

**from *Day***

**Fred Moten**



### **3.25.17**

The political economy of the art world and the academy is such that here I am, addressing white people. But my addressing white people doesn't mean the work is addressed to white people. The work is addressed to no one at all. As Prince used to say, "please come."

### **4.2.17**

What I learned from Zora, Dara: world is dry land; earth is water. Our inhabitation is posthumous and prenatal. The shit is posthumorous and preternatural. In the muck, the swamp, on shore, wading (waiting, weighed), bathing—we laugh to keep from laughing like a tremendous submachine. The earth(l)iness of black life is irreducibly marine. Digging is a kind of diving. Having (been) returned to the sea, we see that shit. Keeping our head above water so we can dive, dig? Amphibian, ungrounded, and undergrounded, and ana(r)grounded, life. At sea, adrift, as prehistory of an already given fallenness. Black life is wet. Like when Mackey tends to certain fluidities of gait. The brutal clearing of

land, forgetting the river's memory, Toni Morrison says, in Mississippi. Suné Woods says *The Escapist* sings rose at summer while singing I never learned to swim.

#### **4.3.17**

What's it like to look at and listen to blackness, hybridizing poetry and criticism? What is it to hesitate forever to call oneself a poet?

#### **4.12.17**

To disappear in a loose arrangement of flowers.

Slave narrative isn't the genre in which one gives an account of slavery and oneself; slave narrative is the disappearance of oneself and the diffusion of slavery in the giving, which can't be accounted for, of the account.

#### **4.14.17**

Just be making something all the time so you can use it to be making something with somebody all the time. Maybe the distinction is between impathy and empathy—one emerging from a point of view, the other occurring in shatter and embrace. Tyrion, Terrion, but who knows which is which—maybe it all goes back to the same black athenic vehemence, passion, an in-feeling of outness sung for the caravan. Ain't no nonviolent way to look at it. The camera pans down, moves down, spiraling into the wine and urine-stained hallway. And what the camera moves toward, as eye, I a hand that somehow was and is the camera, the hand's gesture at and with and in all this beauty, being the camera's motion, its having fallen, in fallenness, is all that beauty.

Lorenzo Moten  
Humanities C, 3rd and 8th, T/Th  
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XIV

The smile of life is a blackbird.

The blackbird is the creator of a happy living.

You see the sun, a garden, a river. A blackbird shall be seen.

A blackbird brings joy to the world.

Black is the base of a drawing and an art piece.

Black is the color of the sky when stars shine.

Black is my culture and color.

#### **4.20.17**

Whiteness is the set of interpersonal relations. The only good white person stopped.

Renewing the delineation of, and attention to, the concept and materiality of antiblackness is essential. But blackness' most fundamental difference, its essential entanglement, is not to antiblackness but to black people. Antiblackness is not the set of interracial interpersonal injuries. It's a genocidal and geocidal force of endlessly bloody distraction. A tractor beam used for the earth's displacement. Miscreants trying to put where they live in their pockets.

#### **4.30.17**

We neither occupy nor have but, rather, *share* spacetime. We share it to shards, *du noir*, the lived experience of blackness fucking up the ingenuine article.

#### **5.12.17**

Resistance is an atmospheric condition whose relation to power, which is derivative of resistance, is itself derivative. What if resistance were preservative, unrestricted, explosive endogamy? We tend to think of antiblackness as the denial of personhood to black persons. It's also the imposition of personhood upon blackness. It's raining men, I wish it would rain, but when I enter black study, my feelings will get their exercise elsewhere, along the road to my disappearance.

Is there an etymological, and then, perhaps, conceptual, connection between a parent and apparent, Zo, so beautiful you let me disappear?

### 5.13.17

Analyses of white supremacy that assume it to be a matter between subjects sometimes fail to recognize its grounding in the very idea of the subject. Consider, for instance, the subject of Rachel Maddow: at least the klan knows who they are and ain't scared to show it.

### 5.15.17

The denial of genocide ought never be traded, through what Denise Ferreira da Silva calls the “equations of value,” into everything, or anything, being about you.

(Para)topology is rhythmic placelessness in folding, bending, crumpling. *Back to Living Again*, with its inborn recursion, is prolegomenon to any future metaphysics (or a metaphysics for a preface that can't stop coming).

