

Sadomasochism and the Colorline

Reflections on the Million Man March

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The world of the spectacle has reached its apogee. New forms of resistance are beginning to break out everywhere. These are anything but well known since the whole point of spectacle is to portray universal and hypnotic submission. But resistance exists and is spreading.

—Anonymous¹

ADDICTION IS THE watchword of our age. We are addicted to images of ourselves. We gaze upon the spectacle of our assigned identities, and we are transfixed by the images we have been ordered to become. These orders, like our aching hunger to fulfill them, seem to come from everywhere and nowhere at once. Power's mechanism hides itself in our oppression sickness. The colorline is the object of our most desperate desires. As we gaze upon the colorline, we encounter ourselves, black and white together, as racialized beings. The spectacle of the colorline fills us with itself, and we become its justification.

Whiteness is nothing more than an addiction to the spectacle of black inferiority. Yesterday, that spectacle was produced through the humiliation of segregation. Today, that same spectacle is produced through the manufacture of *actual* inferiority through neosegregation. That is, yesterday's segregation statutes were an accusation of inferiority, while today's neosegregation statutes are intended to pro-

duce inferiority. The spectacle of the real has replaced the spectacle of realism.

The production of the spectacle under today's neosegregation regime is a three-part process. First, black inferiority is produced through myriad oppressive institutional and cultural devices. Second, the fact of production is denied by the producers. Finally, the product of this oppression, the black body, is made to perform its so-called *natural* inferiority as its white audience gazes upon the spectacle. Just as the consumption of spectacle can become an addiction, the production of spectacle can become an addiction. The black body, once formed to perform its inferiority, has now been made to enjoy its performance. Stability, in any oppressive regime, is a result of this coming together of the torturer and the tortured, of force and pleasure.

It is a story as old as the colorline. Whites have been willing to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the maintenance of the colorline. Whites invest, without limit, in a criminal-industrial complex that produces black recidivism and an education bureaucracy that produces black illiteracy. The latter spectacle, of course, speeds the plow with regard to the former and vice versa. The spectacle of millions of black men in chains places a black face on criminality, just as the spectacle of millions of unemployed black men places a black face on incompetence. It is only by watching these forced performances in blackface that whites are able to see whiteness as law abiding and competent. Whites need images of black abjection in order to see themselves as white. Whiteness is the moment of addiction. This ecstatic moment, the moment of capture, the moment of the spectacle, is like heroin. Like heroin, whiteness is a form of pleasure. It is a peculiar drug, however, in that it is produced only through the black body's time on the cross. Our blood, as it turns bitter from anger and frustration or bleeds into the asphalt because of frustrated anger, is their narcotic.

Under neosegregation, blacks are made to perform a more complicated role in the production of the spectacle upon which whites depend for their whiteness. The spectacle of our modern Golgotha gives the black body two crosses to bear: the criminal's and the minstrel's. Ineffective civil rights statutes guarantee that white racism will leave blacks the last hired and the first fired. These statutes, however, purport to be effective. Why, then, do the heathen rage? Those who accept that the statutes are effective can only conclude that blacks must

really be inferior. That is, if no one comes forward to claim the victory that the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., is said to have won, then it means that blacks are truly children of a lesser god. Today's civil rights statutes do not produce equality; rather, they function to produce the illusion of equality. In the light of this illusion, black poverty appears to be a result of black inferiority. "You have equal rights, so why are you still at the bottom?" a white nation sneers, bloated by its feast on our blood and flesh. Their delicious "fact" of black inferiority is the end result of the minstrelization process.

The first crucifixion is complete; we can turn to the next. On the next cross we see the criminal. He is there for the same reason as the first—because the colorline needs him. The minstrel inspires pity, and pity inspires charity and charity transforms. Charity is, therefore, dangerous to a color-lined order of things. Charity must have a limit: enter the black criminal. Black criminality is the point at which white pity turns to contempt. Our hallucinogenic war on drugs has been fought to build this second cross.

