

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

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

AND WHAT COMES AFTER
THE RESURRECTION?



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

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?

(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

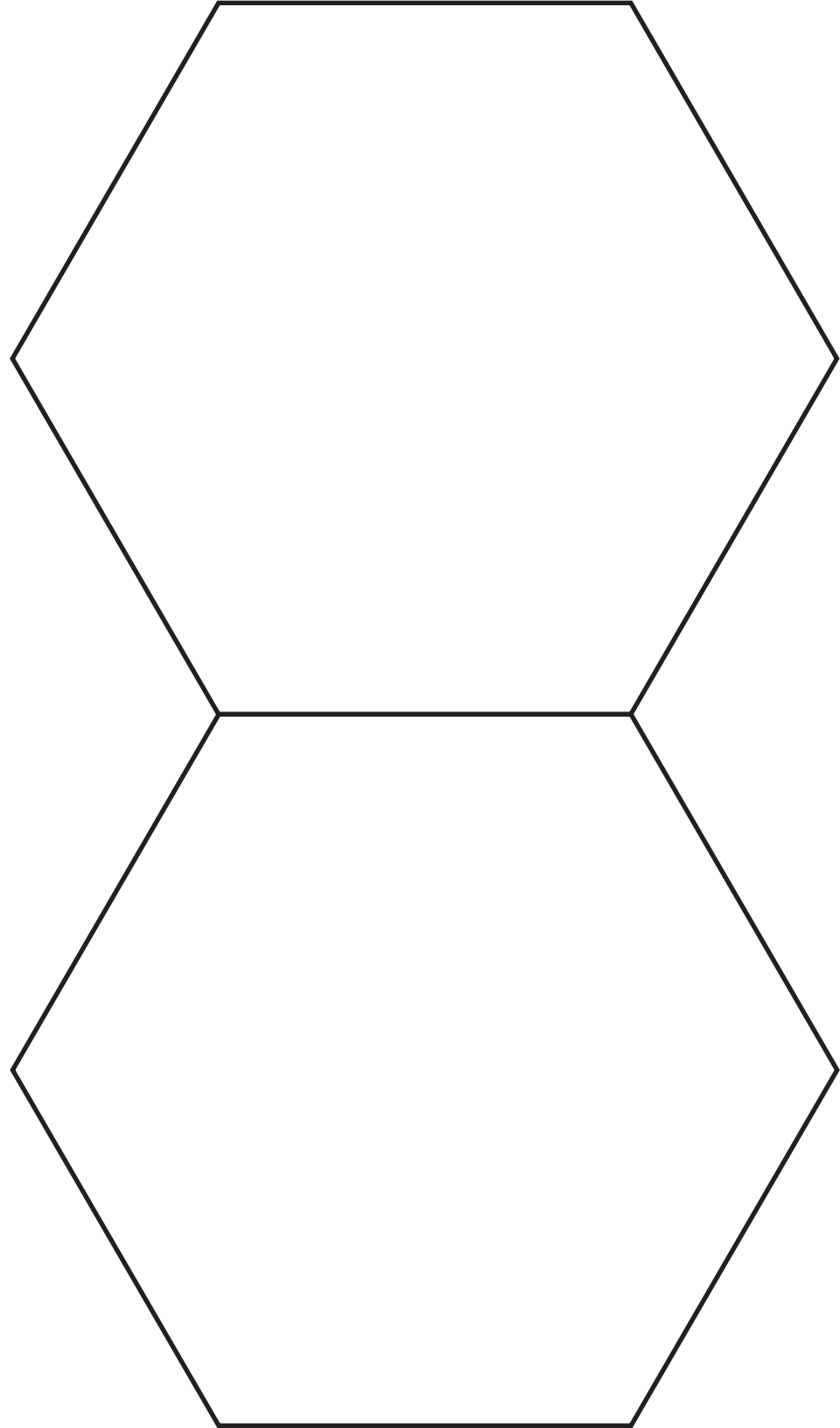
state violence

class violence

The people united

A united violence

An unlawful violence



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"?

