

## THE EVER FONKY LOWDOWN: Libretto

*Based on decades of conversations with my brother Ellis.*

### PART ONE

Mr. Game, here at your everlasting service. I'm here for your edification, elucidation and your education. Here's the situation. I run a game of numbers, though I'm not a numbers man. I inspire and sell confidence. Don't laugh—confidence determines the direction of the markets. And there's nothing in the world more important than money, especially if it's yours.

We are **here** tonight, but this is an international hustle, baby. It has played out many times across time and space and is not specific to any language or race. It takes on different flavors according to people's taste, but always ends up in the same old place.

Since we here like to talk about freedom, that subject will set tonight's pace.

I want you to sit back and hear me out. What I show you will eliminate all doubt. I'm a gourmet chef and a short order cook, the author of a best-selling book called, *Leap Before You Look*. For the first time, tonight, I'm going to give you the opportunity to buy into the method for pursuing what we all call "democratic freedoms"—for yourself and for resolving nasty stressful conflicts with **others**. I teach it through this timeless game, but you will learn just the same. That's right, a game played by me, Mr. Game, and you, O, Glorious People, complete with a wildcard which I will choose for you when the time is right.

This game tests your aptitude for accepting the revelations and democratic opportunities I will make available. If you embrace these concepts and emerge with your sanity, vanity, and humanity intact, you will be awarded some very liberating prizes. You all are so great. I'm sure there will be many winners here tonight. Lest you think I'm a happy rhyming fool, this is a game that took Solomon to school. I'm your host but no TV star. Though we play, the subject is **war**, but the point is power! Pure power and only power!

It starts with a predilection for absolute slaughter, become a call for order. It ends with the opportunity for greatness, wealth and fame for all time. Beat them, make them work to increase yours; defile and control their sexuality; ruin their experiencing of life and birth them into shame for what was done to **them** (in the name of a righteous God); redefine their place in history; teach them that they deserved all that was done to them; corrupt their children by rewarding them for their aptitude in regurgitating **their** pathology according to **your** narrative; and finally, sit right down and entertain yourself with their mocking and shaming themselves by singing and dancing about it. Well... that's just too much fun to go undone.

There 'tis. It's the rebound after the beat down, the hump on the brown round, and the 'green you-lost', I found." It's Ever Fonky and it's all the way Lowdown.

Did I tell you that my number one hustle is winning? I am a winner, and everyone **loves** a winner. Even the losers of a very bitterly fought war will try to join the winners. And y'all are **all** winners. You are the greatest people in the world. And we, together, are the best ever.

**We Are the Greatest**

*Oh, we are the greatest  
The world has ever seen  
And we are the greatest  
That there has ever been  
Oh, I am the greatest  
No, you are the greatest  
No, we are the greatest  
And we are the best of the best*

*If you not with us  
Then you're back in the pack with the rest  
Oh, we are the greatest, everybody knows  
You are degraded, that's just how it goes*

*I, me, mine, myself  
Me I, mine, myself  
Mine, me, myself, I mean  
We are the greatest in the world  
We are the best that's ever been*

*We know that you know  
That we know that we're number one  
We see that you see  
That we see that we've just begun  
Let's talk about I, me, mine, myself  
We, our, us, ourselves  
We are number one*

*Our crimes are much better  
Our water is wetter  
Our lies are much truer  
Our sorrows are bluer*

*Oh, we are the best in the world as beginners  
And we are the never say never again-ers  
And we are the grinning-est grinners  
The winning-est in the whole wide!*

Yes, you have to believe in yourself to be successful. I see you have accepted that concept quite well.

Too much negativity and reflection are like all vegetables and no cake. Follow me while I explain what this is gonna take. I'm Mr. Game. Success is my middle name. I became famous for my financial twerking that showed folks how to make money, without **even** the money working. We could go on and on about me, but we have a lot of stuff to do and tonight's proceedings are all about **you**. Believe me, O, Glorious People! You are great and we are **sooo** fantastic. But have you noticed a growing population of 'others' who look suspicious?

They seem to be everywhere. Who are they? Count them, I think they may soon outnumber us.

**They/Let's Call Them This**

*They are over here*

*They are over there*

*They are everywhere*

*What's that in her hair?*

*What are their children playing?*

*What's that baby saying?*

*Can we ask them?*

*They are over here*

*They are over there*

*They are everywhere*

*Let's call them this*

*Let's call them that*

*Or something funny*

*Maybe this and that*

*Where do they live?*

*What do they eat?*

*What do they talk about when they meet?*

*What do they think?*

*What does it matter?*

*What's with their crazy, noisy, silly chatter?*

*Let me ask*

*I wouldn't broach it*

*Now's the perfect time*

*To approach them*

*Don't look for trouble*

*I want to meet them  
Don't even greet them  
Let's take a seat, then  
We're here to count them  
What's the amount, then?*

*Three fifty-three  
Oh, let them be  
I have to see*

*Let's call them this  
Let's call them that  
Or something funny  
Maybe this and that*

*Where do they live?  
What do they eat?  
What do they talk about when they meet?*

Yes, yes, well now, there's quite a few of them. We must keep an eye on them. They may want to challenge our greatness. How are they different from us? How many are there again? Hmm...I think that's a lot. They may want to take our things.

O, Glorious People! The world is divided into haves and have nots, strong and weak. It is a struggle between right and wrong, a battle for supremacy. Are we not winners and are we not the greatest? Do those people accept that? With God as my witness. We need to watch them!!

