



COP outline

A crooked—a bad—cop as he goes through a day in the life of he works an extra shift sees things does things that share the racism and at the end he's suiting up and someone says "go!" Surreally horrible. Saves us something along his value lines. Protects..something. A lynching. Some accidental deaths. Named Rusty. With R'a dad. Progressing. A few interviews. All with black people. Written like a stained board with the recessed face of a cop in it. From muted racism to all-out racism. A boy he's trying to help at the start, but then he becomes seen as a teen, as a man, and they hang him and the main guy is disgusted as he is excited. Weird. They actually eat niggers for breakfast. Stuff like that. Surreal stuff. Daddy says he ate niggers for breakfast then the kid imagining it. Racism passed from generation to generation. Someone saying she's gonna teach her grandchildren to hate niggers. Use the word niggardy. End: his glorious shining romp. Harassing people. Performing sting operations. Him at home. He hardly treats his own color differently. A giant broken looming spectre of a structure that is what he thinks he's protecting. A busted Jesus of ideology. Catalogue their machinery. Him hating Native Americans, telling them to go back where they came from. The meaning of racism. Goes on Facebook misquoting Lincoln, slamming family members who object. Niggardly. Long rambling sections. Tall skinny sections. Anger with those who break the law. His childhood experiences. Minneapolis? Like my art story? Combine with a-z? Going through a psychological assessment to make sure he's fit for the job. Opens on a speech about niggers. Niggers. You either love em or hate em and I sure as shit don't love em so in this life here I've got to hate em. It's not the rap music or the x or the y. It's that niggers, when you get right down to em, is dirty. The whole book is him explaining in a zillion different ways why he doesn't like non-whites, black people, poor people. Find somethings great about him, something I can relate to. The (single) word stacks are like poetry, poetic interludes. Portrait. A cop's day. From the showers to the morning briefing to the beat to the murdering. He never goes home, in this, but thinks of home and its contents often. This is a work story. The scenery

description surreals into a description of a Florida plantation in slave days. Char sees himself there. What's there versus what I see. Always the gear, always the shades. He has a black partner? A black best friend? A black boss? A black partner because he's been reprimanded before and placed in a diversity training program. He gets a wall-sized poster from a store in the mall, a white woman with her eyes and her neck and her shawl saying give me warmth! He insists on saying All lives matter. He thinks he's in every conversation. He compares the problem nigger with his own child, the same age. He thinks he's sane but he's the craziest person speaking. He gets suspended but goes back out on duty. They test out an armored vehicle they got as a hand me down. It outruns the ice cream truck and every niggery kid eating from it. Not Rusty..a nameless narrator. He has a call sign or a number. About how the white man hung himself. He knows cops who are tweakers but he has never tried it himself—only touched the pipe once, and never inhaled. Open (and close) the book with the word nigger by itself on one line?

Niggar.

Use niggar as style and shield. Never use the n word. (I like this.)

You think you're in the club by being white? You're never in the club. It's you and your wife you're not in the club. You and your friends.

Make crosshatches to F451. The cop.

Jesus is white. God is white. Everyone is motherfucking white!

Is their cum black?

Nigar!

Let his white understanding murder the black history and experience, encapsulating it in the process.

Following the big book, the first book, the most holy.

~~Having visions of the devil forming from this black child.~~

He knows everything about this kid right down to his middle name.

Description of the kid's face when he's hung. The wrath of god flows out of him.

He goes to the kid's parent/teacher conference to argue a paper the kid wrote for school.

First line: italics: "Niggar!"

Bind talking like "abc"—"cuz"—".. with one-line-per speaker lacing to manage the furniture flow of the thing.

Childhood experience with blacks? None. His adult cop boss or someone in the organization..black.

Adam and Eve were white.

Niggar!

It's not just the blacks. It's Mexicans. Native Americans. All the subservient cultures. "Different" cultures. Poor cultures.

I hit on my friend's teenage daughter. 14. 12. 11. 8.

Watching/listening to the news in his cop car/ear/mobile listening to Fox News/the president

It's the politics of the playground, brought to the streets. Remember my own childhood playground experiences. People of color. A defect it is. And still is now. I moved to live at the beach, to be near people like me. Which I only subtly realize are people of my racism and my color. That is our bond.

I have children. A boy who follows my path and a girl who is trying not to.

