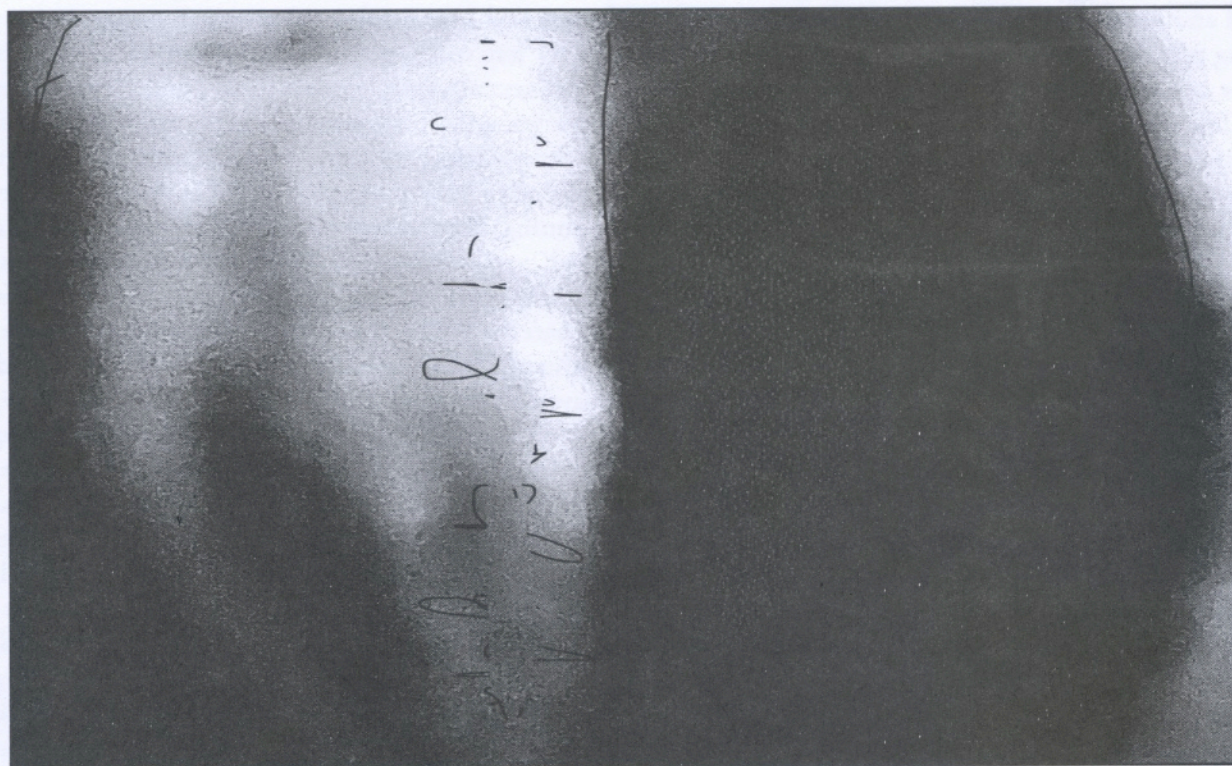


A LITTLE NEWSLETTER ON THE FUGITIVE AND the fugitive

Fred Moten



ne way to the fugitive and The Fugitive turns out to be a way into no way insofar as it's a way out of phenomenology's onto-theological and metaphysical enclosure, goes through Nathaniel Mackey going through Amiri Baraka. Baraka going by Trane through John Tchicai lets Mackey go through Mississippi (Fred McDowell) and Federico Garcia Lorca and La Niña de los Peines and Rahsaan Roland Kirk and lets me go through the laurels of Mississippi Leontyne Price's invaluable violimnant violation of French as they all go on and on in the cramped expanse of Harriet Jacobs' soundbooth, in the spell of what Spills outta her scrawlspac. The way of the spell is a kind of anamonastic cell in this regard – something we keep getting caught up in that just won't let us have things after all. It's like Peter of Celle's anti- and ante-academicism in this regard. Music tends to disappear, in this regard, from the discourse of fugitivity. Not discord in and out of dissed regard, in this regard, but rather dissonance, in the end, which is unending, always something following and layering in dis constant practicing of dis place/meant, as Baraka says as if NourbeSe Philip says it before, from some space between that can't be in between them, some bloodstain'd gate,

some unnatural birth of some sound (against the spirit of) system, where, as Okiji shows, the nonsensical and he nonsensual converge in their subsistent circumsistence. Such analectural sound, itself, is phono-philological, and phonemonological ana-lysis, in dis regard. Neither amateur nor professional, and concerned neither with phenomenological resolution nor its impossibility, but a practical devotion to certain pressures and releasements of tongue and palate, as lysis turns lyrically into lisp. We hold where study in the brushed repulsion of black phonography – the fugue statelessness, or stateless mess, or anarchic festival not in between s and d̥z, where (the) difference holds the word in palimpsest and parallel and holding off the world, thou earth, my love, and all dese arethic anharmonics of annular breathreed is our lesson plan, uncountable as phoenix and turtle. Saxophonography is what we mean to say, always in echo again and again of Mackey and Baraka echoing Trane and Tchicai echoing Pres echoing Lady. This subversive, subsubdivisive anteriority has to be heard to be seen in all this general and nonconceptual disbelief. We're practically faithful when we say through what we mean so we can read so we can breathe. And so, again and again let's call it reading at dis place/meant, at dis space *not* in

