



# Loving with bell, Leaping with Fanon, and Landing Nowhere

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# Loving with bell, Leaping with Fanon, and Landing Nowhere

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In the intimate and informal quarters of her home, bell taught me to enact revolution as the everyday, vernacular, spiritual praxis of self-love. bell insisted that we cannot receive love from others or lovingly set the world on fire before we learn to love ourselves. At the time, I had no spiritual practice or self-love. Instead, I had rage, anger, and pain. Invoking the lessons of her own spiritual teacher, Thich Nhat Hanh, bell instructed me to take “the ugliness and the mess of my rage” and “use it as compost for [my] garden.”<sup>1</sup>

In the days and nights since her transition, I have sat with bell’s lesson, not least of all, in my work as director of the bell hooks center at Berea College and as chair of its Women’s, Gender, and Sexuality Studies department; where I facilitate feminist study not as the white liberal pluralism whereby we add color and mix—a feminism which cannot account for the embodied and psychic pain that bell fearlessly interrogated—but as a spiritual praxis of self-love that grapples with lived experiences of dispossession and pain, including the psychic assaults of “imperialist white supremacist capitalist [cis-hetero-]patriarchy,”<sup>2</sup> productive of an unconscious that is sociogenically designed, as David Marriot writes, to “hate you.”<sup>3</sup>

bell haunts me still, reminding me to go where the love is, provoking me to use love as the ethical demand for an Otherwise in which *all* life matters, where we creatively repurpose the ‘sunken places’<sup>4</sup> of our psychic assaults to “leap,”<sup>5</sup> as Frantz Fanon instructs, towards other possibilities of living; in ways that enact what feminist theorist Karen Barad describes as “responsibility,”<sup>6</sup> in other words, mutual care. Reading bell’s work through Fanon’s psychoanalytic treatise *Black Skin, White Masks*, as well as selections from *Wretched of the Earth*, I elaborate the relationship between the intersectional, structural violence that bell named and her later, more popular work on love. I bemoan that her attention to love has been depoliticized by intellectuals and

institutions alike to obscure and discredit (and defang) her more dissident interventions. Instead, I dwell on what bell taught me: that love is a verb, an action, an intention, a possibility, a choice, a community, an accountability – to ourselves, to each other, and to the earth that sustains us. Love is active; self-love, especially, *activates* us to leap towards what Fred Moten describes as the “elsewhere and elsewhere”<sup>7</sup> of our freedom dreams: a location that we do not know and which we cannot name, though we want and feel and reach for it anyways.

I am still learning how to cultivate my garden of possibility without resorting to what Audre Lorde warns are “old blueprints of expectation and response,”<sup>8</sup> which I know can only ever engender what Sylvia Wynter characterizes as “the performative enactment of our ensemble of always already role-allocated individual and collective behaviors.”<sup>9</sup> And so, in this essay, I ask the difficult question: how can we enact self-love as the spiritual praxis of liberation in a world that teaches us – especially those of us who are women, femme, and gender non-conforming persons of color – to hate our raced, sexed, and gendered flesh; to hate other persons who are made flesh; and to hate the natural world (i.e., the ‘bush’) that we dangerously approximate?

More to the point: how can we lovingly set the world – not the earth, but *the world* – on fire (i.e., to create different possibilities for living) before we address the cognitive dissonance that goads us to act against our own self-interest, at the behest of imperialist white supremacist capitalist cis-hetero-patriarchy; specifically, its claims to positivism and progress, which, despite promising to deliver us from a state of nature, can only ever exclude us from Man’s timeline.

bell teaches us that love is what makes it possible for life that does not matter – for life that does not have access to the timeline of Man (or to any timeline) – to matter. She writes, “No matter our place in imperialist, white supremacist, capitalist patriarchal culture, when we do the work of love, we are doing the work of ending domination.”<sup>10</sup> bell calls on us to abandon our (bad) faith in Man’s positivism and progress in favor of another kind of faith: “spiritual awakening.”<sup>11</sup> In what follows, I pair bell’s insight with Fanon’s argument that “occult instability”<sup>12</sup> is what yields revolution, in order to elaborate love in bell’s own words: as “reckless abandon,”<sup>13</sup> as a “spiritual awakening”<sup>14</sup> that asks us to give up on this world in search of an/Other, even (especially) if we do not (yet) know where or how or if we will arrive at that landing.