Beware. **They're going to cause problems.**

**The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 4**

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the fonky, fonky get-down*

*Oh, can you see  
Oh, can you see  
It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the lowdown fonky throw-down*

*Oh, can you see  
You and me  
The Ever Fonky Lowdown  
What can you see?*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown  
Ever Fonky Lowdown  
Ever Fonky Lowdown  
Ever Fonky Lowdown  
Ever Fonky Lowdown  
Ever Fonky Lowdown  
Ever Fonky Lowdown*

I'm a preacher and a teacher, a soul-reacher and a defense-breacher. As I feared, there are about to be more of them than us. They're like rabbits. Are we going to let them sit there breeding away our freedom? We are winners. We can't have them competing with us, because competition **is** an act of aggression.

Some have suggested talking to them, but talk is a waste of time. And we don't have time. Every second wasted is a second given to them. Believe me, O, Glorious People! I think I heard they have been committing nefarious crimes, and—**they don't believe in God**. We must hold them accountable. Let me take care of this. Please folks, don't take our freedoms for granted.

Thank you for your trust. You're doing quite well.

***I Don't Like Nobody but Myself***

*I don't like black people  
I don't like fat people  
I don't like white people  
I don't like short people  
I don't like old people*

*I don't like people who talk  
I don't like the way they walk  
I don't like people who tell  
I don't like when they yell in the street  
On they cell because*

*I don't like loud people  
I don't like women  
I can't stand men  
I don't trust laughter and  
I hate a silly grin, you see*

*I don't like the rich people  
Oh, I don't like poor people  
I can't stand no holy people  
I hate roly, poly people*

*I don't like tall people  
I don't like small people  
I don't like nobody at all*

*That's why I'm gonna take  
As much as I can confiscate*

*I can't stand whities  
I can't stand blackies  
I don't have to choose  
I don't like Muslims  
And I don't like Jews*

*I don't like people who walk  
I don't like people who talk  
I can't stand people who can  
When they stand like they stand  
I don't like  
I don't like  
I don't like  
I don't like nobody but myself*

Yes! We are truly something the world has never seen. These people are killing each other and jailing their opposition leaders. We can't abide this. They torture people, they steal from each other, live in chaos and soon.... that chaos will be here!! We have to liberate them from themselves. O, Glorious People! We must strike first to prevent what they may be trying to do to us, and to save them. Their leaders must feel our power. Believe me. Trust me.

We will spare no measure or expense in the pursuit of their salvation. Can you find it in your hearts to save these poor people? **Yes. I knew you would agree!** Your position will be made clear when I represent you to our governing body. They will understand. Our greatness has burdened us with this struggle. We **will** meet its demands. We must "extend" our principles to take this action. Then, we will no longer be constrained by worrisome teachings and archaic customs that have suppressed our ambitions.

Congratulations, our government has agreed to make a few small changes to our laws. The path is now cleared for us to liberate these people, extend our dominion **and** increase our wealth, it's a win, win, win for us. And in this game, winning is the only thing.

**The Drums of War**  
*It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money  
It sound like the drums of war*

*But it's actually the stealing of money*

*It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money  
It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money*

*It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money  
It sound like the drums of  
Stealing of money it's the stealing of*

*It's the stealing of  
It's the stealing of  
It's the stealing of  
It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money*

*Where did our money go?  
No, no, no, no one knows  
Where did their money go?*

*It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money  
It sound like the drums of war  
But it's really the stealing of money*

*It's the stealing of  
It's the stealing of  
It's the stealing of  
Stealing of, stealing of, stealing of  
Money*

To fulfill the mandates of our democracy, O, Glorious People, we've set aside a specific time and space for you to voice your uncertainties and to consult with your leaders. These are very serious actions we have taken.

**Consideration Blues/I Know I Must Fight/The Drums of War Return**

*How many did they say?  
They were what?  
Their own people?  
What weapons?  
How do you know?  
But the Lord said—*

*But weren't they—  
353,000  
I thought they—  
But didn't we?  
Well...  
When did we?  
But we would never—  
But didn't the Savior—  
I guess—*

*I really don't—  
Well they must have—  
I guess we should—  
Help me to—  
Did our Lord say?*

*I just don't—  
Yes, I think—  
I guess so  
Well, I don't—  
I guess it's too—  
Here we go—  
There's no choice—*

*[The band says:]*

*I know I must fight I know I must fight  
I know I must fight I know I must fight  
I know I must fight I know I must fight  
I know I must fight I know I must fight*

*It may sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money  
It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money*

*It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money  
It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money*

*It sound like the drums of war  
But it's actually the stealing of money*

*Won't you tell me?  
'Bout that enemy  
Won't you tell me?*



*Where's that enemy*

*Won't you tell me?  
'Bout that enemy  
Won't you tell me?  
Where's that enemy*

*Won't you?*

We have handled these people very honorably and executed this war heroically. We lost very few people.

(INNOCENT BYSTANDER: Who is we?)

“We” is participants. This is your will, O, Glorious People!

**What Would the Savior Think?**

*What would the Savior think?  
(Am I not a brother and a sister, too?)  
What would the Savior think?  
(Remember the golden rule)  
What would the Savior think?*

*Hallelu—  
Hallelujah  
What would our Lord have done?  
See the world anew. Create the right  
Instead of avenging the wrong.  
Love each other.*

*What would the Savior think?  
What would the Savior think?  
HMMMMM...*

That's so naive, it makes me want to puke. Too much thinking and praying will give you a headache. Winners don't reflect, we celebrate. We don't have time for all this Savior nonsense and questioning whether you're with us. You should have questioned who we were before their innocents became **collateral damage**.

