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An Afro-Nihilist Manifesto

J.G.J

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* If performer cannot cum, pick an appropriate time to stop and throw Bible onto the floor. Can also piss / shit on Bible (wiping with pages) if able.

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no more than spurt tacky paste and post flaccid flyers against genocide in Tigray.

What would it take for you to kill a politician?

Any politician? EVERY politician?

Now THAT would get me off.

Ketanji and Kamala are too vanilla and spunky AOC and them too woke to do a damned thing to Marjorie Dearest or the SCOTUS when they say YES to wire hangers, but get a load of Volodymyr.

Oh, Volodymyr... Oh Ukraine... [Begin tearing paper, scatter pieces] poRn caricature: Oh Ukraine... you're so good. You're so GOOD... You're the best. You're the fucking best. Yeah. Yeah. Fuck me. Ukraine. Fuck me Ukraine. Fuck me, yes. Yes, Ukraine! Ukraine! YES!!!!

[smack self in face. Stop. Get Bible from trash bag]

Vukmir: Ne, ne, ne! Ne pornografija, shtu nia pornografia, de zhivut! Zhivut ye de zhurtve. [flip through Bible until the right page in Leviticus] Yupov, umetnost, krav... meso i dusha de zhurtve. U direct un *prenoso sveto koyi sveto izgubio*. Sve izato de bello placha da bizu dobnosti sway fotelya mo-go-ta gleta! [slam Bible on ground, face down, open to desired page. smack self from squatting] Le Tenia: **Tu penses que j'en ai fini avec toi?**

[grab Satan mask from trash bag, stand, put it on, and pull down underwear. Approach shill in audience, wordlessly extend hand to be shaken. Silently shake the hand of every audience member in circle. Return to the center. Pick up Bible with left hand, cover crotch with it and begin masturbating with right hand. When (hopefully*) finished, performer displays the page with cum on it, tears page out and sticks it to his belly. Put underwear back on. Remove mask.]

Le Tenia: **Maintenant, j'en ai fini avec toi...**

[Theatrical bow.] End.

So let's get down, let's get down to business. [Down Dog to Up Dog humping] **Let's get down, let's get down to business. Give you one more night, one more night to get this. We've had a million, million nights just like this. So let's get down, let's get down to business.** [In time with song's beat, humping just with pelvis from Up Dog] **Let's get down, let's get down to business... Give you one more night, one more night to get this. We've had a million, million nights just like this... So let's get down, let's get down to business.**

[Jump legs through arms, slow spinal roll-up into standing position with arms up]

Beat

Righteous Activist: **"Hands up, don't shoot!"**

[Shoulders up by ears]

Simpering Activist: **"Hands up, don't shoot!"**

[Sink, with pleading prayer hands]

Coward-ass Activist: **"Hands up, don't shoot!"**

[Fully squatting, but with arms up like a simian]

Coon-ass Activist: **"Hands up, don't shoot!"**

[Stumble and gambol around circle, repeating line as Coon-ass Activist. Come back to center, smack self in face 3 – 5 times]

Me: **"One slap can do more than any bullshit protest.** [retrieve unfolded paper from trash bag] **Disagree? Hit me..."** [smack self] [read from paper]

Nothing makes me cum harder than hope

From delusions of revolution to liberal wet dreams. You point your fucking cocks, and say "thass the bad guy" at the Brown face that you cast as a femicidal coyote. Not to kink shame, but you do no more than clutch chlorine-smelling pearl necklaces when Haitian mandingoes get whipped by Texas for fleeing to THIS shithole country. Not to kink shame, but you shoot only white tears at the engorged belly of a starving Yemeni baby and gasp for multiple little deaths in Palestine. NTKS, but you do

I am NEVER a fucking "African-American"!

I am NOT "half-Black."

I am a mulatto, but I am ALWAYS Black.

I am, sometimes, a Negro.

I am usually a nigger... I am usually a "nigger." I am usually a n**ger. I am usually an (")N-word(").

Now that THAT's out of the way...

This compendium is in memorium of my brother, Chris Monfort. Though he might not fuck with a lot of this, he would die for my "right" to write it. Plus, he'd appreciate that I "had the balls" to do so...

I dedicate this to Franklin "Hogg" Hargus (and his cock-sucker). Thank you both for the wisdom and inspiration... An AfroNihilists Libation...

I play the Sims, but only Cleo, cuz I wanna set it off... or do the right thing like Mookie and Smiley. I wanna pirate, like a Somali, On the wide Sargasso sea and free every Sally Hemmings. Squat like Ellison's pre-"Ex-Worker" and be too "G" to need even a name...

I am a sick nigga, I am a spiteful nigga, an unpleasing nigger. No more balling like a quadroon, This mulatto is bringing tragedy like a mix of Bigger Thomas and Val Solanis Lighting up August worse than Joe Christmas, in way to put Jimmy Governor to shame...

If only other edgelords

(of ego addiction and ought-istic affliction) would listen to Zami's biomythography in lieu of playing into horseshoe theory with hand grenades!

I, too, sought the wild by way of the rational Mama "Bone Black" bell may be the diagnostician of their dissonant cognition but Dr. Frantz Fanon deposed Francois de Sade and can cure the caucazoid infection...

A daywalking vampire with descent of both Yakub and Khmet

my “Immersion-Emersion” should be icy and bloody avenging Saartjie Baartman as would Saidiya Hartman if she, and Wilderson Three, had resisted domestication...

Eshu, help me eschew my melanincholia!

Let shattered museum glass be my cast cowries... Make me the “abasom” of the Ewe.

Dumpster-diving at Akodessewa An ancient adze finds my hand, and I go from Gongoli to Kakuungu (witch doctoring my own Nguzo Sab-bath

I take things apart like Okonkwo)

So, for Benin and Togo,

I do the whole Voodoo Doughnuts crew

Like Washington in Waco, circa 1916, They should have asked Ogun about irony, because immolation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Shango Unchained is playing in my brain

Like Mancala between Marighella and Gerima

“Tarantino in the Congo” will be shot, guerilla-style... Shanghai-ed, Dago Dubya Griffith will die in a Coltan mine and the card attached would say “dead wigger storage.”

Kunta the hack’s foot off, wrap it in kente cloth, A fetish object fashioned for every Lupita Nyong’o to ward off all the rapey Weinstens and that one wop hipster (“in ten-thousand”)...

May Anarcha’s pain come to Spokane No anesthetic for she of the NAACP since Blackness is but an aesthetic... Dolezal will get paid the same as Korryn Gaines, with a speculum (to take Amadou’s name out her mouth)... Even in a cage, no book deals or box-braids, she’d have Hughes’ poetry and Mandingo fantasies

I’d rather kill this mockingbird... She sings too fucking much.

Oderus: “**Everybody...** [take gloves off, toss them aside] **gonna be a... body one day...**” [SMACK self in face, turn back to forward]

Terri Nunn-as-traumatized-survivor: “**Years have passed and still the hurt, oh I can see you now, smiling as I pulled away.** [begin unzipping Tyvek suit, slowly] **I remember searching for the perfect words. I was hoping you might change your mind. I remember hating you for loving me-**” [Smack self in face three times]

David Paich-as-Female-Cenobite: [triangle-fingers at throat] “**The wild dogs cry out in the night, as they grow restless longing for some solitary company...** [remove

Tyvek suit. Performer wears underneath only a pair of tight underwear] **I seek to cure what’s deep inside, frightened of this thing that I’ve become...** [Tyvek is thrown aside]

David Paich-as-Lead-Cenobite: [triangle hands at crotch, performer approaches audience members] **It’s gonna take a lot to drag me away from you.** [approach another audience member in the same posture] **There’s nothing that a hundred men or more could ever do.** [come back to center, facing forward, hands outspread in blessing] **I bless the rapes down in Africa-**” [fall forward onto hands. Take a beat. Rise on all fours into downward dog – Grotowski cat hybrid. Begin circular pelvic gyrations]

Tiesto-as-sadistic-rapist: **Back and forth** [gyrate], **back and forth** [gyrate] **with the bullshit** [gyrate]...**I know I said it before** [gyrate], **I don’t mean it...**[gyrate] **It’s been a while** [gyrate opposite direction] **since I had your attention** [gyrate opposite direction]... **So it might hurt** [gyrate opposite direction] **to hear this.**

Tiesto-as-tortured-rapist: [Mule kick] **Dreams we have don’t ever fall away...** [Mule kick] **We can’t leave ‘em if we stay the same...** [double-leg mule kick] **And I can’t do this** [double-leg mule kick] **for another day...** [double-leg mule kick, step each leg deliberately back into Down Dog]...

[Pick up trash bag and proceed to stage]

Ernest Feeley: Gather ‘round, gather ‘round. On the stage, on the stage. In a circle, in a circle.

[repeat words, gathering audience in a circle around performer on stage. Once in the circle, continue]

Ernest Feeley: [to ALL] **IF your queerness ISN’T tender, gather round, gather round.** [to one] **IF you think that kink belongs at Pride, gather ‘round, gather round.** [to another] **IF you prefer HORROR to Anime, gather ‘round, gather ‘round.** [to another] **IF you’ve brought children...** [to yet another] **including inner children...** [scream, Brooklyn] **TAKE ‘EM THE FUCK HOME!**

Ernest Feeley: [as performer rummages, squatting, in trash bag, tearing the top sheet off a document in it] **Some things are for Adults Only!** [Me, but Brooklyn, standing with sheet of paper] **This thing is all-types of triggering. Know yourself.**

[Read page]

“I dedicate this hatescape to every fucking cracker and every fucking coon with authoritarian politics. I pray nightly to my lord Satan for your violent death. Some of these fucking fascists deserve to die for the hills they are willing to die on. For others, it’s the ones that they won’t.” Me-as-Bane [page at performer’s side]:

“I stand before you a half-mick, half-nigger mongrel... In the past, a piece of property, a mutant, presently, and in the future, garbage...”

[SMACK self in face, turn to the left]

Marilyn Manson: **“Today, I was dirty...** [begin tearing page] **want to be pretty... tomorrow, I know,** [scatter torn pieces of page] **I’m just dirt...** [SMACK self in face, turn to the left]

Iggy: **“and I don’t care... I been DIRT...** [remove hood] **and I don’t care!”** [SMACK self in face, turn to the left]

My Maafa legacy is reverse missionary, Anansi’s oral theology of anti-prosperity in riotous tribute to Marsha P.

Scott D. will see how bomb his church can be and a lot less Lively in the process. Still I weep for the four on 16th street

But with the blues and caprice of John Allen and John Lee So I jazz things up with coal trains, in the style of 103 at Lockerbie, and improvise like Coleman (both Alton AND Ornette).

