



Geographers Against Trump: Reflections on the First Annual ACME Protest

The ACME Resistance

acme.geography@gmail.com

The story begins like this...

“I have no idea if I am Saturday night fucking exhausted or....or....or....but why doesn’t someone (you me and the ACME Collective) just pitch the idea of a Geographers Against Trump march in Boston? I love rallies. It’s the 1990s feminist in me...

Throw out the idea, set a time, say ‘pack your placards’ and just go from there? What the hey? What’s the worst that could happen? No one shows up?”

...

“Sounds good! Worst that could happen in Trump’s America? Well I guess we can find out!

Did you want to try and connect this with any local groups? I really have no connections in Boston at all. I guess if we send the idea around the lists it will (hopefully) take on a life of its own and people will think of connections.”

...

“Really? Hurrah! Yeah...what IS the worst [that] could happen?!?! Who knows. Let’s find out!

I also have NO connections whatsoever in Boston. None. Zero. Zip. Here's what I was kind'a thinking, though. I just needed a partner (in crime). I was thinking you and me (and maybe a few others?) could just start by throwing out our idea – on the CAG Listserv, the AAG Listserv, Critgeog, etc, etc. and then see if others are interested. Or if others have connections...? We'd just saying something like...

'Wanna have a "Geographers Against Trump" rally? So do we! Meet at XXXX (time) on XXXX (day) at XXXX (place) and you're guaranteed to find the good company of at least two geographers...bring a placard or a banner!'"

...

"So what about this idea?...."

'1st Annual ACME Protest - Geographers Against Trump'

We invite people to come out against Trump this year, but every year we pick an issue "Geographers Against ____" at the AAG and ask whoever shows up to write a brief 200 to 250 words about why they participated, and then we compile all the responses into a big co-authored paper by "The ACME Resistance" as an annual collective musing against something that sucks and what we as geographers can or should do about it. Statements will not be attributed to individuals, but rather to the entire resistance."

And so we started spamming the lists with the following call to action...

Had enough of Donald Trump? In the early days since his inauguration, the 45th President of the United States has dealt a series of major blows to our collective wellbeing and the future of the planet. The movement to fight against the renewed spirit of racism, sexism, and Islamophobia that has arisen under Trump has already begun. The challenges we are facing are decidedly geographical in nature from travel bans to health care cuts, pipelines to deportations, nuclear weapons proliferation to tax breaks for the rich, and border walls to climate change denial. Geographers are accordingly well positioned to push back, offer our support to targeted groups, and stand in solidarity against Trump's disastrous worldview.

On April 7th, at 4:00pm we will gather at Copley Square in Boston to protest. We invite you to come out with us and take a stand against Trump. Come with a placard and bring a friend... in fact, bring all of them! Members of the ACME Collective, who identify as the ACME Resistance, will be there to chat and chant, rabble and rouse, but we will ***NOT*** be there to lead. Why ACME then? Well, the point at which we can be most successful and reach our *zenith* is when all of our voices come together. That ***IS*** the ACME and so we are ***ALL*** the ACME!

Some folks on the Cultural Geography AAG Knowledge Community got all out of sorts

But, in some ways, that is another story.

Because, the thing is, we've been learning a lot at ACME about data, information, and what's public (or private) space. Much of what you read here are ACME Resistance recollections from and about the Cultural Geography AAG "Knowledge Community" (KC), or chat group / posting board for AAG members.

We decided, as a collective, that publishing direct quotes from folks who posted on list-servs and online knowledge communities may not only engender bad feelings, it may put some in danger. We decided it may lead to some (more) very public attacks. Finally, we decided we have so much else to do rather than fight public attacks. We seek dialogue. When we think of the story of Johnny Williams – whose private Facebook post was twisted by an alt-right, anti-higher education website, and led to threats against his college and his family – we realize this is both a time to speak out, as Johnny has continued to do so, but also a time to address issues of public/private online. We didn't want our reflections to give the impression that we are reposting individuals' views who responded to the KC. In fact, we are concerned with the fact that these lines of reasoning speak to more widespread ideas about the nature of geography and geographical knowledge production, the mobilization of which is useful for restricting what counts as geography itself.