There is only one savior: Power!!... and **money** is his lone disciple. You may question our conquests but they are **your** prosperity. Why, all across our landscape today, you see the result of past glories against others. You see them destitute and half insane, not working or working in

service to us. You must agree, that's far better than us serving them. You see, trust me, you are thinking about right and wrong and all that *Savior* nonsense. **Everything is relative.**

Some for me, some for you,  
Some for you, some for me, some for me, none for you,  
Some for me, some for me, some for me,  
None for you, none for you, none for you.

Let me break some history down for you. We created a community based on freedom. In the name of freedom, we defeated some uncivilized people who had never **heard** of freedom. Because there was work we needed done, we were forced to enslave them, and then...we freed them. They were living wrong. These people didn't believe in God. Some of their own people sold them to us. We were right in liberating them from being themselves, we were only wrong in waiting so long to do it. And hey, we were so absolutely right about deserving nice things for ourselves.

Now you, O, Glorious People, may not get any of the spoils of this war, but you're winners. A winner shouldn't let the vicissitudes of money dampen their euphoria. You don't get any Super Bowl money when your team wins, but it still feels damned good to wear their jersey you bought. It just feels so right: We won! We won! We won! And.... we're number one!!!

**The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 5**

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*  
*It's the dirty, lowdown smack-down*  
*It's the smack-down,*  
*It's the crack-down*  
*It's the fonky, fonky back-down*  
*It's the ever-dirty showdown*  
*It's a lowdown, dirty smack-down*  
*It's a fonky fonky back-down*  
*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Oh, can't you*  
*(Ever Fonky Lowdown)*

*Oh, can you*  
*(Ever Fonky Lowdown)*

*Oh, can't you*  
*(Ever Fonky Lowdown)*

*Oh, can you*  
*(Ever Fonky Lowdown)*

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*  
*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*  
*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*

Ah, yes, we are all in this together. O, Glorious People. The war was executed with such professionalism, the governing body has granted me the privilege of writing the official record. We all know what happened: they attacked us... we defended ourselves. They deserved everything they got, they abused their own people, and they were living in filth too, with a bunch of unkempt children.

If they believed in God, and if God was on their side, they wouldn't have lost. O, Glorious People! Our people were heroic in battle, as always. Let me find the right words, so the official records and textbooks will show that the good are celebrated and the bad are rightly punished. This act solidifies our bond. We are truly a community fighting for freedom. Do you agree to the wealth these actions have brought to us? Well, don't ask 'who is we'? Enjoy the spoils of war. Even if it's only the acquired air of superiority that comes with **identifying** with winners, you got something for nothing, something for nothing. And there's always more. I'm a seer and a mind freer. Cash is my middle name, but I'm called Mr. Game. It all happened just as I said.

When the books are read about the dragons we slayed, and all our golden trophies are displayed, the world will gape at the fortunes some of us have made. The memory of our greatness will last and last, but we still have to keep moving fast, fast, fast. We have won the day but must also master the night. Don't worry about your money, **it's gon' be right**. We will increase your green under the cloak of night when the amateurs sleep. What I earn, we get to keep. I work for you like a Grey Ghost Raider, trust me baby, I'm a night trader. Always remember: **The speed of consumption far outruns the pace of corruption. I have to stay ahead of your appetite.**

*Night Trader*

*Sleight of hand by trade  
Sign a bill, don't even read the bill  
I sign a bill, don't even read a bill*

*Enforce a law, a law I never saw  
I enforce a law,  
A law I never even saw  
Put 'em in jail  
Did they commit a crime  
Put 'em away for a long, long time  
I'm a night trader, baby  
I'm a night trader, sleight of hand by trade*

*I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader*

*I'm a night trader*

*Sell you a home, I'll give you a loan  
Sell you a loan, I'll give you a home  
Sell you a home, I'll give you a loan  
Give you a loan that'll take your home*

*Gimme some stock on private prisons  
Don't you worry, we'll get good bids  
I'm a judge—sending kids  
Night trader, baby, I'm a night trader*

*I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader*

*Sign a bill, don't even read a bill  
Enforce a law, I never studied law  
Who cares if they committed the crime  
There's money to make, give 'em some time*

*There's no time for all this  
"Who struck John?"  
Time is money, I'm moving on  
Night trader, baby  
Sleight of hand by trade*

*I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader  
I'm a night trader*

Let me teach the children: we beat other people; **therefore** we are better than them. Group thinking baby, we are the greatest nation in the world, we are right and they are wrong; the world is black and white and of course, because we won, God is on our side. And the Ever Fonky becomes deep down skonky when you see the terms of surrender for the defeated. Remember, O, Glorious People! They, **too**, want to be winners. That's right. When we hear songs celebrating our victory pouring from the mouths of the very people we defeated, we know that they have made peace with our supremacy.

O, Glorious People!

Let me take you back to the schoolyard: Most kids just give in and follow the bully, but a few back away threatening some type of retaliation. Whether subservient or resistant, each will adjust their philosophy to accommodate defeat. That's the illusion of choice. Haha, the old binary hustle. Tutsi versus Hutu, God-fearing versus heathens, Democrats versus Republicans. Yes, there are two sides to every coin, **but it's still the same coin.**

Losers have two choices: entertain us by playing out our vision of them as meek, emasculated jesters... or excite us, playing out our vision of them as dangerous captured savages. Well, it's natural to the defeated, all of that bowing and scraping, but it's also okay to let a little pressure out of the system and listen to the most aggressive ones roar and shout insults about what they think we've done to them...and so on. I love the anguished fiery testimonials, I love them **owning** the bad names we called them. I just can't figure out why they think all of that noise and blaming inspires guilt or shame—it's actually therapeutic for me. Tell us again. What did we do to you?

