

cas·bah /kaz bā/ noun. 1. A place of confinement for the natives, yet reclaimed.

Permanent Unrest
Perpetual War

Muslim International



Unknown Unknowns
Racial Capital

Permanent Unrest
Perpetual War

The Colonial Present
Known Unknowns

Unknown Unknowns
Racial Capital

The Corbin Or The Suitcase
Insurgent Aesthetics
Black Radicalism

The Colonial Present
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Perpetual War





The Battle of Algiers is still being waged, only now on a planetary scale. Everywhere the unrest is permanent, and everywhere the war declared on it is perpetual. Gaza. Ayotzinapa. Compton. Lagos.



Key Words:

Muslim International

Black Radicalism

The coffin or the suitcase

Racial Capital

Perpetual War

Permanent Unrest

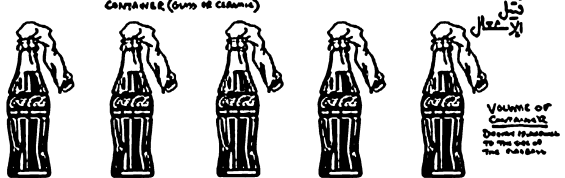
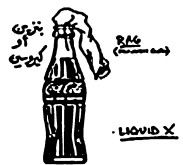
The Colonial Present

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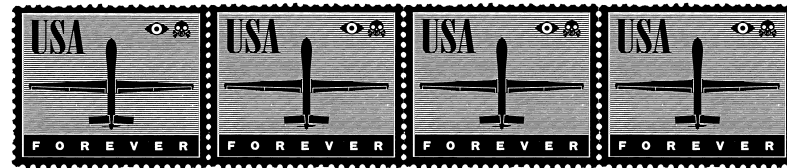
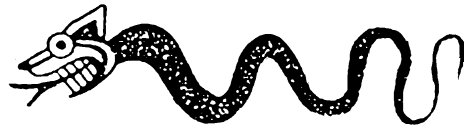
Insurgent Aesthetics



Algiers --- continues

From The Wreckage We Declare Our Name:

Je Suis Ali La Pointe



The Battle of Algiers is still being waged, only now on a planetary scale. Everywhere the unrest is permanent, and everywhere the war declared on it is perpetual. Gaza. Ayotzinapa. Compton. Lagos. The world is a crime scene, with borders drawn in chalk outline. Security and order define and refine statecraft, resurrecting the unruly as the specter and threat to peace and stability. Police forces have proliferated. Brussels and Paris have been locked down. So too was Boston. Baghdad and Kabul are the laboratories; so too was Detroit. The threat perception is amorphous, boundless, everywhere, mirroring and mandated by the necropolitics of racial capital. The checkpoint is mobile and the barbed wire is ambient, while the guillotine looms. Counterinsurgency is the strategy and the tactic. The Law is an inconvenience and ethics a mere contrivance. House-to-house sweeps, gang injunctions, militarized borders, stop and frisks, surveillance aircraft, drone-fare, torture, indefinite detention, targeted assassinations: these are the predicates for liberal democracy and the protection of white life. The state of exception is the rule.

Though The Battle of Algiers (dir. Gillo Pontecorvo, 1966) was made fifty years ago, it's as if it never ended. From the corridors of power to the tunnels of Gaza, we are seemingly still living the film. Only now it's being billed as the "War on Terror," a sequel to another prequel that is part horror, part absurdist drama, and part dystopic sci-fi, where mosques have become morgues and killing fields turned to theme parks. The names of the droned, tortured, and maimed can't even be mentioned. And if they are, they're mispronounced. Amid the carnage, some wield the dialectic and others the gun, while the hunt for Ali La Pointe continues...

If the Americans of today see themselves as the French of yesterday, the Algerians, then, are Palestinians, Afghans, Zapatistas, Black Lives Matter activists, and all those who live in favelas, banlieues, townships, ghettos, barrios, and refugee camps. To watch The Battle of Algiers and see yourself in Hassiba, Ali, or Omar is to reclaim a radical legacy—and is an insurrectionary act.

The Battle of Algiers offers up that potential of insurgent possibility a utopian demand in today's climate where authoritarianism is the rule, history has seemingly ended, and politics have been emptied. The film's poetry imagines that authority can be challenged, that dignity is possible, that freedom and the quest for it are not anachronistic—and that in the "War on Terror," with perpetual war, massive surveillance, economic dispossession, and racist rule, the memory of a global struggle against larger, seemingly more powerful forces is not only vital but devastatingly urgent.

