

LEAVE OUR MIKES ALONE

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1. MIKEY THE REBELATOR

Daughter of Zion, Judah the Lion

He redeemeth, and bought us with his blood...

John the revelator, great advocator

Gets 'em on the battle of Zion

Blind Willie Johnson, 'John the Revelator'¹

The rebelator

In *Upon Westminster Bridge*, Mikey Smith is jay-walking through the language.²

It's 1982, the beginning of logistical capitalism. The assembly line is snaking out of the factory and into his mouth. And he cyaan believe it. He won't believe it.

He won't go to work. He comes from the property. He's been there before. He's come to undo. He's moved to dissemble. The gathering in his mouth is out of line.

With the rise of logistical capitalism it is not the product that is never finished but the production line, and not the production line, but its improvement. In logistical capitalism it is the continuous improvement of the production line that never finishes, that's never done, that's undone continuously. The sociologists caught a glimpse of this line and thought that they were seeing networks. The political scientist called this line globalization. The business professors named it and priced it as business process re-engineering. Mikey knew better.

Mikey veers back across the street to where Louise Bennett sits, talking about how she inspired him. We can see her in a clip, wronging rights with her words, advocate of an undone language open to respecting what you like, and liking what you respect. Now her words are everywhere, like whispers from a cotton tree, and they have to be. And logistics, which is to say access, is everywhere again, because it wants to be.

But not just logistics; and not just any kind of access. The capitalist science of logistics can be represented by a simple formula: movement + access. But logistical capitalism subjects that formula to the algorithm: total movement + total access. Logistical capitalism seeks total access to your language, total

translation, total transparency, total value from your words. And then it seeks more. At Queen Mary, University of London, before the counter-insurgency, we called this postcolonial capitalism. How does it feel to be a problem in someone else's supply chain? What else is a colonial regime but the imposition of psychopathic protocols of total access to bodies and land in the service of what today is called supply-chain management? The problem of the twenty-first century is the problem of the colour line of assembly.

This logistical capitalism, this postcolonial capitalism, uses the stored, stolen, historical value of words to press its point. But Mikey would not speak that way. He saw what was coming by misremembering what had come to pass. Mikey jay-walked through his audience as they listened the wrong way across his words. Mikey put his hands up to fight one night and surrendered to us. He fought, and by fighting surrendered, to what M. Jacqui Alexander called our 'collectivized self-possession', to our hapticity, which is at the same time our collectivized dispossession.³ Because a rebelator defends our partiality, our incompleteness, our hands dispossessed to hold one another up in the battle of Zion. Mikey was a rebelator in the battle of Zion. Mikey the rebelator sabotaging a line of words(worth).

Mikey is talking to C. L. R. James on a bed in Brixton in South London, in an unsettled room, Linton Kwesi Johnson standing to the side. You have to move across the language because the language moves the line through you. The line moves now, the assembly line, the flow line, the high line, and that means you. You're moving to work like you always did but now you're working as you're moving, too. James is telling them he used to love Wordsworth and still does, but it was only when he got back to the Caribbean that he realized what was missing in that poetry because something else in that poetry was everywhere. James is talking about language as domination; Mikey is already having to deal with language as forced improvement in production, on the new and improved line, where the Man gives orders to His men. Mikey's working on an old new open secret logisticality, born in the hold, held together in loss and in being lost, and James is giving him some uncoordinates, a sea captain like Ranjit's father, high on the land now, low, shipped, stranded on a bed in Brixton, in an unsettled room. Mikey's not working on improving the English language. He's working on disproving it.

Mikey Smith deregulates the Queen's English in 'Mi Cyaan Believe It' and he's not worried about being incomplete. He's jay-walking through the Queen's English, instituting a sound system to which her standard submits, right across down there so. He's walking across to it right now, on the gully side. Mikey the

rebelator. He says that those have 'been restless a full time, dem go get some rest'. But there's no rest with access; access troubles the unrest it came to steal, and still. This is the early moment of logistical capitalism, with James on the bed aged from industrial capitalism, and all that settler capitalism sedimented underneath them in London in the hard red earth. In an unsettled room they institute. They're the offline institute of the new line, the new poetics of the anti-line, the antillean, multi-matrilinear dispersion of drum and bass and grain against the grain of organized saying, catching logistics in logisticality's crosstown traffic, in crosstown traffic's constant violation of the crosswalk, the sanctioned intersection, the settled, hegemonic term. Mikey's more and less than perpendicular swerve cyan believe that managed disturbance and keeps on fucking it up as a field of hypermusical staying, crossed between crossing and forgetting, contradicting and misremembering, revealing and rebelling, refusing to believe. Look the wrong way before you cross. Move the wrong way when you cross. That's how we semble.

