

or more colloquially—generally a curse or a doom of some kind; specifically the Curse and the Doom of the New World). The Admiral became the fuku of the Admiral because the Admiral was both its chief midwife and one of its great European victims; despite “discovering” the New World, the Admiral died miserable and syphilitic, hearing (dique) divine voices. In Santo Domingo, the Land He Loved Best (what Oscar, at the end, would call the Ground Zero of the New World), the Admiral’s very name has become synonymous with both kinds of fuku, little and large; to say his name aloud or even to hear it is to invite calamity on the heads of you and yours. No matter what its name or provenance, it is believed that the arrival of Europeans on Hispaniola unleashed the fuku on the world, and we’ve all been in the shit ever since. Santo Domingo might be fuku’s Kilometer Zero, its port of entry, but we are all of us its children, whether we know it or not. But the fuku ain’t just ancient history, a ghost story from the past with no power to scare. In his parents’ day the fuku was real as shit, something your everyday person could believe in. Everybody knew someone who’d been eaten by a fuku, just like everybody knew someone who worked up in the Palacio. It was in the air, you could say, though, like all the most important things on the Island, not something folks really talked about. But in those elder days, fuku had it good; it even had a hypeman of sorts, a high priest, you could say. Our then dictator-for-life Rafael Leónidas Trujillo Molina.1 No one knows whether Trujillo was its servant 1For those of you who missed your mandatory two seconds of Dominican history: Trujillo, one of the twentieth century’s most infamous dictators, ruled the Dominican Republic between 1930 and 1961 with an implacable ruthless brutality. A portly, sadistic, pig-eyed mulatto who bleached his skin, wore platform shoes, and had a fondness for Napoleon-era haberdashery (Trujillo—also known as El Jefe, the Failed Cattle Thief, and Fuckface) came to control nearly every aspect of the DR’s political, cultural, social, and economic life through a potent (and familiar) mixture of violence, intimidation, massacre, rape, cooption, and terror; treated the country like it was a plantation and he was the master. At first glance your prototypical Latin American caudillo, but his power was terminal in ways that few historians or writers have ever truly captured or, I would argue, imagined. He was our Sauron, our Aravin, our Darkseid, our Once and Future Dictator, a personaje so outlandish, so perverse, so dreadful that not even a sci-fi writer could have made his ass up. Famous for changing ALL THE NAMES of ALL THE LANDMARKS in the Dominican Republic to honor himself (Pico Duarte became Pico Trujillo, and Santo Domingo de Guzmán, the first and oldest city in the New World, became Ciudad Trujillo); for making ill monopolies out of every slice of the national patrimony (which quickly made him one of the wealthiest men on the planet); for building one of the largest militaries in the hemisphere (dude had bomber wings, for fuck’s sake); for fucking every hot girl in sight, even the wives of his subordinates, thousands upon thousands upon thousands of women; for expecting, no, insisting on absolute veneration from his pueblo (tellingly, the national slogan was or its master, its agent or its principal, but it was clear he and it had an understanding, that them two was tight. It was believed, even in educated circles, that anyone who plotted against Trujillo would incur a fuku most powerful, down to the seventh generation and beyond. If you even thought a bad thing about Trujillo, fu, a hurricane would sweep your family out to sea, fu, a boulder would fall out of a clear sky and squash you, fu, the shrimp you ate today was the cramp that killed you tomorrow. Which explains why everyone who tried to assassinate him always got done, why those dudes who finally did buck him down all died so horrifically. And what about fucking Kennedy? He was the one who green-lighted the assassination of Trujillo in 1961, who ordered the CIA to deliver arms to the Island. Bad move, cap’n. For what Kennedy’s intelligence experts failed to tell him was what every single Dominican, from the richest jabao in Mao to the poorest güey in El Buey, from the oldest anciano sanmarcariano to the lit- test carajito in San Francisco knew: that whoever killed Trujillo, “Dios y Trujillo,” and if, at any public gathering, you forgot to toast Trujillo’s health you could find yourself in a world of hurt); for running the country like it was a Marine boot camp (trusted generals would get themselves kicked out of a job because Trujillo found dirt in one of their barracks); for stripping friends and allies of their positions and properties for no reason at all (just imagine what he did to his enemies) and for his almost supernatural abilities (dude was the original Witchking of Angmar). Outstanding accomplishments include: the 1937 genocide against the Haitian and Haitian-Dominican community: one of the longest, most damaging U.S.