



Nègres Jaunes by Yvan Alagbé

<http://comixinflux.com/influx/show/4>

[No page numbers, so I'll take the first page of comics as page 1]

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(1) You just can't be bothered, shit-head! Bloody Hell! We have to give you everything! We have to shove everything in your fucking mouth. I give you work even when you don't have papers. I pay you and then I've got to do the work myself! (2) But you didn't need anyone to help you get here! How do you want the Eisenstein's to eat in this crap town if the posters for Wednesday aren't up on Tuesday evening! (3) My schedule is screwed! Christ! You understand that? (4) What is it that you have in your stupid skull, he? Watch out, just watch out. Without papers, I'm very kind to give you work. We do everything to // help you people, you could do a bit yourself. Otherwise just stay home, idiot. (5) Right, that's it, get lost, you're a real idiot. You beat it, and it isn't the effort to come back next week that ... the people who want to work!

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(1) I can't believe it...my own daughter...with a negro!
How could you do this to me? How? (2) But Claire,
seriously - is it true, or not?

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(1) Oh no, sir, there aren't any black people here...try
upstairs. (2) [Silent panel]. (3) Ah! (4) Dring! [doorbell].
(5) Hey! Hello Alain...it's me! (6) Hello Martine. // Hello.

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(1) So, it's two years that you've been here? Where are you from, originally? // Benin.
(2) Benin? Formerly, Dahomey? I've been there, with the General. It was in 53. (3) I
went everywhere, with the General. And not just Dahomey! Huh! Almost all of black
Africa. After 58, we even went to America, Canada, Guadeloupe... (4) With
Pompidou, with Giscard, I've always been there, in the shadows, in service of France.
But after my accident, I had to stop...but, even under Mitterrand, I kept up my
contacts, I still knew the right people...before, I was a really tough guy, you know! (5)
So you can be nationalized as a French citizen, we're going to build you a medical
record. I know doctors who will do all the paperwork for us. (6) I spent six years in the
hospital because of the accident with my leg, six years without moving...I could never
regain my position in the world...before...before, I was pretty tough, y'know?

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(1) And is that going well? You making money? // No. (2) I'm interested because, you
know, I really like drawings. (3) That makes me think...yesterday I won some gift
certificates in a raffle. So I brought my sheets to the laundry, and I bought myself a
small joint at the butcher... (4) And I also got some vegetables in from the grocer. So,
I was thinking, if you're not doing anything tonight for the New Year, maybe you could
come to my place. Nothing fancy, just a little meal amongst friends, but I think we
could have a nice time. What do you say? (5) [Silence from Martine and Alain.] (6)
And, afterwards, I have an invitation for two people to go dancing at the Metropolis.
For the third person, no problem, we'll manage. We can split the third ticket.

Contributors

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Comix Influx - Spread The Words

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[No text]

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(1) So you like it? Good. Obviously, you'll have to take care of her, but she's seen
some life, this car... (2) Well, speaking of that, how is your mother? // Why do you ask
me that? It's nothing to do with you, no? (3) Heh, heh! That's true. It's none of my
business now. Look out, there's a traffic light, there on the right. (4) By the way, your
grandmother was telling me...it seems you have a new boyfriend? That true? How is
it I haven't met him? You hiding him? You ashamed? What is he, a negro? //
[Comment: My Hachette defines 'nègre' as 'esclave noir employé autrefois dans les
colonies'...normally for a person of African descent I would say Black, Black British,
African American, etc., but in this case the speaker is pointedly using an archaic,
denigrating construction. So, I'm using negro, though I think the other 'n-word' might
be more appropriate.) (5) But...how...how did you know? (6) Huh! How did I know?! I
don't know anything! I was just kidding around! It's not true, is it? The road, the
road! Mind the road!

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(1) How do you expect me to know, shithead? There's a million of those
negroes in these buildings! (2) Listen up: either you know the address of
the people you come to see, or you leave. Got it? // You can't talk that
way to me! I'm a police officer. (3) Oh yeah? For the last half hour you've
been pissing everyone off, ringing all the doorbells! And now, you... (4)
French National Police, sir. You'd better move on, or there'll be trouble.
(5) [Silent panel.] (6) Fascist!

