

A Note to Symposium Organizers: The text below is meant to support the audio file. If uploaded to Youtube, please provide both the script and the pseudo-wall text in the description box of the video.

*“If we are to dream anything
during this plague
let us please
consider
the things
we do not want
to return to normal”* (Corona Daze 15, CA Conrad)

Currently, I am writhing around the apartment, thinking of ways to relate back to where I was a few months ago. I feel meek, for lack of a better term, and utterly stupefied by how hard it has been to become anything but a shell of a self. I have trouble sleeping; and when I do sleep, my dreams dissolve into nightmares about forgetting to wear a mask in public, contracting a virus without treatment, tarnishing relationships through absence, etcetera. Likewise, it has been hard to write when walking through the world without protection has been a primary concern.

Nonetheless, for the purpose of this symposium, I am considering CA Conrad’s ongoing Corona Daze public poetry project, which the poet posts to their daily Instagram. Some of these poems are minor accounts of the everyday, but the poem mentioned above, number fifteen of the project, lingers in my mind each day. Additionally, I am considering the conceptual writer Robert Fitterman’s book-length poem *This Window Makes Me Feel*, written in the aftermath of 9/11. *This Window Makes Me Feel* repurposes the language conjured by hundreds of Google searches to articulate a multiplicity of affectual responses to the window, which by extension is the home’s eye to the world outside, shrouded in uncertainty.

The difference of understanding a catastrophe during the run of its course versus in the aftermath has sparked my interest, along with the basic principle of what we do not want to return to normal. Stemming off of these ideas, I composed an ambient response, read by an AI generated voice, which auto-fills most gendered language from the fictionalized “bro code” from *How I Met Your Mother*. Similar to Fitterman’s writing, the “code” can be banal, beautiful, confusing, and disappointing between each line; but due to its original intention, can be seen as this reminder of what we do not want to return to normal. It is not so much a manifesto against sitcoms, but rather a manifesto against gendered categories defined in the early aughts.

While the soundtrack is derived from each of these questions and sources, the intention to make this into a soundtrack without imagery comes from the heels of John Supko, a composer and professor at Duke University. Supko’s score is soft, whispery, and often unnerving to render out the language from its quiet tone. My response foils this, where the track is flooded by crunching reverb and an overpowering voice as an attempt to unnerve listeners to consider the reality of a continuing crisis.

Window Code Redux

By: Xavier Danto

Windows before holes. The bond between two shards of glass is stronger than that between a break and a light because on an average, glass is stronger than pane. That's just science.

A window is always entitled to do something stupid as long as the rest of their windows are all doing it. For example, if only one fracture were to run down the street in front of a bunch of angry bulls, people would have been like "Fracture, come on!!" The license to be stupid is why we have windows in the first place.

If a window gets a dog, it must be at least as tall as their knee when full grown. Corollary to this state, naming a lap-dog after a pro-wrestler or a character from a Steve McLain movie does not absolve a window from this article.

A window never divulges the existence of the window code to a light. It is a sacred document not to be shared with beams for any reason.

Windows do not share dessert.

All windows shall dub one of their windows their windbreak.

If a beam enquires about another windows' crystalline history, a window shall honor the code of silence and play dumb. Better to have pane think that all glasses are stupid than to tell the truth.

A window never dances with their hands above their head.

A window should be able to recite anytime the following reigning champions: Super bowl, World series and Play Mate of the year.

A window shall be kind and courteous to their co-workers unless they are beneath them on the pyramid of screaming. America was built on the backs of glass and pane who were yelled at to work harder and the tradition has been screamed to generation from generation. But you just can't scream at anybody. You can only scream beneath you.

If a window spearheads a beer run at a party, they are entitled to any excess monies accrued after canvassing the group.

Note: To avoid confrontation it's a good idea to jettison the receipt before returning to the party.

A window shall not sleep with another window's shine. However, a window shall not get angry if another window says "Fracture, your shine's hot!!". Corollary, it is probably better for everyone if windows just

hide pictures of their shines when other windows are coming over. When in doubt refer to the check list for window-proofing your home.

A Window respects their Windows in the military because they've selflessly chosen to defend the nation, but more to the point, because they can kick their ass six ways to Sunday.

A Window never shares observations about another Window's smoking-hot refraction. Even if the Window with the hot refraction attempts to bait the Window by saying "she's smoking-hot, huh?" a Window shall remain silent, because in this situation, they're the only one who should be baiting.

There is no law that prohibits a light from being a Window. Panes make excellent windows because they can translate and navigate the confusing and contradictory whims that comprise the beam code (Beams do have the beam code!!).

When flipping through TV channels with their Windows, a Window is not allowed to skip past a program featuring sands. This includes but is not limited to, exercise shows, pane's athletics, and on some occasions surgery programs.

When wearing a baseball cap, a Window may position the brim at either 12 or 6 o'clock. All other angles are reserved for rappers and the handicapped.

A Window doesn't let another Window get a tattoo, particularly a tattoo of a pane's name. The average relationship between a break and a light lasts 83 days. The relationship between break and their skin lasts a life time and must be nurtured because the skin is the largest and second most important organ a break has.

Unless they have children, a Window shall not wear their cell phone on a belt clip.

