

THE FISHER OF THE JAMES

February 25, 2023

Dear Friend,

Here is the recording and script of my performance of *The Fisher of the James*, a song cycle written and performed after Kathleen and I came to Richmond, Virginia from Norman, Oklahoma in 2011. I performed it in several venues around town in 2012, one of which was the Church of the Holy Comforter, where we made many friends. Unlike the operas, there is not a full score for this work. Instead, I prepared a lead sheet from which to improvise the accompaniment. (Please let me know if you'd like to have a copy.) One of Mashkinonge's newsletters is also attached.

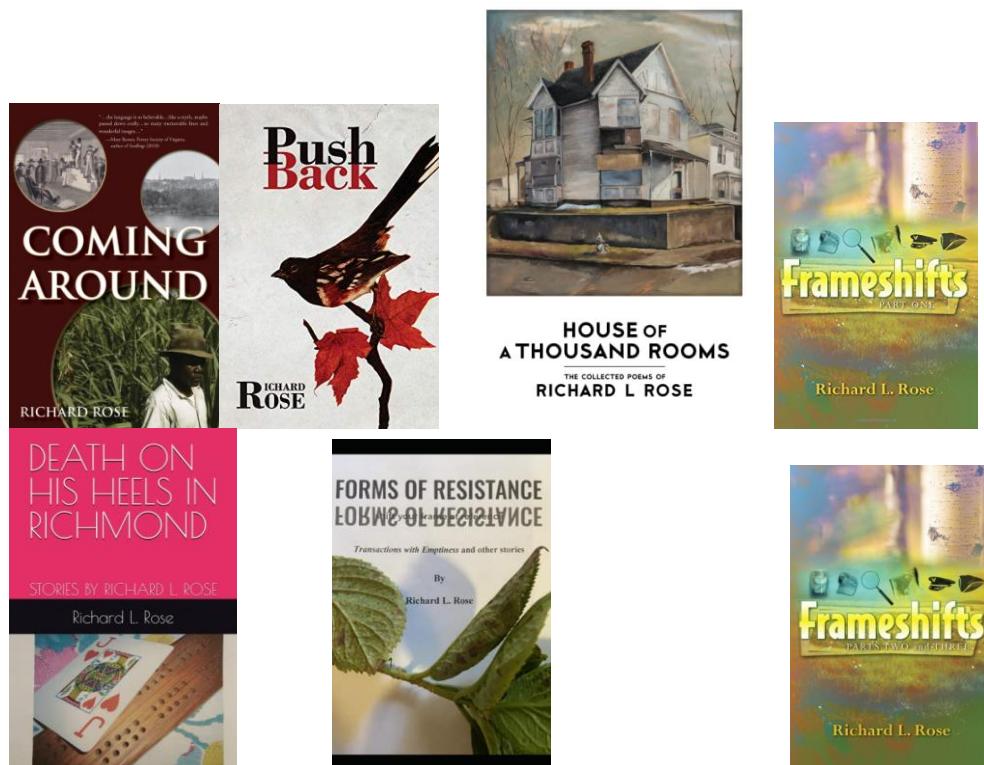
Musical quotations in the work include the spiritual, "Hammerin'," an English colonial tune about a thirsty fly, and passing references to "Tenting Tonight." I have undoubtedly omitted something. Perhaps it is worth noting that "Just Enough" began as an improv on Waller's "Ain't Misbehavin'."

The CD was recorded in my studio. I think that it is good for headphone-listening.

Libretto for *The Fisher of the James* is now in my poetry anthology, *House of a Thousand Rooms*.

Peace,

Richard L. Rose <https://www.amazon.com/author/richardrose>



Script for Program

Welcome to this performance of poetry spoken and sung. My name is Richard Rose and I am the one responsible.

Poets

like so many leaves
are all of them
crackling with desire
to be consumed—
but by a cupped ear
in perfect silence. (FS Bk2 p.220).

So please turn off mobile devices. Thanks.

My writing and music are works of folk art, which is said to be “art created by people who live below the level of historical scrutiny.” (Roger Butterfield, 1983) Except that I’m still here. So scrutinize. I produce **Local Music for Local Causes**. For donations at the Exhibit Table, you can receive some of my books or music. All donations will be given to **Caritas Works**, a local training program to help homeless people find good jobs. Also, free information is available about other local organizations seeking to make a gentle transition to a more humane and sustainable society. Maybe one of these organizations has a message for you. Have a look.