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

**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"?**



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

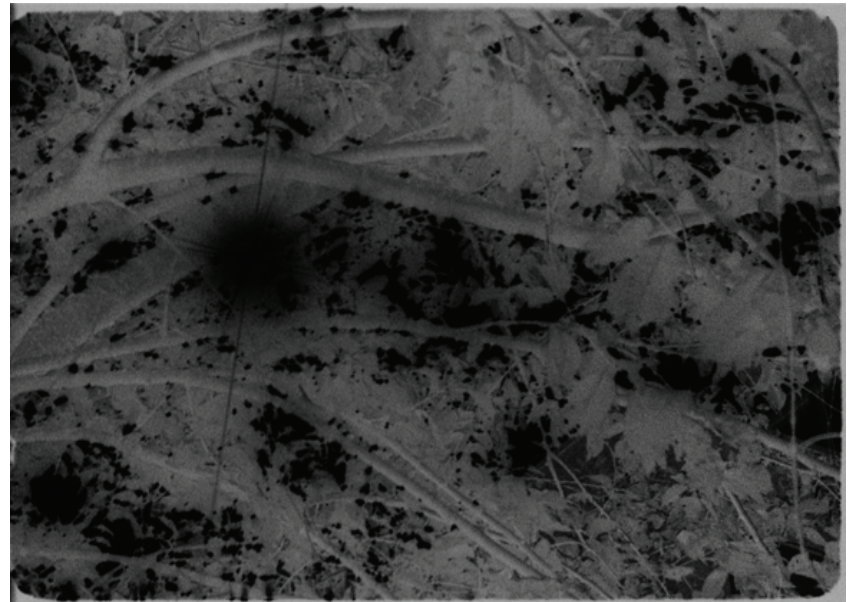
The Constitution and its constituted authorities
both fail in the course of
Suppressing the United

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

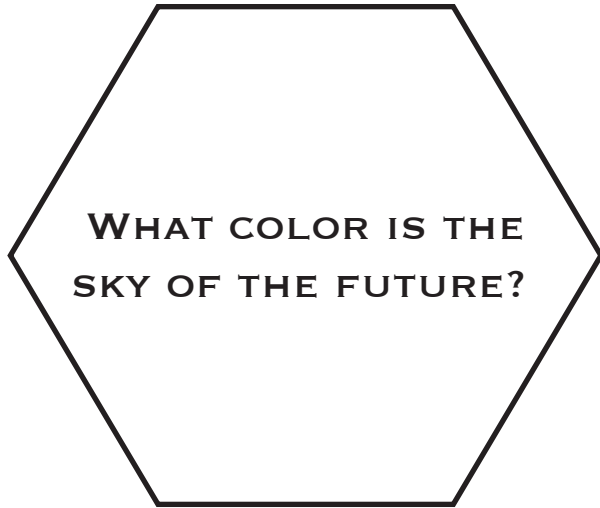
By Militia
By Armed
forces
Or any other means
An unlawful combination or
conspiracy
Execution of the laws
To suppress

Protection is
secured
Class of its people
Refuse to give that protection
Justice
Obstructs
Impedes
By clause
Denied