between's surround and sounding; dis dove'd embrace, dive'd gift, and dub'd ferocity; dis d 'n' th'nem's dark, blueblack, subatomic murk. O, all dis turbulence, dis Louis de Broglie mashup of muck and sunder! Our wavy particularity is funnier than your frothy ejaculate. Let's call it reading thinking how you sound so we can feel some new emergences through the state of old emergencies. The mutual aid and mutual orbit, the promiscuous sharing, of dis ordering pair dat gives itself away so The Fugitive and the fugitive can come into relief for our relief, so we can deal with The and the in the shar'd dis appearance of I and I and the figure and the concept into practicing.

The way to further clarify this blurry situation is insurgent, immersive approach; so let's get all up in the shit. I beg to differ, but we separate after all. My asking was, no doubt, improper, and it's probably impossible properly to ask, and certainly, because I never thought you'd ask, I woulda never heard you asking, but fuck all that and let me fuck it up again. Can I fuck with y'all? Let me say it again, girl, make me say it again, man, so we can see if we can see what happens. Let's be artful in the present after all, all after art and all before that shit, and all up in that shit, too. Let's get rid of one by one by one by one by one. Let's call. Let's call this "Let's call" as if all we call ourselves saying is let's call ourselves out of our selves and out of our names. Call! Call! Call! Caw! Caw! Caw! *Kaddish*, after all, morning mourning moaning after all, as if what Monk calls himself saying is "Let's Call Not One," after all. When Fumi Okiji beautifully calls herself saying that jazz is "retrospective collaboration" in devotion to "indeterminacy and the active nurture of distinction," she praises the exilic, elegiac jam she's all caught up in. O, what it is to kick (out) the jam we keep getting caught up in! O, what it is to keep practicing together! Storytelling turns out to be a lyrical mess, which narrative theory bounces off so it can blind itself. Such presencing won't represent and won't be represented. The very nature of such nurture is unresolved and is, therefore quite firmly unfutural. By way of de Broglie's meditations on the matter of light, let's refine our sense of the relay between point and particle. By way of Webb Crawford's all but unstrung imbroglia, let's refine our sense of waves (de)constitution of the particle; so that by way of Okiji and Rei Terada we can make more + less than negative nonsense of the relation between resolution and futurity, which is subject's extractive detente with object as the subsumptive (or sublative) birth of self-regard. Their meditation on and in the translational field of Hegel's *Aufheben* is massive: abolish, cancel, preserve, transcend, lift, lift up, keep, keep up, and keep getting caught up in are all in concert in their thinking, and all to let us know that the expectant and embarrassed resolution of division and collection can be resisted, that it can bluely be refused to Hegel, (oc)cultivated in Hegel, in illimitably unpaired, indesperate paring, in the riotous sharing of dis assembly, all *tovu va-vohu* all insistently after all and before

the beginning. What if futurism is just the late liberal subject, eternally erstwhile and forthcoming, performing reaction to this unruly insistence? Retrospective collaboration doesn't lack foresight. It refuses foresight. It does so precisely in recognition of the way modernity is not simply the denial but also the imposition of futurity. The future, insofar as it is (in) the present, as C.L.R. James and Jose Esteban Muñoz call themselves saying, is (best) left to chance. Foresight seeks determination and racial-sexual capitalism's will to determine is inseparable from its will to improve. On the one hand the fetish of foreknowledge; on some of those countless other hands, flamenco's retroprojective repulse; jazz's retroprojective planning; blue's black retroprojective lament. The frugal, fugal, anti-usufructive fruitfulness of improvisation, all improvident, all uninsured. Unprovable. Improbable. Whatever Miles Davis may have expected from Herbie Hancock, when Herbie played the "wrong" cord, Miles played something made it "right." It's not that right and wrong don't matter; it's that this mutual working in the present is its materiality, a materiality of practice, which comes from and with a history of practicing, as a history of exploring incalculable right through inalienable wrong. The subjunctive, the speculative, are ante-futural, in this regard. Their presence flies from it in approach so that the sacredness of what hasn't happened yet is held against the brutality of determination. That holding is given in recoil, repulse, reverb, resonant re/percussion. It won't expect, won't be expected, all dis respected, all shamelessly unembarrassed in breaks as small and as sharp as possible in the name of massive and immeasurable distancing, as if here, and only hear, we get further away from here than can be possible. So that if what The Fugitive and the fugitive call themselves saying, and hear themselves not saying, and silence themselves in the name of unsaying, is the ongoing precedent of an unprecedented release of differences inducing constant naming and renaming? Then the imperative is to let before sound through (what is held) against. To maintain this apposition will have been to find a dialect that is foregiven in the dialectic and, then, to de-lineate it, to practice its spiraling descent and undercommoning dissensus into tangle. That kind of thing, which is before itself, fucks up being as it fucks with us. In this transitive fall, let's see if we can make some mistakes together. All I can say, on the way to wordless but not quite there, is all I think about is y'all.



▮ *the blacksmiths, the flowers*, Fred Moten's latest album with Gerald Cleaver and Brandon López, has just been released by Reading Group Records.

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