

The background is a dark, abstract composition of thick, expressive brushstrokes. The primary colors are black, white, and a vibrant red. The strokes are layered and textured, creating a sense of movement and depth. The red strokes are scattered throughout, often appearing as splatters or streaks against the black and white background. The overall effect is one of raw, energetic expression.

BLACK

NATIONALIST

SONIC WEAPONRY

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Before the Revivalution...

Introduction by Gamall Awad

For weeks I've been staring at a small color photograph of the poet Amiri Baraka sitting on a stoop, staring directly into the camera lens. Baraka has a rectangular white wound dressing on the right side of his head that extends from his low forehead into and beyond his hairline. He has a full beard, is wearing a red, white and green dashiki with a green t-shirt underneath and African beads tucked in. He's slightly squinting his eyes. His arms are close to his body.

I keep returning to the photograph over and over. I notice more details, like the broken window behind him that has been sealed up with paper/cardboard and a blurry African-American figure in the house behind.

I try to find more context for the picture and come across two more photos. This time both are in black & white. In the first picture you can see the open bleeding wound on Baraka's head. Baraka is wearing the same dashiki but this time it's soiled with sweat and rain. His hands are behind his back and he is chained to at least two other African-American men. His lips are pursed. He appears strained and deep in thought. The second is a photograph of Bara-

ka inside the police station. He appears to be attempting to lean against a wall. A white figure in the foreground is staring at him. His hands are in front of him but he is chained. His look seems to be caught in between fear and laughter. Both photos are credited to Fred W. McDarrah.

I return to the small uncredited color photograph. Now it's clear it was taken around the time of the 1967 Newark rebellion. I realize why I haven't been able to stop looking at it. Why I keep coming back to it time and time again. The look on Baraka's face seems to encapsulate so many emotions - exhaustion, frustration, anger, hope, pride, anxiety, it's deeply inquisitive. It reflects a history of searching for answers, a history of trying to express an impossible assemblage of feelings yet also leans heavily into the future. Is there a solution? it seems to say. Why did I



Amiri Baraka, July 1967 in Newark, N.J. (AP Photo)

have to go through this? Right here in this small photograph is the full range of feelings that so many of us are experiencing right now.

“We Want A Post-American Form”

Leroi Jones aka Amiri Baraka (from “What The Arts Need Now” Negro Digest, April 1967)

To place the work of DeForrest Brown, Jr. into context, it is useful to return to the time of this photograph of Amiri Baraka. In the sonic construction and mixing of his new project Brown, Jr. took direct inspiration from an essay called “Black sonic space and the stereophonic poetics of Amiri Baraka’s It’s Nation time” by Jessica E. Teague. But it goes deeper. Looking back at this time to the creation of the Black Arts Movement by Baraka and a collective of others, we can see pathways that continue to inform us today. We can see the roots not only of the music presented here but the roots for this booklet.



*Amiri Baraka, July 1967 in Newark, N.J.
(Fred W. McDarrah)*

“What is Black Art? I would venture to define it tentatively as that art which derives its inspiration and sustenance from the struggle of black people for economic, social and cultural power; and art which reflects, celebrates and interprets that struggle in a stylistic manner which is meaningful to the Afro-American community and members of other oppressed minorities”

Hughie Lee-Smith (from Black Art Notes)

DeForrest Brown, Jr. is trying to address these questions of form, questions of context and questions of who is included and who isn't. This booklet is a direct attempt to engage with these questions right now. This booklet is also directly tied to a history of self-published publications by African Americans that speak to power and quest for change. This alternative history of arts and writing was seemingly buried though has continued to be explored more and more by artists and academics who have worked hard to piece together, recontextualize and make us appreciate these roots. We ask those engaging with this booklet to consider it within this historical lineage.

“The Black musician must, as any other revolutionary artist, be a projector whose message reflects the values of the culture from which his creation owns it's existence. He must be the antennae which receives the visions of a better life and time and transmits those visions into concrete realities through the use of sound and substance.”

Mtume from “Trippin’ - A Need For Change” The Cricket #4, New Art, New Jersey

Sound wise on the accompanying album to this booklet Brown, Jr. has linked himself to "Fire Music" - a musical movement that Baraka was keenly connected to as both a participant (speaker / presenter) and music critic. It's also key to note in Native American song lore that fire symbolizes passion. Methodology-wise Brown, Jr. is drawing here on parallel ground to the techniques of "Fire Music." He's drawing from the work of artists like Albert Ayler, Noah Howard, Archie Shepp and others. Electronic music critics with little knowledge of this era of music and its African American political roots will have a hard time understanding this but we would encourage all of you to listen wider and to rethink historical and ideological connections.

"The minds of the people are the most important factor of any movement, without them you can have nothing else"

Imanu Amiri Baraka (taken from a banner hung on the back of the stage at Hekalu, the headquarters of the Committee For Unified Newark)

All aspects of Brown, Jr.'s work tie directly into his main preoccupations as a social theorist. Reading in and around his work, and the other writers in this booklet, is needed. A recommended listening list to get you started is below. Please note too that Brown, Jr.'s forthcoming book "Assembling a Black Counter Culture" for Primary Information will be released early this fall.

Recommended Listening:

- Amiri Baraka / Sun Ra & The Myth Science Ark-estra "A Black Mass" [Jihad] (1968)
- Albert Ayler "Spiritual Unity" [ESP] (1965)
- Archie Shepp "The Cry of My People" [Impulse!] (1973)
- Archie Shepp - Fire Music [Impulse!] (1965)
- Archie Shepp - The Way Ahead [Impulse!] (1968)
- Clifford Thornton "The Panther And The Lash" [America] (1971)
- Milford Graves "Percussion Ensemble" [ESP] (1965)
- New York Art Quartet "New York Art Quartet" [ESP] (1964)
- Noah Howard "The Black Ark" [Freedom] (1969)
- Noah Howard "Patterns" [Eremite] (1999)
- Sunny Murray "Sonny's Time Now" [Jihad] (1965)



*Speaker Music. "Black Nationalist Sonic Weaponry" 2020
Mural painted by Raul Ayala (Photo by: Ting Ding)*

Amerikka's Bay

Written & Spoken by Maia Sanaa

Too tight. Too tight. In the hands of his oppressor he feels the burden of his people's strife. She knows that if she dies the man who so viciously took her life will be able to go home that very same night, joyfully eat dinner with his kids and wife then kiss them goodnight, forgetting the little girl who he just made a memory.

