#### The only ethical demand available to modern politics is that of the Slave and the Savage, the demand for the end of America itself. This cry, born out of the belly of slave ships and the churning vertigo of constitutive genocide, exposes the grammar of Affirming the resolution calls for larger institutional access as a fundamental fortification of White Settler and Slave Master civil society by its diversionary focus on the ethicality of the policies and practices of the United States as opposed to the a priori question its very existence.

**Wilderson III 07-** (Frank B. Wilderson, Assistant professor of African American Studies and Drama at UC Irvine, **Red, White, & Black: Cinema and the Structure of U.S. Antagonisms, 5-7 DM)**

When I was a young student at Columbia University in New York there was a Black woman who used to stand outside the gate and yell at Whites, Latinos, and East- and South Asian students, staff, and faculty as they entered the university. She accused them of having stolen her sofa and of selling her into slavery. She always winked at the Blacks, though we didn’t wink back. Some of us thought her outbursts too bigoted and out of step with the burgeoning ethos of multiculturalism and “rainbow coalitions” to endorse. But others did not wink back because we were too fearful of the possibility that her isolation would become our isolation, and we had come to Columbia for the express, though largely assumed and unspoken, purpose of foreclosing upon that peril. Besides, people said she was crazy. Later, when I attended UC Berkeley, I saw a Native American man sitting on the sidewalk of Telegraph Avenue. On the ground in front of him was an upside down hat and a sign informing pedestrians that here was where they could settle the “Land Lease Accounts” that they had neglected to settle all of their lives. He too, so went the scuttlebutt, was “crazy.” Leaving aside for the moment their state of mind, it would seem that the structure, that is to say the rebar, or better still the grammar of their demands—and, by extension, the grammar of their suffering—was indeed an ethical grammar. Perhaps their grammars are the only ethical grammars available to modern politics and modernity writ large, for they draw our attention not to the way in which space and time are used and abused by enfranchised and violently powerful interests, but to the violence that underwrites the modern world’s capacity to think, act, and exist spatially and temporally*.* The violence that robbed her of her body and him of his land provided the stage upon which other violent and consensual dramas could be enacted. Thus, they would have to be crazy, crazy enough to call not merely the actions of the world to account but to call the world itself to account, and to account for them no less! The woman at Columbia was not demanding to be a participant in an unethical network of distribution: she was not demanding a place within capital, a piece of the pie (the demand for her sofa notwithstanding). Rather, she was articulating a triangulation between, on the one hand, the loss of her body, the very dereliction of her corporeal integrity, what Hortense Spillers charts as the transition from being a being to becoming a “being for the captor” (206), the drama of value (the stage upon which surplus value is extracted from labor power through commodity production and sale); and on the other, the corporeal integrity that, once ripped from her body, fortified and extended the corporeal integrity of *everyone else* on the street. She gave birth to the commodity and to the Human, yet she had neither subjectivity nor a sofa to show for it. In her eyes, the world—and not its myriad discriminatory practices, but the world itself—was unethical. And yet, the world passes by her without the slightest inclination to stop and disabuse her of her claim. Instead, it calls her “crazy.” And to what does the world attribute the Native American man’s insanity? “He’s crazy if he thinks he’s getting any money out of us?” Surely, that doesn’t make him crazy. Rather it is simply an indication that he does not have a big enough gun. ~~What are we to make of a world that responds to the most lucid enunciation of ethics with violence? What are the foundational questions of the ethico-political? Why are these questions so scandalous that they are rarely posed politically, intellectually, and cinematically—unless they are posed obliquely and unconsciously, as if by accident? Return Turtle Island to the “Savage.” Repair the demolished subjectivity of the Slave. Two simple sentences, twelve simple words, and the structure of U.S. (and perhaps global) antagonisms would be dismantled. An “ethical modernity” would no longer sound like an oxymoron. From there we could busy ourselves with important conflicts that have been promoted to the level of antagonisms: class struggle, gender conflict, immigrants rights. When pared down to twelve words and two sentences, one cannot but wonder why questions that go to the heart of the ethico-political, questions of political ontology, are so unspeakable in intellectual meditations, political broadsides,~~ **~~and even socially and politically engaged feature films~~**

#### The affirmative is a product of the bill of sale, this allows for the mass genocide of the indigenous culture, and the exploitation and violence upon the black body. Their call for investment in transportation infrastructure as a “legitimate” action through the legal system that only serves as a camouflage of Western modernity (failing to realize that this bill of sale is only repetition of history that perpetrates the supremacist state, and no decision of transportation is therefore legitimate