Given that ACME stands against mean-spirited and divisive attack-based conversations (the kind we think that Trump and other leaders fuel at this time, and the kind of thing we were protesting against!), we asked ourselves if the comments about our ACME-organized anti-Trump rally were, really, public. In order to access the sometimes mean-spirited, sometimes upset, sometimes confused voices commenting on the forums, you needed to have an AAG account/membership and sign in to post or read those comments. The comments made about our plans to organize the rally could thus, we realized, fall under the definition of a private forum. As such, putting others' words in print from this forum without permission felt ethically unconscionable.

Writing this reflection on ACME's anti-Trump rally, interestingly, brought this confusion to the surface. We debated: do the forums declare themselves public? Who owns that data/information/our conversations? If someone posted on a small thread on an AAG forum (which are not the most widely used communication spaces, for sure), could they reasonably expect to never see their words in print? Would someone be so dastardly as to look up who said something for or against a certain way of thinking on said forum and attack them for it? These things can and do happen, as in the case of Johnny Williams, briefly discussed above. Did anyone ever forward this chain of conversations out to a list-serv that could be forwarded more widely?

At ACME, we plan on taking the next steps to clarify this; to determine if the data is owned by AAG. It is unclear. That lack of clarity is important. It's something for radical and critical geographers to think more about, especially in this age of Trump, in this age of conversation about consent and privacy and the "public" nature of so very much conversation: what is "public" with regards to data/information/our data? It is really undefined according to the folks who think and write about this sort of data every day. Discussions around the ethics of online public/private data are very much the focus of, for instance, the Association of Internet Researchers, Human/Computer Interaction, 4S, and every other group like them. Corporations like Facebook and Alphabet (the parent company of Google) outright own your data, from your personal information to your emails to the way you move the mouse and the rhythm of your keystrokes, among at least 1,500 to 4,500 other points of unique user data. The privacy agreement / terms and conditions of the AAG forums are uncomplicated in that they only refer to the security of private data from individual members. At this point, few if any academic organizations have considered the privacy of communications among their members.

In the end, the only way forward for those who posted to the forum is to share their recollections without direct quotes. While this itself is dubious, it does allow us to speak from the method of autoethnography without singling out any one person. And remember how we said this was a whole other story? It is and it isn't, because this internal conversation about privacy and the conversation online, struggled with by the ACME Collective, is a key element to this article – a springboard we can use our discussion to reflect on how we want the internet to work as a tool for communication, understanding, and solidarity in the non-Trump/anti-Trump-rhetoric/mentality/policies world we desire through the project of radical geography. In the end, we also agreed to use the very summary points of those who were against the march—as well as our replies—because these debates are so common around issues of academic freedom. We bring them to your attention as it is a shared responsibility among us all to think about the present and future of geography through these conversations.

What are we here for, anyways?

Needless to say, the AAG forums lit up with tense back and forths between people in support of the rally and those against it. Some of the critiques are laughably simplistic in a "those damn liberals!" mentality, while others belie much more deeply seated investment in narrow understandings of geography. Some geographers named their discomfort with the Call to Action through a combination of technical and epistemological claims. Reference was made to the AAG Code of Conduct in that the Call to Action upset rather than proliferated possible modes of geographical knowledge. To several people, geographers should engage in a specifically scientific (read: objective) scholarship, one that does not account for politics or politically engaged scholarship. We read this as a narrowing down of

acceptable scholarly engagement, one which deems alternative modes of conveying knowledge (e.g., chants, signs) useless and unjustifiably aggressive. Here, the investment in and idealization of scientific objectivity conveniently relies on ignorance, if not erasure, of longstanding feminist geographical critiques by Gillian Rose, Juanita Sundberg and others of the masculinism of such an epistemology.

