### TOC 1AC

#### Debate as an activity is an Undercommons of the university-we engage within academia and steal what we can while existing in a liminal space outside of it. The role of the ballot is to vote for the best liberation method for the oppressed. The role of the judge is therefore to act as a subversive intellectual.

Harney and Moten 09 [Stefano, and Fred Moten. Stefano Harney is Professor of Strategic Management Education at Singapore Management University. Fred Moten is Professor Ph.D. UC Berkeley.  "The university and the Undercommons."The Edu-factory Collective: towards an (2009).]

“To the university I’ll steal, and there I’ll steal,” to borrow from Pistol at the end of Henry V, as he would surely borrow from us. This is the only possible relationship to the American university today. This may be true of universities everywhere. It may have to be true of the university in general. But certainly, this much is true **in the United States: it cannot be denied that the university is a place of refuge, and it cannot be accepted that the university is [not] a place of enlightenment**. In the face of these conditions **one can only sneak into the university and steal what one can. To abuse its hospitality, to spite its mission, to join its refugee colony, its gypsy encampment, to be in but not of—this is the path of the subversive intellectual in the modern university.** Worry about the university. This is the injunction today in the United States, one with a long history. Call for its restoration like Harold Bloom or Stanley Fish or Gerald Graff. Call for its reform like Derek Bok or Bill Readings or Cary Nelson. Call out to it as it calls to you. But for the subversive intellectual, all of this goes on upstairs, in polite company, among the rational men. After all, **the subversive intellectual came under false pretenses, with bad documents, out of love. Her labor is as necessary as it is unwelcome. The university needs what she bears but cannot bear what she brings. And on top of all that, she disappears. She disappears into the underground, the downlow lowdown maroon community of the university, into the Undercommons of Enlightenment, where the work gets done, where the work gets subverted, where the revolution is still black, still strong.** What is that work and what is its social capacity for both reproducing the university and producing fugitivity? **If one were to say teaching, one would be performing the work of the university.** Teaching is merely a profession and an operation of what Jacques Derrida calls the onto-/auto-encyclopedic circle of the Universitas. **But it is useful to invoke this operation to glimpse the hole in the fence where labor enters, to glimpse its hiring hall, its night quarters. The university needs teaching labor, despite itself, or as itself, self-identical with and thereby erased by it. It is not teaching then that holds this social capacity, but something that produces the not visible other side of teaching, a thinking through the skin of teaching toward a collective orientation to the knowledge object as future project, and a commitment to what we want to call the prophetic organization.** But it is teaching that brings us in. Before there are grants, research, conferences, books, and journals there is the experience of being taught and of teaching. Before the research post with no teaching, before the graduate students to mark the exams, before the string of sabbaticals, before the permanent reduction in teaching load, the appointment to run the Center, the consignment of pedagogy to a discipline called education, before the course designed to be a new book, teaching happened. The moment of teaching for food is therefore often mistakenly taken to be a stage, as if eventually, one should not teach for food. If the stage persists, there is a social pathology in the university. **But if the teaching is successfully passed on, the stage is surpassed, and teaching is consigned to those who are known to remain in the stage, the sociopathological labor of the university.** Kant interestingly calls such a stage “self-incurred minority.” He tries to contrast it with having the “determination and courage to use one’s intelligence without being guided by another.” “Have the courage to use your own intelligence.” **But what would it mean if teaching or rather what we might call “the beyond of teaching” is precisely what one is asked to get beyond, to stop taking sustenance? And what of those minorities who refuse, the tribe of moles who will not come back from beyond**2 (that which is beyond “the beyond of teaching”), **as if they will not be subjects, as if they want to think as objects, as minority?** Certainly, the perfect **subjects** of communication, those successfully beyond teaching, will see them as waste. But their **collective labor will always call into question who truly is taking** the **orders** of the Enlightenment. The waste lives for those moments beyond2 teaching when you give away the unexpected beautiful phrase— unexpected, no one has asked, beautiful, it will never come back. Is being the biopower of the Enlightenment truly better than this? Perhaps the biopower of the enlightenment knows this, or perhaps it is just reacting to the objecthood of this labor as it must. But **even as it depends on these moles**, these refugees, **it will call them uncollegial, impractical, naive, unprofessional**. And one may be given one last chance to be pragmatic – **why steal when one can have it all, they will ask**. **But if one hides from this interpellation, neither agrees nor disagrees but goes with hands full into the underground of the university, into the Undercommons – this will be regarded as theft, as a criminal act. And it is at the same time, the only possible act.**

#### The university is head management in this reduction of life to a precoded process. Academia is a machine that produces meaning according to the logic of capitalism. This process of precoded learning fosters regimes of social death centered around managing the possibilities of resistance.

Occupied UC Berkeley 09 [Anonymous student who took part in the UC Berkely protests "The Necrosocial." Anti-Capital Projects. N.p., 9 Nov. 2009. Web. 05 Dec. 2016.]

