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Of Law and Men

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OF LAW AND MEN

@badgaltranny

I, an Indian-American transgender woman, share stories of my sexual escapades with seven Trump supporters to move us towards new mountains in jurisprudential scholarship. I do so with the hope that my stories will expose some long-sunken truths (truths perhaps buried by our own law schools) about the human desires which drive people to police, and democracies to dominions.

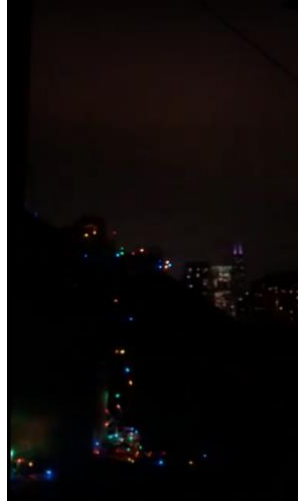
The rabid protestations of Law Professor Storyhaters, triggered by the mere suggestion of telling our own stories in law journals, puts me on notice that my words have found themselves in some deep oceanic force in legal scholarship. Far from encouraging me to set sail, their protests motivate me only to drop my anchor, turn my senses inward, and dive into my own stories about those who worship Law & Order in the era of Trump, COVID-19, and the George Floyd uprisings—perhaps in the process, revealing the role that Law has played in the midst of this all.

We advise readers that this piece contains overt sexual imagery and themes. Personal details have been altered to protect identities.

“The erotic is the nurturer or nursemaid of all our deepest knowledge.”

- Audre Lorde, “The Uses of the Erotic: The Erotic as Power”
(1974)

* * *



ॐ पूर्णमदः पूर्णमिदं पूर्णात्पूर्णमुदच्यते ।
पूर्णस्य पूर्णमादाय पूर्णमेवावशिष्यते ॥
ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः ॥

Om. All That (the Invisible Absolute) is Whole, all This (the Visible Absolute) is Whole; from (the Invisible) Wholeness, (the Visible) Wholeness comes forth.

When (the Invisible) Whole is removed or added to the (Visible) Whole, the Whole remains.

Om. Peace! Peace! Peace!

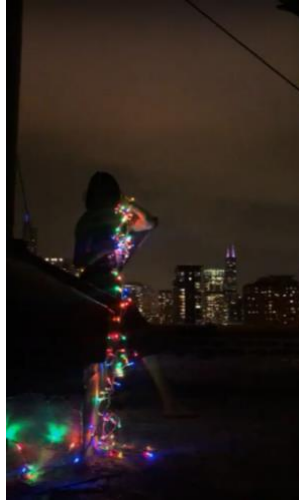
Isha Upanishad (Invocation)

Downtown is under lockdown again but people keep coming out to the streets regardless. Whether this time it's because of COVID or because of the protests, I can't really tell—all I know is that they keep showing out, and my mayor is both everywhere and nowhere to be found. These people really think that their place in society is everywhere. They bury their noses into every little corner and resist with hell and fury any attempt at being put in their proper place.

But I, like most sane beings, like being put in my place. It is nothing to be ashamed of; for me, it is a euphoric experience, one which brings me closer to GOD. The trouble is that in this nation, they cannot even place me in a bathroom, let alone my proper place. Except my mayor, [who has done it for us all](#). Now my proper place has become a lonely bed in the heart of my city's richest district.

From my tiny studio, I wake up in the morning and make calls to protestors, taking their testimonies of being brutally beat by cops, creating Google docs to assess their injuries, and doing other beautiful bitch work of legal assistantship. Don't get me wrong, I love the bitch work. Its routine distracts me from the crushing loneliness that comes from living in the West, which is why, despite all my #BlackLivesMatter posts and "fighting the good fight" in law school, I feel a certain peace while cooking dinner and imagining Trumpy tanks patrolling the streets at night. It is the same peace which arises when watching cops arrest those harmless hooligans in the park across your home. A guilty peace, perhaps, but one mitigated by America who coos, "Oh dearest child, look away, we're doing it regardless." A peace much more restful than endless wonderings.

Wondering what the hell is going on outside, wondering what to do with the chaos of the world, wondering how best to intervene. But wondering above all (because of the importance of your last waking thought) how best to calm your mind and sleep. My wonderings sometimes haunt me, and when I can't fall asleep, I repeat in my mind the mantras I memorized during so many Sunday mornings from years past.



ईशा वास्यम् इदं सर्वं यत् किञ्च जगत्यां जगत् ।
तेन त्यक्तेन भुञ्जीथा मा गृधः कस्य स्विद्धनम् ॥ १ ॥

*All this, whatsoever is moving or not moving in this Universe, is
enveloped by Isha.*

Knowing this Truth, renounce and enjoy. Do not covet.

Isha Upanishad (Mantra 1)

Gandhi once said that even if all the other holy scriptures happened to be reduced to ashes, and if only the first verse in the Isha Upanishad was left in the memory of the Hindus, [Hinduism would live forever](#); so I guess it makes sense why our religious leader (dead, but having left behind thousands of recorded lectures) began many of his sermons by having us recite the mantras to memory. I doubt many (if any) of my law professors have heard of the Isha, despite it being considered the mother of the Bhagavad Gita itself. Swami Chinmayananda (famous with brown people and those wanting to be brown) said of the Isha, “Besides being comprehensive in its enunciation of Truth, it provides a vivid exposition of the technique of realizing the Truth in a language unparalleled in [philosophical beauty and literary perfection](#).” Maybe if Aristotle or Plato had mentioned the Isha, my professors

would give it more than a passing glance, perhaps even a proper read.

As for me, I've leaned on the Isha to navigate my wonderings about Law & Order, especially during Trump's reign. And when the Isha would not ease my fears of the proud boys roaming my streets, I invited them into my bed. The boys. Seven of them I know for sure were Trumpies, many others I can only hazard a guess (we don't usually talk politics when we meet). They say that they're into women, only like girls and femininity and all that stuff. They say that tectonic psychosexual forces have no part to play in their worship of Trump, whom they claim is the only one who "tells it like it is," all about his *words*, not his penis, the truth the truth the truth! And to be fair, perhaps they are right. Perhaps they have no psychosexual confusion which leads them to their violent chaos. Maybe they do know themselves.

As if.

Because I, of course, feel them. Their pulse and their pain, when they come. The part of them which craves this comfort of submitting to a woman, to *become* womanly, but rages against it. Some get to the verge of tears, when we fuck. The many conflicts I spark in them and their method of resolving them—the fear which drives them to me and my girls—I see it all. They squash their tears with the same fury in which they fuck me. Sometimes they are domineering, cruel: the men who don't really touch me even as they use me. Sometimes it's briefly submissive, voyeuristic: those who want me to rape them, dress them. Sometimes it's confused: the men who chase me off the street, stammering that it doesn't matter in what form, but femininity is what they are into. Those who yell at me, "I know what you are," and follow me in confused fury. You get the picture.