The film still brims with the radical possibility that it might turn citizens into skeptics, or, better yet, take Fanon's dictum that "every spectator is a coward or a traitor" and force one to choose.

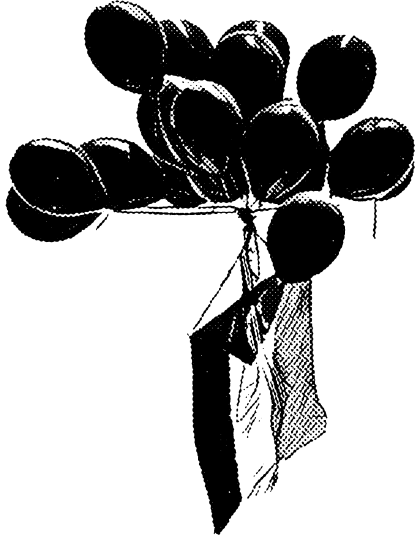
As much as the film was about the Algerian War for Independence, it was also prophetically a warning and a call to arms. Its stark depiction of people struggling to overcome was poignant and an exemplar. Though The Battle of Algiers saw a resurgence in the post-9/11 moment, the film carries with it a kind of poetic inscrutability, an illicit and clandestine impulse that resists being neutralized within the amalgam of imperial static. Yes, the Pentagon has sought to rewrite its meaning and significance. But that they viewed it, probed it, and examined it also suggests that they fear it. Ali La Pointe is still alive. So is Hassiba and the young boy Omar. That is why they torture. Invade. Drone. Imprison. And kill. They are on the hunt. But it's we—the hungry—who will win.



في خدمة الاجتلال



انطلاقاً من الرغبة لتحقيق العدالة الاجتماعية وتضامناً مع الشعب الفلسطيني، نقاطع، ونعاقب و نسحب استثماراتنا من الذين يربحون و يستفيدون من حفظ الفلسطينيين في عبودية الديون. وذلك تعبيراً عن تضامنا مع اولئك الموجودون في تلك العبودية. في رفضنا تكمن محبتنا. المحبة الثورية.



Out of a desire for social justice and solidarity, we boycott, divest from, and sanction those who profit from keeping Palestinians in the limbo of debt. We express our bond with those in bondage by these acts of refusal. These acts of refusal are also acts of love. Militant love. There will be no peace or justice in Palestine until the outstanding debt to its people is recognized and paid through a mutual and collective struggle for justice, liberation, and autonomy. *

صورة
تدبيرية
ترجع إلى
عام
١٩٤٧
لصبي
فلسطيني
يرمي
الحجارة
بالقلاع!



PALESTINE
PALESTINA
PALÁSTINA
فلسطين

For the colonized, this violence represents the absolute praxis. The militant therefore is one who works. The questions which the organization asks the militant bear the mark of this vision of things: "Where have you worked? With whom? What have you accomplished?" The group requires each individual to have performed an irreversible act. In Algeria, for example, where almost all the men who called on the people to join the national struggle were sentenced to death or wanted by the French police, trust was proportional to the desperate nature of each case. A new militant could be trusted only when he could no longer return to the colonial system. Such a mechanism apparently existed in Kenya with the Mau-Mau, who required every member of the group to strike the victim. Everyone was therefore personally responsible for the death of the victim. To work means to work towards the death of the colonist. Claiming responsibility for the violence also allows those members of the group who have strayed or have been outlawed to come back, to retake their place and be reintegrated. Violence can thus be understood to be the perfect mediation. The colonized man liberates himself in and through violence. This praxis enlightens the militant because it shows him the means and the end. Césaire's poetry takes on a prophetic significance in this very prospect of violence. Let us recall one of the most decisive pages of his tragedy where the Rebel (what a coincidence!) proclaims:

REBEL (*toughly*)

My family name: offended; my given name: humiliated; my profession: rebel; my age: the stone age.

MOTHER

My race: the human race. My religion: brotherhood . . .

REBEL

My race: the fallen race. My religion . . .

but it is not you who will prepare it with your disarmament;
it is I with my revolt and my poor clenched fists and my bushy head.

