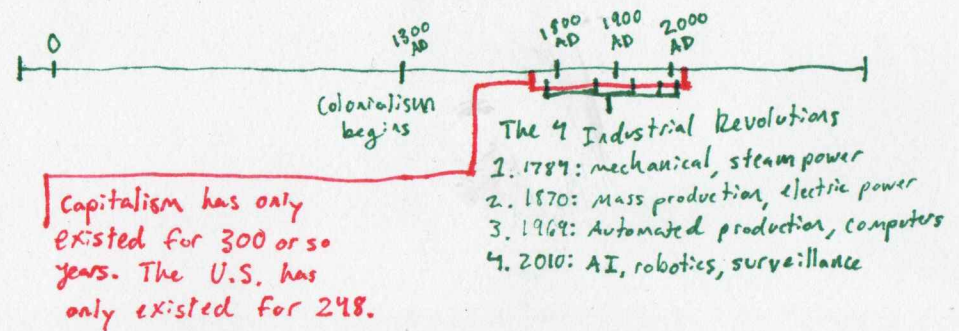
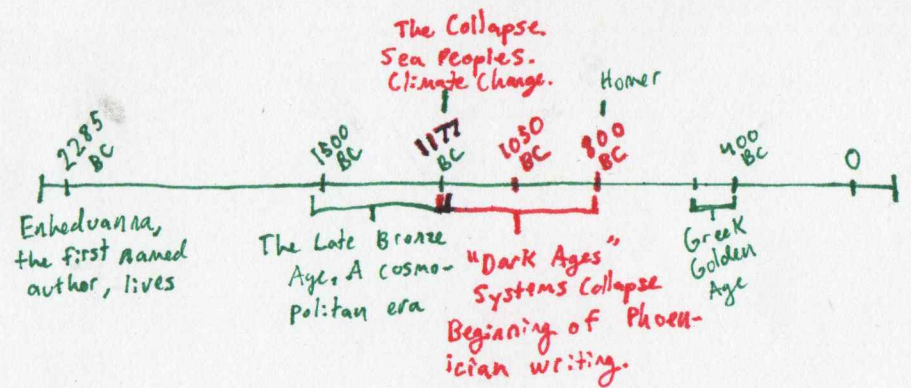


There is nothing to keep
us together
but a network of
memories.

Bronze head
enshrined



How many times has the world collapsed? We are so much smaller than we think we are.

ENHEDUANNA

an ancient priestess and the world's first named author.

She was born in Sumer, the ancient civilization of Southern Mesopotamia (modern Iraq), where writing originated. It is said she "marks the beginning of rhetoric." Her father, Sargon, created history's first empire. When her father died, rebellion consumed the new empire. In Ur, where she was priestess of the moon, raids on the city drove her from her palace in the temple.

Lugalanne ^{was} a military general who likely led this rebellion in Ur. Of him, Enheduanna writes:

Q He has turned that temple into a house of ill repute/ Forcing his way in as if he were an equal, he dared approach me in his lust! ...

He made me walk a land of thorns./ He took away the noble diadem of my holy office./ He gave me a dagger: 'This is just right for you,' he said. D

In this translation, the language suggests Enheduanna was raped and then encouraged to commit suicide.

Source: "The Struggle to Unearth the World's First Author" by Elizabeth Winkler, The New Yorker

After the traumatic seige of her palace, she believes her salvation and restoration to her temple comes from **INANA**, goddess of love, sex, and war. The poem which describes the rebellion in Ur as well as praise for Inana for saving Enheduanna, is called "In Exaltation of Inana," written circa 2250 BC. It is a political poem "inscribing the relationship between power and language, but it's also hauntingly personal."

In ancient Mesopotamia, Enheduanna's writing lived far beyond her years and was incorporated into Sumerian traditions.

"My once honeyed mouth has now become froth,
My power to please hearts is turned to dust."

IN EXALTATION OF INANA by Enheduanna (c. 2250 BC)
Excerpts from William W. Hallo and J. J. A. Van Dijk's 1968 translation.

My lady! Of the great me [no direct English equivalent, often translated as "cosmic powers."] you are ~~the~~ their guardian:
You have lifted the me, you have hung the me from your hand, You have gathered the me and clutched the me to your breast...

Blazing fire raining on the land! She to whom An gave the me, lady riding on lions...

Destroyer of mountains, you give force to the storm...
My lady! The enemy land bends at your battle cry.

