The Re/Sum of All Logos Under the I?'s Skin

The I? Would Like to Continue for a Long Stretch

Everything the I? has is will be traded in this State of constant interruption

T Sounds from Afar; Call the I? _____

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Profile

I?NTeR national Black body. trusted by neither side. a migrating negotiation. a presence in name. a flickering cloud. not quite human. a presence of rhythm surrounding the ambiguous body. to be (and not to be) a spy in ritual possession. this poem is a blur the I? has to sell.

Experience

The X in the Tale; the time it took to cross over, to get over on an other _____

born again: a constant trans (e) lation. a period of time passes in a slow motion friction across the face. make faction to get to the other side. the I? is not the center. the I? is a laborer of in between, some good enough the I? can dwell in and keep going. someone will move the I? out of the way to claim its name. zoom zoom zoom is a song about the force of capoeira. a sweeping dance of death. it is

now used for car commercials. the I? is swept back under s/kin and loc(k)s, the I? is swept across time and space for another exploitation of its labor, of all it carries, with no care.

There is no shore/nest that won't be eroded by a wave; when did Swahili become a language?

the I? rest in ruins of a reconstructed cannibal. wasps weave paper homes. the body is a reconstruction site between someone else's teeth. reality is a revolving magic of altering the same old shit. make believe the knots in the I?'s head. Liberia is a door named the return of no return. secure the future on the impossible. all of life fits into Noah's Ark. a swinging pendulum takes the form of a serpent. pop goes the paradise bubble of the Caribbean. Bajan family might exist in Liberia or the Carolinas or.

The I?'s name isn't really mine, but it's all that is left; progress left the I? behind

resistance can be an artistic expression of oppression. the I? don't want you to feel good about the I? playing the game. if the I? shares its trauma, will you choose it? what if the I? chooses to put its speculative fiction out there first? will

you choose it then? you can still refuse to believe in statistics that confirm an other's version of reality. assembling the exception/al Word: the I? models the single tombstone's propagation.

Outcasts find themselves in sounds; It takes one or two buses and one or two trains to get from Queens to the center of the city. much of the I?'s time is spent in transition.

a different sound ripples from one block to the next. a dress is where they meet. also called the direction of a funeral dirge. other people make a fortune on the I?'s sounds. where is the I?'s credit? the I? can barely afford to live in this skin. someone will displace the I? and live in its body. who wears the I?'s skin like a trophy? the I? or the we hang on to the outskirts of flapping tissue and pray.

Education

All Play is a Mas for Practice – the I? does not have a masters (plan); that time when the I? told its mother tongue a lie and it became a collection of (exiles) legends for the universe

Skills	The ability to produce anti-matter and have productions desired. the I? can walk down the street and always be seen as a negotiation. the I? can be and be not at the same time. the I? can defy gravity everyday by standing.
References	The X in the Tale. the I? is a g/host still living in the city. there is someone else in the mirror. the I? is a robot. could have once meant the greatness. of a slave. is its ability. to tell a story. to get by. singing like an orphan. this pattern will repeat itself to be sold.

Sam/Els: The AL/TRS of One

A Polysemic Play maS (a ritual possession)

After Adrienne Kennedy

Characters

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come	1 of 1selves
Sensay also known as the Shaggy Bear	1 of 1selves
Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo	1 of 1selves
Jab Jab Crew (The Darkies)	Lavwa of 1Selves
Pitchy Patchy also known as The Parrot Preacher Sisserou	1 of 1selves
Nègre Mawon also known as Soon Come	1 of 1selves

Sam/Els is the story of the migration of the mas(k). The Apocalypse of Calypso. The Carni/velation of skin. The desire for the polyphonic Blackness. The hope to discover "that place" called home.