**Farley 12**

(Anthony Paul Farley, James Campbell Matthews Distinguished Professor of Jurisprudence at Albany Law School, “Critical Race Theory and Marxism: Temporal Power” DM)

Repetition is the mode in which we preserve that which overwhelms us. That which overwhelms us sets itself up in our soul as a repetition of what seems to have been the original catastrophe. We become a permanent wave of our own undoing.9 But the precise nature of our own trauma continually eludes us. We give chase, but only through repetition. We become what we do and this fact of repetition makes what was said of us, “they know not what they do”, true. What we do is repeat the disaster that originally left us traumatized. Through repetition we become the very disaster that was our original, albeit unremembered, disaster. It was unspeakable. It remains unsaid. But the cruelty from which we imagine ourselves escaped is what we become, and that which we continually make of ourselves. There are cruelties that happen to us as individuals (“[a]nd I only am escaped alone to tell thee”11) and there are cruelties that happen to us as collectives (“[l]et my people go”12). What happens in the individual can happen to the collective and so, as the long story of philosophy verifies, each is a window to the other. The individual is not the unity it is often imagined to be (“[m]y name is Legion”13), nor are the borders of the collective as distinct as they are often imagined to be (“[t]hings fall apart”14). Nevertheless, it is useful to speak of the individual (“I think, therefore I am”15) and the collective (“[w]e the people . . .”16) when what is hard to see in the one is easy to make out in the other. Our beginning was the scene of an unspeakable event. That unspeakable event keeps repeating. Capital arrived in the world “dripping . . . with blood and dirt.”17 If, as Margaret Thatcher infamously put it, “There is no alternative”18 to capitalism, then there must not have been a time before capitalism. Capital, like trauma, is outside of history, outside of the world of things that change, or so it claims by asserting that there is no alternative. The fact that capitalism presents itself to us as a horizon less world should give us pause. But it does not give us pause: We are on the clock—repeating and not living—and so we go on and on not thinking at all about Modern Times, just repeating.19 Marxism has as its zero degree the disclosure of the unspeakably cruel event that threw the modern world up all around us. Its name is Legion,20 but three were introduced in Capital’s first volume with these birthnames: genocide in the New World, colonialism in the Orient, and the conversion of the Dark Continent into a hunting ground for slaves. These three mass murders were race-making moments. These three mass murders were the original accumulation, the first capital. These three mass murders made capitalism a world system. Modernity is the repetition of the original accumulation. We are, in other words, still in that original moment to the extent that we are modern and have always been modern. Time has not passed. We passed out of the time of the real and into the false eternity of the spectacle. As psychoanalysis revealed: A condition has long been known and described which occurs after severe mechanical concussions, railway disasters and other accidents involving a risk to life; it has been given the name “traumatic neurosis.” The terrible war which has just ended gave rise to a great number of illnesses of this kind . . . The chief weight in their causation seems to rest on the factor of surprise.21 Before World War I, Josef Breuer and Sigmund Frued observed,“Hystericssuffermainlyfromreminiscences.”22 After the war to end all wars, Freud wrote: In the war neuroses, too, observers . . . have been able to explain certain motor symptoms by fixation to the moment at which the trauma occurred. I am not aware, however, that patients suffering from traumatic neurosis are much occupied in their waking lives with memories of their accident. Perhaps they are more concerned with not thinking about it.23 History is this way for us as a collective. We are much concerned with “not thinking about it.”24 Uranus is castrated by Cronos. The open sky is violated by the desperate hours. Call the perpetrator and the violated by their Greek names or by any other names and the scene remains the same: blood rains down on the water, and from that meeting the Furies are born. The Furies—unceasing Alecto, resentful Tisiphone, avenging Magaera—immortals all, are born of that meeting of blood and water, and are forever punishing violations of the order that allows “no alternative.”25 James Baldwin understood the Furies: History, as no one seems to know, is not merely something to read. And it does not refer merely, or even principally, to the past. On the contrary, the great force of history comes from the fact that we carry it within us, are unconsciously controlled by it in many ways, and history is literally present in all that we do. It could scarcely be otherwise, since it is to history we owe our frames of reference, our identities, and our aspirations. And it is with great pain and terror that one begins to realize this.26 The time that seems to pass only seems to pass. Baldwin understood false time. Baldwin understood that this false time of ours is not even “ours”; it is the time of the spectacle.27 We belong to it, not the other way round. What is the “spectacle”? The spectacle is the system’s endless hymn of self-praise. When we have been here 10,000 years / bright shining as the sun / we will have no less time to sing its praise / than when we’d first begun. That is the spectacle. We are within the false time of the spectacle, within the repetitions. The repetitions are spectacular time. We do not live spectacular time, we only repeat, and repetition is not living. The death event that produces the first capital begins with a mark made or found ready-made on the body: The discovery of gold and silver in America, the extirpation, enslavement and entombment in the mines of the indigenous population of that continent, the beginnings of the conquest and plunder of India, and the conversion of Africa into a preserve for the commercial hunting of black skins, are all things which characterize the dawn of capitalist production.28 Before the great death event all flesh is common. After the event a mark, insignificant in itself, is made to signify life or death. The mark is a line, a color linel, which separates life from death and connects now with then. After the mark life becomes having and not having becomes its opposite. After the murders reach a certain mass, death follows in an unbending line from now till then, and then becomes a hole in the universe, a hole though which we fall and are now falling, forever.29 The New World was not new before the killing. The blacks were not black before the killing. The colonized were not colonized before the killing. The murders constitute and mark a new species. The production of race is the production of a race that is to have and another race, subordinate to the first, that is to have not. The abundance belonging to the One and the lack that is the chief property of the Other are conjoined twins, born of the same unspeakable event. The black can trace its origin only as far back as a bill of sale. James Baldwin, speaking in London, was clear on this point: I tried to explain that if I was originally from [an African point of origin] I couldn’t find out where it was because my entry into America was a bill of sale. And that stops you from going any further. At some point I became Baldwin’s Nigger.30 But is the same for the white? The bill of sale is the official screen memory of the mass murder that is the origin of capital. The bill of sale is the alpha and omega of law. The bill of sale is a death certificate, ours. The bill of sale is the recording angel assigned to the children of slaves and children of slave masters. The legality of that bill of sale is what keeps the chains, the genealogies of property that bind now to then, and all of us to the repetitions, together.