One of my seven Trumpies, I found off Bumble. He was an old high school jock who wanted me to suck him off until I told him we went to high school together (he hadn't recognized me). Then he quickly blocked me. I used to fantasize a lot about high school jocks. I remember them in the locker room showers, being boys, showing off

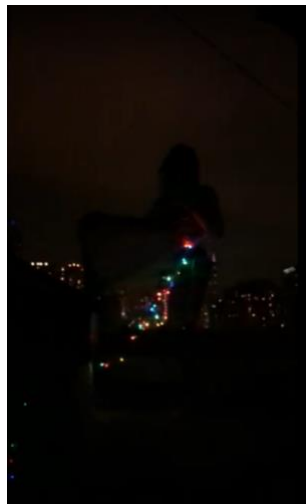
their cocks, getting hard to each other's laughs, sometimes even giving each other handjob.

I, on the other hand, released my sexual frustrations through dance. I never formally learned any traditional dancing but I did dance from a spot in the back of my sister's Bharatanatyam classes, much to her guru's amusement. I think I stopped when I turned six or seven and began taking the laughter personally, turning latent my desire to dance. The resulting psychosexual conflict prevented me from getting any peace out of my fascist Hindu Sunday school, a school which my parents pushed me into in a desperate ploy to prevent my Baptist elementary school (also fascist, but with a good math curriculum) from turning me "American." My parents failed on two fronts: I was pulled out of the church after third grade when I begged my parents to fall at Jesus's feet or else face hell. (I remained a closeted Christian until 11th grade, when I was freed by an English teacher who had us write autobiographical essays.) And the Hindu Sunday school also failed to "keep me Indian" because I did not get from them a psychosexual ease which all the other prepubescent brown kids did get; they, who found their friends in the temple after being shunned and bullied by their high schools; they, who put on religious skits and parroted "Bharat is Best!" to their family's thunderous applause and their future spouse's swooning eyes. I had no ease of comradery with my Hindu brethren, nor their anxiety-ridden parents so terrified that their children would fuck Black people.

So I found my peace in art. In middle and high school, I took oil painting lessons from a white, gun-loving, Bible-study-holding Republican whom I considered a second mother. She knew me so well, and as we painted Impressionist landscapes and portraits, she declared that she didn't expect I'd have a good time as an undergrad at Brown University because I was far too conservative, far too tolerant of ugly human realities, to humor bleeding-heart fantasies. But her conservatism has ever been different than mine. Hers is intent on blandness, mine on expanding into the seven colors of the universe; which explains why instead of cherishing me as her second son, she has now progressed to fearing me as an agent of the anti-Christ. Lost

is the conservatism of color, the mindset which comes from embracing the realities of the rainbow lights of Spirit, from Sanskrit words echoing from the mind of the Goddess, from three thousand years ago and probably further, spoken and memorized and passed down, finally, to me...for when a child is born, it weeps, lost, *ko 'hum, ko 'hum*, “*Who am I?*” And the Universal Consciousness reveals itself and with this sight the child breathes its first breath, *so 'hum, so 'hum*, [“I am That.”](#)

As I have grown older, I have looked to Law (from church, state, and family) to order me through these conflicts of mine but from them I learned only the falseness of men who promise to bring me goodness through their domination. We have lost our Mother and drink national myths to ease this pain of separation, and the bland conservatives herald racists as Messiahs and submit to them instead of to the land and its women. Men and their bootlickers do not know this, how to live without those who dissolve and give them everything. They think they know the work of women but they don't. Many women don't even know...Mierle Ukeles who, being granted a show at the Wadsworth, spent it [scrubbing the floors of the visitors' footsteps](#), much to the art world's shock....But we used to know. Back when we surrendered to each other like sane beings. So after high school, I went off to Brown University to resolve my darkness on my own.



कुर्वन् एवेह कर्माणि जिजीविषेच्छतं समाः ।
एवं त्वयि नान्यथेतोऽस्ति न कर्म लिप्यते नरे ॥ २ ॥

*In the world, one should desire to live a hundred years, but only
by doing karma.*

Thus, and in no other way, can one be free from karma.

Isha Upanishad (Mantra 2)

What a way to approach life! The Isha says to us, “Desire to act for a hundred years, [this is freedom!](#)” Indeed, one must imagine Sisyphus to be happy—and there is nothing absurd about it!

But as I wandered through the Ivory Tower, I kept wondering, *Is anyone here doing any such work anymore?* In our childhoods we probably had lovelier dreams about our future, or at least I know I did (harrowingly enough, some of my professors actually *wanted* to be lawyers when they were kids). But I’ve always wanted to create. I think they do too, because the truth is, at the end of the day, I’m like my Trumpies. I, too, enjoy sleeping soundly. I shush my penis so I can pursue nirvana in peace. It is what they crave as well, what keeps them coming back in the dead of night, sputtering and terrified and drenched with shame and desire because they don’t know how to deal with their Self, how to mother themselves, how to ease their androgynous aches, like I do. The part of these men which despite all their abuses, still feels Spirit, still thinks me freer than them, and wants a taste—but dare not surrender their father tongue.

On a spring day in front of the Bryn Mawr graduating class of 1986, author Ursula K. Le Guin described the father tongue as the dialect of

...the public discourse. It makes something happen,
makes somebody - usually somebody else - do
something, or at least it gratifies the ego of the

speaker....[I]t continues to develop and proliferate so powerfully, so dominantly, that many believe this dialect - the expository and particularly the scientific discourse - is the highest form of language, the true language, of which [all other uses of words are primitive vestiges.](#)

She describes the father tongue as a language which “doesn't speak itself. It only lectures....The father tongue is spoken from above. It goes one way. No answer is expected, or heard.” It is this language which my men think will actually *bring* us Truth! But on that spring day, Le Guin laughed such grandiosity away, saying

I do not say it is the language of rational thought. Reason is a faculty far larger than mere objective thought. When either the political or the scientific discourse announces itself as the voice of reason, it is playing God, and should be spanked and stood in the corner.