When humanity, (fleeing) from fear, terrifying light, and storms, stood before you in silence, you took the most terrifying of the me: the threshold of tears is opened for you, they walk on the road to the house of great grief for you...

My lady! The strength you have can eat through teeth...

Your angry heart — who can soothe it? Your wicked heart — to soothe it is overwhelming. Lady, will this need be sweetened? Lady, will this heart be pleased?

Its womb is disturbed, its woman does not speak sweet words with her spouse, at nighttime she does not consult with him, she does not show him the pure things within her... Lady, greater than Heaven, who can take away your dominion? Great lady of ladies, who, for the righteous me, was born from a holy womb, who surpasses her own mother!...

For you, I entered the holy gipar [temple complex. At this point, Enheduanna asserts herself as the narrator].
I am ^{the high priestess,} ~~the~~ Enheduanna.

I came toward the light - the light burned me. I came toward the shade - it was covered in a storm. My honey mouth became froth. My ability to sweeten moods is turned to dust... This temple, with whose charm he was not sated, whose delights he had not exhausted - this house he transformed into a house of evil... In this life-giving land - what am I?...

Will I die because of my holy song? This false land has completely destroyed me...

Standing victorious, he stepped out of the temple. Like a sunflower, he made me fly through the window - my life has been devoured. He wrested the righteous crown of the high priestess from me, he gave me a knife and dagger.

"They suit you," he said...

That you are as mighty as heaven - may it be known. That you are wide as the earth - may it be known. That you destroy the rebel land - may it be known. That you roar against the enemy land - may it be known. That you smash heads - may it be known. That you devour corpses like a lion - may it be known. That your eyes are furious - may it be known. That you lift those furious eyes - may it be known. That your eyes are iridescent - may it be known. That you are obstinate and defiant - may it be known. That you stand triumphant - may it be known...

As my heart was filled, overfilled - lady, queen - I gave birth to it for you [here, Enheduanna compares authorship/creation to birth/release]



[153] My lady, wrapped in delight: Inanna be praised!

TRANSLATION
from Sogfles Helle
eneduanna.org/
exaltation/1465
"family style: how people
slipped the world
through Frayd's"
"Understanding Enki and
the world Order" by
L-shitar. (10/02/2009)

The concept of

ME

in Ancient Sumerian

The **me** is foundational to Sumerian religion and social institutions. They are a device of the divine and are fundamental to the understanding the relationship between humanity and the gods.

Originally, the god Enlil [god of wind, air] collected the **me**. He gave them to Enki [god of water, knowledge] to deal the **me** out to various Sumerian centers. "Enki and the World Order" describes how he parcels out responsibility for various crafts and natural phenomena (the **me** are distinct from other duties of divinity. **Me** may be more tied to places than gods). Enanna complains to her father Enki that she did not receive more **me** to give to her people. Until Inanna's cult began to spread around 3000 BCE, she was seen as a young and immature goddess. In this story, Inanna asserts power over her father. Inanna went to her father's home to express her anger, but he welcomed her with a feast. She waited for him to get sufficiently drunk, then convinced him to give her more **me**. She brings a great bounty back to the people of her city, which now flourished with a wealth of cultural and spiritual riches.

Me is the "fundamental, unalterable, comprehensive assortment of powers and duties, norms, and standards, rules and regulations, relating to the cosmos and its components, to gods and humans, to cities and countries ... to civilized life." - Samuel Kram

Examples from Inanna and Enki's poem:

- Truth
- Loosening of the hair
- Art of Prostitution
- Eldership
- Deceit
- Ascent from the Underworld
- Lovemaking
- Art of Song
- Art of Being Straightforward
- Descent to the Underworld
- Kissing of the Pears
- Plundering of cities
- Craft
- Fear
- Women's allure

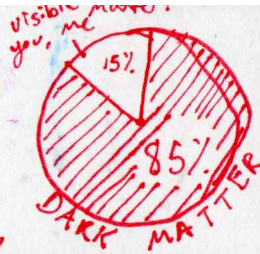
The **me** does not have a specific morality attached to it. It is a force moving people toward creation or destruction of themselves or others. It is taking or giving.

Sumerian tablets never describe what **me** looks like, but they are represented by physical objects, such as musical instruments, technologies like basket weaving, or abstractions like 'victory'.

I meet him in the quiet that the wind brings
I meet him in the quiet that the wind brings
I meet him in the quiet that the wind brings

ME is often translated as "cosmic powers."