### 5.27.17

Placelessness. The preservation of placelessness under a duress that manifests itself as placement. To be put in place and kept in place; to be conferred a place and to have to have it, to own it and keep it as one's own. To have a body imposed upon one, as one's place, one's simultaneous foundation and incarceration, in denial of n+one. What we preserve, under the duress of regulation, is placelessness. Black topological existence, anatopological or undertopological existence, all out from and all up under existence, an ascendant, transubstantial (which is, in this case, absolutely and beautifully and profanely proximate to what Povinelli calls cosubstantial) un(der)grounding—the dislocation and differentiation of the mass. The celebration of the mass is

displacement: unruly, anamonic dispersion, cœnobic diffusion, and, as such, in all of its transformative force, preservative. Placeless place, as Kaplan says? Or gateless, bloodstain'd gate? Vestibular blur. Verstimulant mule. The vestibular be mulebone blue, which the soloist, who is not one, impersonates. Flesh is shared, shard, cursed, damned, quicked, incarnate incompleteness.

On the question of the sociological in relation to black life and black art. Is what RA Judy calls the (Event of the) Negro the sign of reviled, refused, recombinant generality? Can there be a mode of individuation, with regard to the possibilities of relationality, that doesn't partake of the metaphysics of positionality? Isn't the incalculable also, of necessity, the innumerable? For RA, individuation—and the individual—is not just not one; they are, more generally, split and supernumerary. This constitutes a kind of paraindividuality, pa(i)red individuation, whose design is pointed toward a self that is, at once, discreet and incomplete, open, processual, but dignified. He is after the delineation of an “intelligence-in-action” (to use one of his favorite phrases of Du Bois) that concretizes a non-transcendental, anti-subjective self. Impersonation given in and as an open set of open sets of *animaterial* differences.

### **5.28.17**

What's the relation between multiplicity and divisibility? What if the umbrella underneath which dividual and individual, singular and multiple, exist is, in fact, the concept and condition of separation? What's “the relation between” placelessness, timelessness and inseparability? Is there a



fundamental relation between number and separation?

Maybe vision is the (hidden) scandal. PIE root \*weidh- «to separate»/ PIE root \*weid- «to see.» It is as if to separate is to see; as if separation is, at first, an ordering of the seen that is, more fundamentally, an ordering-in-seeing. What if to think in disorder, like RA, like Denise, is to think without (ordered) seeing? (What's the sound of that dropped "h"?) What if this interplay of ordering and seeing is *Einbildungskraft*? What if disorder is given in/as *Phantasie*, an anoriginal jurisgenerativity of the swarm, an inordinate envisioning of the differentially inseparable?

Can RA outline and demonstrate the compatibility of sentient flesh, thinking in disorder and subjective experience? Is the problem the assumed relation between subjective experience and transcendence; or is the problem that subjective experience is given always by way of a prior, presumably originary, separation? Is transcendence simply a quality that we give to separation? Is transcendence simply separation's shame, masked as exaltation? If the problem is the maintenance of the maintenance of separation, then transcendence is the blur that movement makes in not arriving.

### 5.31.17

RA thinks the negro as event as an irrevocable passage through embodiment (as imposition and theft). Call it the trace of the thing in nothingness, which implies that nothingness is given in a withdrawal from the thing where transcendence is constant and radically anarchic. Perhaps,

in this regard, bodies are just remnants of calculation left to the devices of their own dissipation, which is instantiated in attempts to describe experience with reference to the subject, thereby constraining us to picture and enumerate the subject of experience at the intersection of the *in/di/vidual* and the *(in/di)visual*.

Does AJ think that all that he says and theorizes of cinema's extravagance of the image is somehow compatible with some fullness of the black subject? But what if AJ—in moving through the very idea, the very image, of the individual—is movement through the *in/di/visual*, as well—in exposure of the inseparability, the common roots, of the visual and the *vidual*? What is the *vidual*? An anti-sensual seeing in separation, and of it. Then, the visual is the sensual register regulated such that the assumption is confirmed. Black Visual Intonation/Dynamic Visual Phenomena are given, most emphatically, in black topological existence's refusal of the *vidual* and the visual. Seeing is blind if it can't hear. Blur's not only in but of the visual, an exogamous swerve or spin, a calibanilistic curve or curse, that animates it from the beginning by way of a detoxification that eradicates the taint and scourge of purity. Of would have been outside, hear that? Funk not only moves, it can remove, dig? Dive!

#### **6.4.17**

Maybe that's all life is, anyway, that dance, the open necessity of that contingency. And then it's down to the direction of fit regarding invitation and acceptance. Who dead? What would it be for the dead to get down like that? Dead in the constancy of thwarted little deaths, dead in the hope of not having to

deal with death, whiteness is vampirically omniscient, one by one. Join us down here, we say, as Rankine says we say, to every shade. Hospitality is the austere, unlonely office of the homeless.