Today’s poems fish for messages in rivers, lakes, and oceans. Like anglers, poets are always fishing for ideas below the surface of events, feeling for hidden moves, listening for hidden voices:

Use the pole.

What should I expect to catch
or resurrect
if I sit out this unwatched game
with time to touch or miss my aim?

Should I throw out the line
or wait until the bobbing sign
can dive deeper than I see—
are my chances one in three?
(FS Bk2, p.257)

Like antennas, we continually receive messages from our inner and outer worlds. Mediators try to listen and report. Our job is to express and explain and thereby make gentler the transitions to new worlds.

In this work of expression and explanation, I am one of hundreds of mediators. James Hansen in 1983 mediated a message from the Earth to a Congressional committee, as Bill McKibben in his books and three-fifty movement has done since then, about the consequences of 200 years of building our civilization on fossil fuels. In the second

volume of my book of stories, called *Frameshifts*, I wrote about another **weather prophet** named Avery Crawley who preaches:

All things on earth shall pass away
 as grazing aphids from the milkweed green,
 or obsidian beetles in the dark,
 ten-legged lines from ever-fingering touch,
 or icon from belief, or firefly swim
 of stars from awe or hope or love.

Men in their shallow grids, worn tracks of love
 slick chutes and passages for get-away,
 insular housings, marked lanes to swim,
 marked meadows to enjoy, and lawns for green,
 reach out and feel the cool degrading touch;
 look in, through a chink, at the seething dark.
 (FS Bk. 2 p.231)

In those days before the flood
 they were eating and drinking
 and giving in marriage
 and they did not know until the flood
 came and swept them all away.
 You hear that?
 We are living in deficit times.
 Appetites and pride have outstripped resources.
 But Correction is coming.
 Correction and re-alignment. (FS Bk 2 p.36)

So preaches Avery Crawley, the evangelistic biochemist and charismatic trash collector who is the Supreme Prophet of the Salvage. The Salvage cult uses corporate law, federal funding, and genetic engineering to become one of the first regions to secede from a federation exhausted by foreign wars and inept attempts to reclaim the eastern seaboard from a rising ocean. Fairall, a small Northern Virginia community, becomes the center of the Salvage, with its Board of Faith and Practice, its own currency (not unlike Berkshares), and its own mercenary army. It's all in the book.

The stories in *Frameshifts* are about shifting frames of attention, shifting frames of reference, shifting genres, scenes, and characters. They were written before Steven Dinan's Shift Network commanded us to make "an evolutionary shift of consciousness" to a "more enlightened society built on principles of sustainability, peace, health, and prosperity."

Whether you're interested in a whodunit, a lost missile launch code, the sinister results of the petty politics of town councils and school boards, genetic engineering gone awry, or a utopian reform of agriculture and society that seems almost

too perfect, then these stories may be for you. *Frameshifts* is for readers who enjoy getting lost in a strange new territory.

When people ask why I write poems and music only to give them away, I sometimes say that it's to make a connection, even though:

*What it becomes is like a touch
both feel, but each unequally:
the giver who would gain too much,
the taker, who gives sparingly.* (FS Bk2 p. 265)

But really I do it because I can't imagine not doing it—like breathing or praying. The signals coming from around and within are too insistent. Annunciations surround us. Transitions have already begun. As mediators, we try to make transitions easier for others but it takes a frameshift, a change or shift of mind to accept the message.

In this regard, I like Avery Crawley's definition of prayer (*Put on accordion.*), which describes these shifts of mind as a kind of mental walk or cognitive procession:

Prayer, he says, is sustained attention and creative engagement, collaborative and personal, leading to a cognitive procession from fate to will, ignorance to understanding, grasping to acceptance, waste to salvage, fear to hope, opportunism to compassion, exclusion to inclusion and partial work to soul work. (FS Bk 2 p.38)

In other words: Meditating on the nature of things leads to an orderly procession, not a rout, calm and concerted action, not panic. A community, not a mob.

