## 1ac – v2

#### We are living in the age of the World Computer – racial capitalism has shifted the site of value extraction from wage labor to communicative labor, financializing our sociality in the service of algorithms of difference that collapse qualities into quantities, writing a bloody price tag on our flesh. COVID pandemic response proves the instability of the World Computer – these racialized algorithms inevitably escalate into massive systemic failures based in the logistical management of difference and the constant perfection of expropriative technologies that ensures environmental destruction.

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The wealth of societies in which the capitalist mode of production prevails appears as an immense collection of information; the individual bit appears as its elementary form. Or so it appears to the machines that count, the machines of account. Moreover, the rise of information meant—in fact is—the ability to write a derivative contract on any phenomenon whatever. Its emergence is one with the calculus of probability and thus of risk. What price information? We will show here how information becomes a derivative on reality whose importance comes to exceed that of reality, at least for those bound by the materiality of information’s risk profiles. Furthermore, the algorithm becomes the management strategy for the social differentiation introduced by and as information—a heuristic, becoming bureaucratic, becoming apparatus for the profitable integration of difference and, significantly, for any “us” worthy of that name, of that which and those who could be differentiated. The algorithm’s calculative execution on information, its “procedural” problem solving, was called forth and derived from the market optimization of the socially meaningful metrics (things somehow or other worth measuring) of difference. Recursively, the algorithm and its avatars multiplied its capacities of differentiation. With its Boolean operators, and later with pattern recognition, algorithmic execution on socially derived information effects a tranching of the world that also shatters prior social narratives and ontologies, and allows for the placing of contingent claims on any tranche whatever without regard for the rest. How much does it cost to ship a slave? Insurance policies for slave traders? Reparations for proprietors of slaves? Predictive policing? For racial capitalism, Blackness becomes a junior tranche. The third world becomes a junior tranche. The global South becomes a junior tranche. All subprime, all the lowest tranche of a security, the one deemed most risky. “Any losses on the value of the security are absorbed by the junior tranche before any other tranche, but for accepting this risk the junior tranche pays the highest rate of interest” (Curtis). The brutal divide and conquer approach, on a continuum with the separation imposed by racial capitalist pursuits from settler colonialism, factory barracks and camps, to workplace alienation and Debord’s spectacle, effected the capacity to isolate certain phenomenon and then bet on the value of the outcomes while externalizing every other concern. Here too we find the distinction between signal and noise is in the first place a matter of political economy and its racism. The slow nuclear bomb that is the COVID-19 pandemic is but a case in point in the terrible unfolding of what one may hope is still pre-history manifest as racial capitalism. It is a consequence of the convergence of the global demos being relegated to noise, to “the poor image” (Steyerl 2012: 31–45), to volatility by the global compute. The virus is not just information on a strand of genetic material, and should not as Ed Cohen warned us years ago, be treated fetishistically, as if it were itself the cause of global suffering (Cohen 2011). Viruses are everywhere—the global pandemic is symptomatic of world-systemic failure on many fronts: health care provisioning and access, economic inequality, agribusiness, social hierarchy, racism, etc. Individual bodies are made precarious by a matrix of financialized “information” that differentiates among us while externalizing whatever might be left of our pre-existing conditions that could all too briefly be summed up as our real interests or even our ecological concerns —our connection to the bios in the broadest sense. We are subjected to and by a continuous for-profit reformatting by the various systems of mediation that overcode us as problems to be solved—including by the regimes of all the “estates:” the fourth estate that is “the press,” and particularly a fifth estate that has in fact absorbed all the others for its own calculus, namely “computation.” We observe that the reigning global calculus of profit, though invented by no one in particular, everywhere seeks to extract our value and mostly benefits those who believe in theory or in practice that they are shining examples of a superior race. Those who have almost unlimited access to the social product, and to us, to our information, to our time. How does this sense of superiority, of the greatness of our oppressors, come about? From their harvesting the outputs of the rabble and their selfsatisfied accession to the violence necessary to keep us down. Most recently, the global compute has involved off-loading systemic precarity onto individuals and where possible onto entire peoples to the point, just reached in 2020, when that strategy itself created radical systemic instability: causing deaths that will likely be in the millions, and not incidentally threatening global “depression.” Well, one person’s, or one people’s, Armageddon is another’s depression—or their joy. The algorithmic optimization of society for profit, an economics that, while sometimes unconscious, is these days never too far from the conscious mind of the creators of specific programs, collectively effects a wholesale compression of the sociosemiotic into what Friedrich August von Hayek (1945: 14) precisely called “a system of telecommuncations” capacitated by what he grasped as effectively the price signal. Money, or what, in a different key, Alfred Sohn-Rethel (1978: 28) perceived as exhibit A of “real abstraction,” relegates, wherever possible, everything else to noise. 1 The “noise” of course, is the source of volatility. The suppression of noise is from the standpoint of communication theory a technical matter. Here we understand it as a matter of politics and economy. Noise suppression directly correlates to people’s oppression. In financial terms, volatility is a similar index—the expression, in prices, of decision making under conditions of uncertainty. Ironic then that volatility has become a major source of value creation for synthetic finance, and now for states. The U.S.’s Corona bailouts of over three trillion US dollars—responses to the volatility of the social rendered ever more precarious by the existing economy— represent more than 60 percent of the money ever issued in the history of the country. What perhaps best characterized this period is a full-blown convergence of communication, information and financialization as computation; whether or not this convergence and all its incipient violence can be redesigned is an open question. This question is ultimately about a possible politics of the protocolization of these informatic networks within a literally universal system of computation that as hypostatic states looks like a virtual machine, what I here call the world computer, and as diachronic flow (processing) is nothing less than economic media. Can these formations that for their proprietors profitably collapse message and value be hacked or reprogrammed so that the command control centers that make the most (from) difference are not in the hands of racist plutocrats—do not in fact produce them? That question, though addressed in this volume will be taken up more fully at a later date, with a particular focus on the how and the who. 2 Here in this book we consider the various social vectors and components sedimented into machine function and then reactivated by the dire co-articulation of racial capitalism and computation—rearticulated as computational racial capitalism and its virtual machine, the world computer. Taking the notion that Capital was always a computer as a starting point (Dyer-Witheford, 2013), The World Computer understands the history of the commodification of life as a process of encrypting the world’s myriad qualities as quantities. Formal and informal techniques, from double-entry bookkeeping and racialization, to the rise of information and discrete state machines, imposed and extended the tyranny of racial capital’s relentless calculus of profit. By means of the coercive colonization of almost all social spaces, categories, and representations—where today language, image, music, and communication all depend upon a computational substrate that is an outgrowth of fixed capital—all, or nearly all, expressivity has been captured in the dialectic of massive capital accumulation on the one side and radical dispossession on the other. Currently the money-likeness of expression—visible as “likes” and in other attention metrics that treat attention and affect as currency—is symptomatic of the financialization of daily life (Martin, 2015a). All expression, no matter what its valence, is conscripted by algorithms of profit that intensify inequality by being put in the service of racial capitalism; consequently, we are experiencing a nearapocalyptic, world-scale failure to be able to address global crises including migration for reparations, carceral systems, genocide, militarism, climate racism, racism, pandemic, anti-Blackness, extinction, and other geopolitical ills. The colonization of semiotics by racial capital has rendered all “democratic” modes of governance outmoded save those designed for the violent purpose of extracting profits for the enfranchised. Culturally these modes of extraction take the form of fractal fascism. An understanding that informationalized semiotic practices function as financial derivatives may allow for a reimagining of the relationship between language, visuality, and that other economic medium, namely money, in an attempt to reprogram economy and therefore the creation and distribution of value—and thus also the politics and potentials of representation. In what would amount to an end to postmodernism understood as the cultural logic of late capitalism, our revolutionary politics require, as did the communisms of the early twentieth century, a new type of economic program. In the age of computation, putting political economy back on the table implies a reprogramming of our cultural logics as economic media for the radical redress of the ills of exploitation and the democratization of the distribution of the world social product. Sustainable communism requires the decolonizaton of abstraction and the remaking of the protocols of social practice that give rise to real abstraction. Though in this section we will more narrowly address the issues of money, race, and information as “real abstraction,” and their role in computational racial capitalism, we note the overarching argument for the larger study: 1 Commodification inaugurates the global transformation of qualities into quantities and gives rise to the world computer. 2 “Information” is not a naturally occurring reality but emerges in the footprint of price and is always a means to posit the price of a possible or actual product. 3 The general formula for capital, M-C-Mʹ, where M is money, C is commodity, and Mʹ is more money) can be rewritten M-I-Mʹ, where I is information. 4 “Labor,” Attention, Cognition, Metabolism, Life converge as “Informatic Labor” whose purpose, with respect to Capital, is to create state changes in the Universal Turing Machine that is the World Computer— racial capital’s relentless, granular, and planetary computation of its accounts. 5 Semiotics, representation, and categories of social difference function as financial derivatives—as wagers on the economic value of their underliers and as means of structuring risk for capital. 6 Only a direct engagement with the computational colonization of the life-world through a reprogramming (remaking) of the material processes of abstraction that constitute real abstraction can secure victory—in the form of a definitive step out of and away from racial capitalism—for the progressive movements of our times. Such a definitive movement requires an occupation and decolonization of information, and therefore of computation, and therefore of money. Only through a remaking of social relations at the molecular level of their calculus, informed by struggle against oppression, can the beauty of living and the fugitive legacies of creativity, community, and care prevail. The mode of comprehension, analysis, and transformation proposed here will require an expanded notion of racial capitalism. It interrogates the existence of deep continuities and long-term emergences—what one could correctly call algorithms of extractive violence—in the history of capitalism. These algorithms of violence include the reading and writing of code(s) on bodies, their surveillance and overcoding by informatic abstraction. Such algorithms of epidermalization or “the imposition of race on the body” (Browne: 113) are inscribed and executed on the flesh (Spillers 1987); and they are executed by means of codification processes that violently impose both a metaphysical and physical reformatting of bodies. As Simone Browne shows, epidermalization is given “its alphanumeric form” (99) through a vast array tools of marking, scarification, discipline, and surveillance that include branding irons, implements of torture, auction blocks, ship design, insurance policies, newspaper ads for runaway “property,” photographs in postcard form and a panoply of other media of dehumanization. Executable code is imposed as social categories of race, gender, religion and property, as ideologies, psychologies, contracts, brands, communication theories, game theories, and quantities of money—these abstractions work their ways into and are indeed imposed by the machines of calculation—and their avatars. We confront a continuous process of unmaking and remaking using all means available; it is violently inscribed on bodies. Sylvia Wynter, in her post– Rodney King piece “No Humans Involved: An Open Letter to My Colleagues” writes, “Both W. E. B. Du Bois and Elsa Goveia have emphasized the way in which the code of ‘Race’ or the Color Line, functions to systemically predetermine the sharply unequal re-distribution of the collectively produced global resources; and therefore, the correlation of the racial ranking rule with the Rich/Poor rule. Goveia pointed out that all American societies are integrated on the basis of a central cultural belief in which all share. This belief, that of the genetic-racial inferiority of Black people to all others, functions to enable our social hierarchies, including those of rich and poor determined directly by the economic system, to be perceived as having been as pre-determined by ‘that great crap game called life,’ as have also ostensibly been the invariant hierarchy between White and Black. Consequently in the Caribbean and Latin America, within the terms of this sociosymbolic calculus, to be ‘rich’ was also to be ‘White,’ to be poor was also to be ‘Black’ ” (Wynter: 52). “To be ‘rich’ was also to be ‘White,’ to be poor was also to be ‘Black.’ ” The real abstraction imposed by executable code—the “code of ‘Race’ ” that “functions to systematically predetermine the structurally unequal redistribution of global resources” is beholden to mediating capitalist exchange while embarking on a radical reformatting of ontology. This reformatting, the supposed result of “that great crap game called life,” brutally correlates race and value, but not entirely by chance, while racial capitalism embarks on imposing this calculus globally. Racial abstraction is endemic to what we will further explore as “real abstraction”; the evacuation of quality by abstract categories and quantities is, as we shall see in more detail, a “necessary” correlate to a world overrun by the calculus of money. Such algorithms of violence encode social difference, and although they may begin as heuristics (“rules of thumb”), they are none the less crucial to the calculated and calculating expansion of racial capital. Its processes and processing structures the meanings that can be ascribed to— and, as importantly, what can be done to—those of us whose data profiles constitute us as “illegal,” “Mexican,” “Black,” “Gypsy,” “Jew,” and a lexicon of thousands of other actionable signs. This codification process draws from the histories of slavery, of colonialism, of state formation, of genocide, of gender oppression, of religious pogroms, of normativity, and again from the militarization and policing and the apparatuses of calculation that have developed within states and parastates in their own biometric pursuit of capital—power. Their violent destruction and remaking of the world. The internalization of these codes, including the struggles with them and the ways in which they license and/or foreclose various actions, exists in a recursive relationship to their perilous refinement. Their analysis, a code-breaking of sorts, will therefore demand some drastic modifications in many of the various anticapitalist, antistate warrior-stances practiced to date, particularly in a large number of their European and U.S. incarnations that until very recently remained blind to their own imperial violence and are too often complicit with hegemonic codes of masculine, unraced agency, imperialist nationalism, and default liberal assumptions in relation to questions of race, gender, sexuality, coloniality, and other forms of historically institutionalized oppression. 3