I’ll bless the rain like MOVE’s Africas

If engaged for burning hippies as at Osage...

Like Ganja (too free for Hess Green),

Gravediggaz got a number I can call

When the Dr. Know to make track 8 on H.R.’s “Yellow Tape” Not a song but a prescription, so... In ode to Joy DeGruy (of Ever-Present Anger) and guided by the Cosmos (especially Setepenra) we gather wild Afrikan roots from house to field, with an “X” (a la Malcolm and Micah Johnson) to Mark Essex the spot. Showing Love(Ile Mixon) and (Maurce) Clemmons-y to my enemy, I follow the Gospel according to Christopher

(Monfort AND Dornier, as Karma for Columbus)...

My clip is a tongue to speak my oppressor into oblivion, in hollow-pointed words, 9mm at a time, one shot, (one kill) DO not miss your chance to blow every latter-day Elvis away (it’s only culturally appropriate)

Bag some cracker begpackers and McYoga vultures,

Bobos in condos can go the way of the Cali condor (but never to recover).

Do Liberal do-gooders in the NPIC like Kuwasi B. did the Klan and Nazis... Let every honky be exterminated accordingly.

If the Jackson’s repped R and B less than the G,

Both Igbo tradition AND Marxist contradiction George and Jon of the BPP might be

Communists Tending Toward the Wild...

But fuck “if,” and “maybe,”

Turner, Vesey and the debtor inheritors of Toussaint’s Ayiti couldn’t know victory pre-CCTV in the iPhone Galaxy.

In DuVernay's USA, every Friday is the 13th, in Quilombos
of concrete, so... Why not go Boko Haram?
My bastardization of divination ends here,
In contemplation, not completion...

They say we can't hate everybody,

and so the pillars of society "-ism," "-ology" and "-emacy"
some bullshit at us,
*(sometimes **capricious**, always **arbitrary**) to absolve por-*
tions of the population of what they "deserve"...
(Whatever that fucking word means.)
A race of infants, sick with abuse, cannot read, yet die to write
they name on a wall they don't own. Grasping to death at shiny
baubles
and crying away self-respect to get they dick wet... If not bet-
ter than the race of teenage boys who love only games, rules and
*strategy, at least they more honest... **Intentions be damned.***

[The simple mind does overgeneralize, but how many exceptions does it take to define the rule?]

He only a god, when he got a gun in his hand. Without sys-
temic power, the weak settle for respect and from individuals,
no less.

Discipline tastes like cowardice to the hungry. If all I have
is worth less than a perceived slight, why not throw it away on
a dice game? Money matters more than my Black life.

Only the rich can afford to be open-minded, so the holy
trinity of my community is respectability, conformity and ar-
rogance

I look for precedent (a.k.a legitimacy) for my fantasy
(propensity?)

— to burn gaybashers and abortion-clinic bombers alive in
their homes.

— to castrate (fellow?) rapists, or just any white man with
the balls to smile while prisons still exist... — to throw Mitch
McConnell, Ted Cruz, Rand Paul, et. al into an octagon of starv-
ing lions, to die like the good Christians they are!

— to put a pistol to the skull of anyone ever called "offi-
cer," and, with a captive bolt, say: "that'll do, pig!" But to para-
phrase Pasolini's 120 Days,

"We would want to kill you 1000 times..."

AND when it's all done, I won't cum, but cry,

because I've been touched by the man in the mirror and he's
saved the best for last.

Domestic Supply of Newborn Porn (Slug Bait)

[Enter space, in N95 mask, Tyvek suit and nitrile gloves.
Trash bag slung over shoulder. Bag contains two pieces of pa-
per (one folded, one not), Bible, Devil mask, change of clothes).
Tyvek suit is sharpie'd with the names of characters and artists
quoted in the piece. The word "rapist" appears in parenthesis
beside appropriate parties.

If done in theatre, sit amongst the audience until perfor-
mance time. At such time, stand from seated in crowd and pro-
ceed...

Pull off N95 mask, scream to get attention]

Divine: "**Kill everyone now!** [finger gun] **Condone first**
degree murder! [exaggerated lip-lick] **Advocate cannibal-**
ism! [chef-hand / gynocologist duck hands] **Eat shit!** [hand to
crotch] **Filth is my politics! [other hand to crotch] **Filth is**
my life!"**

(Going elsewhere when wifey won't render certain services, or simply when that "strange" calls to me)!

I learned that it is the opposite of objectification
when I Devil's advocated a passport
to first-world fragility out of an anarcho-betacuck on backwards day.

Anti-capitalism itself is victim-blaming, so abolish work
(except sex work) and pass the ass...

I paid good money for it.

The Best Men Lie Under the Earth by Comrade Duc de Blangis

Your world is an ashtray, nay, a garbage can, but nary a recycle bin to be found. Playgrounds filled not with children but empty syringes, left by adult babies of the non-kinky kind.

People concentrated without (fore)thought; It's these cities, not the Earth, that are overpopulated... and familiarity breeds contempt. It leads to alienation, dehumanization, sub-sequent desires for domination — a torture garden grown of boredom... BUT sadism is one hell of a drug when you've tried all the others via Pornhub. Paywalls and screens-ALL!!!

I hated everybody even BEFORE technology mediated every fucking interaction. I can't "re-wild" amidst the rural devotees of the most oppressive pre-civilized practices.

Yahweh, Adam, Abraham, etc. have no rite to be remembered on a stolen Turtle Island....

With no connection to anything

(drinking coca-cola with the Musks and Bezoses notwithstanding) I romanticize the Jagas and Vikings — too far away to be Tonton Macoute, or even Huey's BPP too innocent with savage nobility to be the NYPD or the Knights of White whatever, cuz everybody needs a Santa Claus

to survive the Winter.

(that bastard son of ignorance and aggression)

Needless to say,

I don't get invited to my own family cookouts.

Honest Work: Overture

Mama: My son found a master!

Worker: Praise God! It is a Corporate Persyn or Humyn persyn?

Mama: Corporate... Zombie Worship.

Worker: Thanks be to Jesus... But he's real smart, no? He was going to school...

Mama: No more. No money. He needs medicine. He buy it on the street. They take away his money. For school. And they take away his medicine...

Worker: Santa Maria... Maybe, he — —

Master: Shut the eff up, s-word c-word. Get back to effing work... Effing s-word c-word...

Warrior: SlaveryMaster: 40 hours a weekWarrior: -built this country

Master: Any more, and we'd have to pay you more...

Warrior: And the extermination-

Master: If you don't like itWarrior: -of Native people...

Master: You can die in the street...

Warrior: And the extinction-

Master: All your free timeWarrior:-of millions of species-

Master: -you will spendWarrior: -of plant and animal-

Master: preparing for when you are here...

Warrior: Pollution and diseaseMaster: If you don't like it-

Warrior: -from industries of torture and destructionMaster: -you can spend years in a cage... Warrior: -are killing us...

Master: Any questions-

Warrior: It doesn't have to be this wayMaster: -can be asked during your break.

Warrior: We can make a better world. We can- [Warrior is silenced by the placement of white headphones in his ears]

Master: Get to work! [Character exits]

[Master writes the names of various resources on a large piece of butcher paper, tears it off the pad, tears it to pieces and burns it in a nearby garbage pail. He then faces the audience and shits in the garbage pail, singing commercial jingles. While intoning the names of various brands, he whips Warrior like a slave with an actual bullwhip. When finished, he spoon-feeds the contents of the garbage pail to the Warrior, now a Zombie...]

Master: Thank you for shopping with us!

Slave: ...And what do YOU do? Character: I cut my hands.

Slave: -could be worse, I Character: I throw food away.

Slave: -but the company makes money!

Character: I have to bribe people in white coats if I want to see the sun.

Slave: Just buy health insurance!

Character: I listen to shitty, shitty pop music Slave: I LOVE pop music Character: and annoying ads Slave: those ads ARE catchy-

Character: -on repeat. All Day. Every Day.

Slave: You get used to it-

Character: I spend the best hours of the day, all day, every day, with people I hate. Slave: We all do it. I —

Character: I look, act and think how someone else wants me to Slave: At least you live in ‘Murica!

Character: You call this living?

Slave: I don’t know. I been here over 20 years. I missed my Mama’s lasts and my kids’ firsts. I met my wife here. I got divorced, because of here. I can’t remember... what it felt like... before I came here. You’re still young. You should be happy. Character: That doesn’t make me happy. At all... Maybe you Slave: I gotta get back to work. [exits]

Turn on Netflix, plan(et Zyklon) B, for Bhagavan Tiger Rapist, Bikram going full-Biden and working not as hard as R-Kelly has to, in a white man’s world, to Bundy-size his ego, at the expense of the too-weaks to not turn-off their hearts and doubtful (friends with?)

benefits — — the altar of latter-day slavery... I wonder if Jesus Koreshed some

JonBenets in the ass

Pontificating all over the faces of Oprah, Hillary and other ethnic-cleansing

“Feminine” hygiene products?

But back to the streaming pile of Gospel Peep-Show-Booths-cum-Uber-market-tabloids the fuel of petty, would-be god-like prowess.

Singing of him not afflicted by pesky morality, but their asses still shit, stink and paunch, going maybe even bald.

Subject to torsion, hernias,

Gums receding and what-big-teeth-you-have rotting, even bankruptcy, if not presidency, on the table... Some “god,” but, hey it beats compassion. Weinstein and dine me, Manson, from beyond the grave. I know you can still fuck, or at least Facetime.

-

“El Patron (Second) Waves Goodbye” by Cop Exclusionary Radical Feminist

I can patronize you, at least two ways, and neither enable the patriarchy. See, I didn’t call myself a feminist until I became a John. I tried to hashtag Not-All-Men my way out the friendzone, when Venmo had the answer all along...

I might be a straight-cis-hetero-fratboi

but I become queer, (or at least a comrade) when I pay for pussy, however I came by the currency... It has no name on it, like a bullet, and though I may not be a father, I can be a Daddy

right by shifting left foot inward and stepping back with right foot] **I thought about calling somebody...** [return to face audience with abrupt shift to the right; right hand slides down and across face in right Biu Tze elbow strike. Left hand meets it to slap elbow. Beat] **or killing somebody...** [drops right and left arms to side, finally, wavering] **But, in the end, I just walked away...**

Emcee removes book-mask, returns to costume pile, throws it to the ground. Toga is removed, JOBS MCKENZIE mask is donned, but with a top-hat, this time.