White America desires black criminality. James Baldwin, over twenty-five years ago, began an "Open Letter" to Angela Y. Davis by declaring:

One might have hoped that, by this hour, the very sight of chains on Black flesh, or the very sight of chains, would be so intolerable a sight for the American people, and so unbearable a memory, that they would themselves spontaneously rise up and strike off the manacles. But, no, they appear to glory in their chains; now, more than ever, they appear to measure their safety in chains and corpses.²

They glory in their chains and use their pseudofear of criminality to mask their titillation before the spectacle. The body of the black criminal is produced, in fantasy, in enticing crime drama after drama. In living rooms everywhere we see the counterrevolution televised. Whites luxuriate in the spectacle paradise of television as they gaze upon their Others. "Look, a Nigger! why, it doesn't even deserve freedom—what a savage! Ahhh, the duties and burdens of whiteness . . ."

We live in the videodrome. The body of the black criminal is produced, in fact and not just fantasy, in ghetto after ghetto after ghetto. The savage inequities of urban schools, the flat asphalt oceans of anti-

opportunity that are our cities, the monuments to abandonment that rise up from those asphalt waters in the form of hideous undermaintained yet overoccupied tenements along with ostentatiously vacant buildings, the literally toxic environments—whirlwinds of trash, the anti-aesthetic of consumer-culture neon, brain-damaging lead paint, brain-damaging antiblack newspapers, magazines, novels, films, and television programs, air heavy with roach fecal matter and other contaminants, the endless supply of deadly firearms, the ubiquity of razorwire, windowless high walls and guard dogs, the cacophony of car alarms and police sirens, and the semioticity of it all. Everyone knows these details are carefully arranged to garland the black body with disdain. Doing this to ourselves, however, can feel like freedom. When we are lucky, death may deliver us from this imitation of life.

Let the black body choose to attack itself through crime and watch as infinite resources are made available to educate its self-hatred. A prosecutor and a defense lawyer, a judge and a court recorder, a psychiatrist and a probation officer, a U.S. marshall and a city detective, a jury of near-peers and a galley of friends and strangers, and oak-lined courtroom in a beautiful courthouse, and, finally, a room of one's own in prison will all be made available, for free, to the black body that heeds its master's voice and turns against itself through crime. This process *educates* the black body that it is criminal—the criminal justice system produces recidivism and nothing else. Thus, the system produces the very spectacle—black criminality—upon which it relies to justify its existence.

These twins—"Sambo" (the Minstrel) and "Bigger Thomas" (the Criminal)—are both fictions made flesh only by the process of spectacularization. The spectacle is both the origin and the justification of the colorline. Things could not be otherwise, for it is only by means of the spectacle that whites become and remain white. And it is only by means of the spectacle that blacks become and remain black. Each of these colors is a script that we are forced to perform.

The race-pleasure experienced by whites is a sadistic pleasure in that it can be produced only by the pain experienced by those whom the system marks as black. Under classic segregation, signs such as "Whites Only" accomplished the marking. Under modern neosegregation, the segregated are made to mark themselves. I am speaking today of millions of bodies made to perform the work of spectacle production by a nation addicted to whiteness. How does the ordeal

work? Urban areas are first strip-mined of opportunities of any kind and left, quite literally, toxic with lead paint, carbon dioxide, rat and roach fecal matter, and a host of other organic and inorganic pathogens. These urban areas, defoliated as if to reveal some secret Ho Chi Minh trail, are then marked as bantustans for black bodies. I call these areas, collectively, the Neocolony or Golgotha. Black bodies are then banished, like lepers, to the Neocolony. Not every black body resides in the Neocolony; however, those that exist in other sites are, like plague victims in the Middle Ages, quarantined. Let a black body move through a white-identified space and watch the enforcers of the quarantine, police and private citizens alike, move into action and use their prophylactic suspicions to prevent the black plague from crossing the colorline. Thus the stage is set for the peculiar passion play required of blacks by whites, the performance of spectacle.

The colorline is the boundary of a site of production: the Neocolony is not simply a wasteland. The Neocolony, which simultaneously exists in the nonspaces of banishment and quarantine, is a factory. The black body is made to produce the spectacle of its own degradation. The bodies within the Neocolony are turned, each against the other, by the very desperation of the situation. In a mass surrender to their torturers they often become that which their masters require them to be: inferior. Black criminality and black incompetence are not accidents; rather, they are demands. We should think of them as production orders, or stage directions, from white America to the Neocolony.