**Being president of the University** of California **is like being manager of a cemetery: there are many people under you, but no one is listening**. UC President Mark Yudof Capital is dead labor which, vampire-like, lives only by sucking living labor. Karl Marx Politics is death that lives a human life. Achille Mbembe Yes, very much a cemetery. Only here there are no dirges, no prayers, only the repeated testing of our threshold for anxiety, humiliation, and debt. **The classroom just like the workplace just like the university just like the state just like the economy manages our social death, translating what we once knew** from high school, from work, from our family life **into academic parlance, into acceptable forms of social conflict.** **Who knew that behind** so much **civic life** (electoral campaigns, student body representatives, bureaucratic administrators, public relations officials, Peace and Conflict Studies, ad nauseam) **was so much social death?** What postures we maintain to claim representation, what limits we assume, what desires we dismiss? **And in this moment of crisis they ask us to twist ourselves in a way that they can hear**. **Petitions** to Sacramento, **phone calls** to Congressmen—**even the chancellor patronizingly congratulates our** September 24th **student strike, shaping the meaning and the force** of the movement as a movement against the policies of Sacramento. **He expands his institutional authority to encompass the movement**. **When students begin to hold libraries over night**, beginning to take our first baby step as an autonomous movement **he reins us in by serendipitously announcing library money.** He manages movement, he kills movement by funneling it into the electoral process. **He manages our social death.** He looks forward to these battles on his terrain, to eulogize a proposition, to win this or that—he and his look forward to exhausting us. **He and his look forward to a reproduction of the logic of representative governance, the release valve of the university plunges us into an abyss where ideas** are wisps of ether—**that is, meaning is ripped from action**. **Let’s talk about the fight endlessly, but always only in their managed form**: to perpetually deliberate, the endless fleshing-out-of—**when we push the boundaries of this form they are quick to reconfigure themselves to contain us**: the chancellor’s congratulations, the reopening of the libraries, the managed general assembly—**there is no fight against the administration here, only its own extension.** **Each day passes in this way**, the administration on the look out to shape student discourse—it happens without pause, **we don’t notice nor do we care to. It becomes banal, thoughtless. So much so that we see we are accumulating days: one semester, two, how close to being this or that,** how far? This accumulation is our shared history. **This accumulation**—every once in a while interrupted, violated by a riot, a wild protest, unforgettable fucking, the overwhelming joy of love, life shattering heartbreak—**is** a muted, but desirous life. **A dead but restless and desirous life.** **The university steals and homogenizes our time** yes, **our bank accounts also,** but it also steals **and homogenizes meaning**. **As much as capital is invested in building** a killing apparatus abroad, **an incarceration apparatus** in California, **it is equally invested here in an apparatus for managing social death**. Social death is, of course, simply the power source, the generator, of civic life with its talk of reform, responsibility, unity. **A ‘life,’ then, which serves merely as the public relations mechanism for death: its garrulous slogans of freedom and democracy designed to obscure the shit and decay in which our feet are planted**. Yes, **the university is a** graveyard, but it is also a factory: a **factory of meaning which produces civic life and at the same time produces social death**. A factory which produces the illusion **that meaning and reality can be separated; which everywhere reproduces the empty reactionary behavior of students based on the values of life (identity), liberty (electoral politics), and happiness (private property).** Everywhere the same whimsical ideas of the future. Everywhere democracy. Everywhere discourse to shape our desires and distress in a way acceptable to the electoral state, discourse designed to make our very moments here together into a set of legible and fruitless demands. Totally managed death. A machine for administering death, for the proliferation of technologies of death. As elsewhere, things rule. Dead objects rule. In this sense, it matters little what face one puts on the university—whether Yudof or some other lackey. These are merely the personifications of the rule of the dead, the pools of investments, the buildings, the flows of materials into and out of the physical space of the university—each one the product of some exploitation—which seek to absorb more of our work, more tuition, more energy. The university is a machine which wants to grow, to accumulate, to expand, to absorb more and more of the living into its peculiar and perverse machinery: high-tech research centers, new stadiums and office complexes. And at this critical juncture the only way it can continue to grow is by more intense exploitation, higher tuition, austerity measures for the departments that fail to pass the test of ‘relevancy.’ But the ‘irrelevant’ departments also have their place. **With** their **‘pure’ motives of knowledge for its own sake, they perpetuate** the blind inertia of **meaning** ostensibly **detached from its** social **context**. As the university cultivates its cozy relationship with capital, war and power, these discourses and research programs play their own role, co-opting and containing radical potential**. And so we attend lecture[s] after lecture about how ‘discourse’ produces ‘subjects,’ ignoring the most obvious fact that we ourselves are produced by this discourse about discourse which leaves us believing that it is only words which matter, words about words which matter. The university gladly permits the precautionary lectures on** biopower; on **the production of race and gender; on the reification and the fetishization of commodities. A taste of the poison serves well to inoculate us against any confrontational radicalism. And all the while power weaves the invisible nets which contain and neutralize all thought and action, that bind revolution inside books, lecture halls. There is no need to speak truth to power when power already speaks the truth.** The university is a graveyard– así es. The graveyard of liberal good intentions, of meritocracy, opportunity, equality, democracy. Here the tradition of all dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living. We graft our flesh, our labor, our debt to the skeletons of this or that social cliché. In seminars and lectures and essays, we pay tribute to the university’s ghosts, the ghosts of all those it has excluded—the immiserated, the incarcerated, the just-plain-fucked. They are summoned forth and banished by a few well-meaning phrases and research programs, given their book titles, their citations. This is our gothic—we are so morbidly aware, we are so practiced at stomaching horror that the horror is thoughtless.

#### Student protests on campus are little more than attempts to put band-aids on bullet holes. The university is funded by and founded by the same neoliberal anti-black forces that constitute society. Attempts at finding a home within academia assume a level of inclusivity that only exists to sustain profit.

