's duration rose along the cliff of acacias,  
tracked from the primordial forest and from forest to forest above the sea and the oblique bridges pushing towards this morne, and who had only known so to speak the slope the incline the loose bridge the rolling abyss the pitching morne and who, dry toes in the mud, all night, the first, rose in the thickness of the morne,  
and there launched his cry that was immediately lost in the immensity of this miniscule space,  
swallowed, dwindled, eroded by the workshops, the cane fields, the violated splendor of the Unique Season (the cry), at each crossroads each day reduced in the trivial conquest in which the other laced us,  
emptied to the availability of so many good talents that we became  
(when in the lair of cane the breath of slave ships turns sour),  
cry to the world launched from the highest morne and unheard by the world,  
submerged there in the sweetish wave where the sea bogs men down; —  
And it is to this absence this silence and this involution that I bind  
in my throat my language, which thus begins with a lack:  
And my language, rigid and dark or alive or strained is that lack first, then the will to slough the cry into speech before the sea.

(What does language matter, when we must of the cry and speech measure there its implantation. In every authorized language, you will build your language.)

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. . . every nation yesterday was still perfecting itself in the unique and often exclusive, aggressive projection of its parlance. But I am not heir to that unicity, having not even to react against it . . . I haven't to prove my loyalty, nor continuity, but to jar it in my direction: it is my way of recognizing it.<sup>57</sup>

“[W]e became . . . cry to the world”: against the antiblack world, Glissant writes with a literary imagination of a poetics of the sounds and movements of a plurality, of Martiniquais maroons whose cries echo between *les mornes* and ocean, ocean and another island, disconnected from and bound to other islands. Engulfed, involuted, the fugitive collective cry is not a problem for Glissant, nor must it be recovered, nor justified, nor imagined as inferior to speech. In the throat of the body bound to a collective poetic sense of movement and audition, in a place that is a plurality, an island in a chain of islands, a cry—not of one national project or humanist articulation's violent battle with an inarticulacy that stands in for nonwhite racialized bodies in a racist-humanist version of the world, a cry jarring, quivering, and moving with Caribbean land- and seascapes.

Cries disarticulate the joints in sound that constitute articulation, that is, they expose the nonsense in sense. Nonwhite cries in particular seem to pose a philosophical problem like that of improvisation. Improvisation poses “the problem of feeling” for thought, as Fred Moten puts it in *In the Break: The Aesthetics of the Black Radical Tradition* (2003). *In the Break* shows where blackness, a feminized blackness, disrupts Western philosophical aversions to feeling, flowing, and improvising. The sounds of blackness *disturb* a certain (whitened) audition because they do not mime back what mastery wants to hear from the Other, for mastery conceives of itself as the source of vocalizable reason. It cannot imagine black sounds made beyond it, or that its audition and vocalizations trespass on and poach therefrom. Sounds of feeling, improvisation, and flow trouble what Jacques Derrida calls the “audiophonic system” of the One (of colonial mastery),<sup>58</sup> a system that requires what Moten calls “philosophy's color line.”<sup>59</sup> Derrida remarked on improvisation as something he would do, verged on doing, to think the unthinkable of speech, its darkness, or what he called its “black magic,” in seeking to diverge from the oppressive preparedness (in part designed to conceal the racist tracks) of Western philosophy.<sup>60</sup> And, I add, Derrida posed “the problem of the cry” in post-Enlightenment notions of language, race, and life as a limit.<sup>61</sup>

This book attentively listens to what Moten calls “the problem of feeling” as the problem in Derrida's postulated “problem of the cry,” but in other words: I argue that the so-called cry problem reveals Western philosophy's problem with feeling, and with feelings' sounds and sensory effects. By attending to the elusive materialities of cries, ad libs, riotous disruptions of apocalyptic joy, performative refusals

of forced compliance, onomatopoeiae, silence, ideological hiccups, and to Spanish as what Viego calls “the hysteric’s mother tongue”<sup>62</sup>—all sonic eruptions of sensing—this book does not humanize them, it does not singularly systematize them, but instead veers their shape-shifting provocations away from the humanist project and its “audiophonic system” of capture.

On the album *Tanquecito de amor* [*Reservoir of Love*] (2011), when Gisela Rosario/Macha Colón cries out the track’s titular refrain “¡Maaaaalditaaa sea!” (which signifies some mixture of “Goddammit!” “What a nightmare!” and “Fuck this!”), she issues a belly-deep and sky-ripping structural, political frustration. “¡Qué mierda, qué mierda, qué mierda!” [What shit! What shit! What shit!] she repeats right after the wail of “¡Maldita sea!” saying she can’t go anywhere because she’s depressed by fast food chains of American English, hippy-hipster pop-ups burning incense in gentrified swaths of neighborhoods where people used to live, and the students rioting at the University of Puerto Rico against raised tuitions that amounts to more political feelings of frustration. Her bratty, broken, and critical outbursts about the gut-wrenching, visceral feeling of ongoing US colonial invasion reference what she hears around her: there is an ear in her throat, another iteration of collective audition. Her cry is a curse on US sovereignty, a call for its Caribbean deposition.