Most of all matter is made of stuff we can't see. Dark matter is the invisible force that pulls galaxies and molecules together. A newer discovery is dark energy, a mysterious pressure that is actually overcoming gravity and causing the expansion of the universe to accelerate.



Dark matter played
an important role in the
formation of galaxies.
BIG BANG $\rightarrow$ when stars
die and lose their mass,
all the elements that had
been generated inside are
swept out into space.
"This constant reprocessing
of everything is called
GALACTIC
CHEMICAL
EVOLUTION."

Every element was made in a star and if

you combine those elements in different ways you can make species of gas, minerals, and bigger things like asteroids, and from

asteroids you can start to make planets and then you start to make water and other ingredients required.

It feels notable that the first recorded author on earth was a woman expressing her rage at the violation of her body, her faith, her land.

No matter what we
do or what we
become or how lasting
we believe we are, the
'me' and the matter
are recycled into what-
ever life is next.

Of course, this all ties to the problem of dying and decay.

El: is an archaeology student. He just left the shop to continue an expedition in Hungary where they are digging up ancient graves. On a quiet day, he showed me pictures of the site to impress me with how much dirt had been removed from the earth. Casually, he scrolled through photos of huddled skeletons, balled up in the same way I fall asleep at night (curled together on my right side, putting more pressure on my heart, forcing it to work harder to pump blood through my body). He wanted to talk about the tools they used to measure something or other, but I was fixated on the skeletons outstretched hand. "Are they holding something?" "Yeah. Some kind of trinket or talisman. Usually made of bronze. Probably religious."

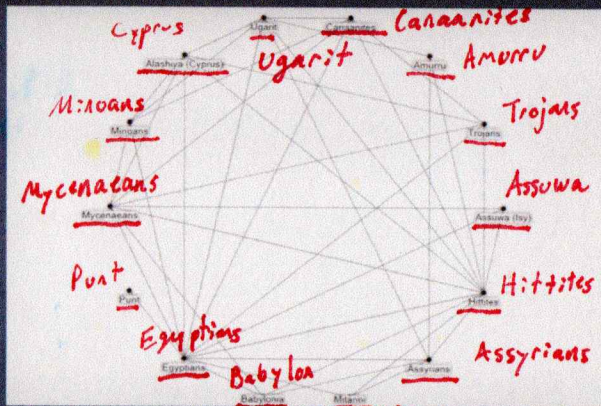


It makes me think about my coworker Eli from the coffee shop. Eli is Georgia born-and-bred. In the beginning, he prided himself on his inability to be bothered by customers, but it only took a few months for our clientele to break him. "This would never happen in Georgia," he'd often say whenever customers ordered while looking down at their phone or

THE BRONZE AGE COLLAPSE

[3300 - 1200 BCE]

During the Late Bronze Age [1600 - 1200 BCE] everything flourished. It was almost globalized, in the modern sense. Everything was interconnected. The Kings of the time wrote each other letters on clay tablets in writing that looked scribed by birds' feet.



Here we are considering a globalized world system with multiple civilizations all interacting and at least partially dependent upon each other. There are only a few instances in history of such globalized world systems; the one in place during the Late Bronze Age and the one in place today are two of the most obvious...

Then, the collapse. Around 1200 BCE, every thing grinds to a halt. Rapidly, each of these major civilizations came to an end, save for Egypt, who was still never the same again. Aside from the collapse of the Roman Empire, the world has never ended in such an extreme way before. What caused the collapse is one of those mysteries to history, but there are theories.

For a while, scholars blamed the **SEA PEOPLES** for the end. They came through Egypt twice: 1207 BCE and 1177 BCE. An inscription from Ramses III (of Egypt, in the 8th year of his reign) says:

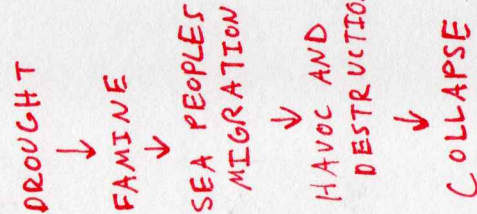
"THE FOREIGN COUNTRIES MADE A CONSPIRACY IN THEIR ISLANDS. ALL AT ONCE THE LANDS WERE REMOVED AND SCATTERED IN THE FRAY... NO LAND COULD STAND BEFORE THEIR ARMS..."

Ramses III claims the Sea Peoples moved through and destroyed navies, but not his. By his account, he conquered and destroyed them. Sure.