Kelley 16 [, Gary B. Nash Professor of American History at UCLA, Robin DG. "Black Study, Black Struggle." The Boston Review (2016).]

While **students** on various campuses have done everything from addressing racial incidents to criticizing university investments, the national trend is to **push for measures that would [to] make campuses more hospitable** to students of color: greater diversity, inclusion, safety, and affordability. **That means more** students, faculty, staff, and administrators of color; “**safe spaces**” and mental health support; reduced or free tuition; curricular changes; and the renaming of campus buildings and monuments after significant nonwhite figures. Similarly **the Obama administration convened a meeting of administrators, faculty, students, and lawyers to promote ways to “foster supportive educational environments.”** **As former Secretary of Education Arne Duncan put it, college should be about “finding a home and a community” and ensuring that campuses are “welcoming places for learning for every student.”** Indeed, to some extent campus protests articulated the sense of betrayal and disappointment that many black students felt upon finding that their campuses failed to live up to their PR. **Many students had come to the university expecting to find a welcoming place**, a nurturing faculty, and protective administration. **If they believed this, it was in no small part because university recruiters wanted them to**: tours for prospective students, orientations, and slickly produced brochures often rely on metaphors of family and community, highlight campus diversity, and emphasize the sense of belonging that young scholars enjoy. **But while the rebellions succeeded in getting the attention of administrators and trustees, as well as the national media, students endured an awful backlash—including credible death threats—that tested the limits of the family metaphor, which to many now seems both misguided and disingenuous. Conservatives and liberals alike trivialized their activism, dismissing the protesters as oversensitive whiners whose demands for speech codes**, dress codes, and mandatory anti-racist courses **threaten the university’s integrity and impede critical thought.** The rancor, however, has obscured fundamental differences within the movement. **Student’s core demands for greater diversity, inclusion, and cultural-competency training** converge with their critics’ fundamental belief that the university **possesses a unique teleology: [assume] it is supposed to be an enlightened space free of bias and prejudice, but the pursuit of this promise is hindered by structural racism and patriarchy.** Though **adherents of this perspective** differ in their assessments of the extent to which the university falls short of this ideal, they **agree that** it **[the university] is perfectible.** I do not. **The fully racialized social and epistemological architecture upon which the modern university is built cannot be radically transformed by “simply” adding darker faces, safer spaces, better training, and a curriculum that acknowledges historical and contemporary oppressions. This is a bit like asking for more black police officers as a strategy to curb state violence. We need more faculty of color, but integration alone is not enough. Likewise, what is the point of providing resources to recruit more students of color without changing admissions criteria and procedures? Why do we stay wedded to standard “achievement” measures instead of, say, open admissions? A smaller, more radical contingent of protesters** is less sanguine about the university’s capacity to change. Rejecting the family metaphor, these students **understand that universities are not walled off from the “real world” but instead are [and] corporate entities in their own right. These students are not fighting for a “supportive” educational environment, but a liberated one that not only promotes but also models social and economic justice**. One such student coalition is the Black Liberation Collective, which has three demands: 1) that the numbers of black students and faculty reflect the national percentage of black folks in the country; 2) that tuition be free for black and indigenous students; 3) that universities divest from prisons and invest in communities.

#### Regardless of physical location blackness speaks before the body itself. Idolizing the political change behind black speech is only possible in a space where radical black community is housed. A space that allows for social life within a broader regime geared towards the production of social death.

Brady 12 [Nicholas. “Louder Than the Dark: Toward an Acoustics of Suffering”, http://www.thefeministwire.com/2012/10/louder-than-the-dark-towards-an-acoustics-of-suffering/]