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#### The alternative is an unflinching paradigmatic analysis that poses the question of whether civil society is ethical. The resolution approaching the world forcloses our ability to ask the right questions.

Wilderson 10 [Frank, Professor of African American Studies and Drama at UC Irvine, Ph.D. in Rhetoric/Film Studies from UC Berkeley, “Red, White, & Black”, pp ix-]og

STRANGE AS it might seem, this book project began in South Africa. During the last years of apartheid I worked for revolutionary change in both an underground and above-ground capacity, for the Charterist Movement in general and the ANC in particular. During this period, I began to see how essential an unflinching paradigmatic analysis is to a movement dedicated to the complete overthrow of an existing order. The neoliberal compromises that the radical elements of the Chartist Movement made with the moderate elements were due, in large part, to our inability or unwillingness to hold the moderates' feet to tthe fire of a political agenda predicated on an unflinching paradigmatic analysis. Instead, we allowed our energies and points of attention to be displaced by and onto pragmatic considerations. Simply put, we abdicated the power to pose the question—and the power to pose the question is the greatest power of all. Elsewhere, I have written about this unfortunate turn of events (Incognegro: A Memoir of Exile and Apartheid), so I'll not rehearse the details here. Suffice it to say, this book germinated in the many political and academic discussions and debates that I was fortunate enough to be a part of at a historic moment and in a place where the word revolution was spoken in earnest, free of qualifiers and irony. For their past and ongoing ideas and interventions, I extend solidarity and appreciation to comrades Amanda Alexander, Franco Barchiesi, Teresa Barnes, Patrick Bond, Ashwin Desai, Nigel Gibson, Steven Greenberg, Allan Horowitz, Bushy Kelebonye (deceased), Tefu Kelebonye, Ulrike Kistner, Kamogelo Lekubu, Andile Mngxitama, Prishani Naidoo, John Shai, and S'bu Zulu.

**Affirming political change is nothing but a solidarity action used to reify the current structures of white supremacy that produces us as political subjects who are spectators, complacent with current structures unable to create change**

El Kilombo 2007

(El Kilombo Intergalactico, people of color collective made up of students, migrants, and other community members in Durham, North Carolina, “Beyond Resistance Everything: An Interview with Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos” DM)