(*Very calmly*)

AYOTZINAPA

I recall a November day; he was not six months old and the master came into the shack murky as an April moon, and he was probing the child's small muscled limbs, he was a very good master, he ran his fat fingers caressingly across his little dimpled face. His blue eyes were laughing and his mouth was teasing him with sugary things: this one will make a good one, the master said looking at me, and he was saying other friendly things, the master was, that you had to start very early, that twenty years were not too much to make a good Christian and a good slave, a good subject, utterly devoted, a good slavedriver for an overseer, with a sharp eye and a strong arm. And this man was speculating over my son's cradle, a slavedriver's cradle.

MOTHER

Alas you will die.

REBEL

Killed . . . I killed him with my own hands. . . .

Yes: a fecund and copious death. . . .

It was night. We crawled through the sugarcane.

The cutlasses were chortling at the stars, but we didn't care about the stars.

The cane slashed our faces with streams of green blades.

MOTHER

I had dreamed of a son who would close his mother's eyes.

REBEL

I chose to open my child's eyes to another sun.

MOTHER

. . . O my son . . . an evil and pernicious death.

REBEL

Mother, a verdant and sumptuous death.

MOTHER

From too much hate.

REBEL

From too much love.

MOTHER

Spare me, I'm choking from your shackles, bleeding from your wounds.

REBEL

And the world does not spare me. . . . There is not in the world one single poor lynched bastard, one poor tortured man, in whom I am not also murdered and humiliated.

The Aesthetics of Hunger

Glauber Rocha



Dispensing with the informative introduction that has become so characteristic of discussions about Latin America, I prefer to discuss the relationship between our culture and 'civilised' culture in less limiting terms than those which characterise the analysis of the European observer. Thus, while Latin America laments its general misery, the foreign observer cultivates a taste for that misery, not as a tragic symptom, but merely as a formal element in his field of interest. The Latin American neither communicates his real misery to the 'civilised' man, nor does the 'civilised' man truly comprehend the misery of the Latin American.

Basically, this is the situation of the arts in Brazil. Until now, only lies elaborated from truth (the formal exoticism that vulgarises social problems) have been communicated in quantitative terms, provoking a series of misunderstandings which are not confined to the area of art but rather continue far beyond into the political domain. For the European observer, the process of artistic creation in the underdeveloped world is of interest only in so far as it satisfies his nostalgia for primitivism. This primitivism is generally presented as a hybrid form, disguised under the belated heritage of the 'civilised' world and poorly understood since it is imposed by colonial conditioning. Undeniably, Latin America remains a colony. What distinguishes yesterday's colonialism from today's is merely the more refined forms employed by the contemporary coloniser. Meanwhile, those who are preparing future domination try to replace these with even more subtle forms. The problem facing Latin America in international terms is still that of merely exchanging colonisers. Thus, our possible liberation is always a function of a new dependency.

This economic and political conditioning has led us to philosophical undernourishment and to impotence—sometimes conscious, other times not. The first engenders sterility; the second, hysteria. It is for this reason that hunger in Latin America is not simply an alarming symptom; it is the essence of our society. Herein lies the tragic originality of Cinema Novo in relation to world cinema. Our originality is our hunger and our greatest misery is that this hunger is felt but not intellectually understood.

We understand the hunger that Europeans and the majority of Brazilians have failed to understand. For the European, it is a strange tropical surrealism. For the Brazilian, it is a national shame. He does not eat, but is ashamed to say so; and yet, he does not know where this hunger comes from. We know—since we made things ugly, and those, those screaming, desperate

films in which reason has not always prevailed – that this hunger will not be assuaged by moderate government reforms and that the cloak of technicolor cannot hide, but rather only aggravates, its tumours. Therefore, only a culture of hunger can qualitatively surpass its own structures by undermining and destroying them. The most noble cultural manifestation of hunger is violence.

