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**in-**

PREFIX

/in/

1. not or no
2. against

**surrectus**

PARTICIPLE

/sur're:k.tus/

1. gotten up, having been gotten up, arisen, having been arisen



**10 U.S.C. §§ 331-335**

**Sec. 331. Federal aid for State governments**

Whenever there is an insurrections in any State against its government, the President may, upon the request of its legislature or of its governor if the legislature cannot be convened, call into Federal service such of the militia of the other States, in the number requested by that State, and use such of the armed forces, as he considers necessary to suppress the insurrection.

**Sec. 332. Use of militia and armed forces to enforce Federal authority**

Whenever the President considers that unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages, or rebellion against the authority of the United States, make it impracticable to enforce the laws of the United States in any State by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, he may call into Federal service such of the militia of any State, and use such of the armed forces, as he considers necessary to enforce those laws or to suppress the rebellion.

**Sec. 333. Interference with State and Federal law**

The President, by using the militia or the armed forces, or both, or by any other means, shall take such measures as he considers necessary to suppress, in a State, any insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combination, or conspiracy, if it--

(1) so hinders the execution of the laws of that State, and of the United States within the State, that any part or class of its people is deprived of a right, privilege, immunity, or protection named in the Constitution and secured by law, and the constituted authorities of that State are unable, fail, or refuse to protect that right, privilege, or immunity, or to give that protection; or

(2) opposes or obstructs the execution of the laws of the United States or impedes the course of justice under those laws.

In any situation covered by clause (1), the State shall be considered to have denied the equal protection of the laws secured by the Constitution.

**Sec. 334. Proclamation to disperse**

Whenever the President considers it necessary to use the militia or the armed forces under this chapter, he shall, by proclamation, immediately order the insurgents or those obstructing the enforcement of the laws to disperse and retire peaceably to their abodes within a limited time.



# American Conspiracies 1 & 2

In any situation

This unlawful President obstructs the course of justice In any situation

This unlawful President hinders the execution of laws

In any situation

This unlawful President deprives the people of right

In any situation this unlawful President

Denies

Denies

Denies

In any situation this unlawful President secures immunity

In all part

the state FAIL

the constitution FAIL

So,

the people considers insurrection

So,

the people considers conspiracy

So He oppose

So He suppress

This unlawful President forces

domestic violence

state violence

class violence

The people united

A united violence

An unlawful violence

In any situation the people measures the unable

In any situation the people measures the denied

In any situation the people measures the constitution

FAIL

FAIL

FAIL

FAIL

FAIL

FAIL

In any situation covered by the people-- this unlawful President shall be considered ---shall be denied

the equal protection of the laws secured by the Constitution

IN ANY SITUATION

ANY

ANY

ANY

In any State

Constituted, fail.

(1) (2)

The by the or the or or by other

as he

To in a any or

If it-

(2) (1)

\*\* so the of the of that and of the the within

the,

That any or of is of or

It's a.

In the and by and the of that are

Able un fail re

Or, to that

Or, or, to give that;

Or.

In any situation. ( )\*



Before any violence

The state within the Armed impedes justice

...

To give them, secured by law,  
immunity for any executions

In any situation,

By any means,

Protection measures its people

The Constitution and its constituted authorities

both fail in the course of

Suppressing the United

It is a privilege to conspire

To obstruct, to oppose

under-covered

Under the forces of a domestic militia,

Or an unlawful president

Considered secure



By Militia

By Armed

forces

Or any other means

An unlawful combination or

conspiracy

Execution of the laws

To suppress

Protection is

secured

Class of its people

Refuse to give that protection

Justice

Obstructs

Impedes

By clause

Denied

**re-**

PREFIX

/rey/

1. again

**surrectus**

PARTICIPLE

/sur're:k.tus/

2. gotten up, having been  
gotten up, arisen,  
having been arisen

# I'm Tired of Talking about myself (An Anthem)

Libretto

37 minute, single audio channel

*Cast of Characters*

Sally Hemmings

Chorus of anonymous onlookers and gossipers

Libretto is an extraordinary attempt to resurrect the voice of Sally Hemings postmortem, who for many is considered the unofficial predecessor to FLOTUS Michelle Obama. For almost two centuries, Hemings has been rendered completely mute but now with technological innovations, Hemings' voice is heard in full technicolor so much so that it captures the emotional complexity of a maligned woman once lost and regulated to the margins of history.

Libretto then offers Heming a rare opportunity to give a first hand account of oneself, but being that she is so overly zealous to speak her mind, the sheer flood of emotions is so much that it makes her voice illegible, even still.

*As the crowd began to slowly gather around Sally Hemings, they steadily mock her as she musters the courage to speak. Here, the crowd's chant becomes unrelenting, and becomes a sort of humming backdrop as Hemings proceeds with her soliloquy.*

Chorus:

Ahuu dat red gyal deh?

A weh shi cum fram?

How shi su foofool so?

