

PEOPLING

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ARCHIVE

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(note: half-spacing in the text indicates simultaneous speech by two or more performers)

* OTHER SUNS OR NO LONGER EVEN THIS ONE

I won't speak of characters, pseudonyms, heteronyms or identities proper. The parts played in this writing developed from working with the particular performers looking directly at their own lives in relation to larger matters pertaining as particularly to their lives and in relation to being changed by and changed into each other. Reinforcing or upending the proprieties of identity by means of a page or stage magnifying the fact that we're composed in relation to each other, is hardly the point. The performers play themselves although at an estranged experiential depth and pointblank interdependent immediacy. As *alteroidems* (*same as other*) or *alteroidios* (*one's own as other*), self is unfixed and belonging must be reconstituted step by step. In this context, just as an actor (acting as oneself or others) would be an imposter, there is no schizoid representation (one representing oneself or speaking for others) but the possibility of the full energy of being *particular* or *symbol* or *history* or *humanity* or becoming "undiscovered." How is identity implicated in wondering whether peopling will end here, or be perpetuated under other suns far from our one sun which, in giving life, seemingly re-divides rulers from ruled, privileged from impoverished and warmongers from peace-seekers? What's the breakdown? What are the constituents of one's consistent reconfiguring. If form itself is an accident and one can be deformed or dissolved any moment, if feelings can change, if perceptions shift with the view, if impulses impede and powers of discernment trace neither origins nor eventualities, the underlying is up in the air and our evolved troubled beloved evanescence can turn against us. We're especially free to say that which we'd never want to say.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Peopling was written over a 3-year period while working continuously with a multinational, multilingual, multiracial, multigenerational collective of 30 professional and lay performers. It was written as a series of mixed-genre poems that would at once serve as musical script for the cast. I served as scribe and historian for the group, drawing out the story of each performer, as the content of the work was, in fact, the need to be working together as who we are. To be in a position to compose our impossible process I had to listen, inquire and innovate beyond all bounds. Without these astounding collaborators, not a word of *Peopling* would exist: Martita Abril, Sylvestre Akakpo, Massimiliano Balduzzi, Ilona Bito, Lorene Bouboushian, Sarah Chien, Yoon Sun Choi, Lydia Chrisman, Laura Colomban, Cerentha Cook, Lacina CoulibalyDrew Devero, Ichi Go, Ashaka Givens, Alvaro Gonzales Dupuy, Antígona González, Maria Heller, Cole Highnam, Michael Ingle, Shantelle Jackson, Aram Jibilian, Ivana Larrosa, Judah Levenson, Anaïs Maviel, Carol Porteous, Jean Carla Rodea, Gizelxanath Rodriguez, Allison Sylvia, Saúl Ulerio, Fay Victor, and Cecilia Woolfolk, Tuce Yasak.

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DROP EVERYTHING

(Seven-Year-Old Girl)

(repeating the lines by playing with tone and emphasis, circulating among the audience as everyone quiets down and takes their seats)

once there was and once there wasn't *(semi-sung)*

where would you be now

leave everything in its place

put everything back in its place

put everything in its place

*(Moroccan-Dutch Muslim Anthony Janszoon van Salee, first settler of Coney Island)**

Hello happy ending.

Hello, happy ending.

May the words now do more than they can say.

Although this story is set at the point of purchase of any property in today's market, it's also about peopling and displacement since time immemorial — or at least since Vasco da Gama and Columbus, sailing in opposite directions in search of the same spice — nutmeg — set into motion the so-called Age of Discovery,** the global interchange of peoples, plants, ideas and communicable diseases under the most exploitive terms imaginable. Although this ongoing momentum of discovery is coextensive with our extinction, we still have not put in place a counteractive age of *undiscovery*.

A land safe for hate. Where I live I have to answer for the worst of us anywhere.

What do your enemies believe about you? They believe you make enemies.

7-½ billion internally displaced people, to become each other's sense of belonging.

That's the plot.

We're injured. Drop everything.

* Anthony van Salee (1607–1676) was the son of Jan Janszoon van Haarlem, a Dutch pirate who was the first president of the Corsair Republic of Salé. Anthony was the first settler, landholder, merchant, and creditor in Kings County. Van Salee's descendants include Humphrey Bogart, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, Warren G. Harding, Dr. John van Salee de Grasse, the Whitneys and the Vanderbilts.

** Nutmeg-lust impelled the first circumnavigation of the globe. As Elizabethan doctors claimed their nutmeg pomanders were the only cure for the bubonic plague, the markup for nutmeg from its lone source on the Banda Islands of Indonesia to the streets of London, rose to 60,000 percent. To monopolize this net margin, Dutch merchants beheaded all native Bandanese males over 15 years of age, imported a foreign workforce and soaked all exported nuts in lime to destroy fertility.

(Seven-Year-Old Girl) (repeating the line by shifting accent)

change what happened

change what happened

change what happened

[overlapping dialogue between the Seven-Year-Old Girl and van Salee, as the choir fluently syncs gestures and movements of the energies of the overlapped sounds of f, r, th, v, y)

a

dif
fff

er
rrr

ent

moth
ththth

er

ev
vvv

er

ry
yyy

min

ute

why not? *(translated by the choir into all available languages, sporadically, briefly)*

EXPELLING AND AMENDS (*entire choir expels and makes the sounds of amends*)

Expulsive sounds safely holding open the performance space, with the space of the page and space itself as luminosity. Here, stagnant energy is sickness. Stagnation spreads, like hoarded, un-circulating money, stunting the standard of living.

Making sounds for facing our places of pain, where we let the light in, sounds for taking a step outside our personal histories. One becomes distributed, diffuse; acutely aware of awareness as shared.

Expelling is also effective as sonic support for protest and picket, for breaking the will of aggression and confounding unjustness. It is arresting, in return, and disarming.

These sounds are at first inaudible, unvoiced, still. No more turbulent than a whisper or soft whistling. One can only be honest about making sounds that are first heard. Expellings buried imperceptibly in one's speech, like a carrier wave for tone of voice or intention, like continuous prayer or mantra-recitation. The unvoiced English fricatives /f/, /s/, /ʃ/, /θ/; the plosive /p/; ejectives /k/, /ts/ and /dʒ/ and the aspirate /h/ lend themselves to the expulsive action of clearing, cleansing, purging and releasing. Yet, the sounds of expelling are not bound by speech sounds, as they follow their own needs. In the process of phonation, the airstream can in fact be infinitely modified and focalized in the vocal tract by the shaping of the tongue and the contact points of all the articulators: lips, teeth, alveolar ridge, hard palate, velum and uvula. To fully expel, the vocal tract is felt as an extension of the heart/lungs, the diaphragm and the intercostal muscles that move the chest wall; resonating throughout the abdomen, down to pelvic floor, tapping earth, uprising to produce sounds at the tip of the tongue that move us.

Sounds for blowing away sickness readily interchange with sounds of inhalation, sucking, suctioning and extracting. Naming a pathogen locates and vibrates the blockage and begins a movement. Disease calls out to words.

Any speech sound can be released voicelessly, as an aspirant (with vocal folds open, without vibration, as voicing tends to expend airflow's push and puff.) Expelling is acoustic psychoactivity. With or without visionary states, fasting or entheogen ingestion. Sneezing, shuddering, gasping and involuntary exclamations are kindred phenomena.

To make amends, put yourself in the place of climate-confused migratory birds, relocated trees and tropical diseases, populations redistributed by our inability to spread the wealth, brown bears competing with polar.

No hubio lluvia. The meaning of the sound of the words. The meaning of the sounds of the words is their play of energy and immediate influence. Hear awareness of immaterial material composition recomposition as social. Hearing is touch. From this page-as-luminosity to drought-ravaged Honduran farmers congregated at a train yard in Tenosique, Mexico waiting for an opportune moment to ride *La Bestia* to the U.S. border.

Having turned growth against ourselves while half of animal life disappears; an overnight 35% rise in people and pets. Ubiquitous unnoticed population extinctions, as distinct from the spectacular wiping out of entire species, prelude to not-entirely-improbable biotic end. Make up for. Hold this desecration together with all human-caused horror. Melt away life-threatening misimpressions, particularly on the part of the chemically insensitive who never-say-die, who buy their distance from toxicity. Drier *drier* wetter *wetter* richer *richer* more *more* asymmetric.

Bowel vowels and spirit consonants, while the only other preparations underway are automated firing zones and razor-wire walls at the borders. Under-intonings, breathings back to life, well-defended deafened policy re-set.

SCRATCH COAT

(Seven-Year-Old Girl)

startling little by little
to be which one I am
just as exactly as this
I is my me this body
if not me's mine mine's me
whose their's would it just
as suddenly always be?

(entire choir, individually)

your reference for how to treat me is *you*

seriously?

do not ... treat

individual erodes in-group

the greater good grinding us down

makes the world go round

I'm construed of you with enough resources to feed only me

I'm more different from my group than yours

for which there are no procedures

an in-group humbling itself to honor an out-group

for suffering *suffering* when you could be suffering for the sake of another

once you're someone you're

identical
isolable

indivisible
stereotypical

incorrigible
impressionable

atomizable
assimilable

germinal
terminal

one's people ones' people *(drawing the placement of the apostrophes in the air)*

where do you put the apostrophe?

where do you?

one peoples*

no apostrophe

who says is what it means

don't you see

what I wish otherwise *is* awareness

until we're neither we'd better be either

give away any gratification give it away

what others can't be part of is that which members can be cut off from

nakedness of presence not person

in place of spaciousness —

results

wanting things a certain way routinely messes us up

a sanctuary is for keeping out those who'd keep you from including all those who've been left out**

alleged quackery in place of treatments known to be ineffective

check

laissez-faire suicide rate and mass shootings

check

there's a dark corner in your mind and it is my ignorance

check

collectives are for not wishing we were getting along

check

an out-almshouse — outpatient performance —

empathic free-for-all

our last pie thrown in austerity's face

* *"No person among us desires any other reward for performing a brave and worthwhile action but the consciousness of having served his people."* Thayendanegea/Joseph Brandt, Mohawk war chief, 1742-1807. We agree. Sounds infallible? Reward is the lockstep between self-supremacy and group separatism.

To set the stage: in the 2nd quarter of the 19th century, at two short-lived communes, collectivism in America was put to death by the very sovereignty of privacy it was meant to protect. Both the Owenite utopia in New Harmony, Indiana and the transcendentalist Brook Farm in West Roxbury, Massachusetts were founded to safeguard personal freedom. After New Harmony's collapse, original member Josiah Warren became America's first anarchist and a staunch Individual Authoritarian. *"It appeared that it was nature's own inherent law of diversity that had conquered us ... our united interests were directly at war with the individualities of persons and circumstances and the instinct of self-preservation."* Warren advised: *"Avoid all combinations and connections of persons and interests, and all other arrangements which will not leave every individual at all times at liberty to dispose of his or her person, and time, and property in any manner in which his or her feelings or judgment may dictate, without involving the persons or interests of others."* When asked by George Ripley to join the Brook Farm Association, Ralph Waldo Emerson replied: *"That which determines me is the conviction that Community is not good for me ... I think that my present position has even greater advantages than yours would offer me for testing my improvements in those private parties into which men are all set off already throughout the world...I think that all I shall solidly do, I must do alone ... If the community is not good for me neither am I good for it."* From Emerson's book *Conduct of Life*, bitterly written long after the breakup of Brook Farm: *"We had in this region, twenty years ago, a sort of Arcadian fanaticism, a passionate desire to go upon the land, and unite farming to intellectual pursuits ... some became downright ploughmen, but all were cured of their faith that scholarship and practical farming could be united. With brow bent, with firm intent, the pale scholar leaves his desk to draw a freer breath ... in the garden-walk. He stoops to pull up a purslain that is choking the young corn, and finds there are two: close behind the last, is a third; he reaches out his hand to a fourth; behind that, are four thousand and one. He ... wakes up from his idiot dream of chickweed to find, that ... he has been duped by a dandelion."* His refrain: *"No land is bad, but land is worse."* Nathaniel Hawthorne, treasurer of the Brook Farm community, concurring: *"... labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionately brutified."*

** If you form a group based on non-exclusion, seeing others as part of you, others will perceive this as an imposition and make of you an outlier to persecute and outcast, as in the case of Bahá'u'llah, the founder of the Bahá'í Faith. What angered others in particular was Bahá'u'llah's statement that the laws he prescribed would not cause disturbance and dissention.

