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#### Academic philosophy is foundationally and irredeemably antiblack. The 1AC’s abstraction from the manifestations of racialized violence absolves white philosophers of their contributions to America’s apathy towards black death which prevents effective mobilization against white supremacy. Vote negative to reject the Western metaphysical tradition and the perennial failure of white philosophy. Curry and Curry 18

[Tommy, PhD, Prof. of Philosophy @ TAMU, Gwenetta, PhD, Ass. Prof. of Gender and Race Studies @ Alabama], “On the Perils of Race Neutrality and Anti-Blackness: Philosophy as an Irreconcilable Obstacle to (Black) Thought,” American Journal of Economics and Sociology, Vol. 77, Nos. 3-4 (May-September 2018). DOI: 10.1111/ajes.12244] JJ

We begin with the first author’s reflections on philosophy and its recurring problem of denying the realities of race and racism, reflections that have arisen as a Black (male) philosopher whose life has been threatened for doing Black philosophy. The experience of confronting death, being fearful of being killed doing my job as a critical race theorist, and being threatened with violence for thinking about racism in America has a profound effect on concretizing what is at stake in our theories about anti-Black racism. Whereas my work on race and racism in philosophy earlier in my career was dedicated to the problems created by the mass ignorance of the discipline to the political debates and ethnological history of Black philosophers in the 19th and 20th centuries, I now find myself thinking more seriously about the way that philosophy, really theory itself—our present categories of knowledge, such as race, class, and gender, found through disciplines—actually hastens the deaths of subjugated peoples in the United States. Academic philosophy routinely abstracts away from—directs thought to not attend to the realities of death, dying, and despair created by—antiBlack racism. Black, Brown, and Indigenous populations are routinely rationalized as disposable flesh. The deaths of these groups launch philosophical discussions of social injustice and spark awareness by whites, while the deaths of white people direct policy and demand outrage. Because racialized bodies are confined to inhumane living conditions that nurture violence and despair that become attributed to the savage nature of nonwhites and evidence of their inhumanity, the deaths of these dehumanized peoples are often measured against the dangers they are thought to pose to others. The interpretation of the inferior position that racialized groups occupy in the United States is grounded in how whites often think of themselves in relation to problem populations. This relationship is often rationalized by avoidance and by the denials of whites about being causally related to the harsh conditions imposed on nonwhites in the world. Philosophy, and its glorification of the rational individual, ignores the complexity of anti-Black racism by blaming the complacency, if not outright hostility, towards Blacks on the mass ignorance of white America. To remedy this problem, Black philosophers are asked to respond by gearing their writings, lectures, and professional presence to further educate and dialogue with white philosophers in order to enable them to better understand anti-Black racism and white supremacy (Curry 2008, 2015). This therapy is often rewarded as scholarship. Philosophical positions that analyze racism as a problem of miscommunication, misunderstanding, and ignorance (philosophies predicated on the capacity of whites to change) are rewarded and praised as the cutting edge and most impactful theories about race and racism. Reducing racism to a problem of recognition and understanding allows white philosophers to remain absolved of their contribution to the apathy that white America has to the death and subjugation Black Americans endure at the hands of the white race. To some readers, speaking about races as different groups with opposite, if not antagonistic, social lives seems to run contrary to the idea that there are no real races, just people, only the human race. This is the core of race-neutral theory in academic philosophy. Race neutrality asserts that while race, class, and gender may in fact differentiate bodies, the capacity for reason—the human essence beneath it all—is what is ultimately at stake in the recognition of difference. While this mantra has been offered to whites since the integrationist strategies of the U.S. Supreme Court in the 1950s under Chief Justice Earl Warren, it has had little effect in restructuring the psychology of white individuals or remedying the institutional practices of racism that continue to exclude or punish Black Americans. How are Black scholars to speak about racism, specifically the violence and death that seem to gravitate towards Black bodies if the rules of philosophy and the fragility of white Americans insist that racism is not the cause of the disproportionate death Black Americans suffer and race is not a significant factor in Black people’s lives? This article is an attempt to debunk the seemingly neutral starting point of academic philosophy. For decades, Black philosophers have attempted to educate white philosophers and reorient the philosophical anthropologies of the discipline. Black, Brown, and Indigenous philosophers have dedicated their lives and careers to educating white philosophers and students, with little to no effect on the composition and disposition of the discipline. While it is not uncommon for philosophy departments to say they support diversity, the reality is that many, if not most, Black philosophers continue to write about the problem of racism, their experiences of marginalization, and the violence they suffer from white colleagues, disciplinary organizations, and universities. This article should be read as an attempt not to amend the Western metaphysical tradition but to reveal the obstacles that indicate its perennial failure. It is the position of the authors that many of the demands for disciplinary change are often expressed as politics, when in reality there are issues of metaphysics (the concerns of being) and philosophical anthropology (the concerns about the (non)being capable of thinking) that are unaddressed in much of the current literature. Section I of this article describes what Black philosophy has taken to be the problem of racism in academic philosophy more broadly. Since the 1970s Black philosophers have criticized, attacked, and attempted to reform the discipline with little effect. This section interrogates why that is the case. Section II argues that the failure of philosophy to change is a problem of metaphysics or the illusion that Blackness is compatible with the idea of the white human. Section III presents the social scientific evidence demonstrating the seeming permanence of anti-Black racism and the dangerous nature of colorblind ideology, which does not recognize that societal organization and racism determine the life chances of Blacks. This article ends with a suggestion of what Black philosophy would look like if its primary mandate were not to persuade whites to remedy their own racist practices, but to diagnose and build strategies against the present problems of racism in philosophy before us.