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





blue

emerald

orange

velvet

green

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

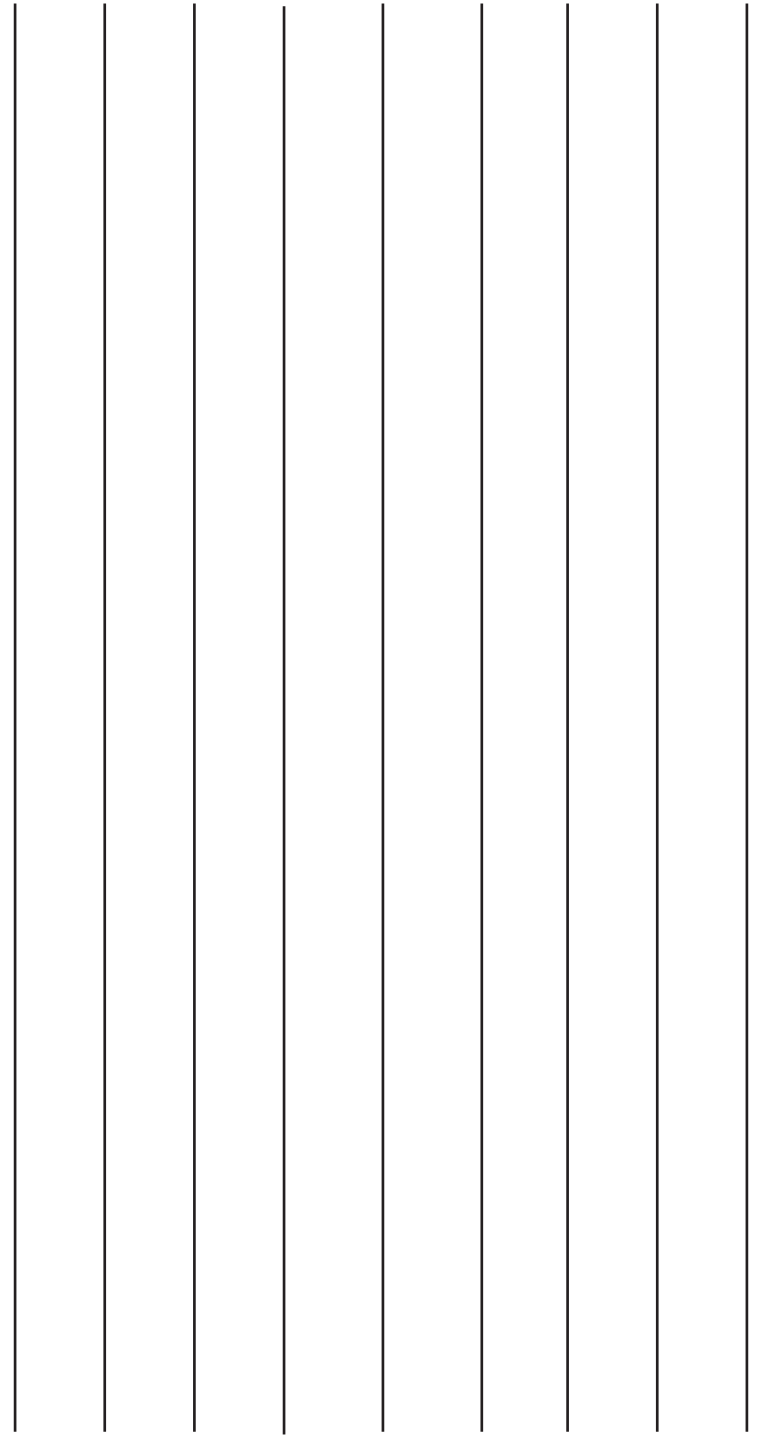
Jeezam

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.



**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.**

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

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

GO OUTSIDE.



Thousand Year Cake

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

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

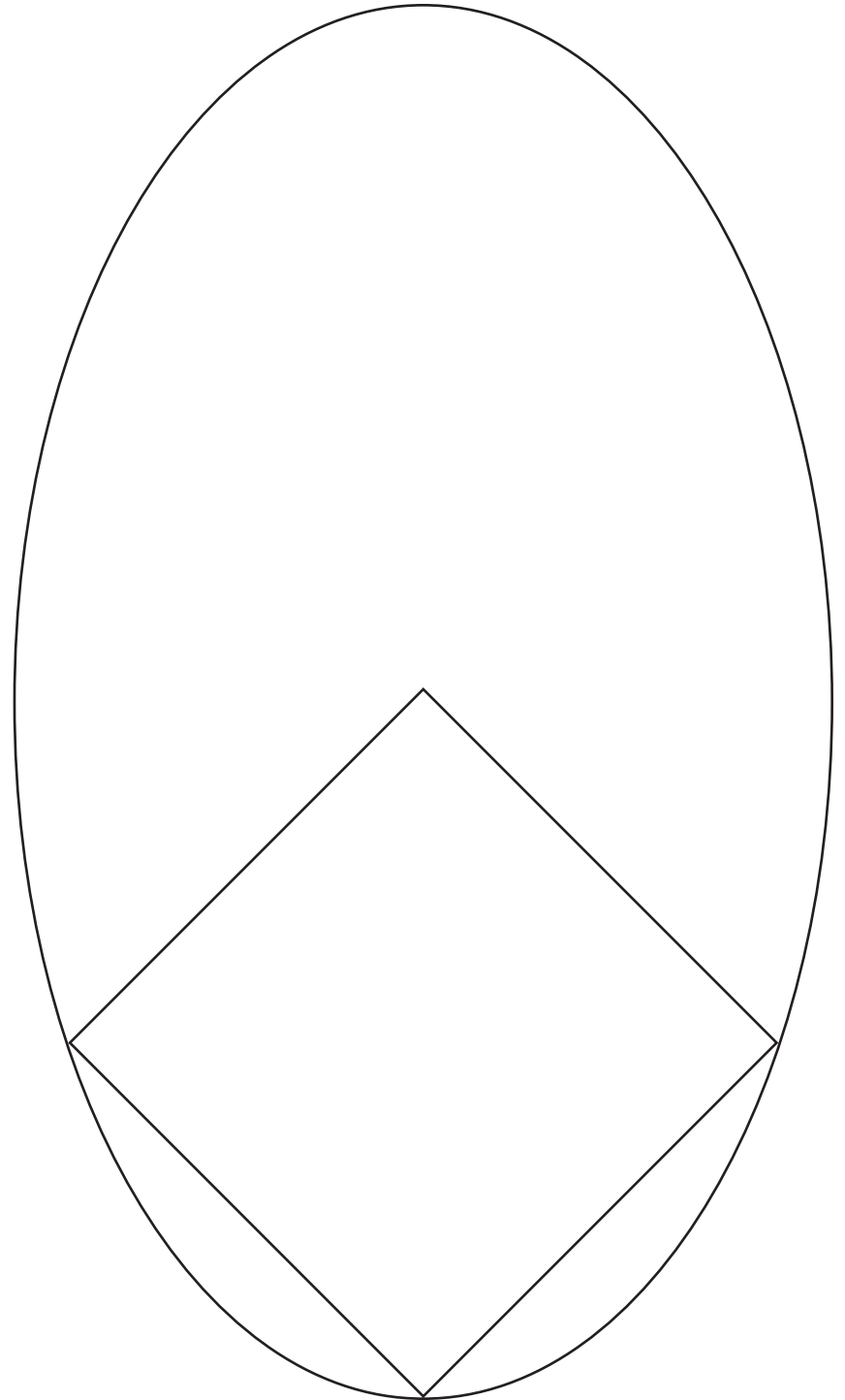
run run run run run run run run run run
from fuckery!
run run run run run run run run run run
from pain!
run run run run run run run run run run



