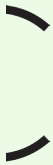


**ONE
BODY
OF
WATER**



This text was performed on June 13, 2015
at the Bowtie Project, located along the Los Angeles River
at 2800 Casitas Ave. (approx), LA, CA 90039

Written by Carolina Caycedo
Edited by Brynn Saito

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ONE BODY OF WATER

by

Carolina Caycedo

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Images courtesy of Carolina Caycedo

Design by Nicole Rodarte

We acknowledge the wind, the oceans and the mountains. The mangroves and the volcanoes. The rivers, the lakes and the stones. The seeds and the forests, the insects and the animals. We acknowledge the women, the men, the elders and the children, and every human being that defends the ecosystems and the territories where they belong.

We dedicate this performance to the brave women, men and children from the communities of La Playa, Betulia, San Vicente de Chucurí and other towns along the Sogamoso River, affected by the Hidrosogamoso hydroelectric project, that since March 19th of 2015 have been camping out in front of the Santander Government offices, in the city of Bucaramanga in Colombia, demanding their basic rights: a proper compensation and relocation, and the fulfillment of the environmental license of this mega-dam.

Agradecemos al viento, a los océanos y a las montañas. A los manglares y los volcanes. A los ríos, a los lagos y a las piedras. A las semillas y a los bosques, a los insectos y a los animales. Agradecemos a las mujeres, a los hombres, a los mayores y a los niños, y a todo ser humano defensor de los ecosistemas y los territorios a los que pertenecen.

Dedicamos esta acción a las mujeres, hombres, niños y niñas valientes de las comunidades de La Playa, Betulia, San Vicente de Chucurí y otros pueblos sobre el Río Sogamoso, afectados por el proyecto hidroeléctrico Hidrosogamoso, que desde el 19 de marzo de 2015 están acampados en frente de las oficinas de la Gobernación de Santander, en la ciudad de Bucaramanga en Colombia, exigiendo su derechos básicos, una compensación justa, la reubicación, y el cumplimiento de la licencia ambiental de esta mega-represa.

Characters

#1: MAGDALENA - M
#2: YAQUI - Y
#3: ELWHA - E

CAROLINA CAYCEDO
MIREYA LUCIO
KAREN ANZOATEGUI



M - Y - E:

I've always been here,
carrying the blood of the mother

M: cleaning her

Y: soothing her

E: wetting her limbs

M - Y - E: cooling her down

Y:

A long time ago *abuelo fuego y pacha mamá* (grandfather fire and mother earth) loved each other and fire penetrated the mother through a million holes at the same time and the body of the mother trembled so strongly and with so much pleasure that she spitted lava, ice and fire and she trembled for a thousand years, and she continued to tremble for a million more

M:

abuelo fuego penetró a la mamá por millones de orificios a la vez y el cuerpo de la mamá se removió tan fuerte y con tanto placer que escupió lava, hielo y fuego, y tembló por millones de años, y temblorosa quedó por mil años más

E:

The mother gave birth to countless daughters and sons, trees, mountains, vines, swamps Snakes, birds, flowers, emeralds and gold

Y:

La madre dio a luz a innumerables e hijas e hijos, en forma de árboles, montañas, bejucos, ciénagas Serpientes, aves, flores, esmeraldas y oro

M:

The happiness of seeing her children being born made her cry tears of love and blood, and her tears filled up those holes where grandfather fire had deposited his love and that is how us, lakes and lagoons, were born and there was so much blood that we overflowed breaking mountains and forests, forming brooks, streams and rivers

E:

*La alegría de ver sus hijas nacer le produjo llanto, y aquellos orificios por donde había sido penetrada por el abuelo se llenaron de sus lágrimas de amor y de su sangre
y así nacimos las lagunas y los lagos
y fue tanta la sangre que nos desbordamos rompiendo montañas y bosques, y formando quebradas, riachuelos y ríos*

Y:

And we flow with the blood of the mother
feeding our sisters and brothers
and reaching the oceans
where we connect with other rivers and lagoons, in one body of water

