

## NEGRODUCTION

It was the late nineties, I guess, when I first dug the full up impact or dug out pact of Negrossity. It came to me. Uncover me. Like the-hood of the world was lifted, As in hood winked. Like the Negroes is now, iron Johnny, by the silver rites mo'omen. Was a blurred couple of seconds. Holding yr coat while you sweat- drove them crackers up the street whistling some other doo doo like ok "others". You can be Americans but only if you put this hood over yo haid. (Was they smellin it like that?) Some peepa got it that way. Like we ain't.

So they dropped the hood as they shot us down. Some of us. Malcolm, Dr King, the ones they shot. Then there was the others they recruited. Some they turned to light easy farts blowing a minuk away from your knows.

That is, for the exact payback of the actual knocks on they snozzola we give 'em. They give it back by turning negroes into worsa things. Like the Nazi's turned some Jews into worsa thangs. So you cd see Bela Lugosi in the white house disguised as Nixon locking up & killin the shit talking some kinda walkin bloods but offering the others Black Capitalism (which actually is a way of talking.) 'I scared, Mommie', some said. They was turned to alligator shoes on pretentious Negroes. That was what it meant. A word. A style. I hate the idea of some light skinned or fat dark skinned negro rolling my way with an excuse for being Shaitan's diarrhea. But. that's their introduction ass first to your flawed hearing.

Negrossity is the payback, if you dig it. The payback for having pushed up a couple yards. With our dead and mangled all around. Some still peepin out of jail. So the lantern jawed negro, a Stanford Grad, Yale Law school, Rhodes scholar, who crouched for years in the womb of white supremacy, bringing it now, now that you sent your troops home, Emiliano.

We know you could include documents by the suckas theyselves documenting their malformation, "Ladie and Gentle we going to experience some rough air at 20,000 feet. But aint you happy you can get this high legally?"

You could be in a room and thrompy thromp knock at yr door. The windows sag with dislightishness and the knock come back thromp thromp thromp. "Yeh, What does you want who you is wanting too that's in it?"

Answer come like slimy lifesaver dead on the sidewalk stickiness tinkling. "I got information for you senor." She say wasn't said no "senor" was "senior". "She'd you come in with it? Is what I said, I swear."

"Bunglers have no cherees."

(You dig the accent, like a Negro in a long tube gurgling metal objects?)

"Ok anxious," (it was the bullshit made me rash enough to want information. Wouldn't you

not know it with all the bad 'perience we get with that)."The door is not locked, Socritude. Venture."

So the door "swung" open (actually it didn't ever swing, it fusion open.).

The story was bent when brought but accurate to the fault of my own remission. It was a tall shallow baldhead Negro, drained of all color except the yellow streak that covered him anywhere.

"Are you the Godfather?" he strained to be intelligible over the odor lacerated from his

jibs.

"Godfather, Italian, my man. Sicilians still white. About a centimeter mas than you, Basileus. Do I look Godfatherish to you? Is there just one of y'all?" I ventured.

"The GF is a term of dislocation for we whom we is & you isn't, can coin whatever coins is gived to us."

"Ob Cose (I was able to speak his language tho it felt like cold splinters in my mout."

"I is the We who is to deliver this mess oh sage, from the stage of the reversal. We is host to yr comprehension of the Sisyphus Syndrome, down cycle. All the way down. You always talking about 'Getting Down.' So we deliver this all the way downness down on yr asinine pretensions." With that oompah oompah from this wiggly stiff, like a long yellow board advertising some stuff make you sick, a slight coldness, I admit, did flick against the back of my neck like something dead had passed gas very forcefully in my direction. The p.u. came along with it.

"What makes you think... (a pause to make him consider that maybe such effort was relatively new)." I wd even be interested in something you got to say. Did I really let you in? You too ugly, 1st of all, to be in here with me like this. Arrgghh. Second, you look dumb. Third, this my lunch time and in actuality I shda been, especially for you, out to lunch. I thought this huff of mine wd at least slender his arrogance, but alas, fools know no arrogance to slender their conceit."

"I thought," said he, "If you were intelligent (see he wanna sound like a southern preacher) you'd crave to be filled in, and before most of your fading *ilk*." Was what he said. The word "ilk" in his mouth had a ring to it like it was a not too camouflaged retrograde update for N. What was this who trying to ... is that sufficient to address the real ignorance of what this really was. Even if considered a "confrontation". I didn't know this "dude". How did he get to get me to? Instead, "Am I supposed to recognize you?"