The auction block of the *fin de siècle* videodrome has replaced its wooden predecessor. A nation addicted to our suffering washes its hands of our blood by forcing us to nail ourselves to its cross. We nail ourselves to its cross every time we view our problem as ourselves. In our conversation, a conversation from one cross to the other, we say, "education is the key," as though education will open the doors to opportunity in a caste system. We say, "we've got to stop killing each other," as though inverted violence was not the sine qua non of a caste system. We, as Sambo, say to ourselves that if we could only recite the Constitution, like yesterday's prayerful civil rights Negroes as they stood before the white voting registrars, somehow the nails would be removed from our palms. We, as *Bigger Thomas*, say to ourselves that if we could only resist the temptation to lash out at our spectacle-shrouded brothers and sisters, somehow the crown of

thorns would be removed from our heads. As our dried voices whisper together, Good Negro and Bad, an entire nation is rinsed white by our blood. And it all takes place on television.

Resistance is futile. It is futile so long as it takes place in a context that renders it intelligible to the system. That which makes sense, that which is not a Zen slap in the face, is already defeated by the terrible anticipatory logic of hierarchy. Hierarchy begets the very struggles that are raised up against it. Are you oppressed because you are low caste? Gather together your brethren in caste and demand caste rights. Demand equal rights. Negotiate for a new era of understanding. Fine, and when you have changed the hearts and minds of your masters, look up at the banner of caste under which you have fought. Are you still a creature of caste? Frankenstein's monster, enslaved to the apostrophe long after the death of the physician who stitched him together. Who made you this creature of caste? The system against which one fights is within and without. Revolution must involve a destruction of one's self and one's context. Revolution is total. Revolution is a break with reality:

When you started in January, did you ever think this movement would become so great and would capture all of Mexico?

What would you have thought if I had said to you on December 31, "Tomorrow morning we're going to launch an attack on eight municipalities. We're going to start a war with the objective of overthrowing the Mexican government and installing a transition government that would hold free and fair elections." If I had said that "we're going to have ten thousand people in arms, and have many more in reserve," what would you say to me?

You're crazy.

Exactly. You'd say that armed struggle doesn't work anymore, that we'd never be able to win, etc. It's not a logical thing to do. But there are things you can't understand until they happen (he laughs).³

The outcome of a revolution cannot be predicted or charted because revolution requires the destruction of the very basis of predictions and charts: revolution requires the destruction of the spectacle. And it is only within the spectacle that the weary drama of the status quo becomes real. Any strike against a spectacle, armed or otherwise, is a strike against reality as it is experienced by our masters.

In revolution we discover that the world we have only been dreaming about is as real as the moment we wake from the collective nightmare we have been having about ourselves. The Million Man March was, perhaps, the first subversive wave of a movement as yet unnamed.

Come, then, comrades; it would be as well to decide at once to change our ways. We must shake off the heavy darkness into which we were plunged, and leave it behind.⁴

The March was an expression of this need to change everything all at once.

The Million Man March was a General Strike against the race-pleasure system. For one day, there was a refusal to cooperate in the production of the Spectacle. For one day, the distribution of race-pleasure was halted. For one day, the native bearers put down their burdens. For one day, the curtain was drawn on the performance upon which the libidinal-economy of the colorline depends. For one day, the native bearers formed One Big Union. For one day, the society of the spectacle stood still. That one day may lead to others.

OUR BODIES, OURSELVES

Today every one of us knows that criminality is not the consequence of the hereditary character of the Algerian, nor of the organization of his nervous system. The Algerian war, like all wars of national liberation, brings to the fore the true protagonists. In the colonial context, as we have already pointed out, the natives fight among themselves. They tend to use each other as a screen, and each hides from his neighbor the national enemy.

—Frantz Fanon⁵

Conversion is most valuable if it throws a revealing light not only across our own past, but across the social life of which we are part, and makes our repentance a vicarious sorrow for all. The prophets felt so about the sins of their nation. Jesus felt so about Jerusalem and Paul about unbelieving Israel.

—Walter Rauschenbusch⁶

Sunday afternoon, October, 15, 1995, found me blinded by the double-light of the cathode-ray tube of my television and the pixel screen of my laptop computer. It seemed that every time I looked up from my computer, there on the TV screen was another black person denouncing the Million Man March. When Congressman Gary Franks of Connecticut, a black Republican, appeared on the television to denounce the March, the scales fell from my eyes, and in the next moment I was on the next train to Washington, D.C.

I had initially mocked the Million Man March and Day of Atonement. I did not want to attend a men's-only march, and I did not want to atone for anything. I had enthusiastically attended the March for Women's Equality and Women's Lives on April 9, 1989, but this did not seem to promise the same happy experience. I am glad that I changed my mind. The event may have been a new moment in the history of the body.