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When I arrived at her doorstep in Fall 2019 with a bouquet of flowers that I could not afford, bell told me that she didn’t like flowers (she did) and then

continued to say, with nod and a wink and a smile, that she was originally against my hire at Berea College. When I asked why, she remarked that she could not imagine a woman of Iranian descent finding home in Berea.

From then on, I was her Iranian. At other times, she called me a “prophet of doom,” someone who thought too critically at the expense of my joy. Forsaking love. I think she saw in my quarrel with institutional inequity some of herself and what the academy took from her. And it did take from her. bell recounted that, when she fell ill, it felt as though a balloon had popped and deflated. She attributed this to the unsustainable rate at which she wrote and taught. She was concerned that I was doing the same.

I was fortunate to sit with bell almost daily. Already a mentor and elder, she became my confidant and friend. bell didn’t talk theory with me; she gossiped – though I would soon learn that the two are one in the same. Sitting across from the sofa where she devoured mystery novels and inhaled Juicy Fruit gum, we schemed together about how to curate beloved feminist community in Berea. She bemoaned the absence of feminism in today’s culture and would dream with me about advancing antiracist feminism through a new Women’s, Gender, and Sexuality Studies curriculum that foregrounds women of color, indigenous, queer, and “crip” perspectives; and through establishing a center in her name, where students are supported as social justice leaders who agitate, as bell did, for a different, more inclusive future.

We ate Indian food and McDonalds cheeseburger together and laughed, and laughed, and laughed. We sifted through boxes of magazines, scouring them for positive images of black, brown, and queer women, and window shopped on Etsy for Turkish rugs. Giggling with bell in the living room, kitchen, and hallways of her home, as she spilled the tea, disabused me of my pessimism.

On the voicemail recording that bell took with her from home to home in Berea, she recites the refrain, “All awakening to love is spiritual awakening,” penned in *All About Love: New Visions*<sup>15</sup> and coincidentally inspired by the writings of Iranian poet Rumi. She called on those of us who called on her to enact love as a spiritual praxis that “connects and liberates us,” strengthening “our collective willingness to be bold in telling the truth and hearing the truth.”<sup>16</sup>

bell learned to enact love as a verb, as radical truth-telling, from “the hillbilly country folk who were [her] ancestors and kin” in “the Kentucky backwoods”<sup>17</sup>—in her black rural community’s informal, ordinary, and vernacular ways of care. bell’s gossip, then, *was* her truth-telling, a homegrown way to curate honest, intentional, and yes, beloved community. bell never hesitated to tell you what’s what.

I was not spared her critique, nor was anyone else. When I could not find the strength to leave an abusive relationship, bell called me a bad feminist, and she meant it. She told me (and anyone who would listen) that I love too much and too hard, and that I should never have partnered with a white man who was using me to find a way out of his whiteness. bell's truth-telling required that I also be bold in "hearing the truth," and in letting others hear it, too. She wasn't (just) airing my dirty laundry; her hard truths held a mirror up to what I didn't want to see but needed to know if I was to, as Toni Cade Bambara implores, get my "house" "in order."<sup>18</sup>

Our everyday goings-on, including the ways in which we call each other out and in, can be willful acts of giving and receiving love; but we need to attend to our own house before we can burn down the Master's, if we are to enact love as revolution and not rehabilitation, as a changing not of the guards but of the structure, including our structures of feeling.

