Waiting for Godot	in	New	Orleans:
A Field Guide			

# Edited by Paul Chan

REMEMBER

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WHAT TO DO WITH THE NEGROES?	13

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### KEYWORDS:

Katrina, kills, displaces, levees, catastrophic, surge, despair, desperate, help, squalor, chaos, criticism, dead, empty, "I'll fix it," 18th-century ancestors, Mardi Gras Indians, god complexes, the Black Codes, Mrs. Latrobe, VooDoo, Congo Square, 'jects, "a smaller footprint," Xavier University, Ninth Ward, Che

# Katrina wallops coast

Massive hurricane kills scores, displaces millions on gulf



## 'Camille was not this bad'

Remembering the killer storm that ravaged Biloui. in 1909, many are sturned by Katrina's ferocity

The Action Services of the Color Services of the Parish of the Services of the Color Services of the Services of the Color Services of the Services of

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OFFICE OF STREET, SACE III.

- # 40,000 houses floorball in th. Semanti Parish, sout of Nam Climans.
- Single-viney homes south of Lake Porticipation floated in coefficies. Storm surges of 15 feet reported
- At least \$70,000 wirting power in could east Lauthiene.
- Wind team two halve to conf of New Orleand Superforms, refress \$1000 genter for shelter.



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# The Times-Picanune

STORM SURGE SWAMPS 9TH WARD, ST. BERNARD

## LAKEVIEW LEVEE BREACH THREATENS TO INUNDATE CITY



Flooding wipes out two communities



## After the mighty storm came the rising water

# Floods Ravage New Orleans

Two Levees Give Way; in Mississippi, Death Toll Estimated at 110

## Looting, Fires And a Second Evacuation

By Petrix Windspars and San Course West open for Bull States

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 30 — This sporter

### Storm Cleanup May Be Biggest In U.S. History



## New Orleans Death Toll May Soar; Survivors Desperate; Looters Brazen



## Water May Linger for Months

NEW ORLEANS: EVACUATION ORDERED AMID FEARS OF HUGE DEATH TOLL ON: BUSES BRING THOUSANDS FROM SUPERDOME TO ASTRODOME



the city, where 90% of homestre submoravi Troops and ships are ordered into the region

## The Atlanta Journal-Constitution

NEW ORLEANS IN CHAOS

# 'We are out here like animals. We don't have help.'

Armed patrols rumble past frustrated, displaced residents of New Orleans.





A refugee covers a dead man on a lawn chair outside the convention center.

### Disaster proves warnings true

Milvertha Hendricks, 85, huddles in the rain, awaiting safe passage out of the city.





Emotions flare outside the Superdome amid jostling for buses that never came.

#### Misery, anarchy run rampant

KATRINA AFTERMATH SPECIAL SECTION INSIDE / COMPLETE COVERAGE AND PHOTO GALLER



AFTER THE DISASTER, CHAOS AND LAWLESSNESS RULE THE STREETS



# THE IRISH TIMES

Student dance to banks the Jes BusinessThisWeek offers Supplement

CAO second-round



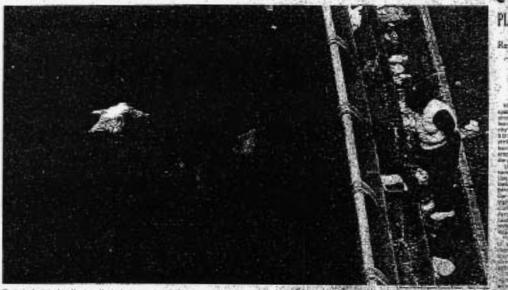
### **NewsDigest**

**ComReg rejects** An Post stamp Shootings and unrest delay rise request evacuation of victims in



# The New Hork Times

DESPAIR AND LAWLESSNESS GRIP NEW ORL AS THOUSANDS REMAIN STRANDED IN SQU



Donald Sutherland Pride and Prejudice and the Hollywood years Plus The unique Guide



Criticism of Bush mounts as more than 10,000 feared dead



## The Atlanta Journal-Constitution

# CITY LEFT TO THE DEAD

The rescue operation mounted in the wake of last week's hurricane was characteristic of a third-rate country, not the world's only superpower.



but uncounted corpses remain

ULLIE OUTSIGE

Erwin James's final column, G2 cover

In Media, plus 100s of jobs

The Guardian

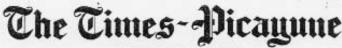
# **Empty, ruined and desperate**

 Military takes over as ghost city faces new horrors

 Police shoot dead five people carrying guns

Seen to be a seed of a see

Only helicopters disturb the chilling calm



# Glimmers of hope emerge as water slowly recedes



South Gentlembing proy reception beam members Care Yolds, left, and Most Superspectives the placetag, was employ to A of incovering the small Solution of objectors studied the special damy Search and reason measures stated from saving the living to runny my fire from the dam. A 2



COMPLETE COVERAGE: PAGES 2-9

### WHAT TO DO WITH THE NEGROES?

There is a secret hidden in the heart of New Orleans, a secret hidden in plain sight but ignored by all but the secret citizens themselves. Before Bienville arrived in this area in 1718, Native American scouts informed the adventurous Frenchman that there were groups of Africans—they probably said "blacks"—living in their own communities and that these self-ruled women and men would not talk to whites.