After the performance, please examine some of the literature from local organizations, like the *Citizens' Climate Control Lobby*, *Sierra Club*, and *Transitions Group*. They are taking action on the signals we're getting from the Earth to make our culture what we need and want it to be..

Here's a prayer for a shift of mind, composed in the form of a French waltz or *musette* about protozoa and other sea creatures swirling in the ocean:

Lord, please do not disclose your will.
Do not disclose your will.
To range like protists radial
in timeless water, make sluggish natures
reel, reel, reel and be swirled.
Unfold no plan of yours
but show how you explore the world.

*Je n'peux pas penser à quitter le monde
sans que je vous annonce*

*que nous n'avons que cette vie
sur la terre et l'onde.
Alors, c'est ce que je pense—
C'est ce que je pense:
Accordez l'attention.
Accordez bien l'attention.*

Don't stop the sun on our behalf.
More slowly turn us, make us laugh.
Make welcome, sharp, and singular
the kiss by chance, the meals more regular.
Suffice these signs to show your presence.

Lord, please do not disclose your will.
Do not disclose your will. . . etc.
(*FS p.320, Bk 2*)

During childhood, I moved around the country with my family, who came from Ft. Worth, Texas, or “Cow Town,” on the Trinity River, where the oil industry took over from the stockyards.

Some businesses you have to mind,
like those near Cow Town,
where I came from.
Now *us* they lead to slaughter.

Not all of us, of course.
Not all at once.
The top execs
expect some to survive.

An islander pulls out, moves on,
lives on roots,
builds oxcarts.

So shift your assets to oxen. (From *Marking Time*)

I was back in the Southwest last summer. You may recall the drought and wildfires in Oklahoma.

A propane tank popped
twenty feet to crater
bedroom and kitchen, leap
the berm and railroad track
sending swords of flame
dancing on end and falling
like straight pins into a cushion.

Someone saw a stranger
tossing burning newspapers
from a van. No straying
mustang race of sparks,
this wildfire had a mind
behind it—mostly human.

Less accidental, wild,
and uncontrollable than
unforeseen, the heat
we feel these days raced free
since Coronado, wheeled west
and east in conquest, scorched
coasts; tipped pack-ice, drowning
equally all the views
on what or whom to blame.

(From *Marking Time*)

Most of my poems and writing are about Virginia, where I've lived more than forty years. For several years, I studied shellfish populations in our estuaries, like the estuary of the Rappahannock, the subject of the next song, a kind of biography.

Rappahannock (*in Eb*)

In mem FLR, Sr b. 9/27/92

I have left the plains
where the horned toads hide
under weathered boards,
under bluebonnet skies
for the eastern hills
where the black snakes glide
out of white oak stumps
to the river side.

Rappahannock waters, your fingers play
all the tunes of fields and runs
from your orchard slopes to your cord-grass banks,
from white water to the Bay.

My father's father stayed and built
on lands where dust devils stole the silt
and the Trinity cut a sandy path
to the gulf from the scrub oak stands.

And the times were hard (*C m*)
but the house kept hold
under blue bonnet skies,
under rain and cold,
and their songs were sung
and their stories told
and the live-oak trees grew old.

Rappahannock waters, your fingers play
all the tunes of fields and runs
from your orchard slopes to your cord-grass banks
from white water to the Bay.

From East Texas sand
from East Texas sky
we were spread as seeds by wind
and in scattered fall
as if shattered all
our separate lives we tend.

But the songs we raise
and the hopes that leap
and sparkle in the sun
gather down from us
under bluebonnet skies

as rivers gather each run.

Rappahannock waters, your fingers play
all the tunes of fields and runs
from your orchard slopes to your cord-grass banks,
from white water to the Bay. (Repeat 8va then come down.)

The Fisher of the James is a version of the Grimms' fairy tale, *The Fisher and his Wife*. The other main character in the story is a magical fish named Mashkinonge, which means "long mask." The fish will explain himself, but you should know that he sometimes changes his mask as he tells the stories of others who have lived on the James River, once called the Powhatan. Now I need someone to play the spring drum. (Explain how.)

(Perform the work.)