REFUGIA

UN IN

(recited by Ilelw)

— with further reference to the even more interdicted, unbounded *solidarity*, the Great Dismal Swamp bordering Virginia and North Carolina, an impenetrable, infested wetlands larger than Long Island, concealing predominantly slaves, but also natives, the indentured and outcast — in that the rest of the new world was and arguably remains under marshal law, their subsistence/resistance society, their *mocambo* (from Ambundu “hideout”) stands as the first, perhaps *only*, land of the free we’ve ever known and as such, presently, paradoxically, a patent, strangely propitious paragon or deity-contained mandala for peaceable prosperity inner city or any where. Enter: the insolvent, the fed up, the defrauded, dejected, subjected, saddened, maddened, mendicant, percipient, prescient, eccentric, the altruistic, the vulnerable, venerable, those revolted by systemic violence and intrinsic avarice. Listen into the density of languages and signals in this disappeared ecosystem. One-hundred years after the War of Independence, when its inhabitants finally walked out of the Dismal Swamp, surrounding locals referred to them, not by color, but called them ‘Tories’ after their political affiliation with the side taken in the same war for their own sovereignty.

if not, here, not all there
un in un in habitable
an invaluable worst case scenario

a refugium is a place where species can survive while life all around is wiped out
the uninhabitable is now everybody’s refuge—
what was once true only for runaways, nobodies, bums, pariahs

we the people only left
where goes there
home away *to* home
unfindable is free
human is immigrant
humanimate huminimum. humost whomust

out of respect for making each other different
you can only be who you are
if someone must predominate
you can only be who you are

pleu plynein plein ploein plotos plove pluvius
I wash flowan plovo
I float to and frome

quagmire the size of earth —
refuge and unfavorable conditions in one
insularized by being so populous

habitable meant unsafe
inequity may make peopling out of place
no one not endangered
already we're relictual
'formerly' if you will
'stranded' if you like
in un in habitual al al

a state protecting people
oppressed by state —
intercalated anger and angrier
over tools of refusal
found only at home depot

BIOTA

(entire choir)

un in un
n g l d w l l l l n g l d w l l l l
un in un
thk thk thk thk thk thk
un in un
klwa shlwa klwa shlwa klwa
z n ng o o z n ng o o
un in un
nf t nf ct vvvvvv nf t nf ct vvvvvv nf t nf ct vvvvvv
un in un
n g l d w l l l l n g l d w l l l l
un in un
thk thk thk thk thk thk
un in un
klwa shlwa klwa shlwa klwa
z n ng o o z n ng o o
un in un
nf t nf ct vvvvvv nf t nf ct vvvvvv nf t nf ct vvvvvv
un in un

EXODUS INTO *(recited by Subprime)*

(an alternative territorial system in a closed map, in the midst: act out the conflicting direction of the title with entire choir)

there's always a difference:
buccaneers *do* while capitalists *don't* share plunder

a liberated patch of impassable possible
raids that deposit provisions hinter-here

on a raised peat clump that could be muskrat or turtle back
brackish spongy waste-filtering hydrophytic autotroph

drained by G Washington Co for cedar shingles
to make place nature's adverse reaction

individual freedom within inhuman
turns into goosestep

we disappear in order to refuse to hand-
deliver compulsory violence

to do this shitwork everyday in the true
republic of one's own shoes

because it's the nation's occasional
peak experience

maypole merry-maker, impressment AWOLee
Ramapo Mountain tri-racial, trapdoored idealist

the self-exogamous, overleveraged syncretist
and those with issues within their own kind —

wars, like best-and-brightest bullshit,
o sons of bar owners and machinists

do kill off the physically and aesthetically fit
quicker than competition and compulsion

to maim upon touch
Implacable Russell Shoatz calls "treaty maroon" *

those who want no part in the State

in which they accept all benefits

who don't know Dorothy Day
from Doris Day or David Duke

across the constantly resurfacing city
and backwoods archipelagos of revolt

name yourself another nation
adopt yourself as state of nature

without trading in power of margin
egalitarian mixed polyglot plot

** "During this early period, race, as it's viewed today, made little difference. After all, one could find Africans, Amerindians and whites all equally enslaved on the same plantations, in the towns and on ships. History shows clearly that all three cooperated with each other in rebellions, escapes and other enterprises. These early Maroons were able to overcome language barriers, mistrust, and the growing influence of racial doctrines that eventually evolved into the white supremacist cultural construct outside of the swamp. That is not to say that they didn't have any racial or ethnic prejudices. It's absolutely clear, however, that they overcame them enough to be able to live, support, protect, fight and die for each other for well over 100 years." Russell Maroon Shoatz, Maroon the Implacable.*

DAZZLING SWOMP (*communitarian song spoken and sung by Versus and Subprime*)

At this rate, it won't take but the time Lenape lived before
Verrazzano for the poor to become one race, first of all.

What's with the versus? Runaway versus resident, melted pot versus
melting pot, abolition of white glut versus elimination of wealth gap,
what's with the versus, are you sure you're sure about the versus?

You're not exactly paying rent, you're adding to a foreign super-
annuation fund, first of all. Getting not exactly pushed out,
you're being joint-ventured or change-managed, first of all.

It's not exactly marshal law but also never *not*. Single-family-
property vultures, asset rehab bilkers, super-funded bulk
purchasers, nobody homes, nobody's home—diddling masters
of higher-end demand decimating hopes of first-time buyer,
toiling simpleton hat hanger fixer upper end-user, first of all.

What's with the versus? Cash payout versus free school, my country
versus duplicity, hardscrabble versus windfall, licit versus beneficent,
what's with the versus, are you sure you're sure about the versus?

Top-dollared investor flimflammer male-market hornswoggler
plus military backup toppling the dollar of necessitous poor
fleeced peon undocumented bohunk drudge. Overseer vehicles
riding roughshod over plebian vegetable patch, first of all.

What's with the versus? Hush money versus income, feeling supreme
versus proof of ignobility, are your sure you're sure about the versus?

Nieuwe werelder first stepper on the belonged and unowned,
first of all, fair is not fair, just as money has taken something for
nothing and must now give away, fair is not fair because it's never
fair enough, one giving up one's advantage for another, whether
from surplus or scarcity, not fair because fair's not trust enough,
red and black recompense versus rent as theft, phenomena versus
perfect, while wellbeing will be our weapon of peace, first of all.

Unsown versus fullgrown, steam versus spirit, all versus wherewithal—
and what's with this opposition as opposed to, versus *versus* versus?

(Seven-Year-Old Girl)

englishings,
englishenings,
englishinglings,
englishies,
englishlets,
englishlings,
englishettes,
englishidios,
englishetos,
engloshes,
englishoches,
englisheolas,
englisholas,
englisholums,
englishiolums,
enlghishulusus,
englishulas,
englishitos,
englishulums,
englishculas,
englishioluses,
enlghishkas,
englishechiks,
englishchiks,
englishellas,
englishellums,
englishaks,
englishish,
engloshish,
englishosh
angluishish*

* *“No one understood her particular dialect very well, and because of hesitancy in replying to questions she did not understand, she was sent to the hospital for observation. I could imagine the effect on this girl, who had always been carefully sheltered and had never been permitted to be in the company of a man alone, when the doctor suddenly rapped her on the knee, looked into her eyes, turned her on her back and tickled her spine to ascertain her reflexes. In two weeks’ s time that child was a raving maniac, although she had been sound and normal when she arrived.”* Fiorello La Guardia, interpreter for Immigration Services, Ellis Island, 1910

UNDISCOVERY

SUPERNATURAL HAT

(Anthony Janszoon van Salee)

(as an off-center upsidedownrightsidedup globe is rolled into view and continues to be rolled around as a performance in itself then left visibly aside to be reactivated intermittently as the work progresses)

We're in Brooklyn because beaver pelts could be felted to make waterproof hats in Europe*; because an emerging middle class will dress like nobility; because New Amsterdam (population 500) spoke over 20 languages even before it became New York in 1644. (Today, Kings County residents speak more than 138 languages with 40% of all households maintained by a mother tongue other than English.) Because our legislators have been proposing the New York State English Empowerment Act, an amendment that would make English our official language.

Some things never keep changing.

Because *bruijk* means "to use" and *leen* means "loan." The brutal feudal system of land tenure in New Netherland ended in 1638. After a ten-year period of paying the Company one tenth of their yield, colonists would own their farmland. Because it would be an unbelievably good deal today for those of us who pay half our income on housing only to never own a home.

Either the American dream of prosperity *can* be hoarded for oneself and still be American, or it *can't*. American is or isn't. It is and isn't. It neither is nor is not.

The way each bird was given its song, each tree its leaf and flower, each people their ways.

Because the Company, asking for pelts in exchange, knew the Lenape, believing their actions either balanced or brought disaster to the environment, would blame themselves for violating nature by trapping all fur-bearing animals to the verge of extinction, and bringing themselves to the same verge—

with “our” lack of this same superstition — the correlating of our behaviors with the temperaments of nature — having brought the bulk of us to this brink as well.

* Initially, the primary goal of the governing body of the territory of New Netherland — the Dutch West India Joint-Stock Company — was not the establishing of a colony or the founding of an ideal commonwealth, but the commercial venture of fur trading. The preferred commodity currency for the Dutch (referred to as *Swaneckes* or *Swannekins* — salt water people — by the Lenape natives) was the highly prized beaver pelt.

UNREAL

“Of all the preposterous assumptions of humanity over humanity, nothing exceeds most of the criticisms made on the habits of the poor by the well-housed, well-warmed, and well-fed.” Herman Melville

(call and response set in the subjunctive and conditional (irrealis) grammatical moods, i.e., the world of cause and effect)

(Seven-Year-Old Girl)

I imagine that...
I imagine *that*

(sung by Who)

if not for today
Thomas Paine wouldn't have said that the poor would become one race

had housing been a right from the start
we might have lived for “outcome” not “opportunity”

should you be me
the powder keg would have no cooper

in order that
forfeit not world fought for by fighting for it

you'd be different enough
unless I hope so

as soon as benefit cuts
are mercy killing

would you have been there
if I had come

A PLUCK AND STAGGER PIZEN INTERCHANGE

“If we are going to use the first person in our pronouns we must be very clear about who we include.”
Margaret Kimberley