Jobs McKenzie: [Clarence Williams III as Mr. Simms] **WELCOME... TO THE DALE CARNEGIE SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICES, MUTHAFUCKAS!** ["White voice," as COLLEGE JENKINS mask is picked up and read from] **They mention mental health, you mention minimum staffing requirements. If they talk about compassion, you condescend about consequences. Patly drown out requests re: individual needs with euphemisms, assumptions, metaphors, cliches and "if we did that for everbody's".**

Standardized incompetence, lethal indifference and a heaping helping of cold bureaucracy ALWAYS get the goods! Cha-ching [He stoops his shoulders, removes hat and holds it out in supplicating gesture; he changes his voice from corporate to coon] **...and heil funder!**

Emcee removes COLLEGE JENKINS mask, throws it to the ground, walks off stage. End.

"No Sir, I won't" (tentatively)

The bastard son of Shango and Zeus or was it Yakub?

Let's call the manbaby Bezos, who with coltan and currency brings Satanic magic to your couch. Alas, he's too classy...

Zombie: Peanuts?

Character: Roasted?

Zombie: Peanuts!

Character: Salted?

Zombie: Peanuts!!

Character: Shells on?

Zombie: Peanuts!!! Peanuts?

[Master shines light in Zombie's eyes, shakes rattle, puts on Santa hat and beard]

Zombie: Peanuts! Peanuts!! Peanuts!!! [Wanders off]

Master: "I thought I wanted limes, but the display... at the store... looked like shit. I mean, one of the limes wasn't facing the same direction as all the other limes and... and there was a brown spot on it. Brown is fucking disgusting. So I left. Now I have nothing to go with the tequila... My superbowl party is ruined." That's from a zombie. They're not supposed to be ABLE to talk, if you did your job up to standard...

Character: Standard?

Master: Standard, yes, standard! If you don't like it...

Character: I'm sorry... I got a letter today. My ma- mother. She was caught eating fruit she picked and they threw away. The man who oversees, he saw. She sleeps in the back of a truck... and he saw. He tried to... or he would tell... she fought him. She doesn't have a job, and may have to start... again. She might be sent back home... It is a lot on my mind and my heart.

Master: Up to STANDARD, harder than the HARDEST working WORKER or I'll... or you'll... if you don't like it... AH!... I've got it!!! What's that cheesy pop song, that's real URBAN, yeah, when then vocalist hits that major or minor key, or whatever its called with "beats", their eyes... programmed to look up-left... see the blue patterned triangles we've placed according to schematic, and their stomachs... programmed to constrict with hunger when their retinas are stimulated by this imagery, yes, yes... THAT marketing campaign will ensure my BONUS. I'm a genius.

Character: Your bonus?

Master: You're dismissed. Consider this a verbal warning.
Someone will be by with papers for you to sign...

Character: Verbal warning?

Master: Yeah, further corrective action could be up to and including termination.

Character: Termination?

Master: Are you...? Yes, termination. I said dismissed...
You've been sent home.

Character: Sent home?

Master: Clean the bathroom on the first floor, while you're at it. Someone made a mess...

Character: [writes] I don't know if this will get to you. I know you will survive. When I make enough... when I own my own... when I... I can't lie to you. I can't let this go on. It looks normal, and that is sick. Yesterday, the master... he said she was stealing something... He grabbed her... a grandmother... she fought him... He... her throat... she passed out. They put her in a cage anyway. A grandmother. "She should have thought of that"... I don't want to think anymore. I'm sick. I'm not the only one. Someone should... I love you.

Slave: What did YOU do today?

Character [stripping off mask, leans the long gun against something, puts a piece of paper in Slave's front shirt pocket, removes gloves]: Well, I disabled the power to the cameras, sound system, everything... then I laid some zombies to freedom... a lot of zombies. I also wrote a suicide note... for you!

[Slave picks up long gun, aims at character, pulls trigger. It was empty. Pigs rush in and shoot Slave dead.]

Pigs [to character]: You okay? Character: I will be...

[Master, naked in a cage]

Master: I have to go to the bathroom...

the position as opiates take effect] **I saw her again, in a tent, on a filthy mattress stained with shit, blood and cum. Incontinent, beaten into traumatic-brain-injury simplicity,** [step forward with right leg, then cross right with left in scissor step, both arms dangling down as in Lau Ga Kuen] **non-verbal... crying... but still alive...** [reverse legs with double butterfly palm and strike, as from Lau Ga] **"In the interest of harm-reduction-based, trauma-informed, client-centered care," they released her to a trafficker.** [arms drop and dangle, slump over at the waist] **In the words of the agency,** [twist at the waist to face audience, left hand falling to the ground, left knee bent into drunken, wavering yoga pose] **"we simply cannot tolerate disrespect..."** [A beat or two passes. Draw right leg in, straighten at the waist. Right man sau, left wu sau combo from Biu Tze, step out strong with right foot in bow and arrow stance kwun sau from the end of Lau Ga] **I wanted to care for her.** [shift to the left in higher-stance, with Wing Chun kwun sau, left foot in soo ma] **Find her family.** [kwun sau to the right, chamber fists at hips, raise left leg in hanging horse. Sideward thrust kick from Chum Kiu. Step left foot forward into bow and arrow stance, left so sau — right ping choi — left fu jow] **Take her home with me...** [slink both open palms to hips in chamber, double palm thrust and right step into bow and arrow, as in Moy Fa. Hold it, wavering] **I even thought about paying for time with her... to give her a few moments of protection...** [knee strike with back left leg, pull both palms down to meet knee. Step left leg forward into deep bow and arrow stance, hands in ready position. Right kick with right fist in chamber, left palm coming to meet kick, as in Moy Fa. Right leg pulls back, with left hand in forward man sau, right in wu sau, and left leg drawn slowly back into soo ma] **OF PEACE...** [drop left man sau to side, limp and defeated] **of genuine love...** [right hand to heart, tapping. Right hand to right ear in "phone" gesture, turning body away from audience to the

/ Yusuf] **“This ROSE will NEVER die... This ROSE will never DIE!”**

Emcee: [Running at audience, addressing an audience member] **Which neuterversity sold you on a lobotomy?** [wait for answer, possible ad-lib response]

Emcee: [To next audience member]: **Which college were you de-fang-estrated at?** [wait for answer, possible ad-lib response]

Emcee: [To final audience member]: **Which did they choose for you; Life or school?** [verbal buzzer sound, interrupting answer] **ACK! There is no LIFE... only school, you stupid FUCK! Humxnity is actualized solely through the academy. Let ‘em eat a post-graduate degree. Let ‘em choke on that shit. Let ‘em choke to fucking DEATH!...** [Hess Brothers] **“And the ROAD... leads... to no-where...”** [gathers COLLEGE JENKINS mask and toga] **“and the CASTLES... stay... the same...”** [dons toga] **“And the FAHTHER... tells... the MU-THER... WAIT for the RAIN... WAIT for the RAIN...”** [don mask with final line of song] **“And the RO-OAD leads to NO-WHERE...”**

COLLEGE JENKINS [gathers foil, birthday party noisemaker and lighter from SHARPS container. He puts the noisemaker to his lips, holds it in his teeth as he passes the lighter under the foil. He “takes a hit” by blowing noisemaker. He casts items to the side]: **If Jesus were alive today, he’d be a tenured professor... ‘cuz miracles ain’t billable.** [raise right hand, point upward with only index finger] **He taught me one thing, though;** [wag index finger from right to left] **You ain’t here to make friends...** [left wrist comes up to make contact with right wrist, left fingers pointed upward. Draw right hand back into chamber at hip, simultaneous with right back step into full bow-and-arrow stance, left hand in kiu sau] **you’re here to learn.** [right ping choi punch, with left fist chambered, left step with right foot following. Right fist opens into fook sau, left into open palm, drunkenly hold

Character: Do you have a doctor’s note?

Master: I’m in a cage...

Character: If you don’t like it, you can leave...

Master: You’re keeping me in here...

Character: Playing the victim? Why don’t you take responsibility for YOUR actions?

Master: I haven’t eaten in... Has it been weeks? Please... Some water...

Character: I gave the last one water, and he escaped. Sorry... There’s this... [extends full meal on platter] Master: Thank you!

Character: But it has a brown spot, so...

[slams tray on the floor, splattering food all over... Master grabs for some of it, character intercepts by stepping on Master’s hand]

Character: You wanna eat that? It’s fifteen dollars... Do you have fifteen dollars?

Master: N-n-no...

Character: So you were stealing from me?

Master: N-n-n-no...

Character: You were stealing from me! [thrusts open the cage door, pulls Master out] Master: P-p-please...

Character: **YOU WERE STEALING FROM ME!!!!!!** [begins beating Master with a pipe, savagely. Master is dead] Stealing, is grounds for termination...

Character in cell, writing:

Character: My master is dead. I have an owner now... Ah. Breakfast...

Cellie: Yo, that has a brown spot on it! Character: I know. It’s beautiful...

END

[Shut the fuck up, bruh. I'm good on it...]

I've tried to kill the white boi inside me, but he just won't die. The only man I can stand is the Black one in my soul

(and not even that nigga)

The system makes me what I am

(Toxic as fuck) So when I fuck you up, remember that it's not my fault

(no matter how it feels)

I got enough hyphens, signals, signs AND hashtags to make my pain worse than yours. God hangs between my legs a phantom him that seeped into my I... No therapists co-pay can take he away.

When they call me "sir" I know I might end up on the news.

You working for my commissary

(when they leave me alive enough for a cage) as hard as I'd be sniffin' out new pussy if you were in my place... for holding my drugs, or because you finally had enough and told me the final way I could hear. You grew up too fast, so I don't have to grow up at all, and you STILL love me more than you could EVER love you. That's okay, the preacher say, you shoulda been born in my image.