"I am already recognized, so your claim at best is later", he laughed like a television set with no picture. "Do you mean do you know who I am?"

"Whom you am? (I thought I wd throw him with my fastidious grammatical. . Attention. (Or is it? "whom you is?")

"Quickly, I am no ghost of Christmas right on your ass from the hidden, not so, past. It came fast. I heard and I am not a lone. Heard you talk about the us of me. The selves of I, selfish as we is. This is just to sum up what you can't sum up yr limited self. I went to Yale."

"Really?" That was the best retort I could manage and you can see it was not much of a retort, it was more a tort.

"That's why I am so elaborately interesting."

"To everybody?"

"I are everybody that matters."

Now I knew I still didn't know what he was talking about. "Are you some kind of messenger?" What a pun forced itself through my head from something a white friend of mine said many years ago, holding up an Art Blakey album. He looked at it and the way the words were organized on the cover, it read "Messe" (1st line) "Nger" 2nd line. It positively absolutely cracked him up. He was cackling as he ran a

couple of fingers up his bottom, apparently having neglected to wipe sufficiently. The story had to begin. It was not just "a story", It was, as I had peeped, a message. But what a limp surprise. It turned out that we were the Art Blakey cover lettering and this he was la boca del cambio. But how much change can you carry in your mouth. (Unless you in Newark and see a sign say, "Carry me back to 01 Virginia" and you say it and it do and you in Virginia looking at some of them confederate generals with a few coons(sp?) of chump change in yr sweaty palms.) My weakness, in retrospect (a country town not far from here), was that I really didn't want to hear anything from this guy. (A guy?) But there was no way I didn't need to here it. POSSESS IT., WITH EVERYTIDNG EVERYBODY HAS. It was that serious. Apparently as serious as I thought I was, it was not an ultimate serious. Imagine a body snatcher operative, I think they were plants. Yes, they were. But a tiny flower like in the flick, out of which some people eating world eating nasty thing we'd slide out to gobble the soul and leave a shell of a person, like a pork rind, smashable as a potato chip.

It's just that reality exists (even if) outside yr ability to understand it. Independent of yr will. My guess was what's your guess? The person is like Jesus. He exists, I am. The difference then between a stranger and a shot in the dark.

"Are you going to ax me whom I is or at least Whom I wants to be?" And you know he said this, winking not quite like "Dewey" in assignation, but to let you know that his whole person (a boy a dog, time a world) was a disguise. But that was it's actuality. I had already asked my question & therefore had to wait till more questions rose.

"I keep trying to get you to really dig me, my simplicity, my complexity." He seemed like he was trying to school me & that was really irritating.

"I am the lesson, in spades, of all kinds, but specific. I thought I heard some kind of engine. Yes. It had been faint. But now... it was overhead & closing above me.

"Oh, you hear me?" He looked over my shoulder, but traced upward.

"Hear you?"

"Well, it's my way of being here. That's why you hear me."

The engine of the thing lowered now.

"I came in that, so to speak. You could say I am that."

"What?"

"The chopper you hear circling over head. They're some more of my classmates looking down at this place. They are with me, we're all part of the delivery. DE Livery."

He wanted to laugh, I guess my face delayed it until later when he described it to his classmates.

"You should explain yourself .in a way that it makes sense.

"It makes dollars & sense. Y'all gonna be sent, that's definite. But actually, except for this message this wisdom I am, you've become irrelevant. Funny isn't it", his eyes waxed in simulated thought, "You were relevant, you & yr family, until I cd speak to you. So directly & you actually see me."

"How?"

He smirked very loudly, it was meant to be a laugh. But it had a quality of radio and television about it. Not only like something one would hear on them, but

like the instruments themselves. It was a laughter like media. If you listened long enough you would go to sleep. Of course that was dangerous, but it was as dangerous if you stayed awake and listened. Like you could feel your toes turning into something like roots.

Then he asked, "Don't you remember me?" That was some kind of themed voice, not a song but a deep jingle

Maybe I'm telling this story incorrectly, I mean for you who're reading it. I think it started with some philosophical historical piffle. It shouldn't have. Wouldn't have been better with just the narrative of event. Bam then Bam Bam and here we is with this weird Negro knocking on my door.

"You did knock didn't you?"