#### Medical intellectual property is ground zero for the instrumentalization of thought and communication – via the sale and patenting of genetic codes and the segregation of vaccine access, the World Computer reveals itself as fundamentally unable to manage disease without the mass sacrifice of disposable bodies – but this means that at the site of algorithmic governance, we find the possibility of being otherwise because we are in desperate need of healing – the traumas of racial capitalism and colonialism are inescapable, manifesting themselves in the disparate impacts of COVID but not limited to purely biological sickness. Colonial medicine, articulated via algorithms of difference, severs our connections between each other by imposing healing as a pharmaceutical process – one more pill, one more shot, and we’ll be okay. The problem is that the trauma of racial capitalism is irresolvable by biotechnical solutions, no matter how free the information is – what is needed is a method of collectivity and care that forms the basis of solidarity across movements and critical spaces.

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Bounded individualism couched within liberal humanist hegemonies is a free radical, a cancer cell, destroying our collective bodies and shared ecosystems. This project toggles between human desires to heal and connect, and to name painful, particular ways that colonial oppression imprints upon bodies and lived histories. How can there be collectivity and solidarity when violence is ongoing and relentless, when displacement, global warming, and voracious and unequal economic growth, are intensifying precarity for most? Within this question, there is a both an animation of the particular and the universal: the desire to love and belong, to go on living and fighting for each other, despite colonial conditions that relentlessly consume and exploit. Within this question lies a productive tension around what it means to be a “self.” What does it mean to be fully embodied within one’s particular, racialized, gendered, and biopoliticized location, critically naming structures of injustice perpetuating violence, while understanding that we occupy permeable, dynamic worlds that can never be fully known, or fixed in place? Identity becomes fluid, always contextual, always in relation. A self that looks out and sees, having a singular experience, is not separate from the dynamic ecosystem in which it is embedded. Liberal capitalism relies upon individuation, individual rights, economic growth and security, conditioned by desires animated by collective agreements around liberal humanist constructions of “self,” or what it means to be singular within larger, shared, and dynamic eco-systems. Logic of “self” perpetuates what Aníbel Quijano would call coloniality, or the underlying logic binding together liberal humanist ways of thinking, being, and knowing. Walter Mignolo and Catherine Walsh build upon Quijano’s work to theorize decoloniality-as-praxis, or praxis that animates ways that coloniality imprints upon our bodies, social systems, institutions, and scholarly practices, as well as bringing forward its emergent opposite. Decoloniality becomes not about political independence as nation-states (reflecting original goals of decolonization), nor simply how the West colludes with capitalism, but how “modernity/coloniality implants in all of us, as worked and continues to work to negate, disavow, distort and deny knowledges, subjectivities, world senses, and life visions.”5 My task here is to confront coloniality that makes collectivity impossible, without reproducing the same logic. The extent to which there is a distinction between individual suffering and social suffering has much to do with how definitions of self are deployed and managed, advocating either for the rights of the individual, or acknowledging kinship far outside the boundaries of one’s own skin. There’s a reason why liberal humanist logic appeals to the individual, but we can’t pretend that the individual doesn’t matter. The topic of “healing,” then, is an interesting place to explore because it is a problem of the self that toggles between the personal and the political. It is mired within a minefield of conditions and discourses meant to manage what that means and how it is done. How do individuals and communities conceptualize the notion and practice of healing, and what does it mean when healing does not mean restoring ones-self to norms of neoliberal citizenship?6 At the same time, the pendulum has swung quite far from liberal multicultural politics of inclusion, and I’m not interested in swinging it back. Similar to Anna Tsing’s argument in Mushroom at the End of the World, I don’t believe in smooth flows of agreement. Every living organism has its own history of violence and dynamic position within their own fight to maintain life, so from what vantage point can there be a collective representation against power?7 Instead, dynamic relational spaces are the subject of this dissertation. In the lived space of the “in between,” there is no solid ground. In the ethnographic tradition of Joao Biehl, Kathleen Stewart, Paul Stoller, and Michael Taussig, I am interested in building upon a form of scholarship that “identifies crossroads and opens up possibilities”8 for what might emerge out of fraught and dynamic spaces. This is a shift away from deconstructive scholarship concerned with historic-socio-economic analyses of colonization9 . Instead, lived experiences and conversations emerge to illustrate painful tensions and realities at the heart of our colonial nightmare. Specifically, my research explores healing discourses as they circulate through literature, visual culture, and lived experience. For example, Didier Fassin argues that the floating signifier of “trauma” pervades western therapeutic practices, allowing liberal humanist constructions of “self” to circulate around the globe. While his goal is not to negate the healing work of humanitarian service providers, he argues that psychological language that disembodies affect can neutralize collective mourning and political action.10 Similarly, words such as “vulnerability,” “resilience,” “redemption,” and “mindfulness” circulate within environments related to healing, and are not neutral or innocent. These discourses often reinforce what Lauren Berlant calls the “cruel optimism” of neoliberal selfhood that seeks fulfillment in prosperity, ownership, and optimal functioning of self. Good citizenship means taking on responsibility for one’s self in order to not burden others: depression, anxiety, illness, motherhood, and old age are one’s personal responsibility. This cultural obsession with self responsibility charts a retreat from collective caregiving to the individual, and circulate within discourses, affects, and terms that carry loaded and multiple meanings. At the same time, the meaning of these terms, as well as what it means to “heal” are far from fixed. The ways these terms are re-conjugated often exceed the ways they are deployed by neoliberal discourses. I didn’t know what I was looking for when I began my research, other than a queasy affect that was animated by crossing between multiple and conflicting worlds on a daily basis. On any given day, I cross between roles as a somatic massage therapist, mother, American Studies Scholar, instructor at a tribal college, meditation instructor, writing teacher, student of traditional women’s medicine. The terms of “self” vary widely within these locations, and who I “am” within these locations—fluctuate based on the terms of various discourses. Inviting lived affects and bodies into the conversation—from shifting and multiple locations—means inviting grief, confusion, brokenness and liminality, that does not stop at “self,” because the terms of bounded selfhood no longer make sense. The ontological argument I’m building draws upon Donna Haraway’s notion of sympoiesis, performative actions of tentacular multiplicity, feeling their way against regulatory norms of being and recognition inherent to neoliberal citizenship. Sympoieis is related to Fred Moten and Stefano Harney’s notion of hapticality, in which the pleasures of feeling with and for trump settler belonging. It has the possibility of speaking against liberal logic and multicultural self-reflexivity, when the individual self is displaced in favor of alterity. It is a process that acknowledges grief and dispossession as a process that writes against all subject formations. The goal is not to prove which subjects are the most injured, but rather to move and speak against conditions that render lives unlivable. Developing a generative, ethical framework for acting and “being” beside ourselves—means inhabiting both ontological disturbance and felt possibilities for acting in solidarity. What is that common commitment, if not based in race, class, ethnic, gender, or species identity? Thinking, writing, reading, and touching sympoietically, instead of auto-poietically, provide movement toward thick co-presence that challenges neoliberal, settler citizenship. There are dangers here. Scholars in Critical Indigenous Studies argue that there is no room in de-colonial scholarship for reinforcing settler logics. Chickasaw scholar Jodi Byrd argues that any impulse to “world” is always the work of the colonizer, even if that work is to make the world a kinder, gentler place.11 Similarly, Philip Deloria argues that forces of creation and destruction always exist in tension between Natives and settlers. To be American is to always be unfinished, to have the freedom to become “new,” to transform; and “although that state is powerful and creative, it carries with it nightmares all its own.”12 Given that there is always the danger of perpetuating settler logic, what does it mean to squarely face subjectivities related to settler belonging and the role of this subjectivity in perpetuating colonial violence? My goal is to get underneath settler subjectivity, not only to name structures of oppression, but to imagine possibilities for how bodies might mobilize situated difference in pursuit of equal justice. Candace Fujikane might call this “settler allyship,” or settler subjectivity that exists beside itself, not divorced from the grief of ongoing colonial violence.13 By inhabiting incommensurable tensions around narratives, images, and practices that circulate around what it might mean to “heal” and to de-colonize, possibilities emerge for confronting hierarchies of being conditioned by the colonial wound. While my dissertation is not about race or identity, it must necessarily dance with these issues within a post-multiculturalist moment in America. Lived embodiments are never neutral. Theoretical and incommensurable impasses related to de-colonization provide friction from which to uncover, inhabit, and explore the colonial wound which continues to wound. At the center of this hurt are frameworks and vocabularies that center the bounded individual, reinforcing existing power structures bound within colonial capitalism. Policy, scholarship, and healing practices concerned with protecting ownership, borders, and autopoietic14 selves are not equipped for contesting what Isabelle Stengers calls “barbarism,” or rapacious exploitation of land and bodies. By engaging Critical Indigenous, Chicana, and feminist science/capitalocene feminisms in an epistemic gathering,15 my intention is to animate a framework that, in detaching from the cruel optimism of self, makes space for border ecologies of overlapping relationalities and concerns. Critical Indigenous theory grates against affect and Chicana studies, critical race scholars rub up against anthropocene and object oriented ontologists, but there is something alive in the grating. Lauren Berlant might call this “lateral politics,” or the “embodied process of making solidarity through commitment to the senses.”16 What’s at stake are embodiments and solidarities that have creative political force and power for confronting empire and its endless hunger for accumulating power and resources (both human and non-human). What else can we not only imagine besides binary projects of construction and deconstruction, self and other? What kinds of projects can emerge out of this break for the offspring of colonial, imperial histories? I’m just alerting you in advance that I am not trying to trick you, but am writing my way through a framework that neither tears down Jenga towers nor builds with the same worn out blocks. Instead, my intention is to animate life prior to and within, in a move to displace bounded individualism and collective agreements around what it means to “heal:” to exist, belong, touch, and create. At stake here are possibilities for power and solidarity that reach beyond individual desires for possession, territory, safety, and rights.

#### So how do we find these spaces of community and care? We think the answer is in radical sociality – we affirm a reduction of intellectual property protections for medicines via the process of hapticality, which Harney and Moten define as “the capacity to feel through others, for others to feel through you, for you to feel them feeling you.” This radical openness to touch refuses the enfleshing of static ontologies by acknowledging our infinite indebtedness to each other. Our affective relationality shapes who we are as subjects and the iterative processes we engage in shape our relationality in turn – the 1ac functions as an invitation to join us in study and revolutionary planning and reconstruct ourselves in relation to each other.