Everyweh shi tun makka juk her up

Shi cyaah duh nutten right

Jeezam

*Sally Hemings with head slightly bowed, begins to speak*

SH:

most days I'm left here broken

*But before finishing previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 2nd time, her voice and head slightly rising. Crowd continues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH :

you circling

me circling

we up and down circling

zigzagging circling

running backwards circling

leaning forwards circling

jumping sideways circling

*But before finishing previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 3rd time, her voice and head rising a bit higher. Crowd continues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH:

all I know

is to sit and wait

cause i gotta wait

my ancestors wait

my mother wait

my sister wait

my auntie wait

my cousin wait

they all waited for it to find them

so i'll wait for it to eventually find me too

*But before finishing previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 4th time, voice and head now fully raised. Crowd continues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH:

I am convinced that love will never find me

*poor me, poor me, poor little ol' me*

me no see no see how

me no see when

*poor me, poor me, poor little ol' me*

love keep slippin' and slidin;

love keep fallin' and drownin'

in holes that are too long

too tall

too wide

love is a heartless thing

*poor me, poor me, poor little ol' me*

*But before finishing previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 5th time, voice much throatier while face and hands are becoming more expressive. Crowd contin-*

*ues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH:

I want to be more than just happy  
I want to be happy happy  
a happy that is eternally sunny  
a happy that doesn't involve tears  
all i want is to be happy

*But before finishing previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 6th time, voice now breaking, expression is more exasperated, hands flailing in air as the crowd continues to look on, while humming mockingly.*

SH:

you have devoured me, you  
have infected me, you  
have left me, you  
have me smoking these marys, you  
have me twerking, you  
have me prowling, you  
have me forgetting, you  
have me breaking, you  
have me screaming, you  
you  
you  
you  
it's you why everything done gone wrong  
it's you why I can't get up  
you did this  
you did this  
it's you who did this

*But before finishing the previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 7th time, voice keeps pushing through despite her physical and emotional exhaustion. Crowd continues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH:

he reached the end  
*me beginning*  
he sprints  
*me crawling*  
he stands  
*me tumbling*  
he surfs  
*me drowning*  
he's attentive

*me snoozing*

he's together

*me scattering*

he's an intellect

*me a dummy*

he's righteous

*me sinning*

he's working

*count on me coveting*

he's gifted

*me a fool*

he's winning

*me losing*

he leads

*see me follow*

he speaks

*hear me listen*

he teaches

*i promise to learn*

*just try looking past my present*

*just try looking only at the future*

*give me a chance sugar*

*please, please, please*

*pretty please*

*But before finishing the previous sentence, Hemings talks over self an 8th time, voice dropping down a level, her hands swinging slowly. Crowd continues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH:

rosy cheeked yet all blued

doe-eyed yet all blued

neck lolling

shoulders slouching

emotions clotting

congealing a myriad tone of blues

sandy blue

orangey blue

yellowish blue

purplish green blue

chocolatey amber blue

why don't you build a life with me

i'll murder every one last of them unruly blues

i'll do it—i'll truly do



*But before finishing the previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 9th time, voice getting more thunderous, her hands punching the thick air as the crowd becomes more excited but still hummily mockingly.*

SH:

my womb is empty  
my womb is bended  
my womb is fractured  
my womb is punctured  
my womb is scattered  
my womb is sprayed  
my womb is colorless  
my womb is soulless  
my womb is voiceless  
my womb is homeless  
my womb is brown  
my womb is overgrown  
my womb is bitter  
my womb is fritter  
my womb is envious  
my womb is grey  
my womb is prey  
my womb is regularly caned  
my womb is shaped like a horseshoe

*But before finishing the previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 10th time, voice is getting raspier and wilder as she screams more frantactically, with hands raised to the sky. Crowd continues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH:

run run run run run run run run  
for your life!  
run run run run run run run run run  
for your freedom!  
run run run run run run run run run  
from worry!  
run run run run run run run run run  
from treachery!

run run run run run run run run run  
from fuckery!  
run run run run run run run run run  
from pain!  
run run run run run run run run run

from sure heartbreak!

run run run run run run run run run

*But before finishing the sentence, Hemings talks over self an 11th time, voice is getting more raspier still. With hands swingingly loosely at the side. Crowd continues to look while humming mockingly.*

SH:

until the second before, what did it matter to me--you  
until the minute before, what did it matter to me--you  
until the hour before, what did it matter to me--you  
until the day before, what did it matter to me—you  
until the weeks before, what did it matter to me--you  
until the months before, what did it matter to me--you  
until the years before, what did it matter to me in this place  
until now—home is the only thing that matters to me and you

*But before finishing the previous sentence, Hemings talks over self a 12th time, voice now falls apart. Crowd now satisfied, now turns away and sings another chant not recorded here.*

SH:

i have entered truth without accuracy  
i have entered alpha without an omega  
i have entered jesus without crucifixion  
i have entered life without conception  
i have entered destiny without a future  
i have entered color without light  
i have entered night without day  
i have entered fish without possessing a sea  
i have entered rain without a single cloud  
i have entered arks without Noah  
i have entered earth without heaven  
i have entered hell without the devil  
i have entered humanity without asking permission  
i am one of a kind what am i you may ask?  
a negress

“Revolution” is a cliché. The “revolution” either already happened or is always on the horizon, ever on the tips of tongues of those for whom slogans still impart meaning. The “revolution” is a button ready to be pressed, automatically evoking one of two emotions—exhilaration or fear. The response to the “revolution” is never novel, but has been long ago preset, already conditioned in the one who readily projects her reflexive reaction to even the mere idea of change.

The “revolution” is always happening, the “revolution” is now. We can always sense it, even if there are no useful words to describe it. Not “uprising,” not “unrest,” never “tumult.” “Rebellion” could come close, though it connotes that zero-sum game those who fear change automatically imagine themselves losing, an inversion of the “winners” and “losers.” The “revolution” is a cliché, but the “revolution” at least also connotes ongoing motion, the orbit of a celestial body around some not-yet-dead star, the movement through, and eventual completion of, a cycle. But the “revolution,” the word, is an already-dead star, new light must be shed from another signifier we so desperately need.