Worthless / Without a Master (Belial)

Before the men with Christ in their mouths and a blood-stained book of bullshit raped children, our ancestors had some dope gods. "Deities"? "Orishas," maybe? Later, to some, "Loa"... Who knows? Eventually, the Non-profit-

Blackademic-glitter-industrial-complex of woke-ish, revisionist face-saving has shedskinned them into alphabet soup to feed a toothless ASP... The East-Side Khemet boys' dilated pupa became a dung heap, a yard of scarabs fattened on Golden Crust-y calves that put the whole planet on the

Emcee [Genesis P-Orridge]: **HR LAY-DEE...** [returns to pile of costumes] **We've always had trauma. We used to have witchcraft. But they killed our magic, and now we just have science. No demons, no possession, just chemistry of the brain. It's easier that way. Disorder can be cured, and not by ritual, but — —** [Genesis P-Orridge] **"Discipline! Discipline! We need some DISCIPLINE in here!"** [grabs cat o' nine tails from costume pile — — it is made of knotted pieces of rope. Little glued nooses are tied at each end, the "handle" made of pens superglued together. Emcee shakes pen handle at audience, screams like Genesis P-Orridge]

DISCIPLINE! [Emcee brings nooses to dangle in front of Emcee's face, pen-handle pointed upward]

DISCIPLINE! [flips handle in hand, so that pens are pointing down and the ropes hang whip-like over Emcee's hand] **We need some DISCIPLINE in here! DISCIPLINE!** [whips back with cat o' nine tails, while facing the audience still] **DISCIPLINE!** [whips again] **We need some DISCIPLINE** [whips back] **in here!** [turns, to expose back to audience] **DISCIPLINE!** [whips back] **DISCIPLINE!** [whips back] **We need some DISCIPLINE** [whips back] **in here!** [casts cat o' nine tails aside]

Emcee: [Radio announcer] **Akin to Chief Bromden's test of the broken windows theory in response to Nurse Ratched's overdue Real Rent payment...** [Cat Stevens / Yusuf] **I LOVED you, my LAY-DEE...** [Karen scream] **A wealthy neighborhood resident was inconvenienced while walking their FUR BABY!** [Cat Stevens / Yusuf] **THOUGH in your GRAVE you LIE...** [caricature of JOBS] **"Jus' because she a Black, homeless, drug-addicted, mentally-ill, rape-victim-on-the-run who been traf-ficked since she was fifteen — —"** [Cat Stevens / Yusuf] **"I'll ALL-WAYS be with YOU..."** [caricature of JOBS] **"... is NO EXCUSE fo' huh ta be disrespec'foo!"** [Beat. Cat Stevens]

glued messily to the inside, emerging from all directions, secured to the head with a strap] and a toga.

COLLEGE JENKINS [sung like Justin Hayward]: **“Bee-yoo-tee I’d ALL-WAYS MISSED, with these eyes BEFORE... Just what the TROOTH is, I can’t say ENN-EE-MORE...”** [scratches head exaggeratedly, searches for Posterboard #5 – Side A, which has been cut into the shape of a large, comic-book speech bubble. He stands still and non-dynamic, holding it and displaying the side that reads: “*You can change MORE by working WITHIN the system...*” He speaks, professor-like / il Dottore] **“Just what I’m going through, they can’t understand... Some try to tell me... thoughts they cannot defend...”** [speaks like himself, an educated Black man in pain] **“Just what you want to be, you WON’T be in the end...”** [flips Posterboard #5 to Side B.

On the back are photos of missing / murdered Black and Native wimmin. He resumes singing like Justin

Hayward] **AND I LOVE YOU!!!! YES I LOVE YOU... OH, HOW I LOVE YOU... OH HOW I LOVE YOU...”**

Emcee casts Posterboard #5 aside, removes mask and toga and returns with them to costume pile. Emcee grabs HR LADY helmet and Posterboard #6.

Emcee [Genesis P-Orridge]: **HR LAY-DEE...** [Emcee dons HR LADY helmet]

HR LADY [shows Posterboard #6 around the audience. It reads: “*CHAPTER 3: FUCK HUMXN RESOURCES, I’D RATHER BE AN ANIMAL*”] **We’re not an institution, we’re a vulnerable persxns management corporation with a customer-service orientation and an emphasis on team cohesion.** [tears Posterboard #6] **You made certain sounds. Keystrokes we didn’t like. Intentions that did not center the leadership of the organization. This is what is important.** [scatters pieces of posterboard into the audience, removes helmet, casts it aside]

Dollar Menu. Embalmed as Copts, they invite Abraham to the cookout and go on occasional PBUH crawls with names in Hebdo Charlie or Salman Rushdie mouths... but even with an MVP like Ivory, his baby cousin Coltan and a sub-Saharan home-court advantage, our Golden (Coast) Warriors had they clocks cleaned over the Atlantic.

Luckily, Anansi was a stow-away, and his cobwebs still line the attic...

The land of the Midnight Sun’s corpse-painted minstrels got (the rites to) the Son of the Morning, while the Sun Peoples (of Lenny Jeffries theories) may love the “Evil” of a Howlin’ Wolf, but only rep the outcast when it’s the Andre 3000 kind. Christ-inanity’s cancer of hypocrisy loves the crime and hates the criminal, but OZ is it written on Augustus Hill, “God is the ultimate gangster”... while Satan’s in prison for trying to come up (from Slavery, like Booker T!), so why don’t the New Jim Crow lead to “*Mass Identification*” (with the angel most fallen)?

For (A) change, cape for the bringer of light, NOT the whites! You know we Black folk take too much to pleasure for it to be a sin. We built for joy, unlike

Puritan-Americans, whose Jesus is a Nazi saying “work will make you free.” I guess

JC is the REAL gawd of trickery (so Elegba, nay ESHU, got some work to do). May Ogun kill the coon in your head, and Oshun use the blood (not from “the lamb,” but her own womb) to trace a circle on the Earth wide enough to hold both Lil’ Nas AND Malcolm X. Shango has a proud erection for self-determination, so let Ben’s bleats for calm in an MLK Junior cadence Crump-le, and righteous vengeance, nay riotous revenge, be the call to free ‘em all!

Dedicated to Manuel Gagneux and Daunte Wright — two fellow members of my Mulatto Tribe who inspire me in different ways...

#NotAllAncestors

My ancestors didn't abandon their gods, or trade 'em for "the ONE" in the mouth of they colonizer. My ancestors were the godless, who didn't abandon their reason.

My ancestors killed, rather than be captured, Even if they felled only themselves and, of course, their children...

My ancestors were exiles, "criminals," and whatever you call someone that can't smile at their own rapist.

My ancestors didn't turn the other cheek, or suffer in "strategic" slavery.

They didn't clamor for equality, respectability, pieces of shitty pie, or places at crummy tables.

They didn't use spirituality or community to justify prolonging lives unfit for humxn beings....

My ancestors were NOT Kings and Queens but the nameless niggaz building the pyramids, tending fields, mining metals and biding time 'til the right back was turned...

My ancestors brought balance, through defiance, vengeance and nonconformity. They chose they own families, adopted they own identities, and defined reality in terms ALL their own.

They didn't wait, pray, compromise or collaborate...

Instead of acceptance, they practiced rejection.

Despite all the above, they were STILL Black.

Brilliantly, beautifully, uniquely Black.

They were no longer "Afrikan," and were never "Amerikkkan." They were "Black," because they understood what that meant.

I wish we all did.

Today, and everyday, I honor them as best I can.

Fuck Juneteenth.

the far right, squirting them all the while] **and the kindness of a gas chamber.** [sink again with right fist and left block, pass gun from right hand to left, drop squirtgun back into sharps container.] **Whoever smelt it dealt it?** [open and close right hand while rubbing right forearm with left hand] **Naw!** [plunge right fist to the ground, as in monkey kung fu; left long sau, slowly, as opiates take effect] **I reject bipartisanship!!!** [extend left leg in monkey pre-crawl position, with arms up in ready-position; teetering, like Drunken-style, but under water] **Fuck any and all "isms!"** [place left palm on ground, monkey crawl once] **Once it gets bigger than don't be an asshole** [shift to right, with right leg leading in pre-crawl position. Drop right palm to ground, pass left over right, monkey crawl again back to center] **it's BULLSHIT!** [up in teetering Drunken ready position, languidly come to square monkey squat, facing audience. Arms up, drunkenly, in ready-position] **All you company men... are LIARS** [point with left finger, lose balance, shift weight onto left foot, left monkey fist on ground to brace] **and COWARDS** [right arm is drunkenly raised in block, then weakly falls in a right fist on the ground beside the left], **treating friends like ENEMIES** [swift, powerful right-back fist – left axe fist combo] **and enemies** [weak, slow opiated left back fist] **like friends...** [the weakest, slowest, most opiated right axe fist. Fist drunkenly hovers inches above the ground, and FETTY finally falls, defeated, back onto buttocks, legs spread] **Fuck a company... schools... any and all prisons...** [hunch forward in a legit "nodding" gesture. Beat. Lift face to audience when speaking] **Punishment don't FIX,** [straighten torso and head, with last bit of consciousness] **it only BREAKS!** [fall backward into complete lying position]

After a beat and still on the ground, Emcee strips off mask and wig with one pull, rises to costume pile, puts shoes back on and gathers COLLEGE JENKINS costume: A venetian mask [made of a college textbook cover with torn, laminated pages

forward at the waist, her ass in the audience's face, and thrusts her arms into the container with a double low bong-sau, as in the same section of the same form. She grabs a bent spoon in it with her left hand and grabs a lighter from it with her right. She stands, with both arms outstretched, as in double crane break from Siu Lim Tao, but still holding the items. She pulls both arms into chamber, as in the follow-up to this technique. She steps her right foot back as before, shifts to face the audience, but steps her forward foot back to meet the other. She opens Yee-Shee-Kim-Yung-Ma again, and punches both arms out to the side in Jesus Christ Pose.

FETTY LOU: When white bois ain't running everything [brings spoon to chest level with left hook punch] **they run everything over.** [brings lighter under spoon with right hook punch] **Fuck electric scooters!** [begin burning spoon with lighter, left-right-left chain punches] **If niggaz had rights like those bikes, we could sleep on the street in peace.** [Discards spoon w/ gan-fook-shift to the left] **Technology ain't smart** [discards lighter w/ right gan-fook-shift to the right] **people are just dumb.** [Finds vein / left fook into tan sau, right palm slap left forearm as in Chum Kiu, then replace hands 2x] **My pussy shoulda come with a QR Code...** [Right mok sau with left in chamber, then Moy Fa Kuen sink with right fist and left block] **What, I should march like an Afrikan behind a phone to feed buildings full of yuppies** [gesture to audience with left hand, while right hand remains in fist]... **AND BUPPIES?** [point with finger of same hand to specific folks in audience] **A dollar got no color on it,** [plunge left hand into sharps container] **but a bitcoin...** [pull from sharps container a brightlycolored, old-school plastic squirt gun filled with water and blood-red food coloring; a "cylinder" of syringes has been super-glued to it] **A gentlemen kills with compromise,** [stand abruptly, shoot audience from the far left until center, replace squirtgun in right hand and pass it across audience to

[Put up with Pet-Life, or be put to sleep]

Can't bite the hand that feeds, but wascally mutt feigns such at the dawg park.

He ain't met the deductible for Kaiser Permanente neuticles so how else he gonna hide that he "fixed"?

Bred for apartments and purses, bad hips and flat noses, we can't breathe without constant visits to the doctor, but at least we eat often enough to be obese...

Even better than eating "good"!

Honest Work — "Ballet"

SANTOS, a Brown man wearing angel wings and a glittery masquerade style mask, plays an acoustic guitar upstage, in the background, beginning before the lights even come up.

Lights up.