-backed dictatorships in the Western Hemisphere (and if we Latin types are skillful at anything it’s tolerating U.S.-backed dictators, so you know this was a hard-earned victory, the chilenos and the argentinos are still complaining); the creation of the first modern kleptocracy (Trujillo was Mobutu before Mobutu was Mobutu); the systematic bribing of American senators; and, last but not least, the forging of the Dominican peoples into a modern state (did what his Marine trainers, during the Occupation, were unable to do), their family would suffer a fuku so dreadful it would make the one that attached itself to the Admiral joite in comparison. You want a final conclusive answer to the Warren Commission’s question, Who killed JFK? Let me, your humble Watcher, reveal once and for all the God’s Honest Truth: It wasn’t the mob or LBJ or the ghost of Marilyn Fucking Monroe. It wasn’t aliens or the KGB or a lone gunman. It wasn’t the Hunt Brothers of Texas or Lee Harvey or the Trilateral Commission. It was Trujillo; it was the fuku. Where in coñazo do you think the so-called Curse of the Kennedys comes from?? How about Vietnam? Why do you think the greatest power in the world lost its first war to a Third World country like Vietnam? I mean, Negro, please. It might interest you that just as the U.S. was ramping up its involvement in Vietnam, LBJ launched an illegal invasion of the Dominican Republic (May 24, 1965). (Santo Domingo was Iraq before Iraq was Iraq.) A smashing military success for the U.S., and many of the same units and intelligence teams that took part in the “democraticization” of Santo Domingo were immediately shipped off to Saigon. What do you think these soldiers, technicians, and spooks carried with them, in their rucksacks, in their suitcases, in their shirt pockets, on the hair inside their nostrils, caked up around their shoes? Just a little gift from my people to America, a small repayment for an unjust war. That’s right, folks. Fuku. 2He’s one for you conspiracy-minded fools: on the night that John Kennedy, Jr., and Carolyn Bessette and her sister, Lauren went down in their Piper Saratoga (fuku) John-John’s father’s favorite domestic, Providencia Paredes, dominicana, was in Martha’s Vineyard cooking up for John-John his favorite dish: chicharrón de pollo. But fuku always eats first and it eats lone. Which is why it’s important to remember fuku doesn’t always strike like lightning. Sometimes it works patiently, drowning a nigger by degrees, like with the Admiral or the U.S. in paddies outside of Saigon. Sometimes it’s slow and sometimes it’s fast. It’s doom-is-in that way, makes it harder to put a finger on, to brace yourself against. But be assured: like Darkseid’s Omega Effect, no matter how many turns and digressions this shit might take, it always—and I mean always—gets its man. When I was growing up in the DR, if a kid was misbehaving or crying, folks would say, Cállate la boca or the Admiral will come and eat you. I didn’t know jack about the Admiral when I was three four five years old, but you better believe he had some of us lit up his fucks scared shitless. I would run to find my tia Yma anytime anybody even mentioned the Admiral’s name. Had me hiding in her goddamn skirt quick fast in a hurry. I mean, coño, man, you don’t know childhood fear until you’ve known childhood fear in the Third World. I’m sure all that Admiral nonsense has changed now that niggers got MTV Latino and MyAss.com, but back in my day it was more really spooky vaina. Whether I believe in what many have described as the Great American Doom is not really the point. You live as long as I did in the heart of fuku country, you hear these kinds of tales all the time. Everybody in Santo Domingo has a fuku story knocking around in their family. I have a twelve-daughter uncle in the Cibao who believed that he’d been cursed by an old lover never to have male children. Fuku. I have a tia who believed she’d been denied happiness because she’d laughed at a rival’s funeral. Fuku. My paternal abuelo believes that diaspora was Trujillo’s payback to the pueblo that betrayed him. Fuku. It’s perfectly fine if you don’t believe in these “superstitions.” In fact, it’s better than believing—it’s perfect. Because no matter what you believe, fuku believes in you. A couple weeks ago, while I was finishing this book, I posted the thread fuku on the DR1 forum, just out of curiosity. These days I’m nerdy like that. The talkback blew the fuck up. You should see how many responses I’ve gotten. They just keep coming in. And not just from Doms. The Puerto rocks who want to talk about fufus, and the Haitians have some