In one breath, saying oil spills are natural. In the second breath, complaining cause they can't get shrimp anymore. He calls his mom in BR. Her shrimp etouffee is no longer on the menu.

Name of char Rust?

Misremembered stories from the Bible and bible verses used to justify my racism
I'm a cop, son!

Many thoughts about how it was supposed to be..life, history, the country
Because when you become familiar with people's evil side, you become unable to recognize their good..any good at all, anywhere. The more familiar you become with evil, the less you're able to recognize the good.

Jealously of the black man's cock. Visions of African women giving birth in the field. Their vaginas wider than white women's due to the cock difference etc.

Near-future sci-fi weapons

You have to find something good, something redeeming, about the core of what he's doing. Trying to protect his family?

Maybe it's a mission to raise a burning cross on the whitehouse lawn hang a nigga on it and this cop is at the center of this ??

The cop, in retrograde to our expectations, harbors a secret love a plant a fire underground of love for self and love for someone else..he starts this and it is to the surprise of everyone, but founded in the realities of the past, this person, this COP, is planning an act of love, of self-sacrifice, that will upend the police forever
"Trump would dream up "sickening" medieval plots "to pierce the flesh" of migrants, rip all the families apart, "maim" and gas them," (use in the radio segments..this guy hears the radio, and also hears the pres speaking to him, it's

telepathy or schizophrenia we never know)

He steals the guy they kill's baby in a secret commando run inside the guy's house and buries it in his basement thinking he's creating the guy's legacy in green light..or..

Rampant homosex. In one breath he's telling his son not to be gay, in the next he's getting his dick sucked by a suspect, by a coworker

They think they're not racist, but they so are..even when lynching a nigger, they don't think it's racist

He wants to be the kid he kills' mentor..or the mentor of the kid's baby..see the COP in church and his understanding of God's Word

People who feel unsafe..racism is how we feel safe, free from the blacks

And about the birthright of the majority Mexicans are Catholics making up the population's conspiracy theories about the Amish

Ambushing faggots in the woods. Hey faggot! They run, but not fast enough

Flash sideways to an 1800s lynching

You know when it will stop? When a White family is beat up in the park by another White family. For nothing. For having a disability. But that's not racism.

Who said anything about racism.

When he leaves the house, he grabs his *dick* and goes

His brother had so many types of humor it was like he invented one every time we saw him (and his brother's humor is a sort of horror for me)

I have kids and for my kids, it is a right of passage to get their own gun. I have guns. My wife has a gun. But my boy and girl are dying to get their gun when they turn 18.

His boss has been replaced a white man by a black man and in the beginning I'm going to quit over it, worked out my letter and everything, then I get to the new guy's office and he incenses me so much I put the letter back in my pocket and decide to do one more blood-sight day of work as a bad cop

When I sit on the pot, I imagine what gay sex would feel like and I am horrified
Guy is a theorizer

What it's like to stick by your guy when you know your guy is in the wrong

I take my pledge in the morning, the oath of office

It seems like every other day is the anniversary of some dead nigger kid

My truck. It's all about the truck

It's all about what I'm scared of..the people my pres' hates..not me liking the president, but him stoking my fears of..left..radicals..etc..etc..the possible supreme

court justices..the rise of the poor!..

That charged feeling when dealing with a race-charged situation..I have that all the time

They hate the poordom of their own youth..except that's not it..they hate the outsiders, who by design were the blacks of their youth..they hated them then, they hate them now

They hate poor people. But work as slum landlords. My guy has a half a property he's in, he's gonna be a millionaire

We hate ourselves. For being poor, cheap, never good enough, and we span that hate upon others (theme)

And we are the puppets of those who worship money

And it's about denying 9/11 survivors their benefits, that's what I'm about

And 9/11 was in a city in my country that I've never been to, will never be to, even in my whole life, and as I'm watching it be attacked, I'm feeling equal parts fear for the people who died there and equal part fear of myself, standing in front of those buildings, looking up and up and up and feeling small and so alone

Not wearing a mask—it's a fake pandemic

The evangelical belief that trump is the messiah—literally

Using the metaphor of adult-child when it's really adult-adult in copping, governmenting

I can't help it, I have sexual feelings for the boy (we're going to kill)

There's already multiple investigations for mal-policing in progress

Like Invisible Man in tone, setting

Some ghetto-spell'd holiday of the people (use we/people as a negative, the people are the danger)

His partner is exactly like me (MT)..if Rusty and I were cops working side by side..I present maddening excerpts to him

I'm member of a group that contacted him through GIFs online in the patterns of the numbers..steganography, I say..whatever. they're contacting me through the numbers. digits. pixels.