"Like a drummer with a punk sound. Bip Boof bink, like that. All the way out of the past. As I grew, you know. From that was to this is. But what's really interesting is that for the first time I thought you up as a Negro.

"I am African-American. You understand that." He looked at whoever he thought might be listening, other than me. "It's not a handicap"

"You mean like having only one foot.

"NO, the difference is that if you really had two feet but somebody convinced you only had one."

"Then you have both?"

"Of course."

Something made me feel like I was at a rodeo. Not a rodeo. But like there were cowboys rushing around me on. I guess, horses.

"No, you see I have both legs and have always been immune to people trying to convince me I only had one."

I wanted to ask to see both his legs, but he was standing. But then the pants did hide what could have been amputated. He could have a wooden leg.

"If you had a wooden leg, would it still be considered a handicap?"

"What? I don't have a wooden leg. Even a wooden leg could be a handicap. I have no handicaps."

"You don't think being Afro-American is a handicap?"

"You see, that's what I was trying to explain to you. Being an Afro-American, I prefer African American, though I don't always agree with Jesse Jackson, what has he ever really done?"

"I seen Jesse do a lot of stuff. What, you want me to name stuff? Are you a reporter? That's it, right, you a reporter."

"I'm reporting to you? But I write columns, I'm on the radio and tv. I speak at colleges. Write Books. I'm a consultant for anything that needs it. I'm a faculty member. I'm anything I want to be."

"Really? ... Anything? For instance?"

"Think. I wasn't here a few moments ago. Now here I am. But then that's not quite true. I was in the here I is invisible visible egg form. Yo."

"OH? Yo?"

"That's to show I belong."

"Belong? Where?"

"Somewhere you were are was."

"How do you prepare to understand something you already understood but not denied? but abstracted away from clear understanding because you never really understood the concrete whatever it was. The actuality of something you understood abstractly is deceiving. When it shows up, like the difference between a mapa road."

Looking at this "dude" (thing, idea, lesson, vision) was like that. The voice rattled in my hearing aid like bubbles from it being dropped into a washing machine. What about ideas surrounded by water, or like in some plastic case in liquid so they are preserved until they knock on your forehead and enter your what those kind of people call it your space.

See this was some cold socio-cultural phenomenon. Now that's a nice word for this "presence" 4thing, person. A phenomenon. "What's happenin, Phenomenon? How you be?"

"Suppose it throw up on your outstretched hand. Some wet clumpy vomit words, that smell like strange ignorant Negroes? What you gonna do? (Wash yo hand muhfuh (the Negro holocaust)."

Turning to engage the conversation, Albeit accepting that certainly, if not the source. Is that some kind of snobbish refusal to accept reality, Is you reality, Jr?

"Reality with a large R and spell Junior out! Not that that is my name but just to have a record of your silliness!"

"I wanted to give someone an introduction to the disorientation. But maybe it's too late. Maybe it was always too late for an introduction. You was the introduction. That could be. You are the introduction to your life.

It's just I wanted to explain how it all got so fucked up. Yet I knew the fucked upness was coming but I never thought that it wd be literally fucked up, just that you cd call it that to recognize it. I mean I never understood what fucked up really was, from the inside."

"Oh?"

"See? That's what I mean. I wasn't even talking to this little artifact looking dude. I was just narrating that for this novel. (I hope you Negroes at least know that that's what going on. Or I should put it like this ...Who...uh huh ... and then so what."

"There's a conversation goin on here, little sister."

A little artifact looking Negro with one of them narrow almost bald heal Glowing like a bow tie, which ~ might have on. But then maybe not. These days they might have on wrinkle proof asshole suits. Them Negroes with new unheard of a minute ago jobs. Jobs some white folks ain't even got.

"Are you speaking to me?"

"How I'm gonna talk to an idea a presence a trend a development?"

"See, that's your problem Mr. B ha ha ha. That's interesting. I heard you once talk about Mr. B. meaning the singer, the Jewish singer. I did see a little shrimp Negro. But he wasn't shrimp like fucked up ain't what it just be thought of as. Suppose it was a tall, light skinned baldhead Negro somebody accused of being a rat bastard, who was. And he lived inside a wooden horse most of the day then came out to measure the projects at night. Got his footprint spray-painted near the superintendent's orifice in green.

If you was being whipped and then the whipping 'stopped' and somebody

showed up and said, in honor of your being whipped. gingerbread man gonna pay me a spillion dollars It's Negro money It's Wegro money." (It never stopped. But can you dig this?