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(1) I was in the neighborhood and so I thought I'd come by and say hello. I had a bit
of a tough time finding your place, but...anyway, I need to know. Who does this
building belong to? Because if he's from the council, your super, I'm really going to
make his life miserable! (2) He's a really nasty guy. He's a racist. He didn't want to
let me back in here. I had to show him my card, he didn't want to believe
me...asshole. (3) But I'm from the police! I'm going to make him jump! (4) So, I
thought about what you told me this morning. You don't have any papers, is that it?
Because you know, I'm a police officer. So when it comes to papers...I know where to
get them. (5) I know people. (6) Your husband is French? // I'm not married.

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(1) So, we're going to tell them that you've been in the hospital for the last two years,
and that, since you don't know anyone here, you haven't been able to arrange to get
your visa renewed. Six years, I spent in the hospital... (2) And while I was in the
hospital, my wife left me. (3) You know, my wife didn't want my daughter to study
medicine. She wanted her to study economics, or law, something like that. But me, I
didn't agree...so we had to fight it out in front of the magistrates. And I won. (4) The
judges said I was right. They saw that it was a case of divorce...so we got divorced,
and legally I was in the right...and thanks to my efforts, my daughter could keep on
with her medical studies. (5) Now she's a gynecologist, in Metz. She's got a practice,
she earns a good living! She charges 30 thousand francs for a consultation, and
she's booked up three months in advance! (6) Hello...my name is Mario. So you
draw? That's your profession?

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(3) Hello, yes? Ah it's you again. No they're not back yet. I already told you, they
went to church. Yep. When they come in I'll tell them you called, okay? Good, see
you. No I'm not Martine's son. yes, that's right, they're brother and sister. Yep (4)
Good, listen, I've taken your message. When they come in I'll give it to them, okay?
Good, bye. (5) Yeah, Mario just called for you. He's waiting for you at his house once
you've come out of mass. Oh yeah? But listen, that's at least 4 or 5 times he's
called. What's more, he's already prepared a meal. how am I going to say that to
him? yes, yes. Right, see you later then.

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(1) So what's up with this Mario guy? You've known him a long while? // Martine: Eh? No, just since this morning! You know I was putting up a flier in the baker's, to get some cleaning work. He telephoned me, and arranged to meet at his house at 8 in the mornning. (2) I went with Alain, and he told us his whole life, and today, he arrived here at noon and he invited us to his house for Christmas. He's mad! (3) So what're you going to do? Are you going to work for him or not? // Marine: Eh, I don't even know that. Now Auguste, he went to Africa for two weeks and left me a little money. Now it's four months and he's not come back. (4) So what can I do? If we don't pay the rent we'll be thrown out. But the problem is that the cleaning job is for Mario's mother, who's really old. So the work is paid for by the city. But me, I don't have the papers. Then he says he's the police, then... (5) Ah! It's him again! Sam, you have to answer quickly, quickly! You have to say we're not there! (6) Hello, yes. Actually, no, they've not come back. But they called for you. Yep, in the end, they aren't going to be able to come. They're spending Christmas at the house of a friend of theirs. Well okay, I know but they... they... they couldn't not go... yes.

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(1) Hurry up a bit, we're going to be late! (2) I hope that Serge and my sister are there already with their kid, because if not my mother will start getting drunk on her own. (3) There my precious, you come to give your granny a kiss? Eh? (4) Mama! Jules isn't a toy (5) Oh, it's fine! I'm not going to eat the little kid. Alain, you'd like some more stew? (6) You know, when Claire told me that you were black I was a little bit worried because I thought you were Caribbean. // Mother?! (7) So what? Anyway, he's African! The Africans, it isn't the same, anyway he can come to live here.

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(1) You would owe him too much... (3) Every morning your nostrils expel an icy breath and your eyes, seized by the cold, start to water. (4) By going to take your train, wading through a swamp of mashed potato, you listen, resigned, to the laughter of the wrinkled old monkeys that sometimes fight among the branches of the trees in the avenue. And in the evening, while returning, the same monkeys snore and wheeze, their bellies full of rubbish and chicken bones stuck in their throat. (5) A living to earn and a life to reclaim. You can never leave here again.

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(1) Because you're my son! (2) You're my son, you understand? (3) You can take everything here! All that's mine is yours! Everything! (4) You're hungry? Come! (5) Go on then! Take everything you want! (6) Alain takes eggs, tomatoes, gruyère and leaves.