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I included a large passage here from The Undercommons as an entry point for considering differences between “haptics" as a tool of neoliberalism and “hapticality” as a site that defies neoliberal management. If haptics is a neuroscientific discipline operating within agreements of what it means to be bound by skin, to be settled, to optimize human adaptation, hapticality is the feel of the political undercommons, where feeling with and for each other is the place of passage away from “self,” time, and space. Here, resilience, adaptation, and resettlement are not the point. Instead, hapticality refuses the terms of collective agreements that define who is a person, what it means to be a person, how to be a person: It’s a feeling, if you ride with it, that produces a certain distance from the settled, from those who determine themselves in space and time, who locate themselves in a determined history. Instead, dispossessed, affective selves—denied humanity—live within, between and among bodies, refusing terms a the liberal humanist “self” that is whole, settled, unified. This sympoietic state lives too far outside of bounded individualism and ways that western therapeutic technologies could possibly heal “selves” because these terms confound the goals of settler colonialism and neoliberal narratives. Not only does hapticality challenge colonial notions getting settled, of “making it” on settler terms, but life in the hold undermines all forms of bio and geo-political management: this feel of the shipped is not regulated, at least not successfully, by a state, a religion, a people, an empire, a piece of land, a totem.” By dislocating one’s body from all terms of coloniality—history as past, bodies bound by skin in present time, and private property ownership, hapticality becomes a lived feel that is simultaneously densely personal and vastly trans-personal, completely dislocated from bounded notions of place, home, and self: Though forced to touch and be touched, to sense and be sensed in that space of no space, though refused sentiment, history and home, we feel (for) each other.262 Touch, though it is a “sentiment with its own interiority,” is not born of “self,” or “soul,”263 but connected to shared histories and ancestral experiences that are heard and felt. For example, Soul music is an expression of lament for broken hapticality, created and enforced through slavery and forced separation from family, community, and land. Far from historical, these violences continue to live in the flesh as remembered ancestral violences living in our DNA. Facing the embodied legacy of violence is not merely accomplices through historicizing or naming, nor does it involve forgetting the violences of history in order to move on and adapt. Instead, (re)membering becomes a site that is so unbearable and painful that it must be shared, must be transmuted through trans-embodiments not bound by one’s skin: This is the feel that no individual can stand, and no state abide.264 The felt experience of sharing and enfleshing history becomes the field through which to forge connection and solidarity outside of colonial constructs of time, space, and “self.” It is not just the pain of this lifetime, but the felt acknowledgment of broken ancestral ties, geographies, and oppressions. The felt, living sense of history, then, becomes a crucial site for imagining self-hood beyond the confines of a body occupying a particular point in time. Instead of managing pain as personal trauma, as something to be “healed” in a lifetime, the felt sense of time stretches backward and forward, including ancestors and generations to come. From what vantage point, or what point in time, could we say that “healing” has been accomplished? And to what end? Bracha Ettinger’s The Matrixial Borderspace provides another entry point for considering hapticality, or ways that embodied, pre-verbal and non-verbal experiences of childhood, ancestral pain, and historical atrocities, continue to experience lives of their own in our flesh. She writes about the wounding of those who have come before us, who have left traces of wounded-ness on our own bodies and psyches. She argues that “the past is not past but is not present, but from scattered and animated remains of a continuing, though not continuous, trauma.”265 We access these traces not necessarily through language, but through lived intensities, embodiments, touch, and art. This embodiment often lives outside the realm of representation, and evades colonial capture that would demand wholeness, or a complete and cohesive healed “self.” By shifting attention from one’s individual knot of suffering to the shared, “matrixial web of borderlands,”266 subjectivity is enlarged and expanded beyond self. In her own embodied praxis, Ettinger uses the act of painting to access and transmute shared pain and suffering. Instead of pointing viewers toward an aesthetic experience of suffering, she considers the transmutation of trauma that happens in the border zone of endless touch and movement. “There is a transmutation of trauma that is not the same as its full and knowing articulation.”267 In other words, pain is not simply “worked through” to a logical end, but animated within co-poietic ecologies. Ettinger’s theories and painting practices provide a space to contemplate the fact that we are never fully individuated individuals.268 We can’t be, since we are connected on a psychic level that exists prior to individuation, unspeakable to the ‘I.’ “Only as broken up can the image appear.”269 Speaking of “I” or “we” is not possible here. Instead, subjectivity emerges as temporary, lived encounters within shared border spaces between partially-formed subjects, both connected and different. Instead of identity as a complete “I,” identification emerges within a space in which traumas and desires of others become our own. This view of encounter emerges as anti-oedipal; the relationships and selves that emerge are co-poietic, co-emergent and dependent instead of separate and “whole.” The matrixial borderspace is a space of matrixial difference that allows for conductive affect, able to give voice to body-psyche interacting and co-emergence with the world. Similarly, Erin Manning’s The Politics of Touch considers how touch as affect interrupts settler constructs of self-in-time and space, interrupts concrete boundaries between self and other, and the myth of secure borders. While constructivist scholarship assumes that the body is already signified, always bio-politicized, what happens when we think about touch as a political process of lived intensities between bodies as lived intensities? Manning argues that the problem of the body in western scholarship and policy is that we treat it like a distinct agent. Naturalization of the body by marking it as gendered and racialized, renders bodies recognizable and territorializable. Nation states rely on these markings to govern the larger body politic through multicultural politics of difference. A politic of touch, then, considers how bodies have agency within colonizing frames through refusing notions of the body as singular and concrete. Instead of a politic of the “narratively condemned,” bodies hold agency to shape democracy. Since bodies are simultaneously constructed, ephemeral, and changeable, the space between bodies is less an object of analysis than a gesture, a becoming-in-relation: The body is never its-self. We have several bodies, non of them “selves” in terms of subjectivity. Touch as reaching toward already alerts us to the downfall of discourses of subjectivity: if my body is created through my movement toward you, there is no “self” to refer back to, only a proliferation of vectors that emerge through contact.270 Within this co-poeitic space of becoming-in-relation, our senses reach beyond the security of what it means to be “whole,” to be human. Manning argues along with Brian Massumi and Baruch Spinoza that while we can’t know the full potential of bodies because bodies exceed our knowledge of them.271 Real sovereignty, or power, exists within this excess, or the “infinite abstract” in which a body seeks to touch what it does not yet understand but seeks to know, but cannot ever know. Instead, bodies are vectors of contact, senseurs, that are moved through affects that play on the surface of our senses. What are bodies, here, in relationship to the State? Bodies can only partially be made members (citizens) because they cannot be secured in place. In the interoceptive act of touch and being touched, of reaching for each other, we become a continuum of selves instead of a “self,” fundamentally altering settler space and time. Manning writes, “bodies are never completely enslaved to the state because bodies are never completely reducible to either Nature or the State. Bodies emerge on a continuum that evolves in relationship to pacts formed around institutions of power and compliance.”272 Within this continuum, hapticality as method and methodology provides a strong challenge to western knowledge production and the de-politicization of touch and healing. What possibilities emerge for language and scholarship of feeling with, both recognizing and evading colonial technologies? The degree to which neoliberal complicity is reinforced or undermined has much to do with conflicts that emerge when language attempts to define and manage the terms of suffering. Even the term “hapticality” is limited when attempting to access the feel of suffering since language has the power to separate experience, the actual feeling of pain, from the body. Elaine Scarry’s The Body in Pain argues that pain shatters language and the ability to speak. She argues that when pain does begin to speak, it tells a story, and yet, due to its inability to be grasped, it causes a split between one’s reality and the reality of others, making torture and structural violences effective tools of bio-political citizenship. Violence, when it is inflicted by war, torture, or structurally through institutions, affects how individuals either speak or remain in silence. Sandra Soto suggests that the process of naming, of defining, or using metaphors to “footnote the confounding manifold ways that our bodies, our work, our desires are relentlessly interpolated by inequivalent social processes,”273 is equally a trap. Instead, she suggests listening to what is not said in order to ward off “ontological impoverishment” and “epistemological disciplining”274 that comes from Western academic knowledge production. For many Indigenous and scholars of color, this is less a project of enfleshing selves in relationship to personal pain, but yoking haptical, ontological immediacy across bodies, space, time, and linguistic agreements in order to densify how histories and bodies coconstruct each other. The subject becomes not the personal self in pain, but how pain continues to be inflicted by tools of “civilization” such as scholarship and narratives of history that occlude colonial violence. For example, Ned Blackhawk’s Violence Over the Land (2006) performs a corrective to colonial versions of Native American history by rewriting history using violence as both subject and method. In other words, Blackhawk’s retelling of history through Western Shoshone eyes both reckons with the racialized violence upon which America was built, and uses language to perform violence to American historical narratives as places of comfort and innocence. Similarly, Christina Sharpe’s In the Wake: On Blackness and Being, argues that being and writing in the wake, from within the “continuous and changing present of slavery’s as yet unresolved unfolding,”275 means inhabiting history in ways that do not see the past as the past, but continuously unfolding within and around us. For these scholars, the felt sense of history, of the ancestral continuing into the present, and felt sense of responsibility for future generations, is a necessary corrective to bounded selfhood. Hapticality becomes the method, the means, and the goal of scholarship. In other words, yoking the past to the present to the future performs an ethic of care and repair within continued violences of history. If some of the more pernicious sites of epistemological disciplining rely on colonial hegemonies of language that reinforce agreements related to self, space, and time, Black and Indigenous Scholars have been at the forefront of challenging these colonial constructs. Necessarily, the question then becomes, what does hapticality look like for descendants and perpetrators of privileged colonial legacies: scientists, scholars, writers, White, mixed-race, and other orphans—for writing in the wake, embodying and employing hapticality as a challenge to neoliberal, settler subjectivities? Is it possible to imagine dispossessing ourselves of privileged positions and subjectivities associated with coloniality and whiteness to embody solidarity with de-colonial embodiments, ancestral histories, and ecological possibilities? In other words, if we consider hapticality as method, what possibilities exist for dialoguing across disciplinary/racial/ethnic/gender lines in order to imagine non-hierarchical, ecologically just futures?

#### The form of the message overdetermines its content – this is our theory of communication, that the use value of a message no longer matters as much as its exchange value. This means only a revolution at the level of communication can make our words mean something – star this card on your flow.

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Jodi Dean, “Communicative Capitalism: Circulation and the Foreclosure of Politics” Cultural Politics an International Journal 1(1):51-74, March 2005 // sam