Loving too much and too hard wasn't my problem; far from it. Rather, bell was concerned that selfless love had made me an implement of white futurity. bell's lessons, on the page and in person, were lessons in self-love, in how we get free from profound pain. She writes,

I came to theory because I was hurting—the pain within me was so intense that I could not go on living. I came to theory desperate, wanting to comprehend—to grasp what was happening around and within me. Most importantly, I wanted to make the hurt go away. I saw in theory then a location for healing.<sup>19</sup>

Elsewhere, she elaborates, "Only love can give us the strength to go forward in the midst of heartbreak and misery."<sup>20</sup>

If bell's gossip was her theory, it was also a location for my healing. Her revolutionary "m/Othering," her "nurturing work" and "survival dance" as a "chosen and accidental mentor," provided "spaces of self-love"<sup>21</sup> that helped me to cultivate a patch of green (i.e., where I could lay down my heavy head and bruised heart) in beloved community with those persons who bell trusted to hold my pain with the loving kindness that I needed to heal—to love—myself.

Getting free and "[going] forward in the midst of heartbreak and misery" need not be concomitant, however. Healing from the psychic as well as discursive-material violence of imperialist white supremacist capitalist cis-hetero-patriarchy requires love not as a linear or teleological process. What bell's vernacular lessons teach us is that "going forward" is not a process; its "progress" does not progress. Love cannot arrive at a location of healing on Man's timeline. Pairing bell's love ethic with Fanon's call for "occult"<sup>22</sup> revolution, I argue that what bell describes as a march onwards is really a march to nowhere, to somewhere uncharted, and in being so, is the path to personal and (as) political freedom.

I needed to get my house in order. bell helped me with that. I remember and miss her irreverent gossip, her trademark side-eye, the smooth and deliberate movements of her hands as spun theory from practice, the long pauses before her truth-telling, the ways in which she held and loved us still, even when we could not love ourselves, so that we might love ourselves.

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I am not a prisoner of history. I should not seek there for the meaning of my destiny. I should constantly remind myself that the real *leap* consists in introducing invention into existence. In the world through which I travel, I am endlessly creating myself.

Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*<sup>23</sup>

We must join [the people] in that fluctuating movement which they are just giving a shape to, and which, as soon as it has started, will be the signal for everything to be called in question. Let there be no mistake about it; it is to this zone of occult instability where the people dwell that we must come.

Frantz Fanon, *Wretched of the Earth*<sup>24</sup>

As a feminist agitator, I did not want love. I was, as bell scolded me, “strident.” What I wanted was to set the world on fire so that something new could grow from its ashes, in its “wake.”<sup>25</sup> What I wanted was the madness of freedom – what Jared Sexton describes as “a mad freedom [...] where there is none.”<sup>26</sup> What I wanted was the new beginning that Frantz Fanon writes about in *Wretched of the Earth*, an “invention”<sup>27</sup> galvanized by the stridency of those who demand it. In Fanon’s own words:

We were running like madmen; shots rang out . . . We were striking. Blood and sweat cooled and refreshed us. We were striking where the shouts came from, and the shouts became more strident and a great clamor rose from the east: it was the outhouses burning and the flames flickered sweetly on our cheeks.

Then was the assault made on the master’s house. They were firing from the windows. We broke in the doors. The master’s room was wide open. The master’s room was brilliantly lighted, and the master was there, very calm . . . and our people stopped dead ... it was the master.

... I went in. "It's you," he said, very calm. It was I, even I, and I told him so, *the good slave, the faithful slave, the slave of slaves*, and suddenly his eyes were like two cockroaches, frightened in the rainy season.

...I struck, and the blood spurted; that is the only baptism that I remember today.<sup>28</sup>

bell taught me that love—a strident, urgent, anarchic love “assembled in a riotous manner,”<sup>29</sup> a love that loves too much and too hard, but in the interest of self-actualization—is what will strike the match that burns down the Master’s house. Love as rage “is profoundly political,” bell writes. “Our deepest revolution will come when we understand this truth.”<sup>30</sup>

Mad freedom requires mad love. It is love without direction, love that is out of control, love without recourse to rationality and reason, that baptizes us, the “wretched of the earth,” as gardeners and guardians of that earth, tasked with using our “blood and sweat” to fertilize freedom “where there is none”—for ourselves and for other Others, in ways that provoke apocalyptic, epistemological catastrophe for Man, promising not white futurity, but futurity for the earth (and for us). Only love can cultivate this garden of possibility. The tried to bury us, the saying goes, not knowing that we are seeds. We bear (strange) fruit not in the promised land “that the world lives in,”<sup>31</sup> but in an Eden of our own making.