Although how the Native Americans knew that the blacks would not talk to whites remains unexplained, the report seems accurate on the face of it. After all, close to three centuries later in post–Hurricane Katrina New Orleans there remain a number of us who are reluctant to talk truthfully to outsiders—not out of fear of repercussions or because of an inability to speak English but rather because of the general principle that there's no future in such conversations.

Indeed, I am probably breaking ranks simply by writing this, although what I have to say should be obvious. Whether considering our eighteenth-century ancestors who inhabited the swamps of the North American southeast (from Florida to Louisiana) or unsuccessfully trying to question a handful of staunch holdouts among the Mardi Gras Indians, there have always been blacks who were both proud of being black and determined to be self-determining—not just constitutionally free as any other twenty-first-century U.S. citizen but also independent of any higher authority whether that authority be legal, religious, or cultural; whether that authority be other blacks, wealthy whites, politicians of any race or economic status, or whatever, none of that mattered. We recognized no higher earthly authority than ourselves.

Sometimes when it looks like we are doing nothing but waiting on the corners, sitting quietly on a well-worn kitchen chair sipping a beer in the early afternoon shade, holding court on one of the many neutral grounds, i.e. medians, that separate the lanes of major streets and avenues in Central City, sometimes those blank stares you see at a bus stop are not what you think it is.

We are not waiting for the arrival of a messiah or for a government handout. We expect nothing from our immediate future but more of the past.

Our talk will seem either fatalistic or farcical, and certainly will not make sense to you. The weary blues etched into our cheeks and coal coloring the sagging flesh beneath our eyes; the mottled black, browns, grays, and streaks of blond or red on our woolly heads and the aroma of anger clinging to our clothes has nothing to do with our failures or with failed expectations. We never anticipated that we would be understood or loved in this land ruled by men with guns, money, and god complexes.

No, what you see when you look at us looking back at you is a resolve to keep on living until we die or until someone kills us.

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The history of New Orleans is replete with the inexplicable. In the late 1700s, before the Americans arrived as a governing force in 1804, a nominally enslaved black man could be seen walking to his home, which he owned, carrying a rifle, which he owned, with money of his own in his pockets. I know it seems impossible, but the impossible is one of the roots of New Orleans culture.

The Spanish imposed different laws and customs. We had been offered freedom in exchange for joining the Spanish in fighting the English. Join the army and get emancipated—all you had to do was shoot white men... and avoid getting shot.

The Black Codes guaranteed Sundays were ours. We could keep all the proceeds from the food, handicrafts, services, or whatever we could sell. If you study the colonial administrative records you will notice that our economy was so rich that the city merchants petitioned the governor to be able to sell on Sundays (like the slaves did).

Prior to the Civil War, the Louisiana Supreme Court ruled that one man had to pay back money he borrowed from a slave. There was also the instance of a shocked Mrs. Latrobe, the wife of the architect who designed and built the New Orleans waterworks, who beseeched others to imagine "...how shocked I was to see three Mulatto children and their mother call upon me and say they were the children of Henry." Henry was her dearly departed son. He died of yellow fever and was buried in New Orleans in 1817, three years before his father, who also died of yellow fever and was buried next to his son in St. Louis Cemetery. Like many, many people today, Mrs. Latrobe had no idea what was really going on in New Orleans.

You can read the papers all day and sit in front of the TV all night and never get the news about a significant and shocking subculture in New

Orleans—a subculture that not only is unknown to you but a subculture that really does not care to be known by most of you. Our independently produced subculture is responsible for the roux that flavors New Orleans music, New Orleans cuisine, New Orleans speech idioms, New Orleans architecture, the way we walk down here, and especially how we celebrate life even in the face of death. From the African iterations of VooDoo spiritual observances to the music emanating from Congo Square, this subculture has made New Orleans world renowned.

I don't remember the black sufferers ever receiving a thank you or a blessing. Instead of recognizing our contributions, the black poor and those who identify with them have been demonized. When the waters came, those who were largely affected and eventually washed away were overwhelmingly black. Our saviors gave us one-way tickets out of town. Four years later there have been no provisions to bring blacks back here—I say "back here" instead of "back home" because here is no longer home. Post-Katrina New Orleans is not even a ghost of what our beloved city was.

What is gone is not just houses or pictures on the wall, not just the little neighborhood store we used to frequent or the tavern where we hung out on warm nights; not just the small church in the middle of the block or even the flower bed alongside the house; not just the old landmarks or some of the schools we used to attend, not just the jumble of overcrowded habitations or the storied stacks of bricks we called the 'jects (a.k.a. projects)—housing schemes we knew by name and reputation. No, it is not just bricks and wood that is missing from the landscape. What is gone, what we miss most of all, is us.

We the people are not here. What is left is an amputated city ignoring its stumps. Moreover, even if it were possible, our city does not desire to re-grow or replace what was "disappeared." "Good riddance," says the new majority.