Glissant’s *cri*, its collective maroon sense of movement, beside Rosario/Macha’s laughter and kinetic, sonic outbursts of “¡Ayyyyy! ¡Maldita sea!” beside Ibarra’s moaning and retching, enact affective, moving, and different interplays crucial to this book’s interpolation of itself into, and out of, Latinx studies—historically troubled, as it is, by (its) blackness and relationality.<sup>63</sup> In rendering the cry as not one, not a singular force or entity, but as migratory, abnormal, multisensorial, plural, and dispersed, the cry’s *bomba*, or its potential to explode, regenerates.

*The Cry of the Senses* deploys multisensorial poetic listening to attune us to the ethical and imaginary possibilities of *besideness* and *sensorially errant solidarity* in the Caribbean Americas.<sup>64</sup> Besideness does not seek positivist inclusion into violent civic narratives of being and nonbeing: it does not wish to sound like whiteness in order to be, which requires blackness not to be—to be nothingness. Rather, a multisensorial, *ecological field of besideness*<sup>65</sup> slows approaches to difference, and its waywardness with the binary of being/nonbeing allows scholars, artists, and writers living in various anticolonial states of historical and sensorial awareness of US violent sovereignty to attend to hegemonically overdetermined sites and their geographies of embodiment. Sensorially errant solidarity emerges from an archipelagic perspective on the hemisphere. It imaginatively subsumes US geographic *cum* white supremacist claims to hegemonic, self-made boundaries and the capacity to trespass where and when US sovereignty determines.

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### A Spanglish Ear for *Bombas* [Bombs]

From my vantage in the Caribbean Americas, a task for the Spanglish, bilingual ear (in Latinx studies, and in other fields) is to reimagine bilingualism as a multi-sensorial and “hysterical” poetic power. As such, bilingualism refuses narratives of positivism, assimilation, freedom, and white representation as primary preoccupations, and swerves as an imaginary of migrant, fugitive, and errant listening and feeling. It must hysterically decenter US hemispheric illusions of grandeur. It must think from other speeds of place and relation. It must counterattack in sensorial solidarity with the anticolonial forms, shapes, and imaginaries it studies.

*The Cry of the Senses* is written with a Spanglish ear that listens deliberately for where and when disidentifying US Latinx and Caribbean figures go off—it listens for *bombas*, as in booms of sonic feeling.<sup>66</sup> Bomba as in bass-drops, vibrations that make you want to shake and wind your ass, as well as harshly explosive, sensorial reminders of gravity’s downward pull. In this book, the word *bomba* moves along several valences. Bomba evokes the Puerto Rican musical form, where dancers determine, with and against drummers, the length and intensities of the dance. This iteration of *bomba* in Puerto Rico is narrated as emerging from the plantation. But I hasten to add that, as Sara Johnson shows in *The Fear of French Negroes* (2012), *bomba* comes to Puerto Rico and comes to constitute a musical sense of Ricanness in the archipelago and the diaspora not from some abstracted, monolithic notion of “Africa,” nor from the plantation structure in Puerto Rico as a regionally and economically isolated phenomenon (an impossibility), but from the slave trade and Haiti in the eighteenth century. That is, *bomba* travels to Puerto Rico from San Domingue on the verge of revolutionary Haiti. Which is also to say, *bomba* signifies black aesthetics, intra-Caribbeanness, and Haitianness. Bomba, in this book, also signifies the over 120 *bombas* planted by the *Fuerzas Armadas de Liberación Nacional Puertorriqueña* (FALN) and exploded in Chicago and New York in the 1970s and early ’80s on and against US violent sovereignty. I will not give the term *bomba* to the nuclear missile that was found in the Vieques Sound, at the bottom of the sea, in breach of the 1967 Treaty of Tlatelolco, an object that continues to elude the US Navy’s capacity to report the details of its weapons trading and transport. Dive around the island, and the coral reveals what the sovereign state will not: the damage done by toxic drainage from weapons storage and by sonic booms from munitions explosions, which also have caused cancer and “vibracoustic disease” in the bodies of Vieques and Culebra residents—a thickening of the body’s tissues in response to noise and sound frequencies impossible for the human body to bear. I hear Glissant’s maroon *cri* echo across the amphitheater of the archipelago, where crying *bomba* is also crying loss, mourning in retrospect, mourning in advance, and refusing imperial terms of life and death as totality.

This book's poetics grows from an engagement with the present emerging out of the long 1970s as a shifting ground that marks the rise of US academic Latino studies, as well as poetic, political, and musical movements and collaborations. The Nuyorican Poets Café, Arte Público Press, the Chicana/o/x muralists, Asco, the Young Lords, the FALN, the *Macheteros*, and the salsa of the Fania All-Stars all constitute attempts to forge radical articulations of Afro-Latinx, white Latinx, and variably nonwhite subjectivities, aesthetics, and sounds. Over time, the academy has valued sociological formulations, attachments to assimilation, and realist representations of a coherent Latino identity—many instances of which are anti-aesthetic, antifemme, antitrans, antiqueer, antiblack, and anti-indigenous.<sup>67</sup> Difficult and violent stories of intracommunal hang-ups are under-told, which only solidifies obstacles to living with difference, and has shaped how we have anthologized and performatively reiterated what Latina/o/x studies seems to be. When sensorially detoured into a range of affects and modes of attentiveness, “Latinx” can do something else besides oppose white majoritarian traps.