Tin was the world's oil. **TIN + COPPER = BRONZE**

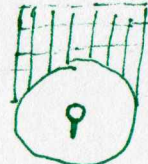
Kings were ravenous for this tin, which was sourced and traded throughout the Mediterranean.

Scholars used to believe the collapse went like this:



This is a little too simple.

Really, a perfect storm of chaos fell across the region.



DROUGHT (CLIMATE CHANGE)

From Ancient Fossilized pollen records, we know there was a 300 year drought. (1200 - 100 BCE)

followed the drought. A letter from Ugarit (inland modern Syria) sent in 1185 BCE says: **"THERE IS FAMINE IN OUR HOUSE. WE WILL ALL DIE OF HUNGER. IF YOU DO NOT QUICKLY ARRIVE HERE, WE OURSELVES WILL DIE OF HUNGER. YOU WILL NOT SEE A LIVING SOUL FROM YOUR LAND."**

Every place with a red X was destroyed. If you overlay this map with modern earthquake, you find that these places were in major active seismic zones. When the earth has not released all its building pressure, an earthquake sequence can occur. These can last over 30 years.

EARTHQUAKES



INTERNAL REBELLION

Layers of destruction are clear in these ancient cities, but who is to say it was always outside invaders like the Sea Peoples? When you look at what was destroyed, it was the temples and the palaces. Not the houses of common people. These were untouched. That's the sign of an internal rebellion of the lower classes rising up against the upper classes. Do you really think everyone was starving? Of course not. The letter from Ugarit speaks to the horrors people were facing.

EARTHQUAKES CONT. Year after year, the ground will continue to shake as she tries to settle and adjust comfortably in her sleep. The sleep will last 400 years or so until the pressure is built again or she is ripped out of the hole she was buried in as some 23 year old from some future Foreign and ries o y r y o

Back in 1200 BCE, a 50 or so year earthquake storm occurred.

All of this led to a major disruption in trade routes. Cities can no longer get their tin. **WHAT WAS LOST?**

An entire system of writing is lost. Writing and reading of **Linear B** (a language used by the Mycenaeans) is lost with the elite class. Monumental architecture is lost. The network of trade and connections throughout the region are lost. People turn inward.

(A 1971 Interview with George Jackson, from a zine I was given at the GLW Student Encampment)

GEORGE JACKSON: The excesses breed resistance; resistance is growing. **THE THING GROWS IN A SPIRAL...**

And it's also a cyclical thing. Right now, we are in a peak cycle. There's tremendous energy out there directed against the state... Such cycles are deceptive. Things appear to be at low ebb, but actually what's happening is a period of regroupment... We educate ourselves from our experience and we educate those around us.

Systems Collapse

1. Collapse of the central administrative organization.
2. Disappearance of the traditional elite class.
3. Collapse of the centralized economy.
4. Settlement shifts and population decline.

Normally, this takes about 100 years.

After a systems collapse, you have a "dark age." The Greek dark age lasted about 300 years.

GEORGE JACKSON: Then, the next time a peak cycle comes around, we are far readier than we were the last time.

IF OUR SYSTEM COLLAPSE
BEGAN, would we RECOGNIZE
IT? DID THEY, IN 1200 BCE?
I AM OFTEN THINKING ABOUT
THE LAST NORMAL DAY. I THINK
IT WILL PASS ME BY WITHOUT
NOTICING HOW MUCH FUN.

What do we make of all this? → One thing we know is that at the same time, there was mass starvation and endless war. Countless people (truly, no way to count the loss) died and we will never know them. "Population decline" is a rather heartless way to refer to the death of millions.

There is this tendency to believe that everything put on the internet is permanent. **NEVER SEND NUDES** because the internet is forever and wouldn't you hate for your life to be ruined by something that cannot be deleted? This is partly true but what I've learned during my stints in archival work is that the internet is more fleeting than we realize (send all the nudes you want!). If the internet is forever, it's logical to think that digital archives would be the best kind. It's forever, it's for everyone! Really though, everything uploaded to a digital archive exists as a physical hard drive of some kind which degrades over time (**bit rot/silent corruption** = slow deterioration in the performance and integrity of data stored on storage media). A lot of these hard drives have to be replaced every 10 years, creating a large physical footprint. Even with all our technological progress, paper stored in dark places is still best for the

Broad claims have been made about the loss of writing after the Collapse. A certain form of writing may have lost its function, but we have a relatively small sample of all the writing that likely ever existed. We are lucky to have any surviving clay tablets or anything written in stone. Paper dissolves, charcoal is washed away, even clay can be smushed and smashed. In other words, we have no way of knowing if writing did continue on more impermanent materials. Materials that could not last beneath centuries of earth; that would never be opened and tenderly cleaned by a future archaeologist.