The following lines are the product of intense collective discussions that took place within what is today El Kilombo Intergaláctico during much of 2003 and 2004. These discussions occurred during the advent of the Iraq War and our efforts (though ultimately ineffective) to stop it. During those months it became very clear to us that the Left in the United States was at a crossroads, and much of what we had participated in under the banner of “activism” no longer provided an adequate response to our current conditions. In our efforts to forge a new path, we found that an old friend—the Ejército Zapatista de Liberación Nacio- nal (Zapatista Army of National Liberation, EZLN)—was already taking enormous strides to move toward a politics adequate to our time, and that it was thus necessary to attempt an evaluation of Zapatismo that would in turn be adequate to the real ‘event’ of their appearance. That is, despite the fresh air that the Zapatista uprising had blown into the US political scene since 1994, we began to feel that even the inspiration of Zapatismo had been quickly con- tained through its insertion into a well-worn and untenable narrative: Zapatismo was another of many faceless and indifferent “third world” movements that demanded and deserved solidarity from leftists in the “global north.” From our position as an organization composed in large part by people of color in the United States, we viewed this focus on “solidarity” as the foreign policy equivalent of “white guilt,” quite distinct from any authentic impulse toward, or recognition of, the necessity for radical social change. The notion of “solidarity” that still pervades much of the Left in the U.S. has continually served an intensely conservative political agenda that dresses itself in the radical rhetoric of the latest rebellion in the “darker nations” while carefully maintaining political action at a distance from our own daily lives, thus producing a political subject (the solidarity provider) that more closely resembles a spectator or voyeur (to the suffering of others) than a participant or active agent, while simultaneously working to reduce the solidarity recipient to a mere object (of our pity and mismatched socks). At both ends of this relationship, the process of solidarity ensures that subjects and political action never meet; in this way it serves to make change an a priori impossibility. In other words, this practice of solidarity urges us to participate in its perverse logic by accepting the narrative that power tells us about itself: that those who could make change don’t need it and that those who need change can’t make it. To the extent that human solidarity has a future, this logic and practice do not! For us, Zapatismo was (and continues to be) unique exactly because it has provided us with the elements to shatter this tired schema. It has inspired in us the ability, and impressed upon us the necessity, of always viewing our- selves as dignified political subjects with desires, needs, and projects worthy of struggle. With the publication of *The* *Sixth Declaration of the Lacandón Jungle* in June of 2005, the Zapatistas have made it even clearer that we must move be- yond appeals to this stunted form of solidarity, and they present us with a far more difficult challenge: that wherever in the world we may be located, we must become “companeras” (neither followers nor leaders) in a truly global struggle to change the world. As a direct response to this call, this analysis is our attempt to read Zapatismo as providing us with the rough draft of a manual for contemporary political action that eventually must be written by us all.

#### The black body is the site of social death par excellence, having become dead by a 700-year injunction barring its subjectivity. Social death is a condition of existence and not some avoidable impact—how we relate to this condition is all that is important.

Wilderson- 2002 [Frank Wilderson- The Prison Slave as Hegemony's (Silent) Scandal-Presented a t #Imprisoned Intellectuals # Conference Brown University, April 13th 2002]

