

The Market will take care of It

—lights up. enter Abraham—

he bounds through these enormous, deeply carved, medieval looking, partially opened wooden doors, finely etched with scrollwork—gothic looking figures, babylonian lions pawing the air, reared upon their hind legs—striding into a greco revival portico stretched across twelve fat gargantuan concrete windswept columns partially cloaked in black—soot, spread like melted ionian butter covering them from capital to elevated pedestal. his equine stride gathers a cloud of tangy, musty, biblical air long cleaved to the walls, ceilings, and floor, a thousand years in the making, a thousand years trapped within the confines of history, a rush of air hovering him. who is this guy? do we know him? is he the prophet? how now?! perhaps one of America's leading CEO's? prominent Robber Baron? famous politician? royalty to his country's throne? first in war, first in peace, first in the mind's of his countrymen, presidente, executive director of the steering committee, commissioner of some great American pastime? all of the above? his stride, a millennium in length, takes him into a sea of media. ah, perhaps he is godfather to an entire nation? ombudsman to the people? whoever he is, he is immediately surrounded, and straightaway besieged by reporters from around the globe, clambering up the steps like uncertain donkeys, dwarfed by the gargantuan columns as they are weighed down by cameras, video booms, guys with heavy pads and huge two storied pens, and pencils. almost to a man, each and everyone pauses an instant, taking a quick breath—*damn this air*—hoping to identify the smell—on cue, as he enters their huddled phalanx, left arms extended forward in the likeness of a flamingo, microphones held tirelessly, waiting for what seems a biblical eternity, held in the sweaty palms of their news hawk hands, the group, as one, stretching in a beautifully choreographed dance, forward, reaching for the mouth of Abraham—that's who it is—anywhere really, they can stick their apparati and capture his oh so precious words. what moment is this in his(tory)?

Mr. Abraham. how now!? can it be? yes, it be, it is he standin' in front of one of the most prominent edifices in dis here land called by de name America, long regarded by technocrats as one of the vaunted architectural symbols of the very curious, but altogether obscure relationship America has encouraged and supported financially, as well as through its extensive, more often

than not surreptitious network of glad-handing, since the end of one of those world wars, the enigmatic, but exceedingly profitable, oh, and highly prized, and therefore, yes, much sought after, even if idiosyncratic and often troubling, relationship between university and defense department-hike! these two, university and department of defense, have often found themselves abed, since, well, since the first day of school. as much guile as the university enjoys exerting to have john and joan q. public, and their children—little jeffrey and jenny the penny, ginny and jack—(make) believe the university's existence is pure and inviolably academic, dedicated entirely to learning—of course—teaching—by all means—imparting knowledge— unquestionably—passing from this generation to the next the great—the greatest—mysteries of life, their historically inscrutable relationship with the state reflects otherwise, and casts their status in the same opaque light of big business—another great mystery—revealing not a twit of difference between their doings and those of corporate America, not to mention the exact same slip sliding prevaricating songs both sing when caught with their pants down, *lksdjflkdjflkdjf;d*.

(how ironic) Saint Paul's cathedral, emblazoned—forever and always, amen—in the enormous panes of glass looming over the gathering, observing every nuance of activity on the broad expanse of terraced limestone. poo hoo, the church. the church has been sorrowfully displaced. certainly not hot news. no, it's been steadily declining in its hold since...well, the beginning, since mint replaced wafer. i'm sure they saw it coming if they gave circumstances the thoughtfulness they deserved, though, perhaps they simply did not believe they would be so thoroughly unseated from the triumvirate, misreading the spirit of our forefathers, and their historical antecedents, but once the seed called Madison Avenue was planted, well, the church became impotent, as helpless as a lamb, a fugitive to its own creation. once that seed was planted the church was asked again and again to make room, and once germinated, well, this new plant began to grow, thrive in fact, going about its natural business with lust, hunger and thirst, and the church, well, having made room as it was asked, eventually, it was hung out to dry (in some cornfield in middle of America, shuckin' and jivin' for a livin') become a straw man, a scarecrow, fallen from grace, having once been a powerful New England preacher sermonizing eloquently about our place in the so called garden, can now only speak-sing with stuttering lisp, "i, i, i helped pave the way for those people to enter this co, country. le le look how they've ca

cast me me aside, to the, to the Border, re re re rele ga_tingme to the back fforty, 'cause they they they think they they they don't need me to go glo go go glo_bal. they think i don't advertise well... well i'm gonna fight ba back. i'm gonna, i'm gonna use the too tools they gave me..the electronic, robotic, super highway, big screen t t v. just like they st stole from me preaching about family, salvation and com_munity...the domain of the church for two thousan two thousand years—i'll u use interactive absolu_tion—tha that'll tha that'll set them on their ears. absolution..." yes, absolutely.