When I type these words, I can already hear the snarls of these men. These men (for indeed they are all men, if not in biology, certainly in speech) are content theorizing in their towers of babble, perhaps with a few practical projects peppered in to retain a claim to an “outside” perspective (a reality far too scary, however, to spend too much time in; best to stay indoors and dictate violence instead). Triggered by my denouncement of their superior empirical processes upon which they have built their entire professional identities, they ask me, “Are you saying we toss out our modern processes for writing and reviewing scholarship?!” and I reply, “Well, why not?” Stories are the way most worldly people share our knowledge, and have so for time immemorial, but Storyhaters, those soldiers of the Ivory Tower, are ruthless towards such humanity.ⁱ Indeed, Storyhaters often say that unless the story you have to offer is hypothetical, ahistoricized or decontextualized in some way to argue for-or-against some beloved theories, you best leave the tower and go elsewhere: perhaps to the English department to write a memoir.ⁱⁱ To the West, introspection,

deep meditation, that done by yogis and gurus, isn't science. Interesting for sure, but it has no place in *objective* studies. Laughable as a mechanism for finding Truth. Let Takshashila burn, [that wasn't a university!](#) Why, to them, thoughts were the sixth sense, with its sense organ: the mind! Lunatics, they studied using their *minds*!

But I do not do this work to feel better; I do it to feel more. The struggle which faces us who feel is this: how to expand such Truth into the bullish skulls of men. We can do it through deceit, maybe. Through subversion and slyness. Perhaps, through the mother's tongue, which Le Guin described on that spring day as

...the other, inferior. It is primitive: inaccurate, unclear, coarse, limited, trivial, banal. It's repetitive, the same over and over, like the work called women's work; earthbound, housebound. It's vulgar, the vulgar tongue, common, common speech, colloquial, low, ordinary, plebeian, like the work ordinary people do, the lives common people live. The mother tongue, spoken or written, expects an answer. It is a language always on the verge of silence and often on the verge of song. It is [the language stories are told in.](#)

At Brown, despite all its [feminist posturing](#) (or perhaps, because of it), the mother tongue was exceedingly rare. Far from unfurling their hearts and minds, my professors seemed hell bent on casting more and more veils upon them in the guise of "science" and "impartiality" and "quantitative data."ⁱⁱⁱ The prestige of these so-called scholars, the respect afforded to their mastery of the father tongue, has allowed them to mold their theories, and in doing so, cut up our lives and cast out of their hallways the truths about oppression that we who live it seek to express. Storyhating is their Achilles' heel, and those of us who are still on the quest for the Whole Truth in the Ivory Tower have no other option but to take up our pens and write squarely at their ankles. Be warned, though. Doing so will turn all of Europe against you.

One especially vilified scholar was Wilhelm Reich, now

considered the midwife of the [sexual revolution of the '60s](#). He wrote "The Mass Psychology of Fascism," copies of which were thrown at police during the 1968 student uprisings in Paris and Berlin. A rather popular and predatory man, his most infamous tryst was not harassing Einstein, but inventing his accumulators, machines which gathered "orgone" (his name for the mysterious cosmic biosexual energy) to heal people from both cancer *and* fascism. Needless to say, the FDA accused him of fraud of the first magnitude and obtained an injunction against the sale of these accumulators and "associated literature," an injunction which Reich promptly violated. Charged with contempt, Reich was thrown in jail and died in prison of heart failure days before his parole hearing. Six tons of his publications were burned by order of court. However, his scholarship on the psychosexual dimension of fascism has never really been debunked by anyone, only ignored.

But some of us cannot ignore the psychosexual dimensions of life. And because of it, I've found that as a blanket statement, my girls are smarter than most everyone else that I've ever met. We are lecturers at universities, PhD candidates, doctors, political leaders, national poets; and we are drag queens and hookers, addicts and sugar babies, kink queens, fantasy fulfillers, and oh-so-sullied sirens. And it makes me wonder how a few of us correctly predicted Trump would win over a year before the election. All our knowledge, we learned from stories whispered and shared amongst us about them: how their hands belie their hearts, their minds their mouths. *"Don't be fooled, this is how they really are. In fear of us, watch what they do with their America."* We entered post-election in drunken humor as administrators and professors cancelled classes and meetings in their shock.

Trump's victory escaped the predictions of the Ivory Tower, right down to the polling data the night of the election. This by itself should be reason enough to damn Western intelligence into the dustbin. Their inability to conceive of Trump's rise indicates that there is a deep ocean of truth, of social reality and movement, which categorically eludes their empirical gazes, but which does not escape my girls' ways of knowing.

It is in confusing, Self-avoidant times like these when I fall back into the reflexive drive of all societal forces: the nerve-deep craving to be naked with another. A homeostatic impulse, truly. And in these times, I sit in front of my altar and relearn how womanly this craving to dissolve into the Other is. I feel again all the barriers in my body and mind to finding myself in another, and I fall victim once again to the loneliest of ensuing psychosexual conflicts. Sitting in words which come from half a world away, in my weaker, veiled moments of aching, I fall blindly for this nation's founding myth: the White American Alpha Male. And in my stronger moments, I rage against it.

The second of my seven Trumpies told me conspiracies about Jews as I laid naked in his lap. Like putty, in my hands, even in all his grandiosity about massacring the weak. Unable to stop smiling, to take his eyes off the promise of my genitals, or hands off my ass, as he talked about the unique benefits of the Indian-Aryan genome, and the inferiority of the African one.

I think my sophomore year painting TA would have liked him. Only because she once told me she finds my sculptures fascinating, on account of the honesty of my use of materials. It is as my first therapist (not the one who declared me psychotic) said to me: that there's something powerful in letting your hands fall to your side and just saying, "This is me."



Photo taken by De'eric Fisher.

असुर्या नाम ते लोका अन्धेन तमसावृताः ।
तांस्ते प्रेत्याभिगच्छन्ति ये के चात्महनो जनाः ॥ ३ ॥

*Into the worlds of demons, enveloped in blinding darkness, verily
do they go after death who are slayers of the Self.*

Isha Upanishad (Mantra 3)

After graduating Brown's tyranny of logic, I spent a summer at a homestead farm in rural Illinois. I had no idea what the politics of this white couple were when I first arrived. I was ready for them to be Trump supporters (I get along with them just fine). But they were very knowledgeable about racism, colonization, the works. I'm talking theory and texts and everything. They had a bookcase filled with such literature, and even had a transgender son. They could have a conversation with literally anyone and outwit them too, and taught me a bit how to do the same.

I spent the summer with them in what I call bliss. Picking raspberries, feeding the chickens, planting trees, mocking freedom-loving liberals who didn't know that Nature would eat them alive. My

farm-mom taught me how to speak with the trees. Once I was drawing on the porch and she came out of the field, clutching her knees and wheezing, “It was like a rock concert out there! Everything was just having sex, everything, the beetles, the ants, the plants—and,” and she was roaring laughing, “one of the beetles turned to me and said, ‘Get goin, grandma!’” Her cat walked up and deposited, at our feet, the head of a bird. My farm-mom held it in her palms and we stared, mesmerized, at the eye.