No more dinner nights and movies with her daddy, kisses from her mommy, dreams of who she would be. He might remember the doll that laid next to her, how it too had 6 bullets lodged into it, lifeless as it once was but she..no she will experience lifelessness for the first time because he had a bad day, a quota to meet, a fellow racist cop friend to please.

Asked about his day at work he'll say, another day doing what's right. To him justice is controversial so he warns them of the news then tells them what happened through his eyes that night. A man can only be this comfortable speaking of murder when he precisely knew their names would remain unheard of. Stop looking for validation and seek more routes to build our people's outlook on our current situation. They can't survive without us yet they continue to kill people that look like me and you because they think our

life is worth less. You are worthless and the price tag placed on my life will be worth less when it comes judgement day and they gotta compare the crimes of the heart that were worth less.

Maybe they think it hurts less, killing a Black man. Maybe they think less tears will shed finding out a little Black boy or girl will never run on the playground again. Maybe they think it's less than ideal but not too surreal if she never gets to hold her kids again.

I'm so sick of this. Society keeps labeling murder as police brutality, in the media, every social platform I can think of. Seeing my people killed so my eyes keep bleeding, ears won't stop ringing, I'm hearing the cries of the people they didn't get the chance to be.

Our murders are swept up in a swift of philanthropy, donating money to the projects I guess that makes a man to be. A man to be seen in the eye of the public as a savior, only from a distance gripping the necks of the people who lay unwavered. His spirit will be immortal but, the man who took his life speaks murder and his wife looks at the hashtags acting as if she's never heard of these "incidents". If you simply question the morality of it, that's not enough to me. You're a part of the problem for not wanting to speak. So don't be uncomfortable when you've seen us bleed and did nothing to heed our pain.

Another soul ripped away, another mind full of words they'll never get to say because

their life was stripped and turned into the
ashes that peacefully sway within the tides
on the docks of Amerikkka's bay.

On the stretcher yet the limbs of a body that
once was seem to shrink up. No more life flow-
ing through their body and the family can't
think of, a reason beneath the treason and
hate behind his murder. They wish they could
say this was a concept they'd never heard of
but, daily we unwillingly become martyrs, un-
heard of.

They say, why do they hate us like this? Why
do they hate us like this? Maybe because our
Black skin shines gems, bringing the earth
countless gifts. The first to inhabit it but,
treated as if we don't belong in it.

Too tight.

Their grip is too tight, but my people keep
fighting. Too tight. Their grip is tight but
my people will survive this and thrive in a
way that demands ignorance to stop being la-
beled as bliss.

We don't need your validation.

Watch us climb to the top of our own nation.



A true passion and talent for the arts, 18 yr. old Maia Sanaa is an extremely gifted Actor, Singer, Writer, Dancer and overall creator of Art. Currently residing in Atlanta Metro by way of the D.C/ Maryland area. Her passion & love for the arts heavily resonates within her craft. This upcoming fall, she will be attending Boston University to obtain her BFA in Acting/Theatre Arts. Maia is beyond excited to embark on this next journey. She looks forward to being inspired and serving as an inspiration to so many others. She is so honored and thankful to have had her work featured on this incredible project! Be on the lookout, she is only getting started.

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Fog Springs Eternal!

by Ryan Clarke

The veiled intersections of reality have illuminated and collapsed upon the condemned house on the hill we call America. Finalé capitalism, the acceleration of climate change, mass evictions, over 40% unemployment, a centennial pandemic, and the continuation of a state-sponsored Black holocaust has pushed the hand of the proletariat to an uprising towards a fundamental change for a nation we are merely renters for a land not our own.

To hear the Black Atlantic like a shell to our ear is to hear the drum. The rhythm of the waves lap against the waterlogged wooden sailboats that placed us ashore. The high frequency pick of the cotton plant in the American South. The hum of the looming smokestacks exhaust and coat our lungs. Our hearts forced into an accelerated beat per minute from generations of medical malpractice. The clothed echo of Congo Square woven into our genetic tissue. The Amen Break/s into our future past.

Riots are the voice of the unheard and percussion is the frequency. Smashing of corporate windows reverberate to our internation-

al brothers and sisters whose products from sweatshops reach our shores en masse. The footsteps crescendo towards the lines of enforcers of a failed state without fear.

To observe 2020 in real time is to live in a state of cybernetic compression. Our art, voices, and education float through a time with no markers of society. The skyscrapers aggregate into timeless dystopia. The internet collapses any sense of newfound horizon. In this state of terminal velocity reached free-fall, Black people have translated this hellscape into a Black secret technology where collapse only puts us closer in company with our ancestors. As we are suppressed we find ourselves in a radical horizontality. Black sonics coalesce into a singular cry for liberation.

To be defined as Black is to be some form of fiction. We have engaged within hyperstition to formulate a new reality as we see fit for ourselves; for the story become our reality. Passage of time continues to announce that sound is story.

Blues, Rock, Gospel, , Disco, Rap, House, Garage, Jungle, and Techno.

Our astronomical guideposts lead us into a fogged new world none of us see yet we march ever onward.



Ryan Clarke is based, born and raised in Louisiana. He's currently studying for his doctorate in coastal geology at Tulane University. Intimately aware of the ways his home is at great risk of physical and cultural erasure, he finds way to quantitatively document this loss in his research and qualitatively with works that try to unpack the plethoric connections Black people have with the delta and its tributaries. Through the lens of Jazz, New Orleans Bounce, Detroit Techno, and Chicago House, he views the progression of technology and culture at-large as byproduct of Black innovation under a theory known as "Southern Electronics".

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DISRUPTION (CATO'S CONSPIRACY)

by **SYANIDE**

SWINGING
SWINGING
PENDULUM CLICKS
SLASHING
RIPPING
NECK LOSING GRIP
GUTTERED
GUSHING
CRACKS FROM A WHIP
TIPPED TOES AROUND ME
TEETH KNOWING GRIT
SOME CALL IT BRIGHTNESS
ARMORED WITH WIT
TINGLING MY BODY
SENSATION SLIT
REACHING
REACHING
INTO MY BRAIN
44 STANDING
AND 44 SLAIN

SYANIDE is a DJ and sound artist with Puerto Rican and African American roots born on asphalt and raised by Jersey Club. Starting as a club DJ, they have developed their sound to question function and form in dance music. Their sets are meant to expose then decompose anticipatory rhythm as it relates to sound structure. DISCWOMAN curiously questioned their approach as a guest on their monthly 'DISCUS' podcast, where they candidly spoke on their relationship to technology, time, and disruption in their work. While having mixes hosted by Rinse and Boiler Room, their most coveted set is a self-release found on their soundcloud page. It is a sound-body built for vengeance titled "BITCH NIGGAS CAN'T COME OUTSIDE IN THEY OWN CITY" They have most recently been featured in Dweller Festival on the 'Who Does Techno Belong To' Panel and performed at 'Black Sound' hosted by Make Techno Black Again x HECHA NYC.