E:

fluimos con sangre de la madre, alimentando a nuestras hermanas y hermanos, hasta alcanzar los océanos, donde nos conectamos con otros ríos con otras lagunas en un solo cuerpo de agua

M - Y - E: And we carry the blood of our mother

M: cleaning her

Y: soothing her

E: wetting her limbs

M - Y - E: cooling her down

M - Y - E: *Y cargamos la sangre de la madre*

M: *limpiándola*

E: *calmándola*

Y: *mojando su cuerpo*

M - Y - E: *resfrescándola*

[ALL THE RIVERS MAKE WATER AND HUSHING SOUNDS AND PLAY INSTRUMENTS]

M:

I am born nonstop
every day, every second, always up high
where the sun kisses the moors
where the mountains form a knot

and the springs collide in a hydric star from where 5 rivers sprout
right there, *yo nazco en el Páramos de las Papas en el Macizo Colombiano*
(I'm born in the Papas Moor in the Colombian Mass)
in a small lagoon hidden amongst the mountain tops
I never cease to be born
I come to life with such strength
that I cut through the powerful Andes mountain range
in a country you call Colombia
I am the golden thread that connects peoples for ages to come and for ages ago
They call me YUMA, or the land of friends, because it's in my waters
where trade and exchange take place
They call me ARLI, el río de peces (the river of fish)
because, I am full of deliciousness
pargos, truchas, mojaras, bagres, bocachicos, cuchas, patalos
(snappers, trout, breams, cods, armored catfish, elephant fish)
They call me Guacacayo, the great river of tombs
as I carry the life of the ancestors
the Muisca, the Yanacona, Nasa, Misak, Pijao, Papallaqta, Quechua and the Tairona
I am the sacred snake that renews and cleanses life
My meandering towards the north sheds the valley of its old skin,
carrying away silt into the Caribbean Sea
and my mouth has a hundred tongues that spits dense sediment into the sea

It was precisely at my mouth where thousands of years ago
the Tairona people

received a present from the clouds

a little girl who they raised

as the warrior princess, Mirthayu

She grew up mastering both the women and the men's skills

Mirthayu was good at weaving, hunting, cooking and singing

She ran like the wind and had a perfect aim

She was a great warrior and a great cook

All the young Tairona were madly in love with Mirthayu

but she would not attend to their courtship

they were not enough for her

One day a giant came along and started eating all the corn and animals

None of the warriors were able to stop him

So they called for Mirthayu's help

Warrior Princess, please stop this giant

Mirthayu painted her body with the colors of war.

grabbed her bow and arrows
and went on to hunt the giant
She found him devouring 10 goats at a time
Stop! Who are you?

E: *Yo soy Matambo, tu sirviente* (I am Matambo, your slave)

M:

When the Giant turned around
he couldn't but fall to his knees
at the sight of such beautiful braveness
Matambo stopped his destruction
and True love sprouted between him and the Tairona Princess
After all, only he was capable of running at the same speed of Mirthayú
and she loved him for that
The young Tairona were jealous
and to avoid conflict Matambo and Mirthayú
decided to go south following my golden thread in search of a new home
They navigated up my streams, against my currents
They paddled across swamps, fertile valleys, green forests and rushing canyons
The peoples from the riverbanks would see the giant and the woman
and gossip spread that a monster had captured the princess
When the Cacique Michu heard the news
he decided to put an end to this outrage
and prepared his men for war
so when Matambo and Mirthayú were crossing the Michu valley
warriors closed upon their canoe,
strategically separating the lovers from each other, one on each side of my waters
They toppled the Giant down flat on his back
by tangling Matambo's feet and pressed him so hard against the ground
that he became a mountain
Mirthayú, who had been struggling to get loose,
cried helplessly at the loss of her lover
Suddenly the clouds went grey and a thunder struck Mirthayú
transforming her into a mountain too
And so the two lovers sleep, guarding each side of my body
Mirthayú's head is on the east side, her feet touching my waters
She looks up at the infinity, her bare breasts are two mountains like two pyramids challenging the sun
On my west side lies Matambo, also looking up at the skies, his handsome profile meets the travelers who
venture across the valley

and he salutes the fisherwomen who cruise my waters
The lovers sleep in what seems an eternal dream
But lately I've heard the fisherwomen and farmers, and their children
calling them, summoning them to wake up:

Matambooooo

Mirthayuuú

They summon the mountain spirits to rise,
and to fight alongside them, against new giants that have invaded the valleys,
horrendous giants made of metal and cement that claw into the earth,
que tumban bosque y ensucian mis aguas (they deforest and pollute my waters),
these foreign creatures are overcoming the valley of the upper Guacacayo

Y:

In the times when animals were humans, and called themselves the Surem, water was scarce for
a long period of time. The Surem were suffering from a thirst which devastated them. Water holes
dried up. They made wells and couldn't find water. Rocks resembled coals of fire. All the Surem
region was burning. The Surem made altars and offerings to Yukuheka, the goddess of wind with
water, asking for rain, but the Goddess would not listen. The Surem met in assembly, worried and
thirsty because they had no water. The deer proposed to send a messenger to meet Yukuheka, and
they chose the sparrow, because she flew very fast. The sparrow went straight to Yukuheka. After
greeting her on behalf of the Surem, the sparrow said to Yuku, "They tell me to ask you the favor of
some rain." To this, Yuku replied,

E: "Gladly. Go without any worries. Tell your chiefs that the rain will come. You go ahead and show me
the way."

Y:

So the Sparrow went on, and the goddess followed her and caught up with her, beating her and
throwing her about in the storms. Then the goddess returned to her house. So the sparrow returned
to the Surem without any rain. She said, "Yuku beat me with wind. Send someone else to see if they
can bring rain." The Surem then commanded the road runner to perform the same mission, but the
same thing happened. Road runner returned to the Surem, saying: "I could not bring the rain, for
Yuku burned my tail with a lightning bolt. You must send someone else."

Then the leaders of the Surem became desperate, and could think of no one else to send. Everyone
was too afraid to volunteer and get beaten by the Goddess. Until they remembered the toad. They
tried to locate this toad, and finally learned where he was. He was in a place called Bahkwam, which
means "lagoon" and which now is the Yaqui pueblo of Bacum. There they found the toad, Bobok. They
told Bobok to come to a great council at a place near Vicam. There the deers, the coyotes, the ants,
the birds, the snakes and all the Surem met. The toad presented himself, and they said to him,

feel my blood rushing again. I also feel the pitterpat of the goats' trot and hear the clunking of the bells on their necks, when the Yaqui shepherds bring the herds to graze on my back. I feel warmth and love when healers, women and vision questers light fires on my limbs to gather around the sacred path of *el sapito* (the little toad), invoking Bobok with smoke, and transferring water from their own bodies to mine through their sweat, their saliva, their weeping and their tears, ...when I feel them wetting me, I feel free again!

I feel strong when people gather around *abuelo fuego* (grandfather fire) like today to tell the weaving stories, and I feel hope when people gather to listen and imagine together other possible worlds.

One day, *abuela* (grandmother) made a fire and spoke to the child: "Do you want to meet water's soul?" "Yes," child answered enthusiastically.

Abuela put a pot full of water over three stones that served as a hearth, covering it with an adobe brick. She lit the fire and they sat around it. While the firewood burned she said to child: "The soul of water dwells in the heat, without heat the soul would not exist, that is why, to meet the water's soul, we are giving it warmth." After a while, *abuela* lifted the brick and said softly to child: "Here my little one, here you have it, the soul of water."

Child opened her eyes, very wide, but she didn't see anything. A transparent vapor was spiraling out of the pot, and as it ascended into the sky it became even more imperceptible. *Abuela* said softly: "That little vapor that you see, is the soul of the water. It is heading towards infinity looking for peace and quietness. It is what the clouds are made of, it is the soul of rivers, of lakes, of lagoons and of the seas".

Then she handed the adobe brick to child saying: "Now you will be able to see the Soul of Water properly, here it is transformed in little crystal trinkets. When it wants to be liquid again it descends upon earth in the form of rain, taking the multiple forms we know. We see it converted in a sweeping rushing river, in a calm lake, in a smiling spring, or in a snowflake on top of a mountain peak. It also becomes freshness when it passes through the throat of the thirsty, it becomes emeralds in the bursting buds of trees, the soul of water takes all these forms."