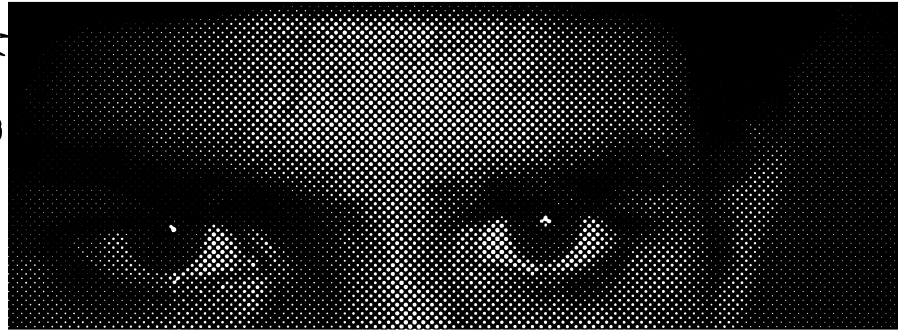
Cinema Novo reveals that violence is normal behaviour for the starving. The violence of a starving man is not a sign of a primitive mentality. Is Fabiano primitive? Is Antão primitive? Is Corisco primitive? Is the woman in *Porto das Caixas* primitive?

Cinema Novo teaches that the aesthetics of violence are revolutionary rather than primitive. The moment of violence is the moment when the coloniser becomes aware of the existence of the colonised. Only when he is confronted with violence can the coloniser understand, through horror, the strength of the culture he exploits. As long as he does not take up arms, the colonised man remains a slave. The first policeman had to die before the French became aware of the Algerians.

In moral terms, this violence is not filled with hatred; nor is it linked to the old, colonising humanism. The love that this violence encompasses is as brutal as violence itself, because it is not the kind of love which derives from complacency or contemplation, but rather a love of action and transformation.

The time when Cinema Novo had to explain itself in order to exist has passed. Cinema Novo is an ongoing process of exploration that is making our thinking clearer, freeing us from the debilitating delirium of hunger. Cinema Novo cannot develop effectively while it remains marginal to the economic and cultural processes of the Latin American continent. Because the New Cinema is a phenomenon belonging to new peoples everywhere and not a privileged entity of Brazil. Wherever there is a film-maker prepared to film the truth and to oppose the hypocrisy and repression of intellectual censorship, there will be the living spirit of Cinema Novo. Wherever there is a film-maker prepared to stand up against commercialism, exploitation, pornography and the tyranny of technique, there is to be found the living spirit of Cinema Novo. Wherever there is a film-maker, of any age or background, ready to place his cinema and his profession at the service of the great causes of his time, there will be the living

*Protagonists of Pereira dos Santos' *Vidas Secas*, Ruy Guerra's *O Inimigo*, and Glauber Rocha's *Deus e o Diabo na Terra do Sol*, respectively.

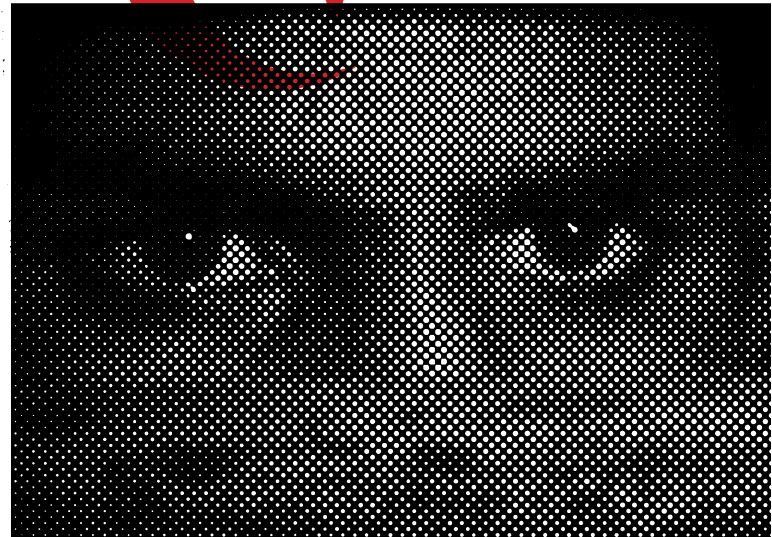


U.S.

Drone Strike



Third Cinema / What does it look like today? How can we make for '05 = not shows?

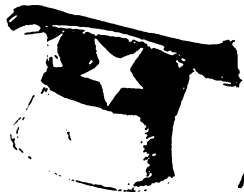


Decolonization is not a metaphor.

TRIANGULATION of indigenous struggle,
black liberation, and a free Palestine
Produce a re-arrangement of relationships
that make empire look like Illis.

que en... -

decolonize



para dar a illis...!

