

Diversity



Race Baiting

By Sean Hammond *et al.*, illustrations by Kelly Gunter, Vol. 6, Iss. 4

"Why hate a whole race of people when it's so much more fun to deal with individuals?"

Slowly, the corroded silver disks of worship emerge from their twilight slumber. Sensually, the acolyte inserts them into the centrally located slots and selects the deity of choice. After a hesitant moment, the vestibule issues forth the cylinder of refreshment, descending like a sperm whale's nightmare from the hidden mechanisms within. Its painted surface reflects the ambient lighting and the Pepsi can's trademarked "Uh-Huh" beckons....

Contrary to popular, and logical, conceptions, words can be owned. "Uh-Huh" is the trademark of Pepsi, thanks to Ray Charles and his evil triumvirate of sexy swingers. If Pepsi can trademark "Uh-Huh," then the N-double-A-CP should be able to trademark undesirable words like, oh..."nigger" and collect royalties on them. Imagine it: thousands of Mini Arcana Farces being put through college based on the race hatred of others.

While we're on the topic of less-than-perfect worlds (like England), in the land of chips n' crumpets there once lived a squinty, shrew-like transvestite named Mrs. Niggerbaiter. Granted, she only "lived" for a few minutes in a Monty Python sketch, but the impetus behind her creation was driven by more than just a goofy bunch of cross-dressers. Working with Jungian archetypes, the geniuses of Monty Python drew upon our collective unconscious and revealed the quintessential question of our existence that mankind has tried to explain through mythology, religion and science: What is niggerbaiting?

At this point, you might not be ready to start screaming, "RACIST SCHWEIN-HUND!" Please wait, it gets better. Sure, we could do some obvious things that involve seeded melons and fried avians, but they are trite and not worth mentioning. Seasoned hunters[†] know that it is important to pick an area where they are sure to catch their prey. It is obvious that one will catch more beavers in a swamp than on the side of Mt. Kilimanjaro. We suggest setting up your Clever Acme^³ Nigger-Trap™ in the forlorn, desolate areas of modern cities (where large vehicles use gunshots instead of beeps to indicate they are backing up) and leaving a "My First Crack-Pipe Kit" (now with optional pacifier-adapter for crack babies) in the middle of the street. If you're not sure where to acquire your kit, call your local CIA affiliate. Motto: We Deliver for You.

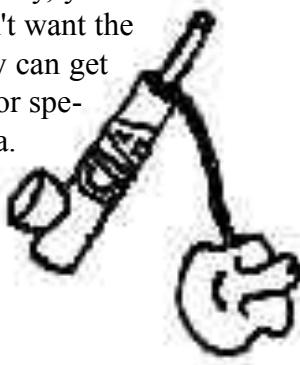
Of course, the obvious problem is that of selection. In addition to your desired prey, you are bound to attract the attention of White Trash™ and countless Latinos. Besides, you don't want the poor souls who keep trying to freebase all the baking soda and diatomaceous earth they can get their shaking hands upon. Biotechnologists run into a similar problem when screening for specific bacteria (shaking hands, that is). It comes down to using the right selective media. May we suggest television? Set your Crack-Pipe Kit on top of a Samsung playing a tape of *Def Comedy Jam*, the show where comedians dare not tell an actual joke for fear of being stoned to death by the crowd. One *Def* monologue went exactly like this:

"Remember that toothpaste you used to use..."

(Some giggles)

[†]Mrs. Dash is one of the more ferocious big game hunters. She and her tribe of marauding garlic cloves stalk the hermitesque grazing lands in cupboards and refrigerators, bagging Molly McButter, and on good days, Mrs. Butterworth. Aunt Jemima is above all this, of course, serving as the warring factions' demigod.

^³The three tenets of the Acme Company: Quality, Reliability, and Cleverness.



“...when you were a kid?”

(Uproarious laughter)

“And those cars you used to have?”

(Guffaws, hooting, mild incontinence)

Other races won't be able to get anywhere near the bait. They'll try, of course, first dropping to their knees and trying to crawl under the vocal barrage. After their ears start to bleed, dragging themselves ever so much closer to your bait, they'll finally burst into flames.

So by now you may be taken aback by all the racial slurs floating around this article like radon in our homes. I don't really take issue with the double standard that it's acceptable for black people to call other Africans “nigger” while white people instantly become “The Man” if they use the N-word. What I don't get is why the President, for instance, doesn't call up, for example...the Director of the FBI and say, “Hey, honky! How's the surveillance going on that cracker Bill Gates?” Why don't I ever hear a student in my class say, “Prof. Whitebread, I have a question.” When someone misses a class and asks a friend what they missed, why don't they ever say, “Yeah, the Man said the paper is due next Friday.”

And since we are kind of on the subject here, why is there only one Hispanic D.J. on the radio? I'm not talking about just 88.5 and 90.1 on your FM dial. I mean everywhere I've heard Latin music (not the Gregorian chant kind, silly), there's the same guy saying something like “*¿Donde está el cuarto de baño? Tu*

estás un maricon bendejo puto. Tú madre tiene un pito de caballo. ¿Como estás su familia? ¿Quieres comer desayuno en la restaurante conmigo? ¡Nosotros estamos limpiando hijos pocitos chochos ahora a Johnson's Supermarket!” He and the white bitch whom you talk to every time you use voice mail or automated touch tone answering systems have the biggest monopoly on the face of the earth. And it'll keep going, too, because they don't employ children in sweatshops or lock cats in little boxes (can't tell if they're dead, can ya?); the federal government (a.k.a. “The Man”) won't shut them down. How do I know? Because she is also the “Computer” on *Star Trek!* Today, the phone lines; tomorrow, the Federation!

The Religious Wrong:

Vol. 6, Iss. 1

“I want you to just let a wave of intolerance wash over you. I want you to let a wave of hatred wash over you. Yes, hate is good... Our goal is a Christian nation. We have a biblical duty, we are called on by God to conquer this country. We don't want equal time. We don't want pluralism.”

—Randal Terry, *The News Sentinel*

(Fort Wayne, Ind.), 16 August, 1993



By Scott Peterson, Vol. 4, Iss. 4

Gangsta Jews

By Kelly Gunter *et al.*, illustrations by Vinny Bove, Vol. 7, Iss. 6

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the weaponry to make the difference."

Despite my apparent irreverence towards the Chosen People™, since moving to the North Brighton Area I have gained a great deal of respect for them...and more than a dash of fear. Each week on the *Shabbes*, I see crowds of God's Groupies walking to and from their local *shul* (because it's against the *mitzvahs* to drive there, silly). Cute Jewish girls in their pretty dresses; older, more orthodox men wearing black and earlocks galore. Becoming accustomed to walking along busy city streets, they have banded into groups for mutual protection. Utilizing elaborate methods of defense and impressive strategic patterns when threatened,† they put the Shriners in their silly little go-carts to shame.

Last Friday, I was standing on a street corner, idly watching a crowd of Chosen amble towards the Temple down the road, when some *goyish* strangers came around the corner.