KNOWONA, a Black womxn, walks in from stage left. She wears a server's outfit, with the logo of "The Liberty Cafe" on it. BURNEE, in ski mask and threateningly carrying a knife, enters from right. He is dressed in a long trench coat, concealing his attire. They meet in the middle. He sheaths knife. They dance, waltz-like, to the guitar music.

Black. KNOWONA screams, bloodcurdling.

TOOLIE (offstage): In this world, nobody gets fucked worse than the small businessman!

Lights up. Santos continues playing, in the same position. This time, he is without wings, and in a busboy uniform. FAVOREET, a young white womxn dances terribly in the foreground, unable to complete one step without falling. KNOWONA, in the background, dances excellently, though she winces and almost falters every time TOOLIE DOUCHE (older, obese white man, asshole, center stage, on phone, at desk) uses *violent language*. ALPHABEE, a miserable-looking

older white womxn, is at his right, conducting with a wand, facing the audience.

TOOLIE (on phone): *FUCKING PRICK... AGAIN???... SO SOON?...* *FUCK* him! RAISE my

FUCKING... Well, then... That fucker I just hired... he's gotta go! We're paying out the *ASS* on LABOR! I don't *FUCKING* care if he's a DOCTOR wherever the *FUCK* he's FROM... This is AMERICA, and he's a *SHIT FUCKING* busser! Hold on...

SANTOS calmly places the guitar down, exits the stage. Without music, the dancers do even worse.

TOOLIE: Good afternoon, Liberty Eatery, "where the cream rises to the top!!!" No problem, just a sec, hold a moment, please and thanks! — — SOMEONE take this *FUCKING* order, do I have to do *FUCKING* everything?!?

ALPHABEE begins dancing, obviously miserable, for the duration of taking a phone order. She then resumes conducting, as happy as she can be.

TOOLIE: Yeah. Back. What? *FUCK!!!* How much? *FUCKING* distributors... I mean, the delivery driver... maybe the internet provider... definitely the servers... even the dishwashers... don't even get me started on the cooks, they ALL wanna *FUCK ME!!!* I paid my *FUCKING* DUES, they gotta, too!! What if I change the name, then? Something EDGY-er... NO, I DON'T want to hear any *FUCKING* ideas, I'm the *FUCKING* owner. [hangs up] I have to do EVERYTHING!!!!

TOOLIE storms off the stage. FAVOREET manages to actually complete a simple dance step. ALPHABEE takes notice, drops wand and rushes over to her.

ALPHABEE: Great job!!!

FAVOREET: I know...

ALPHABEE: Why don't you take the rest of the day off?

FAVOREET: With pay?

ALPHABEE: Of course! You've got some sick time...

destruction, let 'em swoller you till they vomit or bust wide open!" [Emcee removes mask and hat, returns them to the pile]

Emcee [King Buzzo / Steve Austin] **Cause I can only figure...** [removes suit jacket, casts it aside] **My time away.** [Begins unbuttoning shirt] **I could tell but wish I could... prevent... the way we went.** [opens shirt; underneath, nipples have been taped over, tits have been traced under with paint pen, a midriff corset drawn on shaven torso] **You know by the way you spend this, so bored and so left...** [strips shirt off, tosses it at audience] **You can tell by the thought of bigger ones... you save a man** [slips off shoes, returns them to the pile] **Oh YEAH, I forgot to get my PILLS...** [Strips off socks, casts them aside] **I got to go DOWN-TOWN!** [begins undoing pants] **Cause I can wear a coat** [pulls down pants, revealing bloodstained thong panties, ripped fishnets] **like some MANLY MAN!** [removes pants, casts them aside] **You know that the house can live like some band-stand mind...** [removes FETTY LOU mask from SHARPS container and holds it up to audience; it is fashioned from a nylon stocking, with red messy lipstick-like mouth drawn in paint pen around a slit. Eyeshadow and wing-tip eyeliner drawn in black paint pen] **I confess I know it's like the timid face of man that's hiding** [pulls mask on, adjusts it] **Play in the sandbox, and jump and ever poured just sand** [pulls wig from SHARPS container] **OH yeah!** [puts wig on, smooths out] **I FOR-GOT to get my PILLS...** [transformation complete, stands with hands on hips] **I GOT to GO DOWNTOWN...**

FETTY LOU chambers her fists and opens Yee-Chee-Kim-Yung-Ma. She steps her right foot back, directly in front of the SHARPS container and shifts away from audience towards it, as in the final traveling section of Chum Kiu. She steps her back foot forward to meet the forward one, as in the same Chum Kiu section — — but shoulder-width apart. She bends abruptly

clients DIE in that time. Do you want your company logo T-shirt in Juneteenth colors or the LGBTQ plus Pride Flag?

Emcee removes HR LADY helmet, places it back in the pile, and collects Posterboard #4, showing it around the audience. It reads: "*CHAPTER 2: COLLEGE JENKINS AND JOBS MCKENZIE TELL FETTY LOU HOW TO LIVE RIGHT!*"

Emcee tears posterboard, scatters pieces at / over the audience, and grabs JOBS MCKENZIE costume:

a venetian mask [made of a deflated basketball, with dollar bills glued messily to the inside in all directions like feathers or spikes, with an adjustable strap fashioned out of a belt] and a ball cap.

Emcee [Dave Mustaine]: **If there's a NEW WAY... I'll be the first in LIE-EEN... but it better WORK this TIME — —** [Emcee dons JOBS MCKENZIE costume]

JOBS MCKENZIE: **If youngins is good at books, they get paid to give a grown-ass man the whatfor... Y'all educated fools is arrogant and confused! My great-grandpops was a slave, and taught me the way the world work. He said "Work the job, don't let the job work you!" What else he say? "Work smart, not hard." I ain't no company-man... the COMPANY a ME-MAN... I heard they was hiring folks to sit somewhere, play on they phones and tell niggas "No!," and I said "sign me up!" Beats holdin' a sign in the street all day... or diggin' graves. So when that union came putting sweet nothings in my ear, I used protection. The board of directors don't play... we got cops on it, judges on it, bankers, ministers... my son work here, too, and when he got uppity one time, they almost lynched him! I tried tell him (and my sister's boy, who also work here) what my great-grandpops told me: "Live with your head in the lion's mouth. I want you to overcome 'em with yeses, undermine 'em with grins, agree 'em to death and**

FAVOREET: ...and JUST in time! Tonight's the Adult Children Competition! The most ironic African American imitation wins "Gigglefest" tickets, and a free cask of craft ale!

ALPHABEE: [backing away from FAVOREET, into KNOWONA] Aw, you deserve it!

FAVOREET exits, as ALPHABEE collides with KNOWONA, knocking her to the ground. She turns to face KNOWONA.

ALPHABEE: Watch where you're going, you... What's wrong with you? All day, you've been — —

KNOWONA: It's nothing...

ALPHABEE: Oh, so you're doing... less than your best... on purpose?

KNOWONA: It's persxnal...

ALPHABEE: Well, you don't have to tell me... and we don't have to put you on the schedule. If work is getting in the way... of your persxnal — KNOWONA: No. I'm sorry... I'm sick...

ALPHABEE: Well, you don't have to tell ME! I have a spastic colon, polyps in my intestine and hemorrhoids to top it all off... yet I still manage to do my job... flawlessly, and without complaint. What's wrong with YOU?

KNOWONA: I was attacked...

ALPHABEE: Allergies?

KNOWONA: An animal...

ALPHABEE: A dog?

KNOWONA: A man...

ALPHABEE: Oh. Well. Just get someone with a degree — KNOWONA: I have a degree!

ALPHABEE: — — or a badge — —

KNOWONA: You don't need a degree to — —

ALPHABEE: — — to vouch for you... it's not that we don't believe you, but... Your next day off is?

KNOWONA: Monday...

ALPHABEE: Get it done then, and... When are you — KNOWONA: Tuesday...

ALPHABEE: And we'll see you on Tuesday... and put the matter... of your recent performance... behind us.

KNOWONA: I... My... Would it be okay if I... Please...

ALPHABEE: Of course... Today's been a struggle... for all of us... but I am sure we can manage. The toilets aren't going to clean themselves...

ALPHABEE methodically begins conducting, staring at KNOWONA, who resumes her original place on the stage and dances at breakneck speed. TOOLIE re-enters, and ALPHABEE turns to face him. At this point, KNOWONA begins dancing as slowly as possible.

TOOLIE: If you weren't my FUCKING wife... I just took a look at the FUCKING books...

WHY didn't you tell me we were being *RAPED*!!!!

KNOWONA falls, crying.

TOOLIE: [looking around, not seeing KNOWONA] What the FUCK? The tables look like SHIT?!

ALPHABEE: You fired the busser, hun.

TOOLIE: Well, let's hire another...

WYATT (bro-y white man, late teens / early 20's) enters, stepping over KNOWONA.

TOOLIE: You're hired!

WYATT takes SANTOS' place, playing the guitar horribly.

TOOLIE: [to ALPHABEE] I've got a feeling about this guy...

ALPHABEE: You said that about the last one...

TOOLIE: This time I fucking mean it. There's just something about him...

BLACK

Lights up on COMMONTATORS, in the center of the stage. #1 is played by the same actor as WYATT, #2 by SANTOS.