WHAT WAS LOST AND WHAT LOST RELEVANCY?

build off of those that came before it. Archives and information storing/sharing is an important part of this. The Palestinian encampments at colleges across the country, the world, are a great example of what this can look like. But it makes me wonder how much information will remain for future generations of Palestinian liberation and local mutual aid organizing when it's all done digitally. Without actively saving every story and post, in 30 years from now newspapers may be the main primary source on what activists are doing, sparse to the genocide. What a fucking shame that would be. We're the first generation to deal with this specific problem (especially when social media corporations can remove accounts, all of that stored information is so fragile), but we have had to decide how and why and for whom they save their documents.

400 years after the Collapse, **Homer** comes onto the scene having somehow mastered the art of writing which had been "lost" for centuries. While a new alphabet had emerged in the Mediterranean (the Phoenician alphabet), Homer did not absorb this new form of writing from the sun or the gods. He was taught, and so was his teacher, and their's, and their's, and so on. Homer derived the subject of his poetry from the **Epic Cycle** that had been preserved in the collective memories of the heroic era of the Late Bronze Age. The Epic Cycle was passed down orally (and maybe also through some form of writing, dissolved) from generation to generation after the Collapse, and tells the story of the world from the Creation to the return of the heroes of the Trojan war.

P.S. Some scholars believe Homer to only be the "personification of our standing achievement" and not a single individual. Ouch!

At the coffee shop register, I notice the talismans that lay from women's nests ^{on the internet} and safe + some of the products I got with this:



longevity of information in an archive. * * * Radical movements

Much of this began with the color RED.

In winter, as color got washed away and stored for the next season, red caught my attention. Red has depth. It is a color you can sit in. I feel it wrap around my heart. It is tortured - of course, I find this interesting but red knows this and this knowing feeds its hungry ego. Red is equal parts rage and desire.

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] The Greek tragedy *The Orestia* by Aeschylus (c. 458 BCE), deals with the aftermath of the Trojan war. Clytemnestra, wife of Agamemnon, has been grieving the death of their daughter Iphigenia, whom Agamemnon sacrificed for better sailing winds. He has been at war for over a decade, during which Clytemnestra has thoroughly planned her revenge. In the first version of this I read, Red was the central color. In the second, it was purple, but the red version is what struck me most. When her husband returns, Clytemnestra showers him with love. A group of women drag long cloths of red toward the king and lay a red path for him to walk. Red, a color of gods. After a brief hesitation, king Agamemnon removes his sandals to walk along the godly color. Clytemnestra leads him to a bath she has prepared. She scrubs the dirt from his skin. As he steps out, she dries him with the red cloth. Then like a spider trapping its prey, she wraps him in red, restraining his arms, choking his throat and his screaming mouth. She stabs him over and over. The red thickens in clots on the

[REDACTED] Clytemnestra brings to this act "an intimate sexual joy in doing the killing." She is "recreating the very birth of the Furies themselves," ancient creatures who "stand for something frightening in femaleness, though they are not exactly women" (Greene & O'Flaherty, 3-31).

THE FATHER MURDERED THE DAUGHTER TO FEED WAR
AND THE MOURNING MOTHER IN HER THOUGHTFUL
RAGE MURDERED THE FATHER IN RETURN.

CLYTEMNESTRA: This was my day of trial; I have thought of it enough and long enough, a trial of an old quarrel years and years old.

...
So, as he lay there, he gasped out his spirit, choking, poured out a sharp stream of his blood and struck me with a dark bloody shower.

...
I rejoiced as much as the new-sown earth rejoices in the glad rain of Zeus, when the buds strike in earth's womb.

...
Here's a bowl of horrors, cursed horrors, that he [Agamemnon] filled within our house, and then he came and drank it off himself.

...
You try me out as if I were a woman that cannot think.

But my heart doesn't tremble, and I speak to you who know; whether you wish to praise or blame me is all one to me.