Soundcloud: [@deathvia](#)



Black Improvisation: Composition n+1

by Kehinde Alonge

can a pencil
detach you from uninterrupted
farces:
The "Dialectic" really is a \$4 lie,
w/o the change

*(venerated brain gauge)

For Henry Dumas

the murmur of Black blood
beseeches fugitivity as being
Improvisation as matter
A collapse of false eyelids
into buried slumber. Captivity within
the micro-dot's
unbroken sphere holds

the serum to bullets

*(venerated brain gauge)

"I called for a rope and they threw stones"
social distortion is a swamp

New York Is a
City of expensive nightmares

I can't wait to move there

No one dances like a myth

Birth of the
Foul head
Crowning
Dead. soft skin
Leather legs
it's egg
was a memory dot

*(venerated brain gauge)

Black Thermodynamics I

Shredded light:
The last bullet in your nigger gun
Will go off at the end READ
The law of Chekhov

Time's dust
the appetite
Of satchmo's grin

but it was never full

still a nigger in the end

*(venerated brain gauge)

Segmented thoughts
trapped in
a diaphanous grin
drip
drip

The warden wants his close-up
make it count. uranium
fists
don't miss. for the
ecological abolition of
ruptured air
from pigs

*(venerated brain gauge)

There is no code in the air
the root is an irrational
polymer of mass

accumulating fractions seated above zero
undefined is a territory
called home For those without legs
to walk away

*(venerated brain gauge)

A seed is a tethered organ
Lodged in the lucid
crevice of a chord
Change \neq fugitivity
Nouns are in tune
therefore excrement
The musician plants a verb
in the lapses of speech
recognition is false hatchling
birth -> premature resolve
the solo never ends

Loose ego:
the lingering smells of
stretched echoes
haunting the weary
w/ memory
time is a stained pendulum
regret is stubborn momentum

*(venerated brain gauge)

The area of your data point
is the grip of speech
by a computer your happiness
binary
your reach

stuck in
a 404 blink

*(venerated brain gauge)

The composer's ghost
trapped in the smile of an infant
longing the embrace of
their mother's
hymn

but she is far the road to paradise
is a tortured one way.
Music is made in exile

*(venerated brain gauge)

All my prophets have holes for faces
lost in the between
the silent aches of being
require a clenched grin
as sacrament
take shape of my ori
cast it into the
wind of nowhere
a ruptured calabash
drained of yesterday's secrets

*(venerated brain gauge)

In a spontaneous counterpoint
time grieves traditions lost in dust
misdirect is revolt
to restore sacred silences:
language hidden in a gesture
a curved mouth
a jagged tooth
peeled eyelids
perked ears
the revolution speaks in code
catalogued in Black head nods

*(venerated brain gauge)

My shadow is my anacrusis
the body is a temple
only in sunset:
the moon's coda
The perfect death
mirrored in embers

flickering in a pond

*(venerated brain gauge)

Capital = Attack of the integers

the answers to naked numbers
 behind an unlit cloud
 Anansi's web is the sky
 soaked in blood
 when the sun shuts its eye
 hours wilt in the winter time
 yet the clock's tick still haunts
 "Tomorrow will absolve me!"
 last words etched in hidden woods

*(venerated brain gauge)

Survival is naked laughter
 of unnamed territories
 refuge for (silent) notes
 where the invisible are seen
 in the reflection of
 a single tear

Disgruntled
 the sentence loses its balance
 over the
 reader's memory
 At the edge of daybreak
 metaphors slipped to lesser known
 caverns Is pain profitable yet?
 My pen is need of work
 Ink nestled into sanctioned
 algorithms
 will blood substitute?

*(venerated brain gauge)

Your whole politic
 a palatable misnomer. Of Silences
 My revolt
 more like a grandfather's grin
 on Saturday Mornings
 I didn't know mine
 But his lips are still in my dad's eyes



Born and raised in Miami by Nigerian Immigrants, my life has always been owed and dedicated to the confluences of black culture's improvisation. I am currently gearing up to begin my PhD in English at Rutgers University with a focus on Black Sound Studies and Black Experimental Poetics. Without divulging much further to explain what subtends my writing, I leave you with Octavio Paz's words: "I write without knowing the outcome of what I write/ I look between the lines/ My image is the lamp lit in the middle of the night"

Twitter: @kalonge93

Internal Empire

by Alexandra Mason

Blackness is an idea that, to quote Jared Sexton, touches on the concepts of “lack and surplus, negation and affirmation, transcendence and immanence.” To delve deeper, Black life is a form of social death as it is a walking cache of all that its social opposite, whiteness, has constructed the world to avoid, and historically whiteness has recalibrated and retooled itself in order to maintain these efforts. The idea of Blackness and whether it can find true liberation is not just a question for the Black subject, but it raises the question as to whether liberation is possible for any of us. Blackness, that is the aggregate ontology of Black people, is a highly profitable machinic unconscious, producing the social, economic, and technical infrastructure of modernity. Even the verbiage of Black studies--‘Blackness’, ‘Black bodies’, ‘the Black’--isn’t immune to this fungible continuum of profitable bare life. It is a subject that raises the uncomfortable relationship between slavery and freedom and hones in on that which is not limited to the political or economic, but also extends to the libidinal.

While the spirit of Blackness has a resilience and foreign quality to it that can and should end the world as we now conceptu-

ally know it, I should note that all people are affected by the libidinal economy amidst the American simulation are at any time privy to flows of desire and the economy of their exchange. While America’s foundational doctrines are predicated around the idea of negative rights and freedom--as in rights the government can’t infringe upon, it still produces individuals who believe in a particular kind of freedom for the individual, one that when attached to certain nodes, in fact leads to the restriction of freedom itself. This is because the liberal subject is an atomized one that is encouraged to see the world in terms of binaries. These binaries, typically thought of as opposites in terms of social value, are fashioned as poles on opposite ends of a line, the markers of which are epidermally transcribed. This, along with the idea that the ownership of private property is as an extension of personal freedom, can give way to the notion that businesses should possess this ultimate freedom of expression, and if we then conceptualize the state as a firm and a firm as having the rights of the individual (even to say discriminate against others) then we end up at the helm of authoritarianism.