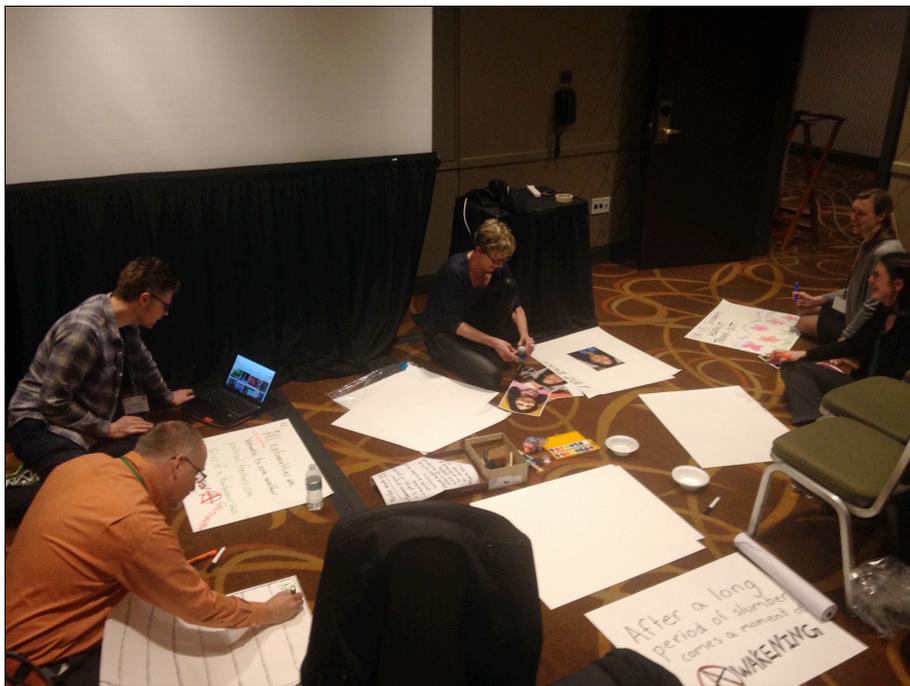
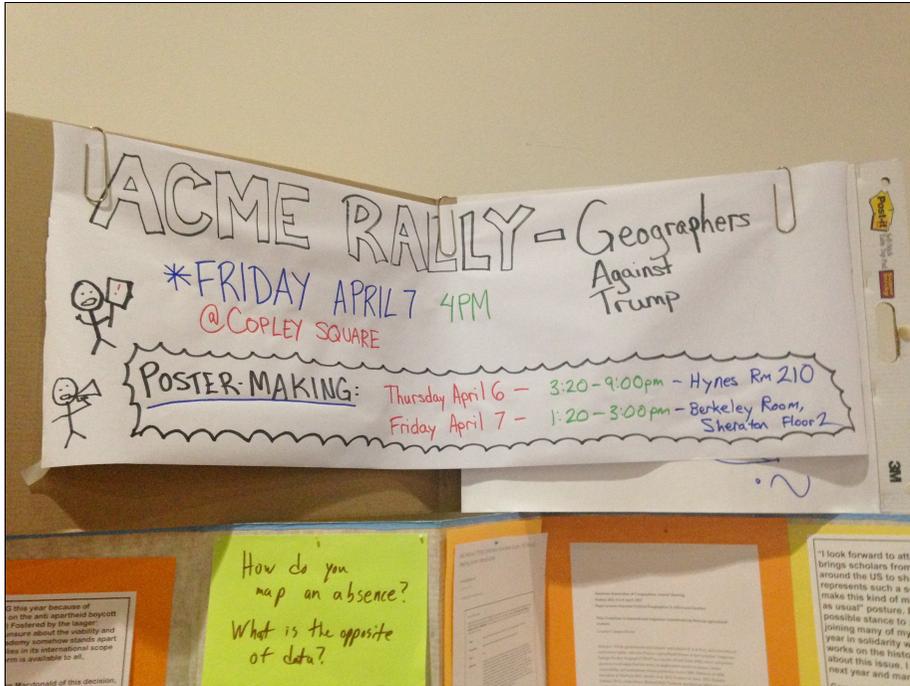
A second idea that critics used to express their discomfort with the Call to Action is the notion of professionalism: that a protest is unprofessional. We would be remiss to not mention that the idea of professionalism is steeped in a neoliberal commitment to reputation, itself premised on a kind of disciplinary inferiority complex. Critics insisted multiple times, in different ways, that geographers should strive for others' respect, and that respect apparently can only be learned through a recourse to apolitical approaches. Here, the notion of professionalism does two things, both related to defining im/proper geographies. First, it sets off to delineate the boundaries of our work – what is geography 'proper' and what is outside of it. Second, it seeks to govern academic conduct by naming protest as a form of engagement unbecoming of 'proper' geographers. In both senses, and not unlike the first point above regarding objectivity, what is at stake is the very understanding of geography itself.