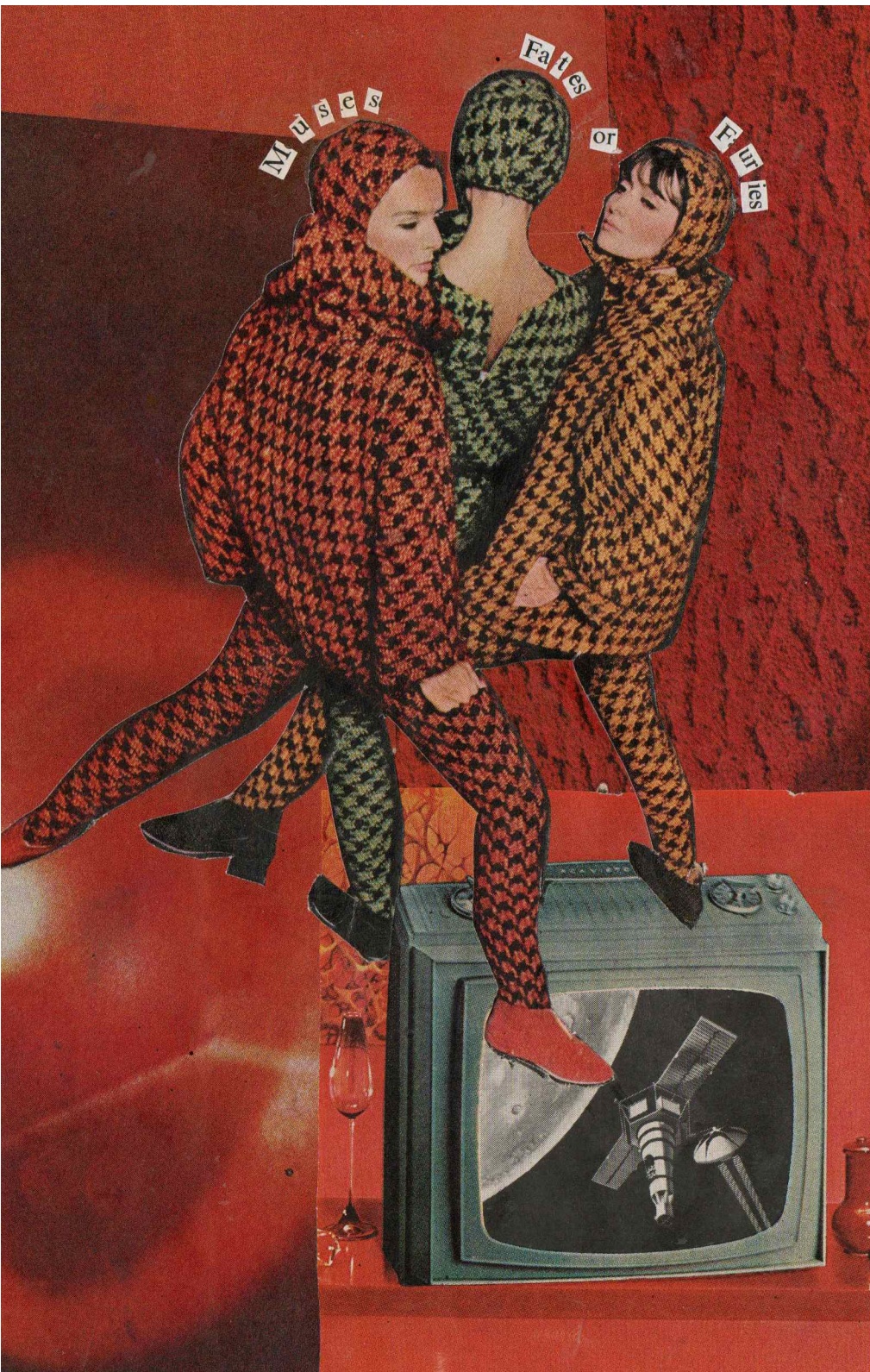
...
By the justice due to my child, and now perfected, by the Spirit of Destruction and the Furies, in whose honor I cut this man's throat, my hope treads not within the hall of Fear...

[She also kills his mistress, Cassandra, who was not really a mistress but an enslaved prize for Agamemnon, a spoil of war]

(1310)

(1400)

(1430)



CULTURAL MEMORY

is a form of collective memory.

It is often stored in objects.

Artifacts from the past provide insights as to where we came from.

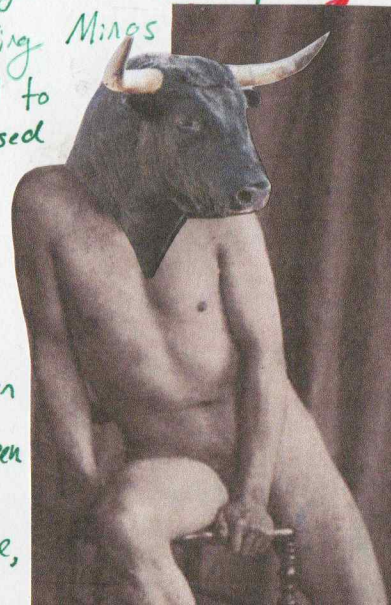
Cultural memory is the longest-lasting form of memory.