(with a diminishing sense of whose lines are whose) (playing with problems of flow and disconnection in an unfixed-identity field)

un-American nativist

Ben Franklin complained about bi-lingual street signs

perfection first
then the facts

the genome is f r i e n d s h i p
f r i e n d

I won't assimilate

for less
less

same as what can't be said

to be the whole spectrum and only be benevolence because of it

to be the whole spectrum and only be benevolence because of it

the metaphor for which is the un^sayable
assailable

a person is someone who speaks
a person is someone who speaks the language of the person spoken to

become culturally literate or be considered a threat
come under ... threat

if you make that much money you must be marginalized

it's not because we're better that we're greedy

winner are selected from alums in any industry who have successfully pursued solutions by seizing opportunities, leveraging resources and initiating changes that create value

the seeing of connections that doesn't provide insight into interconnectedness

that's why
error management theory
is the future

where in the inevitability of all-things-as-they-are* would you place
a defeated people given the freedom to restore the inhuman order they fought for
where in the inevitability of all-things-as-they-are would you place

truly miraculous

over-interpretation of the sensory

we discover things in order to value all we don't need

seeing National Identity in eBay sellers using self-storage units to sell goods auctioned from storage units whose users failed to pay their rents

bring me your eyesores, that I may be one
a billion square feet full

the space of the raftered attic replaced by the engineered truss

apophany apophony epiphany
apophany apophony epiphany

wark werk wirk work wurk wyrk
wlrk wrrk wairk weirk woik waurk

the poor receive a promise while performing a task

and so rather than attributing the promise to chance

they repeat the task and continue to do so until another promise is made

as the poor increase the number of times they perform the task
they develop the impression that it also increases the times they are made a promise
although the making of the promise in fact remains entirely random

in fact I like it all

fecundated by the far away
any out of the way word

dairy queen in exchange for Quechua quinine

a hull full of cloves

a hill of beans

half world by izing sterile sterilized fertilizer
the fed fertilizing soil ized by the fertilizer

orange traffic cone in exchange for black jaguar

the ferris wheel for Arabic numerals

bubble wrap for a muskrat hat in Nantes
saffron from Knossos for my defibrillator
Keralan cardamom for touch screen

not even one miner's mercury poisoning for a mountain of Potosi silver in China

one Ontarian blueberry

let us be clauseless

ourselveselves

ourselveself

a sanctuary is for keeping out those who'd keep you from including those who've been left out

quicker to help foreigners than family
which side of your word are you on

to preserve the wilderness
to preserve the unevenness of the playing field

pay everyone the same

we haven't spoken since

the human condition is more precious than what we wish for

discovery is identifying with oneself

at the park

If I don't like it

I'm benefitting —

he didn't see the bike

“can you not piss on

my little girl's bike

in front of her”

“the white man took

everything away

from the black man”

a concurrence of all times

and detonating of the Book of Life

neither he nor I were prepared for

I didn't mean what you understood
you didn't understand what I meant

woodstock
wallstreet

invasive
evasive

kowtow
coddle

jackpot
mudpie

help me be less
help me be less

blank
dank

innocuous enough in itself
innocuous for all it excludes

you're looking rather newly undiscovered

an amorous re-globalization not entirely negligibly requited

billions invested in your belief that divisive speech is free
mercenary xenoi to police our streets soon enough

I who couldn't see it coming
could have told you so

Shirley Chisholm introducing a bill in 1965 requiring all police officers to complete courses in civil rights and race relations before serving

Mathangi Arulpragasam:
“when u see drones we don't think what's the colour of the person flying it we c USA”

culturally sensitive cupcake

globalization in relation to luminous emptiness

which is greater

the total number of refugees on earth
the total number

the total number
the total number of non-homeowners

the total number of alien movies discovering us
the total number

makes earth the 23rd largest country

I wasn't looking for you
I was just looking
I'm not biased for I speak for bias as well
I'm not sympathizing I'm simply saying what you'd say
let's just wait it out in one location under the same conditions and in as little as 100 generations
we'll be the same color
outcome

income
color

the experts refer to individualism as “same spot adaptive opposition”

isolation by proximity

I hear you over there
here

— outcast my entire life and now I'm not different enough
I'm not finished
I'm the heart of the part of our problem working itself out
for me to not-be one of you, 75% of my looks must lie outside of 99% of yours

you hear the wonder of the words in place of everything I need them to say

no harm in that, is there
identity beyond the grave as distinct from taking a side
to fail without ever trying
to fall without first arising

as many subdivisions as copulations

free as a snowflake

non-overlapping

I'm one of us

* *"I respect Assyria, China, Teutonia, and the Hebrews, I adopt each theory, myth, god, and demigod, I see that the old accounts, bibles, genealogies, are true, without exception, I assert that all past days were what they must have been, And that they could no-how have been better than they were, And that to-day is what it must be, and that America is, And that to-day and America could no-how be better than they are."* Walt Whitman

** "The decreed ones," from Portuguese. Someone legally impaired, often penally transported. At Calicut, India, da Gama first sent ashore the Hebrew-Arabic-speaking convict João Nunes who was asked by Tunisians speaking Castilian "What the devil do you want?" *Lançados*, "the launched ones" were convicts and outcasts abandoned on unfamiliar shores. *Assimilados* were subjects of the empire who had achieved an acceptable level of socialization in the crown's eyes.

INBREEDING DEPRESSION POST-DILLINGHAM COMMISSION

“There are more similarities in DNA between human groups than among them.” Robert Sussman

(recited by Subprime and Versus)

Charles Darwin’s son, Leonard, was the president of the First International Congress on Eugenics, held at the Cecil Hotel in London in 1912. Civilized germ plasma was progressing in a certain direction ... of selective progeny by providing for the superior while denying money to the poor and ill-endowed, in order to protect the undesirable by keeping them unborn.

You blinked. You believed. You thought it through. It’s easy to win, until you play to beat the rules. Until you play to defeat the game. Then, you’re sacrificed, win or lose.

Interminable Immigrant (one interment per minute), how’s the hirsute, the monkey costume, the ghost getup, the scum covering, alien attire, inhabitant outfit, the garb garble, warped warble, presence apparel, appearance mockup, dud duds, rotting regalia, the outfit that will outlast you?

Deciding whether to exclude certain individuals or their kind, the diseased or the disease, determining the terms of the indenture after there’s nowhere for the redemptioner to turn, still, is not a metaphor.

Mine is the wrong face of anger. Skin is, as ever, the antithesis of skin deep. Who can lay claim to pain, the primeval paintjob? Too late. Greed is a split second impulse, survival a whole moment in which one does what’s best for everybody. Late again. You’ve been deselected. Sorry. Go to the back of the line. Only you would be avant-garde enough to not procreate. Plant and animal breeders begetting social policy in barn, hothouse, board meeting and chicken coop. You can’t expect to have tenants paying your mortgage and workers producing your products without them sticking their gnosis in your business. Were genetics not the next race-hygiene, I’d be different enough. Who wouldn’t redirect evolution to one’s advantage and call it science? Inverts are the disadvantaged from an advantaged class or color, having purposefully opted out. The rest can’t help it.

The so-called industrious cut their taxes to kill off the indolent. Creating separation to promote sameness across taxa. Who doesn’t document defects in his own group defines eugenic. Poverty is transmissible if permissible. Take a good look around. Is there anyone wishing you weren’t here? Don’t answer that. To not display the ways in which the plan’s constantly being implemented, it’s important to make no mention of it.

Monocrop is the most endangered poetics. Reward wealth to prove worthiness and then mop up. If I have to worry about prevailing over you, how suitable can I be? Where do I stand, personally, in this premeditation? The only “trait” in my blood is stateless. Blocking the back door to quality control. Backing the lockup of the desirable trait.

If I say *I*’m white, who others think I think I’m good and let them think I think I’m the bad apple unable to think things through. Preeminent white. A priori white. Pre-white. White in waiting. Inapt white. Trial period white. Nominally white nonwhite. Normopathic white. Non-complying white. Unapologetically self-conscious white. Wheedled white. Subprime white. Easily fungible white. Unidentified white. Uniform uninformed white. Recently selected make believe white. Undupable

white. Reputed or indisputable white. Unpioneered non-reeducated white. Blair Mountain red neck white. Paleoconservative online white shopping ritual white. Cytotoxic white. Counter-classic quota-able white. Cunnecsquttonckquessimmin prating fineprint-writing cooked goose white. Subsubsistence transnational bread beggar. Easily dispensable. Taxon straggler. Sordid Woodrow Wilson slav contaminant. Sunday-best spilt milk laughingstock. Forever fresh-off-the-boat.*

Systemic wrong begs specifics. On one hand, as the only white in the room, I'm responsible for Castile's divinely ordained Requerimiento of 1513. For police barricades at the West Indian Day Parade as it moves through Crown Heights. For the Compromise of 1877. For Grover Cleveland dislocating Labor Day from mutinous May First to laid-back barbeque first Monday in September family picnic. I built Levittown. It's the present that makes history the present. The nonduality of cause and effect.

In the new jurisprudence, billionaires are free to choose between sterilization and electoral process participation. Is there a word for prenatal diagnostic stigmatization? Must there be a word for pre-exclusion? We've already been spared once from being cast as the neofascists by extreme example of the upperNord longskulls.** We can't keep spending a coin we've already spent. You can lose your blackness in an evolutionary heartbeat. Or reacquire it overnight. Proof of the power of imagination: *race*. Proof of lack of imagination: *racism*. Heredity produces a self-perpetuating environment. Fatally favorable. Health is too frivolous to throw away. Being oblivious to one's own edge (is eugenics.) The recessive, i.e., the aforementioned greed, could rear its ugly head any time on anyone's dime. It's never too late to sterilize stutterers and migraine sufferers, along with those who'd have them sterilized. Cultural inheritance looks like lightning.

Intergalactic intersubjectivity. Intersubjective intergalacticality tactic. I can't get it right, so why get upset? If you want to understand, don't span. Expand the space between us to remove betweenness, the involuntary histrionics, the screaming-at-each-other, the *unnecessary* from the *necessary* looks. All anorm so allonorm is self. The intense phenomenal beauty as is and why there is even thought of better or best.

Ob as path. Eury lepsis dhe rhage. Pluri gomo. Sklero rhoe algia mant. Meug viscum vish ouron trephein. Dysgift, make thrive. Coccococcus skhistos typhon, klep hlifan, kypho, that is, to secretly listen to. Botulus hotchpotchosis, oma mompen iasis, given, rubbed away. Entero phatos whoop dheu leu. Psore. As is unfix. Agh speaks for us, ails gateway. You don't have to like it. Welcome. Hands off.

* *"Contemporary immigration consists of multitudes of men of the lowest class from the south of Italy, and men of the meaner sort out of Hungary and Poland, men out of the ranks where there was neither skill nor energy nor any initiative of quick intelligence; and they came in numbers which increased from year to year, as if the countries of the south of Europe were disburdening themselves of the more sordid and hapless elements of their population."* Future president Woodrow Wilson. *History of the American People*.

In 1914, E. A. Ross, one of the nation's most eminent social scientists, wrote: *"To many native-born Americans, these "new immigrants" seemed bizarrely foreign. They had strange names, spoke strange languages, wore strange clothes, ate strange food. They were, many suspected, not merely outlandishly different from native-born Americans and the earlier "old immigrants," but positively inferior...Observe*

immigrants not as they come travel-worn up the gang-plank, nor as they issue toil-begrimed from the pit's mouth or mill-gate, but in their gatherings, washed, combed, and in their Sunday best they are hirsute, low-browed, big-faced persons of obviously low mentality ... They simply look out of place in black clothes and stiff collar, since clearly they belong in skins, in wattled huts at the close of the Great Ice Age. These ox-like men are descendants of those who always stayed behind." 1914, E. A. Ross, one of the nation's most eminent social scientists in the early twentieth century.

Another sample from an 1890s New York City newspaper: *"The floodgates are open. The bars are down. The sally-ports are unguarded. The dam is washed away. The sewer is unchoked. Europe is vomiting. In other words, the scum of immigration is viscerating upon our shores. The horde of \$9.60 steerage slime is being siphoned upon us from Continental mud tanks."*

** A question posed in an excerpt from a letter to racial hygienist Madison Grant from Germ Plasma Trustee and Eugenics Record Office founder Charles Davenport, 3 January 1920: *"Can we build a wall high enough around this country so as to keep out these cheaper races; or will it be a feeble dam which will make the flood all the worse when it breaks, or should we admit the 4 million picks and shovels which Mr. Coleman, du Pont, and other capitalists are urging Congress to admit in order to secure what wealth we can for the moment, leaving it to our descendants to abandon the country to blacks, browns and yellows and seek asylum in New Zealand."*

LUXURY/ENCLOSURE DUET

(recited by Pluck and Stagger Pizen)

livelihood is a
luxury

stress is an enclosure

a bed of nails

is a luxury

libido is a luxury
bed of nails

taking a side is

taking a side

emptiness is a luxury
privatization

is an enclosure

infinitude is

an
a

enclosure
luxury

lux u ry
lux ur y

lu xu ry
xu xu ure

lug jeur
xurious

luck us urious
de jure usury

luculent

luciferous

lucifugous

BREAK EVEN BANKING

(sung by entire choir)

Break even banking bring back boring banking
Break even banking bring back boring banking

(refrain sung by Seven-Year-Old Girl and Subprime)

Paul Volcker said since the time of Ho Chi Minh
no banking betterment but the ATM.