**Discourse on race normally focuses on the material and the visual, but the video of Anna Brown’s death** points us less to the images and more to the centrality of aurality to black suffering. The first part of the video is without audio, but this does not mean sound is absent per se. That the video lacks audio in the beginning says more than perhaps the soundtrack itself could, for it **makes explicit the inaudibility of black suffering. We know that Anna Brown had expressed her lasting pain, in spite of the doctor’s opinion that she was fine. The hospital then ordered her to leave** and she protested, saying that she was still in pain. She was forcibly wheeled to the hallway and eventually arrested by the police. **Her vocal protests, critiques of inadequate service and expression of her persistent pain, fell on deaf ears. She spoke the knowledge of her body, but her voice was muted and over-dubbed by the knowledge of the professionals. How can the black know about itself? How can the shadow speak back? The violence that produces the subject** (in this case, the doctor) **robs Anna Brown of vocality, not so much literally as ontologically. Insofar as an object** (a commodity, a slave) **can speak, it cannot be said that it can communicate**. **At the etymological root of “communicate” is the logic of the commons or community: informing to participate in the world, sharing one’s utterance(s) to join the community. Communication**, not even to imply anything as serious as the ethics of dialogue, **requires an equal ontological status amongst the communicators**. That several titles of the video online have called her the “homeless woman” evidences one singular truth (the desire to insult her notwithstanding): **Anna Brown, as the descendent of slaves, has no home while the doctors are in their own dominion**. In a public lecture titled “[People-of-Color-Blindness](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qNVMI3oiDaI),” Jared **Sexton describes an experience at a jazz club where the microphones go off, but the band continues to play. Even though the sociality between the band and the audience has been shut down, the band still plays on.** Sexton uses this example to dramatize how **even though the black is socially dead, that does not signify that black life is non-existent. Instead, our social death signifies that black life is sealed off from the world and happens elsewhere: “underground or in outer space.”** In this way Anna speaks, but the microphone that would project her subjectivity to the world has been turned off. Her suffering has been rendered unreal while her voice is heard as incoherent and dangerous. If Anna Brown’s suffering is inaudible, the second half of the video speaks to how **her voice and pain are criminalized. When the police arrive, they surround Anna and then drag her out of the wheelchair, handcuff her, and leave her on the hospital floor.** She is **given two different charges: her protests for better service are charged as “trespassing” and her inability to walk due to her injury is charged as “resisting arrest.”** When she is in the police car, the camera in the vehicle has a microphone. When they arrive at the prison, Anna continues to tell them she can’t walk and that she needs to be in a hospital. **The police officers ignore her statements and instead oscillate between asking her “are you going to get out” and threatening her; “you have two seconds** to [swing your legs out]…” Each implies that she can move her legs and she is choosing not to. As Saidiya Hartman writes in Scenes of Subjection, “**the slave was recognized as a reasoning subject who possessed intent and rationality solely in the context of criminal liability.” Her suffering remains inaudible, but her voice can only be heard by the police as challenging the law, resisting arrest, disrespecting their authority; her voice can only be heard as a legitimizing force for their violence. As they drag her out of the car, she screams out in pain before the door is shut and her voice becomes muffled. They carried Anna Brown to the cell and laid her body on the ground as if she were already a corpse; they even refused her the dignity of lying on the bed.** As they stepped around her body and closed the cell door, the only sign she was still alive were her wordless screams. Her screams pierce through my speakers, haunting my mind but they seem to have no effect on the prison workers. She was clearly not the first screaming body they had carried into a cell, for they did not even take time to stop their chatter. There is no passion, intimacy, or perverse enjoyment, just a multicultural group of men doing their job. Anna’s death is not the “primal scene” that the beating of Aunt Hester (Frederick Douglass’s Aunt) was. These two black women’s screams are connected by the paradigm of anti-blackness, yet their screams terrify for different reasons. The beating of Aunt Hester is a spectacular example of the “blood-stained gate” of the slave’s subjection. While the circulation of the Anna Brown video has given me pause, her death is more an example of the “mundane and quotidian” terror that Hartman focuses on in her text. Brown’s death was a (non)event, concealed from the world by the walls of the prison cell. Without this video, only those on the inside would have heard her screams. Anna Brown didn’t simply pass away, she was killed, but who did it? Douglass’s Aunt Hester was beaten by Captain Anthony, a man who wanted her and was jealous of her relationship to another slave. Anna Brown was **murdered by a disparate set of (non)events where her body shuttled between a hospital and a prison, doctors and nurses, police officers and prison officials. There is no one person who killed her; instead, a structure of violence murdered her. No intimacy, just cold efficiency. Her scream was less of a sorrow song than the sharp pitch of nu-bluez: an impossible scream to be heard from the depths of incarceration and incapacity. Anna Brown’s death was neither an event nor a spectacle. An event signifies presence, but Anna’s death is an ethereal absence, a spirit’s wail fading away like one’s warm breath on a cold day**. If the beating of Aunt Hester demands that one meditate on the spectacle of black suffering, Anna Brown’s screams call for us to think of the aurality of agony, the acoustics of suffering. What are the aural mechanisms that made it impossible for civil society to hear Anna Brown’s pain? **What are the technologies that remix the tonalities of black people into criminalized speech? These thoughts on the acoustics of suffering are not to displace the visual for the aural, but instead to theorize how they form and invigorate each other. Put another way, anti-blackness is a structure where (black) skin speaks for itself and the body it encompasses, even when the black’s subjecthood is muted. In the darkness of space, one cannot hear you scream.** Focusing on acoustics can offer a different sharpening of the cutting edge, a modality that allows us to tune into the unimaginable frequency of black thought. **If it is impossible to hear the black** (aurality) **and for the black to speak on its own terms** (orality), **then to be heard in this world, we would have to break the laws of physics–ontologically speaking.** This is another way of saying that the acoustics of suffering forces us to think of the impossibilities of harmony and, perhaps, the terrifying beauty of cacophony. **In this way, the enlightenment of the ignorant shadows would not be the key to the future, but instead the reverberation of our revolutionary racket that clangs through civil society. From the black hole of our subjectivity and into the screeching noise of this parasitic world, we scream that our lives, black life, matters until the final, paradigmatic quiet comes.**

#### Thus we affirm that public colleges and universities ought not restrict constitutionally protected speech as a method of undercommoning the university. Our affirmation opens up space for black social life within regimes of social death through maroonage in the university. Liberation occurs through a fugitive existence within but not of the university in which we as students steal the intellectual labor of the university and bring it back to our communities. Limitations on speech necessarily limit both how theft occurs and what materials can be stolen.

Kelley 2 [Robin DG. "Black Study, Black Struggle." The Boston Review (2016).]

