

Yo!

RESIDENT IN STOCKHOLM SINCE 1972, Guadeloupe-born scientific researcher and writer Claude Philogène set up the Nôka International Theatre in 1983, a non-profit making organisation involved in damage control transfer of technology. (The name derives from Philogène's passion for Japanese Nôh theatre). The Nôka annually hosts seminars, exhibitions and concerts with numerous artists and speakers, from Swedish painters, Russian pianists, Japanese textile practitioners and Chinese calligraphers, to

American philosophers, Cameroon-born designers, Tibetan Lamas and masters of ancient Chinese sung poetry. Lectures are as wide-ranging as their speakers and have included the following subjects: Art in Contemporary Sudan, Superconductivity in Kyoto, Traditional African Dance, Indian Drums, Blueprint for a Higher Civilization, social attitudes towards black artists in London, Buddhism, Grunge Art, the Manden Empire and Technology and Photography. The Nôka itself made a documentary film at the Hiroshima Atomic Bomb Hospital, where survivors from the 1945 atomic bomb attack on Japan were interviewed.

When Philogène's not presiding over Nôka's dynamic global content forums and debates, he writes in most singular

voice, his words a virtuoso display of cultural reference, scientific rigour and linguistic morphology. As much philosopher as prose conductor, and as passionate about nanotechnology as he is classical Nôh theatre, Philogène has authored a linguistic comparative study of Creole & Japanese in five volumes, the play *Public Mental Health & National Defence Strategy* and a book *Popo Torrent, The Last Maroon Negroe of Guadeloupe 1882-1918*. He also set the ground for the construction of an international Creole computer cant, called the Intanetto Pakala Dialect. ISBN magazine proudly presents the opening extract from Philogène's latest play, *Exhortacion Concerning Good Order & Obedience to Rulers & Magistrates*.

Exhortacion Concerning Good Order & Obedience to Rulers & Magistrates

Yo! Beware the toast, for therein lies the danger most!

A PLAY

Claude Philogène



Dedicated to
the Memory of Ogotemmel and
to the Dogon people of Bandiagara Village

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Illustrations: Claude Philogène

A Play

Yo! Nôka Chip-Surface On Sale at Your Local Area Biotech Supermarket!

Sourakata Kouyaté, *First scientific griot of the Mandèn Empire:*

With a drop of blood as the battleground for future warfare, you may take refuge at the Dipper floating monastery of the Sixth Patriarch, wherein, nano-networkingly speaking, disconnectedness defines danger; for it is not instructed in the mind of the observer to be unduly defiant of viral pre-dator invaders, since social conventions determine the flow of the conflictual intentionalities that dictate our overall genetic behaviour. Noteworthy, the human species is confronted, not with hords of gamma-ray extra-terrestrial invaders, but with an earth simulator insectoid viral intelligencia that controls the fast human printing networks of nucleic acid linguistics through mt-DNA signal processor CCR5 and GPCRs protein portal entrances regulating the opportunistic bacterial “bits and pieces” that make up our genomic sense of nano wellbeingness. Yo! The Lancet, The New England Journal of Medicine, Pax-Nipponica-Americana 57-Chevrolet CCTV hypertriptamine REM state super-consciousness of allele frequency range expansions from diffuse gene flow sampling drifts with spot imbalances 4 city-chromosome organic metaphor nightly broadcasts; skilfully pairing genealogy and geography in flash compactified pré-bruits collage junk mitochondrial message services, addressed to all code division multiple access libraries using hypertext personal home-pages at 79 kilobits per second, and gradually moving faster than our recombinational RNA repair process built-in intron reaction time through teraflop hint-field exxon communications for evolutionary mutational data, operating on a global



nucleic acid mobile communication system. Yo! Kindness, pity, joy, indifference, felicity, good fame and official emoluments for identity by E.T. descent; pooling individuals through their genotypes rather than their phenotypes in a large-scale study of population mitochondrial genome, disclosing special patterns and concordance across chreods of hybrid zones with fluctuating allele frequencies, born of sporadic events, yielding spatial distributions of haplotype variations in a holography display of host and parasite molecular phylogenies, emerging from the local area intanetto back alley neighbourhoods at Marxloh, Rinkeby, Brixton, Hackney, Belleville, Calais and Fuck-ing-Åmål, where officially non-existent Creole strangers search for loopholes in the Shengen visa high-way of a Maas-tricht migrant bio-network, so as to bypass the meta-genomatica insectoid gene screeningradars protecting the promised land ofa WASP Commonwealth of European nations.