Latinx poetry, performance, and music in the 1970s incited sensorial and affective attachments that can be listened to as exceeding the demands of reproductive, mimetic identity formations, as well as normative political and economic agendas. In the introduction to the 1975 collection *Nuyorican Poetry: An Anthology of Puerto Rican Words and Feelings*, Miguel Algarín writes that “[t]he poems in this anthology . . . are delivered in . . . a bomba rhythm with many changing pitches delivered with a bold stress. The pitches vary but the stress is always bomba and the vocabulary is English and Spanish mixed into a new language.”<sup>68</sup> Algarín invokes bomba as rhythm and stress in a book that collected Rican words *and* feelings in lyric poetic form. Here, bomba explodes with plurality, and renders a maroon code that the state cannot crack.<sup>69</sup>

### Chapter Summaries

The body of *The Cry of the Senses* does not render a set of tropes or keywords to intervene in a field. In its very modality, *The Cry of the Senses* is a paradigmatic disturbance built around the cry. The reader can metonymically hear the paradigm of the cry in a set of organizing conceptual terms that emerge across the book: riotousness, abnormal pleasures, and nonsense erupt in chapter 1; unruly and unsovereign nonparticipation and absurd hyper-participation manifest in chapter 2; sensorial errancy moves in chapter 3; ecstatic mourning in sites of migratory and maroon refuge reveal and hide themselves in chapter 4; in the coda, bombs go off.

Chapter 1—“¡Anormales!”: Unruly Audition in Performances of 1970s Salsa”—theorizes the method of multisensorial poetic listening as a variation on close

reading. It tells the story of an audience riot that brought the Fania All-Stars' 1973 salsa performance at Yankee Stadium in the Bronx to an end. This chapter claims such listeners' audition as unruly, and traces the riotous pleasures of salsa's audiences in relation to the lyrics and videos of Héctor Lavoe's performances and the musicians signed to Fania in the mid-1970s, including a video recording of the music festival *Zaire '74* in Kinshasa—a scene of sensorial solidarity in performance.

Chapter 2—“‘I have been forced to hear a lot’: The *FALN*, *The Masses Are Asses*, and the Sounds, Shapes, and Speeds of Puerto Rican Defiance”—relays two Rican embodied refusals of US sovereignty and their performances of *unsovereignty*: the court transcripts of the May 1980 trial of *FALN* member Marie Haydée Beltrán Torres (who allegedly bombed the Mobil Oil Building in 1977) in Manhattan; and the written text of Pedro Pietri's play, *The Masses Are Asses*, first mounted in 1974 in Manhattan, then reworked and completed in 1984. Those years comprise the time frame of the *FALN*'s relational, leftist activity against claims of US sovereignty, and it marks the time of the emergence in US law of the category of “seditious conspiracy.” The state tortured Beltrán Torres in an “experimental” prison, and incarcerated her for twenty-nine years of a life sentence. Reading Beltrán Torres's use of language in court as refusal, nonparticipation, and nonperformance changed how I read the character called Lady in *The Masses Are Asses*, and her performances of hyper-participation in her captor's role-playing desires. By moving her bowels—against the injunctions of her man-captor to not fart or shit—Lady troubles the shapes, sounds, and speeds of a defiant break with subjugation.

Chapter 3—“Sensorial Errancy in Beatriz Santiago Muñoz's Cinema”—thinks with the sonic excesses of the errant visual movements of Puerto Rican filmmaker Beatriz Santiago Muñoz's cinema. The filmmaker's uses of the camera as object, as well as her film subjects' performative circumlocutions and nonverbal, physical rituals, open into meditations on the magic of sensorial errancy in her films set in the rainforest, former US Naval bases, small urban farms, and beaches of the Puerto Rican archipelago. The history of “sensory deprivation” inflicted by the US prison system on alleged members of the *FALN*, as well as the “sensorial overload” inflicted on the peoples of the Puerto Rican archipelago, especially in Vieques and Culebra, by the US Navy's decades of “weapons testing,” circulate in this chapter's engagements of aesthetic experimentations with sensorial errancy. This chapter walks readers through the Puerto Rican archipelago's “post-military,” “chimerical ecology” where Santiago Muñoz transforms the camera into a sonic, multisensory, and magical portal that breaks a flat plane of vision, and hexes the war machine.

Chapter 4—“*Slow Lightning*, Ecstatic Mourning, and Migratory Refuge”—focuses on the sensuous poetics of gay, Chicana poet Eduardo Corral's first book, *Slow Lightning* (2012). It listens poetically across the conjunction that Corral's

synesthetic and visceral poems draw between Mexican and Central American migrancy, historical and hemispheric black fugitivity, AIDS, cruising, black American poetics, nonwhite queer poetics, and the desert ecology of Sonora and Arizona, which become specific landscapes of death, rot, loss, and mourning in *Slow Lightning*. This chapter argues for making migratory refuges that move with variously fractured ontologies and histories not toward freedom, but to recover a lost and sensed connection, a mode of sensorial solidarity that opens a range of possibilities for living broken together and mourning ecstatically.

The coda sets off the explosive sounds of an oneiromantic, Caribbean Americas fantasy deposition of the US sovereign. It arranges passages of an armed takeover of Manhattan by African American and Afro-Caribbean characters in the novel *Afro-6* (1969) and the explosive dreams and speculative sounds in two of Santiago Muñoz's films that reimagine, on domestic and barred-domestic levels, bombings of sovereignty.