It can last for thousands of years.

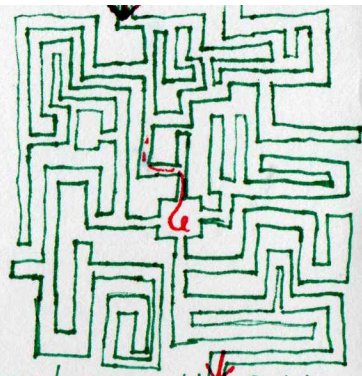
The main function of cultural memory is to use knowledge of past experiences to inform future survival. Aleida Assman, an English professor who has worked on memory theory since the 1960s, calls this "remembering forward."

Much of the **Epic Cycle** was formed from shared recollections of the Late Bronze Age and its collapse.

In the myth of the **Minotaur**, King **Minos** of Crete failed to sacrifice a bull to Poseidon. As punishment, the god caused the King's wife to lust after the animal. By it, she conceived the Minotaur, a monster with a bull's head and a man's body. In their horror of this creature which was born of rage and lust, the King and Queen of Crete imprisoned the Minotaur in a labyrinth. In the Late Bronze Age,



Crete was known for its beautiful palaces and places of worship; large elaborate structures that, after the collapse, were little more than tall winding walls. The web of old palace walls, along with the omnipresent iconography of the bull — an important religious symbol on the island kingdom — became the fodder for the myth of the Minotaur centuries later.



While the Collapse was not as extreme of a break as was once thought, to the people that remained, unexplainable artifacts of the past surrounded them. Memory and trauma mixed with a deep desire to understand one's own origins. The result was magic and myth and religious tales of morality that kept people tethered together.

JESUS and Dionysus

Scholars have compared the story of the virgin birth of Jesus to the complex narratives surrounding the Greek god Dionysus (fertility, wine, & pleasure). In one of his origin stories, Zeus was said to have come to the mortal woman Semele disguised as a mortal and had sex with her. Later, Zeus revealed his divine form to her and she was instantly incinerated by his lightning. Zeus rescued the unborn infant Dionysus and sewed him inside his own thigh, giving birth to him himself, making Dionysus twice born.

The earliest mention of his name predated the Bronze Age Collapse, though his cult gained popularity in later centuries.

Despite his divinity, Dionysus lived among (Classical Mythology 8th Edition 2004)

humans "not as a god but in disguise as a man," and was closer to humanity than any other deity. Stories of his life on earth, notably *The Bacchae* by Euripides (405 BCE) make it clear that Dionysus' true power is only recognized by his closest followers. Importantly, Dionysus freely allows himself to be captured and persecuted before revealing his godly glory.

Dionysus was considered a great social leveler: in his festivals and ceremonies, there was no distinction given to class or rank. He was worshiped by everybody equally, a feature which may not have appealed to some aristocrats.

"The True Vine: Jesus and Dionysus Similarities," by Derek Murphy (Dec 2009).

We are no stranger to myth today. Myths can smooth over unsavory truths and make the past more palatable. Sometimes myths are tools of power. The myth of this Empire must constantly be pruned from our collective consciousness. The skin of this monster will sour, the mucus of its true form — a foundation and perpetuation of genocide — reveals itself. It is soft to our power; the stench of its fear is changing the texture of the air.

When all is said and done and our own Collapse (some day, eventually, certainly) is complete, what myths will be made of what we leave today? The tunnels our trains have burrowed; the big marble pillars and long stretches of lawn; bridges and buildings entangled in steel wire. Blights on the Earth; patches of land and water declared Dead (for how long?); space junk that will haunt our predecessors forever. The monsters of our consumerism living in pits of toxic garbage beneath the surface, spoiling and seeping into wells of fresh water. Not to mention nuclear weapons, the desolation and pain it has and will cause.

The archaeological record favors the elite, and all of this is mostly the footprint of the Big Monster Capitalism. This is not our legacy.

What traces of ourselves do we leave?