And that is how child got to know about my soul.

Yes, I also have a soul, my soul is the extension of yours.

E:

After 100 years, I feel my soul returning

For I am the Elwha, water reborn.

After 100 years, the sleeping giants were startled awake by the people's cries.

The *strong ones* who loved me before time immemorial stood to love me again. The Klallam joined forces

with the people of the city

making the case over multiple decades for the restoration of my body's life.

One day, not long ago, the forces bracing me against myself were finally destroyed in the largest dam removal

in history. The turbines

and generators powering the dam water went silent.

Great blasts exploded the cement and cranes came to collect the debris.

My body began to tremble with curative power:

My waters were free to flow from the mountains and north toward the Pacific sea.

Silt returned to the eroded shore,

salmon leapt into sunlight for spawning,

and the Klallam have come—with bird, bear and otter—to the place they call home.

After 100 years, the sleeping giants have awakened.

After 100 years, the salmon travel from the sea and leap

toward the headwaters, carrying

nutrients to the mountain life.

Cobble beaches at the mouth of my waters

have been replaced with sweeping sandbars.

The rock of creation is once again revealed, no longer submerged in the reservoir's waters.

After 100 years, a blink of an eye in river time, the people

have shown me the powers of the human heart and mind.

Now I am the Elwha—river restored.

I am the Elwha—bearer of blood.

I am the Elwha—water reborn, name without translation,

breather of songs and a broken history.

When the night arrives, I listen with my body

for the wild stars.

Moonlight echoes across my soul's vapors; voices gather—

I can hear, again, the children, whistling for stones.

I can hear, again, the elders, fishing for salmon.

I'm ready to witness the steady regrowth

over countless centuries:

fir, cedar, hemlock, willow—displaced life

finding its way back to my fertile edge.

"You must go to Yukuheka and beg rain for all of us."

"Very well," answered the toad. "With your permission I will retire in order to get ready for my trip tomorrow. Wait for me and for the rain." He went off to Bahkwam, and visited his friend the bat who was a magician and from him he borrowed some bats wings. The following day Bobok flew up to the clouds and met the Yukuheka. After greeting the Goddess and saluting her for his chiefs, Bobok said, "Yuku, do not treat the Surem so badly. Send us a little water to drink, for we are dying of thirst."

E: "Very well, go ahead. Don't worry. The rain will follow you very soon."

Y:

Bobok pretended to fly away, but really he dug himself into the ground at the door of the Goddess' house. Then it clouded up, lightning was seen, thunder was heard, and it began to rain. In fact, the rain almost reached the earth. But it could not find Bobok. Then, Bobok came out of the earth singing "*Kowak, kowak, kowak*." Yuku, hearing the toad, began to fall again. The toad stopped singing and dug into the ground hiding from Yuku. The rain, thinking Bobok was gone, again became calm. So Bobok began singing and hopping, and digging himself under the ground all the way back to the Surem territories.

At last Yukuheka struck the Surem region, still searching for the toad in order to beat him. It rained all over the earth, and suddenly there were many toads, all singing. And the holes that Bobok had dug to hide from Yuku, got filled up with her water forming my body. I am the Yaqui River, the child of Bobok and Yuku. I am Yaqui, the child of a toad and a storm. I am the Yaqui River, bearer of corn. I'm the thread that weaves together Arizona, Sonora and the Gulf of California.

My children are the descendants of the Surem. When the Surem came to meet me they relieved their thirst, they happily jumped into me celebrating life, and they emerged as the strong and serene Yaqui People. I am the mother and the father of the Yaqui Tribe, I hold the spirits of their Surem Ancestors, the deers, the coyotes, the ants, the rattlesnakes, the tecolotes, the mesquites, and the frogs. My life is the life of the Yaqui people. But...