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(1) Ah, it's you my sweet, my little dear. (2) Me too, I'm very happy to wait for you. Yes I know that's a long time. But you know, the office takes up enormous amounts of time. (3) yes, very well and you? You had a good Christmas? You aren't spending Christmas Eve alone? (4) Euh, no, no... I'm doing well at the moment, you know. I... I... made myself some new friends. (5) Ha! I told you. I'm sure of it! I saw his bank statement stuck next to the phone! (6) I don't care one little bit! I can't work there without papers! (7) He said that while we wait he'll pay you the same. And I tell you, that type, he has the money.

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(1) You see, it's all automatic, each in their place, it all works better like that. (3) Look at the tunnels in the Metro in rush-hour, or at the roads when they're full of cars. It's the same as cells and red blood-cells... Nobel prize winners would be the grey cells, you see... (4) Me, I would like to continue to be a soldier. (5) All is possible with order and discipline. Like the army, it is a single body, a single man. We would be all the parts of a whole, and we would be all equal, all brothers... (6) Of course, everyone will have the same rights. We will live in the same houses, we will live the same... Finally, we will have uniforms according to our function.

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(1) I know, listen they tried to call you and apologise. They met a friend at mass who invited them. He really insisted and they couldn't say no. They're truly sorry - bye. (2) Sam, it's Mario. Yes, I said to myself. What are you doing? You're on your own? Because perhaps you could drop by if you like. (3) Ah, but perhaps I could come over then? Ah, okay, with your friends? If you like, I have some invitations for the Metropolis? Right, okay yes... (4) Wait! You'll say to Martine and Alain that I'll keep dinner for tomorrow and that they should come over around noon? You can come too if you like. (5) Yes, Happy Christmas to you.

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(1) And I thought Serge and Cécile can come back here as well. Because, me, I'm sick of working. I'm stopping, I'm going to make changes. I'm not going to touch more than 40% of my salary. (2) What's this nonsense? What are you going to do with the mortgage? (3) Well, exactly. I said to myself that you can take on the mortgage. We can all live here, there's space. it's possible if everyone puts in their bit. (4) She talks a lot of nonsense, my mother. But... we could get married... I mean... for the papers. (5) No. It's not for that we'll get married. It's not for that.

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(1) So, Alain climbs almost every day the slope to the grey house. The man sits in a dilapidate armchair, and tells him of a thousand marvels. (2) He tells him that he has a small plot of land, a little higher up the street. He is too old to work on it alone, but perhaps together they would be able to grow some pears, some tomatoes, some carrots... (3) Later, they will sell them to the Moroccan next to the station and divide the earnings. He also proposes that Alain get his license and then lend Alain his car. (4) A car, why not? Alain sees himself, a ring on each finger, at the wheel of a Mercedes-Benz. All the kids in the village race after him in the red dust of the dirt road. He honks the horn [?], and all the country dances. But he knows that even with the papers it will be difficult to find a good job. "The whites are smart, eh, here it's too hard for us". (5) The pain and pride plants needles under his skin; it is small, it is huge (6) he dreams of women with wide hips.

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(1) Sam, Sam! Go and get Moussa at his house! I found a TV in the junk at the school. I'm going back to look at it. (3) Alain: What are you going to do with this junk? // Moussa: We're going to find some way to send it back to the country. They're repair it there. // other: Eh! I'm sure it works already. (6) Shits

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(1) Yesterday evening, I saw a documentary on atoms, cells, all that stuff. (2) You see, all that structure, all the cells, it's like the planets in the universe. And we believe that all that, that exists for us, humans. (3) Well all that, it's nonsense! It's not true! We can't escape that any more. You've noticed how everything's getting smaller? (4) Now we can go all over the world. The world is one, but only this planet. But all the particles, the infinitesimal, the infinite, the universe... (5) Eventually everything will be one. And that unity, that is God. ... We are more and more numerous. They Americans, they started all that, the new world order. (6) The Japanese, they understood. But me, I think that France has a role to play la-dedans. Anyway, DeGaulle said it already. One always need leaders.

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(1) And when everything is perfectly organised, our movements, all of our activities, will give birth to divine consciousness. (2) Because then we will be the cells of these divine beings - these will be demi-gods or of titans (4) Like Tutenkhamun and all the Gods of the Greeks and Egyptians... You know, same for Jesus, Mohamed, Krishna or Buddha. They are others, it's the samme family. (5) Us, we are only the links. When we have done our work, when we are all in our right okace, then they too will be able to syart what they have to do.