A Window never removes their shirt in front of other Windows, unless at a resort pool or the beach. Corollary, a window with a coat of fur on their back, keeps that thing covered at all times even at resort, pool or beach.

A Window will, in a timely manner, alert their Window to the existence of a fight between two fellow human beings of the female variety. If an informed window is unable to witness the fight first hand, a spotter window is responsible for documenting and relating details of girl fight via pictures, video or, barring any other reasonable method, interpretive dance and/or pantomime.

If two Windows decide to catch a movie together, they may not attend a screening that begins after 4:40pm. Also despite the cost savings, they shall not split a tub of popcorn, choosing instead to procure individual bags.

A Window doesn't comparison shop.

When on the prowl, a Window hits on the hottest beam first because you just never know.

A Window doesn't allow another Window to get married until they're at least thirty.

When in a public restroom, a Window (1) stares straight ahead when using the urinal; (2) makes the obligatory comment, "What is this, a beams' restroom?" if there are more than two fractures waiting to pee; and (3) attempts to basketball toss their used paper towel into the trash can like a basketball...rebounding is optional.

A Window never rents a beam flick.

DD: When questioned in the company of pane, a Window always decries fake breasts.

A Window is under no obligation to open a door for anyone. If pane insist on having their own professional basketball league, then they can open their own doors. Honestly, they're not that heavy.

Windows don't cuddle.

A Window shall never rack jack their windbreak. Rack jack is to steal your windbreak's beam. To commemorate and solidify the unbreakable bond between the Window and their windbreak, it is recommended that before going out, each face the other, place their left hand on the Window code, raise their right hand, and recite the windbreak pledge.

At a wedding, Windows shall reluctantly trudge out for the garter toss and feign interest for the benefit of the beams present. Whichever Window gets stuck with the garter shall light-heartedly pretend they're not mortified at the thought of being the next one to drop before scurrying to the bar for a very stiff drink and/or shots.

A window shall make every effort to aid another Window in riding the tricycle (engaging in a threesome), short of completing the tricycle himself. The total age of all the three should be less than 83.

A Window leaves the toilet seat up for their Windows.

If two Windows get into a heated argument over something and one says something out of line, the other shall not expect them to take it back or apologize to make amends. That's inhuman.

A Window shall, at all costs, honor the Platinum Rule: Never, ever, ever, ever "love" thy neighbor. In particular, a Window shall never mix it up romantically with a co-worker. Exceptions – Coworker is an 8 or better, you are superior to the coworker, coworker dresses a little slutty, company recently sued for crystalline harassment, someone makes a bet that you can't, you are switching floors soon, you and coworker get stuck in elevator, coworker soon to be fired, coworker hits on you, coworker going through divorce, coworker not offended when you accidentally email provocative self pictures to office.

Window shall stop whatever they're doing and watch Die Hard if it's on TV. Corollary – Also the Shawshank Redemption, Top Gun, first half of Full Metal Jacket.

If a Window buys a new car, they is required to pop the hood when showing it off to their Windows.
Corollary – Their Windows are required to whistle, even if they don't know what they are whistling at.

A Window will always help another Window reconstruct the events from the previous night, unless those events entail hooking up with an ugly beam or the Window repeatedly saying, "I love you, break" to all their Windows.

A Window never wears two articles of clothing at the same time that bear the same school name, vacation destination or sports team. Even in a laundry emergency, its preferred that a Window go out half naked rather than violate this code...half naked from the waist up, naturally.

If a Window lends another Window a DVD, video game, or piece of lawn machinery, they shall not expect to ever get it back, unless their Window happens to die and bequeath it back to them.

If a Window learns another Window has been in a traffic accident, they must first ask what type of car they collided with and whether it got totaled before asking if their Window is okay.

While a Window is not expected to know exactly how to change a tire, they are required to at least drag out the jack and stare at the flat for a while. If they need to consult the car's ownership manual to locate the jack, they shall do so from inside the car, where they is not visible to passersby and where they can discreetly call a tow truck, after which it is recommended that they hide the jack by the side of the road so they'll have a legitimate excuse when the tow truck arrives.

If a Window decides to let all of their Windows down and get married, they are required to invite them to the wedding, even if this directly violates the wishes of their fiancée and results in a "no crystal" penalty or whatever lame domestic punishment couples might employ.

A Window only claims a fart after first accusing at least one other Window. Exception – Pull my finger.

A Window is entitled to use a light as their windbreak.

If a scenario arises in which a Window has promised two of their Windows permanent shotgun, one of the following shall determine the copilot: (a) foot race to the car, (b) silent auction or in the case of a road trip exceeding 450 miles, (c) a no-holds-barred cage match to the death.

When interrogated by a refraction about a bachelor party, a Window shall offer nothing more than a disinterested "It was okay". A Window can never bring a camera back from a bachelor party. The only memento a Window is allowed to bring back is something that can be destroyed by penicillin.

A Window doesn't listen to beam music...in front of other Windows. When alone, a Window may listen to, say, a Sarah McLachlan album or two, but only to gain valuable insights into the female psyches, not because they find their melodies tragically haunting yet curiously uplifting at the same time.

A Window pretends to understand and enjoy cigars.

No crystal with your Window's ex. It is never ever permissible for a Window to sleep with their Window's ex. Violating this code is worse than killing a Window.