**Mr. Good Time Man**

*Do you remember  
Good and glory days  
When slappy, happy minstrels  
Traveled 'cross the land  
Bringing such joy  
And cheer with every song*

*And when they danced  
The buck and wing  
We knew they missed  
The old plantation  
And our hearts did burst with sorrow  
At the telling of a tale from old Dixie*

*Oh, come and play  
Mister good time man  
Make us feel everything's all right  
Oh, let me smile your blues away  
I'm ready*

*Yet there's another type of fellow  
And he turns my legs to Jello  
When he brags about the violence  
And the crimes he has committed  
He is such a dashing fellow  
All bedecked in golden chains  
And though the years have passed  
His story is the same*

*Oh, can I buy a ghetto song  
So I can dance and sing along  
We'll share a rhyme  
While you do time  
I'm ready*

*And, so, the Janus headed minstrel  
That has filled our lives with glee forever  
Whether he be happy grinning  
Or an angry lion spinning  
Either way I love the ghetto  
And the old plantation cause  
The good ol' time attracting  
Character detracting stories  
And the acting is for me*

*Oh, won't you play  
Mister good time man  
Oh, can you bust a gangsta rhyme  
Then we'd have you both on hand*

*Oh, mister good time man  
Oh, mister bad, bad man  
Smile, mister bad man  
Smile, mister good time  
Scowl, mister bad man  
Smile, mister good time  
Show us your grill*

Yes. There's only one more step to complete the dispositional portion of this game. You must understand and embody the easy attitude of entitlement that comes with freedom and wealth.

Our riches affirm that we are the greatest of the world. Everyone knows it. That's why they want to be us.

Shame is for losers or for those who have done something wrong. We only did to them what they would have done to us, if they could. Don't think about it, just follow the stories in all the books, movies, and everything else. We are number one. If you're not us, you're them. They will complain, but don't look back, don't look around, history is now. Can you accept this? **I knew you would.** It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown.

**Because I Want to, Because I Like To, Because I Can**

*My brother*

*My sister*

*Why? Why? Why, Why?  
Why do you keep doin' it to me?*

*Because I want to  
Because I like to  
Because I can*

*My sister  
My brother  
Why? Why? Why?  
Why? Why? Why?  
Oh, why do you treat me so bad?*

*Because I want to  
Because I like to  
Because I can*

*Oh, tell me why  
Why-y  
Why-y-y tell me, won't you, oh why-y*

*Because I want to  
Because I like to  
Because I can*

That's a ridiculous plea. This is how it all seems to me.

**I Wants My Ice Cream**

*I wants my ice cream  
So good to me  
I loves my ice cream  
Oh, can't you see*

*Oh, yes I see you  
Sleeping in these streets  
It makes me wonder  
What a poor man eats*

*I likes my ice cream  
Would you like a lick?  
Oh, now I'm playin'  
Just a dirty trick*

*I see you eyeing*

*My brand new shoes  
I wants my ice cream  
Got the sidewalk blues*

*I hear you brother  
I feel your pain  
I loves my ice cream  
That's my refrain*

*Ain't got no money  
Even if I could  
I wants my ice cream  
Don't think I would  
What's all this hollerin'  
And stumbin' down the street?  
Can't you be quiet?  
I'm trying to eat*

*I see you eyeing  
This ice cream cone  
But you can't have none  
I'm on the phone*

Somebody's got to rule. It might as well be us.

**The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 6**

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
Oh, can't you see  
'Bout you and me*

*It's the ever fonky fake down  
It's the ever fonky breakdown  
Why can't you see  
What it could be  
'Bout you and me*

*It's the ever fonky takedown  
It's the ever fonky shake down*

*It's the ever fonky shake down  
It's the fonky, fonky break down  
It's the ever fonky blow down  
Of the fonky, fonky brown brown*



*Across time, across space  
Across the whole human race  
Across time, across space  
Across the whole human race  
Across time, across space  
Across the whole human race*

**Reprise: What Would the Savior Think?**  
(*THE HOMELESS: But what would the Savior think?  
What would the Savior think?*)

*The word is the will of God,  
NOT the will of the people.*

## **PART TWO**

### **The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 5 & 6**

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the nappy, nappy slap down  
It's the fonky, fonky trap down  
It's the lowdown dirty dap down*

*Oh, say, can you see  
It's right, can you see  
To fight, fight to be  
You and me*

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the never nappy hoe-down  
For all to see  
It's the never nappy no down  
For all to see*

*It's right, can't you see  
The fight just to be  
Be free you and me*

Mr. Game, back for your international delight. Though our game has been played across time and space, I give out prizes of value to only **this** time and place. You will receive five gifts of various sizes, each enlivened by hand-picked surprises which further appripes you of what was

earned and learned from our handling of ‘others’ and their brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers. What we did to them or *for them* taught us how to achieve prosperity and order.

Each prize is accompanied with a clear explanation. Generally, I give some local history. Then, I tell you exactly what’s happening (that’s called the breakdown). Explain how our choices worked out over time (that’s the hand me down) and finally, we look underneath the sheets where the big dog eats (that’s the lowdown).

#### FIRST PRIZE:

Here’s some historical fact.

These people weren’t doing anything productive and our lives gave them purpose. To serve us. We gave them separate living quarters and encouraged them to pursue that same type of housing after we freed them.

**What you do is what you will do and that you do makes it true.**

Try as we might, most have proven to be beyond rehabilitation. Look around. You see them hanging around always involved in some type of mayhem and madness.

Here’s the breakdown:

Nothing is more important than living in a comfortable environment. Just seeing them can bring up fear and bad feelings. We’ve got to keep them largely out of sight and mind. They are, however, very good at games and at playing things.

Here’s the hand me down:

O, Mighty People! We must be inhospitable to them and to **any** group of outsiders who come here disrespecting our flag and our beliefs.