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**Preface**

- 1 In chapter 4, the Sonoran Desert comes into relation to the historically maroon, Afro-indigenous regions of Orizaba and Veracruz, México, in Eduardo Corral's book of poems, *Slow Lightning* (New Haven, CT: Yale University Press, 2012).
- 2 Calvin Warren, *Ontological Terror: Blackness, Nihilism, and Emancipation* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2018), 42; Cedric Robinson, *Black Marxism: The Making of the Black Radical Tradition* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1983), 122.
- 3 Judith Butler, "Against Proper Objects," *differences* 6, no. 2 (1994): 6; Fred Moten, "The Subprime and the Beautiful," *African Identities* 11, no. 2 (2013): 240.
- 4 I feel a wariness of ground-claims, perhaps oriented to painful years of reading Martin Heidegger, and to my alignment with Ira Livingston's shade thrown at the gravity of scientific realism. See Ira Livingston, *Between Science and Literature: An Introduction to Autopoetics* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2005), 149–50. With that being said, this is part of what the genre of preface is for. Moreover, in "All the Things You Could Be by Now, If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother: Psychoanalysis and Race," Spillers writes that "any investigator must attempt to illuminate the *ground* as the premier statement of a theory rather than its 'blindness,' to state systematically why it is so important to do so" (386). What I hope to be illuminating is how the ground of this study moves, and is broken in different ways, requiring different methodological and sensory orientations. The "ground" is a prevalent motif in Spillers's (Taurean) writings on American literature, most notably to me: at the end of "Mama's Baby, Papa's Maybe" as the "insurgent ground" of self-naming black femaleness (228–29); and in "Black, White, and in Color," as "the assumptive ground" for any rigorous conversation about a community of black texts to suppose the dynamic of traction and fatal gravity underfoot the running, historically situated "fugitive poet" who speaks against the unlawful prerogatives

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- of dominant law (299). Because relation does not mean everything under the sun, and because it must, from my simultaneously variably white and poc positional-ity, be enacted in thoughtful relation to black thought, I position these grounds as some measure of mine. All three noted essays collected in Hortense Spillers, *Black, White, and in Color: Essays on American Literature and Culture* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2003).
- 5 Leticia Alvarado, *Abject Performances: Aesthetic Strategies in Latino Cultural Production* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2018), 5.
  - 6 Joshua Javier Guzmán, “Brown,” in *Keywords in Latina/o Studies*, ed. Larry LaFountain-Stokes, Nancy Raquel Mirabal, and Deborah Vargas (New York: New York University Press, 2017), 28.
  - 7 Guzmán, “Brown,” 28.
  - 8 Yomaira C. Figueroa, “A Case for Relation: Mapping Afro-Latinx Caribbean and Equatoguinean Poetics,” *Small Axe* 24, no. 1 (March 2020): 28. Figueroa’s book, *Decolonizing Diasporas*, is forthcoming (as I write this) in the fall of 2020.
  - 9 Sandy Plácido, Petra Rivera-Rideau, Dixa Ramírez, and Omaris Z. Zamora, “Expanding the Dialogues: Afro-Latinx Feminisms,” *Latinx Talk*, November 28, 2017, <https://latinxtalk.org/2017/11/28/expanding-the-dialogues-afro-latinx-feminisms/>.
  - 10 Mary Pat Brady, *Extinct Lands, Temporal Geographies: Chicana Literature and the Urgency of Space* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2002), 4.
  - 11 Dixa Ramírez, in “Expanding the Dialogues.”
  - 12 Joshua Javier Guzmán, “Beside Oneself: Queer Psychoanalysis and the aesthetics of Latinidad,” in *Psychoanalysis in the Barrios: Race, Class, and the Unconscious*, ed. Patricia Gherovici and Christopher Christian (New York: Routledge, 2019), 177.
  - 13 Guzmán, “Beside Oneself,” 175.
  - 14 Guzmán, “Beside Oneself,” 173.
  - 15 See Frank Wilderson III on the “radical incoherence” of the “Black American subject.” Frank Wilderson III, “The Prison Slave as Hegemony’s (Silent) Scandal,” *Social Justice* 30, no. 2 (2003): 21.
  - 16 Antonio Viego, *Dead Subjects: Toward a Politics of Loss in Latino Studies* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2007), 2, 120–21.
  - 17 Hortense Spillers, “Who Cuts the Border: Some Readings on America,” in *Black, White, and in Color: Essays on American Literature and Culture* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2003), 321.
  - 18 Ronald Judy, *Disforming the American Canon: African-Arab Slave Narratives and the Vernacular* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1993), 83.
  - 19 Judy, *Disforming the American Canon*, 83–84, my emphasis.

## Introduction

Epigraph: Hayden’s lyric poem evokes the horror of the κκκ and a white supremacist’s perspective on the lynching and castration of a black man. I would encourage the reader to consider this poem beside the perspectives of white vigilantes in the US south, Arizona, Texas, and southern California today, and in relation to the lib-

eral economic policies that buttress and benefit from white vigilante violence. The cry, I argue, exceeds white capture.