OUR FOOTSTEPS FROZEN IN CEMENT



Brown & Newton
6/9 @ 5:49pm



Ingelside Terrace
6/9 @ 6:02PM



Brown & Monroe
6/11 @ 6:01pm



16th & Irving
6/14 @ 5:10pm



Columbia & Champlain St.
6/17 @ 11:36AM



Connecticut &
Garfield, 6/17
@ 3:23pm



An ancient love story.
Irving & Mt. Pleasant St
7/07 @ 6:37pm



Adams Mill &
Kenyon, 7/07
@ 6:38pm



A Roman toddler's
footprint in clay tile.
~2000 years ago.



Daw prints in
ancient clay tile.

WHAT WE CAN DO, HOWEVER,
IS FILL THE GAPS, THE
LEAKS, WITH AS MUCH
LOVE AS POSSIBLE.)
- @eroticsofliberation
May 17, 2024

THERE IS NO AFTER THE
COLLAPSE OF COLONIAL
CAPITALISM. THERE IS
ONLY THE SLOW DYING
OF THIS DEATH MAKING
MACHINE. AND WE KNOW
NOW THAT THE MONSTER
LASHES OUT THE MOST
WHEN IT'S DEATH IS
WEAR.

WILL THIS WORLD SURVIVE?
by Rosalie Sorrels

If this world survives, and every
other day I think it might, in a
large part it will be because of
the GREAT SOULS in our community.
There are a lot of them. I've
seen them walk in lonely thousands
down a city street, or turn the
handle of a print machine, or
empty their pockets when the
plate comes by... will this world
survive? And they have said, "We'll
try. We'll try."
(2008)

I know we can't let that man
be president again, but I don't
know why it has to be the
lesser of two evils every election
until I'm dead.

I don't know why my choices
are the guy who funds a genocide
or the guy who funds a
genocide while holding a pride
event. I don't know why my
choices are the fascist or the
guy falling asleep at the
wheel of fascism - two men
arguing over who is better at
golf to gain access to the
nuclear codes. We deserve better.

- @mattxiv, June 28, 2024

"A POST COLONIAL TALE" by Joy Harjo

EVERY DAY IS A REENACTMENT OF THE CREATION
STORY. WE EMERGE FROM DENSE, UNSPEAKABLE
MATERIAL, THROUGH THE SHIMMERING POWER
OF DREAMING STUFF.

THIS IS THE FIRST WORLD, AND THE LAST.

Anything that matters is here.
Anything that will continue to matter in the next several thousand years will continue to be here.

Approaching in the distance is the child you were some years ago. See her laughing as she chases a white butterfly.

One thing I've learned is that it takes great imagination to topple an Empire. Our ability to imagine a better world is perhaps our greatest weapon.

"A BAD FRUIT WILL ROT ON ITS OWN."

KEEANGA-YAMAHITTA TAYLOR: Coalitions. "This Bridge Called My Back" as a concept. Why are those so important?

BARBARA SMITH: Because of the fact that that's the only way we can win - and before winning, the only way we can survive is by working with each other, and not seeing each other as enemies. (How We Get Free, 64)



Minoan Fresco at Palace of Knossos

This gives me hope or excuses the inclination toward

Will it? Eventually, I guess. I don't know it.

A HYMN TO INANA (2300 BCE)

One thousand years before the Late Bronze Age Collapse, Enheduanna wrote:

Her wrath is... a devastating flood which no one can withstand.

To run, to escape, to quiet and to pacify are yours, Inana. To rave around, to rush, to rise up, to fall down... are yours, Inana. To open up roads and paths, a place of peace for the journey, a companion for the weak, are yours, Inana... To shatter earth and to make it firm are yours, Inana.

TO DESTROY, TO BUILD UP, TO TEAR OUT AND TO SETTLE ARE YOURS, INANA.

passivity that we all fight in ourselves. Because it's nice to be happy but if that happiness is based on self-preservation alone, if it looks inward rather than toward community, then it is probably doomed. I am doomed already, so I might as well give chunks of myself to nourish a world rooted in liberation, like a tree planted in the gut of someone dead and buried.



Ladies in Blue at Palace of Knossos

And we go on, keep giving birth and watch ourselves die, over and over. And the ground spinning beneath us goes on talking.

- Joy Harjo
For Alva Benson, and
for those who have
learned to speak.

The world as I know it has not existed very long: about 300 years of capitalism and 248 of this country. This particular version of the world will not last forever, but the fundamentals of human life will always go on: art love pain family longing song religion. The worst things imaginable could happen (have happened) and I feel sure that these will go on. The **ME** of the universe.

I'm not sure if the world bends toward justice, but it at least bends toward life.