What about the “resurrection”? The “resurrection”—that Second Coming—has been long awaited but has not yet happened. The “revolution” overthrows and replaces, but the new order it promises is an ellipse.





The new day ushered in by the “revolution” is an unanswered question, a void waiting left to be filled with imagined Utopias or apocalypses. The “resurrection,” though, has yet to burn out. The “resurrection” is a promise. The “resurrection” inspires hope and relief. The “resurrection” is new life. Those of us who are now alive are still living, but we have not yet been reborn—nor has the society in which we continue to work, struggle, and love.

The “revolution” is the dusk, the “resurrection” is the dawn. It is left for us to imagine the new day that will arise from the ashes of the “revolution.” We already know what must die. White supremacy, patriarchy, capitalism, mass incarceration, environmental destruction and degradation . . . but what will rise from the dead?

If we don’t make this collective decision, this reimagining of the new day, then we will be left to inhabit the dawn of the dead. Nature abhors a vacuum. If we don’t conjure the new life that is already pushing to be lived through each and every one of us, we might fall prey to zombification—to the rise of the undead, to the habituations of anti-life.

This is an attempt to ask the question left unanswered by the “resurrection,” to dream new dreams and weave together a new world.



**WHAT WILL PEOPLE  
REMEMBER AROUND  
A 'CAMPFIRE'  
(REAL OR VIRTUAL)  
A 100 YEARS FROM  
NOW ABOUT THIS  
WORLD?**

.....

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I was born three Jupiters ago, in a sun cove, by the lava falls. I heard from my grandmother that this used to be a world inhabited by people who were all the same size, about 2 meters tall, but they became extinct due to complete nutrient imbalance and loss of oxygen which they needed. In the carbon age, we the huge and tiny peoples slowly populated the world. By the fires in the dark night when stories are told of the old world and birth of this one, I feel a sense of kinship and belonging with my community. I imagine how the sky above us has a memory of it all, of all the worlds unfolding one after another underneath. There are no buildings now or structures to hold people. There are no machines.

I feel like I am not a part of my community when I imagine and wish for a world in which I have my own things and privacy; it is shunned and laughed at. I am ashamed to wish for such things. But I do. At times I wish I lived in that world from long ago, if it truly was this way I don't know, but I wish I could travel and own things and groom my body and wear makeup.

(A diary entry from unknown time in the future)



**HOW DO REALLY BIG  
CONSTRUCTS 'DIE' / HOW DOES  
MASS INCARCERATION DIE?  
HOW DOES WHITE SUPREMACY DIE?**

**IS IT LIKE A HOLOGRAM,  
THAT EN MASSE THERE IS A FLIP OF  
SWITCH IN PEOPLE'S MINDS AND  
ACTIONS OR IS IT A PROCESS THAT  
REQUIRES SYSTEMATIC DISMANTLING?**