If the Yaqui wander far from my protective waters, or if they turn against me in an attempt to destroy me, great sorrow will fall upon them, many will become sick at heart, and the people will lose their power. They will cease to dream dreams, and to see into their dreams. They will begin to quarrel among themselves about worthless things, they will become unable to tell the truth, they will forget how to survive in their own land, their heads will become angry and filled with gloom. Little by little, they will poison themselves and all that they touch.

The Yaqui will forget to survive in their own land if they wander far from my protective waters.

E:

Like my sisters before me, I flow from the darkest parts of myself. In a northern land, I collect the rainfall from the Olympic Range, sending it through valleys, canyons, and deltas until it reaches the Salish Sea. From the towering mountains of the Pacific Northwest, north toward the Strait of Juan de Fuca, I power across the earth's rutted banks, running streams of salmon from all five species beneath miles of sky. The salmon bring my spirit to life. Every autumn, thousands swim against my currents, upstream to the headwaters where they spawn and sing me awake. They bring the ocean to my body: their marine nutrients nourish all creatures—the elk, the gray wolves, black bears and coyotes. I sing their praises with river sounds.

The Klallam people—the *strong ones* who've lived here from time's beginning—make circles of life on the banks of my rushing body, catching and creating what their hearts desire: fish with scales kissed by the sun, salty clams where my mouth meets the shore. Every year, before the harvest, the elders bless the bones of a single salmon: If you look closely, you can see them assembling a small wooden boat with red ochre, white down, and cedar bark to sail the bones back to the sea. This is how we thank the sacred fish for the eternal miracle of her return. The bones float down my waters to the place where my body opens to the ocean: sand and sediment near the shore make a sturdy space for life—bodies dance, warriors return, women work the bloodless lands from dawn till the fire time of dusk.

Look, can you see in the distance the rock of creation? A large boulder with two holes the shape of the colorful coiled baskets made by our mothers. This is the place where the Creator births and bathes her people: a beautiful rock lit by the morning's light and cooled by the forest winds. My body flows freely around it, waiting for the season when the young Klallam men are summoned to divine their purpose in life.

Look now: two young boys approach the swirling waters, sent by the elders to sacred boulder. Watch as the young one places his hand carefully through the rock's basketshaped hole, searching for the object of his destiny. His face is full of a young man's questions and his body is confident. A fishbone emerges from the rock, held with happiness by the boy. Like his father before him, he will take his canoe upon my waters to gather the salmon's bounty. As for the other boy, if we listen closely we can hear his delight and his knowing laughter as he gazes at the strand of deer hair, glistening with river water in the palm of his hand. He will grow to become a hunter, bringing from the forests the food that will nourish his people.

For countless generations, innumerable moons, this is how we existed: Bodies birthed by the rock of creation, salmon the size of small children, canoes, food, life made possible by my bountiful waters. The caretakers of beauty—the spiritual giants who see from the stars above us, and rise from the ground beneath our feet—kept watch over us for many ages. They didn't let us lose our way. And for many seasons, I wanted for nothing but this perfect motion—to flow from the snowfields to the

sea's immense churning, collecting the magnificent mountain rains, providing for the people—a motion I was made for, my soul's unspoken intent.

M:

Yo fui el portal hacia Abya Ayala (I was the portal towards Abya Ayala). I was the bridge between two worlds. The newcomers explored me, scrutinizing every inch of my body, making drawings, taking samples, writing everything down, giving new names to plants and animals covered in gold dust, so beautiful...but nothing like these newcomers. They were choking me since they arrived, congesting me with boats and canoes, and huge rafts with persons and tools. They ripped me inside out, looking for gold. I felt chained, trodden upon, violated with all that heavy traffic of steam and motor boats that would carry tons and tons of mineral, animals, food and the liquid history they call oil.

I witness how the geometry of extraction took dreaming away from my people. My children lost the clarity, lost the language to communicate with mountains, rivers, plants and animals; they lost the visions where they connected with the living that have passed, and the living who are yet to be born.

The dreaming stopped and the rituals stopped, no more bodies covered in gold dust, no more fruits and flowers, no more children playing in my swirls, no more *pagamentos* (ceremonies) in my banks... instead dead bodies, thousands of them, tied up, mutilated, beheaded, bodies and body parts... they kept coming.