Study groups introduced me to C. L. R. James, Frantz Fanon, Walter Rodney, Barbara Smith, Angela Davis, Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, Vladimir Lenin, Chancellor Williams, George E. M. James, Shulamith Firestone, Kwame Nkrumah, Kwame Turé, Rosa Luxemburg, Antonio Gramsci, Chinweizu Ibekwe, Amílcar Cabral, and others. These texts were our sources of social critique and weapons in our class war on the bourgeois canon. **As self-styled activist-intellectuals, it never occurred to us to refuse to read a text simply because it validated the racism, sexism, free-market ideology, and bourgeois liberalism against which we railed. Nothing was off limits. On the contrary, delving into these works only sharpened our critical faculties. Love and study cannot exist without struggle, and struggle cannot occur solely inside the refuge we call the university. Being grounded in the world we wish to make is fundamental**. As I argued in Freedom Dreams nearly fifteen years ago, **“Social movements generate new knowledge, new theories, new questions. The most radical ideas often [and] grow out of a concrete intellectual engagement with the problems of aggrieved populations confronting systems of oppression**.” Ironically I wrote these words with my students in mind, many of whom were involved in campus struggles, feeling a bit rudderless but believing that the only way to make themselves into authentic activists was to leave the books and radical theories at home or in their dorms. **The undercommons offers students a valuable model of study that takes for granted the indivisibility of thought and struggle, not unlike its antecedent, the Mississippi Freedom Schools.** The Mississippi Freedom Schools, initially launched by the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee as part of the 1964 Freedom Summer, were **intended to create “an educational experience for students which will make it possible for them to challenge the myths of our society, to perceive more clearly its realities and to find alternatives, and ultimately, new directions for action**.” The curriculum included traditional subjects that publicly funded black schools did not offer, but they were never designed to be simply better versions of the traditional liberal education model. Rather, students examined power along the axes of race and class. **Students and teachers worked together to reveal how ruling whites profited from Jim Crow, and they included in their analysis the precarious position of poor whites. Rural black kids of all ages learned to distinguish between “Material Things and Soul Things,” developing a trenchant critique of materialism**. The freedom schools challenged the myth that the civil rights movement was just about claiming a place in mainstream society. They didn’t want equal opportunity in a burning house; they wanted to build a new house. Perhaps one of the best historical models of radical, collective, grounded intellectual work was launched by black feminists Patricia Robinson, Patricia Haden, and Donna Middleton, working with community residents of Mt. Vernon, New York, many of whom were unemployed, low-wage workers, welfare mothers, and children. Together, they organized and read as a community—from elders to children. **They saw education as a vehicle for collective transformation and an incubator of knowledge, not a path to upward mobility and material wealth**. Influenced by Frantz Fanon, they interrogated and critiqued racism, sexism, slavery, and capitalism, emphasizing the ways in which racism produced a kind of psychosis among poor black people. Their study and activism culminated in a collectively written, independently published book called Lessons from the Damned (1973). It is a remarkable book, with essays by adults as well as children—some as young as twelve, who developed trenchant criticisms of public school teachers and the education system. Although they acknowledged the unavoidability of addressing trauma, they understood that one’s activism could not stop there. In a section titled “The Revolt of Poor Black Women,” the authors insisted that a genuine revolution requires the overthrow of capitalism, the elimination of male supremacy, and the transformation of self. **Revolution**, they argued, **is supposed to usher in a brand new beginning; it is driven by the power of freed imagination, not the dead weight of the past.** As Robinson, Haden, and Middleton wrote, “**All revolutionaries**, regardless of sex, **are the smashers of myths and the destroyers of illusion. They have always died and lived again to build new myths. They dare to dream of a utopia, a new kind of synthesis and equilibrium**.” At UCLA, where I teach, these same insights are taking a new form. A group of graduate students launched their version of the undercommons in January 2016. Based on the Freedom School model, UCLA’s **undercommons** holds weekly outdoor meetings featuring activists from groups such as Black Lives Matter, Critical Resistance, and the L.A. Poverty Department. Faculty and students lead discussions. These events have drawn as many as 150 students, and the community continues to grow. The primary organizers—Thabisile Griffin, Marques Vestal, Olufemi O. Taiwo, Sa Whitley, and Shamell Bell—are all doctoral **students** who **see the university as a site of contestation, a place of refuge, and a space for collective work. Their vision is radical and radically ambitious: they are abolitionists committed to dismantling prisons and redirecting their funding to education and the repair of inequality. Their ultimate goal is to create in the present a future that overthrows the logic of neoliberalism. These students are demonstrating how we might remake the world. They are ruthless in their criticism and fearless in the face of the powers that be. They model what it means to think through crisis, to fight for the eradication of oppression in all its forms, whether it directly affects us or not. They are in the university but not of the university. They work to understand and advance the movements in the streets, seeking to eliminate racism and state violence, preserve black life, defend the rights of the marginalized** (from undocumented immigrants to transfolk), **and challenge the current order that has brought us so much misery. And they do this work not without criticism and self-criticism, not by pandering to popular trends or powerful people, a cult of celebrity or Twitter, and not by telling lies, claiming easy answers, or avoiding the ideas that challenge us all.**

#### Speech codes and safe spaces treat oppression as a personal problem and obfuscates the over-arching structures that legitimate those forms of linguistic violence in the first place. The violence of systemic racism does not begin or end at the university gates and only through a strategy of communal resistance can individuals find space to eviscerate their trauma.

Kelley 3 [, Gary B. Nash Professor of American History at UCLA, Robin DG. "Black Study, Black Struggle." The Boston Review (2016).]