The vaunted idea of academic freedom was debated in the Call to Action. As a parallel but distinct concept that debates academic freedom, "academic liberty" has gained a lot of public currency through its mobilization by self-professed enemies of so-called 'Social Justice Warriors', including and especially anti-racists, anti-capitalists and feminists. The term is useful in part because it is already politically and emotionally charged and draws its energies from absolutist, nationalist and libertarian conceptions of 'liberty'. The turn to 'academic liberty' is then used paradoxically to circumscribe what geography and what scholarship across the fields is acceptable. Indeed, such debates inspire debate as to who even counts as a geographer is put to question, in that geographers who are involved politically or are indeed concerned with geography-as-political-work are deceitful subjects who are not actually geographers. Again, geographies and geographers as bodies of knowledge—and the entire academy—are very much at stake.

Some scholars, us among them, responded in kind by naming both the hypocrisy and the unexamined underpinnings of such responses. Several, us among them, questioned the very investment in an objective geographical science to note, among other things, that geographers are embedded in social and political relations, whether we recognize it or not, and that the work we do cannot be divorced from these relations. Others, again us among them, reiterated their own very clear commitments to working with marginalized communities on the ground, along with their desire for geographies grounded in ethical relations of accountability and responsibility. These principles, instead of detached "apolitical" objectivity, are key animating principles for their geographical knowledge production. By reiterating different epistemological commitments, they contest the monopoly of knowledge being claimed by the critics under the guise of 'academic liberty' and

instead work together for a critical, open, and radical understanding of academic freedom.

Still, this happened...





We laughed. We chanted. We sang. We marched. We danced. We laughed some more. And in that moment, we kicked Trump's ass...

I came to the AAG 2017 meeting after having gone through one of the darkest periods in my life: the last year of my PhD program. Forcing myself day after day to write a dissertation I was emotionally done with while simultaneously applying for academic jobs (53 of them so far) was difficult as it was. But it got a lot harder after November 8th, and nearly excruciating after January 20th. I have come to question my role and my work: Wouldn't my energy be best spent elsewhere? Is there any utility in producing scholarship at a moment like this? Historians warn we may only have a few months, or a year at best, to prevent a truly fascist turn of the US state. But the precarity of academic work has made me fear any deviance from my timeline. Sitting at my desk alone, working long hours on self-promotion while the news gets worse and worse has made me resent the very institutions I have been working to establish myself within. Amidst my writing, applying, defending, presenting, and interviewing, I have had virtually no time for political work. But the ACME protest interrupted my own expectations for an academic conference. It reminded me that we are not just here to promote ourselves; we are here to be in solidarity with one another, to think together toward action, and sometimes even to shout: "Hey hey, ho ho, Donald Trump has got to go!"