When we move we move to access, which is to say we assemble and disassemble anew. And in logistical capitalism the assembly line moves with us by moving through us, accessing us to move and moving us to access. We can't deny access, because access is how we roll, and roll on, in and as our undercommon affectability, as Denise Ferreira da Silva might say.⁴ But we

make access burn and we love that, the line undone in the undoing of every single product, our renewed assembly in the general disassembly, our disassembled assembly offline on the line, strayed staying, stranded beneath the strand, at rest only in unrest, making all the wrong moves, because our doing and undoing ain't the same as theirs. They know, sometimes better than we do, that to move wrong, or not to move, is now no longer just an obstruction to logistics or an obstacle to progress. To move wrong or not to move is sabotage. It is an attack on the assembly line, a subversion of logistical capitalism. To move wrong is to deny access to capital by staying in the general access that capital desires and devours and denies. To move wrong, to move nought, is to have our own thing of not having, of handing and being handed; it is our continuous breaking up before, and against that, we were told of our continuous get together. But with the critical infrastructure that is the new line, and with the resilient response that protects it, the jay-walker becomes no longer just a rube in the way of logistics, a country bukee in traffic, but a saboteur, a terrorist, a demon. Jay-walkers do not sabotage by exodus or occupation as once a maroon, or a striking miner, or a ghost dancer may have. Jay-walkers disturb the production line, the work of the line, the assembly line, the flow line, by demanding inequality of access for all. When the line don't stop to let you catch your breath, jay-walkers stand around and say this stops today. Jay-walking is disassembled assembly for itself. Such sabotage is punishable by death. It's

hard to know what we institute when we don't institute but we do know what it feels like.

Total value and its violence not only never went away, but as da Silva says, they are the foundation of the present as time, the condition of time, of the world as a time space logic founded on the first horrible logistics of sale, the first mass movement of total access.⁵ Now continuous improvement drives us toward total value, makes all work incomplete, makes us move to produce, compels us to get online. We are liberated from work in order to work more, to work harder. We are violently invited to exercise our right to connect, our right to free speech, our right to choose, our right to evaluate, our right to right individuality in order that we may improve the production line running through our liberal dreams. Freedom through work was never the slave's cry but we hear it all around us today. Continuous improvement is the metric and metronomic meter of uplift. Those who won't improve, those who won't collectivize and individuate with the correct neurotic correctness, those who do the same thing again, those who revise, those who tell the joke you've heard and cook the food you've had and take the walk you've walked, those who plan to stay and keep on moving, those who keep on moving wrong those are the ones who hold everybody back, fucking up the production line that's supposed to improve us all. They like being incomplete. They like being incomplete and incompleting

one another. Their incompleteness is said to be a dependency, a bad habit. They're said to be partial, patchy, sketchy. They lack coordinates. They're collectively uncoordinated in total rhythm. They're in(self)sufficient.

Paolo Friere thought our incompleteness is what gave us hope.⁶ It is our incompleteness that inclines us toward one another. For Friere, the more we think of ourselves as complete, finished, whole, individual, the more we cannot love or be loved. Is it too much to put this the other way around? To say, by way of Friere, that love is the undercommon self-defence of being-incomplete? This seems important now when our incompleteness is something we are invited and then compelled to address and improve, when we are told to be impatient with it, and embarrassed by it. We need to be intact. We're told to raise our buzz because we're all fucked up. But in our defence we love that we are complete only in a plained incompleteness, which they would have undone, finished, owned, and sent on down the line. We do mind working because we do mind dying.

The consultant

The consultant is not here to provide solutions, innovation or even advice. The consultant exists to demonstrate access in the era of logistical capitalism. The