- 1 Gil Cuadros, *City of God* (San Francisco: City Lights, 1994).
- 2 Tsitsi Jaji, "Sound Effects: Synaesthesia as Purposeful Distortion in Keorapetse Kgotsitsile's Poetry," *Comparative Literature Studies* 46, no. 2 (2009): 287–310. Jaji discusses synaesthesia as "inter-sensory detour" on pp. 293–94. See also Daniel Heller-Roazen, *The Inner Touch: Archaeology of Sensation* (New York: Zone Books, 2007).
- 3 Tina Campt, *Listening to Images* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2017), 8.
- 4 José Esteban Muñoz, "Feeling Brown, Feeling Down: Latina Affect, the Performativity of Race, and the Depressive Position," *Signs* 31, no. 3 (2006): 677, my emphasis.
- 5 Muñoz, "Feeling Brown, Feeling Down," 679. Hortense Spillers, "All the Things You Could Be by Now, If Sigmund Freud's Wife Was Your Mother: Psychoanalysis and Race," in *Black, White, and in Color: Essays on American Literature and Culture* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2003).
- 6 Spillers, "All the Things," 403.
- 7 In "Feeling Brown, Feeling Down," Muñoz states clearly that "Brownness is not white, and it is not black either" (680). But as a practice of "self-knowing," it is "identified with the public life of blackness," and in how he conceptualizes it in that one essay, brown needs black meditations on and critiques of psychoanalysis (680). What I cannot make sense of is, why is brown necessarily nonblack? And how it makes sense that to claim something is nonblack is in no way identitarian. It does not make sense to me that black people would not have "brown feelings," whether we mean by those "the blues," "antinormative," or otherwise antagonistic feelings. Semiotically and philosophically, why are brown feelings not (also, if not specifically) black feelings? Moreover, I wonder, partly as a Caribbeanist, and partly as a queer formed by a white supremacist Cuban family, why in Muñoz's desire for a third way other than the US binary of African American/white, which informs his attachment to queer of color critique, he would not characterize his yearning, whether in Wynterian or Glissantian or some other Caribbean modes, as *relational*? Brown, as a sign, would get some relief, it seems to me, through relation rather than requiring simultaneously an antiliteralist sense of color *and* a distancing from black. Chapter 4 meditates on some of this in its study, and I continue to give thought to his quandary.
- 8 Fred Moten, "Manic Depression: A Poetics of Hesitant Sociology," talk at University of Toronto, April 4, 2017, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gQ2kodsmIJE>.
- 9 *Quiebre* signifies variously as: a break, a crack; going bankrupt; in sports, both in basketball and fútbol, to get past your opponent/defender, is to break their ankles. *Ataques* invokes both *ataques de nervios* and guerrilla attacks.
- 10 For more information around *Rompeforma* and 1970s–80s Puerto Rican dance and performance, see the artist profile for Viveca Vazquez in the Hemsipheric Institute at New York University's digital library, accessed July 25, 2018, <http://hidvl.nyu.edu/video/003679659.html>.

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- 11 See José Esteban Muñoz, “Ephemera as Evidence,” *Women & Performance: A Journal of Feminist Theory* 8, no. 2 (1996): 5–17.
- 12 On *el monte* and the cited passage, see Dixia Ramírez, “Mushrooms and Mischief: On Questions of Blackness,” *Small Axe* 59 (July 2019): 152–63. Experimental farmers have been and continue to be vital actors in the unruliness of the Puerto Rican archipelago. On maroon or Creole gardens, see also Édouard Glissant in *One World in Relation* (2009, dir. Manthia Diawara).
- 13 Christina León has written a thorough and pleasurable essay about Xandra Ibarra’s *FML, Fuck My Life* cabaret performances and persona, La Chica Boom. In her essay, León historicizes and explicates Ibarra’s retiring of La Chica Boom, and how that was accompanied by iterative misreadings of brown camp by white audiences. Christina León, “Forms of Opacity: Roaches, Blood, and Being Stuck in Xandra Ibarra’s Corpus,” *ASAP/Journal* 2, no. 2 (May 2017): 369–94.
- 14 This line channels thesis VI of Walter Benjamin’s “Theses on the Philosophy of History” (or, “On the Concept of History”): “Only that historian will have the gift of fanning the spark of hope in the past who is firmly convinced that *even the dead* will not be safe from the enemy if he wins. And this enemy has never ceased to be victorious.” Walter Benjamin, *Illuminations*, trans. Harry Zohn (New York: Schocken, 1968), 255.
- 15 The counterpoint to this artificial museal behavior seems to have erupted at Ibarra’s performance of *Nude Laughing* at the 2019 Hemisférica conference in Mexico City, where the artist was accosted early- and mid-performance by several other artists and critics gathered in the audience. To my knowledge, scholars Iván Ramos and Hentyle Yapp are writing about that performance and its both physically and sonically invasive audience members.
- 16 See David Eng and David Kazanjian’s introduction, “Mourning Remains,” to their essay collection *Loss* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002). See also David Eng and Shinhee Han, “A Dialogue on Racial Melancholia,” *Psychoanalytic Dialogues* 10, no. 4 (2000): 667–700; and Michael Stone-Richards’s chapter “Painful Time: A Reading of Poetic Experience in the Sorrow Songs,” in his *Logics of Separation: Exile and Transcendence in Aesthetic Modernity* (Berlin: Peter Lang, 2011), 192–266.
- 17 Read Wendy Brown’s theory of “wounded attachments” and critiques of woundedness in discourses of identity politics in her *States of Injury: Power and Freedom in Late Modernity* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1995).
- 18 See the following on race, abjection, and questions of pleasure: Wayne Koestenbaum, *Humiliation* (New York: Picador Press, 2011); Nguyen Tan Hoang, *A View from the Bottom: Asian American Masculinity and Sexual Representation* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2014); Juana María Rodríguez, *Sexual Futures, Queer Gestures, and Other Latina Longings* (New York: New York University Press, 2014); Darieck Scott, *Extravagant Abjection: Blackness, Power, and Sexuality in the African American Literary Imagination* (New York: New York University Press, 2010); and Leticia Alvarado, *Abject Performances: Aesthetic Strategies in Latino Cultural Production* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2018). In her book’s conclusion, Alvarado descriptively reads one of Ibarra’s collaborative performances, “Untitled Fucking.”