### **6.9.17**

Gotta learn to see through things. Gotta learn to love being seen through. Things are transparencies, lenses, not like open caskets through american pictures but what, in turning from the illusive, delusional density of that thing, might have let lovers get down in the environment. The work is vestibular in its disappearance when disappearance ain't just vanishing but radical in(di)visibility that apposes itself, in radical presence, to the merely apparent. The disapparent. Radical presence is dissed appearance; it's like some lotion made of valyrical steel.

What if the art world is just a formal conspiracy to make sure that the nothing that is seen through is displaced by things that can only be seen when they're the only things to see? What it is to see through a radical presence is obscured by desire for the monument, the mirror of the dead, which—with sound logic and absent morals—identifies transparent instrumentality as a degraded antagonist. The work is a disappearing passage to the socioecological plain. Imagine an echomuseological museology—to arrange the scene you set and are and see. Steven Feld's field. James Baldwin's scene. Why destroy a Schutz when you can destroy a Rembrandt, or a Rothko? I used to know all these people who knew how to see through shit. Then, I found myself, here.

### **6.14.17**

Man is a singularity one all but can't help but believe in. But all can do it easy.

Our shit is stoically subhistorical.

### **6.24.17**

Neoliberalism, in one aspect, is a concerted attempt to obscure the essential and essentially exclusionary relation of identity and politics, which is better known as liberalism. It's ashamed of where it comes from, a cold city built on a dry marsh. Lots of loose talk about hills, and light, but here we come, the wet recrudescence of the marsh, the much more than malarial denizens of *le marais*, anti- and ante-aristocratic swarm. Disaggregated, we're constrained to use identity as a weapon against the motherfuckers who invented it. Little pellets, bitter lil' ol' bullets, little bitty pullets, twiddle bullshitters, our primary target *is* identity. This paradox lets us find ourselves. Enlightened, we're constrained to use politics as a weapon against murderers and their intentions. Our primary target *is* politics. This paradox obscures us. We try to protect ourselves from them and forget to protect us from ourselves.

### **7.9.17**

Why is there something rather than nothing? So devils can steal it.

### **7.20.17**

Art militates against our terrible capacity to devolve into subjectivity. Violence is all it is. Beauty is the (w)hole in what you see through.

### 7.25.17

World is a picture. The personal occupation of a point of view is that picture's condition of possibility; if one can occupy that point of view, and take that picture, then one can be pictured, too. This reflective picturing of spacetime is Newton's physics and Kant's metaphysics doing the nasty, unmoved, without moving, or just not moving all that good.

### **corrigenda for "gayl jones"**

Does Corregidora come (to)  
correct or is she a thing  
to be corrected? Does she  
bear correction? Must she  
bear correction? Is her bearing  
alive? Can she bear, as Alex  
might say, that orsinic inability  
to bear the music we bear?  
We got an ear for unbearable  
detail, as Alex might say. Can't  
stop. Won't stop when we  
get enough. Can't call it.  
Can't claim it. Ain't mine.  
Sing it. Can't say it. Run tell  
that degenerate sound,  
defective gourd and cold  
flow bairn, unbjorn, baby. mama,  
come on! Can't come, son.  
Won't come. It's a cold, cold  
coming. It's like ice around  
my heart. I know I'm gonna quit  
some body. Every time this  
feeling starts we done made us  
some connections. We cut

your hard and lonely will  
off. We wound your death  
and play that back as more  
than just not you. This you?  
Naw, this just not you, my  
beautiful sister. Black is so  
much more than just not you  
it hurts. Gimme more, gimme  
more, I want it, I like it.  
Party on fire, then I'm gone,  
nothing to correct  
'cause it's all connected.

Slave song isn't properly oppositional because it isn't properly autobiographical. All it tells is nobody's story, assuming the apposition, generation after impossible generation

### **7.29.17**

as the word "disguise" coolly reveals itself. The concealment of identity understood as the disavowal or displacement of appearance. To disguise is to cover by way of a kind of uncovering. It marks the mutual orbit of concealment and unconcealment, obscurity and revelation, hiding and showing, disappearance and monstrosity. Bad habit. Strange habit. Off inhabitation.

Antiblackness is not personal but is it experienced personally? If so, is that experience real? Or true? No. It's way more fucked up than the real thing.

### 8.4.17

Works of art are to be seen but art only works if it's seen through. Its queerness, its gemlike, quadrophenic black bitchiness, its nothingness, is its transparency, its transience. To be seen through is to can't help but move. Is there a book of transparencies for which cinema prepares us? The anicinematic isn't a return to the book; it's the book's transparency. Dance of the turn and fold, not cut or tear, which ain't about rendering things transparent but about enacting the transparency through which we see (no) things. We see (through) things. Regarding this disregard, in the open air, black art is criticism in the afternoon.

Wu, here's an idea: *Sustained Glass*—a book of transparencies; an anaredactive loosening of leaves!

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