The gender-segregation policy was part of the performative nature of the Million Man March. The black body is a "phobogenic object, a stimulus to anxiety."⁷ The black body's availability for the amusement park thrill is at the core of the race-pleasure experience of American life. The black woman, like the black man, is a phobogenic object with its own history of objectification. Black men and women together would have been transgressive in a way that would not have constituted an antispectacle. Women and men together would have made the march a family affair. A black family march would have been another civil rights protest, not an antispectacle.

The antispectacle of a million black men was shocking. We shocked ourselves by appearing in such miraculous numbers, producing the largest march in the history of this nation. We shocked ourselves by not frightening each other. The race-pleasure economy of colorline depends upon the idea that black men can exist only in shackles or in riots. We were neither shackled nor rioting. We were, thus, no longer providing the spectacle of the black body.

The "Day of Atonement" theme gave the Million Man March a feminist edge:

[W]e dare to atone . . . for not resisting as much as we can sexist ideas and practices in society and in our own relations and failing to uphold the principles of equal rights, partnership and responsibility of men and women in life, love and struggle.⁸

This feminist edge came from the recognition that black men, not black women, have served as the primary agents of white power in the Neocolony. Black men, not black women, have most enthusiastically embraced "domestic" antiwoman violence, public fratricidal ultraviolence, sexuality-without-caring, reproduction-without-parenting, illiteracy, narcotics, and habitual unemployment. Black men have played the role and enjoyed it—we have been the primary conduits by which white power has entered the black community. In the words of the Mission Statement, "some of the most acute problems facing the Black community are those posed by Black males who have not stood up."⁹ The Day of Atonement was an attempt, by over one million black men, to recognize our complicity in the creation and maintenance of the colorline.¹⁰ It would have been a mistake to attempt a gender-integrated March *before* the men had acknowledged the sin of patriarchy. Perhaps, just perhaps, now that sexism in the Neocolony has been so publically decried, we will begin to listen to those who would lead us out of patriarchy.

The Day of Atonement was a conversion experience. It marked the beginning, perhaps, of a new social gospel: "Conversion has usually been conceived as a break with our own sinful past. But in many cases it is also a break with the sinful past of a social group."¹¹ This new gospel recognizes that the wife-beater and other practitioners of intimate terrorism,¹² the "gangsta," the "player," the "deadbeat dad," the high-school dropout, the addict, the pusher, and the willfully unemployed are all forms of pleasure-in-submission to white fantasies by embracing the black role. The Mission Statement makes this point clear:

6. . . . we dare to atone:
 - a. for all our offenses, intentional and unintentional, against the Creator, others and the creation, especially those offenses caused by accepting the worst and the weakest conceptions of ourselves;
 - b. for not always following the best teachings of our spiritual and ethical traditions of Islam, Christianity, Judaism (Hebrewism), Maat, Yoruba, Akan, Kawaida and all others; and sacrificing and ignoring the spiritual and ethical in pursuit of material things;
 - c. for over-focusing on the personal at the expense of the collective needs of our families and our people;

- d. for collaborating in our own oppression by embracing ideas, institutions and practices which deny our human dignity, limit our freedom and dim or disguise the spark of divinity in all of us;
 - e. for failing to contribute in a sustained and meaningful way to the struggle of our people for freedom and justice, and to the building of the moral community in which we all want to live;
7. And thus we commit and recommit ourselves on this day and afterwards to constantly strive to be better persons, live fuller and more meaningful lives, build strong, loving and egalitarian families, and struggle to make our community and world a better place in which to live.¹³

Adolph Reed, a critic of the Million Man March, writes that "this was the first protest in history in which people gathered to protest themselves."¹⁴ Reed, through sarcasm, misses the point. Minstrelization and criminalization are realities. The colorline *does* transform bodies into fantasies. People do become that which their oppressors would like them to be. Atonement for one's complicity in the creation of an abject object-self does not mean that one is "shifting the discussion away from public policy to victim-blaming underclass ideology."¹⁵ Reed confuses de-Minstrelization and de-Criminalization with blaming the victim.

Each of these identities, no less than United States Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas and Bigger Thomas, Willie Horton, and Gunga Din, or any other "responsible" or "irresponsible" member of the subaltern community, is a mask that, to use Claude Mackay's words, "grins and lies." Every nonrevolutionary identity formation is a form of self-willed enslavement to the race-pleasure system. The race-pleasure economy of neocolonial order depends upon the cooperation of the native bearers.