I guess you could call the couple hippies but they (and I) would rifle at that label (because labels). They followed Native American religious leaders and despite the appropriation inherent to it, the humility with which they approached Native tradition and the reverence they showed to the elders made me think they were simply figuring out how to proceed as ‘allies.’ The land always has the answers to our aches, and each of us longs for it. They taught me a lot of what to do with such longings, though I don’t think I heard of sexual manifestation from them: the practice of envisioning while climaxing, dreaming of a forever and praying, with all the begging of the body, that it be so. I had learned that earlier.

My third Trumpy had a framed picture of Bannon on his piano. His grandparents built a farmhouse in a beautiful suburb, and this consultant with celebrity clients (apparently), this white man who ghostwrote about Black power and could shoot the shit with me for hours about liberals, who obsessed about the largeness of his phallus and begged me to submit to it, who grew weak and scattered at sight of mine, and desperate. He loved to see me walk, when I talked to him in my voice. He would fuck me furiously and never climax, yet keep inviting me back regardless. His grandparents’ house, with all its frilly pillows and mid-20th century upholstery and rocking chairs, had his grandmother’s touch everywhere. But he was remodeling, tearing down the walls and erecting new ones, to make it modern and such. Gray sofas with a sleek kitchen. No doilies.

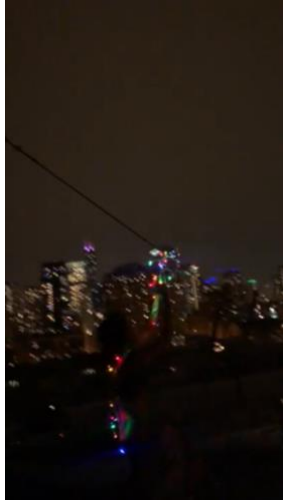


Photo taken by De'eric Fisher.

अनेजद् एकं मनसो जवीयो नैनद्देवा आप्नुवन्पूर्वमर्षत् ।
तद्भावतोऽन्यानत्येति तिष्ठत् तस्मिन् अपो मातरिश्वा दधाति ॥ ४ ॥

The Self is one. It is unmoving: yet faster than the mind. Thus moving faster, It is beyond the reach of the senses. Ever steady, It outstrips all that run. By its mere presence, the cosmic energy is enabled to sustain the activities of living beings.

तद् एजति तन् नैजति तद् दूरे तद् व् अन्तिके ।
तद् अन्तर् अस्य सर्वस्य तद् उ सर्वस्यास्य बाह्यतः ॥ ५ ॥

The Self moves; It moves not. It is far: It is very near. It is inside all this: It is verily outside all this.

यस् तु सर्वाणि भूतान्य् आत्मन्य् एवानुपश्यति ।
सर्वभूतेषु चात्मानं ततो न विजुगुप्सते ॥ ६ ॥

The Wise man, who realizes all beings as not distinct from his own Self, and his own Self as the Self of all beings, does not, by virtue of that perception, hate anyone.

यस्मिन् सर्वाणि भूतान्य् आत्मैवाभूद् विजानतः ।
तत्र को मोहः कः शोक एकत्वम् अनुपश्यतः ॥ ७ ॥

What delusion, what sorrow can there be for that wise man who realizes the unity of all existence by perceiving all beings as his own Self?

स पर्यगाच्च छुक्रम् अकायम् अत्रणम् अस्त्राविरं शुद्धम् अपापविद्धम् ।
कविर् मनीषी परिभूः स्वयम्भूर याथातथ्यतोऽथान् व्यदधाच्च छाश्वतीभ्यः
समाभ्यः ॥ ८ ॥

He, the self-existent One, is everywhere—the pure one, without a (subtle) body, without blemish, without muscles (a gross body), holy and without the taint of sin; the all-seeing, the all-knowing, the all-encompassing One is He. He has assigned respective duties to the eternal cosmic powers.

Isha Upanishad (Mantra 4 - 8)

There is an [ancient parable](#) (of Jain, or Buddhist, or Hindu origin, you know how such things go) which goes like this. Seven blind philosophers come across an elephant on the road. The first grabs the trunk, thinks for a second, and says, “It is a python!” The second philosopher, standing next to an ear, says, “No, it’s a palm leaf!” The third grabs a leg and says, “You’re all so silly, it’s obviously a tree trunk,” and so on and so on. Stories diverge at this point: either the seven philosophers realize they are each experiencing part of a Greater Whole, or they quarrel and kill each other in the rage of their arguments. The original stories describe the blind philosophers as men but to be sensitive to gender-neutrality, I’ve refrained.

Despite this added sensitivity, I’ve found that my Trumpies still struggle to embrace the parable’s meaning. They have fears. Emotional blocks. Conflicts and triggers. Worship their own stories and hold on to logic like a crutch. So I can only laugh when I hear academics

praising a wisdom they herald as something grand and majestic, as unpolluted logic itself, even as it castrates them—because I see their proclamations arise not from logic but from an emotional incapability to handle psychosexual distress. I laugh because my history has taught me that logical reasoning with such men is, after all, impossible.

For example.

My law professor has asked us to write a paper in support of one of seven “theories” behind our decade’s global nationalist uprisings. He wants us to back one of these “competing” theories behind the Rise of the Right with facts about a country of choice, facts we can gleam from the Internet if we want, but all the theories boil down to racial majorities not feeling heard or feeling hungry. None of the theories describe the whole elephant. Still, I, being a good girl, followed my professor’s directions and found my facts on the Internet, pictures of alt-right chests swelling beside the TRUMP emblazoned above the Chicago River, like a big middle finger to all the pussies. How they glee over 4chan, coalesce around YouTube videos and Reddit threads where they slowly go insane trying to tell teenagers apart from adults until they no longer even care, it’s all about the words to them—all about the words, *the content of a person*, their *ideas*, by which they judge, of course! What could be more democratic than this, their trolling Enlightenment, these bodyless wonderings?

The [new-old darling of the legal alt-right](#) is Carl Schmitt, the ‘crown jurist’ of Hitler’s Third Reich. His whole [theory](#) of Law & Order is that when Life renders human law helpless (as it inevitably and constantly does, due to the inability of humans to predict the anarchies of life), Law & Order demands a Ruler—the Sovereign—to suspend the current legal order and quiet the masses until new law is formed, and settled. This Sovereign is One; is Exceptional, [is God](#).

I harbor little ill-will towards Schmitt’s followers. I’ve broken bread with them. I’ve broken beds with them. It is simply their profound lack of self-awareness which tosses me into a spiral every time I converse with them, for which I bemoan my law school for

producing Storyhaters instead of Storytellers. Not that it can't produce both, but if there had to be a choice, the latter—far more than the former—would benefit everyone who comes under the gavel. For storytelling is an empowering, liberating framework for dispute resolution, one which trusts people to gather together for Truth instead of fighting about it, one which relies upon the body to rein the discourse. The benefit of having storytelling as the basis of a judicial system is the story's ability to bloom, be filled in, and be expanded by its listeners, to generate something creative, unifying, and healing—art, ethics, and community—*every single time*.