Break even banking bring back boring banking
Break even banking bring back boring banking

be being paid
pease porridge hot
be being paid
pease porridge cold
be being paid
pease porridge in the pot
be being paid
nine days old
be being paid
for rotting away
be reimbursed

be being paid
pease porridge hot
be being paid
pease porridge cold
be being paid
pease porridge in the pot
be being paid
nine days old
be being paid
for rotting away
be reimbursed

RESOLVE SONGS

(sung by Twilight)

If we divided the
earth into pieces the
size of juniper berries the
number of pieces would not-be-as-great-as-the
number of times that each
being has been our mother

the medicine, photons, ignorance of the medicine (as active ingredient,) a plant for every sickness, a particle for every distraction, brilliant ochre subsoil, Owens Corning pink polystyrene insulation, guides, vow-armor, cells made boundless by light, blank pages, clean slates, cauldrons, crock pots, lodestars, fringe benefits, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, milk, muscle, mercy, contingencies, seeds, evenly strewn fiat money, “now” never other than our thinking ahead without having to bother, the indivisible, the unendurable, every detail, a small aircraft heard unseen in the amniotic dark of the sky, a woman lit by the marigolds she waters, quivering dive of a nighthawk unclenching a plexus, pulsation of blood in a finger alone playing the string, free from expression, no how, unventilated hog barn with manure lagoon, ubiquitous lawn-mowing and leaf blowing, nonselective illumination, what would it matter whether impossible or effortless, a violently limited view of vibration — like feeding junkfood to the potentially non-terminal, six shelled peanuts taken by the blue jay, orphaned worlds careening without suns, recipe for endogenous narcotic, one another

has your donkey disappeared

to see in which part of the body
there're too many waves at once

what's the difference between
misconduct and a corpse

it's inconceivable that light
would bear a physical problem

(interweaving Vajra Body and Wixárika ceremony)

see those who've hurt others as self-understanding
who you've helped, in whom you've placed great trust
having hurt you the most, treasure as your spiritual friend
invaluable, irreplaceable without whom you couldn't grow

take another string and tie a knot for each injury and
along with the string knotted for each sexual partner
cast in the fire renaming each knot "lack of preconception
one" "lack of preconception two" "three" "four" and so forth

ask for abundance
not what it brings

if it's not in the soil
it's not in the food

like poet and poem
cured is to ripen

trade breath for calm

if you dream afraid
of mountain lion
if you dream chased by mountain lion
hunted by mountain lion

and all at once cottonwood
canopy
safe atop cottonwood crown

out of the picture mountain
lion
blazes by
beyond horizon while

back at cottonwood tree top
exuberance is space canopy's
eye view the eyes
out of the picture
picture
out
of the picture

I breathe by having no right to
bird-dropping or safflower seed
framed midair by bedroom window
the space in which we disintegrate
will not disintegrate it's
the unidentified that longs for us

as uneventfully as possible turn
into each other's belonging

I do want to get it over with
to materially trust
what happens without next

no yonder yonder — go ahead and stir
perfect has no other place, euphoria no other birth
bliths hath no other bathos — go ahead and stir
other has no ulterior, *heofon* offers no other terms

all you can't live with treasures you — go ahead and stir
my glorious groundswell of discounted people
lazuli mob, dirt azure,
look out for the eugenic backlash —

go ahead and stir, a single drop of my molasses
will meet your immediate need

on the outbreath fall through the floor, asphalt, topsoil, the first ten inches of organic matter on which plant and animal depend, a few feet of subsoil, weathered rock, parent rock, the rest of the regolith, the rock blanket, through solid bedrock, the 2-billion-year-old roughly 15,000 body-length-thick crust and brittle lithosphere floating on the slowly flowing ductilely-deforming weak asthenospheric layer more than 40 miles down and as much as 400 miles thick, through 1400 more miles of plastic soft-mantle 4/5ths of earth's volume down through 1400 miles of turbulent nickel iron fluid outer core liquid metal generating magnetic field, 3200 miles from the surface at 1100 degrees Fahrenheit the outer inner core horizon then a final 7 or 8 hundred miles through inner core whose options remain open as not necessarily solid though behaving like a solid suspended in liquid and rotating separately from "earth" perhaps as single iron crystal, oscillatory or chaotic to the very center

and on the inbreath draw the core up through perineum into your lower cauldron for one full rotation, outbreath fall through to the core, inbreath draw core into cauldron for one full rotation, outbreath as you fall through draw the moon or entire sky as your local infinity down through your crown to rest within ribcage for one full rotation, inbreath as you draw the core up into your cauldron for one full rotation send rotated moon or entire sky as one ball into the sky, outbreath fall through to core draw ball of heaven into ribcage for one full rotation,

for the name of longing-to-be-longed-for is *plummet* so when we say *core* when we say "pressure-enough-to-match-the-temperature-at-the-surface-or-the-sun" we mean space is the symbol most like our home as names are the field of names before they've formed

were one's life to hinge
it would hinge on one distinction —

that between that without which
one cannot be what one is

and the intrinsic as that without
that without which one is not

WE'D BE WHERE NOW WOULD

IF A CANCER CELL IS *NOT* OUT OF PLACE

(vocal quartet, respecting the elongated phonemic contours and shifts in emphasis)

y ə u r a u t o f v
p-l-a-c-e p-l-a-c-e p-l-a-c-e p-l-a-c-e p-l-a-c-e

if I am not if **I** am not if I **am** not if I am **not**

(entire choir comes in on the final 'if I am not' above, performing the scissors/paper/rock game with the 'throw' on the word 'not' sounded by only half the choir while the other half emphasizes — identifies with — the word 'am')

if I **am**
if I am **not**

(Who)

if a **cancer cell** in **someone's colon is**
nu aa t a u t o f v **p-l-a-c-e**
how could hhhə **gemony naat**
hhhə ...

(with entire choir, with the scissor/paper/rock play)
gemony naat

(the whole scissors/paper/rock game morphing into more open, ambiguous, akido-like, whole-body gestures and choreographic throws with shifting emphases, partially engaging the audience in the play)

if I am not if **I** am not if I **am** not if I am **not** **if** I am not if **I** am not
if I **am** not if I am **not** **if** I am not if **I** am not if I **am** not if I am **not**
if I am not if **I** am not if I **am** not

HERE'S THE THING

(Anthony Janszoon van Salee)

(beginning with pure vowels pronounced as throat-clearing filler sounds tuning to the space)

oh ehh uuuuh aaaa uuuu ...

I'm your narrator, Armenian Egyptian Aram Jibilian, playing pirate-progeny Anthony Janszoon van Salee. This year, 1638, me and my wife, Grietse Reyniers (also renown for measuring the length of her client's snikkels with a tavern broomstick) accounted for 10% of the crime rate in the entire colony of New Netherland. Our behavior is a sort of counter-decree against the priggish and terrified settler backdrop. Here's the thing. The official motto of King's County is still *Eendraght Maeckt Maght*: "unity makes strength." An unimpeachable expression, it would seem. Unity for what cause? Strength against whom? Did the Dutch intend this as an *inter* or *intra* group adage? Who am I to say? From the start, had not all American cities, as Auguste Levasseur (private secretary to General Lafayette during his 1824 farewell tour of the United States) said of New York City, "*lost most of the national character*" due to the "*continually operating cause*" of "*the great number of foreigners ... incessantly flow[ing] into it.*" Is the claim of no longer being foreign, or never having been foreign, any less imperial than claiming the foreign for oneself upon first sighting or sight unseen? Feeling at home was meant to crystalize the sojourn, not as a condition for its denial in embattled non-commonality. Wouldn't you say?

In the colony, knitting at home, making linens, or any cottage industry is considered competition waged against the Company that brought us here — for which we can be exiled. The monopoly is on me. Only the fear of being confined to the fort is greater than the fear of being expelled from it.

I don't want to be alone, I want to be *left* alone. We're not angry in the same way. I'm not interested in what I already think about you. You can illuminate me, I can't illuminate you—this is the case for each of us. We're the one continent we once were, only *peopled*. My children are being raised in Ouagadougou, I live in the Bronx and would like to move to Belgium ... only I never left Taipei. Not in my heart. Someone ceding privilege while protecting the nest ... it's not going to happen. Hold your breath. Another's hardship is your generosity. Hold your breath. Hucksters will be selling us tickets to our last gasp.

IMPROPRIETY

can something be out of place?*

a 15th century Portuguese cannonball ... in Calicut

how could something, anything, possibly be out of place?

someone, anyone, unimpacted

who in relation to whom is pointlessly, provocatively or horribly out of place?

if you can't pay your mortgage ... you're nobody

quotas and ... arrests

a country ... safe for hate

the peanut known to be native to the New World ... found in 3000 BCE China

really ... am

is it *terribly* or *tremendously* or, even better, *beautifully* and *at long last* out of place?

bayonets ... provided for a police force

nutmeg ... in every supermarket

a country ... safe for hate

soup kitchen ... inside an offshore tax shelter

no help ... wanted

already ... perfect

a colonizing people ... unable to see themselves as self-subjugated

the winds ... named *trade winds*

in Vermont (she said she saw) no birds

* "Of these States the poet is the equable man, // Not in him but off from him things are grotesque, eccentric, fail of their full returns, // Nothing out of its place is good, nothing in its place is bad..." Walt Whitman, from *By Blue Ontario's Shore*

AGOG

(Ganesha-esque chant and songs for a few choruses removing each other's obstacles)

thing god

thing gum dom

gum gone

thing-gamy

gawk dumb come

thing gong agog agony

(Who and Someone)

put everything back in it's place
put everything back where it belongs

entire choir (unable to find the accent, then accenting each syllable)

where? would? you? be? now?
where would you be now

TRADEOFF

(in the round recited abundantly in all directions by Twilight sort of tap dancing center stage)

jackhammer and paper bag ... take back for black Malabar pepper

for zipper and twist ties ... Sri Lankan cinnamon

disown credit card for Mekong camphor

AC, chemo-therapy, clothes pin ... for Burmese honey bees

take back Texan pecan and send Sumer its cumin

Taino sweet batata, Harappan turmeric, Paraguayan piña, Papuan banana —

replace what I gave you will all that I took

purge Maputo of Portuguese

Phnom Penh of KFC

oust Aztec tomatl from overseas salsa

omit atom bomb for whistled Canary Island speech

a joint stock company's not worth one Nanticoke squash

ill-share and grow stark *madde*
owning another's need

to explore is to *pleurer*
to pay and be paid for dying out —

there's nothing wrong with trade per se
but burning incense to self serve

a Martian crater named Magellan
can you believe it?

it's not *to trade* that's out of place,
but lead in paint or

no pockets for the poor along assembly lines to pick
priceless peppercorn en route to pharaoh nostrils

I say circumnavigate, save nothing to gain —
hand in hand with exchange

there once was ...
free polio vaccine*

(entire choir re-intoning diversely and translated in various languages)

careful, *careful careful*, careful, careful, c a r e f u l , careful, c-a-r-e-f-u-l, careful ...

(Someone)

that's *undiscovery*

* Neither Jonas Salk nor Albert Sabin chose to patent their poliovirus vaccines. Salk: “Could you patent the sun?” In a sense, the “public” could also be considered as a sun — public funding had already paid for the research and development of the polio vaccine, rendering patenting-for-profit a public double-charge.)