I was reminded of a day in Washington, D.C., perhaps in 1991, when I was still working as an Assistant United States Attorney. On that white winter day I had a surreal moment on the Metro. I was the only man among about forty people on the car until a slightly wobbly twenty-something Rastafarian got on board. He surveyed the bus filled with women and said, "Where are all the men?" He answered his own question, "Everybody's in jail."

The Rastafarian then began a short sermon: "Babylon is right here, right now. Pharoah is right here, right now." All of the women on the train nodded or spoke, "That's right," in assent. The Rastafarian had revealed the way in which the colorline had invaded all of our lives. The "crimefighters" at the United States Attorneys Office, myself included, were colonizers. Our work, as colonial agents, was to manufacture recidivism and implant it in black, latino, and poor white bodies. We cloaked the dirty pleasures of this task in the rhetoric of crimefighting. When pressed, of course, we drugwarriors admitted the hallucinogenic nature of our war. That is, we admitted that our tactics increased the very problem we were ostensibly combating. We were the midwives of spectacle in drugwarrior drag. And the spectacle, the object of our midwifery, reproduced itself in the hearts and minds of all its observers. Happily, the Million Man March was an open event with room even for me.

The Million Man March was an ecumenical event that showed startling, new possibilities for coalition building. The morning began with a Muslim prayer call in Arabic. I, like at least one million other marchers on the Mall that day, am neither Muslim nor Arabic, but, as a so-called black man, the foreign makes me feel at home. The unfamiliar is welcoming when, in the words of Gil Scott Heron, "home is where the hatred is."

No one was carrying an American flag. I saw dozens of banners that day—Jamaican, Guyanese, African, Pan-African, Black Nationalist, and the red, gold, and green of the Rastafari—everything but the red, white, and blue of the U.S.A. The Mission Statement also expressed this turning away from symbols of oppression like the flag of the United States of America and a subversion of symbols of oppression like the Mall:

Finally, we call on the government and the country to recognize and respond positively to the fact that U.S. society is not a finished white product but an unfinished and ongoing multicultural project and that each people has both the right and responsibility to speak their own special cultural truth and to make their own unique contribution to how this society is reconceived and reconstructed.¹⁶

The spirit of disloyalty and pleasure-in-exile were unequivocal.

We were united by the absence of our masters. I flashed back to the Middle Ages of my imagination, and it seemed as though the Christian infidels had fled and we ruled Jerusalem, for a day. Standing there in that temporary autonomous zone, I experienced Washington, D.C., as a free person, for the first time.¹⁷ We all did. "Nobody wanted to let go of what we'd had there. What we'd had was a fleeting wonderful moment of what you might call 'community.'"¹⁸ Deconstruction was the basis of that "fleeting wonderful moment" of community:

There is doubtless this irrepressible desire for "community" to form, Derrida says . . . "but also to know its limit—and for its limit to be its opening." There is an "irrepressible desire" for people of common purpose to join hands, for women and men who have "dedicated," which means "given," themselves to an end or purpose, to come together, *convenire*. One might even dream of a community of dreamers who come together to dream of what is to come. Responding to this irrepressible desire, we might say that a "community" in deconstruction would always have to be what he calls "another community," "an *open* quasi-community," which is of course always a "community to come" and a "community without community." A community for Derrida ought always to be marked precisely and paradoxically by an exposure to a "*tout autre* [that] escapes or resists the community," something that "appeals for another community."¹⁹

Each moment in the antispectacular society is defined by its anticipation of the next moment, the moment that resists *this* turn of the kalaidoscope in favor of the next. The Day of Atonement was an anticipation of a community to come and a deconstruction of the community that gathered on the Mall. At the cusp of the twenty-first century, no less than in the midst of the nineteenth, "To have its sins forgiven mankind has only to declare them to be what they really are."²⁰

The most amazing moment came when the organizers of the March announced their intent to gather a collection to defray expenses. It began inauspiciously with a depressingly mainstream request to wave one dollar in the air. The millions of dollars were meant to show us a sign of what is possible if we abandon the philosophy of possessive individualism. This was mildly interesting. The March

organizers then began to collect donations. The harvest was plentiful, but the gatherers were few. What happened next was nothing short of miraculous. In a spontaneous display of love, trust, and solidarity, people began passing fistfuls of dollars, from friend to friend and stranger to stranger, in the direction of the collection bags and buckets, each to each with total assurance.