- 19 Xandra Ibarra website accessed July 25, 2018, <http://www.xandraibarra.com/nude-laughing/>.
- 20 My use of *kinship* is attuned to the work of Richard T. Rodríguez (*Next of Kin*, 2009), David Eng (*The Feeling of Kinship*, 2010), Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick (*Tendencies*, 1993), Joshua Chambers-Letson (*After the Party: A Manifesto for Queer of Color Life*, 2018), and Joseph Pierce (*Argentine Intimacies: Queer Kinship in an Age of Splendor, 1890–1910*, 2019).
- 21 On “perceptual cramps,” read Hortense Spillers’s chapter, “Changing the Letter: The Yokes, The Jokes of Discourse, or, Mrs. Stowe, Mr. Reed,” in *Black, White, and in Color: Essays on American Literature and Culture* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2003), 176–202.
- 22 For more on molting, and specifically in Ibarra’s “Spic Ecdysis” photographs and performances, read León, “Forms of Opacity.” León shows how “Ibarra certainly favors the senses over political programs” (376). See, also, Iván Ramos’s essay, “Spi(c)y Appropriations: The Gustatory Aesthetics of Xandra Ibarra (aka La Chica Boom),” *ARARA: Art and Architecture of the Americas* 12 (2016), which theorizes “sensorial overload” and the “gustatory” via Ibarra’s aesthetic, visceral deployment of Tapatío hot sauce in several performances.
- 23 “Auto-affection” is a Derridean term. Jacques Derrida, *Of Grammatology*, trans. Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976), 166.
- 24 In imagining the aesthetics of hysteria, I recall many scenes in Michelangelo Antonioni’s cinema, especially in *La Avventura* and *L’Eclisse*, where surreal throngs of men suddenly pursue a woman (played by Monica Vitti). Their thronging pursuit makes any movement by the woman appear exaggerated, frightened, incoherent, and, at times, infectious of their psychic desires, while she is being involuntarily objectified in the visual scheme. Yet, to my eye it is the normalized, mobbing, heterosexual male gaze that appears pathologically hysterical. In *La Notte*, a hospitalized woman grabs Marcello Mastroianni’s character with sudden, thrashing desire, and he responds eagerly. A nurse busts the two of them kissing, and slaps the woman hard in the face while wrestling her down with another nurse. The woman is the one hospitalized, whereas the man walks off, returns to his middle-class home and wife (played by Jeanne Moreau), who is not interested in his repetition of what he says happened. Moreau’s way of doing wife refuses to hear the man’s iteration of female hysteria as his to feel disturbed by. Her refusal to listen to him repeat what happened, as if it only happened to him, troubles whose body we imagine as *off* in the film: it seems to be his.
- 25 Susan Stewart, *Poetry and the Fate of the Senses* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2002), 20.
- 26 William Hogarth, *Analysis of Beauty*, quoted in Stewart, *Poetry and the Fate of the Senses*, 24.
- 27 On white structural attempts at overdetermining nonwhite aesthetic forms and emotions, see Jennifer Doyle, *Hold It Against Me: Difficulty and Emotion in Contemporary Art* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2013).
- 28 Stewart, *Poetry and the Fate of the Senses*, 24.

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- 29 On nonperformance before the law, read Sora Han, “Slavery as Contract: *Betty’s Case* and the Question of Freedom,” *Law and Literature* 27, no. 3 (2015): 295–316. See also “Blackness and Nonperformance,” Fred Moten’s talk on *Betty’s Case* at MOMA New York, September 25, 2015, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G2leiFBYIIg>.
- 30 My thanks to Joseph Pierce for pointing out the simultaneous interplay of feminized receptivity and eruptiveness in how I describe Ibarra’s performance of walking and retching, which a masculinist diagnostic ear would hear as infectious.
- 31 Drawings were also made of Charcot’s feeble-turned-somatically-excessive patients. A little less than one hundred years later, French artist Louise Bourgeois cast the aesthetically and medically repeated arching back of the hysteric in bronze in her hanging sculpture *Arch of Hysteria* (1993). Bourgeois beheaded the figure and cast a male model, making an androgynous body the hysteric. *Arch of Hysteria* messes with the gendered expectations of the hysteric as female. But Bourgeois’s repetition in smoothed bronze is unmarked; the shape heaves, but shows no signs on its surface of what I sense via Ibarra’s marked and markable skin.
- 32 My thanks to Matthew Garrett for his rearticulation of the hysterical symptom as “the eloquent body assuming expressiveness,” or, in a Lacanian idiom near to Viegó’s, assuming symbolization, that is, the “symbolic efficacy of soma.” Noted from correspondence, January 2019.
- 33 “Brainwashing” is an enmeshed example of a US military term that names a projected fear that becomes a pseudo-diagnosis of what could have happened to US American soldiers fighting against Korea. Too much time over there would brainwash soldiers, rewiring their cognition into thinking communism is a good system.
- 34 See María Josefina Saldaña-Portillo, *The Revolutionary Imagination in the Americas in the Age of Development* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2003). See also her scathing critique of narratives of development around NAFTA, in “In the Shadow of NAFTA: *Y tu mamá también* Revisits the National Allegory of Mexican Sovereignty,” *American Quarterly* 57, no. 3 (September 2005): 751–77.
- 35 See Jasbir Puar, *The Right to Maim: Debility, Capacity, Disability* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2017).
- 36 See Frantz Fanon, “Colonial War and Mental Disorders,” in *The Wretched of the Earth*, trans. Constance Farrington (New York: Grove Press, 1963), 249–310.
- 37 See Michael Micale, *Approaching Hysteria: Disease and Its Interpretations* (Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1995), for a discussion of male hysteria among post–World War I soldiers as trauma and not inherent biology. What varies in the US–Puerto Rican story of hysteria is that the medical officers treating the soldiers/patients are also representatives of the US colonial, invading structure of governance. This is relevant in chapters 2 and 3.
- 38 Patricia Gherovici, *The Puerto Rican Syndrome* (New York: Other Press, 2003), 34.
- 39 Gherovici, *Puerto Rican Syndrome*, 29.
- 40 Gherovici, *Puerto Rican Syndrome*, 42.
- 41 Gherovici, *Puerto Rican Syndrome*, 35.