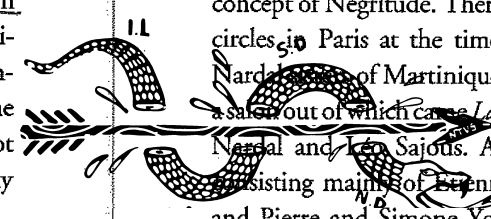
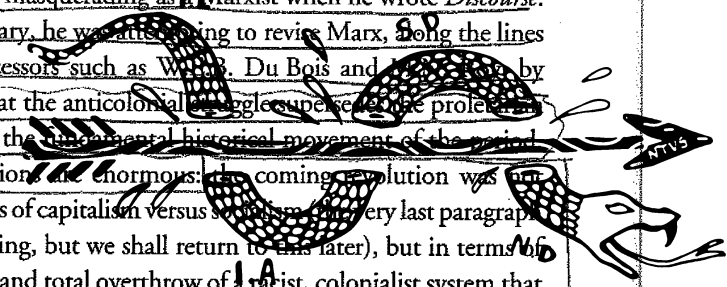
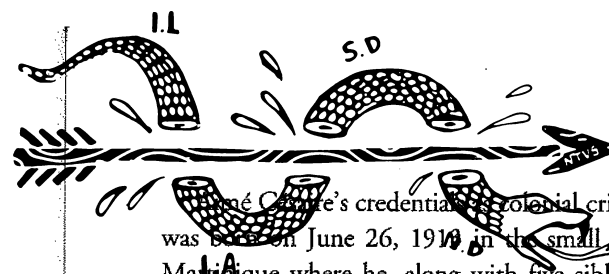


already present in *Discourse*.³ On the other hand, literary critics tend to skip over *Discourse* or dismiss it as an anomaly born of Césaire's eleven-year stint as a member of the Communist Party of Martinique. It has been read in terms of whether it conforms to or breaks from "Marxist orthodoxy."⁴ I want to suggest that *Discourse* made some critical contributions to our thinking about colonialism, fascism, and revolution. First, its recasting of the history of Western Civilization helps us locate the origins of fascism within colonialism itself; hence, within the very traditions of humanism, critics believed fascism threatened. Second, Césaire was neither confused about Marxism nor masquerading as a Marxist when he wrote *Discourse*. On the contrary, he was attempting to revise Marx, along the lines of his predecessors such as W.E.B. Du Bois and Frantz Fanon, by suggesting that the anticolonial struggle supercedes the proletarian revolution as the fundamental historical movement of the period. The implications are enormous: the coming revolution was composed in terms of capitalism versus socialism (in the very last paragraph notwithstanding, but we shall return to this later), but in terms of the complete and total overthrow of a racist, colonialist system that would open the way to imagine a whole new world.

What such a world might look like is never spelled out, but that brings me to the final point about *Discourse*: it should be read as a surrealist text, perhaps even an unintended synthesis of Césaire's understanding of poetry (via Rimbaud) as revolt and his re-vision of historical materialism. For all of his Marxist criticism and Negritudian assertion, Césaire's text plumbs the depths of one's unconscious so that colonialism might be comprehended throughout the entire being. It is full of flares, full of anger, full of humor. It is not a solution or a strategy or a manual or a little red book with pithy quotes. It is a dancing flame in a bonfire.

Aimé Césaire's credentials as a colonial critic are impeccable. He was born on June 26, 1913, in the small town of Basse-Pointe, Martinique where he, along with five siblings, were raised by a mother who was a dressmaker, and a father who held a post as the local tax inspector. Although their father was well educated and they shared the cultural sensibilities of the petit bourgeois, the Césaires nonetheless lived close to the edge of rural poverty. Aimé turned out to be a brilliant, precocious student and, at age eleven, was admitted to the Lycée Schoelcher in Fort-de-France. There he met Léon-Gontran Damas from Guiana, one of his childhood soccer-mates (who would go on to collaborate with Césaire and Senegalese poet Léopold Sédar Senghor in launching the Negritude movement). Césaire graduated from the Lycée in 1931 and took prizes in French, Latin, English, and history. Unlike many of his colleagues, he could not wait to leave home for the mother country—France. "I was not at ease in the Antillean world," he recalled. That would change during his eight-year stay in Paris.⁵