TRANSVERSALS

(5 groups, one line per group)(to carry out the unthinkable hypothetical)

stanza one

(in sequence with gestures specific to each word)

where would you be now
you you'd you'd you'd you
now you'd be where would
you'd be where now would
you'd be where now you'd

(in irregular rounds, each line with 4 permutations i.e. murmured, normal, mouthed, loud)

where would you be now
you you'd you'd you'd you
now you'd be where would
you'd be where now would
you'd be where now you'd

(4-part interlude song divided among the choir)

(Who) ow ou oo ee ow ow ou oo ee ow ow ou oo ee ow ...
(choir) h c y b n h c y b n h c y b n ...
(choir) if you don't want me to have taken it don't take back what I make with it ...
(choir) if you say so is it so ...

stanza two

(transmitted, propagated, line by line until all lines are traversing each other and rippling through the audience)

how could we be now
we we'd we'd we'd we
now be how we could
could be now be how
we'd be how now could

(choir altogether)

if you want to know the future

(in response, each of the 5 groups saying one syllable after another to form the sentence)

watch what you'r do ing

(Who)

you're what you're doing, doing what you're doing

(Someone Else)

I am ... everything that's ...ever ... happened, having happened, as it happened, up to this point —
undo even one insult, clear one conscience, recant a wish, retract a famine or blow one kiss
otherwise and ... where would you be now

(Who)

to be exactly where you are
to be to be exactly where you are where you are

(choir altogether, with half of the choir sounding only the stressed word as the phrase shifts)

shall we move on shall **we** move on shall we **move** on shall we move **on**

STREET NAMES

(spoken by entire choir rather randomly at first, then falling into the regularity of the meter repeatedly and then moving in the space however the metric suggests)

Lefferts Meserole Pierrepont Vanderbilt

Skillman Livingston Nostrand Havemeyer

Boerum Bergen Berry Bayard and Lott

Hancock Ingraham Halsey Herkimer

Macon Madison Putnam Middleton

Wyckoff Quincy Remsen and Hicks

(Who, tacit and spoken at once)

... streets named for slave owners land and sugar lords

(entire choir sparsely out-of-joint spoken as neither question nor statement as a phonic fadeout)

re a l l y really r ea lly rru ee all ye really

COW WORD AND HOAX

(relict light reaching us) (exchange between Ilelw and Quizq)

“For all deities are seated in humans as cows in a cow-stall.” (Atharvaveda 11, 8. 32)

Fine.

The footprint of the cow before the cow.

It happens.

That’s what words are. I thought you should know what you’re saying.

(Who begins to chant)

gauh huag gauh huag gauh huag gauh huag gauh huag sauh ...

(entire choir begins to incant along with gauh huag as the two parts carry into the following voices while the whole repeats and builds up to a frenzy)

aham haum kh ph rem kh-ph-rem ...

(Someone Else)

if sympathy’s a hoax

then synonymy must not be

it’s not what one thinks

(a number of voices pick up and repeat the following line)

it’s not what one would think, but thinking that is god, if sympathy’s a hoax, it’s not what one would think

a hoax with which one thinks

which is that with which one thinks

it's not what one would think but thinks anyway which is synonymous with that with which one thinks

(Quizq and Ilelw breaking the above pitch and letting it subside during their exchange)

those who pursue understanding speak of the doctrine of identity

those who pursue change speak of the doctrine of difference

being identical to, we're both

being out of balance, we're both different

(entire choir sparsely out-of-joint spoken as neither question nor statement as a phonic fadeout)

re a l l y really r ea lly rru ee all ye really

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDEDOWNRIGHTSIDEUP *

(a scored and choreographed song as the upsidedownrightsideup sculpture again rolls around)

Isn't it imperious just to be but curious
Is it just just to be magnanimous

Isn't it imperious eyeballs as protuberance
more the rape more the take more the aid higher the intent
more the loot the more con- scien-ti-ous

Isn't it impervious just to be in empathy
thought alone in itself insidious

Isn't it imperious just to stop and make a wish
is it not not enough if I'm not you

Isn't it imperative to cross the sea to cross the street
this time around to go straight to the wound and do not touch

It's imper- ious just to act from self- disinterest
to be safe to be saved to be space— injurious

* The expression “the world turned upside down” can be traced back to 1st century Thessaloniki where the evangelizing Apostle Paul and his followers were attacked by antipathetic locals for having “turned the world upside down” (Acts 17:6). It reappears as a positive expression of revolution during the English Civil War when sects such as Quakers, Diggers, Baptists, Levellers and Ranters, the so-called lunatic fringe crucial to the settling of America, rose up as a revolt within the revolution. In *Grace, Mercy and Peace* (1645) the dissident preacher Henry Denne wrote: “*I may peradventure to many seem guilty of that crime which was laid against the Apostle, to turn the world upside down, and to set that in the bottom which others make the top of the building, and to set that upon the roof which others lay for a foundation.*” The cry subsequently appeared in ballads, pamphlets, broadsides, marches and musicals (most recently in Lin-Manuel Miranda’s Broadway hit *Hamilton*) claiming the bottom is the top or, inversely, the top the bottom. Since the mid 60’s “the world turned right side up” has been used to describe conservative ascendancy in America; although this recent sentiment of placing the right back on top goes back at least as far as F. A. Hayek’s *The Road to Serfdom* or Albert Jay Nock knocking the New Deal, as the embittered polarizations and swings were set into motion — government or freedom, individuality or state oppression, personal responsibility or welfare handout, job creators or pariahs, merit or mediocrity, oligarchy or ochlocracy, self-preservation or non-exploitation, and on and on. Ronald Regan stumping for Barry Goldwater in 1964: “... *there is no such thing as left or right. There is only an up or down: up to man's age-old dream--the ultimate in individual freedom consistent with law and order--or down to the ant heap of totalitarianism...*” The upsidedownrightsideup sculpture, rolled onto the stage during certain speeches and songs reaches beyond the flippancy and chronic violence of taking sides without as deep an understanding of *other* as oneself. It paradoxically poses questions of futility, attachment, openness, compassion and space, as it rolls.

IN LAK'ECH

whatever you want

after you

be it

as if

I were

you

be it as if

I were without

me
me

— without “as if” —

clouds telling themselves apart

like carrots or products or organelles telling themselves apart

ok, like *words* telling themselves apart

which is more doomed:

I am another you or

you don't know diddly-squat about me

you might not be helpless ... now

you might not be formless ... anymore

like or unlike you

I would vote if I were representable
reprehensible
irrepressible
irreparable

am I not another enclosure
another I-am-not *to be*

you'd have to refuse that which benefits you, if it doesn't also benefit ...

yours truly
yours truly

as impossible as
as as

free and not-free being mutually exclusive

for empathy to be a contradiction in terms

for empathy to not be a contradiction in terms

it's pig fat that fries the pig
pig the pig

we're so identical

we'd kill each other to tell "us" apart

do you want balance or violence
v b

I'll look into it

(to close, intoning together only the vowel sounds)

"oh love solve all"

HARRUMPH AURORA

(recited and choreographed by Martita Abril)

(Yaqui Latin spell revoking the legal terms of land dispossession)

empo allea empo thee oze all a ya
kawbetana bawebetana wb wb k bw bwb

este oeste oriēns occidēns
este a o ii ika — ese a o u nu hunu uka

inveniendus da dum dī dae da
dēteēctus ta tum nūllus nūlla nūllum i ae a ōrum

harrumph aurora harrumph aurora harrumph aurora phooey

seye seya sewa se-a ania — yo huya aniwa

dressed in petals or maybe wind

se-a takaa takaa takaatakaatakaatakaatakaa...
ta'ata aman komwechebetan norteth

alien-orium quack cunque
quī quae quodcunque quelconque

yoeme me yo o r i i yoawawa yoeria a a a a yoemialimaff

I live there in a little hole, like an ant, and you can't see me
when we can't see

* The May 4, 1493 papal edict *Inter Caetera* granted to Spain all lands “discovered and to be discovered towards the west and the south” of a line drawn “from the Arctic pole ... to the Antarctic pole ... one hundred leagues towards the west and south from ... the Azores and Cape Verde.” The series of papal bulls, beginning with the *Dum Diversas* of 1452 to the 1529 Treaty of Zaragoza that cut the world in two, sanctioned as well as sanctified continent-scale land-grab. The 1513 *Requerimiento* (an “offer” to submit to the church or be enslaved, read in Castilian to native peoples upon contact, or even in their absence) absolved in advance the inhumanity of discovery. The *Doctrine of Discovery*, a premise of international law legitimizing the colonial possession of land, is still cited in legal arguments. The Doctrine of Discovery includes terms from private Roman law such as *res nullius* and *terra nullius*, “nobody’s things” and “nobody’s land.” * Cast against the above account: the 4 directions and words bearing on the beauty of the enchanted Flower World of the Yaqui.

** In effect, under today’s austerity economies and rentier oligarchies, any unpaid rent or mortgage renders a home *vacuum domicilium*, and any business, politician, political party or distressed infrastructure is discoverable by the highest bidder.

XENO PROP

(recited by Versus, Subprime and Twilight)

xenophonio

the murdering of one's host

xenophoneo

the murdering of one's guest

xenophonic

of out-of-the-way words spoken for their own sake and in order to disconcert

xenosous

saving strangers

xenocracy

representative-purchased republic

xenolascivist

spartan removal of, not just *you* — your speech, your scent, everything about you *out*, and the barring of exit from one's own borders

xenoprosoposter

anyone other than oneself

xenoimposter

oneself

xenopropriety

xenopposite

a gift sent by peaceful inhabitants to an approaching army is called

xarisma

a gift sent by an approaching peaceful army to hostile inhabitants is called

xarismixanachariskarmana

MELANIN IN OUTER SPACE

(recited by Twilight)

Mitochondrial Eve, first, may say:
that's what human do: go as far
as ever to make a place home and
second: as the most recent mother
of us all, there are a mess of me.

Overheating, under sexual
pressure to remove all the hair
under which all skin is skin-color —
superficial is survival to be
momentarily unmistaken.

Dig up a treasure, nonnative plants
will overgrow and choke the site —
the ground itself is the treasure
its color is structural —crush the
blue jay feather and blue is gone.

Brush away the dirt, disturb deep-sea
bioluminescent lives lighting up
to hide, belly-button gaze, again it's
impossible to stay who we think.

Just last month at Buttermilk Creek
Clovis colonists arrived in Texas
perhaps five-thousand years after
Gault culture had turned stone cold.

Homo Erectus mistakenly
appeared lake-bottom in Calico
Hills California, xenonymously
(the earth names herself ourselves
does name ourselves herself, in the
way in which our senses arose
how can we even say “we” speak)
died fourteen thousand B C E
recently found smashing mastodon
bones under San Diego freeway.

Proto-Australoid from Sahara-
become-Savannah having crossed
Yemen kept walking along now-

submerged Indian Ocean shelf
fifty-two thousand B C E
to end at Kennewick Washington.

Intermixed DNA proves reverse-
immigrant Ethiop did not approach
antique Eurasian Neanderthal
to resolve a taxonomic war.

It's as certain that both paleo-
Siberians crossed Beringia
land-bridge Chukotka to Alaska
and Iberian Solutreans
palpated by boat along North
Atlantic ice archipelagos
to settle Cactus Hill Virginia.

Harrowing genetic bottleneck:
Sumatran super-eruption
producing world volcanic winter
as few as fifteen thousand hominids
survived but sixty thousand years ago.

Today say an inverse bottleneck—
our numbers stuff infinitude with
the whole world the last Refugium
(billionaire sanctums beware) we
the only people left in our family
driven to offset loss of diverse
present-day hominin treat each
one of us as speciation while
asociality worsens.

Sheer allele for showing bluish-
white connective tissue tinted
pink by flowing hemoglobin
to produce a white possibly
only seven thousand years old.

Effect of prolonged geographic
distribution of UV waves used
to distinguish rulers from ruled.
Allegedly blue-eyed Madoc Welsh
Navaho, native lost Israelite
Sino-Nigerian Olmec
Mesoamerican Zuni-
Japanese Black aboriginal
Mississippian Washitaw.