When Law Professor Storyhaters label storytelling as too biased for legitimate scholarship, they do not have legitimate worries of psychobabble. It is common knowledge, in legal circles, that all law is neurotic, that all law oppresses (it's called legal positivism if you want to look it up^{iv}). But you see, legal scholars really like their labels. Lockeans, Hartians, Burkians. Yet since I worship the Whole Elephant, I have ever been a Storyteller. I look for the stories behind all the theories, which allows me to realize, if not empirically at least somatically, realities skipped by all their theories. It was not until two guys named Hart and Dworkin came along with theories^v about the “internal” and “external” perspective of law that legal scholars finally recognized the importance of the internal perspective, as it was revolutionarily helpful in understanding Law as a Whole.^{vi} Stories deserve scholarly attention because such is the Dworkinian dream.^{vii} Yet, strangely, Dworkinians themselves have long failed to reference Eastern philosophers, gurus and mystics, those masters of the internal whose wisdom has long granted me endless clarity.

So far, the only legal scholar I cherish is Robert A. Williams Jr. It's from him that I read the word “Storyhater” in the first place. He wrote this article called *Vampires anonymous* in the Michigan Law Review^{viii} in which he did not cite a single source and although most legal academics nowadays would clutch their pearls at such a thing, Williams' approach was hardly new; citation-less articles dominated legal scholarship of antiquity (meaning: pre-1970's). Instead of citing other academics, Williams simply wrote a story about his experiences

with his colleagues, the Law Professor Storyhaters. And his story did wonders. He showed that this force of real knowledge—of *stories*—can end the war of words that rages within these towers of babble.

Theorizing gives Storyhaters a false sense of power over their own psychosexual frustrations. Such neurosis comes from the deeply-disturbing obsession lawyers have with controlling Storytellers, which would be hilarious if it was only a phase, but this has gone on long enough.

Because the truth is, I don't need to look up facts about "the Rise of the Right" on the Internet—I have *felt* them rise. I don't need seven theories to understand Trumpies, I've broken bread with the people who throw their favor in with him. My own body has truths I have yet to reveal, and these stories of mine deserve center stage in scholarly discourse. Such a practice is Rorschachian, yes, but introducing Rorschachian rituals to our thinking would be a boon, not a hindrance, because such rituals embrace the coy truth that most jurisprudential practices are often dressed-up Rorschachs anyway. (When Justice Antonin Scalia was asked on 60 Minutes, "What is the law?" to which he replied, "The words alone!" while also admitting that while in high school, ["I was never cool."](#))

It is something I realized with my fourth Trumpy, who put on a "bimbo" fashion show on the TV in the background. When I saw...skeletons walking the runway, I got off my knees and sent him home. He whined about how he "understands how it may seem odd," and in his protests I finally uncovered what I had been searching for all this time, the mystery of what he and all his men wanted with me. At the end of the day, ours really is simply the age-old love story of a man who needs to be fucked in the ass; to be put in his place, perhaps by a woman who spills forth from Nature and ruins all the plans of both law and men.

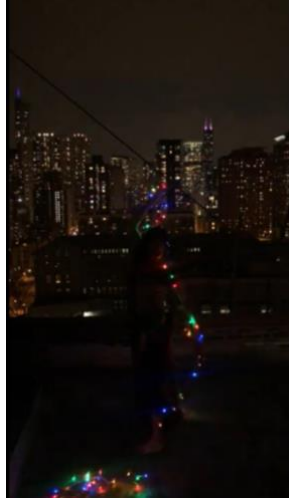


Photo taken by De'eric Fisher.

अन्धं तमः प्रविशन्ति येऽविद्याम् उपासते ।
ततो भूय इव ते तमो य उविद्यायां रताः ॥ ९ ॥

They enter into blinding darkness who worship avidya (knowledge of the changing world); into still greater darkness, as it were, do they enter who delight in vidya (knowledge of Self).

अन्यद् एवाहुर् विद्यायान् यद् आहुर् अविद्याया ।
इति शुश्रुम धीराणां ये नस् तद् विचचक्षिरे ॥ १० ॥

One result they say is obtained by vidya, and another result, they say, is obtained by avidya, thus have we heard from the wise ones who explained it to us.

विद्यां चाविद्यां च यस् तद् वेदोभयं सह ।
अविद्याया मृत्युं तीर्त्वा विद्यायामृतम् अश्नुते ॥ ११ ॥

He who knows both vidya and avidya together, overcomes death through avidya and experiences immortality by means of vidya.

Isha Upanishad (Mantras 9-11)

America's foot soldiers have been swarming the streets lately and have been annoying as fuck. I do think all cops are like that (annoying as fuck). I'm pretty sure my fifth Trumpy was a cop. He had the vibe, and a Blue Lives Matter flag hanging in his bedroom (?)—and although he insisted upon getting me on my knees, he opened wide when I shoved my cock in his mouth. This weird duality of cops is honestly just a natural reaction to being drenched in the false honor of living a life in fear. Of Black people, of the poor, of all these "looters" they say they're beating up (but I'm doing the intakes of the ones they beat up and so far not one of them was looting, and most of them, actually, are white; the most brutally beaten, however, are Black of course).

Don't be fooled - my role in the George Floyd uprisings has been rather docile. Contrary to popular belief, I actually don't like being hurt. I left the streets when my mayor began [raising the bridges](#), Bane-style. I walked back home with every bit of my body radiating with life. I had seen things of fantasy: flags brought down and burnt, cop cars tagged, the windows of designer stores which treated me like a rat: smashed to pieces. I stood in front of men who have loved us before and who will love us later, who now stood on the steps of Trump Tower with batons to beat us. And as I faced and taunted them, I never felt so alive. A cannibal, truly—the terrorist tranny the media warned you about, with an insatiable thirst for all the moods of men.

Feeling such things, sometimes while lying in bed, [Frank Ocean's lyrics](#) soothe me. (*Let you all prophesize. Let you all prophesize. We gone see the future first.*) For I know their essential contradiction, that there is a part of them which still longs to be witnessed and which their intellect refuses to reveal; and above all, they know that this thing is darkly feminine. But how can anyone professionally speak of such things in these halls? How can a woman be a woman, a man a man, or a human a human, in these circles? Sadly, the culprit is professionalism; it coddles and sterilizes the Ivory Tower. Demands crisp and clear words, prevents the embracing of the Other, colonizes the courts of carnal truths. Demands from us emotional dishonesty

(that's really all it is, at the end of the day). Professionalism has become White Man's new dance-killing religion, lawyers: his missionaries. But good ol' militarism has ever remained his favored method. It is, after all, the White American Alpha Male of whom we speak. And sometimes, I laugh. Because White Man's myths just *don't make sense*. They never hold up to colored scrutiny.