**IS IT A PHYSICAL PROCESS OR  
A MENTAL PROCESS?  
IS IT A STATE CHANGE?**

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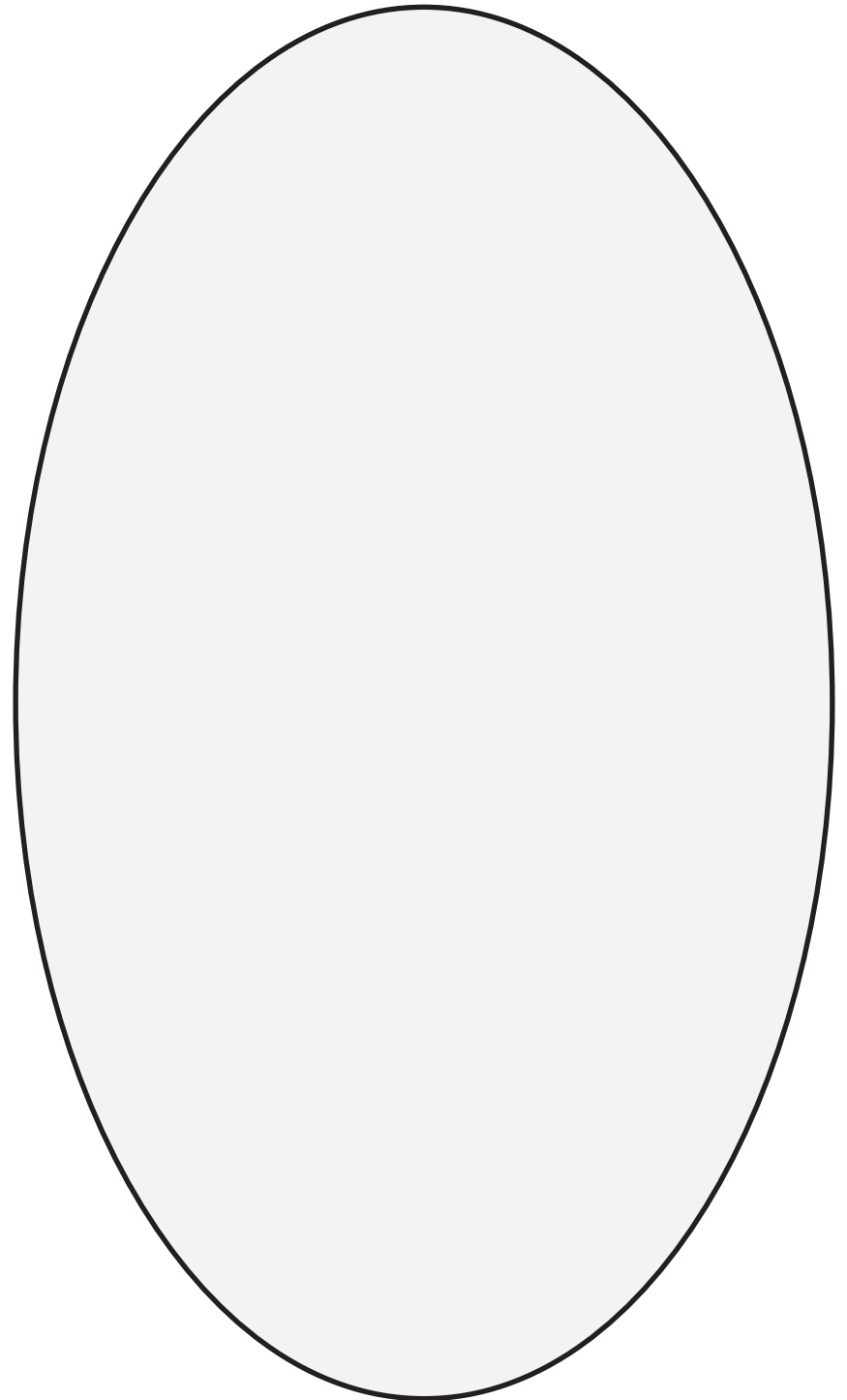
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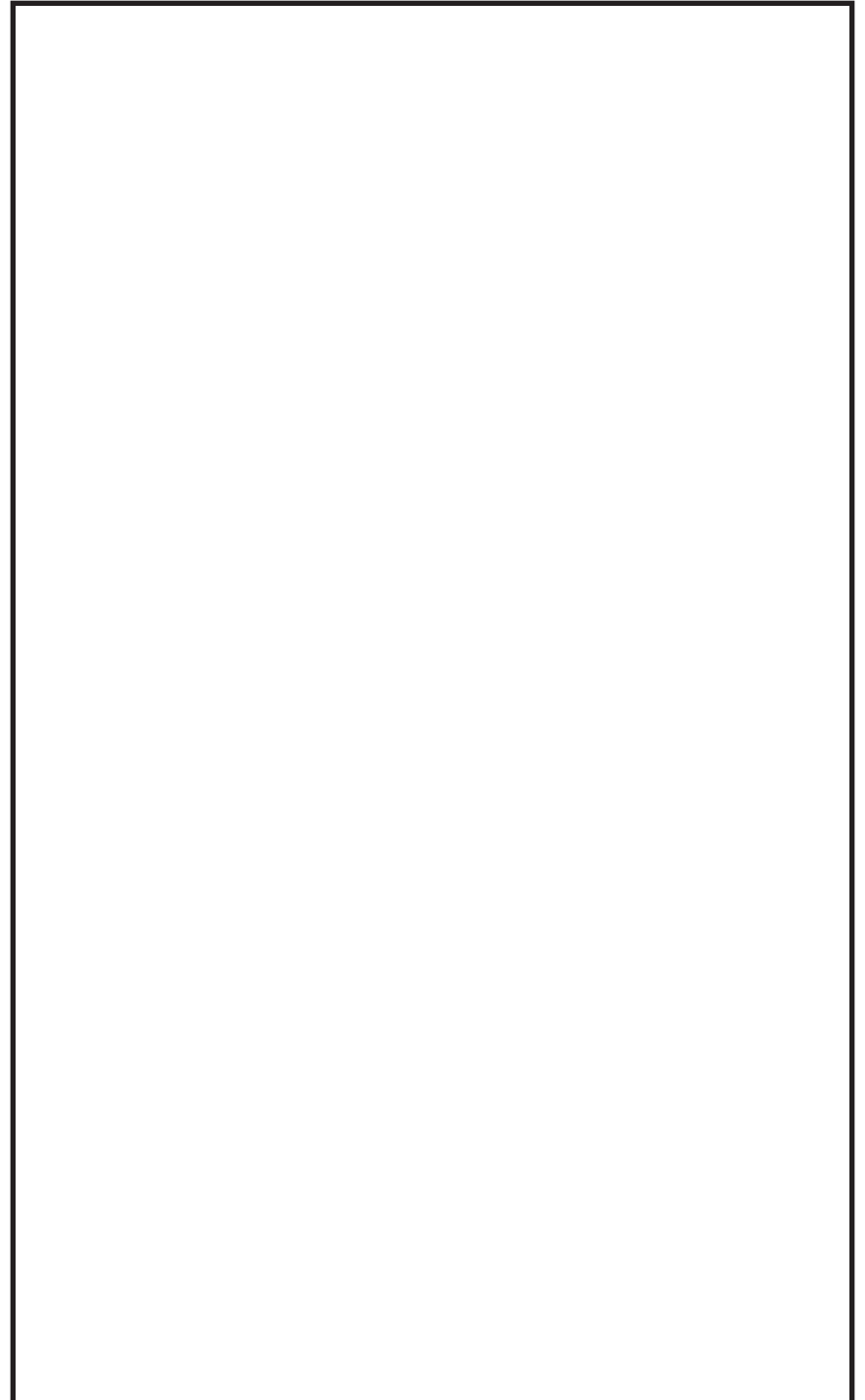