the day is bright. sun fills the wide avenue. cars pass. passengers stare. some swivel sideways to have a better look. a bit of a breeze wafts through the air. it is fast becoming warmish. Mr. Abraham is wearing a dark woolen suit. in less than an hour this garment will be thoroughly soaked. he is already getting hot under the collar. the stabbing motion of the microphones don't help. they draw his weary attention to his discomfort. this is not a new situation. not at all. this is old hat, a tired pair of boots, something he has never grown accustomed to, though he puts up with it, better now than before, but the ritual does wear him out, and painfully so. it worries him. keeps him up late at nite, adds another cup or two of coffee to his day. aggravates his ulcer, and damn it, no amount of preparation or perspiration seems to provide the necessary breathing room around the collar he hopes for—and his hopes go back fer chrissakes, three, four millennium—it isn't an issue of style anymore. ancient worsted wool is still viable. everything feels tight. the suit, the stickiness of the arrow collar, the claustrophobic corridor he's just walked through—hell, he plain doesn't like being stuck in this maelstrom, his sphincter balled up holding his bladder while he's besieged by a phalanx of media, all kindsa apparati pokin', and bobbin' about in front of him. over the years he's learned to rely on mantras to keep these folks at bay. the one contrived for this occasion is an excellent line, he irritatingly muses, as he states it for the fourth time, "the market will take care of it," hoping this declaration will simply put an end to all the nonsense. *the market will take care of it.* indeed, the market takes care of things, many things. most things? every-thing? well, that remains to be seen. quite often, even if ex post facto, the market does seem, praesto, to take of care of things we never expect from it. for instance, the recent reference made by some muckety-muck CEO on one of early morning America's radio news stations, his glib tongue, blithely stated, "i'm quite

confident the market will take care of the current brouhaha over corporate salary caps,” giving the idea-concept-aphorism ballyhooed creditability, so he assumes, hopes, it’s what he was told by the boys in marketing, as if his saurian statement was from the lips of some classical scholar with a wealth of obscure scientific evidence to provide, simply stating the obvious to reassure everyone within earshot, in this case an entire continent, *there is nothing to worry about, the market will take care of it. have faith.* there is of course the strange teleological kick in the backside a belief like this offers. i mean, ya gotta admit, capitalism, the market capitalism practiced in the land of *milk and honey*, is inextricably intertwined with god, democracy, goodness, rightness, righteousness, rightness, that sort of thing. in the Promised Land, it appears as if the market does take care of everything. that’s *a good thing*, isn’t that right? we can rely on this, isn’t that right? we can build our lives around it. have faith it’s something we can pass along from one generation to the next. the guy in the worsted woolen suit, perhaps because he has lived this philosophy day in and day out for millennia, when others abandoned it, or simply paid lip service to it, as their brokerage accounts rose, or dropped precipitously, thinks of the market more or less anachronistically—after all he is from another era—thinking of the market as an old fashioned washing device, a ringer, the entire market, all market places, all market forces finding their way into its series of rollers, water spinning and spinning, inevitably finding its way down the drain, the entire market rolled clean. what about the lint? whatya we do with the lint?