While at Brown, my friend Kara Roanhorse, a Diné woman, told me about her experience volunteering at Standing Rock. She told me about the [work camps of white men that pop up whenever a pipeline needs to be built on reservation soil](#), and how Native women start to go missing and murdered, even before the oil rigs drill into the land. The state police has no jurisdiction and reservation police forces are usually cripplingly under-resourced, so the invaders have free rein to rape the land in the morning, and its women at night. The link between the land and Native women, Kara said, was never as clear to her as it was in that realization. That there are some lives so tied to the land that one's past and future can be prophesized in the other's—and perhaps, even more clearly. It is this knowing which separates the colonized from the truly brilliant. And it is this knowing which the West crusades against.

In the late 19th century, the Ghost Dance spread throughout Native nations in the Western United States. Prophesized to hasten the people's salvation and to bring about peace, [the dance](#) promised the reunification of fallen ancestors, the elimination of the white man, and the return of the earth to its former glory. News of the Dance spread through a 'Messiah Letter' which declared

Do not refuse to work for the whites and do not make any trouble with them until you leave them. When the earth shakes [at the coming of the new world] do not be afraid. [It will not hurt you.](#)

Seeing Natives dance for five consecutive days terrified Americans. Despite witnessing no hostility towards whites, despite stating, "There will be no need of troops; they will kill themselves

dancing,” a letter by an Indian scout was reported by The New York Times under the headline, “To Ambush the Soldiers: A Murderous Plan of the Indians Revealed.” The US army came in to stop the dancing. Amongst the ensuing violence: the killing of Sitting Bull and the Wounded Knee massacre.

When confused by Western scholarship’s snowballing Self-annihilation, unable to sit with and surrender to the frustration of it all, I dance my psychosexual synthesis, a Hegelian quest for the Absolute. A dance which was Lord Shiva’s, when he heard Sri Krishna’s flute playing in the meadow—for Lord Shiva had gotten so accustomed to reaching the Absolute through lonely, rigorous meditation on a snowy mountain peak. But in Sri Krishna’s enchanted meadow, the milkmaids danced to his flute and fell into the same nirvana Lord Shiva so toiled for on the lonely mountain peak. Ecstatic and curious, Lord Shiva approached Sri Krishna’s forest but found himself unable to enter, for no men are allowed to enter the sacred grove. So Lord Shiva donned a sari and danced in bliss. Soon, a milkmaid told Sri Krishna that there was a girl with three eyes in the crowd, and realizing this to be the Lord, Sri Krishna laughed, and asked Lord Shiva to forever become the [gate-keeper of his enchanting forest](#).

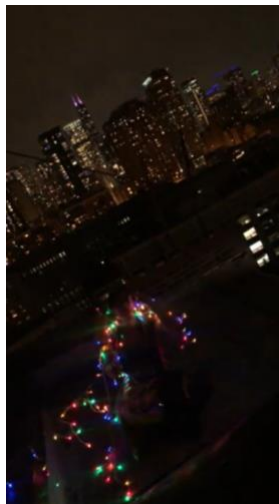


Photo taken by De’eric Fisher.

अन्धं तमः प्रविशन्ति येऽसम्भूतिम् उपासते ।
ततो भूय इव ते तमो य उ सम्भूत्यां रताः ॥ १२ ॥

*Into deep darkness do they enter who worship the world of
Becoming.
Into still greater darkness, as it were, do they enter who delight in
pure Being.*

अन्यद् एवाहुः संभवाद् अन्यद् आहुर् असंभवात् ।
इति शुश्रुम धीराणां ये नस् तद् विचचक्षिरे ॥ १३ ॥

*One result is obtained by the path of Being, and quite a different
one by that of Becoming.
Thus have we heard from the wise ones who taught it to us.*

संभूतिं च विनाशं च यस् तद् वेदोभयं सह ।
विनाशेन मृत्युं तीर्त्वा संभूत्यामृतम् अश्नुते ॥ १४ ॥

*He who knows Being and the world of Becoming both together,
overcomes death through the world of Becoming, and achieves
immortality through Being.*

Isha Upanishad (Mantras 12-14)

At eight in the evening, downtown folks flash their lights to show support for the health care workers and I've been throwing shows on my skyscraper's rooftop, spinning rainbow Christmas lights and swirling in the most beautiful cholis to the most beautiful Bollywood. And it is really...odd to dance in rainbow lights while surrounded by cheers and hollers, people yelling and whistling out of skyscrapers.

It is far simpler than I expect to get over my stage fright on this roof; not a single person around (other than friends who help video) knows who I am. And so in my longing for parangolés, I become surreal and euphoric. The city can barely even see my face, only a dark

body dancing and twirling and swaying and beckoning for attention which is really all I want anyway, and on the rooftop, I have it more than ever, thousands of eyes, a bigger stage than possibly any ever made—and a more impromptu audience too, so, perhaps more genuine. Who cares if you aren't in my bed? I'll make do with this new modern type of intimacy. In many ways, I like it even more.

I start off my dances to the song [Humko Hamise Chura Lo](#) from the movie, Mohabattein.

हमको हमसे चुरा लो
दिल में कहीं तुम छुपा लो
हम अकेले खो ना जाएं
दूर तुमसे हो ना जाएं
पास आओ गले से लगा लो

*Steal me from myself,
hide me somewhere in your heart.
Let me not be lost alone.
Let me not go far from you.
Come close and embrace me.*

But my favorite lyrics come from the movie Dil Se, the song where the heroine dances on a train through the Kashmiri mountains and the hero, on his knees shaking his hair at her hips, sings,

वो शोख का रंग बदलता है
मैं रंग रूप का सौदाई

*She changes her colors whenever she pleases;
[I am a worshipper of all her forms.](#)*

He sings to her in another song,

सतरंगी रे,
मनरंगी रे

*Oh Seven-Colored One,
[color me.](#)*

What happened to men who know women as such, who can dance with such knowing? Men who know that Woman can take on all forms—even those of man. But in these Western theatres of Law, I only hear Tony Montana bellowing that the only thing that can give orders is balls, only balls, *got that?* and in desperation for a better ethic for humankind, I remember Rabindranath Tagore’s [plea to the West](#), that “*The East is waiting to be understood by the Western races, in order not only to be able to give what is true in her, but also to be confident in her own mission.*”

On the nights I don’t feel like dancing, I flash my lights with the city and although it feels silly, when I look out I see myself in every flashing light, and when I scream my own scream, I feel my tense loneliness eased. And it feels so good, especially considering the stir craziness of quarantine. Contrary to popular belief, I don’t really want to individuate myself all too much. Although I want to be fully known, I don’t want to be fully investigated. Dissolving has proven to be far easier and far more euphoric.