**HOW CAN A TRAUMA  
ARTIFACT/ADAPTATION/SYMPTOM  
(EX. DISSOCIATION, DEPRESSION,  
HYPERVIGILANCE, ETC.)**

**BE**

**RE-REALIZED OR TRANSFORMED AS A  
STRATEGY FOR THE FUTURE PRESENT/  
NEW LIFE OR RESIST THE DAWN OF  
THE DEAD/THE FUTURE PRESENT YOU  
WISH TO ABOLISH?**

There is something about feeling together with others, no matter who they are, and sharing shame and fear and needs, making the dissociations, depressions, hypervigilance, etc visible and tangible in a community of other human beings. It transforms what we are together, and by that transforms our sense of what we are in our own skin. Our individual selves are a mirror of the kind of being together that goes on. It is a different kind of self that is reflected back to us when trauma artifacts/ adaptations and symptoms are made public, perhaps giving clues of lines of flight to the one trapped in the hyper-individualized, isolated self of now.



To witness the sun  
first set

is to wonder if  
it will

ever rise again.

As if dusk  
were the onset

of death,  
permanent night,

which the sunset's  
first watcher

wished she could  
stave off,

like willful  
eyelids

fluttering  
against

the gravity  
of sleep.

A surprise,  
it must

have been,  
for the sun

to have risen  
again.

A new day,  
but

was it  
a new life?

A different world

through  
astounded eyes?

Or was it  
the dawn

of a new  
constant

diurnal churn.

Millions of suns  
later

and this choice  
is still ours.

Symptoms  
may have

ripened into  
sicknesses,

masked  
by their

root causes,

now burrowed below

the detection  
of our senses,

which can  
only see

the flowering  
of trauma.

And yet the choice  
is still ours,

to wince

and withstand

the pain

of ripping out  
the source

of this suffering,

or waiting

for the tremor,  
the shock

of that sudden  
subterranean

release  
of buried

energy.

Either way we unearth  
a treasure.

HOW COULD SLOWING DOWN  
SHAPE THE WAY WE EXPERIENCE  
THE PRESENT, AND SHAPE A NEW LIFE?  
WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE FAST,  
AND WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SLOW?  
WHAT PREVENTS US FROM SLOWING DOWN,  
AND CAN THOSE 'THINGS' BE  
DESCRIBED DISTINCTLY?

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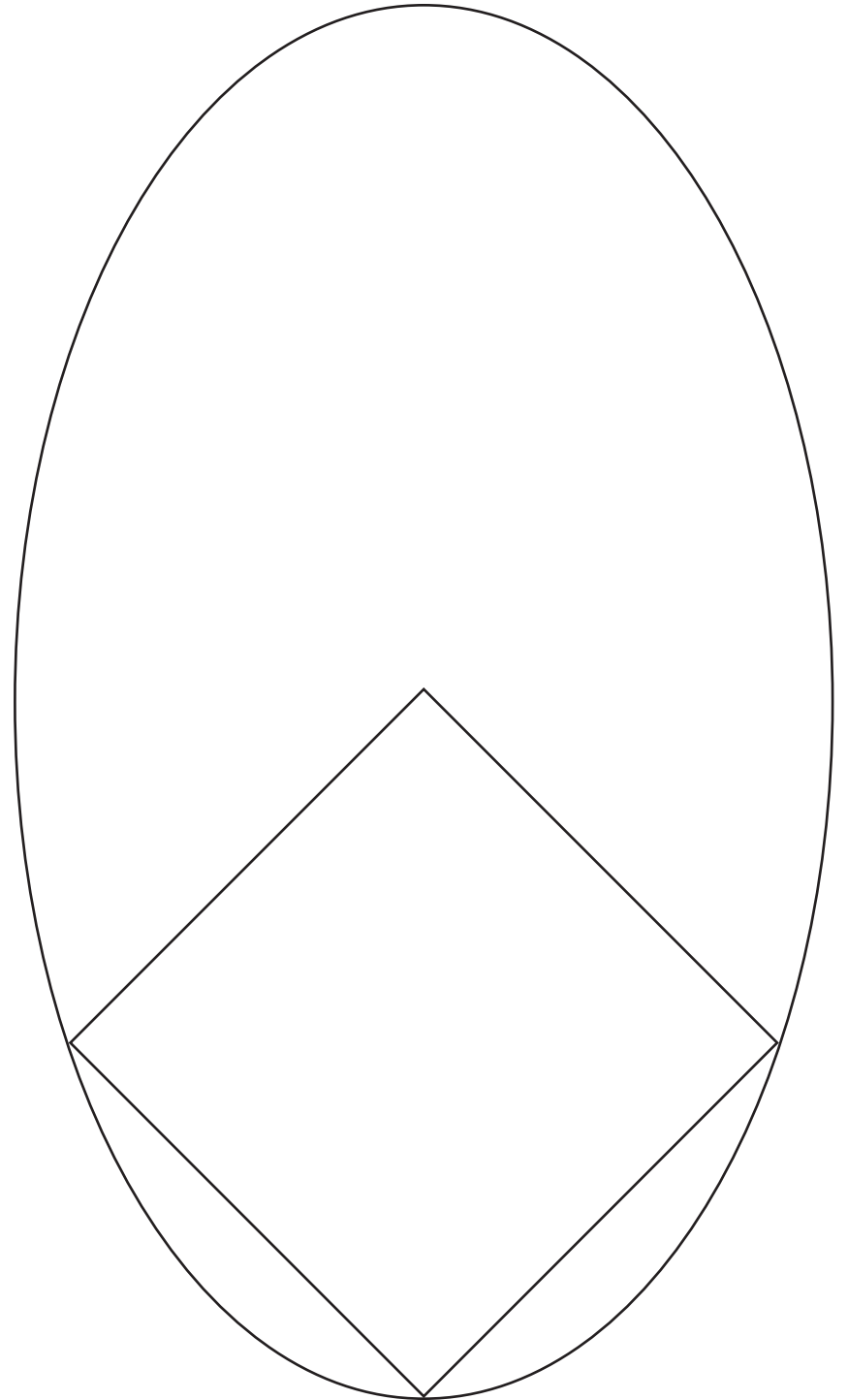
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**IS THERE A PART OF YOURSELF  
THAT YOU LOST, THAT YOU WOULD  
LIKE TO RESURRECT?  
LOCATE IT, DESCRIBE IT AND  
ANY RESISTANCES YOU FEEL  
IN REGARDS TO ITS RESURRECTION.**

