

A. Words that **come** when they are called (9:04 shown once every 18:08 loop)

Video Materials: **Grandmother's** handwriting taken from a letter to **my mother**, journal pages documenting a crime taken from the house in a blue folder (with children's names and several pages of text redacted afterward by the **Washington County** Court in Utah), closed-circuit television footage of **Welsh Mountain sheep** grazing, Audio from General Conference of The Church of Jesus Christ talks "Obedience: The Path to Freedom" by **James E. Faust** and The Summer of the Lambs given by **Jayne B. Malan**, cotton rope from consensual bondage encounter

Description: Some words cannot be retrieved, yet others come running back to you when called. There are words that are repeated so often they drain and empty of meaning, left with a familiar texture like fabric rubbed soft from sleep, or years of wear. These words become autonomous, living on their own. They wait to be repopulated and penetrated.

In her journal, their mother writes in detail about the two children she tortured into submission. Document was both a surface on which to record and the act of recording. Two women lived alone in the house with two children. Each child was forced to do arduous physical tasks, starved, deprived of water, tied, drowned, and hit, but it was her language that struck me; rhetorical, consequences rubbed raw, sliced, and then removed. Her words were written again, as I reproduced them, following her handwriting past the point that numbed my hand. What is more intimate than the trace of her handwriting? Each woman writes and tells each word differently.