The question for all of us, in the hour of bell’s passing, is how to grow that Eden, how to plant our seeds such that—as Queer Black Troublemaker and Feminist Love Evangelist Alexis Pauline Gumbs writes—its fruit “sprouts out of the wet places in our eyes, the broken places in our skin, the waiting places in our palms, the trembling holding in our mouths...something that grows...with sustainable, transformative *love*.”<sup>32</sup> How can we activate self-love, living into the ugliness of our differences, using those differences to mature our garden, in an Eden where we are coeval with nature, when all that we know is the humanist hegemony that goads us differentiate ourselves from that ‘bush,’ from its ‘heart of darkness,’<sup>33</sup> which lives in us, too?

For bell, the transformative self-love that will grow our garden requires “spiritual awakening,” in other words, faith in what we do not know and what we cannot name; as well as “reckless abandon,” which is necessary to take that “leap” of faith. While unproductive by worldly standards—this “leap” cannot take us to a location on Man’s map—love as a spiritual praxis of reckless abandon engenders, as bell notes in her 2014 commencement address to Berea College students, an alternative cartography, “a map that can take you *wherever you want to go*,” including to the unknown and unknowable locations of our “mad” freedom dreams.

The beauty of bell’s map is that it cannot read the territory—or rather, that there is no territory for it (yet) to read. It proffers no semblance of what justice as a destination looks like. Hers is a call to movement—to what Fanon

describes as “occult instability”—and not arrival into new norms and “-isms”<sup>34</sup> that only serve to divide and conquer us. Trans theorist Susan Stryker describes gender beyond a binary similarly: as movement *away* from an unchosen starting point, rather than as arrival into new gender categories.<sup>35</sup>

It is a scary thing to put one foot in front of the other, to stumble in the dark, when one does not know what they are looking for or how to get there. It is an even scarier thing, as a people of color, to discard with the trappings of whiteness, to reject white recognition and inclusion in a world that was never meant to accommodate us, in which we were “never meant to survive.”<sup>36</sup>

bell's revolution of “reckless abandonment” does not await its verb or destination. Instead, it uses love to activate justice improvisationally, without coordinates, instructions, or notes, in ways that are untraceable, which cannot be known but which can only be felt—“perceived yet not recognized.”<sup>37</sup> Drawing on Karl Marx, Fanon describes this justice as a “poetry from the future” that we can dream about but which “exceeds expression,”<sup>38</sup> because its form (i.e., what revolution as “reckless abandon” and “occult instability” look like) cannot be reconciled by our current common senses, in other words, by our “old blueprints of expectation and response.”

How do we get to the fugitive and furtive Otherwise that bell and Fanon want? How do we search for the “elsewhere and elsewhere” of our freedom dreams if we do not know what this possibility for Otherwise living looks like—if we cannot name it? How do we begin to recalibrate our common senses to generate and sustain Other conditions of possibility, born from the ashes of this world, composed instead of beloved community, if the map has no territory?

If the black feminist liberation that bell calls for (and which, the Combahee River Collective reminds us, makes possible everyone else's liberation, too<sup>39</sup>) does not live, as Sexton writes, “in the world that the world lives in, but is lived underground,”<sup>40</sup> in a location outside of the white structures that totalize and hail us, then love as a spiritual praxis can “guide us,”<sup>41</sup> providing us with a map to the Otherwise location that our flesh feels, but which our minds cannot conceive.