So, **one can easily see why the language of trauma might appeal to black students**. Trauma is real; it is no joke. Mental health services and counseling are urgently needed. **But reading black experience through trauma can easily slip into thinking of ourselves as victims and objects rather than agents, subjected to centuries of gratuitous violence that have structured and overdetermined our very being**. In the argot of our day, “bodies”—vulnerable and threatening bodies—increasingly stand in for actual people with names, experiences, dreams, and desires. I suspect that the popularity of Ta-Nehisi Coates’s Between the World and Me (2015), especially among black college students, rests on his singular emphasis on fear, trauma, and the black body. He writes: In America, it is traditional to destroy the black body—it is heritage. Enslavement was not merely the antiseptic borrowing of labor—it is not so easy to get a human being to commit their body against its own elemental interest. And so enslavement must be casual wrath and random manglings, the gashing of heads and brains blown out over the river as the body seeks to escape. It must be rape so regular as to be industrial. . . . The spirit and soul are the body and brain, which are destructible—that is precisely why they are so precious. And the soul did not escape. The spirit did not steal away on gospel wings. Coates implies that the person is the brain, and the brain just another organ to be crushed with the rest of the body’s parts. Earlier in the book, he makes the startling declaration that enslaved people “knew nothing but chains.” I do not deny the violence Coates so eloquently describes here, and I am sympathetic to his atheistic skepticism. But **what sustained enslaved African people was a memory of freedom, dreams of seizing it, and conspiracies to enact it—fugitive planning**, if you will. **If we reduce the enslaved to mere fungible bodies, we cannot possibly understand how they created families, communities, sociality; how they fled and loved and worshiped and defended themselves; how they created the world’s first social democracy**. Moreover, to identify anti-black violence as heritage may be true in a general sense, but it obscures the dialectic that produced and reproduced the violence of a regime dependent on black life for its profitability. It was, after all, the resisting black body that needed “correction.” **Violence was used not only to break bodies but to discipline people who refused enslavement. And the impulse to resist is neither involuntary nor solitary. It is a choice made in community, made possible by community, and informed by memory, tradition, and witness.** If Africans were entirely compliant and docile, there would have been no need for vast expenditures on corrections, security, and violence. **Resistance is our heritage. And resistance is our healing. Through collective struggle, we alter our circumstances; contain, escape, or possibly eviscerate the source of trauma; recover our bodies; reclaim and redeem our dead; and make ourselves whole. It is difficult to see this in a world where words such as trauma, PTSD, micro-aggression, and triggers have virtually replaced oppression, repression, and subjugation.** Naomi Wallace, a brilliant playwright whose work explores trauma in the context of race, sexuality, class, war, and empire, muses: **Mainstream America is less threatened by the ‘trauma’ theory because it doesn’t place economic justice at its core and takes the focus out of the realm of justice and into psychology; out of the streets, communities, into the singular experience (even if experienced in common) of the individual.** Similarly, George Lipsitz observes that **emphasizing “interiority,” personal pain, and feeling elevates “the cultivation of sympathy over the creation of social justice.”** This is partly why demands for reparations to address historical and ongoing racism are so antithetical to modern liberalism. **Managing trauma does not require dismantling structural racism, which is why university administrators focus on avoiding triggers rather than implementing zero-tolerance policies for racism or sexual assault. Buildings will be renamed and safe spaces for people of color will be created out of a sliver of university real estate, but proposals to eliminate tuition and forgive student debt for the descendants of the dispossessed and the enslaved will be derided as absurd.** This is also why diversity and cultural-competency training are the most popular strategies for addressing campus racism. **As if racism were a manifestation of our “incompetent” handling of “difference.” If we cannot love the other, we can at least learn to hear, respect, understand, and “tolerate” her.** Cultural competency also means reckoning with white privilege, coming to terms with unconscious bias and the myriad ways white folks benefit from current racial arrangements. **Powerful as this might be, the solution to racism still is shifted to the realm of self-help and human resources, resting on self-improvement or the hiring of a consultant or trainer to help us reach our goal.** Cultural-competency training, greater diversity, and demands for multicultural curricula represent both a resistance to and manifestation of our current “postracial” moment. In Are We All Postracial Yet? (2015), David Theo Goldberg correctly sees postracialism as a neoliberal revision of multicultural discourse, whose proposed remedies to address racism would in fact resuscitate late-century multiculturalism. But **why hold on to the policies and promises of multiculturalism and diversity, especially since they have done nothing to dislodge white supremacy?** Indeed I want to suggest that the triumph of multiculturalism marked a defeat for a radical anti-racist vision. True, multiculturalism emerged in response to struggles waged by the Black Freedom movement and other oppressed groups in the 1960s and ’70s. But **the programmatic adoption of diversity, inclusion, and multiculturalism vampirized the energy of a radical movement that began by demanding the complete transformation of the social order and the eradication of all forms of racial, gender, sexual, and class hierarchy. The point of liberal multiculturalism was not to address the historical legacies of racism, dispossession, and injustice but rather to bring some people into the fold of a “society no longer seen as racially unjust.” What did it bring [brought] us? Black elected officials and black CEOs who helped manage the greatest transfer of wealth to the rich and oversee the continued erosion of the welfare state; the displacement, deportation, and deterioration of black and brown communities; mass incarceration; and planetary war. We talk about breaking glass ceilings in corporate America while building more jail cells for the rest. The triumph of liberal multiculturalism also meant a shift from a radical anti-capitalist critique to a politics of recognition. This means**, for example, **that we now embrace the right of same-sex couples to marry so long as they do not challenge the institution itself, which is still modeled upon the exchanging of property; likewise we accept the right of people of color, women, and queer people to serve in the military, killing and torturing around the world.** At the same time, contemporary **calls for cultural competence and tolerance reflect neoliberal logic by emphasizing individual responsibility and suffering, shifting race from the public sphere to the psyche. The postracial**, Goldberg writes, “**renders individuals solely accountable for their own actions and expressions, not for their group’s.” Tolerance in its multicultural guise**, as Wendy Brown taught us, **is the liberal answer to managing difference but with no corresponding transformation in the conditions that, in the first place, marked certain bodies as suspicious, deviant, abject, or illegible. Tolerance, therefore, depoliticizes genuine struggles for justice and power: Depoliticization involves construing inequality, subordination, marginalization, and social conflict, which all require political analysis and political solutions, as personal and individual, on the one hand, or as natural, religious, or cultural on the other. Tolerance works along both vectors of depoliticization—it personalizes and it naturalizes or culturalizes—and sometimes it intertwines them**. But how can we embrace our students and acknowledge their pain while remaining wary of a culture that reduces structural oppression to misunderstanding and psychology?