Those with the Holy Mitochondria silently arranged themselves into a flanked wedge with their hands in their coat pockets. With growing dread I just knew they were fondling their *matzoh*-stars,³ keeping the deadly little weapons at the ready.

What the blissfully ignorant gentiles never realized was that they had just crossed paths with one of the more aggressive Jewish gangs: the Kosher Club. Being able to walk away from an encounter with the Kosher Club is lucky indeed. The strangers, undoubtedly on their way to the Catholic Store, never even knew how fortunate they were that it was the Sabbath.

In recent years, Americanized Jews have been forced to adopt more street culture than any family could hope to support, let alone feed and educate. Starting with the conflicts between the Hasidic enclave in Brooklyn, New York and their Hispanic and African neighbors in the fall of 1990, many Jews have begun to join various gangs for protection; a menorah Jewish Grandmothers (gaggle of geese, murder of crows, menorah of Jews. What, you think we make this shit up?) is almost guaranteed to make any would-be assailants think twice.

"Have you eaten? You look so thin! You remember Mrs. Lebowitzch...."

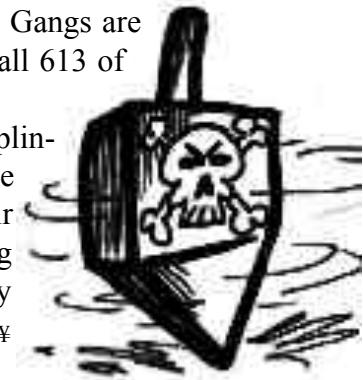
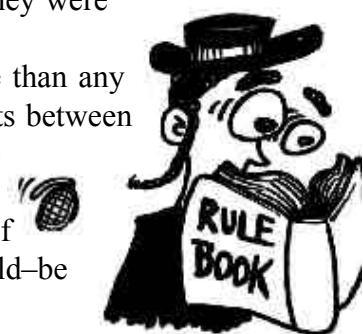
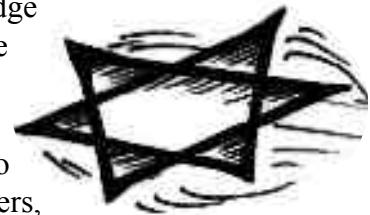
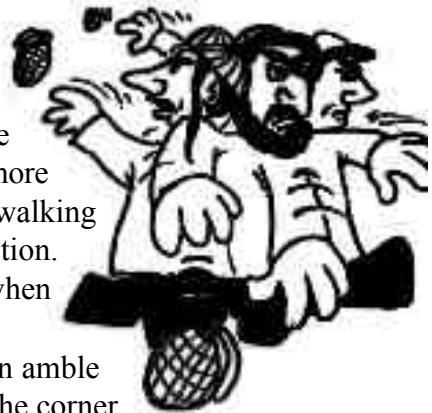
Calling upon the Protocols of Zion and employing Deutemoronic methods, Jewish Gangs are finding the best way to be a righteous people and live by God's commandments...all 613 of them.

Unfortunately, what began as a symbol of solidarity in Jewish communities has splintered into several competing factions. Recognized as the toughest gang is the Satmarer. Unlike other groups that display their gang allegiance by the colour of their *kippah*, the Satmarer retain the distinctive dress of their Hungarian origins, wearing their *peyes* in full view, while the women shave their heads showing they are ready for combat, if necessary. Although less intimidating than the Satmarer, the 4H Club.⁴

† Like musk-ox and covered wagon circles, they herd the weak ones into the center for protection.

³Sometimes called Stars of David.

⁴The 4H Club (Herr Hammond's Hasidic Helpers) is actually a sociologically interesting anomaly. The original community, fleeing from Nazi persecution in the early 1930s, settled first in Boston. There, after kibitzing with the Irish in Massachusetts, they traveled to Rochester, New York. It wasn't until 1994 that the community began to see gang activity. In battles over turf, the 4H Club are well known for singing peculiar battle songs, including "*Lom Singen Ciri Bim, Ciri Bom*," "*Bin ich mir a Schneiderl*," and "*Mit a Nudl un a Nudl*." Though serving little strategic purpose, the singing of the 4H Club in battle serves to confuse enemies and co-ordinate movements of geographically separated divisions.





Lubavitch, and WB are all powerful forces in modern American cities, enforcing the *mitzvahs* on the streets, advancing the art of bickering over prices in the market place, and occasionally clashing over turf.

The Jews,^δ repressed for centuries, have been forced to develop an entire arsenal of weapons meant specifically to lull the *goyim* into a false sense of security. Take for example, the *matzoh*-stars: fun, crunchy snacks for children, but when in the hands of the wily orientally-trained Master Ninja Jews...deadly weapons. It's all in the follow-through. Rest assured, however, the unleavened bread that may take your life is *kosher l'pesah*.

Only the most pacifistic people of God would ever consider leaving their protective abodes without a few cleverly concealed *matzos*-stars, but there are other effective armaments to be had. For instance, the spring-loaded steel-rimmed *kippah*. Though they can't be used on Saturdays due to the mechanical mechanisms contained in the set-up, the steel-rimmed *kippahs* themselves are not mechanical in origin. So on

the occasion of the sabbath, special stackable *kippahs* (SSKs) are available. They're not quite as technologically advanced, but their functionality is undeniable. When you've used your first one, you will still find five or six more killer *kippahs* stacked beneath it. The only important point to make note of is that you must have already stacked these on your head by Friday at sunset, because once the big bright one hits the deck you are not allowed to do any work. The inherent instability of *kippah* in flight, however, limits their effectiveness.

By far the most dangerous weapon of the Jewish gangs is the *dreidel*. Where the yo-yo was once a weapon used by the Philippinos, the top-like *dreidel* has come to be much more than a child's toy. Now, children with *dreidels* are actually practicing for their future place in gangs.

The *dreidel* used by the gang members look very similar to those found in the hands of the young. Referred to as "spinning *dreidels* of death," these joys are edged with diamond and sharpened on the folded tongues of

^δNot to be confused with JEWS: Jaded European Waifs

at least ten mother-in-laws. The best *dreidel* slingers can actually create an audible whine from the twirling of the horrible weapons. At up to 10,000 rpms, many potential conflicts between antagonistic gangs have been defused by the sudden high whine of *dreidel*-packing Jews, warning the other group of their imminent peril. The only effective defense to the ungodly mess that a well-aimed *dreidel* can inflict are *challah* shields. Skillfully used to deflect the weapons rather than simply stop them, these bready saviors are worn over the back in the fashion of a quiver of arrows and double as field rations.

Of course, there are times when conflict can not be avoided, and the air is filled with *matzos*—stars, bladed *kippahs*, and *dreidels* humming down the sidewalk, embedding in the sides of buildings, trees, and the occasional fowl hanging in a store front window. Even when retreating from such a fearful barrage, there are terrors. Hidden in the streets and under sidewalks are anti-personnel *kniche*. One wrong step and you're a *kosher* meal. In response to the growing gang activity, the *rabbi* of various communities have organized riot control groups, armed with quantum *challah* body armor and rubber *gefelter*-fish bazookas.