“let me tell you about that” Abraham begins, “let me tell you something...i was sent to this land, and i’ve made this land..good...i’ve made it my own, and i’ve done so for my children, and my children’s children...i was tested—many times—but my destiny was to gain—land, wealth...prestige, and power, so that i could be in a position to help people, provide a place for people in need to come, offer a helping hand, reach out and pull those with less, or those with nothing, up out of their pain, and suffering, and bring them into the fold. when we arrived, we saw the land which lay before us, and it was good. there was nothing here. we circumcised ourselves from the past and we moved inch by inch across it, foot by aching foot, holding no longer to our apron strings, but inexorably moving forward day by day, year after year, from the sandy shores of one sea, toward the salt, brine, and rocky coast of another. this was demanded of

us, so that we might gain our rightful inheritance, and fulfill our covenant...i stand before you, the father of a multitudinous nation which has spread itself in all four directions. we are a good people. we are a great people. my seed has made the land exceedingly fruitful. i have multiplied from sea to shining sea. i have erected myself—everywhere. it has been as it was foretold. the effort has been great, far greater than i ever imagined, but it has been necessary work; it has been good work; god's work; fruitful work. it has been the work of salvation.”

Reporter A, “mr. president, your royal highness, most reverend sir, rebbe, do you believe, or are you in any way an adherent of evolution?”

Reporter B, “i had the impression you were a staunch supporter of creative design...” voice rising in volume as the other reporters clamor for Abrahams's attention, “...according to remarks attributed to you...” he is cut off by Abraham.

“the market will take care of it, plain and simple. don't you guys know nothin'! historically, faster rates of change overtake those processes which change at a slower rate, alter and transform them, forever. call this as you must. it behooves those in the throes of change to accept the inevitable, modify their behavior and become part of the future. the faster wheel always overtakes the slower. look at what we've done again and again throughout our history.”

Reporter C, “sir, what do you think of the alleged misappropriation of funds...”

Abraham, “very unfortunate, very unfortunate, but i think the market will take care of it, don't you? it will have no choice.”

Reporter B, “in light of recent allegations...”

Abraham, “you can be rest assured...”

Reporter C, “...republicans are falling one by one...”

Abraham, “the market will take care of them, all of them!”

everyone, at once, “can you talk about the current investment climate...”

“allow me to answer your questions in this manner: today the investment landscape is undergoing unprecedented change as increasing globalization leads to a more interdependent world. the increasing ubiquity of internet access for instance, is enabling far more efficient information dissemination, and capital deployment, increasing worldwide competition, while encouraging a rapid spread of free-market capitalism. as a result of these powerful dynamic

forces, globalization is pro-lif-erating, forcing multi-national companies to improve logistics, outsource their labor and streamline raw material acquisition. all this will allow them to capitalize enormously on the rising global consumerism. the market will see to it. the market *will* take care of everything, of that i have no doubt. thank you for your time.”

—Abraham begins to leave...the reporters move in for the kill...everyone **Freezes**—

how now! indeed! by all means. bet yer bottom dollar. the market, the holy market, the only market, all others idolatry, It, It will take care of ev-er-y, and yes any, my friend, and all thing a ling a ding, dang, dong, there ain't nothin', not a ting the market cannot do—walla walla bing bang, dat's right! and you can take that to the bank, first thing in the morning, last thing at nite. the market can stand on its head till kingdom come if need be; the market can twiddle its thumbs, tweedle dee, tweedle dum. the market is present, yes it is, morning noon and dark overcast nighty night after night. the market is larger than life. the market is life. perhaps the market is yes, life. yeah. perhaps the market takes care of It! don't we know this to be true? don't we believe this to be true? don't we we throw our hands up and cry oy oy oy, 'there's nothing i can do. this is beyond me. the market will (have to) take care of it.' the collective market, the global market, mark to market, the collection of we, the us of the world, consciousness, all gathered together under the world's canopies, awnings, it's metal or wooden, bamboo or thatch coverings, where mounds of food, fruit, baskets, cartons, crates, ceramic or woven dishes are piled eye level, where they hold apples, carrots, parsnips, radishes, root crops pulled, tapers left, eyes staring, looking about from their crates, avocados, peppers, long, short, hot, sweet, bell shaped like balls, variously colored, litmus for their strength, onions, garlic, rounds and rounds of 'em, each, and everywhere, car parts, categorized and arranged, oranges, piled just right, shoes, glasses, sweaters, rows and rows of mufflers side by side laid, merchandise, piles of linen, patterns of lace, dried goods, herbs, rugs hanging, thick piled, short haired, who can count the threads, laid out, end to end, on top of one another, rolled up, rolled out, 'have a look meester', in neighborhood stands, some enchanted evening, in the heat of the already oppressive morning, with flies hovering, where throngs gather, haggling, stealing, waving, hands, nodding heads, pointing, fists, bony fingers, fat fingers, feeling, pressing fingers, holding, exclaiming, intoning, exchanging, money, bartering dearly, bitterly, with smiles, while sittin' and sippin' tea in a hirsute