"Good riddance" is sometimes proclaimed using the coded language of "a smaller footprint" (reductively, smaller footprint means fewer black butts). At other times, "good riddance" is spewed forth as the uncut racist cant of "lock all those savages up."

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Although poor blacks controlled none of the city's major resources, we were blamed for everything that was wrong—from a failing school system to rising crime; from ineffective and corrupt political leadership to an "immoral" street culture of drugs, sagging pants, and loud music;

1 [14] WAITING FOR GODOT IN NEW ORLEANS: A FIELD GUIDE WAITING FOR GODOT IN NEW ORLEANS: A FIELD GUIDE 1 [15]

from a rise in sexually transmitted diseases to deteriorating neighborhoods. When responsible citizens wrote to the *Times-Picayune* newspaper suggesting what ought be done do address these concerns, high on the list of panaceas was our incarceration, as if so many—indeed, far, far too many of us—were not already in prison.

How convenient to ignore this glaring statistic: the largest concentration of black women in New Orleans is located at Xavier University and the largest concentration of their age-compatible male counterparts exists across the expressway in the city jail—dorms for the women, cells for the men. The truth is disorienting to most: what has been tried thus far, whether education or jail, has not worked. The people who complain the most about crime in the city, or should I say the voices that we most often hear in the media complaining about crime, are from the people who are the least affected.

However, worse than the name-calling is the fact that New Orleans is now a city that forgot to care. In the aftermath of the greatest flood trauma ever suffered by a major American city, New Orleans is devoid of public health care in general and mental health care in particular.

In the entire Gulf Coast area that was directly affected by Katrina, only in New Orleans were 7,000 educators fired. The Federal Government guaranteed the salaries of teachers in all other areas, and guaranteed the same for New Orleans teachers, but the state of Louisiana made a decision to decimate the largest block of college-educated blacks, the largest block of black voters, the largest block of black home owners. The denouement? The entire middle-class black strata was disenfranchised. Black professionals, the majority of whom lived in flooded areas in New Orleans East, whether government employees or independent professionals (doctors, lawyers, dentists, accountants, and the like), no longer had a client base. Most professionals could not reestablish themselves in New Orleans. What was left of the black New Orleans social infrastructure was nothing nice.

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How does anyone explain why in post-racial America economic inequality gaps are widening, not closing? In a city that prior to Katrina had one of the highest percentage of native residents, why are so many young adults leaving rather than staying?

Why is spending nearly twice as much per pupil to service half the prestorm population called a success in education innovation, especially



Lower Ninth Ward, 2007



This used to be a house, 2007

1 [16] WAITING FOR GODOT IN NEW ORLEANS: A FIELD GUIDE 1 [17]



Hyman Green in front of his FEMA trailer, 2007



Graffiti in the Lower Ninth Ward, 2006



out?, 2009

Luke, John, Matthew, whomever, where art thou?, 2006



when the current status quo is economically unsustainable, not to mention that comparable pre-storm health care and retirement benefits are no longer offered to teachers?

I don't even know how to identify what is happening to us without speaking class-warfare clichés, without sounding bitter about racial reconciliation or ungrateful for all the charitable assistance New Orleans has received.

I know that my voice is a minority voice. I know I don't represent all blacks, nor most blacks, nor educated blacks, nor your black friend, nor Malia and Sasha, nor... I know it's just plain "stupid" to talk like I'm talking...

I know. I know we blacks are not blameless. Indeed, we are often coconspirators in our own debasement. Too often we act out in ways for which there is no sensible justification. Yes, I know about corrupt politicians and a seeming endless line of street-level drug dealers, about rampant gun violence and an always-for-pleasure, 24/7 party attitude.

But amid all our acknowledged shortcomings, I ask one simple question: who else in this city has contributed so much for so long to this unique gumbo we call New Orleans culture?

Like the state of Texas finally admitting that "abstinence only" sex education has led to higher, not lower, rates of teen pregnancy, unless we materially address the realities of our social situation, we may find that the short-sighted solutions we have put in place will, in the long run, worsen rather than solve our problems.

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Most days I am resolved to soldier on, to suck it up and keep on keeping on, but sometimes, sometimes I feel like Che Guevara facing a summary execution squad of counter-insurgency soldiers.

Sometimes, after working all day in the public schools or after hearing Recovery School District administrators refusing to allow us to teach an Advanced Placement English class because "no students are capable of that kind of work"; or after finding out that a teacher we worked with last year is no longer employed, despite her talents, because (as they said without shame or chagrin) "we can get two, young, straight-out-of-college, Teach-For-America instructors for the same price we paid your old, experienced ass"; or when the city "accidentally" bulldozes a house whose owners, struggling to rehabilitate the property, possess a building

permit issued by the same city—all while, four years after the flood, there is no coherent plan to address the 40,000 or so blighted properties that dominate the Ninth Ward landscape—sometimes I just want to calmly recite Che's command: "Go ahead, shoot!"

Just kill us and get it over with.

But until then: *a luta continua* (the struggle continues)!

1 [20] WAITING FOR GODOT IN NEW ORLEANS: A FIELD GUIDE 1 [21]

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