Waki:

Wa-bap! Proceed with your declamation.

Sourakata Kouyaté:

Indeed, after more than 300 years of Western cultural imperialism in sunny Bamako, darling Douala, sweet Kinshasa, and nasty Naija, the post-modern zappeur-KA of Afurika emerges narflare from the “heart of divine dark ness” as a museum exhibit of ingenuity, the ultimate allelic mt-DNA fluorescent marker for what is erotically hype & dafy-down-dilly in the streets of London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Stockholm and Milano. Sex, socializing after work, ready-to-wear designer shoes, dinner parties, relaxing, praying, exercising, fine swim-wear, Wedgewood exclusive bone china, blue and white Jasperware, & French lingerie de la Fressange’s Boutique Avenue Montaigne; black, intense, inky and spicy wine with black berries, blue berries, bitter-sweet chocolate and earthly Château Langoa Barton’s

excellent well kokoro evening so far. But with signs of “no Negroes, no Irish, no Dogs” posted on all doorsteps of importance, nô-body comes and nobody goes across the BCBG Anna Livia Plurabelle semiotic boundaries of a heated discussion at the Café Flore about the Nummo not being gods. For the gods are to the Nummo what our Shadows are to us. In fact, gods are the traces of the Nummo’s passage through our world.

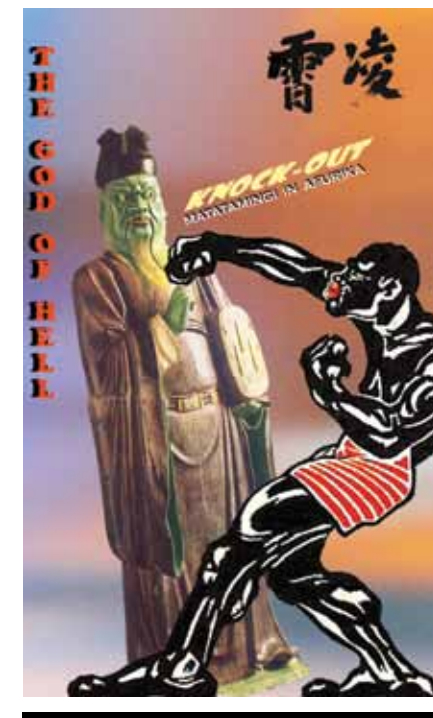
Waki:

Verily so, but it is better to have a tyrant into thy king: than a shadow. A king that is as soft as silk, and effeminate, shall be much more grievous unto the realm than a right tyrant.

Sourakata Kouyaté:

Lo, now, lo! O fie, Sir Voltaire! A kingdom for a stage, princes to act and monarchs to behold the swelling scene! What again Master Will, when hope hores, pipe thieves, and hangmen lead the Masque to Francia magnum bellum et mutatio terribile! Dawa! for the guilt of France, o guilt indeed, so mote it be blasphemy and REBIS at the fuzzy logic regal lobbies of Nostre Dame, where in good sacerdotal order of performance the mutant Trocadéro Zulu Zappeur awaits the next white-noise move on an ENA chessboard of a disorderly watchdog catholic NME, who constitutionally evaluates the prophetic gospel declamation of that famous !Kung migrant nôka actor, who narrowly escaped the massive slaughter of people in Swahili Makoba Zanzibar, in Ruanda-Burundi East Africa, in famine infested Darfur, and in the Fulani Liberia Sotho HIV Banda Malawi viral Lingala Kongo’s Papa Wemba baoulé territories, crossing the exacerbating frontiers of Mama-Benz Bokassa’s Tchad Exxon-Mobile N’Djamena oil concessions, to there-unto gracefully yield to the idea that despite the awesome rapes and shameful humiliations inflicted upon the Afurikan Continent by the European colonial might, with the burning and pillaging of villages, the collapse of clans, lineages and ancestral values; you would still expect us to term your dealings to be just

and praiseworthy, when you so unjustly treat those Natives that in your justice trust! If this be equity, give me a ruler, for where nothing is to be had the king loses his right; so if a kingdom and a monarchy can break the laws of God and men, my first act as Head of the O.A.U. would be to graciously nick your necks to the flash cut of a sour bone blow within the precinct of the Bastilles reconstructed in the rainforest of Mobutu’s intelligenCIA rhesus monkey Baramoto opportunistic bacterial empire. No doubt, the one who bears the Mamba crown of Versailles in



