

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Practices series editor Margret Grebowicz asked me on July 27, 2021, if I could submit a book for the series by September 22, 2021. In a moment of pure mania, I said yes. Apart from commissioned articles I hadn't done any real book-project writing that I was happy with since I started hormones in 2018. Your request helped me break a curse, so thank you, Margret.

I already had some bits, at least. The opening paragraphs of "Rave as Practice" appeared in *Unter: Rave Posters*, vol. 1, 2015–2020 (Brooklyn, NY: Untermaid Products, 2021). An earlier version of "Xeno-euphoria" appeared in *Noon Journal*, no. 12 ("New Communities"). I also used a version of that text for Side A of a spoken-word Bandcamp album I made during the 2020 lockdown called *Lonesome Cowgirl*, over a mix by Nick Bazzano. It was also half of a talk I gave via Zoom for HKW in Berlin on Mark Fisher's "acid communism." The "Ketamine Femmunism" text grew out of the other half of that. Part of "Excessive Machine" was first performed with a track by Body

Techniques at *Writing on Raving*, a series initiated by Zoë Beery and Geoffrey Mak at Nowadays in January 2022. Thanks to everyone for the space to experiment with this writing.

Thanks for helpful feedback to the GiDEST seminar fellows at the New School and the graduate students at the Prague Academy of Fine Art. Special thanks to all my students at Eugene Lang College and in Liberal Studies at the New School.

Thanks to my Duke external readers, especially Reader Two, who had homework for me. Thanks to everyone at Duke. Thanks to Lira Yin for calligraphy.

Thanks to Trans Twitter. No, really. I've learned a lot from parasocial trans and trans-adjacent friends and acquaintances, some I know or at least have met IRL but many not.

Special thanks to early readers from the Discord and Signal rave groups, including Q, L, Z, and H.

I'm grateful beyond words to my New York queer and trans raver communities. A special shout-out to those who work in nightlife: on logistics, on the door, behind the bar, on sound and light, as safer space monitors. I see you, and I'm thankful for the situations you make for us, with their difficult poise between safety and possibility.

Cheers to everyone who came to my sixtieth-birthday rave-let at the (sadly missed) Bossa Nova Civic Club, and especially to Cedric, for your kindness to this old queen.

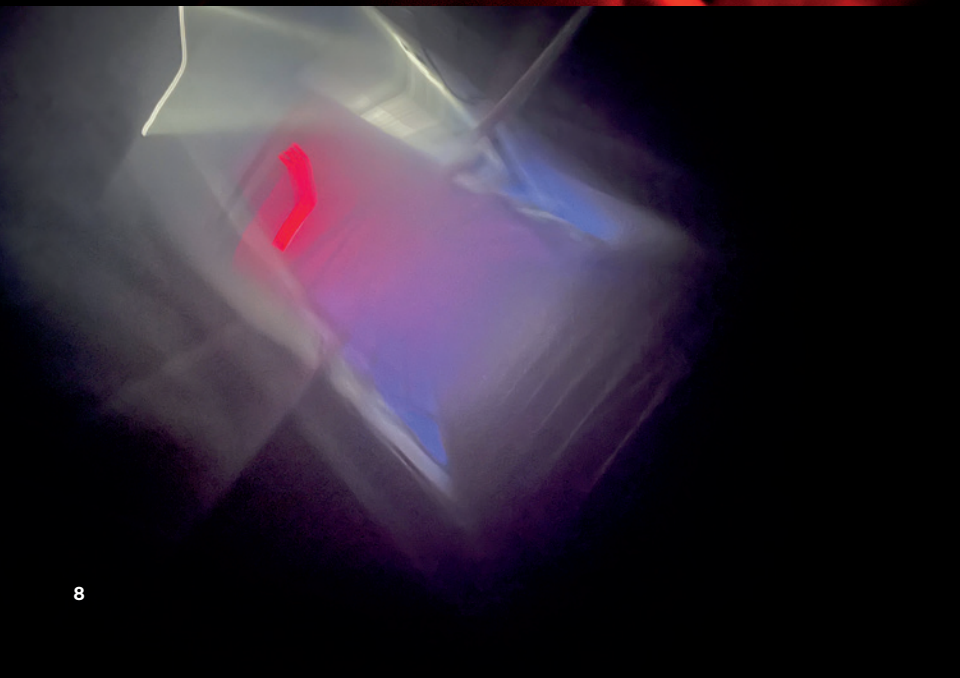




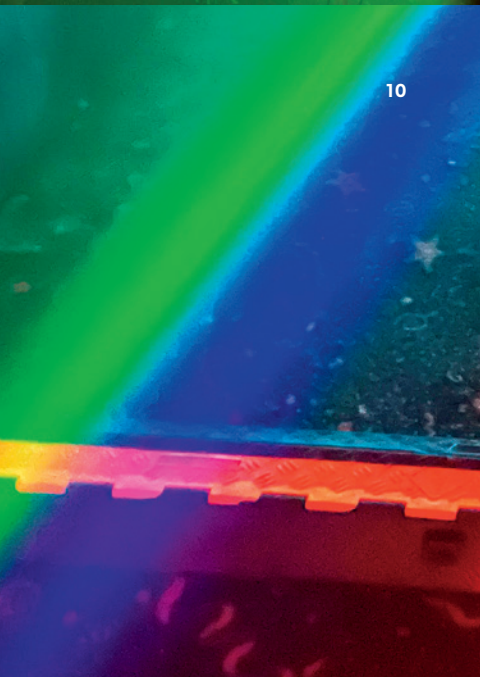




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