COMMONTATOR #1: Good Evening, Ladies and Gentlemen — COMMONTATOR #2: — — And non-binary, non-conforming folks — —

COMMONTATOR #1: We welcome you — —

COMMONTATOR #2: — — Every night — —

Emcee: **The master's tools destroy pretty good, that's why he keeps 'em under lock and key. The same knife used to castrate my ancestors can cut out cancers.** [to final audience member selected, with plunger mic] **Why shouldn't I kill my boss?** [allow for answer, move on with/without ad-libbed response. Toss plunger to the side, gather HR LADY costume — — bike helmet with naked Black Baby doll hanging from it in a harness of hanger wire. The doll's face has been painted in a "whiteface" caricature]

Emcee: **Nazi say he like Black people** [Jesco] **"if he wanna live to see tomorrah."** And [Roger Waters] **"MUNN-AY"** [Phil Anselmo] **"can't live in the past!"** **The 48 laws is all-too-common in this marriage.**

Monkey SAY diff'rint. He don't DO diff'rint... 'cuz this ain't [Johnny Rotten] **AN-AR-KAY** [Axl Rose]

"you're in the JUNGLE, baby"... [angry Black self] **And fragile-ass crackers gotta be comfortable...**

[Genesis P-Orridge]: **By far the worst was the HR Lady...** [Emcee dons HR LADY costume helmet, runs to Stage Right]

HR LADY: **It was Assata "YASSS KWEEN" Shakur who said "we can't do nothing but loosen our chains," and in response, management has issued the following reparations: Our without cause terminations are pre-certified by Black Lives Matter, LLC-TRADEMARK, so to accuse the company of "racism" is itself a punishable microaggression. In the interest of reducing extractive emotional labor, Native land acknowledgments are lead exclusively by white allies, and in a way that EVERY-ONE can enjoy! To in any way criticize this is inherently racist! During recess, we play chess, but with Diversity, Equity and Inclusivity... The King and Queen are still white, but the pawns are all Black "theys"! Zoomed-up in buzzwords and abbreviations, experts in pyramid schemes better the agency with twentyfourseven trainings when they are not on vacation, and hopefully no**

Emcee retrieves “Posterboard 3,” shows it around the audience. It reads: “*CHAPTER 1: EVERYTHING NOT PROHIBITED IS MANDATORY!*” Emcee tears posterboard into small pieces, scatters them at / over the audience, and dons EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR UBU costume [large print-out of Pere Ubu illustration affixed to hard cardboard on a stick. It is held in left hand, as a mask, while a plunger is held in the right hand, spoken into as a microphone. EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR UBU stands Stage Left]

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR UBU: MASS INCARCERATION is the bee’s knees, so we’re gonna run battered wimmin’s shelters like a MARATHON! Children’s hospitals will be indistinguishable from MILITARY OPERATIONS! If ONLY our recovery centers could be more like CASINOS, and housing the homeless more like SPORTSBALL... The merciless logic of FREE MARKET CAPITALISM, if applied to these lowest-hanging of untapped fruit, will see me canonized as the patron saint of MEGA-JACKPOT LOTTERY winners! [shove plunger between left armpit and rib as in the Ubu illustration, perform handout gesture like reverse nazi salute] **HEIL FUNDER!!!**

Emcee tosses Ubu stick mask to the side, and approaches individual audience members with plunger mic. They are selected based on appearance / caprice. Emcee speaks into plunger mic, places it to their mouths after for their possible answers.

Emcee [to first audience member selected]: **The sin of wages is death-in-life. How do you pay your rent?** [allow for answer, move on with/without ad-libbed response]

Emcee: **Train cars get crowded like trash compactors get full, and condos build-up like plaque in a colon. REMEMBER... chickens are CHEAP, but cages are EXPENSIVE!** [to another audience member, holding plunger mic under their mouth] **What do you do for food?** [allow for answer, move on with/without ad-libbed response]

COMMONTATORS #1 and #2: to “SLAUGHTER at the STEAKHOUSE!!!”

Recorded sounds of crowd fanfare, possible the start of some theme song or other appropriate music.

COMMONTATOR #1: This could be any restaurant, anywhere — COMMONTATOR #2: — — in the so-called “first world” — COMMONTATOR #1: Two men, one job...

COMMONTATOR #2: Friends for years, they’ve worked together, side-by-side — —

COMMONTATOR #1: And now, courtesy of NEW MANAGEMENT, it’s a dog-eat-dog fight to the — —

COMMONTATOR #2: — — Socio-economic — —

COMMONTATOR #1: DEATH... In the White skin, weighing \$500 dollars a month rent and two felony convictions, we have the 48 year old, recovering alcoholic BURNEE!!!

Lights up on BURNEE, stage right, on his knees, praying. He wears boxing trunks, a cooks’ apron, no shirt and boxing gloves. The recorded sounds of crowd fanfare play briefly (obviously a recording), and he rises, jumping, dancing, dodging as if in the actual ring.

COMMONTATOR #2: And in the Black skin, weighing \$200 a week at a roominghouse with three child support payments, we have — COMMONTATOR #1: The CHALLENGER!!!

Lights up on a Black man, about 40 years old, dressed in the same attire as BURNEE. He has already been jumping, dancing and preparing. Recorded boos from the audience abound for a beat. CHALLENGER reacts to the crowd as would “the heel” in a wrestling match.

The bell rings! The COMMONTATORS remain between BURNEE and CHALLENGER, who look across the stage at each other and shadowbox, the other responding as if actually receiving the blows.

COMMONTATOR #1: The pressure’s on... BURNEE’S got day shift...

COMMONTATOR #2: — — A clear advantage — COMMONTATOR #1: Not necessarily...

COMMONTATOR #2: Kitchen not clean enough, penalty for CHALLENGER...

COMMONTATOR #1: BURNEE'S getting PUMMELED by brunch... additional staff assisting — —

COMMONTATOR #2: Against regulations!

COMMONTATOR #1: Manager not calling it... Shift change... A PUNISHING lunch rush... CHALLENGER holding his own, NO assistance... [offstage whistle is blown] He's stepping off the line — —

COMMONTATOR #2: Emergency phone call from his daughter — —

COMMONTATOR #1: Penalty for CHALLENGER... [The bell rings] HALFWAY POINT in a two- week bout... BEL-LIGERENT dinner crowd, a RECORD-BREAKING wait list... Recipe for DISASTER!

COMMONTATOR #2: Both overwhelmed, distracted, desperate...

COMMONTATOR #1: BURNEE thinking about drinking — —

COMMONTATOR #2: — — CHALLENGER worried about his daughter — —

COMMONTATOR #1: BURNEE losing sleep — —

COMMONTATOR #2: — — CHALLENGER BLOWING his tips on lottery tickets — —

COMMONTATOR #1: — — BURNEE contemplating SUICIDE — —

COMMONTATOR #2: — — BOTH MEN strongly considering a RETURN to street life — COMMONTATOR #1: BURNEE FEARING a third and final return to THE CAGE!!!

COMMONTATOR #2: CHALLENGER narrowly evading HUMILIATION before family and community!!!

COMMONTATOR #1: ALL LOVE LOST, between these two — —

Carnegie, Tales from the Hood (1995) and, of course, Throbbing Gristle..."]

Emcee [scream-y, maniacal, labile vocalizations]: **I'm working at my JOB, I'm so HA-PEE... more BOR-ing by the DAY, but they PAY-ME!** ["Posterboard 2 – Side A" is selected, and shown around to the audience. Handwritten in red marker with black outline, it reads: "*Dedicated to EVERYONE who profits off of poverty, homelessness, illness and prison... 'cuz that's where the REAL money is!*""]

Emcee takes position in the center of the stage, flips "Posterboard 2" around to show Side B. On it have been glued photos of [atrocities]

Emcee [matter-of-fact]: **Humxn rights don't fucking exist... Only civil ones that the government gives... and, in four years or so, can taketh away...** [*Emcee* tears "Posterboard 2" to pieces] **No matter how basic, necessary, etcetera, these so-called services are... they are provided, exclusively, by shitty companies... in competition, and for money... whether they call it profit or not...** [*Emcee* tosses the torn pieces into the air (to the left, to the center and to the right) to rain down upon the audience. Hands come to prayer position, speaking in Gregorian / Catholic style chant]: **Through them, with them, and in them... in the futility of a liberal co-a-lish-on! All EMULATION and PROSTRATION is yours, Lordess Ac-ro-nym, god-x of the non-profit industrial complex...** [clapping, Black church style] **What time is it? MANTRA TIME!** [many times, around / to / with the audience, until it makes sense to address them.

Emcee [Thulsa Doom]: **What are our core values?** [Conan] **Crush your enemies, see them driven before you, and listen to the lamentations...** [matter of fact] **of they non-binary baes... HEIL FUNDER!** [remove top hat, hold it out to be filled with dollars. Toss hat to the side]

Leaning into Privileged Traumatic Stress Disorder from the social war their professors lost the walking-wounded woke up to say

Hypercapitalism is the new anticapitalism, and “Fuck you,
Pay me” the new Internationale.

Somehow, however, a magic number of petitions or protests
will persuade power to care about more than money?

“It’s the one thing liars and the stupid can agree on,” he thinks

but Instagram said anti-authoritarianism is cultural
tonepolicing

so he silently remembers to agree with Ibram X. Kendi.

Honest Work: The Third Annual Report

A stack of posterboard, a pile of costumes w/ props, and a sharps container full of items are pre-set on the stage. Emcee enters, in a suit, top hat and dress shoes.

Emcee [matter-of-fact]: **I’m working at my JOB, I’m so HA-PEE... more BOR-ing by the DAY, but they PAY-ME!** [Emcee shows “Posterboard 1 – Side A” to the audience. Handwritten in black marker, it reads: ‘*Honest Work: The Third Annual Report*, by J.”g.”j.’]

Emcee [slightly agitated]: **I’m working at my JOB, I’m so HA-PEE... more BOR-ing by the DAY, but they PAY-ME!** [“Posterboard 1 – Side B” is now shown around to the audience. Handwritten in black marker, it reads: “*Bibliography: Dead Kennedys, Conan the Barbarian (1982), Ubu Roi, The 48 Laws of Power, Jesco White, Pink Floyd, Guns N’ Roses, Pantera, The Sex Pistols, Megadeth, Ralph Ellison’s Invisible Man, Melvins,*

The Moody Blues, One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest, Last House on the Left (1972), Cat Stevens / Yusuf Islam, Dale

COMMONTATOR #2: By technical knock out — —

COMMONTATOR #1: FINAL ROUND, HOLIDAY WEEK-END, AND — —

Whistle blown, followed by alarms, crowd screams, blood-curdling aural chaos, which becomes slower and distorted as scene draws on in “chopped and screwed” fashion. Boxing pantomime stops, and BURNEE reacts as if the entire left side of his face has been scalded with napalm-like oil, while in a burning kitchen. CHALLENGER is frozen, as if in a still photo.

COMMONTATOR #1: HOT OIL!!!

COMMONTATOR #2: GREASE FIRE, GREASE FIRE!!!! The FLESH on his FACE... HIDEOUSLY BURNT!!!

COMMONTATOR #1: — — THAT’S GOTTA HURT — COMMONTATOR #2: One simple mistake...

COMMONTATOR #1: In all my days as COMMONTATOR

— —

COMMONTATOR #2: One tragic mistake...

COMMONTATOR #1: The judges have decided...

COMMONTATOR #2: There are no winners...

SILENCE. Both drop personas. BURNEE is huddled, his hand never leaving the nowscarred side of his face. SANTOS picks up the guitar, begins playing a simple, mournful tune. COMMONTATOR #1 hands a pint bottle of liquor to CHALLENGER (which frees him from his frozen position), and begins changing into WYATT costume, in background but still visible. CHALLENGER approaches the broken, huddled, silent BURNEE.

CHALLENGER: Game over... [he drinks, then hands bottle to BURNEE, who takes it with his free hand. CHALLENGER turns] Thanks for playing...

CHALLENGER walks off stage. BURNEE waits for a beat, and puts the bottle to his lips.