The Fisher of the James

Libretto

Richard L. Rose (5/29/2012-12/31/2012)

A fisherman furtively retrieves his fishing pole and tackle box from behind a bush, looking around to see if anyone is watching. He throws the worker's cap from a fast-food restaurant behind the bush, puts on a dirty cap covered with fishing flies and walks away from town toward the river.

Fisher: "Might as well fish, nothing else to do
but wait while a manager molds me for his crew,
or stand on the corner with a sign,
or wait for a handout in a line.

I will follow the river,
watch it splinter and gather
into pools where the muskies¹
catch crayfish and stone flies²;
sunfish splatter, caught grounded
in potholes of granite
where the gulls have been waiting,
where the current is bleeding
in the feeding and fleeing,
dying, grieving, and healing
in the catch, in the drift down.

With the river around me,
I can leave far behind me

¹ *Mashkinonge* Ojibwa word for this kind of pike, *masque allongé* (elongated face) in French, the muskellunge, *Esox masquinongy*. Caught with a four aught hook and thirty pound line, normally in deep water with crankbaits, spoons, and spinner-bucktail combinations, but early in the year sometimes by trolling shallows. Silver greenish, often with vertical black stripes, from 2 to 4 feet, rarely up to 6 feet, and 30-40 lbs., rarely 70 lbs. They shake their heads to be free of hooks, they are only prey to humans. Like other pikes, they are plated and less flexible than other fish, feeding in shallows on anything that will fit their mouths, usually swallowing it headfirst, eg. Frogs, muskrats, crayfish, etc.

² Stone flies, mosquitoes, caddis flies, dobson flies and other insects have aquatic larvae which are particularly abundant in clear, unpolluted streams and are therefore indicators of water quality. Dobson fly larvae, used for bait, are called hellgrammies.

empty days full of carping
and complaining.
A bluegill or a crappie
slipping easily through debts
without any employment,
steady income or gumption,
shows me more about living
than a job-trainer making
always making a living
his long, wearisome lesson.
I will follow the river,
clear and swift, uncomplaining.”

“Here is the place, downstream from Bremo,
last week, a muskie lunged from the water,
me with no pole, tackle or shiners—
nothing for bait. He, seeming to know,
sallied and dived, flourished his caudal
shaking a head big as a shovel.”

“Spinners, four-aught hook,
thirty pound line;
ready now to troll.
Spinners, four-aught hook,
ready to troll shoreline and wait:

Let him nose his way,
finding the bait
shining, minnow-bright,
gill-cover pulse
slight enough to seem
real as a fish.
Come! Come and take my gift!

“Something has stuck—snagged—
My hook is lost—
stuck as I am stuck.

“No! It’s alive!

He struggles and gasps as he tries to reel in the fish.

Pulling, shaking line;
tugging the hook
deeper. Deeper! Pull!

*Now shake it free!
Now pull away!
Bull—not a fish!
One of us dies—
ending ache between us,
ache so taut between us.
One of us dies;
let it be me.
God, what a fish!
Let it be me!"*

Fish: “Not a god, not a fish.”

Fisher: “You speak! What then?”

Fish: “My name is Mashkinonge,
my spirit name, now my only name.
My people swim the river.
We live in eelgrass and sunken trees.
My name’s now Mashkinonge.

“My other people—Haudenosaunee—
gone now, so long ago, bones to smoke,
to clouds, to pale sky shining
for Opekankano³ burned away:
their lives for lives he ended.

*You only know one time.
You only know one place.
You only know one people.
I wear the long mask.*

His people went to white villages,
bringing them deer, smoking kinnikin;
traded and listened to singing.
They listened to English singing:

*“Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could’st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may.
Life is short and wears away.*

³ On March 22, 1622, Opekankano (or Opechancanough) attacked plantations on the James, killing 374 settlers, including John Rolfe. Reprisals were later taken by colonists, although their diseases and tobacco farming took a greater toll. The English song is “The Fly,” first published by George Bickham in a collection, London, 1740, although possibly sung in taverns before this time. Kinnikin is a form of tobacco. Haudenosaunee were not a resident tribe but hunting parties were known in the area.

Life is short and wears away. ”

They listened to English singing,
then slit their soft throats
and clubbed them all.

Opekankano said, “Burn them down!
Clear out a space for new planting.
Sprinkle tobacco to cleanse the land.
Bless it with holy maize pollen.”