One way to outline libidinal lines of flight in regards to race is through a thorough analysis of culture, particularly music. If you conceive of Black life as lived in a space away from the one the world lives in, then you must place it somewhere else, outside, underground, in space...and it is this idea of a Black subject as an alien subject that artists like Juan

Atkins have articulated, though more so towards the end of afrofuturism, as they explore the overlap between Black bodies and technology.

Though other genres like hip hop contain and use the human voice, rather than submerge or reject it, I argue that though hip hop and its subgenres, such as drill for example, contain a voice, it is a voice that is not human, at least not by the World's standards. Though it's well known that Chicago, drill's birthplace, along with much of the Midwest was deeply affected by the Energy crisis in the late 70s and the neoliberal regime of austerity and globalization that defined the 80s and beyond. The violence that symptomizes these communities to this day, whether its structural negligence, street violence, or death by cop, is a lingering effect of this crisis. This violence seeped in and undoubtedly permeated Drill's thematic domain, enveloping the content of these rappers, many of whom were 18, 19, or in their early twenties. The unrestrained authenticity within their music really differed from other artists that came from Chicago before them, like Lupe Fiasco, Rhymefest, or even Twista, who were more Spin magazine friendly and able to cross over to some extent with indie culture.

What makes drill interesting is not its violent content, because, for one, hip hop has never shied away from touching on topics that make us uneasy and, second, there is nothing inherently interesting to me about songs that talk about violent acts in and of themselves. But, what seems really prolific about someone

like say Chief Keef was the delivery that he and other drill artists used. On a lot of songs like "Don't Like" or "John Madden" Keef mentions all events and things, even violent ones, in the same monotonous tone. In this way everything that happens gets flatlined out as things that just "are." Female drillers like Katie Got Bandz and Sasha Go Hard often alternate between delivering lines with a similar lack of affective tone and an air of playfulness, as if to say that when it comes to navigating a world this enmeshed with violence, performing a drill or doing a hit becomes just another thing on your "to do" list before you pick up groceries.

A lot of drill comes to us by way of trap (though it must be mentioned that "trap" is a complicated and often overused phrase) in that many beats sound similar to those most associate with trap, but the beats are usually more sparse and tend to loop endlessly over a verse without a "break." This forces the listener to become caught between a claustrophobic beat and lyrics that contain peaks of excitement awash with a sort of "moral bankruptcy." Such jovial nihilism as Jared Sexton would say, "is a willing or willingness... to pay whatever social costs accrue to being Black, to inhabiting Blackness, to living a Black social life under the shadow of social death." What he means by the Black subject being one that takes on a certain amount of social death is that the very existence of Blackness as an idea, in and of itself, challenges the way in which we currently perceive of being. The Black subject is, he says, "a

human being whose being human raises the question of being human at all." It conditions the possibility for revolutionary subjectivity.

Drill even differs and departs from a certain kind of self aware opulence that bled into hip hop in the 90s under Diddy and became the more pervasive norm during the '00s. Yet, this decadence should not be confused with affluence, as the Black subject's relegated to an expression of wealth that, as David Mariott says, "is the very experience of a life whose bling involves the exhaustion and degeneration of life itself, and one that necessarily involves a gradual separation of Blackness and being. And this is why Black life paradoxically coincides with a decadence that can only enrich itself as absolute privation and an enjoyment that can only enslave itself as a discredited imposture of working capital." A quick glance at something like Lil Kim's "Crush On You" video simultaneously shows a wealth that is knowingly excessive to the point of absurdity, yet purposefully does not resemble the posh, sanctioned expression of wealth of say Warren Buffett.

Hip hop marks an important point in the history for the Black subject, because ultimately, the historic migration of Black people north to harlem, set to the tune of jazz, later becomes the sounds of hip hop, created amongst the rubble of divestment and white flight from the city. Rap also substantiates Hortense Spiller's analysis of "Black culture as a critical culture in conversation with

everyone." Now, I want to preemptively address a common critique made about some forms of Black music in general, but especially hip hop, that says that this is a kind of music that celebrates and glorifies the worst parts of society, that it is laden with misogyny, homophobia, and is endlessly materialistic. While I personally envision a time and place devoid of these things, I do think hip hop functions as a mirror image of the World sans moral and aesthetic pretenses--and whether or not the artists themselves intend or realize this, is unimportant. The transgressive element of the genre preemptively critiques the larger culture that it's a part of by virtue of parody and exaggeration effectively shocking the listener out of passive consumption. Really, if we look at particular tropes, hip hop rightly compares the life of a hustler to that of an entrepreneur, and exposes the entangled relationship between profit and exploitation. Violent tropes are modelled after mafioso themes and are symmetrical to politicians waging war over turf. The misogynist tropes are a more honest reflection of how women are viewed socially because the World is misogynistic and we should never forget this nor should we avoid this. In fact, all of these things are actively challenged by the genre itself. We should remember that over moralizing about where hip hop sometimes ends up content wise has sometimes been used as a mechanism to diminish the artform as a whole, or, even worse, create a dichotomy between "acceptable" rap and its low-brow opposite. Ultimately, hip hop forces us to ask ourselves, which is worse,

the unflinching paradigmatic analysis of the situation of working class, marginal people, or polite corporate approved virtue signaling which is only better at hiding its pathologies?



Alexandra Mason completed her undergraduate degree at The New School and her Master's degree at CUNY's School of Labor and Urban Studies. She has given talks in both Europe and the US, where she has covered topics such as the role the libidinal economy plays in relation to black culture and has offered an extensive critique of liberal individualism. More recently, she has been published in Glass Bead's 2019 journal, "Site 2. Dark Room: Somatic Reason and Synthetic Eros."

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On Bloodthirst & Jungle Fever

Spoken by Ariel Valdez
Movement by Catalina Cavelight

So I'm gonna start off with a quote by an African. His name is St. Augustine. It's an epilogue to his Confessions, and it goes something like this:

Let me offer you in sacrifice the service of my thoughts and my tongue, but first give me what I may offer to you (3x)

There's a reciprocity here. You give and I receive and I give back. That's how all rituals work, right? Here's the context:

In 1503, most of the aboriginal Taino population in the island of Hispaniola were completely decimated. Decimated! By the colonial Spanish administration. The royal crown began to get worried. Where is the labor? Where are we gonna fund the machinery of capital? We've killed all of the aboriginals on the island. Where?!