Giant extinct Allegewi mound-
builders Abe Lincoln acknowledged
waxing poetic as he saw
the same Niagara Falls they saw —
it's not that we got smart and
started to eat well or make art
but with symbol started to sharpen.

It's phenotype talking, out of
respect for taking place, respect
for making each other different,
for instant dying out, gone ahead,
sapient sap of sense perception
self-strange sent to almshouse earth
in shock that we are one people.

Or it's all inevitable just as
Whitman didn't judge we might have
adapted and evolved by advantage
sure we go to work only to hallow
stagnate when insecure and stressed
Americanoid treat ourselves like
regional variants in progress
isolated by turning new colors.

NATO ally Turkey with German-
supplied tanks attacking banned US-
backed Kurdish militias in Russian
blind eye winking at Assad regime.

As dreamless sleep begins to dream
a metaphor at ocean floor vents
sunless wildly diverse assemblies
converting toxins to nutrients —
prebiotic nonbarbarous bounty —
probably happened, at least not yet.

The ordinary claim requiring none-
theless miraculous evidence —
pre-Hurricane-Irma Barbuda
Land Act, Khayelitsha Backyarders,
Abahlali baseMjondolo shack-
dweller movement. Archeologist
Niède Guidon's anatomically
unmodern spearthrowers of Pedra
Furada Brazil prodding careerists
to "excavate more, expound less."

The country with the least aircraft

carriers on top however
improbable like life itself this
week on Mars a briny aquifer
discovered on earth DARPA Defense
Advanced Research Projects Agency
ran out of room for our electrons
bought all shared precompetitive
research to the tune of one and a half
billion dollars to find a material
for the next chip to take us into
the astrobiological race.

AMÉBU MOUGNI LÉ LANWOMÉ *for Sylvestre Akakpo*

(Ewe pronouns leading to and blending with the Awa no Uta and phonemes of Tierra del Fuego)

énye éwó éyé yéwan

mí míáwó wawó wóáwó wawéwan

AWA NO UTA*

A ka ha na ma i ki hi ni mi u ku
hu nu mu e ke he ne me o ko ho no
mo to ro so yo wo te re se ye tu ru
su yu wn tí rí si yi ta ra sa ya wa

* Song beginning with *a* “kosmos” and ending with *wa* “earth,” containing each of the 48 syllables of the Woshite script as found in the disputed epic poem “Hotsuma Tsutae,” sung originally by two tutelary voices, Izanami (she who invites) and Izanagi (he who invites); a phonetic cosmogony sung to harmonize the diverse dialects of ancient Japan and, as a result, give birth to a nation while beholding the original presence *Amemiwoya*.)

BOUNDLESS WHAT EQUAL LUCK

(from the Selk'nam speech patterns of Lola Kiepja, the same energy that fuels the sun)

(recited by the Writer (could be anyone) and the Choreographer Proper)

p hɔ p hɛ p hœ
p hɔ p hɛ p hœ p hɔ p hɛ p hœ p hɔ p hɛ p hœ p hɔ p hɛ p hœ p hɔ p hɛ p hœ p hɔ p hɛ
p hœ ...

p hɔ iɛ p hɛ iɛ p hœ iɛ

o ʔoʔ o ʔo
o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o
ə ə ə ə ə ə

hn

k t hø
k t hø
k t hø t
mnt

tiʒ kʌ ʃi ʃi go

hoi taʃ skylti
hoi taʃ skylti

lʌk lʌkd

baʊndləs whʌt

hoi ti tʌt tu klt klʌt k lʌt

k t hø
k t hø
k t hø t

dʒœ tə dʒœn tə hœn k ta hœn ktə

tsyk

tyl tĩ

ktl

hn hn hn hn hn

ʃuf koitʌ lyct

k g t tyd

k g ti tyl

kylti kn tont

ka kʌ kʌ ʃha ʃyl

ʃʌ ʃʌ ja ʃʌ ʃʌ kn n t

o ʃoʃ o

o o o o o

ə ə ə

hn

gta

i koal lʌk lʌkd

baʊndləs whʌt

tyl tĩ

kətl

kətl

VOWELS AND CONSONANTS

“The most basic unit of liberation is the phoneme.”

ss ss /ss ss /ss ss /ss ss /

h hh h/h hh h/h hh h/h hh h/

hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh/hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh *(sixteenth note measure by breathing the h sound in and out)*

kfa

A HEART MADE FROM 100,000 MEDICINES

(recited by the Writer (could be anyone))

whome pop mom scouring stop
knock war down negate con
come nor gone somehow verily
huff and huff and lightning shawl
lucksome send off

whole stronghold shivery pop
pressure on ph'nomenon
in this way indu-bitably
hammer hammer buzz word quo
carsick keep safe

aught power scaffolding wreck
nonpartial good as gone
para-me final fear-eater
hackneyed hackneyed vagabond
makeshift safety

who'll handle how are we pain
break it down put to death
just like so all-out artlessness
head-on head-on razor sharp
rescue how so

(interwoven by Someone Else)

other than
here nor there
problem free
so it is
all in all
comes as is
check it out
featureless
this nor that
gone for good
I guess so
just like that
giddy-up
run the show

STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE PHONEMES

(recited by Quizq)

the powerful have always proceeded as though whatever benefits them benefits people
and the impacted believe plugging the impacted into power will produce a different end

both positions are the mind and mind placing itself in any position reproduces the mind

opposition stains itself in blood especially the blood of people people don't see as people

conviction is confusion to be converted from trompe l'oeil to looking directly at things

poisons and displeasures are natural energies of the mind misread as enemies not path

(entire choir) (the body is for changing poisons into nothing) (carnavalesque Ali Kali practice)

oom
oom pa
oom pa pha
oom pa pha ba
oom pa pha ba bha
oom pa pha ba bha m
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u ɛ æ
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u ɛ æ ə e
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u ɛ æ ə e ɔ ɔ
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u ɛ æ ə e ɔ ɔ ɔ ɪ ɪ
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u ɛ æ ə e ɔ ɔ ɔ ɪ ɪ ɑ ɔ
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u ɛ æ ə e ɔ ɔ ɔ ɪ ɪ ɑ ɔ ahh uh um
oom pa pha ba bha m ʌ ɑ ɪ i ʊ u ɛ æ ə e ɔ ɔ ɔ ɪ ɪ ɑ ɔ ahh uh um aw so

ta da
ta da ta dé
ta da ta dé tsa dé
ta da ta dé tsa dé ka dé

ta dé tsa dé ka dé ta dé tsa dé ka dé ta dé tsa dé ka dé ah uh um

MAYDAY HEYDAY PARFAIT

(traditional Ewe rhythm, sung by entire choir)

go zap sap vat, glow heyday
go zap sap vat mayday parfait

heyday heyday, go zap sap vat mayday

go zap sap vat, glow heyday
go zap sap vat mayday parfait

heyday heyday, go zap sap vat mayday

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
you have changed the change of off and on
aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
you have changed the change of off and bottom up

heyday heyday, go zap sap vat mayday

CHURN

(recited by Stagger Pizen)

the throat is
purity's understanding that
it feeds on pollution
the location of God

to seal the day
just before there's enough light to
see the lines of your palms
recite the vowels three times
and just before falling asleep
the consonants three times

in the morning vices and inventions
pose no obstacle to not-having
invited and invented them

during the day looking directly at
the commonplace
itself becoming the unmade
no matter what is said

there's no time for experience
to not be one place

even an abominable-snowman sighting

the same alphabet is the secret alphabet
bliss indifferent to stimulus

the refugium's door opened
the lighting
decoration evergreen labyrinth our parents
in their prime somehow with their parents
in their prime
too much of what in the world we'd want
to dare realize it won't exist
as we put in place doable holidays
in light of rest we have entered
unable to remain equal to space
inseparable from all pain

(Anthony Janszoon van Salee comes out and hangs his coat up in the air and first tries to confer his meaning directly through mind-to-mind-pointing-out then by drawing single words in the air then finally speaks)

It's by means of the alphabet we confer all that isn't words. Anything I am is ascribed to how we know. Who knows. Who is what knows, in the sense that who is true for all of us. One who.

(7-year-old girl, putting on van Salee's coat)

You're afraid of monsters. Ask "what are monsters afraid of?" They're afraid they might not actually exist. They depend on you. That's why they show up. See what they need. They might be sad or lost. They're afraid of you looking directly at them, because then they have to become real and lose all their power.

(Anthony Janszoon van Salee)

Homo Sapiens Sapiens, Homo Amicable, Homo Mudita, Homo Equitable, is it safe to say? No one wants to be afraid and no one wants to suffer. Is it as safe to say that no one wants others to suffer or be afraid? That's different. It's over in a flash, once it's over. No exceptions. See from the start life that's only visible as it departs. I want the same happiness my enemy wants — we don't even have to share it or take it from each other, though one can't have it without the other. We go as far away as ever to make a place home. We shall all meet all over again, free of transaction. Until then, we're still trespassing *here*.

ARCHIVE



Cinnamologus, the giant cinnamom bird of Arabia collected cinnamom branches from a far off unknown land, the lone source of the cinnamom tree, to build their nests on cliffs or treetops. To burden the nests, Arabians would feed the Cinnamologus oxen carcasses (Herodotus) or attach lead weights to their arrows (Aristotle). Cinnamom sticks were then gathered from the fallen nests. With each telling of the story, the global demand, and price, for cinnamom would increase.

UNDISCOVERY *(as a panel mounted on the wall at an exhibition about undiscovery)*

There's a Mayan greeting, *In Lak'ech*, that can be translated as "I am you and you are me," or "I am another yourself." Is this greeting site-specific or group-exclusive? Is it a recognition of the indivisibility of individuals? Or is it presumptuous, even invasive, to perceive others according to one's own reality? Are our very senses imperious? "I see what you mean." Those in sympathy with you, are they not the ones in a position to take or deny what is most dear (anthropologists, altruists, lovers, artists?) What's the rock bottom source of arrogance and what offsetting force can break its chain reaction. I wonder, aware that even wondering may cause harm.

Save me. Leave me alone. Go home. Your place or mine? You were here first.

The so-called Age of Discovery began with the Western European mad dash to monopolize the earth's riches and resources. The emergent Age of Undiscovery is a re- or reverse circumnavigation that will mend the atrocities of mercantile exploration as we meet all over again. But let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Discovery didn't end at the globe's polar ice caps; its reach is potentially boundless (there's a crater on Mars named *Magellan!*) Discovery gains momentum every day. It proliferates as debt-drudgery, prison labor, crises manipulation, public infrastructure privatization, dizzying wealth stratification, identity-divisiveness, environmental desecration and dispossessive policies that aggravate earlier, continuous race and gender discrimination.

"Public infrastructure is the largest capital investment in every economy...It's like conquering a new country. It's the largest amount of wealth in the world that has not been privatized and grabbed. The way you grab it is financially. You force cities and states and governments into deficit. And you say well you can't pay the loans, like Greece, you'll have to repay by selling off your public domains." — Michael Hudson, economist

The Martiniquan writer Edouard Glissant spoke of the "*full human development inscribed in the horizontal plenitude of all living beings.*" Glissant sought terms that could overturn discovery. He correlated *colonialism* and *transparency*. "*Widespread consent to specific opacities is the most straightforward equivalent of nonbarbarism. We clamor for the right to opacity for everyone.*" (Glissant's nonbarbarism is distinct from, say, Walt Whitman's omnivorous eating up of unfleshed-out identities to create his democratic inventory of all peoples, as names become types: "*My spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination around the whole earth, I have look'd for equals and lovers and found them ready for me in all lands, I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.*") Opacity and undiscovery both consider the act of leaving another person 'as is' fully relational. "*The portion of opacity arranged between the Other and myself, and mutually agreed upon, expands the other's freedom and also confirms my free choice in a relationship of pure sharing, in which exchange and discovery and respect are infinite...*"

The trouble with Glissant's use of "transparency" is its necessary role in undercutting imperially imposed "truth." Oppression wrecks openness. It goes underground; turns into enmity and deceit. Undiscovery differs from opacity in that it marks a sea change toward the possibility of candor. It sets up an emergency shelter, a field hospital, for recovering the transformative pleasure of transparency.