#### Fugitivity is not simply opposition or transgression to the social but, rather, functions in a zone of indeterminacy that disrupts the relationship between knowledge and resistance—it is through this space of unintelligibility that blackness can find social life within social death while avoiding ontological fatalism.

Moten 08 [UC Riverside Department of English professor, 2008 (Fred, “The Case of Blackness,” Criticism, Vol. 50, No. 2, Spring 2008, p. 178-179, ProjectMUSE)

I’ll begin with a thought that doesn’t come from any of these zones, though it’s felt in them, strangely, since it posits the being of, and being in, these zones as an ensemble of specific impossibilities: As long as the black man is among his own, he will have no occasion, except in minor internal conflicts, to experience his being through others. There is of course the moment of “being for others,” of which Hegel speaks, but every ontology is made unattainable in a colonized and civilized society. It would seem that this fact has not been given enough attention by those who have discussed the question. In the Weltanschauung of a colonized people there is an impurity, a flaw, that outlaws [interdit] any ontological explanation. Someone may object that this is the case with every individual, but such an objection merely conceals a basic problem. Ontology—once it is finally admitted as leaving existence by the wayside—does not permit us to understand the being of the black ~~man~~ [person]. For not only must the black ~~man~~ [person] be black; ~~he~~ [they] must be black in relation to the white ~~man~~ [person]. Some critics will take it upon themselves to remind us that the proposition has a converse. I say that this is false. The black ~~man~~ [person] has no ontological resistance in the eyes of the white ~~man~~ [person].1 This passage, and the ontological (absence of) drama it represents, leads us to a set of fundamental questions. How do we think the possibility and the law of outlawed, impossible things? And if, as Frantz Fanon suggests, the black cannot be an other for another black, if the black can only be an other for a white, then is there ever anything called black social life? Is the designation of this or that thing as lawless, and the assertion that such lawlessness is a function of an already extant flaw, something more than that trying, even neurotic, oscillat[es]ion between the exposure and the replication of a regulatory maneuver[s] whose force is held precisely in the assumption that it comes before what it would contain? What’s the relation between explanation and resistance? Who bears the responsibility of discovering an ontology of, or of discovering for ontology, the ensemble of political, aesthetic, and philosophical derangements that comprise the being that is neither for itself nor for the other? What form of life makes such discovery possible as well as necessary? Would we know it by its flaws, its impurities? What might an impurity in a worldview actually be? Impurity implies a kind of non-completeness, if not absence, of a worldview. Perhaps that noncompleteness signals an originarily criminal refusal of the interplay of framing and grasping, taking and keeping—a certain reticence at the ongoing advent of the age of the world picture. Perhaps it is the reticence of the grasped, the enframed, the taken, the kept—or, more precisely, the reluctance that disrupts grasping and framing, taking and keeping—as epistemological stance as well as accumulative activity. Perhaps this is the flaw that attends essential, anoriginal impurity—the flaw that accompanies impossible origins and deviant translations.2 What’s at stake is fugitive movement in and out of the frame, bar, or whatever externally imposed social logic[s]—a movement of escape, the stealth of the stolen that can be said, since it inheres in every closed circle, to break every enclosure. This fugitive movement is stolen life, and its relation to law is reducible neither to simple interdiction nor bare transgression. Part of what can be attained in this zone of unattainability, to which the eminently attainable ones have been relegated, which they occupy but cannot (and refuse to) own, is some sense of the fugitive law of movement that makes black social life ungovernable, that demands a para-ontological disruption of the supposed connection between explanation and resistance.3 This exchange between matters juridical and matters sociological is given in the mixture of phenomenology and psychopathology that drives Fanon’s work, his slow approach to an encounter with impossible black social life poised or posed in the break, in a certain intransitive evasion of crossing, in the wary mood or fugitive case that ensues between the fact of blackness and the lived experience of the black and as a slippage enacted by the meaning—or, perhaps too “trans-literally,” the (plain[-sung]) sense—of things when subjects are engaged in the representation of objects.

#### Affirming Fugitivity literally opens up an entirely new body of knowledge that isn’t included in normative epistemologies—it’s a pre-requisite to affirming any alternative existence that can strive towards freedom.