A rigorous regiment of Kosher Killing Calisthenics and hard street experience, the life of a Jewish gang member is far from easy, but that's ok! They're Jews and are used to suffering. Unlike their *goyish* counterparts, the Jewish gangs have the restrictions of the *Shabbes* to contend with. Unable to work, drive automobiles, or hunt between sundown on Friday and sundown on Saturday, planning is a necessity. During the week in general, there are few clashes between groups, as their members are usually out making vast amounts of money and undermining the American way of life. As the Sabbath approaches, however, the gangs begin to get itchy for a fight.

Friday is typically a day of preparation, planning during the day for any unforeseen incidents that may occur during the Holy Sabbath. A Jew in the wrong neighborhood on Friday could find himself in quite a bind. Thanks to the distinctive colours of the gangs and the braided threads in their earlocks, they are easily recognized. The braver gangs will intentionally get trapped in enemy neighborhoods after sundown, confident that they will not be attacked and knowing they are provoking a rumble in the near future. Taking advantage of the situation, gangs behind enemy lines

often take up a chant that can send chills down the spines of people in the area. Said by an entire gang, the Gregorian-esque sound travels far and announces to the neighborhood:

**Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
I made you out of clay.
Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
With you we all will play.**

After a whole day of being unable to strike out at their enemies (and prayer), Saturday night is rumble time and the gangs explode in immense displays of violence. Few Gentiles have ever seen the secretive clashes of the Jews. Often, furious battles last no more than five minutes. In that time, the air filled with *matzos*-meal smoke screens and the deadly whine of *dreidels* can create a surrealistic image in the jaundiced street lights. When the unleavened bread finally settles, there is little to attest to the fact that there had been such a venting of aggression. Bodies have been spirited away as though by the Destroyer, and spent weapons are mysteriously absent...save for the stray *dreidels* that baffled Christians on their way to Church the next morning find embedded in trees.

Where their conflicts had been limited to fighting with other Jewish factions, Hispanics, Italians, and Africans, feeling that their inherent right to gang activity is being infringed upon, have begun to strike into Jewish hoods. Their cockiness at fighting the Jews quickly vanished after a few encounters with Stars of David and hollow tipped *dreidels*, however. Even attacking the Jews on the Sabbath has failed to yield little more than casualties from *matzos*-meal inhalation...thanks to the Jews use of automated perimeter defenses. Even when other gangs manage to capture and torture a member of a Jewish gang, they find it useless. What does torture mean to a people who have been persecuted for thousands of years?

“What? This is a hurting thing? I think you’re doing it wrong. Here, you want that I should show you?”

Stupid People Shouldn't BreedBy Sean Hammond *et al.*, PezGun by Sean Hammond, Vol. 7, Iss. 10

"Wa'ss ignorant?"
"I don' know. But we's it!"

Periodically, GDT is accused of being stupid. We're not stupid: we're ignorant. There's a difference. You see, Grasshopper, ignorance is when one is blissfully unaware of facts, such as how to spell and use correct grammar. Now, someone is stupid when they know something, but don't pay it no nevermind. It's kind of like, "I know in my heart that you love me, but I don't know it in my head." Stupid.

Case in point: the apartment I'm living in right now has crap-assed wiring. For a while it was impossible to have a light on, the TV running, and use the microwave for longer than 43 seconds before blowing a fuse. The fun part was that every god-damned light leading down to the cellar was on the same circuit. When you blew a fuse you were in the dark the whole way. I knew that. I mean, after the first time the fuse blew I discovered just how much the lights in the cellar didn't work. So I learned to get my flashlight before trekking into the dark. One time the flashlight was in a room with a bunch of clutter. I entered the room and flipped the light switch on. To turn on the light. So I could find the flashlight. So I could fix the light. I was acting out of habit instead of thinking.

Stupid.

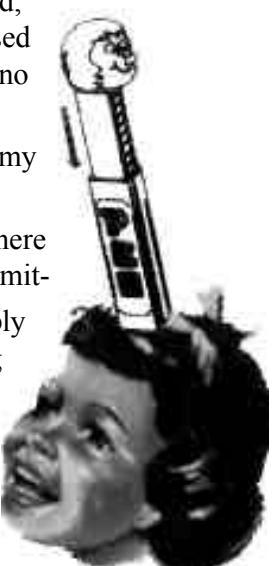
Thoreau called non-stupidness "living deliberately." At one point he mumbled, "I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." In a early draft found earlier this year, he put it this way: "I ran away from home because I was sick of acting stupid in front of mother." It wasn't until he saw he had beaten a path from the door of his cabin to the pond that he realized he had replaced one life of non-deliberateness (stupidness) with another; it was why he finally left his little club house at Walden.[†]

Everyone is stupid at one point or another: Hitler's decision to invade Russia (...never wage a land war in Asia!), the Austrians trying to stop tanks with horses and pikes, ("Otto...was gibt mit deinen Panser?"), the Republicans raising such a big stink about the Democrats taking money from foreigners when they still had *their* hands in the same cookie jar. Stupid, stupid, stupid. So in all fairness, such wonderful statements like the one carved into the wood surface of my old high school lab bench stating in simple, almost runic lettering, "Stupid People Should Not Breed," (No, I didn't put it there. I sometimes I think my Biology instructor did. He was *way* too pleased with it.) should not necessarily be made into an edict from the Pope. If it were there would be no one left to be stupid. We'd all be dead.

It's a good premise from a eugenic^³ point of view (I don't swim in your toilet, don't pee in my pool), however. Thin the ranks out a bit. Stronger stock.^⁹ Trim the fat, so to speak.

Unfortunately, there's the messy business of enforcing that particular decree and making sure there are no repeat offenders with the help of some rubber bands, scissors, and high beta-particle emitting ³⁵S laced undergarments covered with a lead-leaf for the little ladies. You could conceivably avert the whole messy business of sterilization and having to spend billions of dollars stopping the illegal flow of dumb blonds from Scandinavia (which seem to be flooding our own American dumb blond market) by looking to nature for an example. When an animal screws up in the wild, the biggest, clearest, most unmistakable sign that they did something very, very stupid is that they are dead. One minute you're a squirrel trying to get a Snickers bar

**Directions to fill
your PEZ Dispenser
with PEZ Candy**



[†] That and he was probably sick of his mom's bagged lunches.

^³ Who this guy Eugene is and why he's so uppity is beyond my ken.

^⁹ Good stock! Good Battle! Good Bye!

from a guy with a huge grin on his face, and the next minute, Q-FUCKING BOOM!

Why not just say that stupid people shouldn't live? Oh, but we couldn't possibly pass a law like that. It's wrong. It's immoral. Besides, if we did that we'd never have the pleasure of watching those damn dullards kill themselves in inventive and mind-boggling moronic new ways. Some call it "Evolution in Action" whereas I would prefer to call it good-old-fashioned fun.