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I decided to participate in the ACME protest in Boston to show my solidarity with the academics who were affected (or felt rejected) by the travel ban, and to express my refusal of all the things the Trump administration stands for. I refuse to see the United States become a xenophobic, hyper conservative, fear mongering country. I refuse to see the United States turn their back to their long tradition of welcoming refugees in search of hope for a better life. I refuse to see the United States deny scientific facts and wage war against all its intellectual and thinkers. I refuse to let them engage in an ever-accelerated destruction of the environment, in the un-reined pillage of all their natural resources. I refuse to hear this administration pretend that it cares about the people when people are the last thing they care about. I am outraged by their denial of indigenous rights, women's rights and, more broadly, human rights. I am afraid of their collusion with nearly all dictatorships around the globe. I decided to participate in the ACME protest in Boston because I want to leave a better world to my children than the one my parents handed me. I want a better future for all children, I want to be able to look future generations in the eyes and tell them that even though it's not perfect, I've done my best and gave all I had to ensure they, and their children, grow up in a better place, where there is hope, love, and a lot of opportunities in this marvelous place we call Earth.

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Gathering in Copley Square on a windy afternoon in early April, I felt the breeze cut through my clothing, satisfactory for the hermetically sealed environment of the Hynes Convention Centre, but which now felt wholly inadequate. We wondered where the protest was – looking around us, as if waiting for a walking tour of Boston’s colonial history – almost expecting to see someone dressed in mock-up costume, perhaps as Trump himself? Slowly, others began to appear into the windy square, holding cardboard signs inscribed with slogans and longer geographical retorts to the inconceivability that some of our number had been prevented from travelling to the US by the travel ban from ‘black listed’ countries. A picture of a face of a colleague here, a name there... they would be held high and proud by this little crowd. Our numbers grew, but never to the extent I had hoped for. Never to be truly representative of the nine thousand plus inside the conference centre. I felt sorry that we couldn’t muster more of a show, but nonetheless we formed an obvious bloc of discontent and we attracted the attention of passers-by. Our placards, our slogans and our shouts brought us some attention. One surprising source was from a man dressed in an oversized t-shirt depicting Trump’s face in the style of Obama’s in his election campaign. The word ‘Hope’ was written below. In my Englishness I laughed, and assumed it must be a joke. That was until a small group of women arrived with a sign reading “Make Space for Feminist Geographies”, to which the man responded – “you feminists – get back in the Kitchen”. I pondered this, bemused. We marched back to the conference centre, chanting as we went – “geographers against Trump!”. The placard reading ‘Fuck Trump’ drew much attention and many onlookers smiled and some joined our march. Buoyed by the response on the street we pushed the revolving doors into the Hynes Centre and back into the conference venue, still chanting. Immediately the security guard at the door demanded (for the first time that week) that we show our name badges to enter and refused access to those without. We lost our friends who had joined us on the street and, with the reality of our positionality upon us, we retreated back to our ivory tower feeling energised, windswept and a little confused.

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I was present at this protest because I believe it is the responsibility for those who think for a living to advocate for justice in the world. This advocacy requires more than publishing in academic journals that do not always make an impact on the most vulnerable populations in the most vulnerable spaces. Many geographers put down the protest, arguing that it is not our place to be engaged in social justice with such actions, or at all; however, we need to recognize that this is a bourgeois politics perpetrated by bourgeois professors and researchers that negates the very foundation of what geographical thinking is at its core. As a working class person and an aspiring academic, I find it is my role to communicate critical thought through other mediums, such as demonstrations like the one we had in Copley Square in Boston. I hope this sets a precedent for future political

demonstration by geographers and other academics, and that we can work towards critiquing bourgeois geography out of existence.

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The man who occupies the Office of the Presidency of the United States at the time of the AAG Boston 2017 is a criminal whose name shall not be written. Of course we protested him. What else could a person do? I'm glad we did it, but it could have been so much better. Organization was lacking. I don't even recall if Simon pimped it in his session on Anarchist roots. I probably didn't in my session on Bunge's Legacy, nor did I hear any calls to demonstrate in the sessions on Radical Geography or the 50 years of Clark Geography session. When I went to the room where we were supposed to meet, nobody was there. I waited the requisite 10 minutes and left only to return in 30 minutes to find a small cadre at work. Well and good. The demo itself was okay. I walked alone to the square holding my sign up for all to see. As I approached others joined, especially some from the London School of Economics. As the crowd gathered (about 100) it was young, international, and spirited. We chanted at the encouragement of the South Americans and then dispersed. We should have, en masse, walked back through the halls of the mall like meetings spaces. Maybe some did? [Editor: *Indeed we did!*] And, of course, it did nothing to stop the beast. I believe he will fall, but in the meanwhile he is causing great damage.