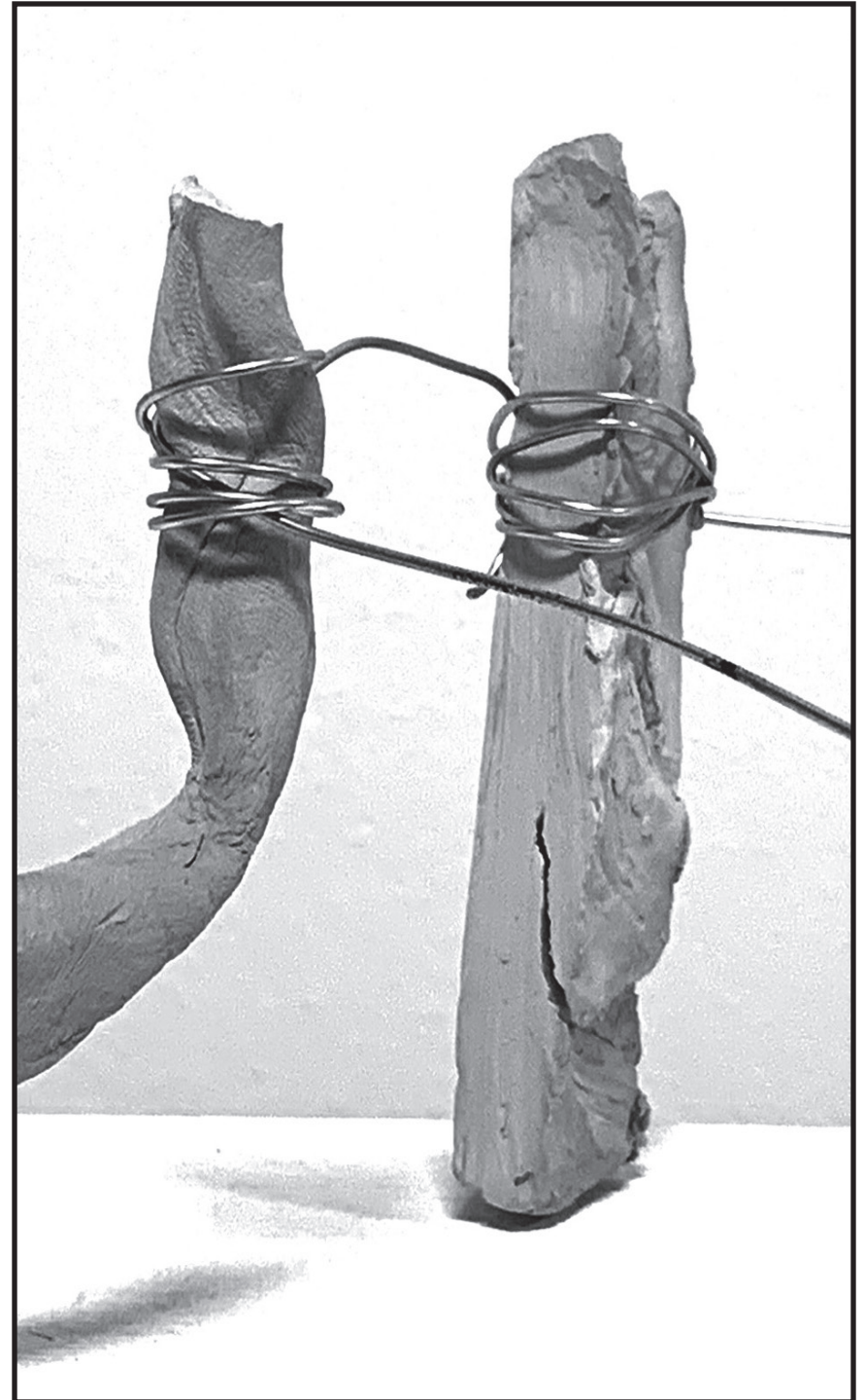
“Revolution” is a cliché. The “revolution” either already happened or is always on the horizon, ever on the tips of tongues of those for whom slogans still impart meaning. The “revolution” is a button ready to be pressed, automatically evoking one of two emotions—exhilaration or fear. The response to 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.