consultant is not an ideologue. Ideology operates here only for the consultant himself. He is demonstrably the only one who believes his bullshit, but fortunately for him this is not the point, not his point. The consultant literalizes access to workplaces, demonstrating their openness by showing up in their midst, like a drone. One day you come to work and there he is sitting next to the boss. Nothing she says or does is as important as this demonstration of access. What the consultant introduces into the imposed, exposed workers' corp is the algorithm. The consultant bears the algorithm, which violates in the name of completion. When the consultant brings his algorithmic charge, the body of the workers, that undesired and constantly invaded enclosure, is finished. We are rendered complete, made free, by the work, in the work, of the algorithm. We are done, and done in by, the consultant's forced, aggressive incorporation of an undoing that was of and for itself, of and for ourself, the undoing we keep on making in the face of every sovereign invasion, every violent ascription of words and worth and (the) work. The consultant completes, so that he can access the private loop of a thwarted desire to be intact. It is not the product or even the organization that interests the algorithm of work. It is the production line's infinite curvature. The algorithm of work is a demonstration within a demonstration. With access comes (the necessity of) improvement, which always takes the form of a demand for more access. As the introduction of the consultant inside the organization demonstrates access, so

the introduction of the algorithm demonstrates improvement. The algorithm is the machine of self-improvement; as such, it is the only machine that makes new machines. There is a mirror – marking and instantiating self-envisaging’s shared exclusivity, that scary, silly, Stuart Smalleyish binary solipsism – that stands between it and man, the other only machine that makes new machines and, in so doing, improves itself. The mirror between man, the mirror, and The Man, man’s mirror, is the algorithm. Meanwhile, the inhuman, which is our fleshly inherence and inhabitation in the general mechanics of a general disregard for self-reflection, makes machines because it does not want to improve. Before the algorithm, machines came from strikes, from resistance, from sabotage. Machines made from the algorithm do not wait for the class struggle.

The algorithm of work subjects every labour process on the production line to undoing, disassembly and incompleteness, in order to demand it be completed better, assembled better, done better. It leaves behind not an improved organization but a metric to ensure the organization will never be satisfied. The metric measures everything against its last instance, ensuring that the last instance never comes. The metric demands more access, more measurement of access, more movement, more assembly, more measure of the last instance, which is given in and as enclosure. The consultant is still talking but it does not

matter now what he says. The algorithm of work has arrived, algorithmic surplus has gone viral. If the settler could not be heard over the screams of primitive accumulation, and the citizen could not be heard over the noise of the machines, the consultant cannot be heard over the click of the metrics. Mikey heard this noise and walked the other way, another way, so the algorithm could not pass through, so we could hold him up and pass him along.

Nahum Chandler reminds us of a term W. E. B. DuBois invented and employed; ‘democratic despotism.’⁷ When the consultant cannot demonstrate access, and therefore the algorithm cannot demonstrate improvement, the consultant calls for policy as once (and still) the citizen calls for heteropatriachal nationalism or the settler for racist manifest destiny. Policy is past all that, even though all that’s not past. Policy comes in to diagnose what’s blocking access, and what’s blocking access are ‘those people’. What’s wrong with those people in Detroit who want water, in British Columbia who want land, in Manila who want some place to stay? Policy says there is something wrong with those people that makes it so that the consultant can’t get access. But it is the other way around. The consultant is denied access – those people deny him access – because they embrace the general access-in-antagonism that he denies. And so policy must be called. Self-defence becomes the disease. Love becomes the problem because love is the problem, the self-defence of the

accessible. But, hey, maybe governance can help, which is to say maybe those practising self-defence may be willing to self-diagnose, self-reflect, self-improve! One way or another policy will proscribe, or policy will get posed as democracy, as democratic despotism, where everyone is given the chance to say there is something wrong with those people. Democratic despotism is the imposition of policy and its violent possibilities and impossibilities on the wrong(ed).

Because the thing is, the consultant's not wrong, the algorithm of work is not malfunctioning, the policy hustler is not misdiagnosing. We're wrong, which is why we're wronged. We are incomplete. Moreover, they got the very idea of incompleteness from us! Another word for incompleteness is study, or more precisely, revision. The consultant gets this revision from us, from study, from our sumptuous revisions of one another out of existence, as existence. Study happens and it don't stop. In study, we are engaged consciously and unconsciously. We revise, and then again. This is not just about distinguishing improvement as capitalist efficiency. That is too easy to dismiss. It is about improvement itself, the time-concept, the moral imperative, the aesthetic judgement, which is to say capitalist improvement founded in and on black flesh, its female informality. Revision has no end and no connection to improvement, never mind efficiency.