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I showed up at the protest in Copley Square not only to speak out against the man who would be king, but also to remind my fellow geographers that we can't continue on as if it were business as usual in our conference halls, banquets, and plenaries. If we think that championing geography as a "science" to inform "evidence-based decision-making" will save us from the turn toward right-wing, authoritarian populism, we're in for a very rude awakening. The regime of truth that has underpinned liberal democratic politics since the end of the Second World War—itsself a deeply problematic global order—is currently undergoing a major transformation, fueled by the after-shocks of the 2007-2008 economic crisis. Among other things, this has resulted in an openly racist, sexist, classist, xenophobic, anti-disability, anti-LGBTQ, Putinist-authoritarian con artist being elected as President of the United States. But, let's face it: the United States has a long history of white supremacy, racism, xenophobia, eugenics, sexism, class exploitation, heteronormativity, and genocidal settler-colonialism. So, when viewed in the broader context of U.S. history, the current political regime is hardly an aberration. Indeed, we might even say that the 2016 U.S. election took Americanism to its logical—if extreme—conclusion. Yet there is also a more hopeful America that rejects the politics of fear and hate, that embraces the multiplicities of social difference instead of scapegoating the "Other," that counters the reactionary politics of the present with the solidarity of embodied resistance. Assembling in Copley Square was a small, yet no less significant, gesture of

solidarity with such efforts to imagine the possibility of making new worlds, together.

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In the days after Trump was elected, I had to think long and hard about whether participating in the AAG was a good idea. As a researcher working to challenge the exclusionary measures of contemporary immigration control, it felt that attending a conference already underpinned by a history of white privilege - at a time when many of my colleagues would be further excluded by the travel ban - may not be the best use of my time. After considering the terms of my attendance and my reasons for being there, I decided that I should attend as planned. It's not that I thought that presenting to a group of my peers would be in any way transformative, as I could guarantee that everyone in the room would share similar views. It was more that to stand down would serve to make the critical voice quieter, or less present, somehow. Trump would like to elude criticism; he would like our critical voices to be silent. To boycott an academic conference felt like it would serve that purpose. That's not to say that I didn't support the boycott for those who chose not to be there, especially if that decision was made in solidarity with those who couldn't be there. But for all of these reasons, and more, it felt especially important to attend the protest.

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Standing in the square that day was more visible than any conference paper. The protest was an opportunity to be publically critical of Trump, as well as a broader global politics that continues the oppression and exclusion of particular groups. Some of us had travelled from the UK, where the issue of leaving the European Union has been deeply divisive. The protest was a way of showing our support for all those affected by the racist policies of the Republican Party under Trump. Although we were relatively small in numbers at the protest, I felt we left an impression on the world that day by sending an important message that the intolerable behaviour of politicians won't be met with our compliance; that we will continue to resist, together.

...

Participating in the ACME Protest and rally in Boston was, for me, motivated both by my academic identity as a critical geographer, and also because of a wider affirmation of my social relationships to others at a time of crisis. I stood alongside others in Copley Square as a father, a husband, a brother, a son, a friend, a neighbour *and* as a stranger. At its root, I guess, my being there was a small but significant gesture of solidarity for all those who fight for - and those who are in need of - social and spatial justice in the here and now. Seen in the context of the wider AAG conference, the ACME Protest was an important and unique invitation to transgress exclusionary and privileged *academic* spaces (however radical they may have been), and seek to voice our protest 'beyond the academy' in a