J'Ouvert:

Scene:

The curtain opens and the stage is revealed as a dirt road. We don't know where this dirt road is. Could be St. Lucy in Barbados. Could be Point Michel in Dominica. Could be Queens, New York. But this is the start of the Carnival. Here, there will be a Pappy Show Wedding during a full moon. A dark-skinned, full-figured woman walks on stage, swaying her hips from side to

side in a flirtatious dance. She is wearing her hair up and covered with a small orange and yellow headdress tied around to the front in a bow. A long-sleeved, full-length green dress with flower prints covers her body. She dances to the middle of stage and stands there. On the left side side of her, out walks a towering figure. The being's costume is made out of frayed ropes, strips of cloth and scraps of paper. The papers are a variety of official documents: passport pages, naturalization papers, IDs, social security cards, birth certificates, free papers and passes, and the list goes on. The being is also wearing a large black cone-shaped hat that covers its face. It carries the frame of a mirror on its costume. On the right side, a man walks out in a chicken costume and a black tailcoat and top hat. Two black horns stick out from his hat. He is smearing burnt cork on his face. He, too, is carrying a mirror frame on his body. The being and the man both stand facing the woman and dance with her. A group of dancers painted in black and wearing horned helmets quickly pass behind them.

Jab Jab Crew: GET READY FOR DE JAB JAB JAB JAB JAB JAB

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come (singing with a Calypso beat): I goin' back to Africa! I goin' back to Africa! Where I was! Where I am! Where I will I will I will continue to be! I don care if you give a damn! I goin' back to be free!

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (smearing his face in black and turning to the audience): God! Where can I find a God who look like me! There are places, wheres I and I and I existed. I don't know these places. I believe in Now/here, a terrortory of transition, an impression of a head nod. There has to be a space I can create for my selves. This land is _____'s land, this land

is _____’s land. From Islands to the Islands. From Axim I arrived here a philosopher of the unknown. Amo.

Sensay also known as the Shaggy Bear (turns to face the audience and shakes the papers on his costume): De Carnival’s duh only true existence on de map of dis body. Always shiftin. Always shufflin’. Always movin'. Cannot fix myself to one place, den it no longer me. De only point is dat star up dere. Mi body a constellation, a map like de Carnival, directin’ me to dat star to find freedom. Watch me shake my body and pieces of me wave everywhere. I — a theory of de universe in form. (Sensay crosses in front of Mudda Sally to the other side of the stage)

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (still smearing his face in black crosses behind Mudda Sally to the other side of the stage): Politics. Politics. Politics. Poli…of time and space. Remember that one white philosopher who said Africa is (in a high pitch, mocking tone) *no historical part of the world*. Remember when Africa was unhistoried? Then how I end up here? Just a black blob taking up space. A land mas(k) taking up space.

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come (wuks up her waist): Steups. Remember me? Duh star of the sea? How yuh gon find yuh way home? Yuh must pass through me. I say come, come, come. Dis ship of dem bones headin’ to dock every where where where where in de deep blue.

Sensay also known as The Shaggy Bear (turns towards Muddah Sally): Yuh taught mi to speak and all I have to show for it is I know how to growl at yuh and run around in circles. I passin'.

May I pass? Dese many voyages of I's bodies have interrupted yuh heritage. Yuh see her, a siren crash alla dem into one with a long wrap-around chain.

Nègre Mawon also known as Soon Come (steps onto the right side of the stage in the back. A dim spotlight is cast upon the figure dressed in tattered pants and a vest): Cali ban ban ban. Cari Cari Cari b-bean. In Barbados, the chickens walk the streets like pigeons in New York. Dominica was reborn on a Sunday. I de fugitive seed dat cracked open a colonization and discovered myself in the darkness of time and space. I lookin' for a kalei kalei kalei duh scopic parrot in de mountains. De I and I and I is breakin' free. De goat was de first domestication.

Jab Jab Crew (parading across the stage and back off it again): GET READY FOR DE JAB JAB JAB JAB JAB JAB

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (still smearing his face in black turns to Nègre Mawon): Shhhh. Don't tell nobody.

Sensay also known as The Shaggy Bear (turns to Mr. Nobody): Yuh nobody who came to earth.

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (still smearing his face in black turns to Sensay): Shhh. I know. I locked in this camera and only a small hole allows in light. It is not enough to see me as I am. That can't be all the light in the world.

Muddah Sally (waving her hands in the air): Day-O! Daaay-O! Daylight come and me wanna go home!

Sensay also known as The Shaggy Bear (turns to her): Beetlejuice?

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come (hands still in the air facing the audience): No, Irving Burgie!

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (still smearing his face in black starts to walk to the other side of the stage in front of Muddah Sally): Da Homie is still in the dung of the Abyss ain't cha? The man in the Mas(k).

Sensay also known as The Shaggy Bear (walks behind Muddah Sally to the other side of the stage): De only bein dat gone come from de Abyss is a chimera. De slap of de goat skin. Its sinuous movement. De roar of de drum. Dey comin' to ban de drums. Run.