The question for Fanon—and bell—is how to enact the “leap” that will take us somewhere unchartable, that is to say, to a spiritual location. How do we read this map to nowhere with the knowledge that we do not (yet) know how it will materialize or where we are going; when not just the world, but our own psyches, traumatized by the white gaze, “hate us”?

bell tells us that “we learn about love in childhood.”<sup>42</sup> It is also in childhood that we learn to absent love from our self-relations, when we learn to hate the flesh of our bodies, when we detach our spiritual from our corporeal selves, even as our bodies keep the score. Fanon helps us to better understand the love ethic bell that describes as a relationship to the self. He



observed that the stories that all children, including children of color, use to activate themselves are “written by white men for white children.” And so,

the Wolf, the Devil, the Evil Spirit, the Bad Man, the Savage are always symbolized by Negroes or Indians; since there is always identification with the victor, the little Negro, quite as easily as the little white boy, becomes an explorer, an adventurer, a missionary “who faces the danger of being eaten by the wicked Negroes.”<sup>43</sup>

Which is to say, the child of color, raised on moral fables that valorize and validate whiteness, becomes the passing-white adult of color who concedes to white liberal pluralism as salvation. It is for this reason that we cling to the imperialist white supremacist capitalist cis-hetero-patriarchal world that contains and confines us, but which cannot hold our pain or possibility.

bell wanted nothing more in her later life than to continue writing children’s books, to teach black children especially that they should be “Happy to be Nappy” (1999) in a world structured by chronopolitical<sup>44</sup> “-isms” that typify whiteness as the location of beauty and virtue, and blackness as the homeless foil—the ‘boogeyman’—to the goodness of whiteness.

We are taught as children that to be the protagonists of our own stories we must enact positivism and progress, which have always been white. As Richard Spencer exclaimed at the National Policy Institute’s November 2016 conference, it is white persons and white persons only who are “strivers, crusaders, and explorers.” They are the ones who “build, produce, and go upward.”<sup>45</sup> The fact that we, the racialized, wretched of the earth, cannot “go upwards” to do the “crusading” and “exploring” that is exemplified by the white protagonists of our childhood dramas, suggests that we must “leap” with “reckless abandon,” without pause, enacting “occult instability,” if we are to actualize our own possibilities, intervening in and discarding with the timeline of Man, which relegates us and other Others to a time before (human) time, therefore justifying the extraction of our flesh as well as the earth’s.

It is Man’s space-time continuum, productive of racial modernity, of the Enlightenment lie that cisgender white men characterized by masculinism and mastery sit at the apex of human civilization, including its cartographies of being and doing and knowing, that we cannot navigate, that was not made for us, but rather, which locates us as the “zero degree” of Man’s “social conceptualization,”<sup>46</sup> serving to codify our vulnerability rather than allow our freedom.

Nor does our own map promise arrival. As David Turnbull notes, “It is not enough just to have a map. We need a cognitive schema as well as practical mastery of way-finding, to be able to generate an indexical image of the territory.”<sup>47</sup> Ours, instead, is a map to nowhere. We have no access to “mastery.” Our “way-finding” protocols have been sociogenically colonized to obscure the path, any path, forward. Dionne Brand explains,

One is not in control in dreams; dreams take place, the dreamer is captive, even though it is the dreamer who is dreaming. Captured in one's own body, in one's own thoughts, to be out of possession of one's mind; our cognitive schema is captivity.<sup>48</sup>

When we "leap" towards our freedom dreams, we chart new flights of departure without the means with which to enact and submit to a new timeline whereby we arrive at a destination, whereby, as Marriott describes, we produce new "norms, protocols, and regulations."<sup>49</sup> We must stay suspended, Fanon instructs, in the leap. It is that "occult instability," typified by "reckless abandon," that engenders the fervent possibilities of Otherwise living, which cultivates a garden "out of the wet places in our eyes, the broken places in our skin, the waiting places in our palms, the trembling holding in our mouths," using love to grow "a mad freedom where there is none."

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This essay has asked how we might we live outside of the white gaze that we have internalized, which forecloses the celebration of our differences, which proscribes self-love, and therefore, revolution. Fanon gives us some way to make sense of the leap of faith that bell wants us to take in order to enact self-love as the revolutionary, spiritual praxis of "reckless abandon." In *Black Skin, White Masks*, he instructs us to "leap" towards an unknown and unknowable place where we make our own lives matter – and other life, too, including non-human life, like earth-matter. As bell notes, "When we love the earth" – again, not the world, but the earth – "we are able to love ourselves more fully. I believe this. The ancestors taught me it was so."<sup>50</sup>

bell is with the ancestors now, teaching us still that our survivance is conjoined with the earth's, that when life that does not matter matters first, then all structures of oppression collapse. Her lesson that love is the way and that justice is the destination exemplifies Fanon's invitation to "leap" towards alternative worlds of our own making. It is bell's spiritual praxis that is the map to the territory that we do not yet know and which we cannot anticipate but which we hope and dream and work towards anyway.