The delirium of the dot.com years was driven by a tremendous faith in speed, volume and connectivity. The speed and volume of transactions, say, was itself to generate new “synergies” and hence wealth. A similar belief underlies the conviction that enhanced communications access facilitates democracy. More people than ever before can make their opinions known. The convenience of the Web, for example, enables millions not simply to access information but also to register their points of view, to agree or disagree, to vote and to send messages. The sheer abundance of messages, then, is offered as an indication of democratic potential. In fact, optimists and pessimists alike share this same fantasy of abundance. Those optimistic about the impact of networked communications on democratic practices emphasize the wealth of information available on the Internet and the inclusion of millions upon millions of voices or points of view into “the conversation” or “public sphere.” Pessimists worry about the lack of filters, the data smog and the fact that “all kinds of people” can be part of the conversation (Dyson 1998; cf. Dean 2002a: 72–3). Despite their differing assessments of the value of abundance, then, both optimists and pessimists are committed to the view that networked communications are characterized by exponential expansions in opportunities to transmit and receive messages. The fantasy of abundance covers over the way facts and opinions, images and reactions circulate in a massive stream of content, losing their specifi city and merging with and into the data flow. Any given message is thus a contribution to this ever-circulating content. My argument is that a constitutive feature of communicative capitalism is precisely this morphing of message into contribution. Let me explain. One of the most basic formulations of the idea of communication is in terms of a message and the response to the message. Under communicative capitalism, this changes. Messages are contributions to circulating content – not actions to elicit responses.1 Differently put, the exchange value of messages overtakes their use value. So, a message is no longer primarily a message from a sender to a receiver. Uncoupled from contexts of action and application – as on the Web or in print and broadcast media – the message is simply part of a circulating data stream. Its particular content is irrelevant. Who sent it is irrelevant. Who receives it is irrelevant. That it need be responded to is irrelevant. The only thing that is relevant is circulation, the addition to the pool. Any particular contribution remains secondary to the fact of circulation. The value of any particular contribution is likewise inversely proportionate to the openness, inclusivity or extent of a circulating data stream – the more opinions or comments that are out there, the less of an impact any one given one might make (and the more shock, spectacle or newness is necessary for a contribution to register or have an impact). In sum, communication functions symptomatically to produce its own negation. Or, to return to Agamben’s terms, communicativity hinders communication. Communication in communicative capitalism, then, is not, as Habermas would suggest, action oriented toward reaching understanding (Habermas 1984). In Habermas’s model of communicative action, the use value of a message depends on its orientation. In sending a message, a sender intends for it to be received and understood. Any acceptance or rejection of the message depends on this understanding. Understanding is thus a necessary part of the communicative exchange. In communicative capitalism, however, the use value of a message is less important than its exchange value, its contribution to a larger pool, fl ow or circulation of content. A contribution need not be understood; it need only be repeated, reproduced, forwarded. Circulation is the context, the condition for the acceptance or rejection of a contribution. Put somewhat differently, how a contribution circulates determines whether it had been accepted or rejected. And, just as the producer, labor, drops out of the picture in commodity exchange, so does the sender (or author) become immaterial to the contribution. The circulation of logos, branded media identities, rumors, catchphrases, even positions and arguments exemplifies this point. The popularity, the penetration and duration of a contribution marks its acceptance or success. Thinking about messages in terms of use value and contributions in terms of exchange value sheds light on what would otherwise appear to be an asymmetry in communicative capitalism: the fact that some messages are received, that some discussions extend beyond the context of their circulation. Of course, it is also the case that many commodities are not useless, that people need them. But, what makes them commodities is not the need people have for them or, obviously, their use. Rather, it is their economic function, their role in capitalist exchange. Similarly, the fact that messages can retain a relation to understanding in no way negates the centrality of their circulation. Indeed, this link is crucial to the ideological reproduction of communicative capitalism. Some messages, issues, debates are effective. Some contributions make a difference. But more significant is the system, the communicative network. Even when we know that our specific contributions (our messages, posting, books, articles, fi lms, letters to the editor) simply circulate in a rapidly moving and changing fl ow of content, in contributing, in participating, we act as if we do not know this. This action manifests ideology as the belief underlying action, the belief that reproduces communicative capitalism (Zizek 1989). The fantasy of abundance both expresses and conceals the shift from message to contribution. It expresses the shift through its emphases on expansions in communication – faster, better, cheaper; more inclusive, more accessible; highspeed, broadband, etc. Yet even as it emphasizes these multiple expansions and intensifi cations, this abundance, the fantasy occludes the resulting devaluation of any particular contribution. Social network analysis demonstrates clearly the way that blogs, like other citation networks, follow a power law distribution. They don’t scale; instead, the top few are much more popular than the middle few, and the middle few are vastly more popular than the bottom few. Some call this the emergence of an “A list” or the 80/20 rule. As Clay Shirkey summarily puts it, “Diversity plus freedom of choice creates inequality, and the greater the diversity, the more extreme the inequality” (Shirkey 2003).2 Emphasis on the fact that one can contribute to a discussion and make one’s opinion known misdirects attention from the larger system of communication in which the contribution is embedded. To put it differently, networked communications are celebrated for enabling everyone to contribute, participate and be heard. The form this communication takes, then, isn’t concealed. People are fully aware of the media, the networks, even the surfeit of information. But, they act as if they don’t have this knowledge, believing in the importance of their contributions, presuming that there are readers for their blogs. Why? As I explain in the next section, I think it involves the way networked communications induce a kind of registration effect that supports a fantasy of participation.

#### The 1ac is a proletarianization of communication, a seizing of the means of sociality, that evades the failings of past revolutionary movements by revolutionizing the communicative process via indebted relationality – anything else falls into the trap of financialization and fails to materialize revolutionary culture.

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Jonathan Beller, “The World Computer: Derivative Conditions of Racial Capitalism”, Duke University Press, 2021 // sam

