DIRECT OBJECT	1



1 A.M.



2 S.D.

The back of my hands tell more tales than the lines on my palms. Mostly (and possibly, most visibly) they bear the cracks, the blood, the semihealed/still healing/still raw bruises from washing compulsively.

3 P.R.

In college a boyfriend pointed out that whenever I am overwhelmed, I rest my head on something – my hand, a nearby shoulder, a desk, a dog... I do it ALL day long and never realized it.

4 N.E.

5 J.S.

6 J.L.

7 K.G.



8 P. R. R.

Clean my nails Scrub with a toothbrush I'm everywhere and stuck 9 A.P.



10 A.S.

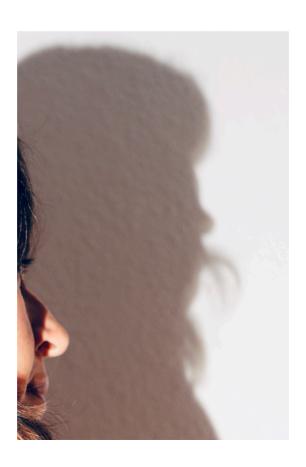
11 R.S.



12 E.W.



13 A.T.



14 S.A.

The feeling is always the same When I console, When I try to soothe. Peach-like fuzz runs below my belly button. 15 G.F.

I used to ride on crowded trains and walk to work every day. In the past, it irritated me to get bumped, but I miss it in a weird way. 16 J.W.

Is it even there? Admittedly not as well-defined as I would like. Not conventionally masculine in a world of dying and undying gender normalities. Shuffling between deciding not to care and acknowledging that it never truly leaves. Affirmed by a subconscious urge to touch. Unaware at first, of course. "It's okay, you can always get an implant," she said to me at age thirteen. Instant complex. Thanks Mom. A beard instead: less extreme. I guess I'll wait it out.

17 B.K.

18 L.D.

a woman can't ever breathe because she's concerned with her pinky nail

thank god i have little fingers

19 A.D.



20 S.H.

two towns over a world away and I have passed the time tucking hair behind my ear imagining how your cartilage might curve against my touch how it holds my voice you've been condensed to a screen this whole time will you still hear me oceanic when I can finally touch that ear my face to your neck will you hold me like a shell catching water under full moon

21 M.A.

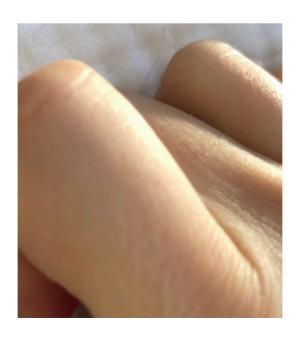


22 A.K.

Have you ever examined your birth marks? I have one on my inner thigh blotchy, taupe, silky when wet. It resembles— less cherry more lychee.

23 B.G.

24 M.H.



25 B.B.

26 I.I. & D.M.



27 R. L. G.

my IBS, a sign of the messages greats and great grandparents wanted me to know. 28 T.D.

my hips: constantly bearing the weight of my body, womanhood too big or small for those jeans I bought last year just right when they lead me to follow the music melting with just the right touch 29 K.S.

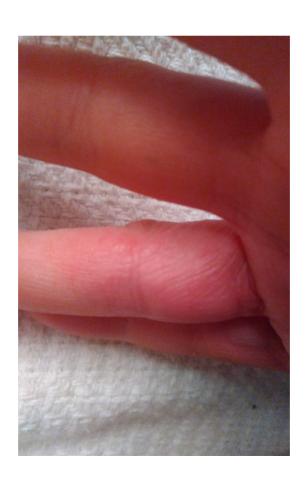
30 C.S.



31 G.S.

How quickly my fingers fly to my mouth, graze my philtrum, pinch the skin of my bottom lip, I am my own lover, old and familiar. 32 C.A.

33 J.B.



34 J.V.

I trace the ridges of ink on my left arm, in particular the vine across the bicep, the prickly pear next to it, and the word "this," on my forearm 35 P.T.