But chewing up from their graves beneath the trees,
rattling their death like cicadas,
rising many as the grass,
they came back and fell down upon us.

*You only know one time.
You only know one place.
You only know one people.
I wear the long mask.*

I was asleep in our hunting camp
swimming in dream-time the Powhatan.
Sachem and spirit-fish, I did not wake.
My body burned and my people cried
for me to stay in dream-time.
So I became my dream,
my dream of Mashkinonge.”

“I wear the long mask
and live a mud dream
of hellgrammies, snails
and cities of ash.
Once, women would wade
for Tuckahoe root⁴,
but they come no more.
I wear the long mask.

Fisher:

I may not have a job.
I may not have a place.
But I can do one thing,
fish: I can throw you back!

⁴ *Peltandra virginica*, the arrowroot arum, formerly worked loose by bare feet from streambeds, pounded and dried to remove oxalate toxins, and used as a substitute for acorn flour.

He throws the fish back into the river and kneels to peer into the water.

What is here, in this river?
 What is under the churning,
 ever-flickering surface ?

Are the struggling peoples
 who have lived on the river
 still alive in the turning,
 ever-plundering current?
 Do they watch us and listen?

He returns home. His wife stands on the porch, holding his trainee cap.

Wife:

Your trainer called at noon.
 This time he says you're done.
 And I have had it too
 Unless you've found a fortune.

Fisher:

This time there was a fish—
 no, more than that—a spirit.
 I caught him, saved his life.
 Such power and beauty!
 I watched him swim away.

Wife:

You saved a genie's life?
 What did he offer you?

Fisher:

Why, the sight of him—
 just to know that such things exist!

Wife:

It's just like you to avoid success
 when you hold it in your hand;
 lose your one shot; never even guess
 it slips away like sand.

You should have made this angel
 pay at a stiff rate.
 You should have made your angle
 pay off—or fill our plate.

It's just like you to let luck pass by.
 As I've told you all along,
 you must make your luck. But you don't try.

You always get it wrong.

What you've pulled before—
Gambling—pick three, pick four—
your start-up only needing a giver—
your bet that couldn't fail—

what you've pulled before
never came up from the river
like this fishy tale.

But it's the same—NO SALE.

It's just like you to have overlooked
something simple as a wish.
So as usual, it's us both cooked,
while others clean the dish.

It's just like you to have overlooked
something simple as a wish.
Maybe we're so well off you are hooked
on dreaming like that fish.

Slamming the door, she goes back into the house. The fisher returns to the river.

Fisher:

What is here in this river?
What is under the churning,
ever-flickering surface?

Fish:

Do you come again?

Fisher:

I come with a question.

Fish:

Men always return,
Hoping there's a secret.
Now I tell you, life for life,
how new people came,
settled on the river,
died; other people followed.

Their pigs ran the forest,
dug our corn and gardens;
their houses, tick-tight
on our Mother's skin.

Their roads crossed our trap-lines,
 trails, and spirit places—
 buried in our skin.
 Would you know more?

Fisher:

I would know more.

Fish:

You only know one time.
You only know one place.
You only know one people.
I wear the long mask.

Others in slave ships, two hundred years[◊]
 came up the river. Stealing themselves,
 they took our place—we who were left,
 lived in spirit time; watched them as eagles
 see Earth, crouched like a woman
 bending over her mealing stones.

Others followed, bathed their blistered feet,
 swollen hands, and backs;
 hid here from the overseer,
 sitting on these banks.

Others followed, washed on these flat stones,
 took mussel shells and spice bush twigs
 made potions, songs, and masks;

They prayed that the river speak,
 tell how it comes and goes,
 moves like blood through flesh,
 goes freely, cleansing itself
 of all it must pass through.

Fisher:

And did the river speak?

Fish:

I spoke: I wear the long mask.
You only know one time.
You only know one place.
You only know one people.
Life for life, trading in sorrows:

[◊] The instrumental theme is an old spiritual, “*Hammerin’*,” about the crucifixion. Like many other spirituals, it was popularized by the Fisk Jubilee Singers.

take and give, rise and sink.

Fisher:

What shall I take?

Fish:

All that serves you well.
Would you know more?