Sensay, Mr. Nobody and Muddah Sally leave the stage.

Nègre Mawon also known as Soon Come (moves to the center of the stage. A single spotlight covers the figure's body who holds their hands up aligned with their shoulders): Khepera moves de sun across de sky like de ball of dung in de dirt. Dis mountain of dung birth mi children. I soon come. Again.

Nègre Mawon leaves the stage. Another figure walks to the center the stage. It is dressed in a suit made of tattered, colorful pieces of cloth. Its face is cover and it wears a colorful crown. It carries a colorful flag twisted into a whip.

Pitchy Patchy also known as The Parrot Preacher Sisserou: I cover with a few lies on mi face. Bandages for a creature cast out. I live in de breaks of rigid boundaries and a keloid has turned into a mountaintop. Over it, I saw a rainbow. It was I. Dere is no carnival widout flags. I will crack yuh open like dis piñata flesh and make yuh into somethin' else. Watch de ruins play mighty shadows' songs on a cave wall of dis mask. Watch mi strut in duh fancy Batakari of an egungun hiding in dere. I now pronounce Yuh…

Pitchy Patchy takes a flag attached to his costume and ties it around its hands. The Jab Jab Crew run around Pitchy Patchy on stage.

Jab Jab Crew: DERE IS NO CARNIVAL WIDOUT FLAGS! DERE IS NO CARNIVAL WIDOUT FLAGS! DERE IS NO CARNIVAL DERE IS NO BACCHANAL DERE IS NO CARNIVAL WIDOUT FLAGS!

They all leave the stage.

Scene 2:

A long table and chairs are brought out on the stage. Mr. Nobody, Muddah Sally and Sensay dance onto the stage. It is the reception of the Papy Show Wedding. Nègre Mawon joins behind them on stage and is playing the Lapo Kabwit, the goat skin drum, while singing a chanté mas. Bwa Bwa stiltwalkers stand next to Nègre Mawon drumming the floor with their stilts and playing tingting triangles and chakchak (maracas). Mr. Nobody, Muddah Sally and Sensay are dancing the Bélé folk dance, with Mr. Nobody and Sensay taking turns as the kavalyé dancing with Muddah Sally who is the danm. It is a full moon evening.

Sensay also known as The Shaggy Bear (dances around Muddah Sally, shaking the ropes, tatters and papers of the costume): I been planted here widout my knowledge. Mi feet stuck here in dis ground. I keep leavin trace but when I return back, where, I don remember. How far back does dis Americanness go? I no mad. I as sane as dis sinuous flesh. How can yuh assume de sameness of skin? How yuh so certain of who I am? Who you?

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come (carries a small mirror in her hand and is looking at herself. The mirror is fractured): A woman must be aware of her surroundings. Every where where where is shaky ground. Gullah Geechee. Angola or Gola. Where is New Orleans? A voodoo mambo born again and then migratin' norf to a ring shout in a Pentecostal church. I study what I can. I seen de mountaintop hidin in de curves of mi body. It smell like funk up yonder. I saw de blues comin' and laugh. It took me over 20 years to go back to a home I never been. I return and I salvage what I can. I praise another's history as if it is mine. Is it mine? Am I my own?

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (still smearing his face in black now dances around Muddah Sally): Give me back the knowledge of the current. I lost in the whirlpool of a libation! (Holds up a cup and spins around over and over again) Cheer Malcolm X. Marcus Garvey. Claude Mckay. Arturo Schomburg. James Weldon Johnson. Richard B. Moore. Jean-Baptist-Point Du Sable. Hazel Scott. Stokely Charmichael. Shirley Chisholm. Constance Baker Motley. Celia Cruz. Audre Lorde. Up north I help form the chimera of an island hip-hopper and put a scratch in the record. I listenin'. Did you hear it? I anchor in the growl of water. And up rose an untamed land for I the anthropologically exotic and reg'lah. I melancholy for the theory of Black polyphony. Who taught you to hate what was once yours and wasn't till now? Let me walk the earth and plant myself with each footprint. Will that footprint still be there when I return?

Pitchy Patchy returns to the stage holding a platter with a few bowls. The figure dips its hand in the bowls and paints each character while repeatedly walking around the three and the table.