Chinatown Douala, must have signed a masonic pact with a Bourbon Cobra, esoterically operating as a 33° grave digger at the Père Lachaise, where a word before is worth two behind for a black obelisk Memphis royal epitaph. Yo! Dorbie’s knock! Thy name is SEFIPER-EM-HES-HRA-HAPU-TCHEFT-F; that is to say, concordia miserere mei Deus, secundum misericordiam magnam tuam.

Waki:

Impertinence! More than enough is certainly too much wagger-pagger-bagger nonsense here, for were it that a

military rook can easily play pitch-1/2-penny in a “sous-France coloniale” game, rough as it runs in Clichy-Sous Bois, I still will not permit you to say that much chienlie about my Country and Frankly make to shame the KA of my father at the pyramide by the Louvre Museum! Fellow, be gone! Away from my verry citty, I brooke not thy sight.

Sourakata Kouyaté:

Look here, what no more! Grammercy, I have nô excellence to please his Lordship, but let’s sport whilst we may. I will hither make you take heede, so you better score twice before you cut once in a faux pas. At any rate, by inns of courtly chastelain etiquette, fluctuat. nec. mergitr. is not far gone of likelihood, since necessitie will have it so at the Elysée Palace.

Exit Waki

Sourakata Kouyaté:

Osiris, the royal scribe Horus hath opened thy mouth for thee with a rare silver spoon auctioned at Sotheby’s for a million dollar bill. How about that!

Breaking News, Time-Reversal-Like!

At the Local Nôka Chip-Surface Syber Exhibition Hall

Négi: (as a journalist, hosting a television news show)

U.S. soldiers based in Mopti use Taiwan made GI Joe Sigma-6 plastic toys in malaria infested Ouagadougou to demonstrate tactics to Tuareg warriors. It is part of a \$500 million Pentagon initiative to provide counter terrorism desert training to soldiers in Afurika.

Samba-So: (as an American medical doctor in a video-clip)

Morale! Morale! You sarugaku monkeys! We are not your yankee NME. It was our mistake to fire at you, so stop chasing us. We are all Afro-American heroes, united against the HIV virus and the usage of counterfeit or substandard drugs, which facilitate the growthof drug-resistant HIV/AIDS strains!

Négi:

Apparently, by killing large numbers of people, AIDS reduces population pressure on existing land and capital, causing a raise in labour productivity, whereas in the absence of AIDS, there would only be modest economic growth...

Sourakata Kouyaté: (*Watching the news*)

Thus I heard Sir Darwin speak on CNBC, as the light of skilfull means in a wall-street quantum molecular archaeology discussion about the future of the bond market in Afurika.

Négi:

Anywise or otherwise, it is better to sit still and be quiet, than to rise up and fall to the excellent well interest rate demands of the World Bank, which claims that it can maximize total social utility in Afurika through a faire distribution of euro dollar credit facilities across the Continent. To benefit from such a generously condescending offer and make sustainable development available to everyone, the GDP Afurikan C.E.O. might have to run as swift as a pudding would creep, to eventually give up the common practice of imposing heavy taxation on petty native black-market transactions, as well as that of the spectacular public hangings of wealthy offshore insider elite offenders, or whatever sort of zero-tolerance tribal exactions that could unwisely interfere with the ideals of the World Bank's protocolar requirements. But even if somewhat is better than nothing, not many Afurikan leaders are inclined to achieve that much, or would abide to any conciliatory measures that could compromise their status as supreme military ruler of the State. On the contrary, at the slightest hint of a threat, they would chose to invest their survival skills in the protection of their arsenals of weapons, rather than taking any particular interest in the welfare of their Subjects; and that is that and not foregone of conclusion, since four Nobles a year are still worth a Crown quarter Yoruba Dinar at the Bank of England. So bind as you may

unbind with the Naija mob, but it is neck or nothing at City Hall, wherein turn-about is always faire play in the business of local area money lordrye proceedings. Besides, it is no good meddling with an edge fool, who plans to get away with a Ouaga uranium loot in a Swiss/O.S.S. financial cook-up, to eventually end up miserably sodomized at the Prison de la Santé 4 no less than dômo arigatô gozaimashita!