As his partner, he thinks I'm odd and less of a cop and smart and weird and quirky and he sometimes has a kink for me in ways he can hardly think about inside his own head..(my own head, I have a kink)

Maybe the "you" he talks to inside his head..is the president..so the "I" of the story can be nameless and so can "you"..you say to do this, you say to do that

My mystery and wonder around firefighters..I might want to be one someday..with

the tie-in to F451, that dingy, books stacked high, flame retardant, gasoline-soaked instance of a future, the present..this book is a spiritual sister to F451, it feels the same, hallway conversations, descriptions of the hallway joints..flames..secrets..the destruction of the world..and its saving
I'm against Juneteenth but I don't know what it is, just something for black people who can't spell

You're not part of some elite crime-fighting team. You're just a man. Like any other. With a desire to protect his kids. Secure his house. X. Y. Z.

And they're people afraid of modern times, refuging in idiot religion 'cause it's the only they've found to feel good

Thinking nat disasters are a scourge on the wicked, and being myself in hurricane zone

Religion says you can ignore science

Something like the organ: a device by which the one person becomes music, vibrations through their small actions becoming massive. He has visions that, sees it in the pattern of the world

Memories of gym class, the dark hole in my world, men grabbing themselves as they sat in rows in the hallway

Just being afraid their property values will go down, crazy house owners..that's the length of their sight!

As long as you work as a slumlord, there will be slums

He talks about money in slithery pornographic terms, how much *cream* are we gonna make off this guy, that guy

Uplifting music, for me, inspiring to the point that something wonderful's happening

I imagine rounding up the poor and killing them

I take a test that evaluates my character—have me stating the questions and answers

I'm selfish, if not a narcissist

Description of his cop car. But it's like Knight Rider, full of impossible gadgets and weird properties..he literally gets to talk to his car, and he remembers Knight Rider from his youth and thinks he is in the Knight Rider car on the Knight Rider TV show

Maybe this guy is such as dick he spells black lowercase and White uppercase

He searches for the lowest possible word to describe black people..runs through a list of progressively lower words and scrounges around at the bottom..boot licker..etc

Because hate makes you feel so good..relative to the pain of being

In the end, the hole he's digging, with light shining out of it, is his own grave (symbol)

Racism is beat into them from childhood

In the background, it feels to me like the energy for my movement is rising

"Nation, protection, the other, anger, fear"

Girls peeing super streams of blood

Start with an inward prayer: "Dear God, .." Dear God, .. Then I am Mike. I'm a police officer. The kids call us cops, the niggars, the poors.." Most of us ain't no better, truth be told ??

Never use black or white to describe people in the book. Call them all sorts of things like the random introductory chimpanzee and us the stronger race etc

The weather. Rain. Taking place in Dayton Ohio. The Crow. The segregation of the city. It's gotten worse

With that sneaking dna superiority

It's as if I do not know what color is the boy we target

We're apparently drug free but alcohol!

..nug..nug..niggity-ugh..nickah!!

Start with him digging, not a grave but a womb, from which he expects the holy child of the sacrifice to be born

And the end is a powerful kind of reconciliation a bringing together in an impossible way of those who would never touch..the boy's killer and the boy's mother, in some *unforgettable* exchange..he hands her the picture he took of her son when he was scouting him out to kill him? (That he's been thumbing in his pocket since the beginning? Feeling in the dark?)..or something else the boy dropped when the officer first saw him, something the grandmother remembers him by, he lays it at her feet and crawls away, leaving the woman standing there with her walker chair, thumbing the piece of memorabilia

He could rape in addition to or instead of lynching the kid and that rape is his form of love it's the closest he can get to loving that kid ???? And throughout the book he is haunted by the look of Sheth Jones and insanely attracted to him..how 'bout he plans to lynch him, then rapes him at the last minute..or rapes him then lynches him (++) partially to block his testimony

I *like* him! That's why I keep following him around, to school, inviting him to my church because I'm going to be a mentor to this kid!!

Plans to lynch, starts to lynch, stops lynching, rapes, lynches