#### The 1AC’s spikes and technical obfuscation are the hoops that black scholarship has to jump through to even get on the playing field --- white psychosis responds to critique with an abstraction to the level of fair play --- this fair play is embedded with a safe fantasy zone in which whiteness has the collective power to set rules and norms

Wilderson 08 Frank B Wilderson III, Associate Professor of African American Studies and Drama at the UC, Irvine, Former Member of militarized wing of the ANC. “Incognegro: A Memoir of Exile and Apartheid” Originally published by South End Press, 2008. IB

Whereas Selma Thornton attempts an institutional analysis of the Student Senate by way of a critique of Tim Harold and his practices, Harold responds with a ready made institutional defense and, later in the article, a defense of his integrity (a personalized response to an institutional analysis). He brings the scale of abstraction back down to the level most comfortable for White people: the individual and the uncontextualized realm of fair play. It's the White person's safety zone. I'm a good person, I'm a fair person, I treat everyone equally, the rules apply to everyone. Thornton and Rodriguez's comments don't indict Harold for being a "good" person, they indict him for being White: a way of being in the world which legitimates institutional practices (practices which Thornton and Rodriguez object to) accepts, and promotes, them as timeless—without origin, consequence, interest, or allegiance—natural and inevitable. "The sign-up sheet was posted for a week, the same way we treat any workshop." The whole idea that we treat everyone equally is only slightly more odious than the discussion or how we can treat everyone equally; because the problem is neither the practice nor the debates surrounding it, but the fact that White people can come together and wield enough institutional power to constitute a "We." "We" in the Student Senate, "We" in Aptos, "We" in Santa Cruz, "We" in the English department, "We" in the boardrooms. "We" are fair and balanced is as odious as "We" are in control—they are derivations of the same expression: "We" are the police. The claim of "balance and fair play" forecloses upon, not only the modest argument that the practices of the Cabrillo Student Senate are racist and illegitimate, but it also forecloses upon the more extended, comprehensive, and antagonistic argument that Cabrillo itself is racist and illegitimate. And what do we mean by Cabrillo? The White people who constitute its fantasies of pleasure and its discourse of legitimacy. The generous "We." So, let's bust "We" wide open and start at the end: White people are guilty until proven innocent. Fuck the compositional moves of substantiation and supporting evidence: I was at a conference in West Oakland last week where a thousand Black folks substantiated it a thousand different ways. You're free to go to West Oakland, find them, talk to them, get all the proof you need. You can drive three hours to the mountains, so you sure as hell can cut the time in half and drive to the inner city. Knock on any door. Anyone who knows 20 to 30 Black folks, intimately—and if you don't know 12 then you're not living in America, you're living in White America—knows the statement to be true. White people are guilty until proven innocent. Whites are guilty of being friends with each other, of standing up for their rights, of pledging allegiance to the flag, of reproducing concepts like fairness, meritocracy, balance, standards, norms, harmony between the races. Most of all. Whites are guilty of wanting stability and reform. White people, like Mr. Harold and those in the English Division, are guilty of asking themselves the question. How can we maintain the maximum amount of order (liberals at Cabrillo use euphemisms like peace, harmony, stability), with the minimum amount of change, while presenting ourselves—if but only to ourselves—as having the best of all possible intentions. Good people. Good intentions. White people are the only species, human or otherwise, capable of transforming the dross of good intentions into the gold of grand intentions, and naming it "change." ...These passive revolutions, fire and brimstone conflicts over which institutional reform is better than the other one, provide a smoke screen—a diversionary play of interlocutions—that keep real and necessary antagonisms at bay. White people are thus able to go home each night, perhaps a little wounded, but feeling better for having made Cabrillo a better place...for everyone... Before such hubris at high places makes us all a little too