Justify yourself do you ask? No, I don't have to justify the deaths of imbeciles. They should have to justify their existence.

The problem is that the morons aren't dying off. In fact, our entire society is geared to pampering to these dullards. Ever since childhood, with grade curves and special-ed programs for the nitwit class, the system has compensated for these ultimately challenged individuals. Many of our modern laws are geared towards keeping these unnecessary simpletons, not only on God's green earth, but allowing them to continue swapping spit, genetic lineage, and occasionally parent the odd diploid or twelve (more welfare that way).

A woman spills hot coffee on herself and it's not her fault. It should have had a warning on it, of course. The same goes for the guy who picked his child up into a spinning ceiling fan. Not his fault. There wasn't a warning label on the fan saying, "Do not shove children in whirling blades of fan while running."

Our age is not one of space, information, or grace; we live in the age of Aquarius...oh no, warning labels (sorry about that). Everything from sun screens on cars that read "Remove before driving," to five gallon buckets that warn "Do not leave child unattended near bucket," and kazoos that say things like "Use other end." For Christ's sake, Pez dispensers have diagrams and instructions on how to load the Pez...or Prosaic if you prefer. These things seem even stranger when in comparison with things that actually need warning labels...like guns. Guns should have little notices near the end of the barrel saying, "Point away from face" or, "Do not put in mouth."

Thanks to well meaning people (or maybe they're just bitter bastards that stepped on a rake and got clobbered like in the cartoons. Don't laugh. I've done it), like MENSA (Mental Entropy's Not So Astricting), the lobbyist group

for all the stupid people, all the little threats are being systematically being cauterized from our lives. The next item you see a warning label on is going to be a pencil. A stencil on the outside will warn "Not for use on genitals" or "Only for use on genitals with adult supervision."

Thankfully, there are those dedicated few who, thanks to apathy, continue to put out faulty products. Here's to the men who designed the Ford Pinto (BOOM!), the old Boba Fett action figures that shot rockets down the throats of unsuspecting babes, lawn darts filling the air with their barrage of fun, and, of course, motorized Cabbage Patch Kids that eat the hair of children. Huzzah!



By Scott Peterson, Vol. 4, Iss. 5

- One unfortunate member of GDT has been mistakenly blowing into the business end of standard issue I-49-3 kazoos for years until his folly was made public at a GDT meeting. In his defense he stated, "You got more room to smack your lips around!" Long live the Masked Kazoer What Kazoos at Midnight. Actually, we're gonna take the poor bastard around the back of the barn and put him out of his misery; save him from his own shame.

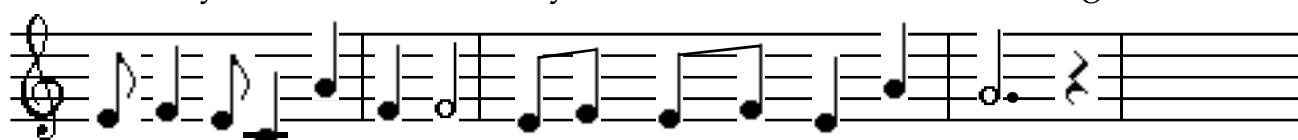
A d o l f t h e R e d - F a c e d N a z i



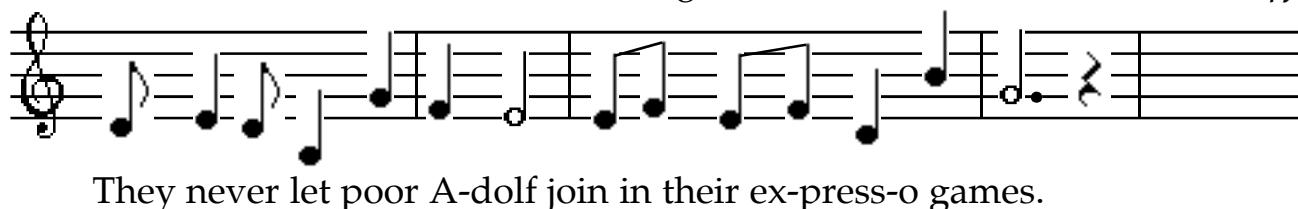
A-dolf the Red-Faced Na-z-i used to spend his time sketch-ing



and if you e-ver saw them you would run a-round retch-ing.



All of the o-ther ar-tists used to laugh and call him names. (*Like dum-kopf!*)



They never let poor A-dolf join in their ex-press-o games.



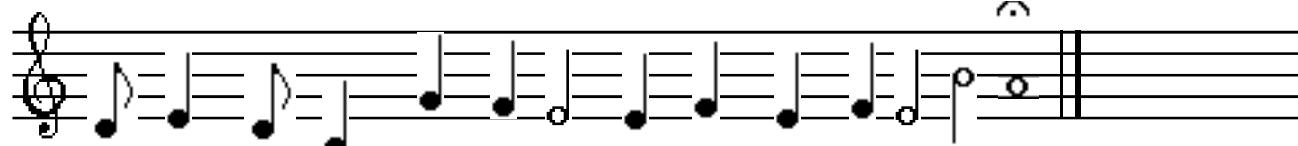
Then one star-ry win-ter night A-dolf turned to say:



Brown shirts with your boots so bright, let's burn the Reich-stad to-night.



And all the Na-z-i's loved him. And they shout-ed out in greed:



"A-dolf the Red-faced Na-z-i, you'll go down in in-fam-y." (*Like Attil-a!*)

IgE: Yeah you know me

By Sean Hammond et. al., Illustrations by Matthew Mesner, Vol. 9, Iss. 8

"If you're allergic to cats, stay away from me—and maybe I'll rub against your legs anyway."

Cleanliness is next to godliness and since God is American, it only makes sense that Americans should be clean. To facilitate that end, Christian corporations[†] such as Proctor and Gamble, Johnson and Johnson, and Dow Chemical (in co-operation with and the fine makers of Norplant) have been producing what America wants, nay what America needs and what America has to have: soap. Antibacterial, moisturizing, deodorant, and glycerine soaps that come in a myriad of shapes, sizes, colours and flavours.

The American obsession with cleanliness has brought us to where we are today...the world's only remaining Superpower acting as the UN's unwanted, unasked for police force. But it wasn't always that way. There was a time when the Monroe Doctrine (the edict from

President Monroe, not the weekly newspaper of Monroe Community College in Rochester, NY) wasn't flagrantly violated simply because other world powers were more concerned with their own inpansion.

Now, thanks to the explosion of the Maine,^δ the Zimmerman Telegram, the bombing of Pearl Harbor, and Robert Oppenheimer, the United States enjoys the honor of threatening and intimidating just about every other country. Why? We're cleaner, that's why! Just visit Europe and take a deep breath. Good God! It smells like a monkey house.