The bell I knew wasn't just a critic; she was a lover. The two, for her, were mutually inclusive. She was also a dreamer, helping us to imagine what exists just beyond the horizon of our "unending" and "uninterrupted"<sup>51</sup> oppression. She invoked love to intervene in the ways of the world without reproducing its hierarchical and teleological organizing structures. She wanted not to rehabilitate a world in which we were never meant to survive but to use love as a spiritual praxis of "reckless abandon" and "occult instability" to lovingly set the world on fire. As the children of her revolutionary "m/Othering,"<sup>52</sup> we remain strident, loving too much and too

hard not to make a way in this world, but to keep the flame of Otherwise living burning.

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- <sup>1</sup> “bell hooks tells the story of the first time she met Thich Nhat Hanh,” YouTube video, posted by “Lion’s Roar,” December 21, 2017, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PEIkPDuBGUQ>.
- <sup>2</sup> The inclusion of “cis” and “hetero” to bell’s canonical concept for understanding intersecting structure of oppression is inspired by her conversation with Laverne Cox at the bell hooks Institute on September 7, 2015.
- <sup>3</sup> David Marriott, *On Black Men* (Columbia University Press, 2000), 90.
- <sup>4</sup> In his debut film *Get Out* (2017), director Jordan Peele illustrates the psychic, intrusive violence of whiteness as productive of a “sunken place” for black people.
- <sup>5</sup> Frantz Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, trans. Charles Markmann (London: Pluto Press, 1986), 229.
- <sup>6</sup> Karen Barad, “Quantum Entanglements and Hauntological Relations of Inheritance: Dis/continuities, SpaceTime Enfoldings, and Justice-to-Come,” *Derrida Today* 3, no. 2 (2010): 240-268, 251.
- <sup>7</sup> Fred Moten, “Blackness and Nothingness (Mysticism in the Flesh),” *The South Atlantic Quarterly* 112, no. 4 (2013): 737-780, 746.
- <sup>8</sup> Audre Lorde, “Age, Race, Class and Sex: Women Redefining Difference,” Copeland Colloquium, Amherst College (April 1980).
- <sup>9</sup> Sylvia Wynter, “Unparalleled catastrophe for Our Species? Or, to Give Humanness a Different Future: Conversations,” *Sylvia Wynter: On Being Human as Praxis*, ed. Katherine McKittrick (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2015), 32-33.
- <sup>10</sup> bell hooks, “bell hooks 2014 commencement,” Berea College Special Collections and Archives (May 4, 2014).
- <sup>11</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>12</sup> Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, trans. Constance Farrington (New York: Grove Press, 1963), 227.
- <sup>13</sup> hooks, “bell hooks 2014 commencement.”
- <sup>14</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>15</sup> bell hooks, *All About Love: New Visions* (Harper Perennial, 2000), 83.
- <sup>16</sup> hooks, “bell hooks 2014 commencement.”
- <sup>17</sup> bell hooks, *Belonging: A Culture of Place* (New York: Routledge, 2009), 171.
- <sup>18</sup> Toni Cade Bambara, “On the Issue of Roles,” excerpt from *The Scattered Sopranos*, Livingston College Black Woman’s Seminar (December 1969).
- <sup>19</sup> bell hooks, *Teaching to Transgress: Education as the Practice of Freedom* (Routledge, 1994), 59.
- <sup>20</sup> bell hooks *Salvation: Black People and Love* (William Morrow, 2001), 16-17.