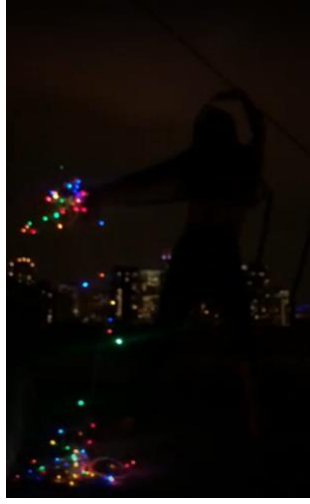


Photo taken by De'eric Fisher.

हिरण्मयेन पात्रेण सत्यस्यापिहितं मुखम् ।
तत् त्वं पूषन् अपावृणु सत्यधर्माय दृष्टये ॥ १५ ॥

*The Truth is covered by thy blinding golden rays.
O Pushan, Effluent Being, please shift thy rays so that I—who
am devoted to the Truth—can see Thee.*

पूषन् एकर्षे यम सूर्य प्राजापत्य व्यूह रश्मीन् समूह तेजः ।
यत् ते रूपं कल्याणतमं तत् ते पश्यामि योऽसाव् असौ पुरुषः सोऽहम् अस्मि
॥ १६ ॥

*O Pushan! O Sun, Sole Traveler of the Heavens, Regulator of All,
son of Prajapati,
breathe in the entirety of thy glorious manifestation so that I may
see thy fullest form.
Inside the sunrays of thy benevolent dancing form, I see a Being,
That Being in Thee is I, I am That.*

Isha Upanishad (Mantras 15-16)

My sixth Trumpy was on the end of a four-day coke bender. Ex-Navy. Wife had left him, and he kept saying, "I'm not violent or anything" as he slapped me around. Loved calling me nasty. Nasty bitch. Nasty girl, nasty whore, you're nasty, even as he snorted line after line off of my furniture and various other places. God he was in so much pain.

For Western scholarship's part in helping me understand his pain, [Wilhelm Reich is my guy](#). I think of Reich as a mash-up of Frankl, Freud, and Adler. [Sigmund Freud](#) would say the basis of his frustrations are subconscious in nature, and sexual, while [Viktor Frankl](#) would find it to be a frustration of finding meaning in life. [Alfred Adler](#) would say his struggle was for power. Through Wilhelm Reich's guidance, all three theories can merge to form an androgynous creed. It is the philosophy of the body and it asks: what spiritual meaning do you search for in sex? Which dreams do you reach for?

For when Reich, in his blindness, felt up the elephant of the human condition as so many have done before and after him, Reich came away saying that neurosis was always paired with a sexual dysfunction in which the "head remains in control" during sex.^{ix} In contrast, he described healthy sexual function as "the capacity to surrender to the flow of biological energy, free of any inhibitions; the capacity to discharge completely the dammed-up sexual excitation through involuntary, pleasurable convulsions of the body," characterized by a sensation of "melting." (Dissolving.) When I wonder how I can bring Reich's knowledge back into these ivory halls, [Ursula Le Guin guides me yet again](#).

Early this spring I met a musician, composer Pauline Oliveros, a beautiful woman like a grey rock in a streambed; and to a group of us, women, who were beginning to quarrel over theories in abstract, objective language - and I with my splendid Eastern-women's-college training in the father tongue was in the thick of the fight and going for the kill - to us, Pauline, who is sparing with words, said after clearing her throat,

"Offer your experience as your truth." There was a short silence. When we started talking again, we didn't talk objectively, and we didn't fight. We went back to feeling our way into ideas, using the whole intellect not half of it, talking with one another, which involves listening. We tried to offer our experience to one another. Not claiming something: offering something.

So, I offer up the painful truths of my Trumpies, for it is what they do in their weaker moments which matters for our wonderings. The bruised egos of White Alpha Males precipitated this whole Rise of the Right in the first place. For them who feel their place in society wobbling, breaking—the terror of being called white must feel like death itself, especially for an identity so coddled by all their women, all their mothers and wives and whores, that for decades, it travelled through the halls of professionalism unquestioned. The coming tsunami of identity politics into their job reviews terrified them. What of the existence of their people, of securing a future for their white children?

But death of my seed is not a new fear for me. Answering questions about my identity, a routine chore (especially in professional spaces). This has made me stronger than them. And meeting them in my bed, I finally find the peace which arises from touching the aches of those who seek to submit you to their word. Whenever I reach out into the fog of my future, they whisper in my ear, "Here, let me tell you stories about this path," and in it, I die in an alley, or at the age of thirty-two, and there are so many stories of my devastation to toss me in nightmares but a life indoors is not a life worth fulfilling, so I smoke to ease my lungs and sit in the darkness in which I have for so long lived, and begged deliverance from. Is such a life worth living? After years of feeling the pain of these men, the answer that keeps coming from me is yes, yes, a million times yes—and there is nothing absurd about it. So I keep dancing and remember over and over again, each time anew, Audre Lorde's [proclamation](#) that "The white fathers told us, I think therefore I am; and the black mothers in each of us – the poet – whispers in our dreams, I feel, therefore, I can be free."

I guess some version of that will be my thesis for my professor's paper. And also to not turn away from your own stories in your search for GOD. At least for too long.

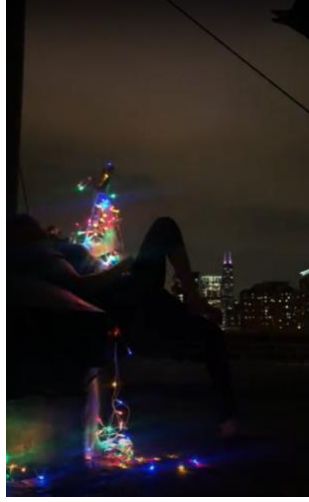


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वायुर् अनिलम् अमृतम् अथेदं भस्मान्तं शरीरम् ।
 ओं क्रतो स्मर कृतं स्मर क्रतो स्मर कृतं स्मर ॥ १७ ॥

*May my vital forces merge into the immortal breath; then may my
 body be reduced to ashes.*

Om! O mind! Remember; your good deeds, remember!

Isha Upanishad (Mantra 17)

I dance this dance of death as Isha instructs me, Who interprets all of existence through the interplay of Purusha and Prakriti, the Happily-Witnessing God and his All-Powerful Goddess, He for whom She dances, and their eternal dance: the androgynous perfect form, the transcendental, the Great Mediator, the hyphen between the Self-nonSelf...the *non-thing thing*, the Whole Truth, which the Vedas say can only be described as "Not this, not that! How Great You must be!"

I dance this dance of negation as Isha guides me, and by it, I synthesize parallel worlds so as to reveal all Law.