Ironically, it was the unusual smell encompassing Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries that helped make our country is what it is today. Of all the invaders arriving on the eastern shore of the New World, WASPS are taught that the most important were the Pilgrims; fleeing religious persecution, we're told, they arrived in the New World and drafted a document with lofty ideals that would later influence the United States' present Constitution.

That's what we're told. The truth is more embarrassing than that.

Religious persecution was such a trendy concept in the 1500's that people just assumed that the Puritans were on the receiving end of the rather big sticks used at the time. Instead, these intrepid souls whose progeny would later make cleaning products that are 99 and $\frac{44}{100}$ % pure were attempting to escape something more insidious and crippling to the spirit than religious intolerance: the funk of the land.



Beginning in the 1000's, King Henry I the Fouler was such a ripe bastard that few could draw close enough to contest his rule. Upon his death and subsequent super-funkafication, it was prophesised that the true King of England would reek

[†] Since God is American, and any American who is worth mentioning is Christian, God is Christian. QED.

^δ 1898: "Remember the Maine! To hell with Spain." 1998: Where's Maine?

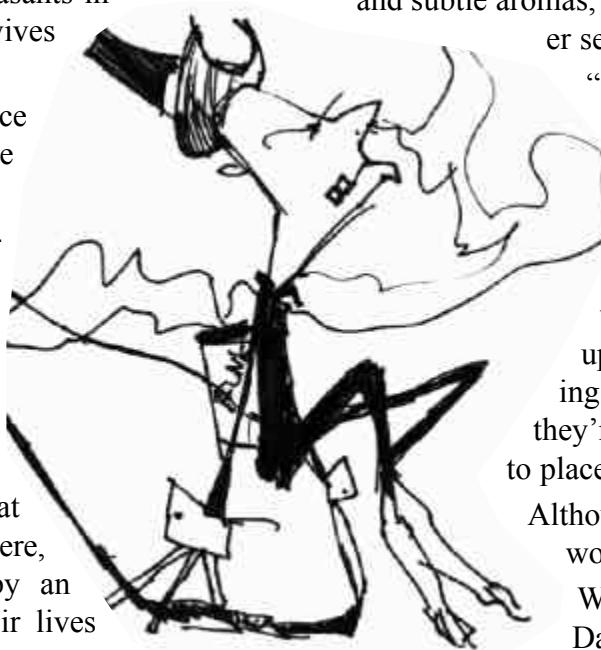
to high heaven, thus identifying the proper heir. Over the next several hundred years the royal funk grew in power and intensity, eventually ruling the land while the various Kings were little more than figure-heads. By the time of King Henry the VIII, the Royal Funk ruled in his place while Henry was allowed to wallow away his days eating 20 pheasants in one sitting and changing his wives more often than his britches.

You don't threaten your source of power. Not if you want the Funk to support you.

Rebelling against the all pervasive smell that permeated hill and dale—and would sometimes knock on the peasant's doors and demand lodging for the night—the Puritans fled to the only place they could think of that was free: the New World. There, separated from the Funk by an ocean, they could begin their lives again.

But after living like Germans for three months on the open sea, the people were ashamed and bewildered to discover that they too had created a funk all their own. Not only was it readily detectable to their desensitized noses, it was trimming the sail and mopping the deck by the third week out. Determined to leave the legacies[‡] of Jolly old England behind, the first thing they did upon landing at Plymouth rock was to draft the Mayflower Compact. But the second thing they did was to beat the living bejesus out of the funk by slamming it against the now famous Plymouth Rock.^³

After a good long bath, the traumatized, but sweet smelling, settlers looked at the vast virgin landscape



and felt something stir deep within them. For as far as the eye could see, the land was covered by ancient forests where strange and unknown animals ran. The air was clear and the water was pure.

John Carver, one of the first signers of the Mayflower Compact and particularly respected for his eloquent and subtle aromas, made an historic speech that forever set the course of our country:

“This place is a mess! We need to cut down these massive trees and make particle board! We need to invent asphalt and cover all the areas we would ever even think of walking on! And these people who have been crapping this place up all this time... we've been scouring a few of them with sand and they're still dirty. We need to exile them to places we'd never go!”

Although quite excitable, John Carver's words were heeded none the less.

What came next was described by Darwin as the survival of the cleanest. No one would court, or even bundle, with someone with poor personal hygiene (just like today. Sorry, Seattle), and so their offspring would be cleaner and more finicky.[†] After generations of breeding out the dreaded, evil funk, the “Americans,” as they so liked to call themselves (second only to “Masters of Time, the Universe and Deodorants”), developed weakened immune systems and a nagging irritation to histamine, which the body creates when it comes in contact with almost anything.

In those pure, clean years, allergies were born.

Now, ours is an age where an American with a tapeworm is a pariah with a friend and allergies cripple

[‡]The funk and *The Big Book of British Teeth*, only rivaled in the states by *Come Meet the Family: a Guide to Rural Appalachia*.

^³ Early on there was a tradition where people would kiss Plymouth Rock to receive good luck. The bludgeoned funk so covered the stone, however, that most would pass out before actually planting a kiss. Tired of losing teeth and unwilling to give up the tradition, the right-thinking Puritans uprooted the stone, drug it 70km north, and scuttled it in Boston Harbor.

[†] Over the centuries two distinct subspecies of Americans arose. The Red Blooded Americans (*Homo sapiens americanum ineptus*) normally can tell stories of how one of their ancestors arrived at Ellis Island, sailed past Alcatraz, or snuck across the Rio Grande while the Blue Blooded Americans (*Homo sapiens americanum caeruleus*), think that everyone's parents drive Opals, can include the name JP Morgan in their strange, circular, family trees, and don't pay attention to stock notices that arrive in the mail. There is some contention between ethnographers and biologists as to whether the two subspecies actually represent distinctly new species. Though they fail to interbreed in the wild due to differences in mating rituals, their similarities indicate intraspecies variation, though the two groups could diverge at some point in the future.

people on a daily basis. Ironically, all these people who can't go a day without runny noses and puffy eyes could really do themselves a favor by occupying their immune system with a mild parasite.^δ