Once settled in Paris, he enrolled at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand to prepare for the grueling entrance exams to get into the Ecole Normale Supérieure. There he met a number of like-minded intellectuals, most notably Senghor. Meeting Senghor, and another Senegalese intellectual, Ousman Soce, inspired in Césaire an interest in Africa, and their collaborations eventually gave birth to the concept of Negritude. There were other black diasporic intellectual circles in Paris at the time, notably the group surrounding the Nardel family of Martinique (Paulette, Jane, and Andrée), who ran a salon out of which came *La Revue du monde noir*, edited by Paulette Nardel and Léon Sajou. Another circle of Martinican students, consisting mainly of Suzanne Léro, René Ménil, J.M. Monnerot, and Pierre and Simone Yoyotte, joined together to declare their



"The coalition emerges out of your recognition that it's fucked up for you, in the same way that we've already recognized that it's fucked up for us. I don't need your help. I just need you to recognize that this shit is killing you, too, however much more softly, you stupid motherfucker, you know?"
- Fred Moten



Christian civilization in its reddened waters, it oozes, seeps, and trickles from every crack." So the real crime of fascism was the application to white people of colonial procedures "which until then had been reserved exclusively for the Arabs of Algeria, the 'coolies' of India, and the 'niggers' of Africa." (p. 36) Here we must situate Césaire within a larger context of radical black intellectuals who had come to the same conclusions before the publication of *Discourse*. As Cedric Robinson argues, a group of radical black intellectuals, including W.E.B. Du Bois, C.L.R. James, George Padmore, and Oliver Cox, understood fascism not as some aberration from the march of progress, an unexpected right-wing turn, but a logical development of Western Civilization itself. They viewed fascism as a blood relative of slavery and imperialism, global systems rooted not only in capitalist political economy but racist ideologies that were already in place at the dawn of modernity. As early as 1936, Ralph Bunche, then a radical political science professor at Howard University, suggested that imperialism gave birth to fascism. "The doctrine of Fascism," wrote Bunche, "with its extreme jingoism, its exaggerated exaltation of the state and its comic-opera glorification of race, has given a new and greater impetus to the policy of world imperialism which had conquered and subjected to systematic and ruthless exploitation virtually all of the darker populations of the earth." Du Bois made some of the clearest statements to this effect: "I knew that Hitler and Mussolini were fighting communism, and using race prejudice to make some white people rich and all colored people poor. But it was not until later that I realized that the colonialism of Great Britain and France had exactly the same object and methods as the fascists and the Nazis were trying clearly to use. Later, in *The World and Africa* (1947) he wrote: "There was no Nazi atrocity—concentration camps, wholesale maiming and mur-

der, defilement of women or ghastly blasphemy of childhood—which Christian civilization or Europe had not long been practicing against colored folk in all parts of the world in the name of and for the defense of a Superior Race born to rule the world."¹⁸

The very idea that there was a superior race lay at the heart of the matter, and this is why elements of *Discourse* also drew on Negritude's impulse to recover the history of Africa's accomplishments. Taking his cue from Leo Frobenius's injunction that the "idea of the barbaric Negro is a European invention,"¹⁹ Césaire sets out to prove that the colonial mission to "civilize" the primitive is just a smoke screen. If anything, colonialism results in the massive destruction of whole societies—societies that not only function at a high level of sophistication and complexity, but that might offer the West valuable lessons about how we might live together and remake the modern world. Indeed, Césaire's insistence that pre-colonial African and Asian cultures "were not only ante-capitalist . . . but also anti-capitalist," anticipated romantic claims advanced by African nationalist leaders such as Julius Nyerere, Kenneth Kaunda, and Senghor himself, that modern Africa can establish socialism on the basis of pre-colonial village life.

Discourse was not the first place Césaire made the case for the barbaric West following the path of the civilized African. In his Introduction to Victor Schoelcher's *Esclavage et colonisation*, he wrote:

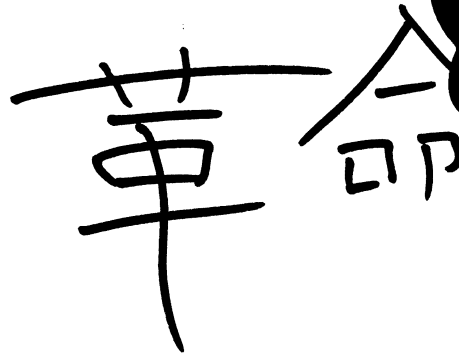
The men they took away knew how to build houses, govern empires, erect cities, cultivate fields, mine for metal, smelt iron, forge steel.