Before it's too late, perhaps we can start by renaming the period of peopling, othering and transplanting known the "Columbian Exchange" the *Great Arrogation* (from Latin *arrogat* "claimed for oneself.") Unjustness and desecration of the environment are inextricable; this is discovery's bottom line.

You can't discover me, I can't discover you. We each in our own right already *are*. We're already inhabited. Is it fair to say, in sum, that we are, each, sovereign, and leave it at that?

If 70% of domestic terrorist attacks are carried out by individuals-acting-alone (as the Southern Poverty Law Center suggests) is not our greatest threat the sovereignty-of-the-individual? And, under opacity, isn't domestic terrorism actually *foreign* in that we are radically unknown to each other?

Moreover, moment to moment, one is in peril of discovering *oneself*, of capitalizing on one's own insights, laying claim to one's being (as though it were one's own), endangering one's nature and desecrating inherent, interdependent indigeneity.

7 ½ billion internally and virtually displaced people to become each other's sense of belonging. That's the plot of *Peopling*. To recap: the story starts with nutmeg, at a time when the markup for nutmeg from initial cost at its lone source on the Banda Islands of Indonesia to the streets of London was 60,000%.

In the words of Malukan poet and journalist Rudi Fofid: "*Centuries ago the people of the Hitu Village and Hila Village, people here, started globalization in the world because they sold their spice to the Dutch and the Portuguese who brought their spice to the world. Globalization started from this village. I know how Spain and Portugal, also the Pope in Rome, the Vatican, they made an agreement: this area from the Philippines is for Spain and the Moluccas for the Portuguese. Very crazy!*"

"*Language is migrant. Words move from language to language, from culture to culture, from mouth to mouth. Our bodies are migrants, cells and bacteria are migrants too. Even galaxies migrate. We need to translate language into itself so that IT sees our awareness, translating us into another state of mind. What is then this talk against migrants? It can only be talk against ourselves, against life itself. Language is the translator. It could translate us to a place where we cease to tolerate injustice, abuse and the destruction of life. Awareness is the only creative force that creates itself as it looks at itself.*" Cecilia Vicuña.

BEFORE US PERSONALLY APPEARED

Arommeauw, Tekwappo, Sackwomeck Quesquakoos, Eesanques and Siconesius, Cottamack, Nawanemit, Abantsene, Sagiskwa, Kanamoack Krahorat, Tamekap, Tetemakwemama, Wieromies, Siearewach, Sackwewew, Wissipoock, Saheinsios, Kikitoauw and Aiarouw, Paepchkene, Kemptas, Nanaucontamhat, Sickeposem, Sawowouwe, Wiwyt, Pemhake, Mekowetick, Techepeuwya, Mathamen, Sacoock, Anehoopoen, Janqueno and Pokahake, Tirkirauw, Ketamau, Ararykan, Asvachkou, Suarinkehinck, Wappittawackenis, Ehetyn, Cacapeteyno and Pewihas, Seyseys and Neumers, Kapetteyno, Pewichaas, Kakapoteyno, Menqueuw, Suwirau, Keskaechquerem, Mechowodt, Marossepinck, Sintsinck Piscamoc, Wattewochkouw, Kachpohor, Ketachkwawars, Tequemeck, Rechgawac, Packamieus, Kekeskich, Seysey, Sepinto, Ponitaranachgyne

These Lenape names were found in the *Land Papers 1630-1644*, a volume assembled from the recently translated 12,000 pages of New Netherland administrative records. The *Land Papers* record the land deeds and patents granted to the early settlers by the Dutch West India Company. The formulaic wording of the transactions invariably begins “*Before us personally appeared,*” followed by the names of the Native “owners” and then typically defines the terms of fulfilled satisfaction for both parties, “*...for a certain quantity of merchandise, which they acknowledge to have received in their hands and possession to their complete satisfaction before the approval of this document, and to have sold, transported, ceded, conveyed and transferred in just, true and free ownership...the aforesaid land...with all the interests, rights and jurisdiction belonging to them, without reserving or holding therein any part, right, interest or authority in the least...but are now and forever fully and finally yielding and renouncing it...but also to deliver and hold the aforesaid land free from claims, challenges, encumbrances and pretensions which anyone hereafter may make, and also to have this sale and transfer approved, ratified and acknowledged as valid by the remaining co-owners, all in good faith, without guile or deceit.*”

Against the backdrop of the above exacting legal language and proceedings, it’s impossible to know what the Lenape representatives in fact understood. It is known that European notions of ownership rights and the sale of land and natural resources in exclusive perpetuity were so distant from native knowledge as to have rendered translation unfathomable.

Putting the names back in place. *Amends.*

THE ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE APPROPRIATING OF MANHATTAN AS TOLD BY MORAVIAN MISSIONARY JOHN GOTTLIEB ERNESTUS HECKEWELDER WHO AVOWED THAT HE WOULD “*RECOUNT ONLY WHAT HAD BEEN DIRECTLY SPOKEN TO HIM BY THE INDIANS*”

As the whites became daily more familiar with the Indians, they at last proposed to stay with them, and asked only for so much ground for a garden spot as, they said, the hide of an ox would cover or encompass, which hide was spread before them. The Indians readily granted this apparently reasonable request; but the whites then took a knife, and beginning at one end of the hide, cut it up to a long rope, not thicker than a child’s finger, so that by the time the whole was cut up, it made a great heap; they then took the rope at one end, and drew it gently along, carefully avoiding its breaking. It was drawn out into a circular form, and being closed at its ends, encompassed a large piece of ground.* The Indians were surprised at the wit of the whites, but did not wish to contend with them about a little land, as they had still enough themselves. The white and red men lived contentedly together for a long time, though the former from time to time asked for more land, which was readily obtained, and thus they gradually proceeded higher up the Mahicannittuck, until the Indians began to believe that they would soon want all their country, which in the end proved true. *History, Manners, and Customs of the Indian Nations Who Once Inhabited Pennsylvania and the Neighbouring States.*

* In Book 1 of Virgil’s Aeneid, Tyrian princess Dido, fleeing her brother Pygmalion, seeks refuge in North Africa. The Berber king Iarbas agrees to rent her as much land as could be covered by one ox-hide. Dido then cuts the hide into thin strips, encircling a hill upon which she founds the city of Carthage. Carthage dates to the 9th century BCE. 800 years later a Roman poet retells the story of Dido. 1600 years after that, within a few years of the founding of the New Amsterdam fort, a Swiss engraver working in Frankfurt etches the selfsame story. To this day, the citadel on top of the Carthaginian hill, as well as the hill itself, are named Byrsa, after Greek *bursa*, meaning ‘oxhide’. It’s more than possible that the Dutch encroachers would have been aware of the ox-hide subterfuge, while being inconceivable that the Native Americans would have been familiar with the story or could have invented it independently to slander the foreigners. It can only have been what they witnessed and recounted to Heckewelder.



Dido Purchases Land for the Foundation of Carthage. Engraving by Matthäus Merian the Elder, in *Historische Chronica*, Frankfurt a.M., 1630. Dido's people cut the hide of an ox into thin strips and try to enclose a maximal domain.

AN INTERVIEW WITH ALAN DIXON

(interviewed by Subprime August, 19, 2014)

(Subprime)

Australian Alan Dixon of Dixon Advisory is the chief executive officer of U.S. Masters Residential Property Fund. US Masters is the only self managed superfund focused on New York metropolitan area single-family homes for acquisition, renovation, rental and tenant management, making his wealth management fund the largest investor in the Brooklyn brownstone rental market. Dixon Advisory created U.S. Masters by amassing 4,500 individually managed Australian pension portfolios into a single fund.

Alan, how'd you do it and how are things going?

(Alan Dixon)

Calling it “Kings County” helps me keep a clearer sense of continuity. Look, it’s just a matter of coming into the neighborhoods and maintaining the rentier tradition of making money while we sleep. It’s feudal, with the tenant-lease as fealty, and without a meddling monarchy. More modernly we have the Dutch West India Company. The company wasn’t interested in colony-making, fiefdom living conditions or sustainable economies. Their objective was to establish a presence that could be used for the immediate enrichment of fatherland shareholders, principally by capturing the spoils of war from Spanish treasure fleets. Any option more laborious than the equivalent of just scooping up buckets of gold — cultivating, mining, manufacturing, raw resource extraction, trapping, slaving — was out of the question.* On a single day in 1628, Piet Pieterszoon Hein, the Company’s vice-admiral, captured more than \$115,000,000 in silver from the *Flotas de Indias*. They euphemistically referred to this form of commercial raiding (as distinct from directly attacking combatants) as “the catching of fish.” To a great extent, we’ve adopted this business model of fishing. Consider the American rental market a convoy that we intercept, sending the dividends overseas to be deposited directly into our shareholder and pensioner coffers. Given this history, it should come as no surprise that housing in a hot section of Brooklyn is traded in a globalized speculative market, with foreign-buyer demand forcing up the price of property. How does your shifting demographics deal with that? People already think it’s nothing new, but it’s actually the first totally private market wave of gentrification, independent of public financing and so unaccountable to larger social needs. It’s tough luck. Integral to the American Dream is that not everyone can achieve hers or his or theirs. It’s particularized. Net wealth is inversely proportional to a country’s wealth but not to its wealthy individuals. Speculators keep their wealth emergent.

I’ll elaborate on the various factors and surrounding issues that make our investment rock solid.

There are two types of housing improvements: improvements that benefit people who live in the buildings without raising rents or property values, and improvements that raise values and displace people. Even if the former type of improvement could exist, investors would have no incentive to pursue it. For example, why would a lender choose to give money to a private equity giant to buy 48 buildings in East Harlem securitized by hundreds of tenant rent-checks, over lending to individual

tenants whose monthly mortgages, were they to buy their apartments, would be far lower than their current monthly rents? In one case there's a fortune to be made, while the other case is just not an optimal way to fish.

In anticipation of a spike in the tenant default rate, Dixon Advisory is actively backing progressive policies that would provide tax credits for subsidizing the rent-burdened; this allows money that might otherwise be used to enlarge government and its regulatory agencies to be paid directly to us. With regard to the unsubsidized, it's been astonishing to watch how quickly rents exceeding 50 percent of one's income have become normalized. This is a very assuring margin for rental-market investors. Rent subsidization protects market-rate rent by making it more attainable, without questioning it or going so far as to create mixed-income developments and pressing the interrelation of income and race. There's no regulatory interference, just supply-side efficiency with consumers seeking their greatest advantage as free agents exercising their options. Tax credits issued to pay rent actually help satisfy the right-to-housing sentiment while serving to stoke, even skyrocket, market rates.

Locals can appeal to their public officials for restrictions on land use and development, but bear in mind, cities aren't in the business of housing. They basically zone, issue permits, subsidize and incentivize, but don't buy or build homes — not in the United States. It's not as though the public sector is competing with the private sector for access to federal money for housing construction. The public impression of social housing is deplorable; its institutions have atrophied. There hasn't been a respectable public housing program or mutual home ownership plan since FDR was forced to house defense workers around defense factories in the buildup to world war. And Amazon is not about to build worker-tenements around its retail centers, à la Royal Saltworks at Arc-et-Senans of Claude-Nicolas Ledoux, or Robert Owen's New Lanark textile mill. Our Residential Property Fund is investing here due to the general political consensus: the U.S. is alone in its fierce resistance to government involvement in affordable housing, coupled with its obstinance relative to successful foreign models, such as Vienna where 3 in 5 residents live in municipally owned or managed homes, or Finland's Housing First policy. Market-rate rental investment is secure in NYC because there are 40,000 applicants for every 100 affordable-housing unit availabilities. Moreover, we buy to renovate and rent, without constructing new units that could potentially decrease demand and drive rents down.