The time of dreaming gave way to the time of war on humans and on nature...

Ay mis hijas, Ay mis hijos. (Oh! my children.)

Y:

The Yori, or those who imposed obedience, established a set of confining lines. How am I to respect this Yori line, a line that divides my body and my beloved desert between two countries, what you call the United States and Mexico? Arizona and Sonora, they are one, but the Yori think of them as two. My body does not comply with borderlines. You see, my headwaters are in the sky Islands of Arizona, I spread down into the Sonora desert, fed by runoff and snowmelt from the Sierra Madre. I am the largest river in Sonora, I descend south through canyons before heading west into the Bermejo sea in the Gulf of California.

But my children can't find me anymore, I have disappeared into Sonora's hydraulic society. *Los Yoris lo llaman infraestructura del desarrollo* (the Yoris call development infrastructure). I am prisoner behind three dams, my body is broken into hundreds of irrigation canals.¹ I have been forcibly separated from my family, from my lover, from my children. I am a prisoner and a deportee...in the

same way the 8,000 Yaquis were forcibly captured and deported by the *Porfiriato en la década de 1870 para trabajar como esclavos en las henequeneras de la península de Yucatan* (during the 1870s to work as slaves in the agave plantations of the Yucatán Peninsula).²

My river bed is empty when it crosses the eight Yaqui pueblos, and my delta is so dry I no longer kiss the California Gulf. Hydraulic progress has reshaped and redefined me, as well as Sonora. Without me, Sonora wouldn't be Mexico's breadbox. Without me, the population of Hermosillo would not have tripled over the past three decades. Without me, Ford wouldn't have opened a major manufacturing plant in Hermosillo. Without me, San Carlos would not be a booming vacation spot, and without me, La caridad openpit copper mine wouldn't be the largest mine in Mexico.

I am no longer wild. *Las niñas y los niños Yaquis piensan que soy un río muerto porque mi cauce está seco, pero no estoy muerta, estoy presa por el desarrollo y la avaricia* (the Yaqui girls and boys think that I am a dead river because my riverbed is dry, but I am not dead, I am a prisoner of development and greed).

M: *Ay mis hijas. Ay mis hijos.* (Oh, my children.)

E:

One night, nearly one hundred years ago, in the year of 1910, the caretakers of beauty—those spiritual giants who kept watch over us for countless seasons—lost their way. They came across a trickster who concocted a powerful drink, and the spirits turned into sleeping giants for over a century. Their silhouettes were indistinguishable from the Olympic mountain shadows.

Men and women from a farther plain come to conquer. They saw my body as the last frontier—an unconquered wild of westward expansion. Growing port cities and smokefilled industries needed the magic of my waters. Power needed timber, so down went the trees. Power needed water, so up went the dams. Two giant dams—the Elwha and the Glines—cut through the place of my heart and mind. Then came the age of extraction and the brutal damming of my bluest light. Then came the great wars for beauty—bountiful, uncatchable beauty—the beauty of the Klallam, the beauty of the forests destroyed for fuel's progress, the beauty of the salmon, the steelhead, the cod.

My body began its breaking. I was blocked from my own body.

I could no longer feel the rock of creation where our mother creator made the strong ones, drowned as it was by the captive reservoir water. I could no longer hear the young men who, sent by the elders, would seek out the boulder to know their life's destiny.

M: Did the people stop their dreaming?

Y: Did the rituals go silent?

M: Does your body remember the dams?

Y: Does your body remember the soul?

E:
My body remembers. I'm fighting to return to my original shape,
reaching and rushing towards healing.
I listen for the ghosts of species gone forever.
I move with patience, coursing the streams and tributaries of my former self.
I struggle to outlive every trauma—struggle to recover
my water's soul, to survive to a new beginning.
Transformation, I know, is a steady dream--
one that must live every day, every moment, flowing in the veins of my body.
For I am the Elwha—river restored.
I am the Elwha—water reborn.
Like my sisters before me, I carry the blood of our mother.

M - Y - E: We are one body of water, and we carry the blood of the mother.