Here’s the lowdown:

Keep them down. Keep them away. Let no wound be too small to inflict. Quietly make sure they are slowly strangled by all of the systems across this mighty nation.

Your first prize, great and glorious people, is **the freedom of segregation, segmentation and homogenization**. Everywhere you look, you will only see yourself. Congratulations!!

#### **Isms, Schisms**

*I GOT isms, schisms*

*Isms, schisms*

*Isms, schisms*

*All for me*

*Schisms, isms*

*Schisms, isms*

*Schisms, isms*

*I can’t see*

*Schisms, isms  
Schisms, isms  
Schisms, isms  
All day long*

*Isms, schisms  
Isms, schisms  
Isms, schisms  
Loud and strong*

*We don't want the aggravation  
Does not matter what they know  
If I see one anywhere around my place  
Our police may shoot them dead  
And win the case*

*We've got racism, sexism, textism—wow  
Leftism, rightism—hit me now  
Classism, snobism, fakism—true  
Malism, hoodism—love them too*

*Fakery, snakery, never-awakery  
Bribery, takery—what you say?  
Racism, ageism, racism, sexism  
Racism, classism—every day*

*I'm just happy  
In these run-down places  
And our segregated schools  
If they see us anywhere  
Around their homes  
The police will beat us back  
Where we belong*

*Isms, schisms  
Isms, schisms  
Isms, schisms  
All for me*

*Classism, snobism, fakism—true  
Malism, hoodism—can you see?  
Racism, ageism, racism, sexism  
Racism, classism—what you say?*

*Isms, schisms*

*Ism, schisms  
Ism, schisms  
Every day*

*I'm just happy  
In these rundown places  
Does not matter what they know  
If they see us anywhere  
Around their homes  
Our police will beat them back  
Until they're gone*

*Schisms, isms  
Schisms, isms  
Schisms, isms  
Schisms, isms  
Schisms, isms  
Schisms, isms*

Each of our five prizes comes naturally from the last. The battles we've won over these last years to segregate ourselves have led to purity in education, housing and employment. Just look around. All of that winning is addictive, but **if you don't fight, you can't win**. When you beat one group of others, you must use that inspiration to go on to the next and the next, until you work through **all** the groups that displease you.

#### SECOND PRIZE:

You will enjoy endless campaigns: old versus young, smart versus dumb, fat versus skinny, Democrats versus Republican. Finally, you will work your way all the way up to the most sacred battleground: your own home. For drama and intensity, nothing surpasses a passionate, extended domestic battle. Don't forget the binary narrative: others are wrong and you are right. It's a wonderful way of understanding that keeps you on the battlefield.

Here's a snapshot from our history: We broke **their** families up for centuries and consistently destroyed the bond between their men and women. However, they were very productive for us as workers, as stock and as property. It was gloriously efficient and effective. We learned to value human beings economically. **With the passage of time, the accurate valuation of people is just in our DNA, and their home life has still not recovered.**

Let me free you from old thinking. Families are no longer what they were. Kids are disrespectful. Men and women at each other's throats all the time.

Let's consider, if you will, the poetic demands and uncertain terrains of romance. Think about all of the time it takes to develop a relationship with another person. Now, add the investment

required to properly raise a child. You see, a traditional family just takes too much damned time and effort. The modern family is mobile and you need that mobility to make more money.

O, mighty people! Let me explain: life is just a big transaction. Look around. It costs to be born, it costs to die, it costs when you get sick, it costs 'in case' you get sick and everything in between is bills and taxes. Try paying for some food with the depth of your humanity. **Nothing is more important than money.**

Here's the breakdown:

A winner buys the life he or she wants to live! (Everyone else will fall in line based on their payout).

Here's the hand me down:

Romance interferes with fighting. When the other is the enemy and everything becomes a transaction, intimacy is too nuanced. Who has time for love when the most important victory is yet to be won?

Here's the lowdown:

Now you are free to purchase all the personal space you want. If you get lonely, just swipe a picture on an app, or buy a robot. Your prize is **freedom from the rigamarole of romance and escalation of the domestic war in the court of transaction.**

Yes/No

*Yes No Yes No*

*Yes No Yes No*

*Yes No Yes Yes Yes No Yes*

*No Yes Yes No Yes Yes No*

*No No No No*

*Yes Yes Yes No Yes Yes Yes*

*No*

*No Yes No Yes*

*Yes No Yes No*

*No No No No*

*Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes*

*Yes No Yes No Yes No Yes*

*Yes Yes Yes*

*No No No No*

*Yes Yes Yes No Yes*

*Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes*

*No No No No No No No No*

*Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No Yes/No*

### *Where Has the Love Gone?*

*Where has the love gone?*

*Where has the love gone?*

*Where has the love gone?*

*Where has the love gone?*

*Where has the love gone?*

*Where has the love gone?*

*Where has the love gone?*

Our next wonderful prize is actually two in one. We touched on the difficulties of contemporary parenting. Now, consider the impossibility of accounting for members of your community. **It's all so involved.** If we just strip away needless complexity, we can sell more of our ideas. What are we selling? Well... *participation*. The new community accepts everyone that can buy in. You can join the church. Don't worry about reading the book. Send some money! That's the sole requirement. "If you **bring** a check, we **will** not check."

### THIRD PRIZE

Hear me folks, just as today's community is more fluid, the family of now doesn't need all of those old restrictions with the draconian nonsense of parents telling their kids what to do. You can now be the parents you wish **you** had. Your youngsters should be free to define their world with other youngsters, a momma should be free to be with her group and a daddy free to be with his. When the generations, genders and preferences are separated, they are unencumbered to create the exact environment they want and can purchase. Then, we can enjoy **real** participation.