shit just like it. There are a zillion of these fuku stories. Even my mother, who almost never talks about Santo Domingo, has started sharing hers with me. As I’m sure you’ve guessed by now, I have a fuku story too. I wish I could say it was the best of the lot—fuku number one—but I can’t. Mine ain’t the scariest, the clearest, the most painful, or the most beautiful. It just happens to be the one that’s got its fingers around my throat. I’m not entirely sure Oscar would have liked this designation. Fuku story. He was a hardcore sci-fi and fantasy man, believed that that was the kind of story we were all living in. He’d ask: What more sci-fi than the Santo Domingo? What more fantasy than the Antilles? But now that I know how it all turns out, I have to ask, in turn: What more fuku? One final final note, Toto, before Kansas goes bye-bye: traditionally in Santo Domingo anytime you mentioned or overheard the Admiral’s name or anytime a fuku reared its many heads there was only one way to prevent disaster from coiling around you, only one surefire counterspell that would keep you and your family safe. Not surprisingly, it was a word. A simple word (followed usually by a vigorous crossing of index fingers). Zafa. It used to be more popular in the old days, bigger, so to speak, in Macondo than in McOndo. I guess as Alistair Reid has pointed out, given the state of our Island, of our World, niggers are just saving their breath; otherwise our entire days would be one long zafa. There are people, though, like my tio Miguel in the Bronx who still zafa everything. He’s old-school like that. If the Yanks commit an error in the late innings it’s zafa; if somebody brings shells in from the beach it’s zafa; if you serve a man parcha it’s zafa. Twenty-four-hour zafa in the hope that the bad luck will not have had time to cohere. Even now as I write these words I wonder if this book ain’t a zafa of sorts. My very own counterspell. ONE GhettoNerd at the E end of the World 1974-1987 the golden age Oscar was not one of those Dominican cats everybody’s always going on about—he wasn’t no home-run hitter or a fly bachatero, not a play boy with a million hots on his jock. And except for one period of his youth, Oscar—our Hero—was something of a Casanova. One of those preschool loveboys who was always trying to kiss the girls, always coming up behind them during a merengue and giving them the pelvic pump, the first minican boy raised in a “typical” Dominican family his nascent pimp-iness was encouraged by blood and friends alike. During parties—and there were many parties in those long-ago seventies days, before Washington Heights was as inevitably pushed Oscar onto some little girl and then everyone would howl as boy and girl approximated the hip-motism of the adults. You should have seen him, his mother sighed in her Last Days. He was our little Porfirio Rubirosa. 3All the females, had “girlfriends” galore. (He was a stout kid, heading straight to fat, but his mother kept him nice in haircuts and clothes, and before the proportions of his head changed he’d had these lovely flashing eyes and these cute-ass cheek rty- something postal employee who wore red on her lips and 3In the forties and fifties, Porfirio Rubirosa—or Rubi—as he was known in the papers—was the third-most-famous Dominican in the world (first came the Failed Cattle Thief, and then nd North America,” Rubirosa was the quintessential jet-setting car-racing polo-obsessed playboy, the Trujillato’s “happy side” (for he was indeed one of Trujillo’s best-known minions). A part-time former model and dashing five years later, in the Year of the Haitian Genocide, homeboy managed to escape a death sentence against the exile leader Angel Morales but fled before the name but a few. Like his pal Ramfis, Porfirio also died in a crash, in the DR during summer visits to his family. He was assassinated in 1965, his two elve-cylin dig in B place. Rubi was the original Dominican Player, fucked all sorts of women—Barbara Hutton, a Ferrari skidding off a road in the Bois de Boulogne. (Hard to remember the role cars played in our narrative.) walked like he had a bell for an ass—al purportedly fell for him. Ese muchacho está bueno! (Did it hurt his women—? Tú eres guapa! Tú eres guapa!—until a Seventh-day Adventist complained to his grandmother and she shut girlfriends at the same time, his first and only ménage à trois. With Maritza Chacón and Olga Polanco. Maritza was Lola’s friend who his mother complained about because it was filled with puertorricans who were always hangoing out. And since her mother was una maldita borracha (to quote Oscar’s mom), Olga seemed to be a Star Trek duds. Maritza was just plain beautiful, no need for motivation there. She agreed he dropped all pretense. It wasn’t Shazam—it was Oscar. Those were more inn shes. 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