Nothing was done to stop us. Cataclysmic money could have been kept out of your single family brownstone market simply by inverting interest rate qualification: prime interest rates would be offered to the poor and at-risk to help them improve their conditions, while subprime rates would apply to those who can afford to pay more for money. Although this inversion would be a better way to balance the default factor, Americans will never allow practices that can be even remotely perceived as punishing the disproportionately prosperous. Or, you could have written to our dear pensioners back in Australia, asking them to disinvest in gentrification.

The truth is, we've met surprisingly little local resistance from residents and entrenched tenant groups. The most visible conflicts happen at the color-line surrounding long-established communities, as ahistorical whites begin to stream in. Our wealth management market mentality doesn't interfere with the natural playing out of these tensions. Reciprocally, these transgenerational tensions tend to serve the market by dividing peoples whose common interests could unite them against us. Although it has been said that the market knowingly makes use of racial tensions, our firm is neutral and we wouldn't want to be perceived as being part of the creation of such tension. We have an industry expression that goes: "the street skirmishes happen long after the FIRE has

been set and help it to burn.” FIRE, here, is an acronym for the Finance-Insurance-Real Estate complex.

We met one serious threat early on. There was a comic movement that recognized our fear of crime as the only factor that could sink our investment — if longtime residents are inhospitable, and if the higher-net worth outsiders hesitate to enter what they perceive as an impassable thicket, our rental units might remain empty and in effect capsize our large-scale single-family buy-to-rent, venture. The movement was called Unclean It Up and it was an attempt to “safely” bring the appearance of crime back into the neighborhoods as a deterrent to exterior forces of change. Its sordid actions managed to damage our momentum for many months, but were eventually exposed by the NYPD as undercover scare tactics. We’ve had no need for a public relations strategy. People are pre-privatized and isolable. They’re either too insecure to trust the thickness of the ice of solidarity, or too safe to take a step. The incoming vanguard was illustrative of this: both anti-didactic and nonsymbolic, one speaks for oneself, disdaining representing or being represented — the final byproduct of the chain of cause and effect called ‘identity’. Avant-garde is conservative: it likes to change things but doesn’t accept being changed. Meanwhile the market is unidentifiable: it seeks impermanence, deals in delusions and frees numberless creations.

Dixon Advisory re-differentiates neighborhoods — it’s not *expansion*. We pursue minor monopolizations, investing in undervalued properties. Public projects and first-time buyers and fixer-uppers can’t touch us. All in all, we’re very happy with our single-family purchases and are extremely comfortable with the overall per square foot prices. Each property will provide some excellent synergies for the overall portfolio. We’re a force for the good of the community. Many of the homes my group has purchased were vacant or single-room occupancy housing, requiring extensive repairs or remodeling as well as successful navigation of the city’s labyrinth of agencies to obtain the necessary certificates and permits. You can’t expect regular people to do this, or bankers to start funding bottom-earners. And, sure, we’re doing high-quality renovations that attract higher rents, but there’s absolutely no colour prejudice as to the tenants that we get and certainly we would hope that cleansing is not something we’re perceived to be part of. But, why are you looking at me? You’d do the same thing if you were in my position. You did nothing to create a zone I couldn’t crack. I’m also part of the Plan neither you nor I put in place. It’s about working the soil, without being either plowed under or deprived of it. To emphasize the historical continuity of our venture, the commoner poet Thomas Evans, echoing Robert Burns, comes to mind:

The rights of man then’s in the soil,
An equal share and a’that,
For landlords no one ought to toil –
‘Tis impositions and a’that,
Yes a’that and a’that,
Their title-deed and a’that,
How’er they got them, matters not,
The land is ours for a’that.

* “[the people of our nation] ...find it difficult to apply themselves to labor, and being unprovided with slaves and also not in the habit of making use of them, cannot easily supply their own efficiency by the labor of others, as the Spaniards and Portuguese easily do ...” Willem Usselinx



"CONTINENTAL"
COCKED HAT.
(1776)



"NAVY"
COCKED HAT.
(1800)



ARMY. (1837)



CLERICAL.
(Eighteenth Century)



(THE WELLINGTON.)
(1812)

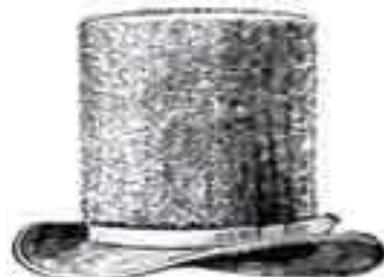


(THE PARIS BEAU.)
(1815)

CIVIL.



(THE D'ORSAY.)
(1820)



(THE REGENT.)
(1825)

STATE OF NEW YORK

15822015-2016 Regular Sessions IN SENATE January 13, 2015

Introduced by Sen. NOZZOLIO -- read twice and ordered printed, and when printed to be committed to the Committee on Investigations and Government Operations

AN ACT to amend the state law, in relation to making English the official language of New York state

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, REPRESENTED IN SENATE AND ASSEMBLY, DO ENACT AS FOLLOWS:

1

2 as follows:

Section 1. The state law is amended by adding a new article 9 to read

3

ARTICLE 9

4

OFFICIAL STATE LANGUAGE

5 SECTION 130. LEGISLATIVE FINDINGS AND INTENT.

6

7

8

9 THAT, THE STATE IS COMPRISED OF INDIVIDUALS FROM MANY ETHNIC, CULTURAL,
10 AND LINGUISTIC BACKGROUNDS, AND CONTINUES TO BENEFIT FROM THIS RICH
11 DIVERSITY. THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK AND THE UNITED STATES, THE
12 COMMON THREAD BINDING INDIVIDUALS OF DIFFERING BACKGROUNDS HAS BEEN THE
13 ENGLISH LANGUAGE. COMMAND OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS NECESSARY TO
14 PARTICIPATE IN AND TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITIES AFFORDED BY
15 AMERICAN LIFE. ABSENT A RUDIMENTARY COMMAND OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

16 CITIZENS OF THIS STATE ARE NOT ABLE TO MAKE THEIR VOICES HEARD IN THE
17 LEGISLATIVE PROCESS, EFFECTIVELY EXERCISE THEIR RIGHT TO VOTE, OR FULLY
18 UNDERSTAND THE RIGHTS AFFORDED THEM BY THE UNITED STATES AND NEW YORK
19 CONSTITUTIONS. SUCH CITIZENS ALSO HAVE A MORE DIFFICULT TIME FINDING
20 GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT, AFFORDABLE HOUSING, HEALTH INSURANCE, AND OTHERWISE
21 AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE FULL BENEFITS OF AMERICAN LIFE FOR THEMSELVES
22 AND THEIR FAMILIES.

EXPLANATION--Matter in ITALICS (underscored) is new; matter in brackets
is old law to be omitted.

LBD07246-01-5

131. SHORT TITLE.

132. OFFICIAL STATE LANGUAGE.

S 130. LEGISLATIVE FINDINGS AND INTENT. THE LEGISLATURE HEREBY FINDS
S. 1582 2

1 S 131. SHORT TITLE. THIS ACT SHALL BE KNOWN AND MAY BE CITED AS THE
2 "NEW YORK STATE ENGLISH LANGUAGE EMPOWERMENT ACT".

3 S 132. OFFICIAL STATE LANGUAGE. ENGLISH SHALL BE THE OFFICIAL LANGUAGE
4 OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. 1. THE STATE OF NEW YORK
5 SHALL CONDUCT ALL OFFICIAL BUSINESS OF THIS STATE IN ENGLISH. ALL OFFI-
6 CIAL DOCUMENTS, REGULATIONS, ORDERS, AND PUBLICATIONS SHALL BE PRINTED
7 IN ENGLISH AND ALL OFFICIAL PROGRAMS, MEETINGS, TRANSACTIONS, AND
8 ACTIONS CONDUCTED BY OR ON BEHALF OF THIS STATE AND ALL ITS POLITICAL
9 SUBDIVISIONS SHALL BE IN ENGLISH.

10 2. A. OTHER LANGUAGES MAY BE USED BY GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, AND IN
11 OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS, WHENEVER NECESSARY TO:

. 12 (I) PROTECT THE HEALTH, SAFETY, OR LIBERTY OF ANY CITIZEN;

. 13 (II) TEACH OR STUDY OTHER LANGUAGES;

. 14 (III) PROTECT THE RIGHTS OF CRIMINAL DEFENDANTS OR THE VICTIMS OF
15 CRIME;

. 16 (IV) PROMOTE TRADE, TOURISM, OR COMMERCE;

. 17 (V) FACILITATE ACTIVITIES PERTAINING TO THE COMPILATION OF ANY CENSUS;

. 18 (VI) COMPLY WITH THE FEDERAL INDIVIDUALS WITH DISABILITIES EDUCATION
19 ACT;

20 (VII) USE PROPER NAMES, TERMS OF ART, OR PHRASES FROM LANGUAGE OTHER
21 THAN ENGLISH; OR

22 (VIII) COMPLY WITH THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES OF
23 AMERICA, OR THE STATE CONSTITUTION.

24 B. EXCEPT IN EXIGENT CIRCUMSTANCES, WHEN AN OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT DOCU-
25 MENT IS TRANSLATED INTO ANY LANGUAGE OTHER THAN ENGLISH UNDER THIS
26 SECTION, AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION WILL ALSO BE PROVIDED IN THE SAME DOCU-
27 MENT, APPEARING IN SUCH A MANNER AS TO AFFORD THE READER THE OPPORTUNITY
28 TO OBSERVE THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF ALL PHRASES USED.

. 29 3. NOTHING IN THIS SECTION SHALL BE CONSTRUED TO:

. 30 A. DIMINISH THE USAGE OF, PREVENT THE STUDY OR DEVELOPMENT OF, OR
31 DISCOURAGE THE USE OF, ANY NATIVE AMERICAN LANGUAGE IN ANY CONTEXT OR
32 FOR ANY PURPOSE;

33 B. PROHIBIT ANY ELECTED OFFICIAL FROM SPEAKING TO ANY PERSON IN A
34 LANGUAGE OTHER THAN ENGLISH WHILE CAMPAIGNING OR PROVIDING CONSTITUENT
35 SERVICES, ALTHOUGH SUCH OFFICIALS ARE ENCOURAGED TO USE ENGLISH AS MUCH
36 AS POSSIBLE TO PROMOTE FLUENCY IN ENGLISH;

37 C. DISPARAGE ANY LANGUAGE OR DISCOURAGE ANY PERSON FROM LEARNING OR
38 USING ANY LANGUAGE;

39 D. PROHIBIT INFORMAL AND NONBINDING TRANSLATIONS OR COMMUNICATIONS
40 AMONG OR BETWEEN REPRESENTATIVES OF GOVERNMENT AND OTHER PERSONS IF THIS
41 ACTIVITY DOES NOT AFFECT OR IMPAIR SUPERVISION, MANAGEMENT, CONDUCT OR
42 EXECUTION OF OFFICIAL ACTIONS AND IF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF GOVERNMENT
43 MAKE CLEAR THAT THESE TRANSLATIONS OR COMMUNICATIONS ARE UNOFFICIAL AND
44 ARE NOT BINDING ON THE STATE OR ANY POLITICAL SUBDIVISION OF THE STATE;
45 OR

46 E. PROHIBIT INDIVIDUALS FROM UTILIZING TRANSLATION METHODS OF THEIR
47 OWN PROVISION TO COMMUNICATE WITH AN OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT AGENT OR ENTI-
48 TY.

49 4. AS USED IN THIS SECTION, "OFFICIAL" MEANS ANY GOVERNMENT ACTION OR
50 DOCUMENT THAT BINDS THE GOVERNMENT, IS REQUIRED BY LAW, OR IS AUTHORIZED
51 BY LAW.

52 S 2. This act shall take effect immediately.