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**TURN AROUND 3 TIMES.  
WHAT FORCES YOU TO BE  
STILL?**

**BLOW OUT YOUR PAGE  
AS IF IT IS 1,000  
BIRTHDAY CANDLES.**

**GO OUTSIDE.**



Thousand Year Cake

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WHEN WAS YOUR  
LAST STATE CHANGE  
(AS IN PERSONAL  
TRANSFORMATION)?

WHAT DID YOU NEVER IMAGINE  
PRIOR, THAT BECAME A BEAUTIFUL  
LIVED REALITY AFTER?

COMMUNICATE THAT RIGHT NOW,  
OUT LOUD, TO THE FUTURE YOU  
IN 20 YEARS.

YOU MAY HAVE TO ADJUST  
YOUR SPEECH/LANGUAGE/SOUND/SPEED  
FOR THE MESSAGE TO BE RECEIVED  
AND UNDERSTOOD BECAUSE TIME  
TRAVELS  
IN FUNNY WAYS.

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WHAT COLOR IS THE  
SKY OF THE FUTURE?

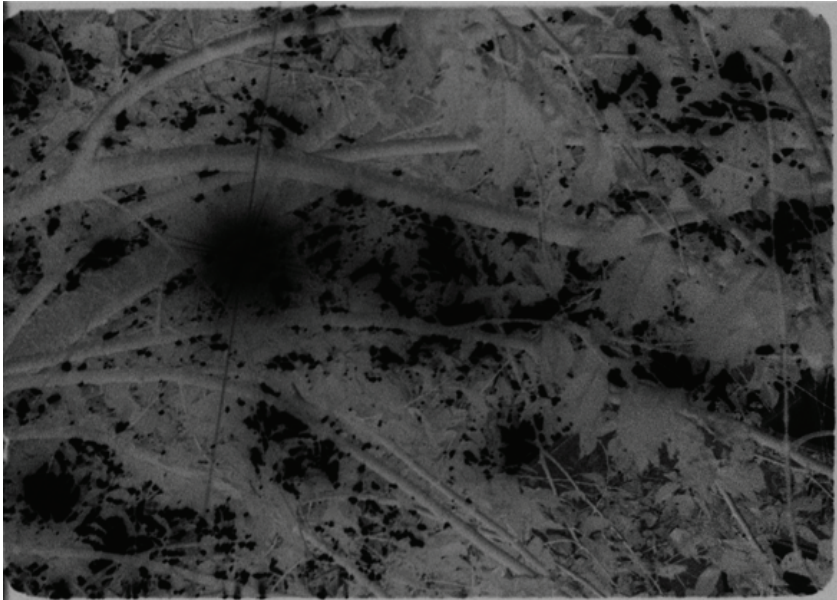
blue

emerald

orange

velvet

green



I wondered how it would end  
Now, the cracks coalescing  
Signs of life

Handwriting practice lines consisting of ten horizontal rows. Each row is defined by two parallel lines with a decorative, repeating diamond-shaped pattern along their length.



**YES, WE LIVE IN A WORLD,  
BUT WITHIN US ARE MANY WORLDS,  
AS PARAPHRASED FROM  
THE OFT-QUOTED LINE OF WALT WHITMAN'S  
LEAVES OF GRASS—  
WE ARE LARGE, WE CONTAIN MULTITUDES.  
IF DURING ONE LIFE, LIVED BEFORE PHYSICAL DEATH,  
WE LIVE MANY LIVES, THEN WE ALSO DIE MANY TIMES.  
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU DIED?  
WHO OR WHAT INSIDE OF YOU HAS DIED?  
WHO OR WHAT DO YOU DESIRE TO BE REBORN  
DURING THE "RESURRECTION"?**