O, Glorious People! All this freedom must have a purpose. What greater purpose than selling? What better to sell than perfectly crafted entertainment products with a little sexual electricity (from the world of taboo) targeted at everyone in your home.

The only thing that feels better than selling is being liberated to give full expression to the cathartic euphoria of **buying**. It's powerful and it feels so good. The real world will be delivered to your home, for a nominal monthly fee, when everyone is together... or at any time on your mobile device. Our hard-fought freedoms have allowed us to make available all of the things you were unjustly denied in the past.

Folks! We're going full throttle, a candescent cocktail of freedom tailored to excite the group it targets. Look around. The kids love it! Choice and culture!

Here's the breakdown:

(SING) Give the people what they want.

(SING) Shake your money maker.

(SPOKEN) Don't sit on it, sell it!!

Here's the hand me down:

Trash piles up if no one takes the garbage out. That's why we pay people to clean. Everything is for sale--even a community. Like an old New Orleans auction house.

We used to sell and buy them as a community so's all the mommas and daddies and children and all the relatives could be bought and sold in a very grand public spectacle. You know, selling and buying is in our DNA. **What you do is what you will do and that you do makes it true.**

Here's the lowdown:

Don't let other people exploit you. Own your **own** identity. We all have something worth selling. This prize gives you permission to sell whatever you have to whoever is willing to pay for it. Forget about shame.

Your prize is **prime time pornography and the commodification of community.**

**Consider This 'Bout the Filth We Love**

*Consider this 'bout the filth we love*

*Consider this from a view above*

*We love it*

*We like it*

*We sell it*

*Ooo*

*Consider this 'bout the filth we make*

*Consider this 'bout the filth we take*

*We like it*

*We love it*

*We buy it*

*Ooo*

*Consider this 'bout the filth we love*

*Consider this from a view above*

*We like it*

*We love it*

*We buy it*

*We sell it*

*We believe it*

*We achieved it*

*We live it*

*And we just got to have got to have*

*What we need what we want now*

*We love it*

*We love it*

*We love it*

*We love it  
We love it  
We love it*

*Everything is for sale  
Everything is for sale  
Everything is for sale  
Everything is for sale  
Everything is for sale  
Everything is for sale  
Everything is for sale*

*Consider this 'bout the filth we love  
Consider this 'bout the filth we make  
Consider this from a view above  
Consider this 'bout the filth we take*

*Oh, we won't see  
The reality  
Oh, we won't see  
The reality*

Our greatness has created jealous enemies everywhere. There are menaces within and without. We have a wide-open country with very, very porous borders. O, Glorious People! **We intend to protect every square inch of our homeland...**but we can't do it without your help, folks.

#### FOURTH PRIZE

We need you to register all pertinent personal, medical and financial information; to obtain the standard identification card which allows you to get in and out of public spaces; and please!! Keep your phone with you at all times or get an implant. It's for your safety! We already have access to your spending habits, entertainment preferences, daily routines, **and** the tendencies of your most frequently called friends. These last bits of information will enable us to completely protect you.

Here's some history:

When we owned them, we would issue papers that accounted for **them**. For the very few who were able to ascend from their God given position, we issued freedom papers. **If you didn't have those papers, you weren't free.** We really kept track of those people because you couldn't have them out spreading public mischief and mayhem.

Sometimes, to avoid work, they ran away. We posted the most beautiful descriptions of their person complete with dispositional observations. These advertisements allowed our citizens North and South to repatriate them back to their owners. We all participated and were very successful. When we all come together, success is guaranteed.



If it was important to account for a runaway, you can imagine, O, Glorious People! **You are far too important to go uncounted.** Register now so we can protect you!

Folks, these are troubled times. Corruption is all around us in the form of deception. Open your eyes: doctors addicting you to drugs they're paid to prescribe, heads of stock exchanges running Ponzi schemes, priests molesting kids, citizens supporting criminals over our officers, I could go on and on. Let's not even mention the minorities and the terrorists, Lord save us!!

Look around at all the public violence. You **cannot** have enough surveillance and security. Our technological devices are far more trustworthy than the judgment of a person, a camera does not lie.

Here's the breakdown:

You are the only one you can trust.

Anyone could be doing anything at any time. "Be afraid- Be prepared."

Here's the hand me down:

Surveillance equipment is steadily improving. Soon, we will be able to surreptitiously record every interaction, **in every home**, so that each accusation can be supported or contested with accurate documentation. Be amongst the first to participate.

Here's the lowdown:

It's important to know **more** than what everyone is doing. We need to know what's on their minds. Privacy is an enemy of freedom.

This wonderful and timely prize grants you: **Freedom through constant surveillance and relentless security.**

**Everybody Wear They Mask**

*I said everybody wear they mask*

*Why ya got to be like that?*

*I said everybody wears a mask*

*Why ya got to be like that?*

*I said everybody wear they mask*

*Why ya got to be like that?*

*I said everybody wears a mask*

*Why ya got to be like that?*

*Everybody wear they mask*

*Why ya got to be like that?*

*Oh, everybody*

*Oh, everybody be like that*

*Everybody wear they mask*

*Why ya got to be like that?  
Oh, everybody  
Oh, everybody be like that*

*Everybody where your mask?  
Why you gotta make me ask?  
Er'body wear that mask  
You hear me?*

*Everybody where your mask?  
Why you gotta make me ask?  
Er'body wear that mask  
You hear me?*

*We got to see what you're doing  
All the time  
We got to see what you're doing  
All the time  
We got to see what you're doing  
All the time  
We got to see what you're doing  
All the time  
We got to see what you're doing  
All the time  
We got to see what you're doing  
All the time  
We got to  
Why ya got to be like that?  
Everybody wear they—  
Why ya got to be like that?*

O, Glorious People! I know you love these prizes because you live them.  
This is the Ever Fonky Lowdown and you are getting rewarded for being winners. Big winners!