Given the sea change in the nature of languages and images themselves—their wholesale transposition and transformation from a means of representation to a means of production— the difficulty here is both with the substrate of communication (its bits) and with the us-versus-them perspective:, we want to ban advertisers but today we must also confront the disturbing possibility that we are them. Remember, “they” program “our” language and “our” imagination, “we” speak “their” thought—indeed, that is our work, or rather our labor. What to do with the fact that “we have seen the enemy and he is us?” One could say, one could want to say, “I don’t care who you are: if you live in the first world, if you live in the Global North, then fuck you! You ain’t no victim, even if you’re sick.” But who would be saying that? Probably some other Northerner, writing about how culture or the Venice Biennale, as if it were, could or should be more than a lavish spectacle of global suffering staged for a cosmopolitan elite. As capital’s nations, banks, armies, schools, languages, newspapers, and films did to its colonies and colonial subjects, the current institutions from states to computer-media companies do to “us”: they command us to make ourselves over in capital’s image for their own profit through networked strategies of expropriation and dispossession. “We” do it to ourselves, and our representations of self and other are designed to sell a version of ourselves back to ourselves so that we can perform further work on what is now the raw material for the next iteration of images. Therein lies our ontological lack, an ontological lack of solidarity and of even the possibility for solidarity. Therein lies the desire for and indeed necessity to become a plantation manager—the word is overseer. Though it is beyond the scope of this essay, this digital neocolonialism that practically commands global Northerners to in one way or another accept Nazism and genocide with their cappuccino could be understood as being on a continuum with the internal colonization of Europe by the German banks—which depends of course on the distributed production of a kind of neoliberal “realism” that Mark Fisher (2009) called “capitalist realism,” and was only ever a hair’s breadth away from fascism. This fact of our investment in and by advertising, the conversion of the sign to what I call the “advertisign,” poses a genuine problem for theory— indeed an unprecedented one. This problem is particularly evident considering the material conditions (class, nationality, education, race, language, etc.) of the participants in the would-be counterhegemonic theoretical discussions of culture and policy that presuppose the books, computers, schools, and institutions that sustain these. Those within the circuit of these discussions have already passed through a homogenization process which programs them in compatible systems languages. Without submitting ourselves and our own aspirations to radical critique, without conducting a Gramscian inventory of our ostensibly internal constitutions, we run the risk of merely trying to set up a competing corporation with a new business model. The revolution will not be televised; decolonization will not be a brand. Any would-be anticapitalist “we” runs this risk of coopting and cooptation from the get-go, particularly if it does not think about the materiality of social production from top to bottom: class, yes, but also race, nation, gender, sexuality, ability, geolocation, historical stratification. The world’s postmodern poor, the two billion–plus living on two dollars a day, also labor to survive in the material landscape organized by the post-Fordist social factory its anti-Blackness, its Islamophobia, its endless and mutating racism and imperialism. However, from the standpoint of capital, the role of those at the bottom is to serve as substrate for image-production and semiosis; not only in factories, cottage-industries, subsistence farming, and informal economies, but also as starving hordes; “irrational,” criminalized or surplused populations; subject-objects for policing, encampment, and bombing; desperate refugees; and even as voids in the idea of the world—as sites of social death. Forgive me, but I’d wager that no one capable of understanding these words can claim full exemption from the indictment they issue regarding structural complicity with the production and reproduction of everyday life. Humans are troped (via discourse and the screen) to organize military production, national policy, internment camps and prisons, bourgeois imaginations, museum shows, corporate strategy, and market projections. Let us clearly state here that any program that does not admit this excluded planet into dialogues that vitiate the monologues imposed by capitalist informatics and advertisigns is still floating in the realm of the ruling ideas and therefore participant in murder. These ruling ideas are the ones whose density and weight, whose material support and very machinery, threaten to further crush the late-capitalist poor out of not just representation but out of existence. This erasure and disposability, imposed by systems of informatic inscription designed to absorb every output of sense, is the achievement of the advertisarial relations endemic to computational racial capitalism. When information is an advertisement for itself that presupposes the operating system of the world computer as virtual machine, banning what we recognize as advertising on the internet, even if an excellent beginning, is just not adequate to address these issues of representation, social justice, planetary and climate racism, and emancipation. To summarize: the forms of sociality which are the conditions of possibility for the online, informatically organized relations—best characterized as advertisarial—run through every sector and register of planetary life. The internet, while recognizable as an effect and a cause of the current form of planetary production and reproduction, cannot be considered in isolation as a merely technical platform or set of platforms if its historical role is to be properly understood. To take the internet as an autonomous technological force results in a species of platform fetishism that disavows both the histories and material conditions of its emergence, conditions that are, in short, those of screen culture and racial capitalism; this is to say that it, the internet, is the very means by which the capitalist suppression of global democracy (which is emphatically, economic democracy as well) has been accomplished and continues. If the internet is autonomous, it is because it expresses the autonomization of the value form. As noted previously, with the hijacking of communications and semiotic infrastructures by racial capitalism, the medium is the message and the message is murder. To ban advertising on the internet would be a good start —but what if the whole thing is advertising? One reading of what I have said thus far might suggest that, given the expropriation of the cognitive-linguistic, our volition is overtaken by capital logic; and given our inability to cogitate in any way that is genuinely resistant to capitalist expropriation, coercion, strictly speaking, is no longer necessary to impose cooperation for capitalist production. We “want” to cooperate productively, our desire—which, from the dispossession of even language and mind constitutes ourselves as subjects in the media ecology of the capitalist technical image, that is, in and through the organization of digital information—is itself an iteration of capital, a script of becoming predestined to become capital. The old language scored by the new image machines and their extractive algorithms locally organizes cooperative subjects who want to cooperate with vectoral capitalization. We want to provide content in order to derive currency and survive. Our solidarity on the internet produces more internet. Thus, in a certain way—and particularly since we no longer properly have any thoughts of our own—we all collaborate in a world organized by images and screens, thereby participating more or less mindlessly in the seamless realization and triumphant apotheosis of the programming business. However, I am sorry to have to report that the dystopian vision here is not quite as bucolic as even this already dreary picture of unwitting and irredeemable pulverization and servitude. While I do see that representation and semiotics have been increasingly flattened à la Orwell and Marcuse by a vast internalization of the apparatuses of oppression (in which “thought” is the [productive] thought of the [capitalist] Party and “repressive desublimation” is an engine of capitalist-fascist production) the “old problems” like the hierarchy of class have not gone away; neither have racism, sexism, homophobia, transphobia, ableism, and fascist nationalisms ceased playing their roles to create vectors of privilege for white male–identifying aspiration. Indeed, most thought today, such that it is, is all about maintaining hierarchical society. The thinking runs thus: capital is nature, capital is eternal, capital is information is nature. Or, in a more pedestrian mode: human beings are naturally acquisitive and competitive, economic growth and technological advancement mean progress, this tech provides, or almost provides, a color-, gender-, and religion-blind society, and so on—and one must advance one’s place in it by any (crypto- or not-so-cryptofascist) means necessary. Of course, there exists better thinking out there. Mia Mingus: “As organizers, we need to think of access with an understanding of disability justice, moving away from an equality based model of sameness and ‘we are just like you’ to a model of disability that embraces difference, confronts privilege and challenges what is considered ‘normal’ on every front. We don’t want to simply join the ranks of the privileged; we want to dismantle those ranks and the systems that maintain them” (Mingus 2011, cited in Puar 2017: 16). However, there is broad-band, ambient programming that facilitates assuming neo-liberal and full-on fascist subjective sovereignty. This programming seeks triumphant brushes with plenitude (communion with the big Other, as distinct from the racial or otherwise other, becomes the ego-ideal), and this same programming is violent, competitive, hateful, mean-spirited, and alienating when embraced —at the same time that it is also cooperative, simpering, and abject. Servitude, even when automatic and mostly unconscious, is unhappy and, as we can see any day from the daily news, utterly pathological and sick. Of course, this diagnosis represents a huge generalization, but despite its broad-brushing lack of subtlety we may find that such a schizoid oscillation between entitled adjudicator and abject supplicant sums up the contours of your average reality television show or comments section on YouTube. It is Bateson’s (2000) and Deleuze and Guattari’s (1977) schizophrenic, caught in the double-bind, who has become the capitalist norm—the one who struggles to negotiate in the form of contradictory signals the aporias of hierarchical society, while reproducing it, and all the while experiencing their own psychic dissolution as an injunction to create.3 With this schizoid capture in mind, let me then develop my question about the internet—“What if it is all advertising?”