So the consultant does and undoes institutions but can't access instituted life, can't open black life, can't uncover queer life, can't expose feminist planning around the 'kitchen table' as Barbara and Beverly Smith called it and Tiziana Terranova calls to it again, all noting certain paradoxes of freedom and sequestration in little general intellects of surreal life.⁸ He can't access open secrets, can't incomplete what is already incomplete, can't deform what is always informal already and yet; they can't believe and this leads to the state emergency that goes under such names as resilience and preparedness. When democratic despotism fails, simple despotism in the name of democracy must be imposed. Resilience is the name for the violent destruction of things that won't give, won't return to form, won't bend when access is demanded, won't be flexible and (com)pliant. Stopping when you are told to stop and moving along when you are told to move along demonstrates resilience and composure; but broken, breaking, dissembled assembly demonstrates itself openly, secretly, dissembling in captured but inaccessible glance, for us, to us, as incomplete and much more than complete. Its daimonic performance can't be individuated and won't be performed.

Hold she

It's not about who's holding you down when you try to jay-walk; it's about who's holding you up. This is the question of hapticality. The police can't hold what's already held. At the same time, what's already held is all that we can hold. That's our haptic institution. Watching mama listen to a song, you're instituted. Here go that Michael Jackson song she turned up to teach me how to dance.

In the photograph, they containerize her but she is uncontained. They bend her because access and logistics strive to be one. The more she is captured by the police, the photographer, the viewer, the more she is shipped. But the more she is shipped, the more she is held, the more she is handed.



They can't see our hands, and this is demonic to them. The rebelators' hands are held not up to the cops, they are held up to us, holding us up. All hands, all those mouths, must look demonic to them, and queer. It's queer to put yourself in such hands as may come, to be held up by such hands as may reach you.

Just because there are no rules to our access doesn't mean we don't know what to do. We know how to follow a dancehall queen. We know where she study. We hold to where she study. We hold she.

2. MICHAEL BROWN (A WYNTER'S TALE)

How can we survive genocide? We can only address this question by studying how we have survived genocide. In the interest of imagining what exists there is an image of Michael Brown we must refuse in favor of another image we don't have. One is a lie, the other unavailable. If we refuse to show the image of a lonely body, of the outline of the space that body simultaneously took and left, we do so in order to imagine jurigenerative black social life walking down the middle of the street for a minute, but only for a minute, unpoliced, another city gathers, dancing. We know it's there, and here, and real; we know what we can't have happens all the time.

First, that there is a social erotics of the lost and found in fallenness' refusal of standing. We fall so we can fall again, which is what ascension really means to us. To fall is to lose one's place, to lose the place that makes one, to relinquish the locus of being, which is to say of being single. This radical homelessness its kinetic indigeneity, its irreducible queerness is the essence of blackness. This refusal to take place is given in what it is to occur. Michael Brown is the latest name of the ongoing event of resistance to, and resistance before, socioecological disaster. Modernity's constitution in the trans-Atlantic slave trade, settler colonialism and capital's emergence in and with the state, is The Socioecological Disaster. Michael Brown gives us occasion once again to consider what it is to endure the disaster, to survive (in) genocide, to navigate unmappable differences as a range of localities that, in the end either all the way to the end or as our ongoing refusal of beginnings and ends will always refuse to have been taken. The fall is anacatastrophic refusal of the case and, therefore, of the world, which is the earth's capture insofar as it was always a picture frozen and extracted from imaginal movement. At stake is the power of love, which is given, in walking down the street, as defiance to the (racial capitalist, settler colonial) state and its seizures, especially its seizure of the capacity to make (and break) law.

Against the grain of the state's monopolization of ceremony, ceremonies are small and profligate; if they weren't everywhere and all the time we'd be

dead. The ruins, which are small rituals, aren't absent but surreptitious, a range of songful scarring, when people give a sign, shake a hand. But what if together we *can* fall, because we're fallen, because we need to fall again, to continue in our common fallenness, remembering that falling is in *apposition* to rising, their combination given in lingering, as the giving of pause, recess, vestibular remain, custodial remand, hold, holding in the interest of rub, dap's reflex and reflection of maternal touch, a maternal ecology of laid hands, of being handled, handed, handed down, nurture's supernatural dispersion. Hemphill emphatically announces the sociality that Luther shelters. Fallen, risen, mo(u)rnful survival. When black men die it's usually because we love each other, whether we run, or fight or surrender. Consider Michael Brown's generative occurrence and recurrence as refusal of the case, as refusal of standing. You can do this but only if you wish to insert yourself, and now I must abuse a phrase of Ah Kee's, into black worldlessness.⁹ Our homelessness. Our selflessness. None of which are or can be ours.

The state can't live with us and it can't live without us. Its violence is a reaction to that condition. The state is nothing other than a war against its own condition. The state is at war against its own (re)sources, in violent reaction to its own condition of im/possibility, which is living itself, which is the earth

itself, which blackness doesn't so much stand in for as name, as a name among others that is not just another name among others.