**The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 7**

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown  
It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Oh, do you see?  
It's the low-down, fonky beat down  
It's the shake down, fonky breakdown  
It's the ever fonky get down*

***Oh, say, can't you see***

*'Bout us, you and me  
Our fight, fight to be*

*Ever Fonky  
It's forever fonky  
It's forever fonky  
It's forever fonky  
It's forever fonky  
It's forever fonky  
It's forever fonky  
It's forever fonky*

I can't just give away this final prize so easily. There's one more test to determine if you are indeed the best of the best. It's my wildcard. Unpredictable and capable of catapulting you to the top of the food chain or thrusting you down to the dungeon **in** chains, the wildcard fights against **our** understanding of freedom and is called a "freedom **fighter**."

Though not believers in our winning ways and traditions, they are formidable persons of courage, clarity and charity. These battlers challenge us to stay in winning form. **I respect 'em**. If you can survive exposure to this freedom fighter by maintaining your defense of the freedoms we have secured for ourselves across time, you will receive the final and greatest prize. If you waver, however, you could lose everything.

This particular wildcard is a lady, and I mention her now, because I'm confident in your confidence. Hear me, O, Glorious Ones! All the other wildcards who have tried to defeat us, have failed: Harriet Tubman, saved hundreds but tens of thousands remained slaves, Lincoln Steffens uncovered corruption in our politics and won awards for it. But has the corruption ever slowed down? Hell, even Jesus failed in front of the people, they chose Barabbas.

Oh, Judicious People! You want and deserve to be free to do what you **want to do**. Nobody wants to hear no mouthy preaching about whether we can see what's wrong or not. We want the things that **make us feel good! Money!!** That's our stuff. Forget all the judgement, we're not interested in sharing our resources with others we can't stand.

Some history:

Real freedom fighters come from a long way off. They bring a lot of history with them. We had the enslaved well in hand or under our thumb, everything designed to keep them deaf, mute and dumb. It was illegal for them to read but not to breed, to write but not to fight, to say but not to pray. Somehow, they all got a hold of words from our Bible and created songs of survival, disguised as prayers, they applied our sacred learning to their wretched affairs.

Here's the breakdown and the hand me down:

All this singing about salvation was not good for their spirit. We had to encourage music that was more real to their condition and pull the old bones and tambo out. As was their way, they

began to **self-deprecate** and the popularity of their music began to appreciate. As it was then, so it is today.

Here's the lowdown:

While we were so focused on stamping out those damned drums, these people had created their own notions about "our" freedom. Coming from a book they couldn't even read. And they filled the air with this noise as they worked.

**I Got a Nagging Feeling**

*I got a naggin' feelin'  
Deep down in my soul  
I said I got a tale to tell  
Can't rest 'til it's told*

*Gonna lift up that heavy feelin'  
Let that light shine inside  
Oh, this life don't bother me  
Soon I will be free*

*I was a bitty baby  
On my momma's knee  
When Jesus angel told me  
I was meant to be*

*I got a naggin' feelin'  
Deep down in my soul  
I've had some mighty troubles  
Since my kids was sold  
I said I got a tale to tell  
Can't rest 'til it's told  
Gonna lift up that heavy feelin'  
Let the light shine inside*

*Oh, this life don't bother me  
Soon I will be free*

From this absolute din came a feeling of hope. As time passed, that hope became belief which eventually became action in the person of a freedom **fighter**. She was determined to remake the world according to the dreams and struggles of her ancestors. Even though it was a failing cause, this particular woman was remarkable. I'm talking about someone who came from the absolute bottom of our society and grew up picking cotton as the eldest of twenty kids.

As a youngster, she was a voracious reader. She learned to understand and believe in our system. In the same way that the enslaved had twisted our religious intentions to serve their purposes, she figured out how to use our system to fight for **her** people's version of freedom.

Here's the breakdown:

She believed she could defeat democracy as **we** mean it to be and was willing to try.

Here's the hand me down:

People of now don't have the time to jeopardize their health on no poor person's dream. Why risk life and limb when you can just get online, and anonymously express your mind or open your heart to friends and neighbors in less than 280 characters?

Here's the lowdown:

She was unwavering in the execution of her duty, refused to be silenced, followed the word and held to it. Her name was Fannie Lou Hamer.

**The Ballad of Fannie Lou: Part 1**

*Fannie Lou was born  
In a fertile land  
Oh, Fannie Lou came up  
Workin' harder than any man  
And when they dropped down  
Fannie, Fannie she would stand*

*She could see  
'Round Saturn's rings  
And she heard  
Songs that the angels sing  
When she spoke  
Every word had wings*

*Fannie, Fannie  
Oh, sweet Fannie Lou*

*I'm a Southern boy  
From a Southern town  
I used to see Fannie  
Well she used to be around  
Boy, she was something  
Something touch you  
Way deep down*

*Oh, Fannie Lou  
With your eyes so clear  
Voice so strong*

*It drew the people near  
When she spoke  
She calmed the people's fear  
Fannie, Fannie  
Oh, sweet Fannie Lou*

*In a Southern style  
They beat Fannie blue  
And they did things to her  
As it was their Southern way to do  
That didn't stop Fannie  
From doin' what she was here to do*

*On freedom farm  
People pickin' poke  
Fannie Lou  
Liked to laugh and joke  
What she did  
Cause folks to count their vote*

*Fannie, Fannie  
Fannie, Fannie Lou  
Fannie, Fannie  
What they do to you  
Oh, Fannie, Fannie  
Fannie, Fannie Lou*

**The Ballad of Fannie Lou: Part 2**

*Fannie Lou Hamer  
Fannie Lou Hamer  
Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou  
Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou*

*Fannie Lou Hamer  
Fannie Lou Hamer  
Fannie Lou*

*Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou  
Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou Hamer  
Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou  
Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou  
Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou  
Fannie Lou Hamer*

*Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou  
Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou Hamer*

*Fannie Lou Hamer*

Yes Fannie Lou, Fannie Lou! She was truly something. Too bad she was on the losing side. We **invented** freedom. We're not about to fight **against** the freedoms we abundantly enjoy because somebody with no money is uncomfortable! And when the people get behind something, it's a done deal. Who wants to face public ridicule and humiliation for defending a position that gives them less than what they have?