Civil society is not a terrain intended for the Black subject. It is coded as waged and wages are White. Civil society is the terrain where hegemony is produced, contested, mapped. And th e invitat ion to p articipate in hegemony's gestures of influence, leadership, and consent is not ext ended to t he unwaged. We live in the world , but ex ist out side of civil s ociety. This structurally impossible position is a paradox, because the Black subject, the slave, is vital to political economy: s/he kick-starts capital at its genesis and rescues it from its over-accumulation crisis at its end. But Marxism has no account of this phenomenal birth and life-saving role played by the Black subject:from Marxand Gr amsci we have con sistent s ilence. In taking Foucau lt to ta sk for a ssum ing a univ ersal s ubject in r evolt ag ainst d iscipline, in the same s pirit in which I have t aken Gr amsci to ta sk for as suming a u niversal sub ject, the subject of civil societ y in revolt a gainst capita l, Joy Jam es writes : The U.S. carceral network kills, however, and in its prisons, it kills more blacks than any other ethnic group. American prisons constitute an "outside" in U.S. political life. In fact, our society displays waves of concentric outside circles with increasing distances from bourgeois self-policing. The state routinely polices the14 unassim ilable in the hell of lockdow n, deprivat ion tanks , control units , and holes for political prisoners (Resisting State Violence 1996: 34 ) But this peculiar preoccupation is not Gramsci's bailiwick. His concern is with White folks; or with folks in a White (ned) enough subject position that they are confronted by, or threat ened by th e remova l of, a wag e -- be it monetary or social. But Black subjectivity itself disarticulates the Gramscian dream as a ubiquitous emancipatory strategy, because Gramsci, like most White activists, and radical American movements like the prison abolition movement, has no theory of the unwaged, no solidarity with the slave If we are to take Fanon at his word when he writes, #Decolonization**, which sets out to change the order of the world**, is, obviously, a program of complete disorder **# (37)** then we must accept the fact that no other body functions in the Imaginary, the Symbolic, or the Real so completely as a repository of complete disorder as the Black body. Blackness is the site of absolute dereliction at the level of the Real, for in its magnetizing of bullets the Black body functions as the map of gratuitous violence through which civil society is possible: namely, those other bodies for which violence is, or can be, contingent. Blackness is the site of absolute dereliction at the level of the Symbolic, for Blackness in America generates no categories for the chromosome of History, no data for the categories of Immigration or Sovereignty; **it is an experience without analog # a past, without a heritage.** Blackness is the site of absolute dereliction **at the level of t he Imaginary for** #whoever says #rape # says Black**, # (Fanon) ,** whoever says #prison # says Black**, and whoever says #AIDS # says Black** (Sexton) # the #Negro is a phobogenic object # (Fanon). Indeed &a phobogenic object &a past without a heritage &the map of gratuitous violence &a program of complete disorder. **But whereas** this realization is**, and should be** cause for alarm, it should not be cause for lament, **or worse, disavowal # not at least,** for a true revolutionary**, or for a truly revolutionary movement** such as prison a bolition. 15 If a social movement is to be neither social democratic, nor Marxist, in terms of the structure of its political desire then it should grasp the invitation to assume the positionality of subjects of social death **that present themselves; and, if we are to be honest with ourselves we must admit that** the “Negro “ has been inviting Whites, and as well as civil society #s junior partners, to the dance of social death for hundreds of years, but few have wanted to learn the steps. They have been**, and remain today** # even in the most anti-racist movements,like the prison abolition movement # invested elsewhere. This is not to say that all oppositional political desire today is pro-White, but it is to say that it is almost always “anti-Black” which is to say it will not dance with death. Black liberation, **as a prospect**, makes radicalism more dangerous **to the U.S. Not because it raises the specter of some alternative polity (like socialism, or community control of existing resources)** but because its condition of possibility as well as its gesture of resistance functions as a negative dialectic: a politics of refusal and a refus al to affirm , a program of complete disorder. One mus t embrace its disorder, its in coherence and allow oneself to be elaborated by it, if indeed one's politics are to be underwritten by a desire to take this country down.If this is not the desire which underwrites one #s politics then through what strategy of legitimation is the word #prison # being linked t o the wo rd #abolition #? Wh at ar e this movem ent #s lines of po litical a ccount abilit y? There #s nothing foreign, frightening, or even unpracticed about the embrace of disorder and incoherence. The desire to be embraced, and elaborated, by disorder and incoherence is not anathema in and of itself: no one, for example, has ever been known to say #gee-whiz, if only my orgasms would end a little sooner, or maybe not come at all. # But few so-called radicals desire to be embraced, and elaborated, by the disorder and incoherence of Blackness # and the state of politica l movemen ts in A merica to day is ma rked by t his very N egroph obogen isis: #gee-whiz, if only Black rage could be more coherent, or maybe not come at all. # Perhaps there #s something more terrifying about the joy of Black, then there is about the joy of sex (unless one is talking sex wit h a Negr o). Perhaps coalitions today p refer to remain in- orgas mic in the fa ce of civilsociety # with hegemony as a handy prophylactic, just in case. But if, through this stasis, or paralysis , they tr y to do t he work of pr ison a bolit ion # that work will fail; because it is always work from a position of coherence (i.e. the worker) on behalf of a position of incoherence, the Black subject, or prison slave. In this way, social formations on the Left remain blind to the contradictions of coalitions bet ween worker s and s laves. T hey remain coalitions opera ting with in the logic of civil society; and function less as revolutionary promises and more as crowding out scenarios of Black antagonisms # they simply feed our frustration. Whereas the positionality of the worker # be s/he a factory worker demanding a monetary wage or an immigrant or White woman demanding a social wage # gestures toward the reconfiguration of civil society, the positionality of the Black subject # be s/he a prison-slave or a prison-slave-in-waiting # gestures toward the disconfiguration of civil society: from the coherence of civil society, t he Black subject beckons with the in coherence of civil war. A civil war which reclaims Blackness not as a positive value, but as a politically enabling site, to quote Fanon, of “absolute dereliction“: a scandal which rends civil society asunder. Civil war, then, becomes that unthought, but never forgotten understudy of hegemony. A Black specter waiting in the wings, an endless antagonism that cannot be satisfied (via reform or reparation) but must nonetheless be pursued to the death.