Praise for *dB*

On March 15, 2025, a sudden, ear-piercing noise in Belgrade disrupted a massive vigil at Slavija Square, triggering panic and a stampede among thousands of anti-government protesters. A controversy over the use of acoustic weapons erupted immediately. Developed for military and crowd-control purposes, these weapons have been widely questioned because of the severe harm they can cause to the civilian population and the lack of an adequate legal framework to regulate their deployment.

Drawing on research in explosives engineering, military operations, medical studies of blast injury, physics, and acoustics, Beatrice Martini presents *dB*, an elaborate text that explores and critiques these acoustic hailing devices. A poetry of evidence and hard data, its fragmentary nature invites us to fill the blanks that the geometry of detonations and their tearing sounds provoke in our eardrums and conscience.

Poetry cannot make the revolution happen, but a revolution without poetry is not a revolution at all. And when poetry takes the form of a subversive manual or a leaflet, it means we need to get ready.

- Carlos Soto Román

In *dB* Beatrice Martini takes the U.S. Department of Defense's *Technical Bulletin: An Overview of Blast Noise: Characteristics, Assessment and Mitigation* hostage. She pilfers its language, turning it on itself so it is forced it to reveal the kinds of hearing it suppresses. In her "Assessment" the "terms" march, chant, echo, break into list and lyric: "level 2 kilometers away away away" -- We overhear "detonations and deflagrations" violations of the "audibility zone" "loud enough to startle people or animals" and to have far more brutal effects. Martini takes the directive of The International Commission of the Upper Air "to listen for the sound, and to make notes" as her own. In this forgery of the "acoustic signature" she signs her name as intervention making us also listen more acutely. *dB* torks the weapon of the "seismic bomb" into a visceral and beautiful response that lands as if "…dropped from high altitude….and upon impact penetrates and explodes deep underground…" making "caverns and craters" in your gut.

- Susan Gevirtz

Beatrice Martini's rejoinder to the vorticists' one-syllable slogan ransacks the bureaucratic archives of violence's arsenal for evidence of what has our ears ringing. Despite the archive's questionnaires attempting to quantify damage, disqualifying from relevance the qualities of experience, there is no greater or lesser evil to be found in the writing of this management of bombing tests, just as there is no distinguishing low-level from high-level blast.

- **Jennifer Scappettone**