The loudest cheers of the day came when Jesse Jackson announced that "Newt Gingrich and Clarence Thomas organized the March." Jackson had also warned of the latest mutation of the prison-industrial complex, privatization. The open secret of the criminal justice system's manufacture of criminality was contested. The same investors who were loath to leave Apartheid South Africa are now turning to invest in the incarceration of American blacks.

Finally, what escaped the notice of many was the role of the Nation of Islam in organizing this momentous event. The black community is a largely Christian community. It is also an open community, and so it was that hundreds of Christians found themselves at the March without any spirit of contradiction. The Nation of Islam is widely recognized for its salvation of many thousands gone. A church composed of "catchers in the rye," it has fashioned a theology of rescue, the rescue of the "many thousands gone" the way of drug abuse, violence, and criminality. It performs this rescue, it is true, out of an essentialist vision of race, gender, and sexuality, but it performs nevertheless. Perhaps, despite itself, it has rescued the black body from its identity as the *black* body.

The Million Man March and Day of Atonement was a mass experience of the black body recognizing itself as a fetish object. The fetish object that recognizes itself as a fetish is no longer object but subject. Our ecstatic embrace of pathological narratives has shown us our own power over ourselves. Our pleasure in the theatrical labor of race-pleasure provision through the erasure of millenia of social scripting has set us free. As a result of this "work done at the limit of ourselves," we are in "the position of beginning again." Jean Genet uses the expression "*entre chien et loup* (literally, between dog and wolf, that is dusk, when the two can't be distinguished)" to describe:

The hour in which—and it's a space rather than a time—every being becomes his own shadow, and thus something other than himself.

The hour of metamorphoses, when people half hope, half fear that a dog will become a wolf. The hour comes down to us from the Middle Ages, when country people believed that transformation might happen at any moment.²¹

Genet uses this expression in *Prisoner of Love*, his chronicle of his times spent with the Black Panthers and the Palestinian Liberation Organization, to portray the space in which the Fedayeen and the Panthers lived their entire lives. I use this expression, "between a dog and a wolf," to portray the present situation of the black body in America. The Million Man March created a new space in which the black body could become something other than itself. As objects, we were limited to the script written by our oppressors. As subjects, we can create a new history. We can refuse to be what we are. Nothing is forbidden, and everything is possible.

It does not matter that the Million Man March and Day of Atonement lacked a specific program. There are too many programs:

[T]he formation of oneself as a thinker and a moral agent, which develops only through historical struggles, must be understood as the creation of a work of art rather than the execution of a program. The energy of that work of art is an ecstasy, a transcendence of man and self.²²

The art of identity formation cannot be reduced to a program:

It should be re-affirmed that the creation of a counterculture, in itself a haphazard, chancy and unpredictable affair, has profound political implications. For while the Establishment, with its flair for survival, can ultimately absorb *policies*, no matter how radical or anarchistic, . . . how long can it withstand the impact of an alien culture?—a culture that is destined to create a new kind of man?²³

The situation created on the Mall made possible the emergence of a desire "so new that it is but an intuition in the collective heart."²⁴ It was a complicated subversion of the spectacle of the native bearer. An impossible object entered the videodrome, the antispectacle of the Neocolony not turned against itself. The colorline cannot exist without its willfully degraded subalterns. The subaltern identity, the black

body, may no longer exist. A new identity seems to be taking shape around desires the colorline cannot satisfy. The black body has unmoored itself from both the negative constraints of biopower and the positive constraints of pleasure-in-submission, and no one knows what the painting of tomorrow will look like.²⁵

NOTES

1. Anonymous tract that appeared in *Internationale Situationniste*, No. 7, 1963, as "The Bad Old Days Will End," in *The Incomplete Work of the Situationist International*, translated and edited by Christopher Gray (Paris: Free Fall Publications, 1974), 41.

2. James Baldwin, "An Open Letter to My Sister, Angela Y. Davis," in Angela Y. Davis and Other Political Prisoners, eds., *If They Come in the Morning: Voices of Resistance* (New York: Third Press, 1971), 19.

3. Medea Benjamin, "Interview: Subcommandante Marcos," in Elaine Katzenberger, ed., *First World, Ha Ha Ha!: The Zapatista Challenge* (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1995), 68.

4. Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, translated by Constance Farrington (New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1963), 311.

5. *Ibid.*, 309.

6. Walter Rauschbusch, *A Theology for the Social Gospel* (New York: Macmillan, 1918), 99.

7. Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, trans. Charles Lam Markmann (New York: Grove, 1967), 151.

8. National Million Man March/Day of Absence Organizing Committee, *The Million Man March/Day of Absence*, Official Document (Los Angeles: University of Sankore Press, 1995), 5-7.

9. Manifesto of the Million Man March on Washington (1995), 2.

10. This did not, however, mean that the March absolved the government of its role in the production of black unhappiness. The Mission Statement, in a section entitled, "The Challenge to the Government," was unequivocal:

We call on the government to also atone for its role in criminalizing a whole people . . . for spending more money on imprisonment than education, and on weapons of war than social development; for dismantling regulations that restrained corporations in their degradation of the environment and failing to check a deadly environmental racism that encourages placement of toxic waste in communities of

color. And of course, we call for a halt to all of this. (Mission Statement, 11)

11. Walter Rauschenbusch, *supra* note 18, at 99.

12. For a discussion of "intimate terrorism," see Michael Vincent Miller, *Intimate Terrorism: The Deterioration of Erotic Life* (New York: Norton, 1995), 28–29. Miller argues that love and power are so intertwined today that we have created a culture of abuse. In our culture of abuse, love has become a site of political struggle. We do not struggle to change the mind or heart of our partner; rather, we struggle for the upper hand. When love fails, as it often does when it is conceived of as a scene of battle, we continue to fight with and demoralize one another (168–71, 183–85, 213). The Million Man March and Day of Atonement was, in a sense, a recognition of the deterioration of erotic life.

13. Mission Statement, points 6a–e, 7.

14. Adolph Reed, "Triumph of the Tuskegee Will," *Village Voice*, Oct. 31, 1995, 31. Reed warns:

Farrakhan is a fascist, and he would be if there were no white people on the planet. His vision for black Americans is authoritarian, theocratic, homophobic, and, like nationalists everywhere, saturated in patriarchal ideology.

Reed's warning is well taken. Those who fight fascism must be careful lest they become that which they fight. However, Reed fails to realize that the Million Man March was not a Farrakhan Inaugural; rather, it was a celebration of hidden possibilities unveiled by the new ambience of the Mall.

15. Adolph Reed, "Triumph of the Tuskegee Will," 31.

16. Mission Statement, 13.

17. Hakim Bey, *T.A.Z. The Temporary Autonomous Zone, Ontological Anarchy, Poetic Terrorism* (Brooklyn, N.Y.: Autonomedia, Anti-copyright, 1985).

18. Those words, uttered by an anonymous white nineteen-year-old and quoted in a *New Yorker* magazine account of Woodstock, describe completely my feelings and those of the million men who attended the march. Quoted in "A Fleeting, Wonderful Moment of Community," in Alexander Bloom and Wini Breines, eds., *Takin' It to the Streets: A Sixties Reader* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1995), 611.

19. John D. Caputo, "Community without Community," in John D. Caputo, ed., *Deconstruction in a Nutshell: A Conversation with Jacques Derrida* (New York: Fordham University Press, 1997), 124.

20. Karl Marx, "For a Ruthless Criticism of Everything Existing," in Robert C. Tucker, ed., *The Marx-Engels Reader* (New York: Norton, 1978), 15.

21. Jean Genet, *Prisoner of Love* (Hanover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press, 1992), 220.

22. James W. Bernauer, "Michel Foucault's Ecstatic Thinking," in James W. Bernauer and David Rasmussen, eds., *The Final Foucault* (Cambridge, Mass.: MIT Press, 1988), 71.

23. Richard Neville, "Play Power," quoted in Stewart Home, *The Assault on Culture: Utopian Currents From Lettrisme to Class War* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1970), title page.

24. Subcomandante Marcos, "Chiapas: The Southeast in Two Winds, A Storm, and A Prophecy," in *Shadows of Tender Fury: The Letters and Communiqués of Subcomandante Marcos and the Zapatista Army of National Liberation*, trans. Frank Bardacke and Leslie Lopez (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1995), 47.

25. Jean-Paul Sartre, "Existentialism," in *Existentialism and Human Emotions* (New York: Wisdom Library, 1957).