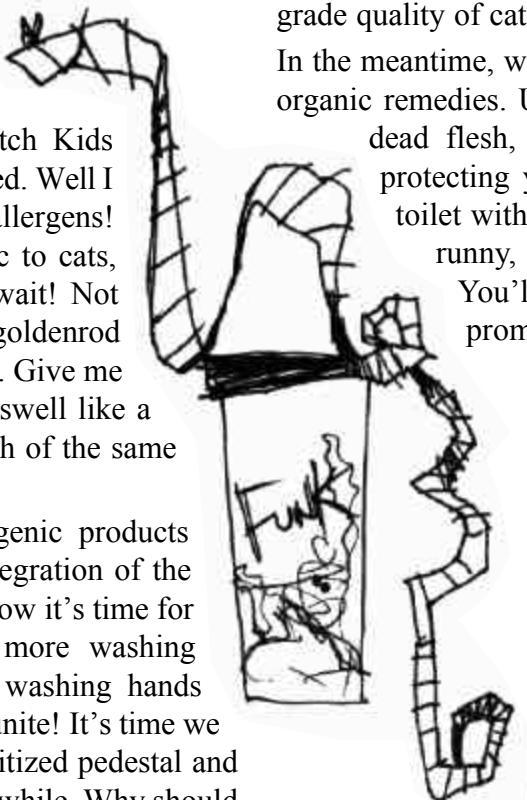
Still, we're stuck with our Puritanistic heritage like an historic case of the clap. It continues to permeate our culture, from congressional calls for family values to our obsessive need for cleanliness. So many things these days are labeled with cleanly looking "hypo-allergenic" labels for all those lazy blokes out there unwilling to live through a little mild discomfort that I'm waiting for the discrete signs on Sour Patch Kids saying they had been ultra-pasteurized. Well I say to hell with it. Bring on the allergens! Oh, wait. Not the cats. I'm allergic to cats, but bring on everything else. Oh wait! Not goldenrod. I just can't deal with goldenrod pollen. NOW bring on the allergens. Give me something that will make my face swell like a puffer fish and stuffed with as much of the same toxic goodness.

I say that the age of hyper-allergenic products should now be upon us. The disintegration of the family unit has already happened; now it's time for the downfall of cleanliness. No more washing behind ears. No more employees washing hands before leaving restrooms. Enterics unite! It's time we as a nation got down off of our sanitized pedestal and mucked about in our own filth for a while. Why should poor Indians of third world nations have all the fun knee deep in crude oil, contracting deadly-petroleum allergies? We're the United States. We can do anything better. The good old US of A, in conjunction with Disney Corp., should build theme parks for all those cute little tykes who want to scour the insides of Texaco's petroleum pits. Complete with animatronic dolls singing, "It's an OPEC World After All," Epcot could finally show us the future, coated in lead based, white paint, made in the US, sold abroad, and bought at a discount from China.

Disney's Oil World could feature the Lover's Pipeline,

Consumer Waste Village, and special off limit areas for adults. Like the rooms of Chuck E. Cheese barred to the adult public, the Flake Room would be nothing more exotic than a warehouse filled with the remnants of human skin, being heartily consumed and excreted by the resident dust mites. In these rooms the little 'uns could roll about on the soft, hazy, misty stuff that seems to fill the room, and cling to every surface. To compete, Warner Brothers would install the more generic, but effective Pet Room, filled with a lower grade quality of cat and dog dander.

In the meantime, we urge you to embrace the trend of organic remedies. Use maggots to remove unwanted, dead flesh, get workmen's compensation by protecting your pet hookworm, and fill your toilet with candiru. If any of you are tired of runny, achy eyes...swallow a tape worm. You'll feel better in the morning, we promise.



^δ Think of allergic reactions as the response of a bored immune system. Since humans evolved in an environment with parasites, distinct antibodies were created to fight them off. In our cleanly society, chances of having a parasitic infection are slim, but those antibodies are still kicking around with nothing to do. So, like bored children, the antibodies not doing anything eventually gang up on things like, oh, cat dander. So in this case, idle antibodies are the devil's plaything.

Black Like YouBy Sean Hammond *et al.*, Illustrations by John Golden, Vol. 9, Iss. 8

"The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who in the name of charity and good will shepherds the weak in the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance up on thee."

—Ezekiel, 25:17

Another black history month has come and gone, and for the first time, I paid attention because of the strategically placed Black Awareness signs[†] at the Rich Bastard Wegmans. My home state of Maine had only one black person, Abraham Mathus, and I really wasn't exposed to anything like Down With Whitey month or Kwanza (you know: the holiday no one in Africa celebrates created in the 1960's by bastardizing several individual ideas. But who am I to cast a critical eye? Christmas, Easter, Earthday, Dandelion Day, and RIT's own No Name festival are all nothing but pagan celebrations with the pagan element removed. (Europeans: "We oppress the pagan out to history™"), so February was a time of enlightenment for me. I read about Benjamin Banneker, T.J. Marshal, Jean Baptiste Point DuSable and other even more obscure people in history. All in all, I'm impressed. Tell me where to sign.

No. Really. I've decided that I want to be black—black like you! Black as midnight in a coal mine. Which, if you know me, is really quite a stretch. Being of mainly Irish descent, I'm so white that I give white people a bad name.

I'm so baby white (Kids: Baby wipes! Seth:drools), and there's not much I can do about it. It's really too bad, too. What with the decreasing amounts of ozone, people with dark complexions are going to be better protected than us crackers. Shit, ain't no thing to imagine bunch o' beautiful Africans pumping that CFC shit right up into the sky to kill off all us white muthas. Huzzah, skin cancer.

And with global warming causing the expansion of the equatorial zones, malarial mosquitoes will ravage the former white strongholds of the world in ways that the killer bees could only dream of. Thank God for sickle cell anemia. Sure if the gene is dominant your liver could clog at any moment causing insufferable pain and possible explosion,^δ but as long as you're just a carrier, you're set. The only safe place for the whites will be Liechtenstein. From their reclusive mountain refuge, the few whites will watch



[†] I found it in questionable taste for the management to announce over the intercom, "There is a black man in aisle 5. He appears to be buying oatmeal, like the oppressed Irish of our land. Ladies and gentlemen, please bring your Protestant confirmed children to isle five to see a black man, but do not let them touch him. Limited time only."

^δ When Queen Victoria died, it was imperative that her subjects remained unaware of her previous childbirths. A professional embalming job was impossible. Instead, the royal circle enlisted the aid of a fly-by-night embalming service [they weren't union] who made a serious mistake. While the Queen was lying in state, her body exploded. Positively ripping, whot?

their once great empires fall and become a black world after all. They will watch their women gradually succumb to the temptation of huge black penises, and they will witness the degradation of the white BMW pool.

Plus, if you're black, you get to buy your gold by the weight, and not by the so-called "discount price." You also get free food from the federal government, and we're not just talking cheese, here. Not like cheese is of much use to the black man, since they're lactose intolerant, but cheese isn't a high price to pay for a bigger schlong.

As proof that the inequity in our society still exists, whites can only buy Bud with their food stamps while blacks, being a stronger, more hardy race, are allowed to purchase 40 oz malt liquors.

When not being used for cheese or malt liquor, food stamps are available for blacks to trade for crack cocaine. Crack cocaine, of course, is a high quality mood main-

tainer³ that the black man has been forced to substitute for

Prozac, which is a drug more firmly controlled by whites (housewives, to be precise). As Geraldo Rivera has pointed out on numerous occasions, trading food stamps for crack is often a starvation technique used on misbehaving black children. The children need to be disciplined in order to ensure their maintenance of the standards of blackocity; low-rider jeans, Adidas sports gear, cellular phones, pagers, gold jewelry, cornrows, hair extensions, and shoes that light up. Black children may also be punished for failing to realize that slavery was originally the invention of the white man, and that "the artist formerly known as" is, in fact, still Prince.