That we survive is beauty and testament; it is neither to be dismissed nor overlooked nor devalued by or within whatever ascription of value; that we survive is invaluable. It is, at the same time, insufficient. We have to recognize that a state — the racial capitalist/settler colonial state — of war has long existed. Its brutalities and militarizations, its regulative mundanities, are continually updated and revised, but they are not new. If anything, we need to think more strategically about our own innovations, recognizing that the state of war is a reactive state, a machine for regulating and capitalizing upon our innovations in/for survival.

This is why what's most disturbing about Michael Brown (aka Eric Garner, aka Renisha McBride, aka Trayvon Martin, aka Eleanor Bumpurs, aka Emmitt Till, aka an endless streams of names and absent names) is our reaction to him, our misunderstanding of him, and the sources of that misunderstanding that manifest and reify a desire for standing, for stasis, within the state war machine which, contrary to popular belief, doesn't confer citizenship upon its subjects at birth but, rather, at death, which is the proper name for entrance into its properly political confines. The prosecution of Michael Brown, which is the proper technical name for the grand jury investigation of Darren Wilson, the drone, is what our day in court looks like and always has. The prone,

exposed, unburied body – the body that is given, in death, its status as body precisely through and by way of the withholding of fleshly ceremony – is what political standing looks like. That’s the form it takes and keeps. This is a Sophoclean formulation. The law of the state is what Ida B. Wells rightly calls lynch law. And we extend it in our appeals to it.

We need to stop worrying so much about how it kills, regulates and accumulates us and worry more about how we kill, deregulate and disperse it. We have to love and revere our survival, which is (in) our resistance. We have to love our refusal of what has been refused. But insofar as this refusal₂ has begun to stand, insofar as it has begun to seek standing, it stands in need of renewal, now, even as the sources and conditions of that renewal become more and more obscure, more and more entangled with the regulatory apparatuses that are deployed in order to suppress them. At moments like this we have to tell the truth with a kind of viciousness and, even, a kind of cruelty. Black lives don’t matter, which is an empirical statement not only about black lives in this state of war but also about lives. This is to say that lives don’t matter; nor should they. It’s the metaphysics of the individual life in all its immateriality that’s got us in this situation in the first place. Michael Brown lived and moved within a deep and evolving understanding of this:

if i leave this earth today atleast youll know i care about others more then
i cared about my damn self.”...

But we have to consider how, and what it means that, his testament is
transformed into an expression of mourning and outrage such as this upon the
non-occasion of the non-indictment:

Go on call me "demon" but I WILL love my *damn self*.

We suffer with but also through this expression of our suffering. For this
expression of our disavowal of the demonic – however brutally the police and/or
the *polis*, in their soullessness, ascribe it to or inscribe it upon us – is erstwhile
respectability’s voluntary laying down of arms, its elective demobilization of
jurisgenerative force. Meanwhile, Michael Brown is like another fall and rise
through man – come and gone, as irruption and rupture, to remind us not that
black lives matter but that black life matters; that the absolute and undeniable
blackness of life matters; that this is not a judgment of value but a description
of a field of activity. The innovation of our survival is given in embrace of this
daimonic, richly internally differentiated choreography, its lumpen
improvisation of contact, which is obscured when class struggle in black studies
threatens to suppress black study as class struggle.

How much has black studies, as a bourgeois institutionalization of black study, determined the way we understand and fight the state of war within which we try to live? How has it determined how we understand the complex non-singularity that we know now as Michael Brown? It would be wrong to say that Michael Brown has become, in death, more than himself. He already was that, as he said himself, in echo of so much more than himself. He was already more than that in being less than that, in being the least of these. To reduce Michael Brown to a cypher for our unfulfilled desire to be more than that, for our serially unachieved and constitutionally unachievable citizenship, is to do a kind of counter-revolutionary violence; it is to partake in the ghoulish, vampiric consumption of his body, of the body that became his, though it did not become him, in death, in the reductive stasis to which his flesh was subjected. Michael Brown's flesh is our flesh; he is flesh of our flesh of flames.¹⁰