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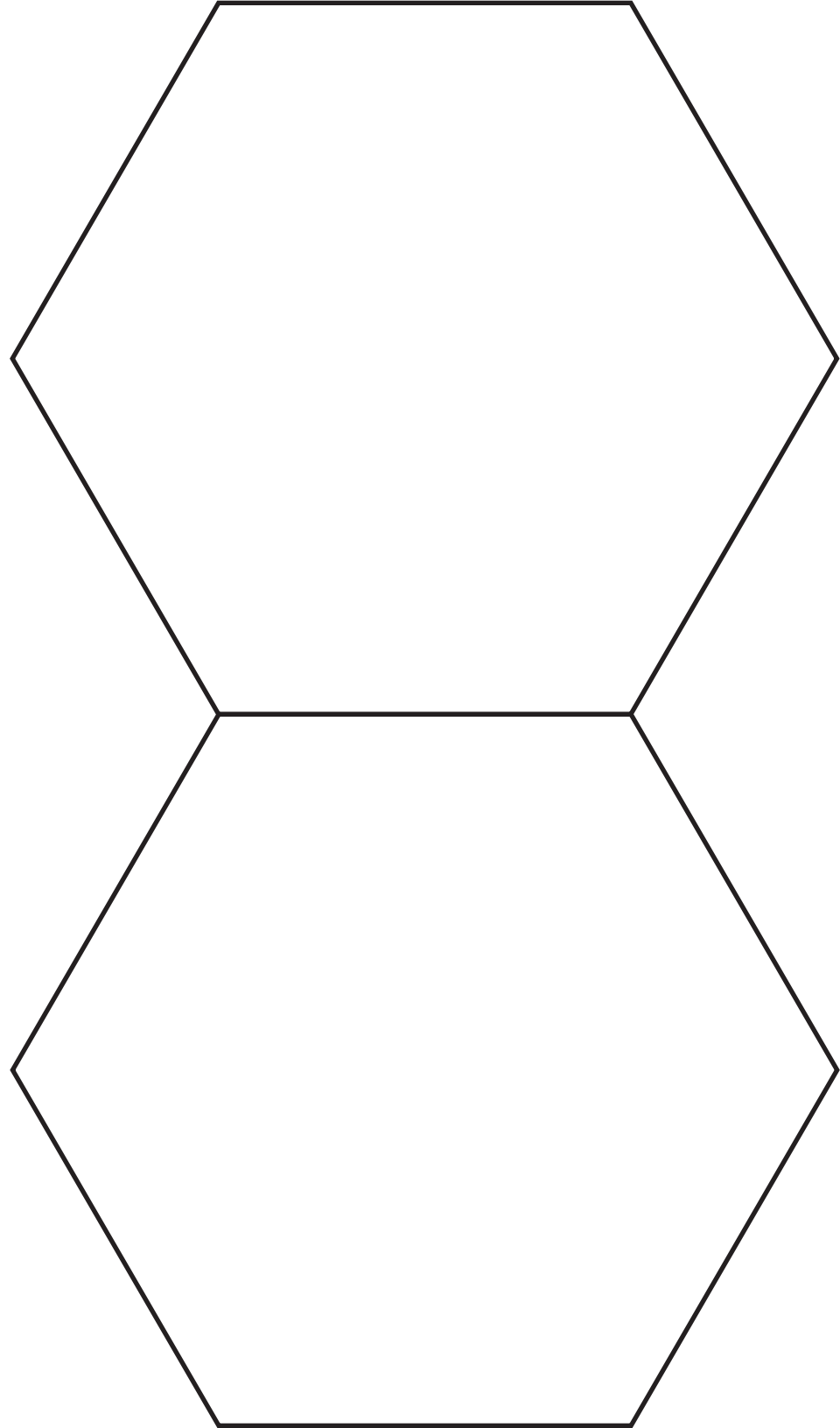
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THE WORLD BEYOND LAW AND ORDER  
IS OFTEN IMAGINED AS A POST-APOCALYPTIC,  
BATTLE-SCARRED TERRITORY RULED BY CHAOS.  
THIS IS ONLY A “NEGATIVE” THING IF YOU,  
DEAR READER,  
ARE UNABLE TO STEP BACK, DETACH,  
AND FIND ORDER IN CHAOS.

WHAT CHAOTIC ASPECT OF YOURSELF  
HAVE YOU BEEN SUPPRESSING, OR COMPARTMENTALIZING, OR  
SUBLIMATING?

IF YOU UNLEASHED  
THIS CHAOTIC ASPECT OF YOURSELF,  
HOW COULD THIS LIBERATED PART OF YOU  
CONTRIBUTE TO THE LARGER NEW ORDER  
THAT IS AWAITING US  
IN THE “RESURRECTION”?