meaningful sense. In Copley Square there were many issues that deserved recognition: I chose to draw particular attention to the widespread human anger, hurt and misery that followed Trump's cruel, divisive and discriminatory travel ban. Importantly, the wording on the protest sign I held did not isolate Trump's immigration policy from the unjustness *intrinsic* to all immigration policies the world over. Rather the words drew attention to the unnatural segregation and separation that all human beings are made to suffer under man[sic]-made, political borders. At a time of increasing violence, hostility, division and fear of 'others', the role and purpose of geography as highlighted by the anarchist geographer Peter Kropotkin (1885) seemed most appropriate to cite. The banner read "*All nationalities are valuable to one another... political frontiers are relics of a barbarous past.*" The ACME Protest in the final reflection was wonderful in that it allowed all present to *stand positively* for something. This was a protest that was as beautiful as it was significant: 'an emancipatory space' coloured by human voices, enriched by singing, music, dance, and genuine warmth; a space of solidarity for those who were able to attend and participate, and for those who were not.

Others decided not to make the trip to Boston...

I am cancelling my participation in the American Association of Geographers conference this year because of the Trump administration's Muslim ban. I request a full refund of my registration fee due to the circumstances. I am participating in 2129 Pyrogeography and 5224 Critical Geographies in Latin America; and I will separately send my regrets to the organizers. I do so primarily out of solidarity with those discriminated against. My wife, my parents, my grandparents, her grandparents, and I all immigrated to various countries: Argentina, Canada, and the US. My wife and I both came to the US on student visas. We know many others who did the same. And we know yet others still who are currently international students or hope to be. Many of the intellectuals who influenced me the most in research and teaching have also been immigrants to the US, in fact.

More fundamentally, my solidarity is with all those people that this ban encourages discrimination against by dangerously normalizing bias and hatred against individuals who happen to be members of an identifiable minority. I well understand that those who are not themselves immigrants and/or members of an identifiable minority might not understand why I have made this decision. But I do hope they respect it as I do their decisions to participate or not in this year's AAG conference. I am also cancelling because I find the AAG's response to the Muslim ban to be inadequate. As an indication of what I would consider to be an appropriate response, I am suggesting to the board of the Conference of Latin Americanist Geographers that they consider moving its annual business meeting from the AAG conference, which has been the venue for nearly half a century, to the biennial CLAG conference and the biennial Encuentro de Geógrafos de América Latina in years when they meet and, in other years, to the annual conference of the

Canadian Association of Geographers or the Latin American Studies Association when it meets outside of the US. Those groups meet in countries that have their own governance issues but that currently do not selectively exclude participation in academic conferences that claim to value the free and open exchange of ideas by all people.

Others still, having been Othered, were excluded from being able to attend...

As ACME's call for an anti-Trump protest at the 2017 AAG meeting began circulating, I was opening a parcel from London's US Embassy. The package contained my passport, a piece of paper with couple of red pen strikes informing me that my visa was denied, and a list with the most fantastic requirements of documents that I was expected to submit unless I wanted to be banned from entering the USA for the next ten years. To satisfy the requirements I would have to fly to my native country, convince local authorities to issue me a new passport on the spot and in spite of the inconvenient fact that I was already in possession of a valid passport. I was expected to be back in the UK to submit this new passport in short order if I still hoped to receive a visa by the start of the AAG meeting. At the US Embassy I was told that my passport looked too old, where an officer shouted at me for looking "too Arabic". I informed him that I am not Arab, which caused him to lose his temper. He pointed to my dark complexion and long black hair as flagrant proof of some hidden Arabic nationality. Before being called a liar, I had already been deemed a fraud as an academic. The officer threw my AAG invitation letter back at me. "Is Geography even a discipline?," he scoffed. I ultimately did secure a new passport, but it didn't matter. I was still denied entry. If you think that my story and the racism I have endured come from my being from one of Trump's blacklisted countries, then I am sorry for being blunt, but you are delusional about how easy this struggle is, how earnest your enemy, and how safe your position. I am an Italian National, with all the privileges of an Italian passport, and the pampered safety of an affiliation with the University of Cambridge. Entry privileges to EU citizens were annulled for those who had travelled to one of the blacklisted countries after 2011, in my case, Syria. We now had to undergo interviews and pay for a BH2 visa, a process initiated by Obama.