On August 9, like every day, like any other day, black life, in its irreducible sociality, having consented not to be single, got caught walking with jurisgenerative fecundity down the middle of the street. Michael Brown and his boys: black life breaking and making law, against and underneath the state, surrounding it. They had foregone the melancholic appeal, to which we now reduce them, for citizenship, and subjectivity, and humanness. That they had done so is the source of Darren Wilson's genocidal instrumentalization in the state's defense. They were in a state of war and they knew it. Moreover, they

were warriors in insurgent, if imperfect, beauty. What's left for us to consider is the difference between the way of Michael Brown's dance, his fall and rise, his ongoing demonstration and the well-meaning protests of mere petitioners, fruitlessly seeking energy in the pitiful, minimal, temporary shutdown of this or that freeway, as if mere occupation were something other than retrenchment (in reverse) of the demand for recognition that actually constitutes business as usual. Rather than dissipate our preoccupation with how we live and breathe, we need to defend our ways in our persistent practice of them. It's not about taking the streets; it's about how, and about what, we take to the streets. What would it be and what would it mean for us jurisgeneratively to take to the streets, to live in the streets, to gather together another city right here, right now?

Meanwhile, against the dead citizenship that was imposed upon him, the body the state tried to make him be, and in lieu of the images we refuse and can't have, here is an image of our imagination. This is Michael Brown, his descent, his ascension, his ceremony, his flesh, his animation in and of the maternal ecology Michael Brown's innovation, as contact, in improvisation. Contact improvisation is how we survive genocide.



we didn't get here by ourselves. black takes like black took. we were already beside our selves, evidently. eventually, we were upside ourselves in this wombed scar, this womblike scarring open scream tuned open, sister, can you move my form? took, had, give. because he wasn't by himself he's gone in us. how we got over that we didn't get here is wanting more than that in the way we carry ourselves, how we carry over our selves into we're gone in the remainder. here, not here, bought, unbought, we brought ourselves with us so we could give ourselves away. that's more than they can take away, even when its more than we can take."

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- ¹ Blind Willie Johnson, 'John the Revelator,' Columbia Records 14530, 1930.
- ² Anthony Wall, *Upon Westminster Bridge*, BBC Television, 1982. See www.youtube.com/watch?v=NE3kVwyY2WU accessed 18 May 2015.
- ³ M. Jacqui Alexander, *Pedagogies of Crossing: Meditations of Feminism, Sexual Politics, Memory, and the Sacred*, Duke University Press, 2005, 328.
- ⁴ See Denise Ferreira da Silva, 'No-Bodies: Law, Raciality and Violence,' *Griffith Law Review* 18, 2009, 214.
- ⁵ Nahum Dimitri Chandler, *Toward an African Future – Of The Limit of the World*, Living Commons Collective, 2013, 81.
- ⁶ Paolo Freire, *Pedagogy of Freedom: Ethics, Democracy, and Civic Courage*, trans. Patrick Clarke, Rowman & Littlefield, 1998, 58.
- ⁷ Nahum Dimitri Chandler, *Toward an African Future – Of The Limit of the World*, Living Commons Collective, 2013, 81.
- ⁸ See Barbara Smith & Beverly Smith, 'Across the Kitchen Table: A Sister-to-Sister Dialogue,' in Cherríe Moraga & Gloria Anzaldúa, ed. *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color*, 2nd Edition, Kitchen Table/Women of Color Press, 1983, 123-40 and Tiziana Terranova, 'Free Labor: Producing Culture for the Digital Economy' in Marc Bousquet & Katherine Wills, ed. *The Politics of Information: The Electronic Mediation of Social Change*, Alt-X Press, 2003, 99-121.

⁹ Ah Kee also writes in *Whitefella*normal (DVD, 30 sec, 2004): “If you wish to insert yourself into the black man’s world, his history, in his colour, and at the level at which you currently perceive him, then know that you will never be anything more than mediocre.” I want to thank Rachel O’Reilly for bringing Ah Kee’s work to my attention. See her “Compasses, Meetings and Maps: Three Recent Media Works,” *LEONARDO*, Vol. 39, No. 4, 2006, 334-39. See Essex Hemphill, “When my brother fell,” *Brother to Brother: New Writings by Black Gay Men*, ed. Essex Hemphill (Washington, D.C.: Redbone Press, 1991, 2007) 137. Hear Luther Vandross, “Power of Love/Love Power,” *Power of Love*, CD, Epic EK 46789, 1991.

¹⁰ I’m thinking, here, of a collaboration between Theodore Harris and Amiri Baraka, *Our Flesh of Flames* (Philadelphia: Anvil Arts Press, 2008).

¹¹ Photograph accessed at <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2733579/Michael-Browns-family-prepares-lay-rest.html> on 27 August, 2014.