Here's the breakdown:

You almost never have to kill a freedom fighter; just let memories of them die. There's no need to bury information no one cares about. Put it on the front page of the paper. They'll be wrapping fish in it the next day. Put a game on and everybody loses their mind.

The hand me down:

You have done well in this game. You overcame Fannie Lou's overtures to the point of forgetting her very name. This is a great moment for our way of life. We should reflect in honor of her sacrifice.

**Why Do We Pick Slavery over Freedom?**

*Why do we pick slavery over freedom?*

... Well, that was that.

O, Glorious People!

This is your last prize and it's the best one.

Now we're really about to have some fun.

When you act against your best interest to attack a remote enemy with no power to do you any harm; when you're ecstatic about identifying yourself as a winner even though you never get a single spoil; when you are happy to accept far less than your participation could have earned and honored to be rewarded for the achievement of staying home, congratulations! You've won one game of the Ever Fonky Lowdown....and you're the donkey.

O, Glorious People, My People, Our People, The People, hear me, this game was never about **"them."** It's been about **you**....and all of what has been sold to **you**. I'm talking about the machine, the system, the grind, the chart from birth to the grave. It's all figured out for you. One hustle after another designed to analyze, paralyze, bind and blind you. O, can't you see? Corrupt laws, endless litigation over trivia, ridiculous rules, bureaucratic incompetence; pay to live, pay to die, pay to get married, pay to divorce, pay for school, pay for the hospital, pay pay pay, ha ha! Indifferent government wasting and stealing piles of your money that you can't even and don't even want to trace, endorsing tribal policies that violate your self-interest as you all

swallow the fake binary narrative of Democrat vs Republican, white vs black, man versus woman, haha. Fools!! Games, games, games!

Here's some history:

Did you know that over 700,000 people died in the American Civil War... "Us **and** Them"?

Here's the breakdown:

Leave everything up to us and we'll make sure you never have to do anything except pay. And while you hate each other and fight against a never-ending "them", we will remain us. Who is us? Haha, **we are you when you get the opportunity to be.**

Here's the hand me down:

The Savior and all of these freedom fighters continue to get it wrong. You don't actually **want** to grapple with more than two choices. You don't **want** to sacrifice anything meaningful for your fellow citizens. You want to live in a fantasy world in which you may perhaps **see** others suffer, but from far enough away to change the page at a click. Be honest with yourself, you don't actually **want** real freedom because, if it's turned loose, it might just go anywhere. Why should your freedom be given to anyone? You fought for it. And **we beat people**, we are winners. Why should a winner give anything to a loser? They lost.

That's why you repeatedly **choose** those who will jam the human soul into the cold, cold ground, **drag it around like a jagged plough**, pull it up and thrust it even further down, and up and down again deeper if it make a single solitary sound.

Yeah... you really just want to be entertained by games, games!! This is a game, gotdammit!! The game **of** games. You think paying for a football stadium cost you? Winning the Ever Fonky Lowdown cost you your humanity, but every day, millions are dying just to get a place in line to pay the price of admission.

This is an international hustle, baby. It has played out many times across time and space and is not specific to any language or race. It takes on different flavors according to people's taste, but always ends up in the same old place.

I'm your host, by the name of Game, MISTER Game, a player, a soothsayer and a dragon slayer, I'm a night trader **and** a soul raider. I steps with lightning, walks with thunder, climbs the wall, puts the dead on the wonder, following **me** was your biggest blunder. I don't recognize any "us" or "them", him, her or you. When you see me coming, all I know is what **I'm** gonna do. **I'm gon' get paid, and somebody's gonna get played.** That's just how my money is made!!

Here's the lowdown:

Wasting time is the greatest drug in the world. Your last prize is **freedom from thought and constructive engagement.** You don't ever have to do a single damned thing about **anything** going on out here that DOES NOT DIRECTLY BENEFIT YOU! Survival of the fittest...that's as fonky as it gets, baby.



**Reprise: The Ever Fonky Lowdown in 4**

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*It's the fonky, fonky get-down*

*Oh, can you see*

*Oh, can you see*

*It's the Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*It's the lowdown fonky throw-down*

*Oh, can you see?*

*You and me*

*The Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*What can you see?*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown*

*Ever Fonky Lowdown*

**Reprise: I Wants My Ice Cream**

*I hear you brother*

*I feel your pain*

*I loves my ice cream*

*That's my refrain*

*Ain't got no money*

*Even if I could*

*I wants my ice cream*

*Don't think I would*

*What's all this hollerin'  
And stumbin' down the street?*

*Can't you be quiet?*

*I'm trying to eat*

*I see you eyeing  
This ice cream cone  
But you can't have none  
'Cause I'm on my phone*

**I Know I Must Fight**

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*I Know I Must Fight*

*(Never stop repeating)*

**THE END**

*For my mother and father, Delores and Ellis.*