—in the framework of post-Fordist production. The argument is that, in the context of virtuosity and the expropriation of the cognitive-linguistic by computational racial capital, sociality itself has become advertisarial, a ceaseless waging of capitalized exploits designed to garner attention and value for oneself and one’s capitalists. This situation represents—indeed imposes—a derivative logic, a logic in which every action is a hedge, a kind of risk management devoted to maximize a return. In addition to the fractalization of fascism, in which agency is manifest as a profile that has aggregated the attention of others, advertising has worked its way into the sign itself, into the image, and into data visualization, and it has generated the advertisign. All signs become points of potential cathexis, derivative positions on the underlier that is social currency and ultimately value. This new type of sign is not simply the brand but also an element of vectoral language (Wark 2007): functionalized words in a production channel, engaging in the micromanagement of desire, the production of new needs, and the capturing of the imagination, all in order to induce linguistic and behavioral shifts in the attention of others while aggregating their attention for oneself—turning their heads with an interface. This combination of the manipulation of market conditions (that is, everyday life) through techniques of risk management is no longer merely the province of advertising but of so- called human interactivity (what was once just communication and before that culture), now become advertisarial through and through. From Smythe’s claim in the “Blindspot” essay (1977) that all leisure time has become labor time, to Virno’s (2004) notion of virtuosity, we have seen aspects of this model for the capitalist overdetermination of apparently unremunerated time before. However, here—with the financialization of expression—we clearly grasp that the financialization of everyday life means also the convergence of semiotics and financial derivatives. Given the thoroughgoing intensification of vectoral, and in fact matrixial, signs, we need to investigate its implications in the context of a discussion of radical media practice. I will make two additional points here before shifting gears and turning at the end of this chapter to what I identify as an aesthetics of survival—an aesthetics that emerges from within the matrix of advertisarial, schizoid capture. The final chapter of this volume will endeavor to extend aspects of such socioaesthetic forms, those resistant to computational racial capitalism, to new notions of radical finance and the possibility of platform communism. If, as was already becoming true in the cinematic mode of production, the dominant means of representation have become the dominant means of production, the questions of and models for political agency are radically transformed, and the urgent need to decolonize communication and decolonize finance presents itself. Future communication will require a cybernetic approach, and, as we shall argue, this cybernetic approach will necessarily be financial, though it will be reaching toward a different order and different mode of production. Like communism, because it will need to be communist, it will see economic transformation of the material relations of production and reproduction as essential to the revolution. It will draw on the repressed and extracted cognitive-linguistic resource of the racialized and otherwise marginalized and configure ways to make our voices matter both as meaning and as tools for the reorganization of the material world and the social relations therein prescribed. Language and images are neither inside nor outside; they are part of the general intellect—currently they are at once media of thought and of capital. We also know that languages and images are not isolable, meaning that they are not and have never been stand-alone entities but rather exist in relation to their media, their platforms, which are again inseparable from society and its institutions. Furthermore, each platform relates to another platform. Paraphrasing McLuhan, we could even say that the “content” of a media platform is another platform. Thusly the general intellect is inseparable from its media platforms and their financials. We see that the general intellect, once largely held in common, is increasingly being privatized; the very media of our thought belong to someone else. This expropriation of the media commons is precisely the precondition of the real subsumption of society by capital. It is an extension of the ongoing expropriation begun by primitive accumulation and money as capital, and it has been accomplished through the financialization of media as platforms of extraction. The ramification of mediation by computation and information has resulted in its convergence into formats offering derivative exposure to underliers that are the expressive vitality and futurity of our communication. We therefore no longer have any organic relation to the materials for thought itself (sincerity has become a myth, at least in the medium-term of most circles)—the words, images, and machines we require to think, to express ourselves, to interact, and to know have been ripped from the species and privatized via the longue durée of dissymmetrical exchange. We work on the words and images, but as numbers they belong to someone else. The media themselves have become forms of capital—forms of racial capital—and our usage of these media means that we work to add value that valorizes capital, for the capitalist and within a relation designed as much as possible to guarantee that our creative acts necessarily occur as dissymmetrical exchange with capital. I write this book in a discourse that does not just not belong to me because it is shared, but in a discourse that is increasingly the property of a set of institutions— publishers, journals, universities—that all have their eye on the bottom line. The means by which we most intimately know the world, ourselves, and our desires (our images and words) are themselves vectors of capitalization intent upon converting our very life-process into surplus value (which is to say value for capital). We need strategies that will seize the means of production and create a reverse subsumption of affect, intellect, knowledge, capability, communication, and community. When all media have converged as economic media, it is economic media that must be re- engineered. Again, I think this subsumption of cognitive and affective capacity, the quasi-automating (scripting) of productive labor for capital, is what Stiegler means by the proletarianization of the nervous system—which would include the proletarianization of the pathways of feeling and thought. Our affective capacities are put to alienated and alienating work in the social factory, and their product too is alienated, producing ever-intensifying and ever-accumulating dispossession and disempowerment as the dialectical antithesis of its simultaneous production of unprecedented wealth and power for the cyborg avatars of the great media conglomerates. Intellect and emotional intelligence, the product of thousands of years of species- becoming, is being strip-mined so that extraction machines may continue their furious innovation to further discount people. I write this book aware of the pressure to think it just right, to at once extend thinking in order to command attention and produce new needs, but also to delimit it, to control myself, and to put the reins on whatever counterpower may rage within my body, because academia can tolerate only so much “bullshit” and no more. Yes sir, I’ll be careful not to cross that line, but a word to the woke: the bullshit is the best part. From a historical perspective, this encroachment on the means of representation—that Banksy and I and a billion others join the silenced majority in opposing—indicates that the individual subjective agent, itself a platform for sociality that developed with the rise of capitalism (as the subject who relates to other subjects in the market, the bearer of the commodity and thus its thought), is nearly defunct. As has been noted previously, in a world where life processes are stripped, ripped apart, rebundled, and sold as derivative exposures, the individual subject is an outmoded technology despite the fact that it still appears as a skeuomorph in certain updated technosocial apparatuses—like the latest forms of films, games, influencers, and versions of national politics that proffer invitations to momentary individualistic identification for the dividual purpose of providing a sense of familiarity and orientation. While palliative for some in small doses, such individuality is no longer a viable (which is to say, sustainable) fantasy. The real thought is that of the infrastructure, of the AI that codes our meat and scripts our sheets. Sure I take up the mantle for a few moments each day to appear as the agent of this text, suiting up as the operator of an intellect that might be adequate to the informatic shit-storm of racist, capitalist, imperialist, patriarchal, for-profit assaults, but then I drop off into an ocean of petty concerns, food shopping, and home repairs. And even when I say “I,” to perform as the nexus of all this insight, I also know that it’s hardly me talking. I’m just curating at the gates of shit that needs to be said, and hopefully titrating to let the right stuff through. That’s part of my politics though Dog knows that I could create a more lucrative named-professor type profile with just a little more discipline, a bit more self-interested adherence to the protocols of the academy’s factory code. Instead, there is the effort to overturn, to be or at least to live something beyond being the scribe of the world computer, to at once witness the drama of the emergence of the intelligence of commodification, testify to its outrage, and intimate the possibility of its overthrow. Such would be the art of this text, practiced at the limits of disciplinarity and of subjectivity, guaranteed by nothing and no one. The expiration of the subject form, imminent since the subject’s first intimation of mortality—and made structurally mandatory by Freud