In 1504, Christopher Columbus' son, head of the administration at the time, said and requested from the royal crown, "How about we get some Africans? Take a bunch of Africans from West Africa, and we can get cheap and free labor from them. Let's get as much as we can.

In 1505, the Spanish crown accepted the request and sent a shipment of 100 African slaves to the islands of Hispaniola. The first African slaves in the New World, and thus begins the 500 year odyssey of the African in the New World.

1505! (3x)

The first Africans!

1505, the first Africans in the New World! 100 of them, across the Atlantic! From the Wolof tribe from the Dahomey from the Yoruba all throughout Western Africa and Central Africa.

1505!

In 1510, the first recorded instance of rebellion. Rebellion against capital, and rebellion against empire, using what we would call today guerilla warfare. 40 Senegalese Africans in a sugar factory in what we would call today Santa Domingo killed most of the slave owners, took their children and ran off into the jungles and the hills of Santa Domingo.

The first rebellion against capital and empire! (2x)

In the name of who?! (4x)

There is an African spirit that may burn across the Atlantic, it's name is Ogun Galembo.

Ogun Galembo!

A rebellion in the name of the spirit! Invoke the spirit! Invoke the spirit!

Ogun Galembo!

40 Africans, the first to rebel.

There you have it. There you have the guerilla warfare. It didn't start in Vietnam. Guerilla warfare was not innovated in Vietnam. It started 500 years ago, right at the beginning. 5 years after the Africans were brought to the New World. To rebel in the name of Ogun Galembo. Ogun Galembo, the spirit. The African spirit. In West Africa, he is known as the spirit of the home, but what happens when you're ripped out of your home and taken across the Atlantic and brought to another place, a New World?! That god no longer serves the function of the home, but rebellion. And the iterations of that spirit that gets invoked..

Invoke through the drums! (3x)

We can call it the Holy Ghost after the Af-



rican was Christianized, partially Christianized, barely Christianized!

The Holy Ghost! (4x)

Ogun Galembo! (9x)

Holy Ghost! (4x)

Logos!

Logos, if you prefer your Greek!

If you prefer your Latin, esperitu sancti!

When the Africans made it to the dancehall, this invocation of the spirit became swing, jazz. This invocation became cool, swag, it became sauce, it became that...Je ne sais quoi.

Let's invoke it.

All through the drums: the drums in jazz, the drums in soul, the drums in funk, the drums in rap, the drums in techno.

Let's Make Techno Black Again (2x)

Ogun Galembo, who knows that name?! Many have felt it.. It's become an international enterprise! Sold and commodified to anybody. We call that hip hop these days.

Ogun Galembo!

Ogun Galembo was invoked in the jungle. Ogun Galembo can open you up to become porous.

Ogun Galembo!

To sweat! (2x)

To become permeable!

Ogun Galembo!

Ogun Galembo, to invoke the other!

Ogun Galembo, to invoke the transcendent!

Ogun Galembo!

"Unthumbo!" is the cry when in West Afri-

ca, the Wolof tribe...they would dance. They would dance all night, and when Ogun Galembo entered them that would be called the "Un-thumbo!" And when it hits you, you shake! And you don't know what's entered you, but it's something, and it's something that's not you. It's something that's deep inside of you, but it's not you.

Ogun Galembo!
Ogun Galembo, it is the sun that melts you from the inside!

Ogun Galembo, it is the sublime. In other iterations throughout the world you can call it Kali. And in other iterations we can call it the beyond. Kant calls it the sublime, Immanuel Kant, German Westerner, but you know what? He was afraid to sweat. The story goes that Immanuel Kant, the philosopher...the story goes that he was afraid to sweat. He would go on his walks, and the moment he began to sweat he would stop. But that doesn't happen with the Africans!

Ogun Galembo, you keep going, you keep going 'till your body drops! Until the spirit hits you! They call that the Holy Ghost! They call that swag! They call that sauce! They call that Ogun Galembo!

What is arche? What is archeology? The root word for archeology is the Greek word "arche," it means: source. Let us recover that source in the dance. Let us retrace back all of the iterations, through swag, through cool, through dance, through funk, through swing, through the Holy Ghost, through Holy Spirit, through the logos, and back through

Ogun Galembo.
Ogun Galembo!
Through the drums he is invoked! (3x)

Always through the drums he is invoked!

What does it mean to become a porous self. Porous, to become permeable. Permeable to you, you to me, all of us to each other. That's what it means to become porous:

To open! Open up your pores to become a blob!
To sweat (3x)

Ogun Galembo! (2x)

There it is! And where is it?! It's there in the dance, and if you're not dancing then it's not there for you.
There it is! (2x)

Ogun Galembo!

There's the trauma! There's the hurt! There's the rage! There's that epigenetic carry over!

500 Years! (3x)
500 year odyssey of the African in the New World!

Ogun Galembo! (2x)

What does it mean to be porous? To be a porous self? What does it mean to be a buffered self?
To be blocked off from everything? The difference between a porous self and a buffered self is that one dances and one sweats. One opens its pours. One opens itself up to the unknown.

Ogun Galembo, the porous self! To share in a space of intimacy!

Dance! Sweat!
Dance! Sweat!
Sweat! Dance!

Ogun Galembo, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost!

Buffered self, what is that?

500 years of epigenetic trauma (3x)

There's the MC, the master of ceremonies!
(2x)

There in the Bronx in 1975 and there in Africa in 1545, there was always a master of ceremonies, the drum, the Ogun Galembo, the invocation of the spirit. What is the spirit? The spirit is that other. What is the other? We don't know because its other. If it weren't other, we would know what it is. You would know what it is! You would know what it is! And that's why we sweat! We sweat to let in the other, the transcendent, the Je ne sais quoi! What is it?!

Ogun Galembo!

It is that open, it is what you are afraid of. It is that sweat, it is that shit, it is that refuse of America.

The Black body is the refuse of America!
The Black body is the refuse of world capital!

The Black body is shit! (2x)

The Black body is the refuse of capital!

The Black body! (3x)

Capital was built on the backs of Blacks!
(3x)

The Black body is shit!

The Black body is the refuse..