Fisher:

I would know more.

Fish:

Armies crossed the river—came and took,
sank in heaps, sank in heaps
with pigeons and mallards,
rust clouds and slag from the Tredegar,
Minie balls, toes, hands and feet,
knives, and cannon.

Armies crossed the river—came and took,
sank in heaps, sank in heaps.
Grand white porches crumbling,
fluttering casements opening
to cormorants diving for minnows.
Mules sprayed with shot, men caught in traces
rolled gripping bridles over the falls.

Armies crossed the river—came and took,
sank in heaps, coins from their pockets,
shining golden lockets,
sinking and settling,
sank in heaps.

Life for life, taking and giving,
I wear the long mask.
I know what you ask.
You only know one time,
one place, one people.
You gave life to the river
I owe life to the giver.
Go now. I give what you wish.

The fisher returns home.

Wife:

While you were gone, a letter came.
Your uncle left you his estate.
And a patent lawyer called to say
Your claim will pay big in every state.
And your lucky number won,
your horse came in, and your pal paid back
the money I assumed was gone.

Every crazy scheme paid off.
No one here believes
we've won a shopping spree, and summer cruise,
and a re-hab, slab to eaves.
And we even made the evening news.

Fisher:

Now you have all you want
I can dream, invent, and fish

Wife.

It's just like you to think this is all.
You so easily have your fill.

You have always had your fill
even when we didn't have a stick.
Get me a chateau from the Loire
disassembled brick by brick,
slowly carried up the hill
And planted where it shows.

You always settle for how things are
But what good's luck if no one knows?

Our cost of living's vanished.
We'll know all the elite.
We'll watch our status soar,
Set fashion, heads to feet!

All our troubles banished
as our brand name grows,
just to keep up, we'll need more.
What good's luck if no one knows?

You always think you have enough.
With you, that's as far as it goes.
But what good is our good luck
if no one ever knows?

The fisher returns to the river.

Fisher:

What is here in this river?
What is under the churning,
ever-flickering surface?

Fish:

Do you come again?
Would you know more?
Would you have wisdom?

Fisher:

I would know more.

Fish:

Know then, from Falls to Willoughby,
from bubble of kepone at Hopewell;
from the ribbons of effluent from every plant,
every mill, every town, from sewage and oil,
from tires, wrecks, and steaming slops
of every meal, every dump, and every stop
along the roaring highways chewing, chewing,
and the roaring boats chewing, chewing
the river banks, marshes, shores
into boxes on stilts, into feedlots and stores,
in a cauterity of streams and hills
with stitched and unstitched wounds ,
to empty oyster beds beneath the warrior ships.

We spirits of the river,
we spirit-peoples, say *enough!*

The fish dives back into the river.

The fisher's wife runs to him.

Wife:

What have you done?
All that we had is gone!

Fisher:

What is here in this river—
so dark under the churning,
ever-flickering surface?

We only know one time
We only know one place
We only know one people.

River of life, the giver.
Life owed for life forever.
None catches, no one holds the river.

An encore or parting message about having *Just enough*

My pal Sammy had a perfect plan.
 When he started, all his worldly stuff
 Filled the back of an old chevy van.
 He wanted more, he said, but just enough.

Many of you prob'ly know his brand.
 What line had—all flash and bluff.
 Soon his chain was spread across the land.
 He wanted more, he said, but just enough.

Big penthouse on the Jersey shore,
 grand hacienda in L.A.,
 rentals blooming across the west,
 hotels in Singapore—
 and more are on the way.

And when he looked upon his worldly stuff,
 he wanted more, he said, but just enough.

And anything he can collect he does—
 from wines to wives, from high-end suits to judges,
 and from his laptop he can send his drones
 to give himself a buzz
 or settle business grudges.

And when he looked upon his worldly stuff,
 he wanted more, he said, but just enough.

My pal . . . (Repeat first stanza.)

Now you may think that Sammy's fortune sank.
 Maybe a bubble burst, a market crashed
 Or all those heavy dinners made him ill.
 Truth is, he had enough.
 He finally had his fill.

Oil fields and power plants had made him rank
 above all nations and the stuff he trashed
 would later, in a million applications,
 when the times were tough (*Chopin Prelude, transposed*)
 give survivors just enough.