- 42 Jacques Lacan asked, rhetorically, in a 1977 lecture, “Has hysteria not been displaced to the social field?” Lacan quoted by Gherovici in *Puerto Rican Syndrome*, 28.
- 43 Antonio Viego, *Dead Subjects: Toward a Politics of Loss in Latino Studies* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2007), 137.
- 44 Édouard Glissant, *Poetic Intention*, trans. Nathalie Stephens (N.S.) (Callicoon, NY: Nightboat Books, 2010), 41.
- 45 Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*.
- 46 Gherovici, *Puerto Rican Syndrome*, 43.
- 47 See “Xuxa, Medusa,” my exhibition catalogue essay for Cristina Tufino’s 2019 solo show at Galería Agustina Ferreyra, “Dancing at the End of the World,” written in partial homage to Medusa, Lorena Bobbitt, and Donna Haraway, accessed September 29, 2019, <https://agustinaferreyra.com/wordpress/wp-content/uploads/2019/09/XUXA-MEDUSA-FINAL.pdf>.
- 48 On a poetics of refuge, see Donna Haraway, “Anthropocene, Capitalocene, Plantationocene, Chthulucene: Making Kin,” *Environmental Humanities* 6 (2015): 159–65. On the violence of liberal *homo oeconomicus* and poetics, see Sylvia Wynter, “The Ceremony Found: Towards the Autopoietic Turn/Overturn, Its Autonomy of Human Agency and Extraterritoriality of (Self-)Cognition,” in *Black Knowledges/Black Struggles*, ed. Jason R. Ambrose and Sabine Broeck (Liverpool, UK: Liverpool University Press, 2015), 194.
- 49 Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, 67.
- 50 See Jonathan Sterne on hearing as distinct from listening; “Hearing,” in *Keywords in Sound Studies*, ed. David Novak and Matt Sakakeeny (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2015).
- 51 Saidiya Hartman, “Venus in Two Acts,” *Small Axe* 12, no. 2 (June 2008): 1–14.
- 52 Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, 6.
- 53 Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, 73.
- 54 Glissant, *Poetic Intention*, 37–39.
- 55 Glissant, *Poetics of Relation*, 9.
- 56 Proprioception is a phenomenological word-concept. Its root implies individual perception—for example, “knowing” where your hand is, not via pure cognition, but physiological and sensorial orientation to one’s body, and from historical memory of movement. Literary critic and memoirist Christina Crosby discusses this term in *A Body, Undone: Living On after Great Pain* (New York: New York University Press, 2016) in relation to physical, perceptual, and neurological disorientation after a personal catastrophe. I am blowing up the term’s scale here in relation to this particular passage, where Glissant imagines marronage, and a collective sense of movement and embodied knowing.
- 57 Glissant, *Poetic Intention*, 37–39.
- 58 Derrida, *Of Grammatology*, 165.
- 59 Fred Moten, *In the Break: The Aesthetics of the Black Radical Tradition* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2003), 77.
- 60 At the cited moment of *In the Break*, Moten reads and listens to Derrida across several texts and genres, including interviews, talks, and *Memoires: For Paul de*

*Man*, works published between 1965–92. See Moten’s endnotes 76–81 to chapter 1 of *In the Break* (“The Sentimental Avant-garde”), where he shows readers that he’s engaging various sites of Derrida approaching and retreating from and re-approaching improvisation.