M: cleaning her
Y: soothing her
E: wetting her limbs
M - Y - E: cooling her down

M - Y - E: *I cargamos la sangre de la madre*

M: *limpiándola*
E: *calmándola*
Y: *mojando su cuerpo*
M - Y - E: *resfrescándola*

E:
Earth, waters and climate, the mute world, the voiceless things once placed as decor surrounding the usual spectacles, all those things that never interested anyone, from now on thrust themselves brutally and without warning into our schemes and maneuvers. They burst in our culture, which had never formed anything but a local, vague, and cosmetic idea of them: nature. What was once local—this river, that mountain—is now global: Planet Earth, Pachamama, Gaia.³

Y:

When you camp out in the forest always sleep facing up, because if a jaguar comes along he'll see you look back at him, and he won't bother you. If you sleep facing down he'll think you are prey or meat, and he'll attack. But If a Jaguar see's you are capable of looking back—a self like himself, a you, a jaguar—he'll leave you alone. But if he should come to see you as a prey —“an it”— you may well become dead meat.⁴

M:

How other kinds of beings see you matters. How rivers see you matters. It is their perception—their stories, their memories, and their voices—that enable your becoming as subjects. Can I invite you to consider the fact that gaze, representation, and even thought and knowledge, are not exclusively human?⁵

Perhaps it is time to let the Jaguar look into our eyes...

¹ La Angostura built in 1942, the Oviachic built in 1952, and El Novillo built in 1965.

² José Porfirio Díaz was a Mexican soldier and politician who served seven terms as President of Mexico, totaling three and a half decades between 1876 and 1911. Seizing power in a coup in 1876, Díaz and his allies ruled Mexico for the next thirty-five years, a period known as the Porfiriato.

³ Michel Serres, *The Natural Contract*, trans. Elizabeth MacArthur and William Paulson (Ann Arbor, MI: University of Michigan Press, 1992).

⁴ Eduardo Kohn, *How Forests Think* (Los Angeles, CA: University of California Press, 2013).

⁵ *Idem.*

Biographies

Karen Anzoategui is a gender queer writer, activist, and performer residing in Los Angeles. Anzoategui's show *Ser!*, a Queer transnational tale inspired by California immigration legislation HR4437 and protests in Argentina, was produced by the Latino Theatre Company and premiered at Los Angeles Theatre Center. The play was a finalist for the Downtown Urban Theatre Festival in New York and won two *LA Weekly* awards for music. Their's second full-length solo show, *Catholic School Daze*, premiered at Art Share LA last May. They received a B.A. in Theatre from Loyola Marymount University.

Carolina Caycedo's practice extends beyond the studio, gallery, and institution into the realm of the social, where she explores systems of movement and exchange, as well as processes of assimilation and resistance. Caycedo is currently researching the effects that mega-infrastructures have on natural and social landscapes, specifically within extractivism policies in Latino-America. She has developed publicly engaged projects in Bogota, Madrid, Lisbon, San Juan, New York, San Francisco, and London, and her work has been included in exhibitions organized by Creative Time, Whitney Museum, New Museum, Queens Museum, Haus der Kulturen der Welt, Havana Biennale, and many other institutions. She was a 2012 DAAD Artists-in-Berlin resident.

Born in Puerto Rico, **Mireya Lucio** is a multi-disciplinary artist working primarily in video and live performance, and trained as an actor and singer. Her work takes the form of social events such as dinners, lectures, walking tours, videos, audio recordings, stage shows, game nights, and other site-specific happenings in which amateur and DIY aesthetics disturb established modes of theatrical performance.

Brynn Salto is a poet, writer, and educator. She is the author of *The Palace of Contemplating Departure*, winner of the Benjamin Saltman Poetry Award from Red Hen Press, and finalist for the 2013 Northern California Book Award and the Milt Kessler Poetry Award. Born in Fresno, California to a Korean American mother and a Japanese American father, Saito is the co-founder and director of the Center for Spiritual Life and an instructor at California Institute of Integral Studies in San Francisco. She is the editor of *One Body of Water*.