and especially, with the full-blown rise of the sign at the moment of it radical marginalization by visuality, by Lacan—is not necessarily a cause for lament, despite the increasingly intense fading of its incalculable beauty, its sad reduction to cliché. From a political perspective, it means that within each concrete individual body the presumed continuity of the individual is riddled with contradictory and indeed unassimilable indicators; it means also that there exists in differing quantities and qualities capitalist and noncapitalist striations or sectors. Hallways of emptiness, but also hallways of love. Like bundled assets, the mind-body is tranched by executable logics organized by a calculus of risk available to investors. There are, to be a bit simplistic, aspects of desire that are programmed (indeed farmed) to produce practices that function in perfect accord with capitalist accumulation strategies (individualizing or schizoid) and aspects of desire that are atavistic or collectivist, utopian, communist, or maybe even just plain lonely, and, in short, subprime. In reality, of course, desire is more singular than even such formalizations might indicate. Insert your favorite snippet of poetry here. Hortense Spillers in “All the Things You Could Be by Now If Sigmund Freud’s Wife Was Your Mother” (1997) invokes “the Dozens” and the music of and like that of Charles Mingus (152–3), to make present an “interior intersubjectivity”(140) testifying to the rich unaudited psychic life of what might today be called Blackness. There are vast resources beyond the easy resolution of hegemonic hermeneutics whether deployed by institutionally validated psychoanalysis or compressed by current systems of informatic extraction. In agreeing with Freud that consciousness makes up a small part of mental life when compared to the preconscious, the unconscious, dreams, and so on, but in rejecting the normative assumptions and disavowals (including his own Jewishness) that situate Freud and the psychoanalytic discourse that will become part of European and U.S. bourgeois society, Spillers recognizes a vast store of mental life and the possibility of listening anew. However, when speaking of politics now, we therefore necessarily speak of the abstract forms available for the conceptualization and deployment of concrete emergences whether referring to haecceities that are innumerable or collective forms of existence and psychic life actively mediating between “the one” and “the ‘masses’ ” (141). Let us listen anew. Acknowledging that we ultimately and if possible immediately want to “marry our thought” (Wynter 1994b: 65) to the wealth of subaltern forms of life and the care of the bios, allow me then to put the situation of the post- Fordist subject thusly: in Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism, Lenin (1939) showed how imperialist dividends complicated class issues in England, since many people, otherwise part of the working class, got a share of the dividends of imperialism by clipping the coupons of their investments in racist, exploitative British enterprises across the globe. Today this race-based class fractionalization is fully internalized in the Global North; on our iPads built by Chinese slaves from blood metals extracted from the Congo, we may momentarily feel like biomorphically unmarked nobles in the global cosmopolis; while on the job market or when simply seen in our raced and gendered embodiments, we are abjects. Materially and intellectually we are nodal points on a global network. The signal oscillates between narcissistic megalomania and utter abjection and can be affected by a billion parameters taking us from melancholia to outrage. Thus, even the concrete individual is composed of class fractions, race fractions, gender fractions. In the form of signs, we clip coupons that validate our investments. The language of object-identification, we observe here, cannot really keep up with the fluctuations resulting from the throughput of code as we work to identify and disidentify our agency. Can we audit a different mode of emergence, a different futurity than one inexorably overcoded by capital? Of course this is still somewhat simplistic and also class-specific, as many (billions even) never get to participate as an enfranchised global citizen in any aspect or moment of life, even if the lived experience of these same billions is radically overdetermined by the class(es) from which they are excluded.4 The gilded poverty of the enfranchised, as opposed to the mere poverty of the rest, is now a measure of connectivity. A more complete view is that we are the product of the world system and thus everything we are has been produced vis-à-vis globalization, and therefore everything bears the trace of the system in its entirety (again, in varying proportions). This conceptualization of concrete individuals (bodies) as global communitarian products forced to varying degrees into templates of individualized risk by capitalist states, is not to erase class; however, it suggests that, just as Fanon saw the great European metropoles as the product of third world labor, we are all products of the worst conditions prevailing in the Global South and around the planet. Global inequality is internal to our being. It is us. How then does one (such a one who is relatively enfranchised by the derivative language of texts such as this one) inventory those relations and produce them as formations of solidarity rather than as disavowed residuum? Is there another data-sphere, a communist one? Can we build communist interfaces, networks, and finance? How would we register, track, amplify, and render actionable the communitarian affinities, solidarities, obligations, and debts, the resources in the wake of too many genocides to count, that in actual practice underpin the official economy, collective life, and whatever authentic hope is left to our species? Perhaps we have arrived at a question worthy of theory: Is there, could there be communist algorithms? Communist derivatives? Derivative communism? We are looking for that path. To add to my point about the shifting, distributed character of political actors—that goes so far as to suggest that we can no longer think only of actors but rather must think of vectors and fields in addition to thinking of the resources developed in cultures of survival—I will make a second observation. A political intervention in the advertisarial relations that have this planet heading toward environmental doomsday requires not only revolutionary policy but revolutionary culture. (I defer further discussion of a third requirement, revolutionary finance, to the final chapter.) This culture must take into account that, for many on this planet, Armageddon is not the future but an ongoing constant. My call here (which should not be entirely unfamiliar, as it gives petit bourgeois intellectuals something important to do) is to (re)politicize semiotic and affective structures and practices, including and perhaps especially those we might control, for example our own utterances—our expression. Of course, to call them “our own” seems to contradict what I’ve said about the expropriation of the cognitive- linguistic and the intensification of aphanisis by visual, verbal, and digital media derivatives, but it is here precisely that we confront one of the significant material contradictions of our time: who or what speaks in us? This question, which I shorthand using the phrase the politics of the utterance and which you can experience palpably right now (as you endeavor to think), seems to me to insist that our idea-making must actively produce its solidarity with the dispossessed. We must struggle for the radical constellation. The question concerning the politics of the utterance, asked here in a strange passage of this text through a beyond-academic terrain, a moonless forest the traversal of which may or may not at this point lead us back to the plot, also raises the question of becoming, as well as the questions of agency and of action within the capitalist image— programmable images, racializing and racist images that, in the terms we have set out, are functionally omnipresent. Continuous media throughput has generated a capitalist imaginary structuring both language function and imaging processes, coordinated at scales and by calculative logics that exceed individual comprehension. Though the occasion is upon us, we must struggle for space and time to think. We must open a spread on which to bet against the dominant order. We glimpse, and we feel, that to insist upon the unremitting relevance of both culture-making and of cross-cultural transnational solidarity helps to avoid platform fetishism because it sees the internet and its machines not as a set or collection of autonomous technologies but as a historically emergent system of value-expropriative communication and organization, built directly upon older but nonetheless contemporaneous forms of inequality, including but not limited to historically emergent techniques of gendering, racialization, and imperialism, and embedded in the living flesh of the world. All of this calculative interconnectivity and networked agency implies, contradictorily, in fact, that the internet is not all advertising—but neither is advertising all advertising. It is also murder and struggle. Banksy knows that. The advertisarial relation is the programmatic relation encrypted in the apparatuses of capital: the war of each against all, taken all the way from finance, computation, and surveillance to the speech act and the imagination in accord with the autopoietic algorithm of the distributed Leviathan. Marx himself saw capitalism as vampiric, and today’s processes of capitalization are even more totalitarian, more widely distributed, and more blood-, life-, and indeed soul-sucking than even in prior eras—though such comparisons don’t do those killed by past iterations of capitalism any good. Despite the disavowals to the contrary, we recognize that capital needs labor, needs metabolic time more desperately and more voraciously than ever before (what else is biopolitics?) and, furthermore, that it wages war on life-time on all fronts, in order to secure labor power, its product and basis, at a discount. The pyramids of inequality become internal fractals, and even as the base broadens, the tip with the all-seeing eye (that is not a subject) ascends ever higher. We do not yet know what can be destroyed or indeed built with the massive appropriation of Banksy’s rocks, but we do know that at present there is total war against our using them to build anticapitalist, nonhierarchical, horizontal, solidary sociality. The refusal or détournement of capital’s encroachment is itself a creative act. Perhaps we have only begun to glimpse what a total refusal might achieve.