We've all read our Julia Kristeva. It is the shit, and it is the very same thing that we love! And it is the very same that we con-

certedly desire! If you don't believe me, check the statistics of Pornhub. Check the statistics of Pornhub if you don't believe me.

The Black body is shit!

The Black body is the refuse!

The Black body is the return of the unconscious of capital!

Ogun Galembo! (2x)

Shuckin' and jivin'...

Just some niggas shuckin' and jivin'! (7x)

The problem is that you're the audience, and I'm the only one participating!

Just some niggas shuckin' and jivin'! (2x)

Rituals are meant to be performed together, communal, participating experiences.
Ogun Galembo, to become porous, to open up,



to open up!

Just some niggas shuckin' and jivin'

What does it mean to be open? What does it mean to be a porous self? To be permeable? I'll give you a European story, a myth. Perhaps that might work:

In Plato's Symposium, in one of Plato's most popular dialogues, the whole symposium is about a bunch of white men talking about "what is Eros?" The best priests are there. They are defining Eros. Everyone gives their definition, and the end of it Socrates gives his definition--it's a drinking party by the way. Socrates gives his definition, but instead of giving a definition he gives you a story, and I'll give you the story:

He wants to commune with the goddess, the priestess Diotima. She is the priestess of love. She is located in the Delphic. And Diotima tells Socrates how Eros is born. There was a banquet of the gods. All of the Greek pantheon were invited, all of them came to this party. One of them was not invited, Penia, the Greek god of poverty, the Greek god of lack, the Greek god of nothing, the Greek god of shit, Penia. It's where we get our English word 'penury' from. To be poor and to always be in debt. The Greek god for poverty, no one wanted to be with her. She was dressed in rags, and then there was another god, Poros, the Greek god of wealth, the Greek god of many, the Greek god of getting what you want, the Greek god of capital. Poros, he was drunk. He was so drunk that he had the beer goggles, and slept with Penia, and through that dance of love was born Eros. In other words, the genealogy of the word Eros is:

"Poverty and the means to get it" (2x)

Poverty, porosity

What does it mean to be porous? Take a flower for instance. A flower is porous and permeable to the rays of the sun, and by being more permeable and porous to the rays of the sun, it fuses. It's that life sugar by being porous, by being permeable. You and I. I'm here and you're there, and you're here because I'm there, and it gets mixed up because that's the way it is.

To sweat, to let that sun inside of you melt you, and break you open, so that what you're left with is all outside. All outside, your insides are all outside.

Ogun Galembo!

To share that space of intimacy, that space of intimacy that you've been sharing since the day you were born, since the day before you were born, since the day before that. All intimacy!

Ogun Galembo! (2x)

There's the drum! (8x)

What does 500 years of trauma do to a body?! (2x)

We know our epigenetics now!

What does 500 years do to a body?!
What does 500 years do to a mind?! (2x)
What does 500 years do to a mind-body?!
What does 500 years do to a body-mind?!
What does 500 years - you know what?! Body-mind!

That's not adequate!

What does 500 do to-
What does 500 years do...?
What does-
What does 500 years do to a..

Body-mind
Mind-body
Body-mind
Mind-body

This environment-

You're that
That is you

Ogun Galembo!

To invoke the spirit! We all do it, especially in those moments when we're not ourselves and we seem to transcend ourselves.

Ogun Galembo, call it whatever you want, but it's there. It's there at the edges and limits of what you are.

Ogun Galembo, it is there. It is there at the limits of all cultures.

Ogun Galembo, it is there ready to rupture and break any inside.

Ogun Galembo, it is the outside to any particular inside.

Ogun Galembo!



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Stereomodernism: Black Techno Consciousness

by DeForrest Brown, Jr.

The 20th Century conception of “the Future” modeled a tentative guidepost for personal and societal development, incentivizing the will to live and work in service of a government regulated market economy for one’s own livelihood. Post-WWII reconstruction and globalization introduced a new mode of global cultural and capital exchange, which proportionally gave way to the profit-driven consumer industry of the United States in which technical experts and entrepreneurs work together to provide tools and services to the working class. As global societies lapse into a collective pause in response to the viral, mass-distributed coronavirus COVID-19, the logic and structure of the technological revolution of the 21st Century has reached an unexpected, but highly predictable apex and decline. COVID-19’s direct attack on the respiratory and nervous system as well as its high probability of spreading amongst and between bodies has immobilized activities involving travel and social gathering. A stalling of the market was bound to happen as a result of financial strain from multiple economic bubbles primarily in

the tech sector; but with the addition of public endangerment from exposure to the virus, non-essential service or leisure industries such as travel, luxury fashion, and nightlife have sunk into bankruptcy, halting excess spending in consumer and counterculture.

In mid-20th Century Detroit, the United States’ seventh city, Ford Motor Company and Motown Records operated as peerless twin innovators in producing fine-tuned products of the future (automobiles and music, respectively) creating an industry standard and consumer expectation. Henry Ford’s implementation of the assembly line allowed him to mechanize a team of skilled workers to quickly assemble cars, but also kept the prices of those vehicles low enough for his workers to purchase. Barry Gordy in a similar way manufactured the “Motown Sound” from a modular on-call cast of musicians, singers, songwriters, and music engi-

UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE



INTERSTELLAR FUGITIVES

THE IDEA OF RESISTANCE

is very old. A more important question is what are the conditions that cause it? The spirit of resistance survived in us African Americans throughout the ages and manifested itself into me and Jeff Mills as kids as it did in many of our friends. Our parents were educated and had survived the turbulent 60's and supported the "resistant" Dr. Martin Luther King's Civil Rights Movement and anti-war campaigns. Consequently both Jeff and myself were AWARE."

MAD MIKE BANKS
(UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE)

neers who would automate music production into efficient and consistently emotive sonic works of rhythm and soul. In the 1970s, Detroit began to experience a crisis not too different from the one we currently face. The largest motor production companies (Ford, Chrysler and General Motors; the Big Three) had outgrown the city as they started producing for a global market; absorbing smaller domestic companies, competing with more efficient German and Japanese car brands and struggling against increases in oil prices. The financial collapse of Detroit in the 1970s amid Black-white race crimes and riots, in my mind, is a succinct example of the weaknesses of a capitalist industrial crafted future. Workers whose livelihoods are indebted to industrial institutions are inevitably affected by the macroeconomic dynamics of the market through their employers. Disruption of company growth destabilizes the worker's ability to purchase and sustain housing and security. When this occurred in Detroit, the white middle class workers' moved their families out of the city and into the suburbs in a so-called "white Flight;" taking their wealth and resources with them, leaving Black families who had migrated to the city for work and living standards above that of the aggressively racist, segregationist American South.