Pitchy Patchy also known as The Parrot Preacher Sisserou: Put on the mud. Put on the blue grease. Watch the world grow from your skin.

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (performs a shuffling dance): You can get with this or you can get with that. You can get with thit or you can get with thas. You can get with thiats.

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come (pulls a flag from her dress, twists it into a long rope and holds it between her hands. Mr. Nobody and Sensay take turns strumming the flag): My savior's a cry thrown out of mi own mouth, fell into earth and formed into bein'. I pledge dat all

play between dese fingers is practice. I have married a death mas for too long. Dat simulation uncanny. A face with not a thin' behind it. De broadway stage of greed. A casket for de rich. Look here instead at dis body capturin' (e)motion and layerin' up till it reach de surface. I have a past dat pile up like de sand on a shore or in an hourglass. De past will always gather and become somethin'. Like land. Look closely at de breaks of mi mask. A divine monster appears in mi mind. Call it Voudou ALL Re Alty. I want to relate. I marry de blues to reach Yuh!

Muddah Sally circles around the two of them.

Sensay also known as The Shaggy Bear: Can yuh love a country dat will never love yuh back? Can yuh love an image who will never love yuh back? Do you want mi to tell yuh what yuh want to hear for your own comfort? See duh cracks in mi mask?

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (goes back to smearing his face in black): Forever stained. I. I dived into origin of a mosh pit and mash it up. I discovered I a talking machine. What does it mean to open the door for others and then be forgotten, buried in history and nationalism? What does it mean to remember not me but a mask? The mask won't leave my face. The folly of a fool not to see they would cement the cracks. The subversion should never rise to a simplification.

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come: What is history udda than what yuh choose to see? Yuh mock a white imagination. See de crossings of people over de face of yuh mas(k). I de udda Black. You de udda Black. Dere is no same, only sum and its higher self. Who can possess a

Blackness? What do we call ourselves but a ritual of reinvention. I always come across my selves.

Pitchy Patchy also known as The Parrot Preacher Sisserou (kneels in the middle of the stage): Polly want a cracka! It's a lonely place when you cyant relate. I don know what a romance is like. What do love mean? I say de word love and feel how de tongue moves against de lips. Is dat how crossing de Atlantic and going back home feel? De lips come together and apart.

The Jab Jab Crew runs around the stage.

Jab Jab Crew: DERE IS NO CARNIVAL WIDOUT FLAGS! DERE IS NO CARNIVAL WIDOUT FLAGS! DERE IS NO CARNIVAL DERE IS NO BACCHANAL DERE IS NO CARNIVAL WIDOUT FLAGS!

Muddah Sally also known as Mama Come (wuks up her waist): I am moving in reverse. Es rev er ni gni vom ma i. My tongue is a golden lick for all the cracks in my mas(k)! Watch mi mas(k) shine!

Pitchy Patchy also known as The Parrot Preacher Sisserou (takes the paint in the bowls and beings painting its body): Take mud and plaster it on yuh body and you become some kind of creature of de universe! You muddy yuh body up and you plaster yuh body up in blue black white green yellow, whatever color you want. Earth to Earth. Ashes to Ashes.*

The Jab Jab Crew runs off the stage singing.

Jab Jab Crew: WUK WUK WUK WUK WUK LIGHTENIN' IN WE HANDS! WAVE YUH FLAGS! WAVE YUH FLAGS! WAVE YUH FLAGS!

Mr. Nobody also known as Junkanoo (finishes smearing his face in black, Nègre Mawon steps on stage and places its hand on his face as if trying to shape it. Mr. Nobody takes Pitchy Patchy's place and the four characters gather around him): Who the nigger of the world but the nigger. For the nigger there is no assimilation. As-I-am-ilation happens through the nigger like the dark matter of the cosmos. An amorphous bright blend I ink my body with. This is my wake into this reality. Am I a measurin stick for outsiderness? The unhuman? The margins of shoreness? I a full bein of elemental experience.

You don't know what it's like. I a rockin n rollin _____ that rose up from the earth. I sing my blues with the drummin on a string. It's the wave of my flag. I my own center in the universe where there is no center. It's wherever I be. There is none like what it's like to be and this skin's not a masquerade for rebellion. You will never be called by its name and some things are not translatable, like a vicious bite of kindred — us yoked into the earth and always be comin.

Everyone exists on the stage.