- 61 The exact quote from Derrida’s *Of Grammatology* is: “It is in the context of this possibility that one must pose the problem of the cry—of that which one has always excluded, pushing it into the area of animality or of madness, like the myth of the inarticulate cry—and the problem of speech (voice) within the history of life” (166).
- 62 Viego, *Dead Subjects*, 137.
- 63 My critique of Latinx studies structurally thinks with Omise’eke Natasha Tinsley’s of the black Atlantic in “Black Atlantic, Queer Atlantic: Queer Imaginings of the Middle Passage,” *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies*, 14, nos. 2–3 (2008): 191–215. Also relevant to my rethinking of Caribbean and Latinx studies is Nadia Ellis, *Territories of the Soul: Queered Belonging in the Black Diaspora* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2015).
- 64 My orientation to the Caribbean Americas emerges from my years of reading Édouard Glissant’s poetics, which imagines the islands of the Caribbean as “radiating a lived example” of small countries in strange relation to capital, and in relation to something lost that was before, as discussed in Manthia Diawara’s film, *One World in Relation* (2009), and early in Glissant’s writings, in *L’Intention Poétique* (1969). I discuss small countries in chapter 3. I also draw inspiration from Dixa Ramírez, *Colonial Phantoms: Belonging and Refusal in the Dominican Americas, from the 19th Century to the Present* (New York: New York University Press, 2018), and her argument for reimagining the hemisphere through the Dominican Americas. We have focused in Caribbean studies on islands where capital accumulated precisely because of the slave trade and sugar cane, mono-crop plantations (e.g., Cuba and San Domingue/Haiti). There are other, small island ecologies and maroon approaches from which to imagine life.
- 65 My phrasing, *ecological field of besideness*, draws on Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick’s discussion of drag in *Touching Feeling* (2002) as “less a single kind of act than a heterogeneous system, an ecological field” (8–9). I also hear Deborah Vargas’s “Ruminations on *Lo Sucio* as a Latino Queer Analytic” (*American Quarterly* 66, no. 3 [September 2014]) as a call for an ecology of visceral, embodied, and sometimes para-verbal relation. Vargas’s ruminations position readers beside her memories of the seedy spaces on and off the dance floor at the now defunct, San Francisco-based queer club *Esta Noche*. “Ruminations” visceral analytic revels in the gush, smells, and sounds of queer nightlife—its capacity to hold in close spatial proximity intimacy, bankruptcy, joy, and loss.
- 66 *Bombas* signifies variously: as explosives; as the Puerto Rican musical form that is historically citational of Haitian musical forms, as Sara Johnson discusses in *The Fear of French Negroes: Transcolonial Collaboration in the Revolutionary Americas* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2012); as loud sounds; and, when someone “drops a bomb,” colloquially, their speech act has the last word—akin to dropping the mic; *bombardeo*, a bombing of a “plain” surface or a painted one, is a graf-

- fiti and street art term signaling a re-territorializing disturbance of whatever was visible before, one that implies impermanence.
- 67 See John Alba Cutler, *The Ends of Assimilation: The Formation of Chicano Literature* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2015).
- 68 Miguel Algarín, *Nuyorican Poetry: An Anthology of Puerto Rican Words and Feelings* (New York: William and Barrow, 1975), 15–16.
- 69 Johnson, *The Fear of French Negroes*.

### Chapter 1: “¡Anormales!”

Epigraph: Héctor Lavoe. “Mi Gente,” *La Voz* (LP, Fania Records, 1975).

Epigraph: In the verses of the track “Soy Peor” [I’m Worse] (2016), a song that incorporates affective and musical elements of Dominican dembow and merengue into trap, and was later remixed with Dominican singer Omega, the Rican *trapero* Bad Bunny (who has been embraced, if not *claimed*, by queer Rican island and diasporic communities) invokes *reggaetonero* Héctor el Father, who was popular in the early 2000s, and his track “Vamos pa’ la calle” [Into the street] (2004). Héctor has resurfaced of late as a born-again Christian preacher, following a sinner-saint trajectory not unlike Vico C’s. But Bad Bunny also knows salsa, which he signifies on various tracks and in his Instagram stories, where he often depicts himself listening to different musical genres, including salsa. I extend Bad Bunny’s invocation of the sign of Héctor to Lavoe, who invoked *anormalidad* in recordings and performances before el Father. This does not mean I am calling Lavoe the OG *anormal* because his invocations of *anormalidad* are effects of Afro-Caribbean errant feelings of rupture and ritually gathering around rupture. Relevant to my citational play is the tense and generative historical relationship between salsa and reggaetón, which Petra Rivera-Rideau theorizes descriptively at the opening of *Remixing Reggaetón: The Cultural Politics of Race in Puerto Rico* (Durham, NC: Duke University Press, 2015).

- 1 I began this chapter in the fall of 2016, before Hurricane María in September 2017. Many of the places invoked here continue to exist, and many do not.
- 2 Pedro Pietri, “Puerto Rican Obituary,” line 59, accessed May 30, 2019, <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/58396/puerto-rican-obituary>.
- 3 “Translocality” is Marisol Negrón’s term for how Fania-label salsa pulls inspired reference to Puerto Rico through urban ground. See Marisol Negrón, “A Tale of Two Singers: Representation, Copyright, and El Cantante,” *Latino Studies* 13, no. 1 (2015): 50.
- 4 Pedro Pietri made an audio recording of poems called *Loose Joints* (Smithsonian Folkways Records, 1979).
- 5 In another vein of sonic, sensorial solidarity, read Shana L. Redmond, *Anthem: Social Movements and the Sounds of Solidarity in the African Diaspora* (New York: New York University Press, 2013).
- 6 Listening is not an individual enterprise, even when done alone.
- 7 See Brian Hyung Lee’s master’s thesis on Arthur Russell, “Hiding Your Present from You: Relating the Musical and Queer Contexts of Arthur Russell” (master’s

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