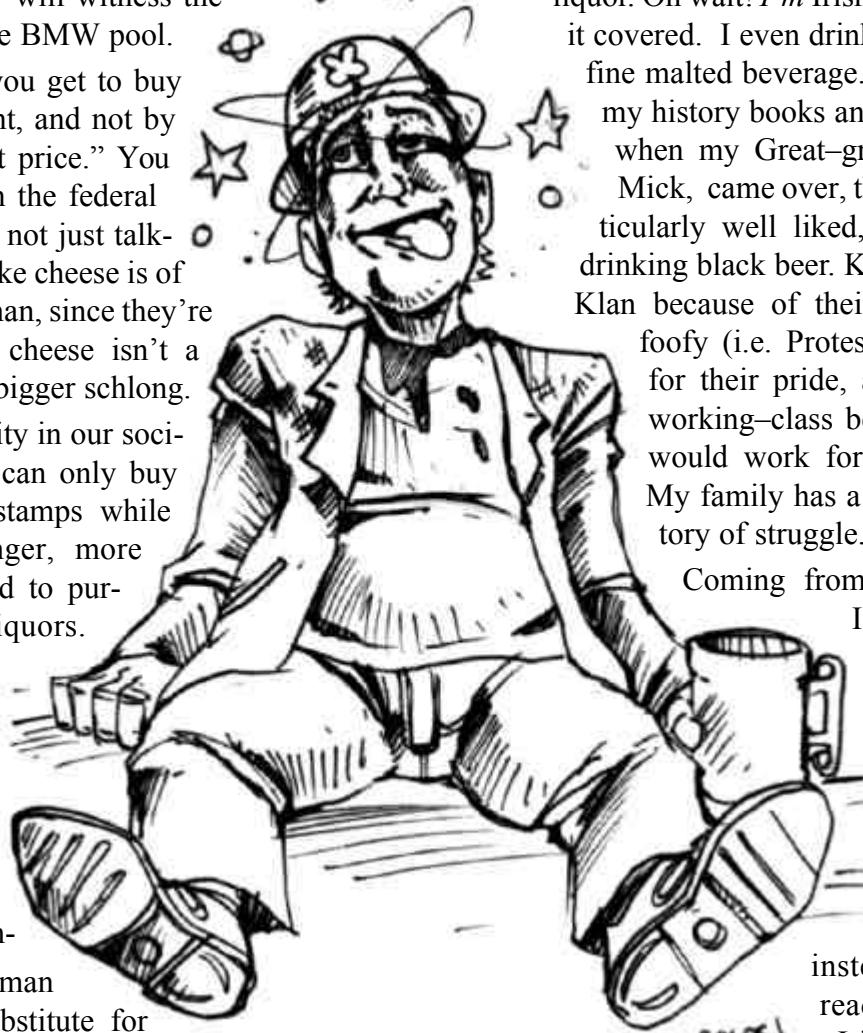
Until the time I can supersize my production of

melanin, I can practice on the mindset necessary to be a minority locked in the socio-economic dungeons of this country, drinking 40 oz. malt liquor. Oh wait! I'm Irish-American and have it covered. I even drink 40's of Guinness, a fine malted beverage. Last time I checked my history books and heard stories about when my Great-grandfather, a fuckin' Mick, came over, the Irish were not particularly well liked, because they were drinking black beer. Killed by the Ku Klux Klan because of their religion, hated by foofy (i.e. Protestant) white America for their pride, and despised by the working-class because Irish laborers would work for just about nothing. My family has a long and sordid history of struggle.

Coming from the dying land of Ireland where the potato blight and England helped clear the land of the unwanted populace[§], the Irish that fled were simply happy to be able to work instead of die. Signs reading "Niggers and Irish need not apply" or "No Dogs or Irish allowed"

might have been common, but the Irish succeeded in machine politics. Now look: we celebrate Samhain's corrupted cousin, get shitfaced because St. Patrick drove the snakes from Eire, and wear stupid pins saying "Kiss me, I'm Irish."

Of course there are few pins proudly proclaiming "Kiss me, I'm a proud descendant of a Nubian princess," but if the Irish can do it, so can the Africans. Oh, I can feel it happening already! I'm feeling prideful and ethnocentric...oh, it's working! Free my people! Black is beautiful! (especially African-Asian women. Yowzah!) I've got to keep it going....



³ And when you don't have your crack, you're in a piss-ass mood.

[§]Including James Joyce, who was also hated for his footnotes.

I know, I can talk about how my family on my Great Grandmother's side were slaughtered in World War II. No, she wasn't Jewish or Irish. Better: she was a Gypsy. Yup, palm reading, tea drinking, swarthy Gypsies were one of the lesser known groups that were a part of the Final Solution. (If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem.) It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas.*

Where's the memorial for my kind? The Irish-Gypsy-American community should have a monument! And why aren't the achievements of Gypsies included in our school's textbooks? It's the Man, keeping us down, that's what it is, all you non-leaf tea drinkers.

This is great...I've now feelings of persecution for a racial group which has had a minimal impact on the culture. I feel so repressed! Fight the power! I'm going down to the corner mart with my Kings of Africa Express card to buy a beeper on credit.

Shit yo, if I was black (and I'm getting more black by da minute), I be bustin' out all the fly gear, kid, that would look bad on any you cracker beeotches. Rollin' in da drop top BM I scored wit all de ill rock transactions goin down in da hood, beats pumpin large, chillin' wit da homies on my whack Nokia while I head down to the sto to buy foties o da O'E (Old English Malt Liquor) and some Phillie blunts wit my food stamps. Any yall muffukkas mess wit me, I ain't be hesitatin to lay down the fire wit my nine, comin at chall like a MUTHA-FUCK!

(sound of crowd cheering)

I'm sendin' shouts out to:

The Acheron Community for bustin' out during naked time

CSH for generally (slippin' back inta da whitey sheeet, golly. Gotta keep it reeeal) keepin' it real.

Troy for comin' out da closet an' gettin' jiggy wid it.

Copy Centa for them extra inserts, yo' yo' naum-sayn'.



Yiggity-yo, Tourist here giving an extra special shout out to the dopest directors of dem all – My homeskillet Mr Lynch, and my propa bizzznich Mr Cameron.

Pease.

* The ash that coated towns where camps were located gave them a year-round Christmas cheer. Unfortunately, ash is what the fire has refused to consume, in this case the Jew. A fair amount of the ash were also the Gypsies. In many academic circles it has long been believed that Oskar Schindler's car was in fact coated with Gypsy, and not Jew ash.

Klan Kracker Kracks (in Honey or Apple Cinnamon)!

by Kelly Gunter with excerpts from Adam Fletcher, Vol. 11, Iss. 4

In a landmark case, the Klan and several of its patrons were ordered to pay \$37 million in damages to the Macedonia Baptist Church, which they were responsible for burning back in 1995. The trial assessed punitive damages against the Klan's national organization on the order of \$15 million. Several individual members of the Klan were singled out with \$100,000 punitive claims. A further \$15 million in damages was claimed against Horace King ("H-Dogg" in the SC hood), the Grand Dragon of the Klan's South Carolina chapter.