Their civilization had its own beauty, based on mystical connections with the four corners of the earth. Their customs were pleasing, built on universal kindness and respect for

TO EXIST IS TO RESIST

OUR
UPRISINGS
ARE
QUEER
TRANS
BLACK
BROWN
INDIGENOUS
IMMIGRANT
PALESTINIAN
AND
GLOBAL

لا صوت يعلو ثور
صوت الإبتقاينة



مسيرة العودة الكبرى



ALL POWER TO THE COMMONS

ENEMY OF THE SUN

by Sameeh Al-Qassem

You may take the last strip of my land,
Feed my youth to prison cells.
You may plunder my heritage.
You may burn my books, my poems
Or feed my flesh to the dogs.
You may spread a web of terror
On the roofs of my village,
O enemy of the sun,
But
I shall not compromise
And to the last pulse in my veins
I shall resist.



👤 [MariamBarghouti](#) · 7m

Always make sure to run against the wind
/to keep calm when you're teargassed, the
pain will pass, don't rub your eyes!
#Ferguson Solidarity

← 25 ★ 7 ...

👤 [MariamBarghouti](#) · 8m

Solidarity with #Ferguson. Remember to
not touch your face when teargassed or put
water on it. Instead use milk or coke!

← 54 ★ 22 ...

cas·bah /kəzˌbɑː/ noun. 1. A place of confinement for the natives, yet reclaimed.

The Coming Insurrection - the Invisible Committee

the disaster — is a pathology that is difficult to undo. It's above all a fiction that no longer knows how to carry on. Our governors themselves increasingly consider it as a useless encumbrance because they, at least, take the conflict for what it is — *militarily*. They have no complex about sending in elite antiterrorist units to subdue riots, or to liberate a recycling center occupied by its workers. As the welfare state collapses, we see the emergence of a brute conflict between those who desire order and those who don't. Everything that French politics has been able to deactivate is in the process of unleashing itself. It will never be able to process all that it has repressed. In the advanced degree of social decomposition, we can count on the coming movement to find the necessary breath of nihilism. Which will not mean that it won't be exposed to other limits.

Revolutionary movements do not spread by contamination but by resonance. Something that is constituted here resonates with the shock wave emitted by something constituted over there. A body that resonates does so according to its own mode. An insurrection is not like a plague or a forest fire — a linear process which spreads from place to place after an initial spark. It rather takes the shape of a music, whose focal points, though dispersed in time and space, succeed in imposing the rhythm of their own vibrations, always taking on more density. To the point that any return to normal is no longer desirable or even imaginable.

When we speak of Empire we name the mechanisms of power that preventively and surgically stifle any revolutionary becoming in a situation. In this sense, Empire is not an enemy that confronts us head-on. It is a rhythm that imposes itself, a way of dispensing and dispersing reality. Less an order of the world than its sad, heavy and militaristic liquidation.

What we mean by the party of insurgents is the sketching out of a completely other *composition*, an other side of reality, which from Greece to the French *banlieues*² is seeking its consistency.

It is now publicly understood that crisis situations are so many opportunities for the restructuring of domination. This is why SARKOZY CAN ANNOUNCE, WITHOUT SEEMING TO LIE too much, that the financial crisis is "the end of a world," and that 2009 will see France enter a new era. This charade of an economic crisis is

the loss of centralized power signifies the end of Paris as the center of revolutionary activity. Every new movement since the strikes of 1995 has confirmed this. It's no longer in Paris that the most daring and consistent actions are carried out. To put it bluntly, Paris now stands out only as a target for raids, as a pure terrain to be pillaged and ravaged. Brief and brutal incursions from the outside strike at the metropolitan flows at their point of maximum density. Rage streaks across this desert of fake abundance, then vanishes. A day will come when this capital and its horrible concretion of power will lie in majestic ruins, but it will be at the end of a process that will be far more advanced everywhere else.

to resonate
to be in tune
to make more pie

We leave you
from a welfare state
to a debtfake state



K11 PODSK TO THE COMMON

2. *banlieue* — French ghettos, usually located in the suburban periphery.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO PARTICIPATE? 