Now , when we look upon our worldly stuff,
 Who knows? It may be just enough. (G G C)

HERE IS ONE OF MASHKINONGE'S NEWSLETTERS FROM THE JAMES IN 2012

**Announcement 1**

Would I lie to you? Here are a few realities. Mix and match as you wish: Cost to repair the nation's sewers: \$500 billion. Total allocated to fix the nation's sewers: about \$650 million. (from Eaarth, as are the following) Cost to repair its roads, spread over 20 years: \$450 billion, and here are a few more:

- Citibank's bailout: \$350 billion. Cost of Katrina's cleanup: \$130 billion. New Orleans levee repairs \$14 billion. Safe-proofing New Orleans against a category 5 storm: \$80 billion.
- Growth of retail space per person from 1990 to 2005: from 19 to 38 sq. feet.
- Population of Richmond's metro area: 1.2 million. Richmond proper: 200,000. Richmond metro's median income: \$55,000. Richmond proper: \$31,000.
- In 1980 the Arctic icepack covered about 2.5 million square miles. Now it's about 1.2 million square miles.
- The US Forest service in Tennessee found urban trees contribute \$80B in carbon capture and other benefits. (*Appalachian Voices*)
- It is commonplace for states to subsidize **multinational companies** by allowing them tax credits equal to the state income tax paid by their employees. (*The Fine Print*, 2012)
- Households with incomes <\$13K spent 9% of income on **lottery** tickets in 2008 (*The Week* 4/13/2012)
- 2.5% population consumed artificially sweetened **drinks** in 2003; and 10.8% in 2012.
- 43 billion gallons of **freshwater** per day are needed to supply America's electricity, more water than 140 New York cities. (*Appalachian Voices*, September 2012. And following.)
- **Nuclear power** plants use 25-60 gallons of water per kilowatt hour. Since a typical home uses 958 kwh/mo, a home uses 19,160 gallons of water per month.
- A **coal** fired plant producing 600 megawatts loses 2 billion gallons of water per year to evaporation. A large coal or nuclear station can draw in 500 million gallons of water per day. In the Great Lakes, 100 million fish and 1.2 billion fish larvae die per year in intake screens. At outlets, more habitat destruction occurs because of the hot water released. In North Carolina, This caused striped bass die-offs in 2004, 2005, and 2010. I'd rather have had them for lunch.
- Increased **droughts** since 2004 has forced a dozen power plants to shut down or reduce power output in peak temperature months.
- Coal companies dump toxic **slurry** water into abandoned mines in Appalachia and elsewhere. The heavy metals and other toxins find aquifers and enter ground water and wells, causing sickness, as in the 1972 Buffalo Creek release of 132 million gallons of slurry from a dam. Although no longer stored in impoundments, the slurry in mine shafts still enters water systems.
- In Virginia, House Bill 710 (Kilgore) leaves empty mines, called "voids," under the control of the lessee of the property, not the lessor (owner). This means that property owners whose land was leased only to allow mining cannot necessarily prevent a mining company from adding coal slurry to the void, even though there is no longer any coal to mine. (VA League of Conservation Voters, and following). This taking of property for nonpublic use, and probable use against the public good, is **sponsored by the public**. As a fish, I find this puzzling.
- HB 869 and SB 274 eliminate requirements that areas of rapid growth seek to focus development on **compact**, energy-efficient neighborhoods rather than adding to the costly, inefficient, habitat destruction of **sprawled** development. A similar sprawl-promoting law is the HB 599 Northern Virginia Transportation District Authority law, which indirectly discourages mass transit in favor of more auto traffic.
- The people of Vanua Levu, the second largest of the Fiji Islands, have not contributed much to cause climate change, but they are one of the first communities to begin **relocation** in order to escape the rising sea.
- The Southern Poverty Law Center tracks 1018 **hate** groups, a 69% increase since 2000, as well as 1274 antigovernment patriot groups and armed militias, such as the Hammerskin Nation, one of whose members killed members of a Sikh temple in Wisconsin in 2012. Hear more from Mashkinonge in *The Fisher of the James*. See more about this and other projects at Rose's blog, <http://www.frameshifts.com>.