Silence. BLACK

Lights up. KNOWONA at stage left, in background, an oversized piece of paper in her hand. She stands proudly,

unmoving, dressed in punk attire. FAVOREET plays the guitar, terribly, in the center of the stage, as TOOLIE and WYATT dance terribly together nearby. ALPHABEE conducts, as usual. HC (White man, in chefs hat, working-class accent / demeanor) at stage-left, foreground, dancing. FAVOREET, ALPHABEE, TOOLIE and WYATT wear “Liberation Kitchen” uniforms. TOOLIE and WYATT dance by HC.

TOOLIE: We’ve had him for years...

HC: How-do-ya — FAVOREET: Beats me!

TOOLIE: You’ll be his boss —

WYATT: Yeah, yeah, yeah...

KNOWONA: Ma’am, I have your — ALPHABEE: [to HC]

YOU’RE FUCKING UP!!!!

HC begins a different dance.

HC: How-do-ya — FAVOREET: No idea!

KNOWONA: Miss, that letter — —

ALPHABEE: [to HC] YOU’RE FUCKING UP!!!!

HC begins a third dance. TOOLIE and WYATT dance by FAVOREET. It is a sexualized dance.

TOOLIE: She’s the best...

FAVOREET: What do I do?

TOOLIE (lasciviously) and ALPHABEE (maternally): Whatever you want to!!!

TOOLIE: You’ll be working together...

WYATT: Yeah?!?

TOOLIE and WYATT dance by KNOWONA. It is a violent dance.

TOOLIE: Finally, this is — —

HC: How-do-ya — —

TOOLIE: She does everything — ALPHABEE: Badly!!!

TOOLIE: — -That’s why you’re gonna be her boss, too!!!

WYATT: Yeah!!! [to KNOWONA, dancing violently and sexually beside her] Hey, you’re gonna have to help me, ‘cuz I don’t know SHIT about this job... maybe, sometime, we could...

KNOWONA: Boss, I got — —

Lorde and Master’s tools were Left-leaning in the field, Lying about(,) white skin sells still on ‘em. HBCUs got you tripping like GHB, see you be the Oreoppressor, full-circle from Pod A A (rough?-)trade-marked unJust Transition from circled-A to just letting it (B)e. Welcome, you been sonned, to the deus-X-mockerina. Try not to puke your alphabet soup of sickly-sweet acronyms if the ride is too Bumpy (like Johnson) a(N)d (P)ee (I) (C)ede like a kept nigger-boy running down your leg. Since the ride too scary

you come out the other side a gassed, lit statute from the bowels of the movement, effectively eliminated when the monster was incorporated. The Vincent Price is an arm and a head the high(low?) caust of efficiency. In “holding space”, can we hear you scream? With a B.O.D, E.D and 501c3, it hasn’t boded well.

Cop killers gone the way of the coprophagous for them pro-cop wages

“Am I being retained,” or just stopped? I get Sartre’s Nausea watching the fattening of Buy-All-Zebub’s coffers May the (Lavey-like) larvae of (Larouche-like) Les Mouches

Die, small and white, of consumption and showmanshit...

Paid only in bad faith

for a life wasted on endless documentation

Better dead than trusted for even a second.

An alternative would shrink massive cocks and their loads of handouts

with which they keep us in profitable problems, ‘cuz a genuine solution might really cost ‘em... but when not, of course, at work

Comrade Salaryman justifies his cowardice:

was scary, until it became sexy, and the new word for “charity” (thanks to the “brain fog” of COVID-19)...

“The Uprising” was scary, until preacher-grifters, ambulance-chasers and clout-hungry Instagram influencers began bleating for “calm.” We kneel before corporate sponsors in response to police terror, for negotiations with the State over budget reallocations, and maybe no more monuments to the Confederacy.

“Abolition” means complete destruction. and destruction is NOT safe.

It is certainly not “legitimacy.”

It ain’t “respectable,” it’s NEVER profitable, and it will ALWAYS be “criminal.”

The criminal wears a mask to protect their identity (and community?) against a disease that is killing them. If the disease is familiar, the cure is scarier, because nothing scares people more than change.

Better to live in fear, though, than to die in it,

because this system is not “chess not checkers,” it is a cancer, and cancer always kills....

It cannot be “reformed”.

Help Meeeeeeeeee! (Whiteflies)

Tell-a-porter (not the Mantan Moreland sorta) from times of post-voter gun-toters 10 point platforms, and a focus on foco about the Brundlefly in the ointment, The spook in the machine.

Stirner had the Galt to sit by the door (played by Mickey Mouse Roark in the king’s English version).

My people don’t trust subtitles, and see through him! Invisible Man is our shit, and yet...

Feeling the wind Malik Shabazz prayed for,

ALPHABEE: [to HC] YOU’RE FUCKING UP!!!

HC begins yet another dance

KNOWONA pushes WYATT aside, takes center stage, and shoves paper into ALPHABEE’S hand.

KNOWONA: Yo!!! Here!!!...

She continues across the stage, exiting.

TOOLIE: What’s gotten into that... and in front of a customer!!!

AWFULCER, white man in police uniform, enters stage and begins working out in the foreground. Squats, jump-squats burpies, push-ups, plank, etc.

TOOLIE: I am so sorry you had to witness that, please — —

AWFULCER: You never have to apologize. All those free meals, for me and my guys, after Septembulleventh — —

TOOLIE / ALPHABEE / WYATT / FAVOREET / AWFULCER: NEVER FORGET!!!

AWFULCER: — — you don’t have to be sorry for nuthin’... Anything I can do faw ya, ya let me know...

TOOLIE: Well, look, after today, that one with the lip is — —

ALPHABEE [reading paper]: On a mental health leave of absence...

TOOLIE: WAIT!!! WHAT??? [grabs paper] FUCK!!! [reading] PTSD??? I don’t buy it!!! If she REALLY had... then she would have... it doesn’t add up!!!

ALPHABEE: It happened to me...

TOOLIE: [reading letter] “No compassion”? [looks up from the page] I TOLD her I’m the most compassionate FUCKING... No animal products, fair trade EVERYTHING, I even give money to... I even VOTED FOR — — ALPHABEE: I still did my job...

TOOLIE: [reading letter] “DISCRIMINATION”? [looks up from the page] I TOLD her, it isn’t about... Try to get a bank loan as a small business owner, THEN we’ll talk about FUCK-

ING discrimination. I KNEW she'd play the FUCKING race card, and after all I did for that — —

ALPHABEE: ... flawlessly, and without complaint.

TOOLIE: We can't afford a paid vacation for this wanna-be welfare queen... [crumples paper in his fist]

ALPHABEE: Employees have rights...

TOOLIE: We can't afford a FUCKING lawsuit, either!!! [smooths paper out] ALPHABEE: Protections under the law...

TOOLIE: We can't afford to hire... or fire...

ALPHABEE: If the company has 50 or more employees...

TOOLIE: We can have her killed!!!! [pause. Everyone on stage takes notice] ALPHABEE: ...and we have 48!!!

Widespread relief.

TOOLIE: Sometimes, just SOMETIMES, the small businessman gets a FUCKING break!

Sound of a phone ringing. TOOLIE answers.

TOOLIE: "Liberation Kitchen... First the dishes, then the revolution"... Will that be cash or credit?

BLACK

LIGHTS UP. Actor playing WYATT sits across from BURNEE at a desk, now in the character of DABOSS. BURNEE is BURNEE, dressed as almost a vagrant. SANTOS applies WHITEFACE makeup to WYATT, while CHALLENGER applies the HIDEOUS BURN makeup to BURNEE, who regularly hiccups, drunk style. He slurs his words, while DABOSS affects a superior tone and faux British accent.

DABOSS: That will be 4 years and \$160,000 dollars... Normally, there's a discount for melanin- deficiency, but...

BURNEE: I know... my last job. I was injured... badly.

DABOSS: "Horseplay in the workplace"...

BURNEE: Their words...

DABOSS: Their testimony... And it seems as if, on MANY an occasion, you were — —

BURNEE: Twice... When I was a kid, we — —

DABOSS: Tough upbringing. I know. Listen...

plant, and everything is as normal as deportation and forced sterilization and half-assed sorries for queer lobotomies. [Hey, they Made the Military Trans Again and promise LGBTQ-only correctional facilities (if you're lucky!)] The oligarchy has the most hyphenated draft picks in almost 300 years!

Fuck self-determination, and independent homeland, when you can play a slot machine every four years that dispenses ALL the responsibility for a snuff movie called a "country" and NONE of the power.

They cry "terrorist" when we turn the other cheek, what if we gave 'em something to cry about? If I turn the long, hard road to democracy into a (Boston) marathon would I be loved like the Confederacy? This republic is a pressure cooker, we need some balls (bearing), (tough as) nails and Black Pow(d)er, to add up to an IOU long overdue (and spelled IED).

[carried / concealed by chameleons, and placed between both sets of klan on some "January 6 th , 2021" kinda day] It would make more noise than the thirteen lynchings under Trump last year or, even worse, the stolen computer of Nancy Pelosi ("He put his feet on my DESK!!!") and it would actually do some good...

Epilogue: Remember when anarchists used to rob banks, bomb buildings and kill politicians and police? Neither do I...

*Dedicated to **Queen Mother Audley Moore and Renzo Novatore***

Scare Tactics (or "The Spectacle Wished to Make Us Appear Dreadful...")

Panthers were scary when they were feeding babies, so the system caged them in the universities. Street Queens were so scary in their defiant beauty, the system made their legacy about joining the military.

"Antifa" is lovely when we demonstrate "non-violently" (against Trump and Nazis), but scary when we turn it on Biden and Bernie, and go to bat against the po-po. Even "mutual aid"

they're not talking about "marathons" and "sprints" but "chess not checkers."

Their god's playbook an obvious forgery

Their reading of Gaia's mind a shameless scam. Still, we fall for it every time, and give them enough power to hang us with.

Everyone who wears a suit, chops down trees, or refers to others as "officer" and "your honor" feels the sickness in their guts as clear as the difference between love and rape.

Kill the ape, nay, the ache in your head. Attack from the heart and shut them the fuck up
"for good."

Ode to the Owed

Unlike a jingo-boo, who

(with all the humility of a \$400 headband) gets on Af-Am radio and says nothing about reparations, I no longer wish to be humxn.

I want the respect given cops and corporations. Bail outs and paid vacations for every housing crisis and extra-judicial homicide. If techbro erections and lotto addictions yield trillions and billions (respectively), surely every descendant of the enslaved Afrikan can get 40 adjusted-for-inflation acres and the COVID-era equivalent of a mule. In an effort to replace "tyranny" with autocracy Disease-spreading legals took a break from fetus-worship to make poopies in the Capitol.