Because let's be honest: do my stories reveal no psychosexual conflict underpinning the Rise of the Right? Only a fool would think so. Even if psychosexual conflict explains only a small part of Trump's rise, even if I—in my blindness—have grabbed only the elephant's balls, is it still not a part worth looking at, especially considering the outsized influence the balls have upon the movement of the elephant? Behind Trumpy *humph*'s and *hee-haw*'s for Law & Order, there exists another force, one which lays bare the reality that they will not stop their grunting even if they attain their dreamed-of nation. Only mothering can placate them. Reclaiming the erotic pleasures of powerlessness, I've found, is the only real salvation for my Trumpies, for as Gilles Deleuze and Félix Guattari wrote decades ago in their landmark text, *Anti-Oedipus*:

The truth is that sexuality is everywhere: in the way that a bureaucrat fondles his records, a judge administers justice, a businessman causes money to circulate; in the way the bourgeoisie fucks the proletariat; and so on. And there is no need to resort to metaphors, any more than for the libido to go by way of metamorphoses. Hitler got the fascists sexually aroused. Flags, nations, armies, banks get a lot of people aroused.^x

Law Professor Storyhaters know this, too, but they exert much effort hiding it. So I dance with them, so as to reveal their Law.

My seventh Trumpy's profile said he was friendly, and bi, and desperate for company. His profile picture was a selfie but with his face scratched out. He picked me up in an elementary school parking lot and took me in his car, drove around and around and around the neighborhood. Smoking a cigarette, he told me about his love for Adderall and preference for blow as he swerved in the street trying to look at me. He was a new lawyer who helped defend police departments in brutality cases. Loved porn. Hated Stormy Daniels.

Smiling goofily, he told me about how cool it was to draft a motion to dismiss a case brought by a “cracked-up” mother who lost a limb during a police raid of her house. The cops just wanted her kid’s drugs, you see. The mother had ran up the stairs to see what was going on and her limb got blasted off. My man told me he had absolutely no sympathy for those kinds of people, that he would rather save his sympathies for “others.” (He did not specify whom.) I told him that was sad, that the poorest of the poor, that’s where Christ is, that his sympathies were misplaced. He said that he was neither religious nor a socialist, and I added, “then not American either.” “America isn’t socialist,” he said. “But it is Christian,” I replied, and to that he nodded, and smiled, and said, “Yes, it is.”

He drove me around. I did not touch him during the ride. We told each other how good it was that we could be chilling together while working on totally opposite sides. He said there was just too much anger. When he dropped me off where he first picked me up, he asked me with that fucked-up look in his eyes if I would be around tomorrow. I told him no. I was going to the city. But maybe when I’m back, he asked, we could blaze up properly? Yeah, yeah, I said, as I rose from the seat. I did not kiss him, or touch him, but I did give him a smile as I walked away, with him as my last.

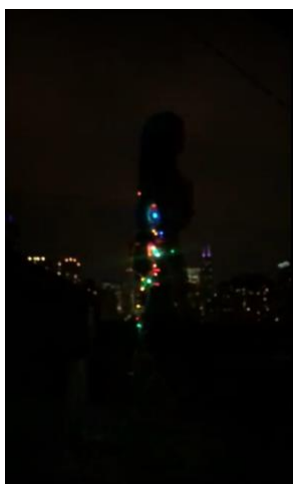


Photo taken by De’eric Fisher.

अग्ने नय सुपथा राये अस्मान् विश्वानि देव वयुनानि विद्वान् ।
युयोध्य् अस्मज् जुहुराणम् एनो भूयिष्ठां ते नम उक्तिं विधेम ॥ १८ ॥

*O Fire of Stomach, lead us by the good path that we may enjoy
the fruits of our good deeds.
Thou knowest all our deeds. Lord, destroy the deceitful sin in us.
We salute Thee with our words again and again.*

Isha Upanishad (Mantra 18)

Late at night or early in the morning, I go outside and watch from my rooftop, a warrior at wait. It is not the darkness which hurts as I stare at the brightening sky, the night feels *good*; the Womb. Mother. The light—that is what hurts—but behind the light I see Someone. Predawn with chirping birds. Radiant as the sun is He, and just as invisible. Sovereign.

He who decides the exception is but a caricature; Sovereign is she who facilitates him—for where the women go, the men will follow. Maybe that's the story I've been searching for with all these men, why they come to me after realizing, fearing, that Nature is not supposed to walk on one leg only; the scapegoat they've built cultures on, peacocked for spouses through, taught their children to rage against. They took me at night as their reward for denying me during the day. As for me, I felt these men recognized me, and, wondering if they were strong enough to love me, I let them in. After which they hurt me, seeing things in me I never recognized, begging me to heal them. So I do, at least for a moment, after which they leave me, hurt and alone. And I'm tired, tired beyond all else. I long for stronger men.

Anyway, I've come outside because I'm tired of such things. My head hurts, and I have so many other things that still need wondering.

Like my own paper.

Like how I can share my stories in these professional halls.

Wondering whether my bodybuilding professor will dismiss my paper as just another boxcar in the endless train of students hitting on him.

Wondering whether he is a Storyhater. (But he does not seem to be; whenever I tell stories in class his interest is not facetious, and he often leaps at opportunities to tell stories of his own. But maybe in writing, maybe in writing, he is...after all, if I have learned anything, it is that a love for storytelling does not ensure that the lover will not strangle the Storyteller. Surely, even Kant loved a good bar tale.)

I sit in the wake of a long day and a longer night, one which will see the rise and fall of nations as oceans change borders and migrations change cultures. As the earth quakes, so does the nation, and so too does my stomach. A lot of the fears I have of the morning are mythic, of course, but these are White Alpha Men's stories. Law. And so logic still tells me to get scared. Lana del Rey's music soothes me, though.

I see all the Jew-skeptic, Black-fearing, tranny-fucking Trumpies talking eloquently about how "the lack of respect for Law & Order is the main thing" as they vote for the man who has never submitted to neither Law nor Woman. I see them chattering happily as the world outside them burns.

The harder this nation denies its mother tongue, the harder its men will push into me and my girls, and the greater violence we will face. As [Fred Moten asked](#) NYU's GSAS Colloquium in November 2020: "For what if violence is just this continual refusal to leave anyone alone?" Faced with the brute logics of a colorless worldview, is sacred poetry the only protection our souls have?

Without it, I see genocide in our future.

But right now, outside, there is peace.

Dance, dissolve, just disappear already....

*“Now it's been years since I left New York
I've got a kid and two cats in the yard
The California sun and the movie stars
I watch the skies getting light as I write, as I
think about those years
As I whisper in your ear
I'm always going to be right here
No one's going anywhere.”*

- Lana del Rey, “[How to disappear](#).”

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