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?



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.

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.

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,

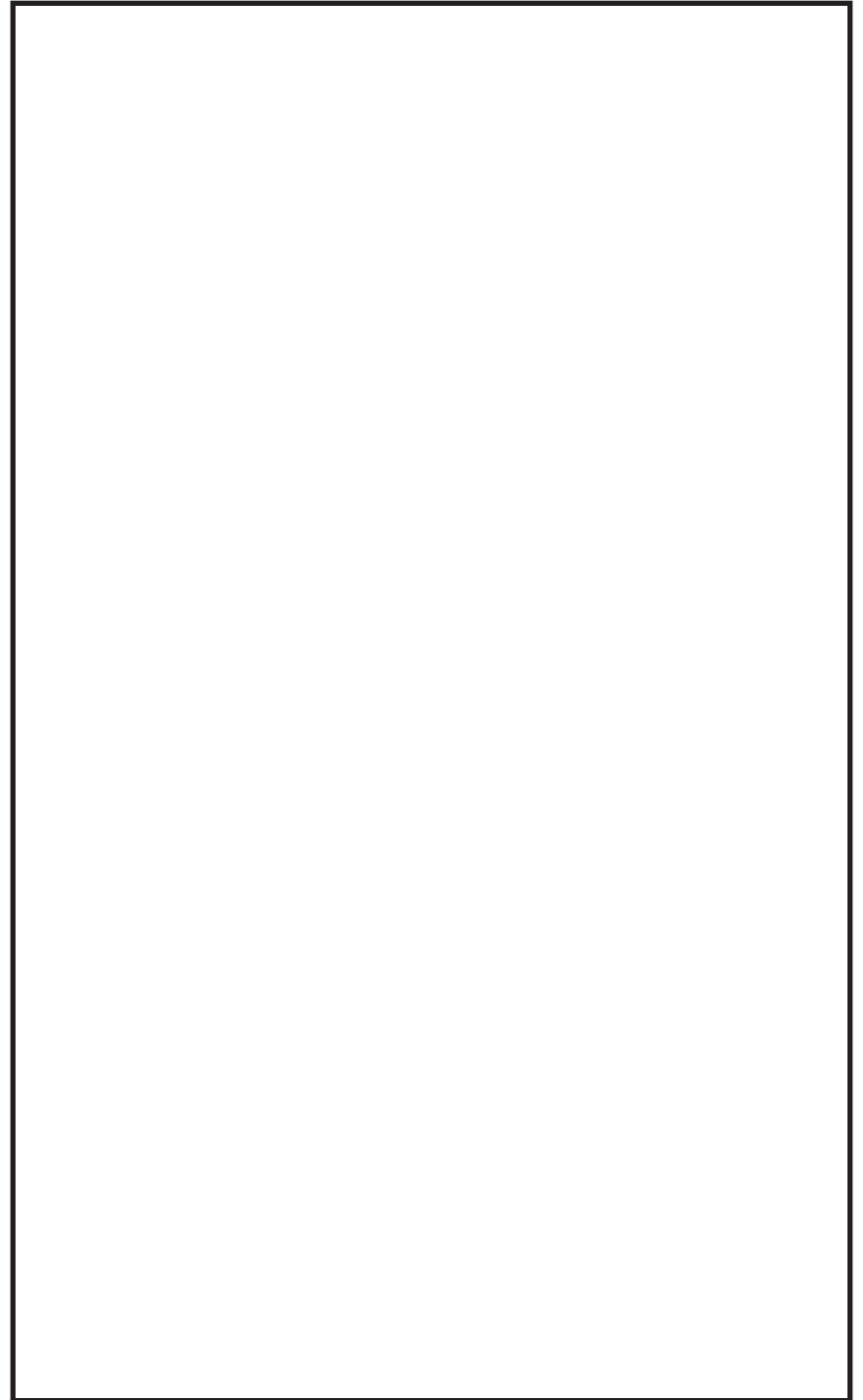
masked
by their

root causes,

now burrowed below



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



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.

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?