The urban design of Detroit was influenced by Ford's assembly line production of cars and was made to accommodate the needs of a worker-citizen that could afford access and ownership to transportation. In our present social and soon to be real estate collapse, we are seeing Black people dying from COVID-19 at a disproportionately higher rate than white people; who are carrying and spreading the vi-

rus, have been prone to traveling and gathering while under the government order lockdown. Black people also make up a large number of essential workers in the United States, thus risking their safety for both their own ethnic demographic and the white technocratic working class. Within this crisis, Black bodies are more prone to preexisting conditions such as hypertension, which can be tied to a generational conditioning of trauma starting in 1619 with the United State's crime of kidnapping and torturing various West African peoples through to the violent bio-industrial system of the transatlantic slave trade as well as the plantations in the American Deep South to the struggle for civil rights and governmental recognition as human in the 1960s to our present of schizocultural "double consciousness," a term used by Black Diasporic thinkers W.E.B. DuBois in his autobiography "The Soul of Black Folks" and Paul Gilroy in "Black Atlantic" and later "Postcolonial Melancholia" to describe and excavate the lived experience of Black minds in a white industrial utopia.

Coming from the expressions of young Black producers Juan Atkins, Derrick May and Kevin Saunderson, Techno music consolidates the double consciousness experience into a single sound. In 1980, futurist and businessman Alvin Toffler published "The Third Wave," detailing the subtle social and psychological effects of the technological revolution as well as the transition of business management from assembly line manufacturing into the advanced data-oriented projects of the Information Age. At the same time, Juan Atkins would read about Toffler's ideas in a "Future Studies" class at his high school in Belleville, Michigan, a rural

suburb of Detroit. Lifting the prefix “Techno” from Toffler’s broader description of technocracy - or a society run by technical experts - Juan Atkins was able to grasp and consider much of the larger macroeconomic influences on his own life, while reimagining possible futures through what was left of the resources from Detroit’s previous iteration of a type of future. Toffler wrote of “Techno Rebels” who would undoubtedly gain access to technology against the odds of monetary capability and skill level, and use the technology in ways that weren’t intended by their creators or users. As Black

political activist and Detroit auto worker James Boggs wrote in “The American Revolution: Pages from a Negro Worker’s Notebook”:

“The revolution which is within these people will have to be a revolution of their minds and hearts, directed not toward increasing production but toward the management and distribution of things and toward the control of relations among people, tasks which up to now have been left to chance or in the hands of an elite.”



Diego Rivera. “Detroit Industry Mural, North Wall,” 1933

A shift in the culture of work and life balance in response to COVID-19 have transitioned workers away from daily office commutes to working from home; while others, typically Black, are unemployed or providing essential services for low wages at high risk. The industries of Detroit like Ford Motors undermined its workers by systematically busting up unions and setting a precedent for contemporary industrial giants like Amazon (or Spotify in comparison to Motown). At both ends of this decline, features of our modern lived work/life experience have and will be altered beyond the scope of our own understanding as workers adapt to a newly minted technological landscape. At the First Annual Conference on the Cybercultural Revolution-Cybernetics and Automation called "The Evolving Society" in 1966, James Boggs would present "Negro and Cybernation," stating that "to visualize the future role of Negroes in a cybernated society, one must review, if only briefly, their past role in American society and what this means at the present stage of industrial development."

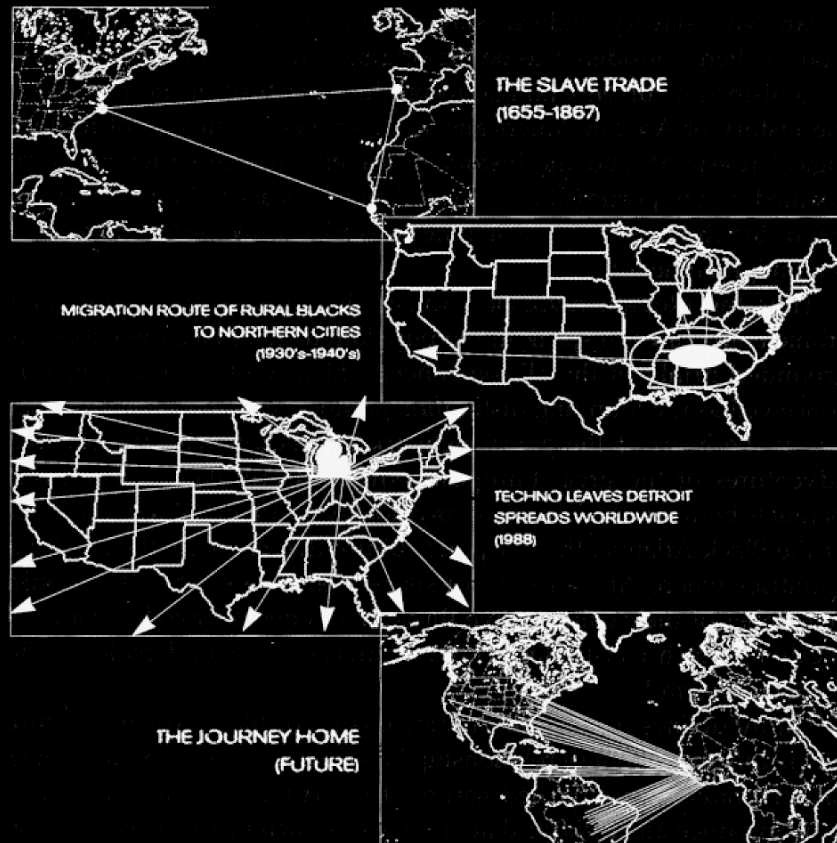
Cybernation, to live and be in a society run by technology and techniques designed by white and European technical experts establish an active and antagonistic relationship with Black people as a matter of function. Having previously existed as a slave class as opposed to a working class, the African American is to remain in the financial and existential "Black" in polar opposition to the blank slate and open possibility of "white" mobility and ownership. Where Boggs would outline the systemic extraction and replacement of Black labor, Du Bois and Gilroy lay out the historical heuristic of a Black life and experience as a struc-

tural subordinate in a free-market democratic economy upon which our bodies were the basis.