giddy, let me offer a cautionary note: it's scientifically impossible to manufacture shinola out of shit. But White liberals keep on trying and end up spending a lifetime not knowing shit from shinola. Because White people love their jobs, they love their institutions, they love their country, most of all they love each other. And every Black or Brown body that doesn't love the things you love is a threat to your love for each other. A threat to your fantasy space, your terrain of shared pleasures. Passive revolutions have a way of incorporating Black and Brown bodies to either term of the debate. What choice does one have? The third (possible, but always unspoken) term of the debate, White people are guilty of structuring debates which reproduce the institution and the institution reproduces America and America is always and everywhere a bad thing this term is never on the table, because the level of abstraction is too high for White liberals. They've got too much at stake: their friends, their family, their way of life. Let's keep it all at eye level, where whites can keep an eye on everything. So the Black body is incorporated. Because to be unincorporated is to say that what White liberals find valuable I have no use for. This, of course, is anti-institutional and shows a lack of breeding, not to mention a lack of gratitude for all the noblesse oblige which has been extended to the person of color to begin with. "We will incorporate colored folks into our fold, whenever possible and at our own pace, provided they're team players, speak highly of us, pretend to care what we're thinking, are highly qualified, blah, blah, blah...but, and this is key, we won't entertain the rancor which shits on our fantasy space. We've killed too many Indians, worked too many Chinese and Chicano fingers to the bone, set in motion the incarcerated genocide of too many Black folks, and we've spent too much time at the beach, or in our gardens, or hiking in the woods, or patting each other on the literary back, or teaching Shakespeare and the Greeks, or drinking together to honor our dead at retirement parties ("Hell, Jerry White let's throw a party for Joe White and Jane White who gave Cabrillo the best White years of their silly White lives, that we might all continue to do the same White thing." "Sounds good to me, Jack White. Say, you're a genius! Did you think of this party idea all on your own?" "No, Jerry White, we've been doing it for years, makes us feel important. Without these parties we might actually be confronted by our political impotence, our collective spinelessness, our insatiable appetite for gossip and administrative minutia, our fear of a Black Nation, our lack of will." "Whew! Jack White, we sound pathetic. We'd better throw that party pronto!" "White you are, Jerry." "Jack White, you old fart, you, you're still a genius, heh, heh, heh.") too much time White-bonding in an effort to forget how hard we killed and to forget how many bones we walk across each day just to get from our bedrooms to Cabrillo...too, too much for one of you coloreds to come in here and be so ungrateful as to tell us the very terms of our precious debates are specious."

#### Communication at its root involves a “community” which presumes an equitable relationship between the speaker and listener—blackness lacks the capacity to communicate itself because civil society obfuscates the processes of hearing, understanding, and responding to black voices. The issues of antiblackness will be bracketed out as always as per the 1AC.

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

#### The role of debate and the alternative is to surrender to blackness—Jeremiah Cohn lacks the jurisdiction to tell black people what to do.

Brady and Murillo 14[Nicholas and John, “Black Imperative: A Forum on Solidarity in the Age of Coalition,” January 26, 2014, http://outofnowhereblog.wordpress.com/2014/01/26/black-imperative-a-forum-on-solidarity-in-the-age-of-coalition/, John Murillo III is a PhD student in the English department at Brown University, and a graduate of the University of California, Irvine, with bachelor’s degrees in Cognitive Science and English. His research interests are broad, and include extensive engagements with and within: Black Studies–particularly Afro-Pessimism–Narrative Theory; Theoretical Physics; Astrophysics; Cosmology; and Neuroscience. Nicholas Brady is an activist-scholar from Baltimore, Maryland. He was also a recent graduate of Johns Hopkins with a bachelor’s degree in Philosophy and currently a doctoral student at the University of California-Irvine Culture and Theory program.]