#### Racial capitalism is shaped by the demand for access – in order to perfect the communicative assembly line, the World Computer must have infinite access to our bodies, our thoughts, and our communications. This access is inevitable, but we can make access burn – the 1ac’s moving wrong is a form of sabotage that denies individuation in favor of indebted relationality.

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Stefano Harney and Fred Moten, “Mikey the Rebelator” in “LEAVE OUR MIKES ALONE”, 2018 [https://static1.squarespace.com/static/53a0503be4b0a429a2614e8b/t/59d81c2eedaed84653048f0d/1507335215476/Harney-Moten.pdf //](https://static1.squarespace.com/static/53a0503be4b0a429a2614e8b/t/59d81c2eedaed84653048f0d/1507335215476/Harney-Moten.pdf%20//) sam

In Upon Westminster Bridge, Mikey Smith is jay-walking through the language.2 It’s 1982, the beginning of logistical capitalism. The assembly line is snaking out of the factory and into his mouth. And he cyaan believe it. He won’t believe it. He won’t go to work. He comes from the property. He’s been there before. He’s come to undo. He’s moved to dissemble. The gathering in his mouth is out of line. 2 With the rise of logistical capitalism it is not the product that is never finished but the production line, and not the production line, but its improvement. In logistical capitalism it is the continuous improvement of the production line that never finishes, that’s never done, that’s undone continuously. The sociologists caught a glimpse of this line and thought that they were seeing networks. The political scientist called this line globalization. The business professors named it and priced it as business process re-engineering. Mikey knew better. Mikey veers back across the street to where Louise Bennett sits, talking about how she inspired him. We can see her in a clip, wronging rights with her words, advocate of an undone language open to respecting what you like, and liking what you respect. Now her words are everywhere, like whispers from a cotton tree, and they have to be. And logistics, which is to say access, is everywhere—again, because it wants to be. But not just logistics; and not just any kind of access. The capitalist science of logistics can be represented by a simple formula: movement + access. But logistical capitalism subjects that formula to the algorithm: total movement + total access. Logistical capitalism seeks total access to your language, total 3 translation, total transparency, total value from your words. And then it seeks more. At Queen Mary, University of London, before the counter-insurgency, we called this postcolonial capitalism. How does it feel to be a problem in someone else’s supply chain? What else is a colonial regime but the imposition of psychopathic protocols of total access to bodies and land in the service of what today is called supply-chain management? The problem of the twenty-first century is the problem of the colour line of assembly. This logistical capitalism, this postcolonial capitalism, uses the stored, stolen, historical value of words to press its point. But Mikey would not speak that way. He saw what was coming by misremembering what had come to pass. Mikey jay-walked through his audience as they listened the wrong way across his words. Mikey put his hands up to fight one night and surrendered to us. He fought, and by fighting surrendered, to what M. Jacqui Alexander called our ‘collectivized self-possession’, to our hapticality, which is at the same time our collectivized dispossession.3 Because a rebelator defends our partiality, our incompleteness, our hands dispossessed to hold one another up in the battle of Zion. Mikey was a rebelator in the battle of Zion. Mikey the rebelator sabotaging a line of words(worth). 4 Mikey is talking to C. L. R. James on a bed in Brixton in South London, in an unsettled room, Linton Kwesi Johnson standing to the side. You have to move across the language because the language moves the line through you. The line moves now, the assembly line, the flow line, the high line, and that means you. You’re moving to work like you always did but now you’re working as you’re moving, too. James is telling them he used to love Wordsworth and still does, but it was only when he got back to the Caribbean that he realized what was missing in that poetry because something else in that poetry was everywhere. James is talking about language as domination; Mikey is already having to deal with language as forced improvement in production, on the new and improved line, where the Man gives orders to His men. Mikey’s working on an old new open secret logisticality, born in the hold, held together in loss and in being lost, and James is giving him some uncoordinates, a sea captain like Ranjit’s father, high on the land now, low, shipped, stranded on a bed in Brixton, in an unsettled room. Mikey’s not working on improving the English language. He’s working on disproving it. Mikey Smith deregulates the Queen’s English in ‘Mi Cyaan Believe It’ and he’s not worried about being incomplete. He’s jay-walking through the Queen’s English, instituting a sound system to which her standard submits, right across down there so. He’s walking across to it right now, on the gully side. Mikey the 5 rebelator. He says that those have ‘been restless a full time, dem go get some rest’. But there’s no rest with access; access troubles the unrest it came to steal, and still. This is the early moment of logistical capitalism, with James on the bed aged from industrial capitalism, and all that settler capitalism sedimented underneath them in London in the hard red earth. In an unsettled room they institute. They’re the offline institute of the new line, the new poetics of the anti-line, the antillean, multi-matrilinear dispersion of drum and bass and grain against the grain of organized saying, catching logistics in logisticality’s crosstown traffic, in crosstown traffic’s constant violation of the crosswalk, the sanctioned intersection, the settled, hegemonic term. Mikey’s more and less than perpendicular swerve cyaan believe that managed disturbance and keeps on fucking it up as a field of hypermusical staying, crossed between crossing and forgetting, contradicting and misremembering, revealing and rebelling, refusing to believe. Look the wrong way before you cross. Move the wrong way when you cross. That’s how we semble. When we move we move to access, which is to say we assemble and disassemble anew. And in logistical capitalism the assembly line moves with us by moving through us, accessing us to move and moving us to access. We can’t deny access, because access is how we roll, and roll on, in and as our undercommon affectability, as Denise Ferreira da Silva might say.4 But we make access burn and we love that, the line undone in the undoing of every single product, our renewed assembly in the general disassembly, our dissed assembly offline on the line, strayed staying, stranded beneath the strand, at rest only in unrest, making all the wrong moves, because our doing and undoing ain’t the same as theirs. They know, sometimes better than we do, that to move wrong, or not to move, is now no longer just an obstruction to logistics or an obstacle to progress. To move wrong or not to move is sabotage. It is an attack on the assembly line, a subversion of logistical capitalism. To move wrong is to deny access to capital by staying in the general access that capital desires and devours and denies. To move wrong, to move nought, is to have our own thing of not having, of handing and being handed; it is our continuous breaking up—before, and against that, we were told—of our continuous get together. But with the critical infrastructure that is the new line, and with the resilient response that protects it, the jay-walker becomes no longer just a rube in the way of logistics, a country bukee in traffic, but a saboteur, a terrorist, a demon. Jay-walkers do not sabotage by exodus or occupation as once a maroon, or a striking miner, or a ghost dancer may have. Jay-walkers disturb the production line, the work of the line, the assembly line, the flow line, by demanding inequality of access for all. When the line don’t stop to let you catch your breath, jay-walkers stand around and say this stops today. Jaywalking is dissed assembly for itself. Such sabotage is punishable by death. It’s 7 hard to know what we institute when we don’t institute but we do know what it feels like. Total value and its violence not only never went away, but as da Silva says, they are the foundation of the present as time, the condition of time, of the world as a time–space logic founded on the first horrible logistics of sale, the first mass movement of total access.5 Now continuous improvement drives us toward total value, makes all work incomplete, makes us move to produce, compels us to get online. We are liberated from work in order to work more, to work harder. We are violently invited to exercise our right to connect, our right to free speech, our right to choose, our right to evaluate, our right to right individuality in order that we may improve the production line running through our liberal dreams. Freedom through work was never the slave’s cry but we hear it all around us today. Continuous improvement is the metric and metronomic meter of uplift. Those who won’t improve, those who won’t collectivize and individuate with the correct neurotic correctness, those who do the same thing again, those who revise, those who tell the joke you’ve heard and cook the food you’ve had and take the walk you’ve walked, those who plan to stay and keep on moving, those who keep on moving wrong—those are the ones who hold everybody back, fucking up the production line that’s supposed to improve us all. They like being incomplete. They like being incomplete and incompleting 8 one another. Their incompleteness is said to be a dependency, a bad habit. They’re said to be partial, patchy, sketchy. They lack coordinates. They’re collectively uncoordinated in total rhythm. They’re in(self)sufficient. Paolo Friere thought our incompleteness is what gave us hope.6 It is our incompleteness that inclines us toward one another. For Friere, the more we think of ourselves as complete, finished, whole, individual, the more we cannot love or be loved. Is it too much to put this the other way around? To say, by way of Friere, that love is the undercommon self-defence of being-incomplete? This seems important now when our incompleteness is something we are invited and then compelled to address and improve, when we are told to be impatient with it, and embarrassed by it. We need to be intact. We’re told to raise our buzz because we’re all fucked up. But in our defence we love that we are complete only in a plained incompletion, which they would have undone, finished, owned, and sent on down the line. We do mind working because we do mind dying.