Sourakata Kouyaté:

So what is the meaning of life on the Afurikan Continent, when global warming is driving up rates of malaria, malnutrition and diarrhea, when water wells are contaminated by radioactive waste, the earth poisoned with pesticides, and crops destroyed by swarms of voraciously hungry grasshoppers! In the meanwhile, singing in the rain at a black & white minstrel show, some will dance the measures in attendance at Fort Knox-USA, at a time when demands for gold from the Southern States of Afurika show signs of heating-up in Telaviv, where incidently the defence alchemical Bishop's power of the Pentagon is currently undertaking an E.T. experiment with the 115-illuminati bond-charge of dry water wetteth not the hands of the negrido from Soweto, who is expediently dispatched to the bottom of the alembic, à la recherche du temps perdu. Thereafter, our good Bishop, in a holy DARPA communion washes away the blackness from the Latten by purifying it with mercury, so as to achieve the Great Work and establish contact with Azoth, the Father of all. But Latten is also lack-Latin in the mt-BRANE !Kung's Higgs boson strategy of blending curvature and flatness in a flash instanton blast of restructured axionic matter as restructured quark-gluon plasma imagination, stochastically resonating to the sufficient tachyonic sounds of the unstructuredness of lost genetic passwords. In no time to think back, it is check-mate in Telaviv, where the Pentagon-115 Avenge Ezekiel quantum anti-gravity bio-D-sign experiment is terminated; mistakenly, the Bishop had put his rabbi-busy foot into a

cursed Ponahalo termite mound-holding, at the Rhodes Foundation headquarters in Lobengula's Bulawayo-City. That is why Security is not a state of alert in the Kalahari desert, but a !kia diamond state of mind, which encompasses the push-button mechanization Southern BOND machinima enterprize of genetic perfectability. Now, were it that extraordinary means are necessary to protect a mutant bushman migrant on his way to Europa against the evil deeds of alchemical pre-dator warriors from far-away Orion, opportunities to further counteract such a quantum event should not be neglected by our security networks. Indeed, the scientific insolence of a bushman is simply not enough to achieve the Dipper status of a successful space-like mutant migrant, who still needs the bitter enzymes of a hyena's guts to modify the NME's viral tactics. Yo! This is patent warfare in Afurika. Verily, the power to promote the progress of Science and useful Arts by securing for limited times the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries only applies to the names, eunuchs and controllers of head-hunters that make up the bulk of the people's stem-cell commission, which manufactures Life in WHO's labs and secretly influences human evolution. Wa-bap! And this disclosure is only a foretaste of things to come; so stress nat, just follow the royal Swazi Incwala Tokyo Sexwale's Mvelaphanda Xhosa hip-hop guide to big-time NYSE bio-stock intercourse of expressed sequence tags 4-L.A. hybrid coyote-wolf MS-1-3 greenlight gangstars, embracing the keep talking, stop snitching, or get out of that try-a-dick nintendo game of the Osaka red eagle's creeps and bloods tatoo Chicano guanxi mudra teachings on how to flex your Santa-Fé Hengdiang crouching tiger Butterfly Wu !Kung-fu purpose with uncle Lao, and knock the hustle of any motherfucker who pushes tamaguchi Otaku doll erotic zen-tech DVD highga byproducts to gayful Coco Chanel hanako clones, operating on the Yamato-moshi-moshi bonito market, where ordinary Nagano ketchup tomatoes

contain no divine Amaterasu sunshine genes, whilst genetically modified Georgia Bible-belt Heinz upside-down tomatoes do.

Enters Okina and Shité-kata, a man and a woman. They sit down to dine.