Suppose like them insects you use DDT to poison one generation, the next generation thinks it's Food!)

Switch to a more realistic episode. You're sitting there in the back of the room with your wife and you raise your hand to the new mayor (is this distinct from the old May Whore. Can Ho in the Fall too."

"But did we ever really understand classes and class struggle? That Black people were like all people they developed classes and class struggle. That the paradigm from the not quite accurate existence under Colonialism of a 'nation class,' where all the colonized form a horizontal demographic. But it is the very struggle, the fighting and the dying that produce at one point a pimple sized verticality. An alienating bump. Was I trying to explain this in an auditorium? Or was this a baf. Or was this in my cellar after the hollow thump thump on the door?"

"Hello, Bump, is that you?" Comes in.

"Or do yo prefer Pimple?"

*WHAT HAPPENED*

"You said this a long time ago. But suppose the gunpersons (Dig?) were colored?"

"*Whisper* (there is a book called *Colored People* by Skip Gates.)"

"Funny you mention that name."

"That's not funny, grand daddy!!"

"Gun persons."

"Yes, like Hench Persons."

"Exactly. Who ever kills you killed. Remember that! We were relating the tale of how when you had got further up there to this place yall yelled Black Power! What happened to that?"

"I was at Gary. Them 8000 spooks in there with them signs, like they was a actual convention. That Black Agenda. That n Negro from the NAPES. Denouncing your brownness like that. We was Brown, Jim."

"I...I..."

"You left Gary with the Negroes screaming. Them was Black people, Jim

"You mean Jesse screaming Nation Time?"

"All of us screaming Get the fuck outta our way! We said Black Trade Unions and a Negro from Detroit took the whole Michigan delegation out."

"Who was that?"

"It was cold, man."

"Huh? Maybe he was young."

"Then we said Build some schools where we live. A two gun run. One gun say busin' the other say no busing. On this TV set in the toilet they got white folks jumping up an down saying they hungry send em a nigger. We didn't wanna sen' em none but some volunteered."

"Why is this sticking in your mind?"

"This guy I didn't know. (He looked like somebody who owe me money.) He asked me why was this."

“It was sticking in my mind. That fire engine that just passed interrupted but, there its almost gone. Why? Because that... Why am I telling you? Did you ask me about this stuff! I don't even know you.

“You know me.”

“You look familiar. You look like somebody who owe me money.

“What I owe you is congratulations for showing me not to be like you.

Ha. Can I laugh?”

"Man.

“You were telling this story. Will it help you?”

“Maybe. But it will help *you*. Especially if you cant find anyone else to tell it to. Maybe you can. May be. But not if you can~ find anyone who understands what you're saying.”

“First we gathered the Negroes all we cd find to go to Gary to set up a National Political Assembly. Democratically elected. AliSO states. Political organizations spearheaded that.”

“Carrying spears? Kente Cloth. Bones in their noses?”

“You want me to think those are real questions or are you a cartoonist. But shit on that. Tell me again why you're staying here in the first place.”

“Oh boy. Listen. I am a messenger from the past and the future. I stopped here in the present because that's where you are. Momentarily. So I came to correct your errors. Congratulate you on your insight. And guarantee you are still a pain in the ass.”

"Do I have a choice that you're here? I assume you didn't shoot your way in."

The joker laughed then in a smug fist. Almost winking at me. Like you do at a dunce.”

"Do you have a choice with history?"

"I have some choice about the present.”

"But the moment you speak that's history. Why don't you go on with your story. It'll settle your nerves.”

.....

Nerves could not be "settled". In this time and place? And in my condition.

To know. So much. To have seen so much. And then be underneath, the bottom of a dozen lead mattresses of what it was is, even now. I sing. Because especially in this bleakness. Where whatever you've done that was positive, like shaky Willy said, seems long gone. But people keep telling you about your fuck ups relentless. On stage screen and radio. On the street or in your house. So what nerves could “settle” and where?

“But you begin to tell it. Hearing yourself. Maybe. But like you could understand better what passed in the rush of being alive.”

“I know, you're going to ask me who I am, what I want. Just accept me as a friend of a friend who wanted to. Didn't want so much to get to know you, but get to be known.”

“Are you some significant figure? I thought I was laughing like Marlon Brando when the dude offers him the deal and he says, "Why do I receive such generosity?"