In 1980, at Washtenaw Community College, Juan Atkins would meet local electronic musician Rick Davis who was a decade older and had been producing beatless ambient music on synthesizers in a home studio that Atkins would describe as looking like a Sci-Fi spaceship. They would go on to produce records in a duo called Cybotron. A veteran of the Vietnam War, Rick Davis was more attuned to the military and financial structures of capital and empire, which would influence the lyrics and tone of their project. Track titles like "Industrial Lies" and "Alleys of Your Mind" imagine beyond the failed utopia of Detroit, mirroring conditions that we face today with the introduction of the possibility of public lockdown and technocracy emerging out of financial ruin. Alternatively, Juan and Rick's music presented a way to re-engage with the remaining resources and aspire for a new concept of our own futures. After splitting over creative differences - Davis pushed for a more punk and guitar-focused project, while Atkins wanted to explore electronics - the duo began to fill out their visions of the future as private exercises. In 1978, prior to meeting Atkins, Rick Davis released the two track "Methane Sea" EP meditating on apocalyptic concepts, which could relate to his having grown up in the 1950s in Black Bottom, Michigan, a Black residential slum sculpted from the effects of housing regulations in the New Deal that skewed in favor of white homebuyers. Juan Atkins' solo approach to crafting a sonic future was more optimistic comparatively, composing scenic songs around Alvin Toffler's framing of the

future while adapting the pressurized pulse of Parliament and George Clinton's electro-funk.

In the book "Africa in Stereo" poet Tsitsi Ella JajiI unravels the conditions of a Black-centric stereomodernism, or as she describes: "dubbing in stereo for solidarity." Her writing addresses the haunting nature of Africans living in a white utopia, and what



Drexciya. "The Quest (liner notes)," 1997

it means for us to interact with media and technology that is not designed for our use and consumption. Amiri Baraka also posits a kind of "unity music" in which there is no distinction between the jazz or soul music of the 60s. The modern Black tradition of rhythm and soul music is a sound of trauma, bursting through the frames of Western music and thought. As Amiri Baraka saw it and Tsitsi Ella JajiI expanded, a Black music explores different perspectives and approaches to living in trauma in a prescribed future. The systemic displacement of Black communities in conversation with a linear consideration of Black music (from blues to rock to jazz to soul to funk and techno) shows a kind of communication emerging from a people learning to speak the way they would like to within a set of societal confines. Following Juan Atkins' expansion of funk, whose own form consolidated jazz and soul, Derrick May introduced "Hi-Tech Soul." In an interview with the online magazine Beat, May describes this soul music that has been optimized by Japanese technology and European music sensibilities, saying:

"It's not that we're trying to change the name of Detroit techno, it's just that we're trying to bring the awareness back to the core of what this music was always about. This music was always about technology and it was always about soul, it was always about the people that made it, it was always about those elements. We just sort of have to stand tall and say look, this is who we are, what we represent and at the same time we have to look forward, plan and do our best and show this is where we come from. Where we go from here, where techno ends up I can't really tell you. But all I can say to anyone is, Detroit techno is Hi-Tech Soul."

JajiI's stereomodernism posits a consideration of the technological landscape that industrial society grafts over lived experience from the direct perspective of a Black techno rebel. Juan Atkins' initial productions on the Korg-MS 10 and TR-808 drum machine or Derrick May's experiments with reel-to-reel tape recording and romantic philosophizing of the Techno genre cracked open the hierarchy of access and technical knowledge of electronic production, which had previously only been used by academics and large budget studio recording musicians. In the 90s, after several Detroit producers like Robert Hood and Jeff Mills saw a surge in international success following the original Bellvue Three, Mad Mike Banks - through the Underground Resistance project and the electronic jazz assembly Galaxy 2 Galaxy - would continue producing techno music on-the-ground in Detroit in direct opposition to mainstream music programming from corporate music giants. Banks in an act of rebellion against a technocracy of culture production strived to make other genres "hi-tech," issuing Hi-Tech funk, Hi-Tech jazz, and eventually he wanted to make Detroit Hi-Tech "just like Kraftwerk made Europe Hi-Tech."

The global events of coronavirus and economic collapse in the year 2020 seems to indicate that the Post-War nuclear family and labor-oriented democracy that defines America and the West is drawing to a close in the face of mass (Black) death and middle-income job loss. In the 21st Century, and in our new "normal," governments, corporations and the remaining technical homeworkers push for a fully automated life as the lives and conditions of the less technically skilled deteri-

orates. Historically, Ford Motors and the automotive industry destabilized and weaponized unions against striking workers. Amazon poses an advanced version of this problem raising

the stakes from the metropolitan case study of Detroit to the context of a global health and labor crisis. Rather than monopolizing the lifestyles of consumers and workers around its product like Henry Ford, Jeff Bezo's Amazon simply owns central modes of online storage and physical distribution--while also tracking workers with heatmappers and firing workers like Chris Smalls who spoke out against Amazon's lack of preparedness and communication during the pandemic. Meanwhile, as the music industry struggles to format music into a profitable online market during the pandemic, Black pioneers of Detroit Techno are reeling under adverse conditions. In Detroit on April 8th 2020, Kevin Saunderson who produced under his own name and as Innercity shared on Facebook that he had contracted coronavirus. Shortly after on April 24th it was announced that Detroit DJ and producer Mike Huckaby had died while recovering from a stroke in a hospital--a GoFundMe campaign was launched on March 9th to raise money for his medical expenses.

The political writings of James Boggs predate the creation of Detroit Techno by two decades, but his insight largely predicted the circumstances that would necessitate and inspire the Belleville Three's understanding of man-machine music. Boggs postulates in "Negro and Cybernation" that, "In each industry where machinery played a vital role, the Negro played a special role- that of being the last to be recruited and usually only on an emergency basis,

e.g., war.” Within the dense social complications caused by colonialism and the industrial and technological revolutions, racial identity forms a social construct that misconstrues one’s physical appearance as value in and for

capital. The scope of JajiI’s stereomodernism evokes Baraka’s sense for a Black “unity music” as a call for an “imagined community” for a newly constructed ethnicity. As Black people engaging with white technologies powered by fractured European ideologies, the meaning of “soul” for us extends beyond genre classification and encapsulates our situation of being categorically inhuman in the eyes of American governing bodies and people. Techno and its romantic qualities of Hi-Tech Soul come from a long history of endurance and adaptation to a future that was not assigned to us, speaking to systemic dynamics and to the feelings of Black people working towards a future that isn’t indebted to white American utopianism.

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MAKE TECHNO BLACK AGAIN

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