

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Recalcitrant to the fiction of the singular author, *Atmospheres of Violence* has been formed in collective struggle. From affinity groups and breakaway marches to nights turned mornings doing jail support—pedagogies of action are everywhere in these pages.

My family, grown between Santa Cruz and San Francisco, is the precondition of this book's completion. Their support has allowed me to stay in the terror and joy that is this project's archive and the world in which it was written. For the last many decades we have built kinship against the limits of blood. Beck, Bells, Jazzon/Joy, Kenny T, Logan, Luton, Momzo, Mr. Fibblers, Patsy, Slakes, T, Tran, thank you.

Toast, you have read most of these words and continue to shelter me when it all collapses.

Much of the thinking that eventually became this book began while I was a student in the History of Consciousness department at the University of California, Santa Cruz. Adam Reed's friendship helped me survive those first years. Many from that time remain coconspirators today, including Anika Walke, Apryl Berney, Cindy Bello, Erin Gray, Eva Hayward, Felice Blake, Greg Youmans, Jennifer Watanabe, Jeremy Tai, Kalindi Vora, Nick Mitchell, Nicole Archer, Marcos Becquer, Martha Kenny, Michelle Erai, SA Smythe, Soma de Bourbon, Trevor Sangrey, and Trung Nguyen.

Angela Y. Davis, Donna Haraway, and José Esteban Muñoz formed a constellation of mentors who, together, pulled me through a dissertation that threatened to remain undone while undoing me.

Angela has continued to be a mentor and friend for the last two decades. She exemplifies the almost impossible position of inhabiting an institution without becoming its terrible logic. I took every class she offered, many of them more than once, which is among the reasons I stayed in graduate school for so long. In between her incisive textual readings in seminar, I learned so much from her asides—the beautiful way she wove narratives of revolutionary possibility. Along with her teaching, Angela’s warmth and care, her willingness to be in community and resist the hierarchy of the structure, affirm that remaining a student of the world is the only way we might transform it.

I first encountered Donna when I was a student in her undergraduate course “Science as Culture and Practices.” Her wild storytelling pedagogy lured me deep into a world-building optimism that pushed against my skepticism. I was then, as I continue to be, captivated by her ability to fashion seemingly disparate histories into ways of knowing that teach us how, as she might say, to stay with the trouble. Her insistence that it’s often much more important to hold something together than it is to take it apart is a lesson that I try to stay with. In addition, she ushered me through the university’s logistics and patiently guided me through its aftermath.

José, although far from California, offered me protection from the often-treacherous waters of queer studies. Through the dialectics of gossip and advice, he gave form to an intellectual life that existed in the fullness of the social and not simply as its commentator. He, like many in this book, was stolen from a world that could not hold his multitudes and we are all the more lost without him here.

At the University of California, Riverside, Mariam Lam and Snowflake made a home for me in theirs. My community there also included Amalia Cabezas, Ashon Crawley, Crystal Baik, David Lloyd, Dylan Rodríguez, Donatella Galella, Emily Hue, Erica Edwards, Fred Moten, J Sebastian, Jane Ward, Jayna Brown, Jodi Kim, Keith Miyake, Laura Harris, Loubie Qutami, Maile Arvin, Melanie Yazzie, Ren-yo Hwang, Ricky Rodriguez, Sarita See, Setsu Shigematsu, Sherine Hafez, and Tammy Ho.

The Department of Gender and Women’s Studies at the University of California, Berkeley, has provided forms of belonging not often associated with the academy. The staff, Althea Grannum-Cummings, Gillian Edgelow, Lauren Taylor, and Sandy Richmond, are responsible for the often-hidden labor that holds us all together. The faculty, including Barbara Barnes, Courtney Desiree Morris, Jac Asher, Laura Nelson, Leslie Salzinger, Mel Y. Chen, Minoo Moallem, Paola Bacchetta, and Trinh T. Minh-ha have built an intellectually

exciting and deeply communal space rooted in practicing the feminism we teach. I'm also thankful to work with Anne Walsh, Anne-Lise Francois, Damon Young, Erin Kerrison, Juana María Rodríguez, Jovan Lewis, Judith Butler, Julia Bryan-Wilson, Karen Nakamura, Lawrence Cohen, Nadia Ellis, Rizvana Bradley, Seth Holmes, Sharad Chari, Sonia Katyal, Sunny Taylor, and Victoria Robinson.

At Duke University Press, Elizabeth Ault has been an ideal editor. Amid our unfolding catastrophe when it feels that words can offer little, her insistence on the book's necessity kept me going. Jade Brooks also provided advice when the project was in an embarrassingly premature stage. I'm indebted to the anonymous readers whose feedback helped me clarify the book's claims and whose careful insights allowed me to hold contradictions and proceed when there seemed like nowhere left to go.

Craig Willse's editorial direction helped place the floating parts of this manuscript into a much more cohesive order. I'm grateful for all of that labor and our enduring friendship.

As is evident throughout this text, my desire to wade together is definitive. My years of collaboration with Chris Vargas—our filmmaking and exhibitions, our laughter and trauma—is evidence that we are remade by each other.

I first met Tourmaline when we were organizing toward CR 10, Critical Resistance's ten-year anniversary conference. Now, many years later and through numerous collective projects, she still teaches me that our dreams of freedom are little more than nightmares if they are not fashioned through pleasure and beauty.

Among those that continue to invite me into collective thought are Alexis Pauline Gumbs, Andreana Clay, Andrew Szeto, Aren Aizura, Ash Stephens, Beth Richie, Bobby Benedicto, C. Riley Snorton, CeCe McDonald, Chandan Reddy, Che Gossett, Christina Hanhardt, Christopher J. Lee, Clio/Thatcher, Craig Calderwood, David Marriott, Dean Spade, Deeg, Demian DinéYazhi', Elizabeth Freeman, Erica Meiners, Eva Hageman, Gayatri Gopinath, Irene Gustafson, Iván Ramos, J. Kēhaulani Kauanui, Jemma DeCristo, Jenny Kelly, Jih-Fei Cheng, Jin Haritaworn, Joanne Barker, Johanna Burton, Justin Leroy, Kadji Amin, Marshall Green, Karma Chávez, Kay, Lauren Berlant, Leon Hilton, Liat Ben-Moshe, Liz Kinnamon, Mariame Kaba, Mattilda Bernstein Sycamore, Michelle Velasquez-Potts, Miss Major, Nat Smith, Neda Atanasoski, Ralowe T. Ampu, Ronak Kapadia, Ruth Wilson Gilmore, Ryan Conrad, Ryan Tacata, Stasha Lampert, Stevie Wilson, Susan Stryker, Sunaina Maira, Tavia Nyong'o, Tory, Treva Ellison, and Yasmin Nair.

This research has benefited from a University of California President's Post-doctoral Fellowship under the mentorship of Patrick Anderson and a University of California President's Faculty Research Fellowship. I'm also grateful to the numerous audiences and friends that have offered feedback on preliminary versions of this project.

A very early version of chapter 1 was originally published as "Near Life, Queer Death: Overkill and Ontological Capture," *Social Text* 29, no. 2 (107). In a radically truncated form, chapter 3 was first published as "Anti-Trans Optics: Recognition, Opacity, and the Image of Force," *South Atlantic Quarterly* 116, no. 3 (2017): 612–20.

In the end, which is to say the end's beginning, this book is indebted to the world yet to come and to those whose love and rage are building it now.