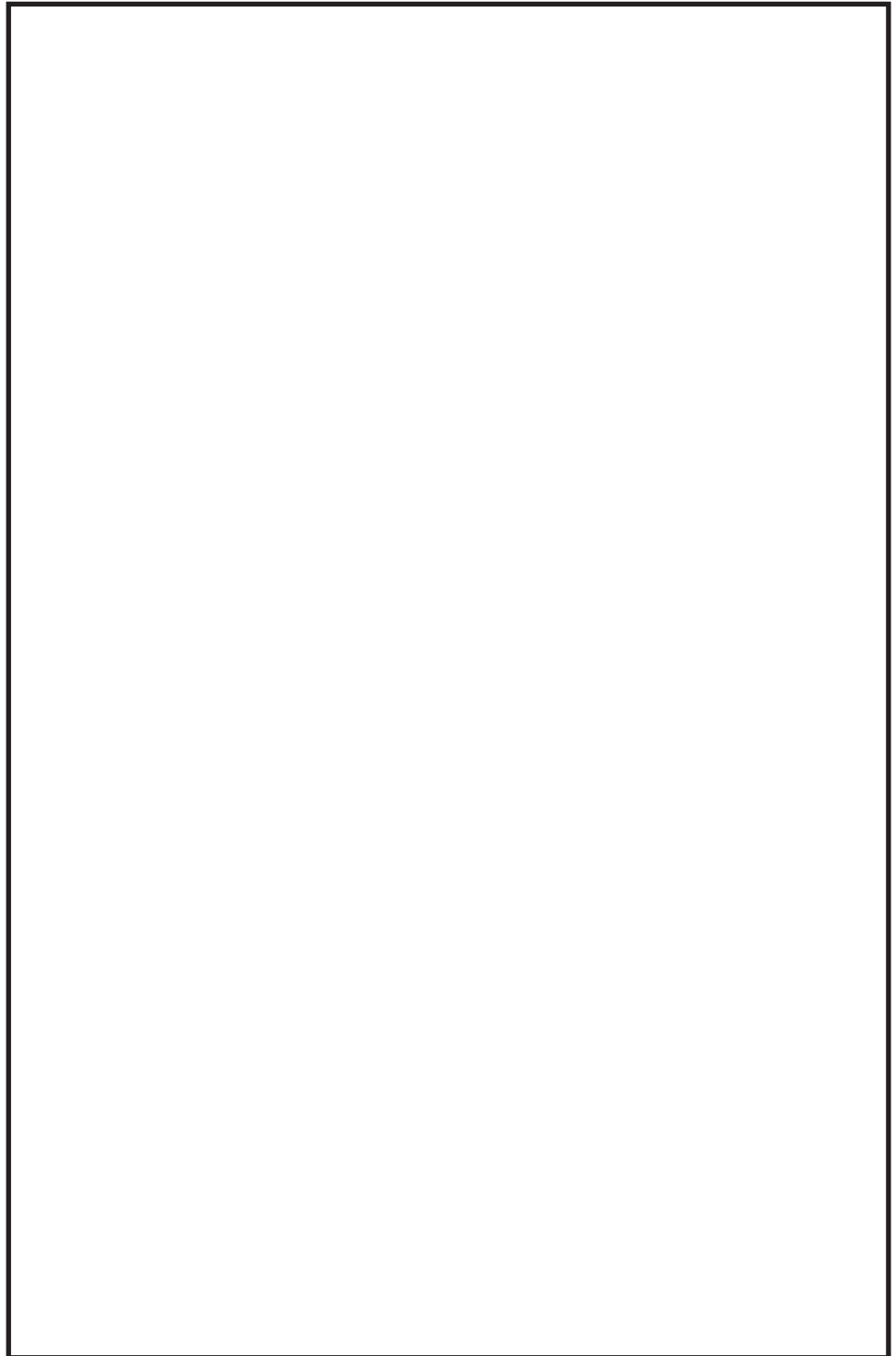
MANY OF US HAVE ENDURED  
FORMAL EDUCATION.  
DURING THE COURSE OF ALL OF THE “COURSES,”  
MANY OF US HAVE LEARNED THAT  
WE ARE SELF-INTERESTED  
RATIONAL ACTORS INDEPENDENTLY STRIVING  
TO ACHIEVE OUR INDIVIDUAL ACHIEVEMENTS,  
ATOMIZED AND ISOLATED IN OUR HEADS  
AS WE SEEK TO AMASS PRIVATE FORTUNE.

SURE,  
THIS KIND OF MINDSET CAN GET ALONG  
UNDER THE SYSTEM OF CAPITALISM,  
BUT HOW ABOUT DURING THE “RESURRECTION”?

WHEN THE SYSTEMS WE CURRENTLY RELY ON COLLAPSE,  
WE MIGHT HAVE TO TURN AWAY  
FROM THE CAPITAL REWARDS  
WE EXPECTED TO REAP AND TOWARDS EACH OTHER—TO INVEST IN  
AN EMERGING SYSTEM  
CHARACTERIZED BY MUTUAL AID.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO CONTRIBUTE  
TO A SYSTEM TETHERED TOGETHER BY A COMMUNITY  
OF INDIVIDUALS ASSISTING EACH OTHER?

WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO LEARN  
FROM YOUR NEWFOUND COMMUNITY?  
HOW CAN YOU USE YOUR OWN SKILLS  
TO ASSIST THE MOST VULNERABLE  
AMONG US?





AND WHAT COMES AFTER  
THE RESURRECTION?

**co-, com-, con-**  
PREFIX

/ko/ /kom/ /kon/

1. with

**surrectus**

PARTICIPLE

/sur're:k.tus/

3. gotten up, having been gotten up,  
arisen, having been arisen

**ex-**

PREFIX

/eks/

1. out (of)

2. former

**surrectust**

PARTICIPLE

/sur're:k.tus/

4. gotten up, having been gotten up,  
arisen, having been arisen

THIS ZINE WAS  
CREATED BY  
ANTI FEAR, A WING OF  
HEKLER ASSEMBLY,  
A TRANSNATIONAL SPACE  
TO SHARE, DISCUSS  
AND COLLECTIVELY IMAGINE NEW WAYS  
OF INSTITUTING BASED ON ARTISTIC  
STRATEGIES, COMMUNITY CARE,  
POLITICAL EDUCATION, DISTRIBUTION OF  
RESOURCES, AND HEALING AS COMMONS.

RE-IMAGINING THE RESURRECTION  
IS A COLLECTIVE ENDEAVOR.  
IT CANNOT BE DONE BY ONE OR A FEW,  
BUT ALL.  
SEND YOUR RESPONSES TO THE PROMPTS  
IN THIS ZINE TO  
**HEKLERKE@GMAIL.COM**  
TO PARTICIPATE IN THE ONGOING DIGITAL  
EVOLUTION OF THIS PRINTED ZINE.

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