

**FROM “CHRONICLES OF A COMIC  
MULATTA: AN OREO/CHOREOPOEM”  
BY JOSSLYN LUCKETT**

(Note: One night in Swaziland my young bus sis, Tana, who is doing important work on people of mixed race ancestry in South Africa, told me she experiences the question, “What are you?” as an act of violence. Over the next few days I reflected on how after 40+ years of being asked the question myself, I’d be a worthless pile of bloody pulp if I experienced the question in the same way. It made me think back to this one woman show I wrote in my 20’s when I started playing with the idea of the comic vs tragic mulatta...so by the time we got to Ginsberg I called up the first monologue from the show at the Biko Center and dedicated it to Tana.)

**CHRONICLES OF A COMIC MULATTA:  
AN *OREO/CHOREOPOEM***

**by Josslyn Lockett**

(opening monologue)

i get this pain sometimes  
right over my eye  
right here  
like this “why” in my head is not gettin’ addressed  
so it presses real hard  
saying  
“see”  
both in the colloquial  
“see”  
and the standard  
**see**  
like a request, or maybe really a command  
saying girl you got to see things for what they really are  
not tragic  
not ideal  
just one real brown beaming shade of truth that is you  
and your eye twitchin’ self  
tryin’ a make sense outta mad mad circumstances--  
circumstantial evidence like the cross colors of my kin,  
the light shade of my skin  
might lead you to lay that  
TRAGIC MULATTA  
legacy  
right on down to me  
down to this  
high achieving  
high yellow negro  
historians would have you know  
that all of that civil rights era co

-mingling  
is still having a devastating  
effect on a bastard generation of  
high yellow  
half breeds  
yellow  
half breeds  
yellow  
hello  
hi  
welcome to the oreochoreo show  
and you might think this is a freak show  
seeing as some of you might see me as some kind of  
freaky- tongue-and-cheeky-  
category-less-can’t-check-one-no-nation-having-hy-  
brid  
but this oreochoreopoem is coming at you straight  
from one particular colored  
girl,  
refusing to consider suicide  
why should I?  
leave the tragedies to william shak  
the comic mulatta is about to attack  
that’s right  
comedy you know  
in the quote “classic” style  
mistaken identities  
contradictions, songs  
happy ever afters and so on  
but this comedy is also black  
take a whack at that  
or maybe really brown  
see, i’m bringing a whole new genre through town  
*brown*  
comedy  
which includes blues

yes brown sugar blues  
dancing better than jagger ever dreamed of  
how come?  
stories alone  
just my stories  
alone  
me often alone  
often not having too many familiar type comrades in  
this  
particular type struggle  
not a father or a mother who share my particular  
chromosome chorus  
of black and white  
unlike creoles or puerto ricans where the legacy of  
brown  
is passed down  
mine just popped outta a simple social workin  
state-a-maine  
born girl  
and a super serious southern mississippi  
born boy  
after they came home from a dylan concert in honolulu  
“all i really wanna doooooo”  
summer 1969  
which was well--  
hell of a summer if you recall  
with woodstock and  
whitey on the moon and all...