(1) You're already finished? (2) Oh, la la. Truly, this guy, he's mad. (3) His house, it smells really bad. He paid me for 2 hours but after an hour I felt ill. He told me to keep the money and finish it later. (4) You're going back tomorrow then? (5) Me? Never!! Ha?! That place smells to much! The old lady craps everywhere, and him, he's dangerous! He has a pistol under his bed!

(1) The air is cold, which helps carry the screams. And you imagine giving in to a supreme desire to crawl along the sidewalk as the king of the asphalt. (2) [Don't have this at all] (3) And you leave behind you Mario and the woman who at present are entering one of those old buildings of the capital. A bulb worries its lampshade, heavy and dusty, a grey light that covers the flesh without even a trace of warmth. [Still struggling here...] (4) Between this house and Mario's there are hidden similarities. (5) A carpet crowded with patterns of heavy fabric that welcome the dust with a glorious glamer, a tragic sensation of life among the relics of the past like in a [vaisselle de la veille] (6) You retrace your footsteps, you are lost. Distaught, you nervously jerk your body without bones and sense the wind like a blind animal. (How many worlds mixed blood - Pierre?) [This seems to be a play on sang mélé - "mixed blood"]

(1) Mario feels that he's not going to get there. He tenses all his muscles but his stomach is knotted like a snake. (How many sliced limbs? How many body of enriched forms, of matter, or unknown colours?) (2) He leans forward to embrace here. But she turns her head: 'No' (3) Woman: Ah well. Listen, it isn't my fault. Normally it's a quarter of an hour, et you've already been more than 20 minutes. // Mario: Perhaps we could try without a condom... (4) Woman: And what then? I don't want to catch your filthy diseases! // Mario: Give me my money then. (5) Woman: What?! You're joking! // Mario: Please... just... just my 50 francs...

(1) 10 minutes later, Mario is at the door. No-one went down to find him... (2) His arrival in the apartment brings an odour of wet dog. (3) Good evening, Martine. So, he's here? He's come back? // No, I told you that he'll be back late. (4) Mario: My leg is bad. I have to sit down. I can smoke? // Martine: Ah, no, you can't. I can't stand smoking. (5) Not even Gauloises?!

(1) I'm sick... My leg... I won't be able to go back.. I can't walk. I'm sick.. Martine, I'm sick... (2) Mario: Is it okay if I sleep here, please? ...please... // Martine: Haw?! Oh, no! We don't have the room. (3) I can sleep there, on the settee... I... I can give you the price of a room in a hotel... Please... If not, if not... (4) ...I'm going to die... (5) 9.25pm (6) ...Mario sleeps...

(1) Right now, I am a shadow. (2) I came for the pain, to hone my song, the tongue that bleeds. I cannot imagine him silent, peacefully sleeping. He groans, grimaces and opens his eyes without waking. (3) I sleep by him. I have the breath of his victims. Love it or hate it, what does it matter. Pity tortures horror. The benevolence is tied to disgust, like a flush that climbs my leg. (5) My compassion is brief... (6) ...I have promised your death, Mario.

(1) You know, we can bring her here when she's better and you have your papers. That'll be great, no? Along with Sam, Martine and my daughter, we'll make a real family... (2) What are you thinking? ...My son... let... let me embrace you. Embrace me, embrace your father...

(1) I know who you are Mario. I've done my research. (2) In November 1959, Maurice Papon, Head of Police for Paris, decides to create an auxiliary police force, made up of Algerians. (3) This unit had a free hand to dismantle all levels of the FLN in Paris, and to "deliver the North African workers from the hands of racketeers, extortionists, and ..." (4) It took part in the suppression of the Algerian Demonstrations on 17th and 18th October. Mario, or more precisely "Jean-René" Néouche is one of the Algerian officers that took part in that... (5) This evening the lieutenant quietly slips out of his apartment. He stole some money from his mother. This evening he won't bury his head between the heavy breasts of a Ghanaian - he can afford a white woman. (6) 250 Francs. He accepts and follows her. They return to the main road, where the faces are dimly lit by the lights of the oncoming cars, like some malicious rumour. (How many bodies swollen with water are carried on the gentle currents of the river?)

