

## FUNNY

See—I got this writer—Sidney Calm his name—damned slick writer— damned funny, promise you—man’s funny —calls hisself, *Sit-Com*—see—told you he’s a funny guy—Sit-Com, right, and he got a novel coming out next fall—maybe sooner—see, here it is— in galleys already—ready now and publisher nuts about it—would publish it yesterday she said, but the Times promised maybe they would feature an excerpt on the front page of one those weekend literary pull-out sections they started to do every now and again—special treatment if pub date moved —and you know publishers—you betcha they’ll move—piss all over themselves in a hurry to grin, Thank you, Thank you, before Times changes its mind—anyway, either way book gonna be a big time hit—all the ducks lined up—Oprah’s bookclub—Sixty Minutes—NPR profile—Lester—dream run-up anybody’d die for—hey, man—if this sucker not a best seller—swear I will come back here and eat the galley, covers included, my friend—page by page on my knees and everybody in the office can watch—ha ha—I’ll buy the drinks, too, ha ha ha

Book’s called —*Parson Ding Dong*, by the way—yeah, I wondered a minute just like you just did just now about the title—but writer’s Black and you know they can get away with gross shit—clever little title too, in a way—keep telling you—guy’s a funnyman—a scream, really—goddamn *Parson* goddamn *Ding Dong* in your face, whitey mother-ducker, yeah—anyway, it’s about a deranged old black cuckoo-bird staggers around drunk all day in the ghetto talking to his dead wife who folks think robbed the church collection plate and the old dude shoots the ear off a local teenage drug lord who happened once upon a time to have a rocket arm and coulda been a contender in the majors—great stuff, huh—and it’s got rats and roaches, and shitbag tenements, and for romance an aging Irish Danny Boy, tough-ass street cop with a heart of gold who woos and wins the smartest, prettiest, Omiddle-aged chippy in the hood—makes you want to read it just hearing the plot, right—and talk about sit-com, this baby solid gold—good for umpteen seasons, umpteen episodes a season, forever—bigger than Amos and Andy ha ha—whole ghetto laid bare—all the chicken bone preachers and hysterical church ladies, and addicts, disease spreading Haitians, lusty Latinos, noble-hearted mafia goons, homeless loonies, family vendettas, broken homes, street kids, mental defectives, ultra-violence, etc, etc, all up front and personal week after week—and with the book selling like hot cakes, tv series guaranteed stone viral—and that’s why I’m here, good buddy—to let you get in on the ground floor—givin you a first shot at this book I’m leavin on your desk, baby, cause you and me, gumpbas, we go way back— don’t we, bro—and this books hot, bro—hot, hot stuff—everybody will love it—just what the doctor ordered.