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The late 1960s and early 1970s saw the emergence of two new voices within national debates [emerged] about racism, imperialism, poverty, and civil rights—the prisoner and the fugitive. As more and more members of the 1960s liberation movements were imprisoned or went underground, a new body of knowledge emerged from both of these figures that negated national narratives of progress, equality, and justice. While Fugitive Life tells a story about post-civil rights feminist, queer, and anti-racist activism, it focuses on these two figures and two corresponding spaces: the prison and the underground. In response to police repression in the form of incarceration, sabotage, and assassination, and in order to deploy illegal tactics, hundreds of activists in the 1970s left behind families, friends, jobs, and their identities in order to disappear into a vast network of safe houses, under-the-table jobs, and transportation networks. In fact, before she was imprisoned, Davis herself spent many months underground in order to hide from the FBI. While there has been a resurgence of interest in many of these groups (prompted by and reflected in the anxiety about Obama’s connections to Weather Underground member Bill Ayers during the 2008 presidential election), their significance to the post-civil rights landscape—as structured by the prison and neoliberalism—has only begun to be explored. The books of imprisoned authors like Eldridge Cleaver, George Jackson, and Malcolm X (which sold hundreds of thousands of copies) exposed something about the United States that only they could know. In the original introduction to Jackson’s Soledad Brother, Jean Genet wrote that Jackson’s prison writing exposed “the miracle of truth itself, the naked truth revealed.”20 For Genet and many readers of this literature, the prisoner had access to a unique formation of knowledge which led to alternative ways of seeing and knowing the world. Indeed, scholars like Dylan Rodríguez, Michael-Hames Garcia, and Joy James have argued that the knowledge produced by the prisoner exposes a truth about the United States that cannot be accessed from elsewhere.21 The prisoner could name what others could not even see. At the same time, thousands of political fugitives wrote devastating critiques of the United States as they bombed and robbed their way to what they hoped would be a better world. Underground organizations like the Weather Underground, Black Liberation Army, and George Jackson Brigade did more than attack symbols of state violence; they also wrote poetry, stories, memoirs, communiqués, magazines, and made films. These groups understood culture as foundational to the production and survival of alternatives to things as they were. In this way, culture became a site for the emergence of alternative forms of knowledge.

#### We disidentify with the state as a survival tactic, taking what we can get in an attempt to cope with the daily violence of oppression, while leaving the rest of our identity intact. The question shouldn’t be about whether we ought to revolt-but rather how we stay safe while doing so. Regardless, no state link because its negative state action, we say stop doing something.

Muñoz 99 [José Esteban. Disidentifications: Queers of color and the performance of politics. Vol. 2. U of Minnesota Press, P. 10-12. 1999. ~Professor of Performance arts at NYU]

The theory of **disidentification** that I am offering is meant to **contribute to an understanding of the ways in which queers of color** identify with ethnos or queerness despite the phobic charges in both fields. The French linguist Michel Pécheux extrapolated a theory of disidentification from Marxist theorist Louis Althusser's influential theory of subject formation and interpellation. Althusser's "Ideology and Ideological State Apparatuses" was among the first articulations of the role of ideology in theorizing subject formation. For Althusser, ideology is an inescapable realm in which subjects are called into being or "hailed," a process he calls interpellation. **Ideology is the imaginary relationship of individuals to their real conditions of existence. The location of ideology is always within an apparatus and its practice or practices, such as the State apparatus**. 12 Pécheux built on this theory by describing **the[re are]** **three modes in which a subject is constructed by ideological practices**. In this schema, **the** **first** mode **is** understood as "**identification," where a "Good Subject" chooses the path of identification** with discursive and ideological forms. "**Bad Subjects" resist** andattempt to reject the images and identificatory sites offered by dominant ideology and proceed to rebel, to "**counteridentify" and turn against this symbolic system**. **The danger** that Pécheux sees **in such an operation would be the counterdetermination that** such a system installs, a structure that **validates the dominant ideology by reinforcing its dominance through the controlled symmetry of "counterdetermination**." **Disidentification** is the third mode of dealing with dominant ideology, one that **neither opts to assimilate within such a structure nor strictly opposes it; rather**, disidentification is a strategy that **works on and against dominant ideology**. 13 **Instead of buckling** under the pressures of dominant ideology (identification, assimilation) **or attempting to break free** of its inescapable sphere (counteridentification, utopianism), **this "working on and against" is a strategy that tries to transform a cultural logic from within, always laboring to enact permanent structural change while at the same time valuing the importance of local or everyday struggles of resistance**. Judith Butler gestures toward the uses of disidentification when discussing the failure of identification. She parries with Slavoj Zizek, who understands disidentification as a breaking down of political possibility, "a fictionalization to the point of political immobilization." 14 She counters zizek by asking the following question of his formulations: "What are the possibilities of politicizing disidentification, this experience of misrecognition, this uneasy sense of standing under a sign to which one does and does not belong?" Butler answers: "it may be that the affirmation of that slippage, that the failure of identification, is itself the point of departure for a more democratizing affirmation of internal difference." 15 Both Butler's and Pécheux's accounts of disidentification put forward an understanding of identification as never being as seamless or unilateral as the Freudian account would Both theorists construct the subject as inside ideology. Their models permit one to examine theories of a subject who is neither the "Good Subject," who has an easy or magical identification with dominant culture, or the "Bad Subject," who imagines herself outside of ideology. Instead, they pave the way to an understanding of a "disidentificatory subject" who tactically and simultaneously works on, with, and against a cultural form. As a practice, disidentification does not dispel those ideological contradictory elements; rather, like a melancholic subject holding on to a lost object, a disidentifying subject works to hold on to this object and invest it with new life.