(1) Woman: Go over there, you can get undressed. There's a wardrobe just behind. // The woman asked for her money. Mario takes out three 100 Franc bills. He doesn't have anything smaller. "Leave it, she said, you're going to see... you have 50 more?... For 50 more I'll make a position..." (2) Woman: No? You don't have it? Well, too bad then... // She doesn't give him his change. (3) She gives him a condom and puts it briefly in her mouth. (4) Then she gets on the bed - she has only taken off one leg of her trousers, a leg of white flesh offered to the night. (5) You rise bubbling, climbing the stairs furiously [?]. You embrace the cold and clammy body on the bed, You plunde the head in her mouth, the head in her head... (6) ... You have no more legs...

(1) Ah no, he isn't here, he's not come back. (2) Because I tell you that he isn't here! I will tell him to go to see you tomorrow morning. (3) No, not tomorrow! This evng!! I'm going to come... I'm going to come to your house to wait for him... Why hasn't he come back? He told me he was coming back today! I'm going to come over, this evening, right now, to wait for him... (4) Someone has to wait for me at the bottom of your building, otherwise the gatekeeper [not quite right] is going to piss me off if I get lost. (5) It's a little after 8pm when Mario leaves his home. (6) My God! A black and cold rain falls from the sky!

(1) It is 8.54pm (2) The film starts... (3) 9.07pm (4) Ma... Martine... I'm cold.. My leg.. I need a blanket, please.. I'm sick.. cold... (5) Martine goes to find him a sheet from the dirty linen basket.

(6) At 10.11pm, Martine calls Moussa who drives Mario back.

(1) Algeria was always French. Those that signed the Evian accords, they had no political authority, it was an act of the terrorism, and you can see today what that has led to. (2) Legally, Algeria was always French, the accords were not constitutional. And you know, you are French. (3) Alain: And my papers? // Mario: I'm working on it, I'm working on it. I am going to to meet the Prefect on Monday. (4) You need to wait a little longer. It will not be long... You have the right, you are a fully-fledged French person. (5) I... I withdrew a little money for your daughter... (6) It's absolutely necessary to take care of her, it's important.

(2) Alain: Ugh. // Mario: No! Stay! Don't leave! (3) Forgive me, Alain, forgive me. ...I wanted no... Don't go... forgive me... (4) Come back! I denounce you! I... I... I will give you money!

(3) Sam: Well, you don't want to pick up? // Martine: Huh?! No! If it's another of Mario's affairs, I am not in. If it's your father, pass it to me. (4) Martine: So? Who is it? Your father? // Sam: No, Mario. He's crying. (5) Mario: Aah... ah... Alain? Alain... I... I'm sorry... Forgive me, forgive me... Come back... please... You haven't the right.... aah...aah... Give me my money, give me everything that I gave for your daughter. Alain! Alaain... aah... // Martine: Huh?! What is this about?!

(1) There you go! There you go! Take it all! I don't want to owe you anything more! I don't even want to see you anymore! I'm leaving here. (2) Soon, I have papers, while you, your alleged husband, for the last two years ago he's not your husband anymore! You don't even know how to work and he leaves you alone here. (3) And truly, now, here you are dying of hunger and of cold, and him, in Africa, he eats braised fish and he spends his money on womens' asses!

(1) It's winter in the country of the Toubabs (2) Hello. You are through to 60141756. There's no-one here at the moment. So leave us a message after the beep sound. We will call you back on our return. (3) Hello? Hello?... It's Mario... Alain, I... Alain, you are there?... Speak to me please... I am sorry. Forgive me, forgive me. Oh, my son... You know, I am Algerian, me, I am black too! (4) Me, I am black too, Alain... (5) I love you, Alain...

(1) You will be here at home. (4) Sir, ticket inspection please. (5) Man 1: What's happening? // Man 2: No transport documents, no money and no ID. (6) Have a good look, sir... Or we'll have to call the police to start a verification of your identity, and that will cost a lot more.

(2) Martine: There you are! Your friend called? He doesn't seem to be doing very well. // Alain: My friend? Mario?! I don't know his type! It's not me who brought him here! (3) It's not me that goes to his house every day, allegedly going to find me papers, and it's not to me that he gives money for the treatment of a daughter that doesn't exist! (4) Money? What money? What is this story? I never had money!! (5) Lia! Thie! Give me this money! Give me your jacket, I'm going to see for myself! (6) Drop it! It's money you want, is that it?! It's money?

(1) Sam: Hello? // Phone: Hello? Hello, Alain?! (3) Alain leaves all behind him, he walks toward the station. (4) He walks toward light, toward happiness, cold like the sun here. (5) Hello? Alain?! Forgive me!

(2) ...I love you...