1-35	

No.	First Received	Last Modified	Time Zone	Contributor Name	Location	Туре
1	08:23 01/08	22:33 03/15	EDT	Angela Miskis	Queens Village, NY	.jpeg
2	21:07 01/22	16:42 03/15	SAST	Shiksha Dheda	Johannesburg, South Africa	.docx
3	19:43 01/27	19:43 01/27	PST	Patricia Reed	Seattle, WA	email
4	18:49 01/28	13:07 03/15	PST	Nat Evans	Seattle, WA	email
5	11:19 01/31	11:19 01/31	PST	Jake Slagle	Seattle, WA	Facebool
6	12:24 02/02	12:24 02/02	PST	Joey Largent	Seattle, WA	.pdf
7	18:15 02/05	18:15 02/05	PST	Kyle Griesmeyer	Seattle, WA	.jpg
8	06:30 02/06	12:17 03/15	EDT	Priya Reddy Racharla	Buffalo, NY	.docx
9	16:59 02/06	16:59 02/06	EST	Alison Pirie	Brooklyn, NY	.jpeg
10	18:10 02/06	18:10 02/06	PST	Avery Sabine	Occupied Duwamish Land	email
11	19:46 02/08	19:46 02/08	CST	riel Sturchio	Austin, TX	.jpg
12	17:41 02/09	17:41 02/09	PST	Erica Weisman	Seattle, WA	.jpeg
13	21:21 02/09	21:21 02/09	PST	Annabel Turrado	Los Angeles, CA	.jpeg
14	09:43 02/10	10:55 03/15	PDT	Sarah Anderson	Tacoma, WA	.docx
15	10:05 02/10	13:21 03/16	PDT	Gabriela Frank	Burien, WA	email
16	11:18 02/11	12:50 03/15	PDT	Jonathan Waserman	Hermosa Beach, CA	.docx
17	11:08 02/12	10:27 03/15	PDT	Bryan Kelly	Los Angeles, CA	email
18	11:16 02/12	08:22 03/26	PDT	Lori Dorfman	Los Angeles, CA	.pdf
19	11:51 02/16	09:34 03/19	PDT	Autumn Joy Davis	Seattle, WA	.jpg
20	17:07 02/16	17:07 02/16	EST	Sarah Hilton	Toronto, Canada	.docx
21	17:23 02/16	17:23 02/16	EST	Maya Asulin	Somerville, MA	.mp4
22	21:04 02/16	16:07 03/17	PDT	Amanda Koenigsberg	Los Angeles, CA	.docx
23	00:54 02/17	14:58 03/19	PDT	Brian Greggs	Seattle, WA	email
24	10:57 02/17	10:57 02/17	EST	Mikayla Hubert	Brooklyn, NY	.mov
25	11:53 02/17	11:53 02/17	EST	Bindu Bansinath	New York, NY	email
26	12:07 02/17	12:07 02/17	EST	Isabella Irtifa & Dinesh McCoy	Washington, DC	.jpeg
27	10:35 02/17	11:42 03/15	PDT	Rebecca L. Gross	Jewish Diaspora	.docx
28	16:21 02/17	16:21 02/17	EST	Tara Das	New York, NY	email
29	17:19 02/17	17:19 02/17	EST	Kayli Salzano	Cleveland, OH	.docx
30	16:53 02/17	16:53 02/17	PST	Camille Sasson	Kenmore, WA	.jpeg
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32	17:58 02/17	17:58 02/17	PST	C. Adams	Seattle, WA	email
33	09:45 02/19	09:45 02/19	PST	Jocelyn Beausire	Seattle, WA	.jpg
34	06:43 04/22	06:43 04/22	EDT	Jeevika Verma	Washington, DC	email
35	17:00 04/27	17:00 04/27	PDT	Peiran Tan	Seattle, WA	.jpg

Objects in response to the place on your body you find yourself touching

Call to reaction released 2020 / 12 / 11

Initial deadline 2021 / 02 / 10

Extended deadline 2021 / 02 / 17

Staff
Jocelyn Beausire, Managing Editor
Peiran Tan, Design Lead
Jeevika Verma, Editorial Lead

direct object began as an open field. Jocelyn shared it with Jeevika and Peiran in an email on September 15, 2020. Over the following months we broke ground and built a book as a home for thoughts. Each thought would live in its own space, but would converse—through walls and windows—with the reader and each other.

For Issue 1, we asked the public to submit objects in reaction to a central idea. This idea concerned the body as a site (see left). We had become obsessed with our relationship to our bodies, which had been strained by distance and isolation. We wanted to know how other people were relating to themselves. We asked for submissions to be literal and singular (one photo, one video, one drawing, 100 words of text, one piece of mail). And our audience sent us reactions that were intimate and instinctual.

The 35 objects are arranged not by curation, but by chronology. Each is self-aware and finds its own space within the structure. Each lives beyond its originator's control and tests the strength of the structure's walls. Do the objects fight each other? Do they let each other breathe? Do they maintain their honesty and independence?

As we built this book, we felt ourselves dissociate from our bodies, as well as our presence in the project. We thank everyone who shared their reactions and allowed them to live within the paper walls of this book, and we look forward to housing more of you in the future.

Until next time.