“Surrender to blackness.” A grammatical imperative. Grammatical because syntactically it marks a command to or demand of a generalized addressee: “(Everyone) surrender to blackness.” Grammatical because the black flesh scarred and tattooed by these illegible hieroglyphics enunciates at the level of symbolic and ontological world orders: “Surrender to blackness” is a command at the level of the foundations of thought and being themselves; grammatical. Imperative because if there is any hope for a revolutionary praxis along any lines—race, class, gender, sexuality, (dis)ability—it must centralize, which is to say look in the face of, which is to say begin to the work of real love for, the blackness [preposition] which “an authentic upheaval might be born.” #BlackPowerYellowPeril failed to recognize this imperative as legible, let alone heed and meet its command/demand. Created by Suey Park (@suey\_park), the hashtag sought to draw from and build upon the accomplishments of Black womyn activists on twitter and tumblr who have long mobilized to generate productive and revolutionary interjections into the world’s violently antiblack discourses (see, for example, #solidarityisforwhitewomen, and #blackmaleprivilege) through extended, communal commentary, usually in direct opposition to the censoring strictures of any kind of respectability politics. Discussions about and within the hashtag can be found here, here, here, here(though this is very hasty, a bit shortsighted, and still not doing much more than glancing at, as opposed to engaging blackness), and here. But broadly, the intentions of the hashtag are founded upon a belief in the possibility of solidarity/coalition politics between Blacks and Asians, seeking to challenge persistent “tensions” between the communities for the sake of a common struggle against ‘white supremacy.’ For those nonblack participants, the drive toward solidarity represents a purely innocent and unquestioned, unquestionable, desire. All critiques of Asian antiblackness are rendered as derailing the move toward solidarity, for they are to bring up the obvious – clearly we are all human, we make mistakes, but to continuously bring up the “mistakes” and never “move on” is to foreclose the possibility of solidarity. And what a wonderful thing the blacks of the conversation were foreclosing – this solidarity thing. What a wonderful thing others were offering to us and we simply would not take. And yet, the unthought question remains: have you truly earned the right to act in solidarity, to form solidarity, to even believe in solidarity? And what is this solidarity thing we all hold near and dear to our hearts? Have we ever experienced it or do we simply have images we have transformed into memories of a solidarity that never existed? I know Black people and Asian people have worked together in the past, but have we ever formed a solid whole? And who is to blame for the fact that we have never had solidarity? The hashtag implies that both “sides” play an equal part in the failure to form solidarity. In the face of this, confessing our sins to each other forms the moment where we can form emotional bonds: “see, you were as racist as I, and how unfortunate it is that we let old whitey come between us. Never again will whitey make us part.” This is the logic behind much of the Asian confessing – white supremacy duped us into being antiblack racists – and also fed into the backlash aimed at blacks – “stop playing oppression olympics, that’s what whitey wants.” It must be foregrounded here that antiblackness cannot be simplified as “anti-black racism” and it is a singularity with no equivalent force – “anti-Asian” racism is not the flipside of antiblackness nor is orientalism or islamophobia. Antiblackness predates white supremacy by at least 300 years (and much more than that depending on how we trace our history) and we can understand antiblackness as the general tethering of the very concept of life to the ontological and unspeakable, unthinkable force of black death. That statement is a place to begin to define antiblackness, it is not the end for this force weaves itself in infinite variety throughout all corners of the globe, forming globe into world. This is not simply about the little racist microaggressions that people listed in their tweets, this is about a global force that the world – not simply whites – bond over and form their lives inside of and through. What #BlackPowerYellowPeril revealed, however, is that the underside of coalition politics remains a violent and virulent antiblackness. As blacks— John Murillo III (@writedarkmatter), New Black School (@newblackschool), Nicholas Brady (@nubluez\_nick), and others—raised questions and comments in the spirit of that singular imperative—“Surrender to blackness”—antiblackness emerged in the violence of the response levied against it; one need only visit the hashtag to bear witness. From outright refusals to engage the antiblackness central to the histories and politics of nonblack communities of color, to denials of the foundational, global, and singular nature of antiblackness, and to the repeated calls to police and remove this disruptive blackness and its imperative from the conversation, antiblackness exploded onto the scene. All of this in the name of “coalition.” This is because “coalition” politics and possibilities are fetishized, not loved. The fetish denies the necessary recognition of antiblackness at coalition’s heart, and that antiblackness left unattended renders the imperative illegible. It is a fetishization, then, of antiblackness. The fetish object at the heart of the coalition has always been black flesh – a fetishization where pleasure and terror meet to create the bonds of solidarity people so desire. Here, we open a forum on how the hashtag embodies this fetish, the distinction between fetish and love that must be made in excess of the hashtag and ones like it, and the absolute imperativeness of the imperative. Instead of fetishizing the object, you must surrender to blackness.