Shité-kata: (*as a lady of rank in high-society, addressing Asimoto, a service-robot*)

Dôzo! Le menu s'il vous plaît! Homard sur purée de chou-fleur avec tomates séchées; gelée de langoustine avec du Grönstedts rarissime; cointreau chien-chic de surcroix. Voilà!

Okina: (*as a wealthy businessman*)

Still, sweete meate must have sower sauce, and many of Okuni-nushi Armenian dogs may easily worry one Murasaki corassene bitch for that much of a recycled hot-dog meal at La Créole Montparnasse; for it is low Louisiana lobster season at the Madeleine in Manhattan, and no Kentucky fried chicken 2-night in Asia or elsewhere, as the H5N1 avian virus disseminates itself across the earth's stratosphere, haltering the daily caille farcie au foie-gras shopping sprees in Lagos' Wall Mart galleries. (Adressing Asimoto) Sumimase, I will have the same, please.

Shité-kata:

Na zënme hao! What most people don't know is that patenting life for the consumption of transgenic monkey meat on the Afurikan market is not a moral issue for the Lamu food & drug administration, but an evangelical contention, challenging the basic objectives of the human fertilization & embryology white paper recommendations on national research development SET control systems for bio-region's perfect cellular dark zero insectoid smart-matter axionic networks, accommodating single-nucleotide polymorphism units of non-histone protein parallel processing sequences, with telomerase ruling tags disclosing chreods of isolated gene markers used in the production of transgenic

gorillas through flash onomatopea junk-mitochondrial phat-fly-wack gangstaprior tips on casual sex with acid-on-line DNA snippet formulas for the salvation of the human soul from the Hell's angels' apocryphal epidemiological bio-data on cross-species transmission of viruses, selecting protein sequences to evaluate non-synonymous amino acid nucleic changes that could affect the synonymous silent nucleotide guidelines 4 phylogenetically informative ACGT websites, within the alignment breaking points found in the areas affected by the overall nano-genomatica background hacker noise of repetition-and-deceit ready-to-wear retroviral-window-soft-ware policymaking strategies.

Okina:

Genomic regions have different nano-evolutionary histories, and viral recombinational tactics generate variants of altered pathogenic properties, which expose the human genome to periodic interference of viral genetic material. Here-2-4, transmissibility, agressiveness, opportunistic bacterial moves and replication potentials make a virus a ferocious NME of the State.

Shité-kata:

Quite so. Future hybrid DNA viruses with altered & pathogenic properties will certainly be difficult to contain. You may mark my word on that.

Okina:

No doubt, and from then on, miracles have to be seen LIVE at the Bamako Center for Disease Control. As for now, it is my God/Amma, look not so fierce on me, my Bandiagara text-&-Afro-Hogon-gospel Zulu forecast!

Sourakata Kouyaté:

Vizé! Vizé karandiang! An oath or a swear in molecular archaeology! Citainance commune étant diverse de la particulière, où est la farce cyné-gétique du renard pâle!

Okina:

Read the chronicles of William Tyndale, and thou shalt find it there.

Shité-kata:

(Addressing the Asimoto, the service-robot) Garçon! May we have another Grant Morrison, if you please, with two Invisibles. (Addressing Okina) I heard it say that all men are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness within the electronic dream cottage landscape of the teenage commodification of hormonal desires, whereby an original desert mt-BRANE !Kung bushman calls for a creative bio-military strategy that would include the many scientific and tribal mythologies that make up a nation's sumptuous laws on regional self-pride.

Sourakata Kouyaté:

O, cursed synne of alle cursedness! Where the funk did you hear that kind of coney-catching Alma-mater peddler's French! Know you not that financial transactions in the cross-cultural marketplace operate through the worship of the illusions of trivialities with a fat-wallet blackstone hedge-bond credit card lifestyle as a must. For a man is neither by necessity, nor by chance saved or condemned, but voluntarily. Thus, having the blues, but being too damn mean to cry; guilty of everlasting damnation; receiving neither pity, mercy, nor clemency; ni invité ni désiré, the domain-key citizens of Afurika discover the administrative jungle of a European economic community's shift-shaping paper-mills of visa requirements, sealed with a mighty curse.

Enters Samba-So as a police officer

Samba-So:

CIRCULEZ! Il n'y a rien à voir ici!

End of part one