tent in some back alley, in the middle of a desert, a deserted parking lot in jakarta, indonesia, weighing all the stuff of this world in the palms of brown, black, red, or yellow hands across the vast dynamo of our lives...el mercado, il mercatus, the market, It stretches itself round the equatorial belly of the world, as merchants from malaya to india, the great subcontinent, to arabia and morocco, to the deserts and jungles of mexico, over the waves, the endless waves, to polynesia, mystic abyssinia, 'round and 'round, and all the marketeers hear the same mournful wails in the covered bazaar of jerusalem, as they hear thousands and thousands of miles away in the depths of benares, holy capital of the world, one market, fellahin, indians, indigenous, around the world, wailing, laughing, yelling, musing, rubbing, one against the other, humanity enacting itself, the same, the very same everywhere, and no different for civilized peoples north and south of the tropics, though their sounds, posture, and gestures be, it is the same procession down the aisle whether it be acted out indoors rather than outside in the open air, between raindrops, the wind, heat waves, inside boardrooms, sipping hot coffee from styrofoam cups, tea, carbonated beverages in alumineum cans, rather than freshly squeezed fruit drinks, air conditioned places, where the temperature the conditions the outcome is controlled—you better believe It—centers of decorum, where hands are raised, lips pursed, produce is wrapped and tagged, where phone calls are made, just one minute, a minute, i need to speak to my broker, my in between man, some middleman, intermediary, all very civilized, gentlemanly, cultured, sophisticated, enlightened, educated, the only concession to chaos, random living and real life, is the standing, hour after hour, all day, sweating, balling up, throwing down, ripping, tearing, and shredding paper into bits and pieces, piles and piles, paper, torn tickets, laying on a floor painted over by the debris, buying, selling, dealmaking, their stock trade, no different though, not a bit, not a twit, not a limit order different than the hawkers, vendors, connivers, hoodwinkers everywhere around the round world. it is the same market place, the very same...and this market place gathered up across the globe into a single consciousness, is aware of itself, observant, keen, intelligent. this market, this entirety of all that transpires across the electro kinetic interdependent dynamo, whole of what's happening around the planet, all the deals, nods, raised eyebrows, all the orders, all of it, is understood with clarity and vision, and mark me, prescience, by a prophetic divinary entirely capable of '...looking for a necessary...correction', or 'a drop in the dow in light

of...recent news...' because It has 'already taken *that* into account', and not for personal or sentimental reasons, but because 'the market always takes care of it'. yes! the market will take care of it because this is the world we live in, the world we inhabit, the world we have raised our children in, the world our children will remake, fabricating themselves in the market place in their own manner, Amen!

can it be any other way? certainly not if you were to premise your journey across a vast desert, an even more immeasurable ocean, on the rationale you and yours, The Elect, alone were foreordained, appointed and predestined to fulfill god's good covenant here on earth, and return the land to its true, vital and necessary theocracy, and bring to this new land god's promise, commandments and laws. it should be quite easy then to understand, if your compass took you properly west, and you wound up in a very unspoiled, pristine, unencumbered, moldable, virgin paradise. logically i mean, it would make perfect sense for the intrinsic philosophy underlying the covenant you had with your god, to be extended immeasurably, in all directions, unencumbered and without boundary. in fact, it would be a veritable sign if you and yours living in this new land, this New World, this fecund paradise, were fruitful, and multiplied, and spread without end across the landscape (and with little resistance no less—what's a few heathens after all?) for generations and generations, so that in the end (or the beginning of every new generation) you were entirely Right, (in the first place) for doing god's work, that is, fulfilling god's promise, your destiny. and underlying all this fruitfulness, this multiplication and endless spreading, the premise for the work as you went about your business was this extraordinarily basic, practical understanding that *the market, the market, the market will take care of everything*, plainly and clearly an extension of your basic belief, the covenant, the promise, and, mark me, as god's Elect here on earth, the privileges allowed you, right? is that not the way you have held yourself, walked about, moved again and again westerly, as if you were given full entitlement to the land, and all that inhabited the land, its natural resources, the water, the very air, and above all, its markets, and not solely within the borders of this New Jerusalem, but once your City Upon the Hill was firmly established, everywhere, everywhere you had an interest to extend yourself, everywhere and anywhere around the globe. yes, yes, Amen!