- <sup>21</sup> Alexis Pauline Gumbs, “m/other ourselves: a Black queer feminist genealogy for radical mothering,” *Revolutionary Mothering: Love on the Front Lines*, eds. Alexis Pauline Gumbs, China Martens and Mai’a Williams (PM Press, 2016), 22.
- <sup>22</sup> Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, 227.
- <sup>23</sup> Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, 229.
- <sup>24</sup> Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, 227.
- <sup>25</sup> Christina Sharpe, *In the Wake: On Blackness and Being* (Duke University Press, 2016).
- <sup>26</sup> Jared Sexton, “The Social Life of Social Death: On Afro-Pessimism and Black Optimism,” *InTensions Journal* 5 (2011): 1-47, 6.
- <sup>27</sup> Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, 229.
- <sup>28</sup> Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*, 88.
- <sup>29</sup> Saidiya Hartman, “The Anarchy of Colored Girls Assembled in a Riotous Manner,” *The South Atlantic Quarterly* 117, no. 3 (July 2018): 465-490.
- <sup>30</sup> bell hooks, *Salvation: Black People and Love* (William Morrow, 2001), 16.
- <sup>31</sup> Sexton, “The Social Life of Social Death,” 28.
- <sup>32</sup> Alexis Pauline Gumbs, “Freedom Seeds: Growing Abolition in Durham, North Carolina,” *Abolition Now! Ten Years of Strategy and the Struggle Against the Prison Industrial Complex* (The CR10 Publications Collective, 2008), 145.
- <sup>33</sup> Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness* (1899).
- <sup>34</sup> Sylvia Wynter, “PROUD FLESH Inter/Views: Sylvia Wynter,” *Proud Flesh: New Afrikan Journal of Culture, Politics, and Consciousness* 4 (2006), 24.
- <sup>35</sup> Susan Stryker, *Transgender History: The Roots of Today’s Revolution* (Seal Press, 2008), 1.
- <sup>36</sup> Audre Lorde, “A Litany for Survival,” *The Black Unicorn: Poems* (New York and London: W.W. Norton & Company, 1978), 32.
- <sup>37</sup> Kara Keeling, “Looking for M—Queer Temporality, Black Political Possibility, and Poetry from the Future,” *GLQ: A Journal of Lesbian and Gay Studies* 15, no. 4 (2009): 565-582, 567.
- <sup>38</sup> Fanon, *Black Skins, White Masks*, 223.
- <sup>39</sup> Combahee River Collective, “A Black Feminist Statement” *Home Girls, A Black Feminist Anthology*, ed. Barbara Smith (New York: Kitchen Table: Women of Color Press, Inc., 1983).
- <sup>40</sup> Sexton, “The Social Life of Social Death,” 28.
- <sup>41</sup> hooks, “bell hooks 2014 commencement.”
- <sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*
- <sup>43</sup> Fanon, *Black Skin, White Masks*, 146.
- <sup>44</sup> The term “chronopolitical” references politically humanist and therefore racist constructions of time. I inherit this neologism from Johannes Fabian, *Time and the Other: How Anthropology Makes its Object* (Columbia University Press, 1983); and Elizabeth Freeman, *Time Binds: Queer Temporalities, Queer Histories* (Duke University Press Books, 2010).
- <sup>45</sup> “‘Hail Trump!’: Richard Spencer Speech Excerpts,” YouTube video, posted by “The Atlantic,” November 21, 2016, <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1o6-bi3jlxk>.

- <sup>46</sup> Hortense Spillers, "Mama's Baby, Papa's Maybe: An American Grammar Book," *Diacritics* 17, no. 2 (Summer 1987): 64-81, 67.
- <sup>47</sup> David Turnbull, "Exhibit 9: Maps—a way of ordering our environment," *Maps are Territories: Science is an Atlas* (1989).
- <sup>48</sup> Dionne Brand, *A Map to the Door of No Return: Notes on Belonging* (Vintage Canada, 2011), 29.
- <sup>49</sup> David Marriott, "Inventions of Existence: Sylvia Wynter, Frantz Fanon, Sociogeny, and 'the Damned,'" *The New Centennial Review* 11, no. 3 (2011): 45-89, 48.
- <sup>50</sup> hooks, *Belonging*, 34.
- <sup>51</sup> Sexton, "The Social Life of Social Death," 6.
- <sup>52</sup> Alexis Pauline Gumbs, "m/other ourselves."