They're gonna need to find those missing kid gloves to clean it up

'cuz the Trail of Tears and Natchez Trace ain't got shit on the rape of them hallowed halls!

Now an Indian, a Caribbean and a womxn walk into a bar... exam and give Clint Eastwood a bleeding-heart trans-

BURNEE: Sir... Please... LOOK AT ME!!!

Both men are fully made up. They connect, for a beat. CHALLENGER and SANTOS exit. DABOSS drops his gaze, produces a business card and pen, and scribbles something on the back of the card. He looks back up, to meet BURNEE'S one good eye (the other is covered with a patch).

DABOSS: I won't... but I know someone who will... offer you... something. [extends business card across desk] Something more suited... to your present circumstances. BURNEE reaches out to take the card. When he grasps it, abrupt bump to

BLACK

LIGHTS UP on KNOWONA alone in the center of the stage. She is dressed in a hardcore/punk style outfit. She changes into the silly uniform of "The Liberty Eatery."

BLACK

LIGHTS UP on BURNEE, in the center of the stage. He wears nothing but beaten-up, hobo-style shoes; an oversized novelty diaper with pin, and a baby bonnet. It is absolutely ghastly with his burn scars and eye patch. He holds a sign, which reads "BIG BABY TAX SERVICE", and depicts a cartoon, suited IRS agent smacking a naked newborn on the ass. BURNEE sounds drunk.

BURNEE: Even a BIG BABY can make BIG BUCKS!!!!!! [pulls the pint bottle from the back of his diaper, drinks, and replaces it] Don't let UNCLE SAM put you across his KNEE!!! Fight BACK, with BIG BABY, and get... what you deserve!

KNOWONA enters stage, on phone, and oblivious to BURNEE. She wears "Liberty Eatery" uniform.

KNOWONA: Compassion and cooperation, NOT competition and control... If they just respect boundaries, identities and differences, we'd... A revolution of values is the ONLY way ANYTHING... Who you tellin'? The new place I am at... I been there a minute now, and I feel like I'm the only one... It's ALL exploitation, at least you get PAID! I barely make enough... my

hours, what I wear, EVERYTHING is on they terms, and I STILL have to put up with... 'cuz LIFE is unsafe, 1 in 3 of us... and if they legal... Maybe I would...

BURNEE: Hey, baby... You know, you're real pretty...

KNOWONA: [to persxn on phone] What? [to BURNEE] Oh, NOTHING! Some CREEP trying to holla at me... [back to phone, walks across and off stage] See? We can't be free of this shit for a minute, we might as well make it work for us... [exits]

BURNEE: Real pretty... [pulls out pint bottle, drinks, replaces it] For a dark-skinned girl...

WYATT comes out onto stage, with Black angel wings and devil horns. He puts the trench coat around BURNEE'S shoulders, and pulls the ski mask over his face. He pulls out the knife, extends it to BURNEE. Beat. BURNEE looks in the direction of KNOWONA offstage and takes it. Abrupt bump to

BLACK. KNOWONA'S BLOODCURDLING SCREAM, from the opening of the play, resounds throughout.

LIGHTS UP on KNOWONA, center stage, with a large sign reading "THIS IS NOT A

SAFE SPACE". She is dressed in traditional African attire. TOOLIE, WYATT, ALPHABEE, HC and FAVOREET stare at her through the window, from within the restaurant. Their uniforms now read "Compassionate Conservative Cafe'." Still, they all do their respective dances. The phone rings, breaking their fixation. TOOLIE answers.

KNOWONA: RAPED by a STRANGER, then FIRED for it... VIOLATED by my ASSAULTER

AND my EMPLOYER, the — —

TOOLIE: [into phone] "Compassionate Conservative Café, where traditional American values are the order of the day!" What can I... Yes, we've changed... the name, policies, everything! It's almost like we're a COMPLETELY different... Hello? FUCK!!!!

Iron-fisting He-Man Big-Dick-Energy Authority is the only true path to freedom, Right?

(or were it Left?)

If only we tailored Breonna to be a home-owner we could vote back every hashtag from the debt... I mean dead... I mean... See Obeezy's voodoo priestly for more former Afrikans bought again, I mean born again, as Blackskinded Europeans, just following

500 year old orders....

If only there were more Beyonces I guess every transgender persxn of color would live past 30... but only if Jay-Z cums first!

Don't you care that one in three shotcallers

Is a survivor of toxic femininity?

I pray to Patreon Saints that every

Badazz and Boosie 12 year old boy gets "checked out", and cured of abusive-ass, ain't-shit traditions...

*** **This message has been brought to you by Instagram, the Democrat Party, COINTELPRO and the 381 Movement** ***

Say no to drugs!

Anti-social Darwinism

Government was created because the worst predators needed an additional tool. We evolved from chimps, and I guess ripping away eyes, fingers and genitals wasn't brutal enough. Monkeys love hierarchy, too... Conservatives and they "might is right" talking about how things are "in Nature" are too weak with religion, technology, and other cancers of civilization to practice what they preach... Alas, this is the fleeting brainfart of one gaslit by their lies.

It is exhausting to engage, in a perpetual way, the inconsistency of amorality. Doublethink is an athletic sport even when

“Love it or Leave it (Alone)”

The aesthetics of anarchy swells the genitals of every liberal but we, who live it, love to be loud...

Always working, agreeing, looking good in dour uniformity,

Save that shit for the Communists, and MyersBriggs’ Defenders

who always know what table to sit at during chowtime... Branding, gatekeeping, cliqueing and posturing, the herd’s elite are scared of challenges. Vying, lying, gaslighting for alphastatus like an upright dog.

Where are all the cute but dangerous cats? Allied but never organized, in love with affinity because it is fleeting, and never needing to answer or explain.

The liberation theology flock are always martyring.

The stately DSA is always thirsting

The cult of Bot Avakian is always recruiting.

The charities are always hiring the hashtagged and hyphenated, concealing even the realest of gifts.

With all these for tools to choose from, please leave anarchy the fuck alone... “Say No to Drugs”

(A Poem for “Marcus Peters David”)

Martin Luther Tubman freed the buses, but still “Elijah McDade” got kilt.

If “Mike Ferguson” pulled his pants up

(or was it bootstraps?) he’d still be alive today... Maybe one of the Say-her-names shoulda goneta college, then she wouldn’ta got shot. All we need is more entrepreneurs to garnish the Eric Garners.

How else we gonna stop (three plus eight plus one equals) 12 from murderin’ us, and brutalizin’ us? Huey didn’t dive into politics as deeply as a Bobby Seale, or give ‘em ENOUGH rape, like Eldridge C of the GOP.

KNOWONA: My SPIRIT... my BODY... my MIND, ain’t important as they BOTTOM LINE! Don’t give your DOLLARS to MONSTERS, DON’T support the — —

TOOLIE: “Compassionate Conservative Café, where traditional American values are ALWAYS on the menu...” Yes, we are... Yes, she is... 3 days now. I guess she does, but so do WE! She — — FUCK!!! No more Mr. Nice Guy, I’m calling the POLICE!!! [starts dialing] NO ONE cares more about freedom of speech than ME, but — — KNOWONA: EVERYTHING about this SHIT is FUCKED!!!

All inside the restaurant stop dancing, frozen. KNOWONA starts dancing, her recorded voice playing over the speakers.

KNOWONA [recorded]: Sheitan... I will not be his bride. His courtship is constant... compelling... I smile to survive it. Ignoring your warnings, I left your warmth for his fire. It blinds me... but those on whose shoulders I stand see how badly it burns. These ancestors compete with corporate slogans for space. They did not consent to this... and they will not let us forget. They scream our real name, so loudly, but... for all the electricity in the air... for all the plastic in the water... for all the garbage in my soul... I can hear only indulgence... addiction... deception... illusion. Concrete is cancer, but it can be cracked. Defiant roots just need a little bit of soil to make a home... Mama. Baba. I am so sorry. I am coming home...

AWFULCER enters stage, raising gun and fires. KNOWONA drops, dead.

AWFULCER: In her hand... In her waistband, maybe... She had... something.

TOOLIE: Thank you.

AWFULCER: Don’t mention it. It’s nothing...

He enters the restaurant (begins working out). FAVOREET and WYATT begin dancing, as if working, oblivious. CHALLENGER and SANTOS enter stage. SANTOS wears angel wings again, begins

playing the same tune from the opening of the play. CHALLENGER, in traditional African attire, helps KNOWONA off the ground. They exit together, silent and solemnly, as TOOLIE and ALPHABEE,

begin to waltz together, giggling, terrible at it. A recording of TOOLIE'S voice comes over the speakers.

TOOLIE [recording]: In this world, nobody gets fucked worse than the small businessman... but sometimes... just sometimes... he get's a FUCKING break!

Abrupt bump to BLACK.

END.

A lil' ditty 'bout Abuse by J."g."J.

They beat you so bad, so often ("in the past...")

All they need now do is shoot you a look... When the outside world batters the shit out of you knowing it will only be worse at "home" is what's truly fatal. There's neither peace, nor escape, nor time to catch a breath there. It's exhausting, anticipating their needs, phrasing your every desire to sound like one of their requests.

A living 24/7 reminder of their power, nay, artistry... How does it feel to be material?

Don't worry, I'll provide the answer... or else.

Being abused for being abused is almost comical.

Instead, it is just devastating.

I Bought That Box from "Hellraiser" at a Sliding-Scale YardSale Fundraiser for Reparations!

By (NOT) Crazy Rich Whites / Tenderqueers

Too traumatized to be more than a parasite...

Empathy vanished with "the spoon theory," Like discipline, when weakness became an identity, an industry and, of course, a fetish...

Life don't come with a content warning, but still we gotta live.

Single Black mothers too tired to be triggered always work somewhere

where they don't care that she's queer...

My (Black) people are being raped in jail, but rich crackademics are shook by my tone of voice in spaces to which only the privileged have access.

"Working-class" is only a state of mind, and poverty will make you rich with social capital. If only my parents performed it, instead of hiding it, maybe abuse and shame wouldn't have

— —

Fuck 'em! They were born too early to be influencers!

My people have always been followers

(under penalty of death)...

White people have made me hate the word "woke," like they made me hate Martin Luther King Jr..

"A closed mouth is never fed," or so the toothless "crack-head" said...

She didn't know how much Karen and Apartment Patty would take the balls and run with it.

Now they liberal cousins have stole our "hustle"... Sadly for us, we were just speaking truth that no one of clout cared about until Becky with the bad dreds decided she wanted that, too...

But when push comes to shove and resources get thin (no fadphobia), they'll grow bored, as with all new toys, and we'll be left to fish oppression from the trash and reclaim OUR generational wealth.