if the market will take care of it sounds as though it replaces you know who with money, not in the least. at the very heart of democratic capitalism, pumping heartily, with great vigor, and a sense of deep satisfaction, and in the most unknowable, inscrutable, prescient manner, behind, nope, within, every scene, there It is, you know who. where once there was the almighty, there is now, well, there is still the almighty, the almighty market.

CEO, “here we are twenty five degrees west, less than three hundred years later, and everything from the bread basket east is under our control. never thought it would go so quickly. obviously you know who is on our side, plowing the way, allowing us to forge ahead.”

Banker, “i’m genuinely impressed myself. quite amazing indeed.”

Madison Avenue, “gentlemen, are you prepared for the next phase?”

Banker, “well, my bank and i stand prepared. we’re ready to fund the largest conversion of land to crop in the history of mankind.”

Madison Avenue, “and what sayest thou?”

CEO, “first, it’s gonna take railroads. we’ll need track, lots of track. then there’s the issue of water. plenty of water. wells’ll need to be drilled for irrigation, dams built, hydro-electric plants, nuclear facilities. that sort of thing. i’ve got solid connections on the Hill. we’re prepared to bring on all kinds a new fangled ways to keep ‘em tied—the steel plow, the twine binder, barbed wire, mechanized equipment—combines, harvesters. you name it, and i think we’ve got it.”

Banker, “even if the average farmer can retain his land, after all the fences are thrown his way, the mortgages they’ll need to take out on their land to keep up with farming in the 21st c., ‘ll keep ‘em lined up like ducks, tied, but not at all attached.”

Madison Avenue, “for them to lose their independence entirely, you will also need to control the lines of distribution to market. you mentioned the railroads, but don’t forget the market place itself, particularly the always unstable international market.”

CEO, “they’ll have to sell their crops through us, period.”

Madison Avenue, “very good. excellent. gentlemen, i see you’ve given the mission the critical thought it deserves. my job will be to soften the impact of your work. the American public will think everything is hunky-dory. when we’re finished, precious few farmers will be

working the land and of these...they'll be working for you. but mark me, above all, the American dream will be kept in tact.”

—rewind tape of opening scene: Abraham exits through the immense wooden doors in **slow motion**, into the portico, again and again. the faint echo of *in the end, the market will take care of everything*, can be heard—

“i am so tired. i need to lay me down. sweet Jesus, Jehovah, i just wanna lay upon your breast...” and that’s where they found him, laying upon the fertile ground he knew naught of, having just been catapulted upon it, his ship crashing into the rocky coast, splintering in the spume, upon the rocks, leaving him weary and without, laying upon the ground, the very ground which soon enough would succor him and his, curled in fetal position, leaves and such, the detritus of that part of the earth half covering his near dead carcass. when they awakened him he sputtered incoherently, “my name is Abraham...i come from another land...i was told to go forth from my native soil, and raise my tent here...in this land, the land of promise, where my generations will be many, where my tent will always remain open...i have done as i was told...i have taken a wife. her name is Sarah. after many years she will give birth to our children...” he fell into a stupor. they brought this man and the woman laying nearby upon the ground, cold, hungry, and weary from their arduous journey, beyond weariness really, on the verge of death, brought them amongst their people. they brought them to where they lived, deep in the forest, high upon the land, away from the racket of the market place, away from the coast where they found these *wapayachik*, to a high green place overlooking the sea, these people, these white folk, who had come from the dawn sea, *wapekunchi*.

“...the market will take care of everything. thank you, thank you for your time,” glancing to the street, the street (oy, he can’t wait)...his selfless man holds the car door agape...