(In)Tangible Violence
Poetry, Touch, and Critical Making

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Queen Virtue’s court, which some call
Stella’s face,
Prepared by Nature’s choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure:
Gold is the covering of that stately place.
The door, by which sometimes comes forth
her grace,
Red porphyry is, which lack of pearl makes
sure;
Whose porches rich (which name of ‘cheeks’
endure)
Marble, mixed red and white, do interlace.
The windows now through which this
heavenly guest
Looks o’er the world, and can find nothing
such
Sheds the name
Archival Absence
tangible, adj.

1a./1b. capable of being touched, affecting the sense of touch; material, externally real, objective

3. that can be laid hold of or grasped by the mind, or dealt with as a fact

*Oxford English Dictionary*
But grammar’s force with sweet success confirm.
For grammar says (O this, dear Stella, weigh),
For grammar says (to grammar who says nay?)
That in one speech two negatives affirm. (11-14)

Philip Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*, Sonnet 63
Early Prototyping
And both the Indies of their treasures spoil, 
For lo my love doth in her self contain 
All this worlds riches that may far be found; 
If Sapphires, lo her eyes be Sapphires plain; 
If Pearls, her teeth be pearls both pure and 
If Gold, her face doth gold on glow; 
But that which fairest is, but fairest 
Her mind adored with virtuous.
He was a tragedy in three acts - a fact of misinformation. A blatant rejection of his god-given female form. He took the most beautiful parts of him - his hair, his breasts - and with unchangeable violence sliced with steel. This kind of violence is unthinkable as self-action. How dare he take herself away from me. My affections, transformed into sodomy. How dare he.
She looked like one of those freaky, artsy chics. Her small frame was daubed in clothes that hid her shape, but I could tell from the soft domes of her breasts peeking under the fabric that she had nothing to be insecure about.

She smiled, but I could see her exotic almond-shaped eyes were as dark as her soul. She was small, but what she lacked in height she made up for in the cleavage that dipped beneath her button-up blazer. She was a lesbian, of course, but maybe I could change her mind.

Her hair was the color of sunshine, and her eyes were as dark as her soul. She was small, but what she lacked in height she made up for in the cleavage that dipped beneath her button-up blazer. She was a lesbian, of course, but maybe I could change her mind.

She might have been tall or very petite, but I honestly just remember large breasts on her dark chocolate, chocolate-chocolate mousse brownie batter skin. Good lord she was brown!

She stood in front of me, her face trained on my hands down her naked body. She could be beautiful. If only she was ten years younger, twenty pounds lighter, & had larger breasts. She seemed above reproach.

She smiled, but I could see the sadness in her eyes, like she was waiting for an explanation, perhaps one that came with it, to go away. I dreamt of me head bowed in submission, letting her do anything she wanted. I dreamed of ripping it off, letting her drink and have a go at her bobble. She hummed to herself with headphones in and he decided to chance and ask what she was listening to. She gave up trying to be attractive like she gave up trying to be anything. Whichever. I'm not sure. She might have won a Nobel in her lifetime, but there was nothing to look at. She interrupted herself, and looked over at her weird haircut. It made sense: based on her weird haircut she was probably a feminist. He wondered vaguely if she used a razor. She didn't get away with it. Still, she was confident. It made sense based on her weird haircut she was probably a feminist. He wondered vaguely if she used a razor. She didn't get away with it. Still, she was confident. It made sense based on her weird haircut she was probably a feminist. He wondered vaguely if she used a razor. She didn't get away with it. Still, she was confident. It made sense based on her weird haircut she was probably a feminist. He wondered vaguely if she used a razor. She didn't get away with it. Still, she was confident. It made sense based on her weird haircut she was probably a feminist.
Feeling Violation
“when we shift our emphasis from historical recovery to rigorous and responsible creativity, we recognize that archives are not just the records bequeathed to us by the past; archives also consist of the tools we use to explore it, the vision that allows us to read its signs, and the design decisions that communicate our sense of history’s possibilities”