We expected the travel ban to be fought through tangible and unambiguous battlefronts, so that for example, the targets are only those clearly identified by our racist opponent. We expected that the weapons would be those of law and order, where dispatching lawyers and assisting our fellow colleagues at the border is how we could fight back. But here is the thing: our colleagues from blacklisted countries already knew that they would have to stay home before any announcement of a travel ban. Funding grants and their dignity would not be wasted on a battle they already know is lost. The fight is not one for lawyers and rights and clear intentions that you can dispute: it's something as dirty as bureaucracy. Something that you can't challenge, because bureaucracy doesn't need motivations – it needs procedures, and procedures are silent. Bureaucracy's

weapon is its banality. As a privileged EU citizen, from a hyper-privileged environment like Cambridge academia, I had the privilege of travelling to, and leaving unharmed from, a country like Syria, ravaged from one of the new century's most destructive conflicts. My case then was not one the AAG was prepared to stand for. It was a confusing and obscure administrative conundrum. We were all prepared to fight stigma, but this wasn't any such thing. My greatest shame those weeks, while praying my visa would come in time, was obviously my entitlement. What I was going through is nothing compared to what colleagues from the Middle East, Asia, or South America might endure every year. My Syrian visas, themselves the reason why I had been forced to undergo an investigation, were a reminder about trips to check on jailed friends, kidnapped friends, lost friends. Their injustice has gone unvoiced and unnoticed, which is surely worth more than my failed trip to Boston.

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Near the beginning of this article one of the respondents asks, 'what IS the worst [that] could happen?!?! Who knows. Let's find out!'. I wish I shared that same confidence about protesting in a country whose *elected* leader considers me, my family, my community and, well, shit, any person with the wrong ancestry, religion, hair or skin colour as less than. Anyone impacted by exclusionary immigration policies knows exactly that your worst nightmare is always lurking, threatening to become reality. You can always be stripped of the home, sense of belonging and safety you and your family have worked tirelessly to build and believe in when the state decides that this is, categorically, a no [insert identity group] zone. This travel ban feels like more of the same xenophobia my family and community have faced since I can remember. And, obviously, our story isn't unique by any means. We've been through this type of sanctioned discrimination with previous administrations (and not just in the US), and we'll likely be here again (unfortunately). The difference, this time, is that some of our staunchest allies have a lot more mobility, are acutely aware of what's going on, and willing to speak up. An undergirding problem, however, is that interventions continue to be quieted by individuals who still don't appear to understand the notion of privilege or how it stacks the figurative deck in their favour (e.g., concerns over the "reputation of our collective scholarship"). What, then, is the point of protesting in a setting dripping with elitism and when the only people that appear to be listening already agree with you? Don't get me wrong, protest is a great way to show solidarity and offer public support to those whose civil liberties are either under threat or stripped away. I write this with sincerity: I'm glad people took time out of their trips to express discontent about the travel ban and the current US administration. Thank you for standing by us. We need your help. While I encourage all of us interested in promoting amity, equity, and hope to keep fighting for those whose voices are quieted by policies of hate, I also caution people in privileged positions to think about the goals of a protest that takes place at an academic conference and costs anywhere from \$155 to 500 USD to attend, and

where you get to exercise your privilege to attend a conference in order to add a line to your CV, network, and advance your career when some of us were discouraged from participating. Perhaps next time you make up your placards and banners, pause a moment to consider the ways in which your support of a conference that celebrates careerist and intensified work undermines your genuine efforts to fuck Trump and his conspirators.

So perhaps we need to think of new ways to fuck Trump, but nonetheless, and let there be no question about it... Fuck Trump!