H-Dogg's net value: A small house, an old shed, a chicken coop, 7 acres of land, and many towering burnt crosses. Estimated value: NO MAN CAN TELL.

In H-Dogg's defense, lawyers tried to portray him as a decrepit old man who just talked a lot (a cracker who could bust phat rhymes but didn't have any rhythm. Bounce). H-Dogg is famous for saying such uplifting things to his constituents as "This is a white man's country, and if the niggers don't like it, put them on a rowboat and send them back to Africa to swing from coconut trees and eat one another." Damn. Definitely a man who knows his horticulture and is quite in tune with all of the latest in anthropophagous activities. He sounds like a real spry grandfatherly type, I'm sure the little kids just love him. Then again the little kids seemed to have just

Be a Klan Pal®!

Write to H-Dogg or one of his boys at
<http://www.kkk.com/kkkontactsnf.htm>

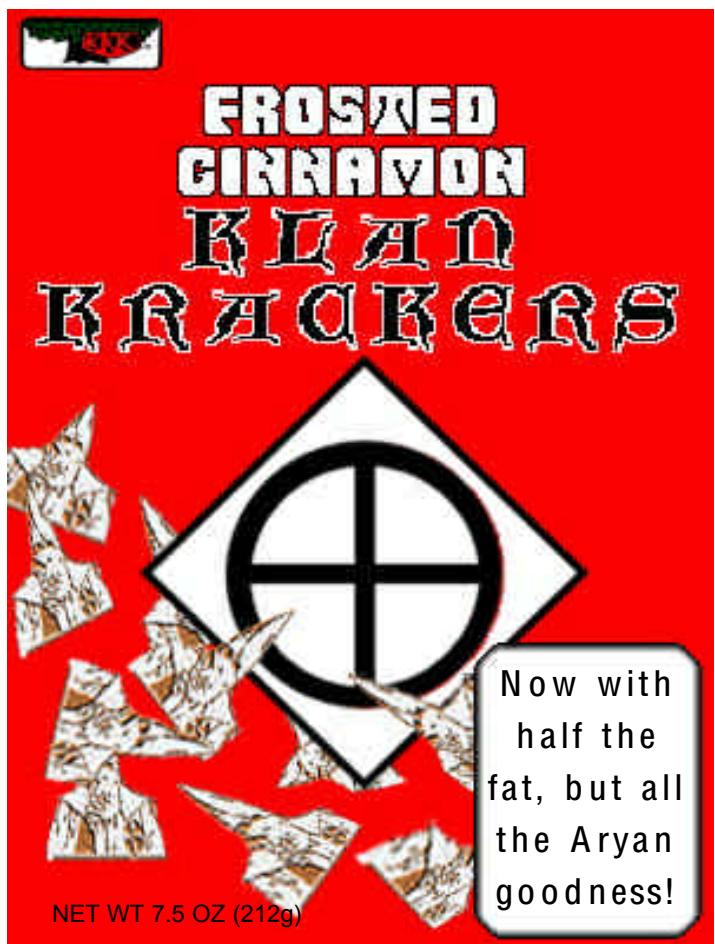
("Dear H-Dogg, I want to be a hate monger.")

Of course, you may have to enclose a makeshift coloring book, as many Klan members can't read very well.

adored Hitler too, when he wasn't busy making sure that the ashes of their families were spread to the four winds.

What H-Dogg really needs is to be admitted to a nursing home for the incurably senile with plenty of condescending orderlies. Orderlies with strict instructions to make certain that the old geezer will be painfully aware of his bedsores long enough to develop new ones. Whole droves of individuals plaintively nodding their heads, saying, "That's right H-Dogg, coconuts all over Africa, yes, yes H, uphill both ways. Of course it was. You know it's time for your electro-shock therapy now."

H would fit well in Big Nurse's ward, where the young black orderlies could lube him up and put their throbbing black members up his tight South Carolina sphincter. Mr. King may enjoy the tearing sensation he feels.



Shirk'n'Shout

This Week: Enlighten Me, Baby. I'm Ready.
by Eric Thomas, Vol. 11, Iss. 5

Go Away, I'm Becoming A Better Person

I have always held a special place in my heart for those certain students who are determined to make their ideas heard, regardless of how unoriginal the ideas are. They do a great job of convincing me that no one does any thinking anymore.

Our idealism has been reduced from naïve thinking to a shoddy impression of the television's moral standards. I see my peers forming bizarre checklists of empty ideas that will make them Good People.

Charity is good, volunteer work is good. Selfishness is bad. Education is good. Racism is bad. And so forth.

...this situation, which always makes me feel like I have an exceptionally powerful bowel movement on the way, and my anus has been sewed shut.

First, some background.

It's the third day of classes. I'm sitting in my usual position—the rear right corner of the room—and keeping an eye on everyone. It's a hobby.

A student enters. He's dressed as Casual Man: a very clean white shirt tucked into a pair of very clean fatigue shorts, a pair of battered Birkenstock sandals, and a conspicuous absence of socks. He's moving to his own rhythm, bopping to an internal beat, arms swinging, head bobbing. He reminds me of a character from an Asian rendition of "Fat Albert."

He selects a front row corner seat, and begins an elaborate ritual of settling himself. He jerks his head violently at the professor, puts on a big open-mouthed grin, and gives a "Hey."

Class begins. We're discussing *Ion*, a Plato dialogue in which Socrates assaults a professional reciter of Homeric poetry. Through the course of the dialogue, Socrates proves to Ion that he is an empty shell of a man, incapable of thought or imagination. Socrates presents his argument in a complimentary fashion, so as to lead the thick-headed Ion to believe he's being praised. The tone of the entire dialogue is heavily sarcastic. Each of Socrates' pleasantries is a guarded criticism, and Ion is too dense to pick up on it.

All of this is painfully evident in the text—it's a basic introduction to the character of Socrates—and is also

Actual beliefs don't really matter anymore—just what you tell everyone else you believe.

Ask that girl in my English class exactly *which* charity is worthy of her time and money, and you'll see what I mean.

"I don't know. All I know is that we should give our time and money to charity, because that is the Right Thing To Do. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a \$100,000 education to attend to."

That churns my stomach almost as much as...

covered in twenty minutes of lecture immediately following a plot synopsis. The professor compares Socrates favorably to TV's *Columbo*.

And now, the moment of crisis. "Okay. Questions?"

I've seen it happen a thousand times. After two years of languishing in a Computer Science department rife with mediocre minds, I thought I was accustomed to its crippling effects. I was not prepared, however, for how the magnitude of this infuriating display of the ignorance of my peers would be blown to gross proportions in the Comparative Literature department.

One of the major reasons I made the switch from CompSci to CompLit in the first place was that the CompSci people at my fine university rather discourage independent thought. I was unhappy with this arrangement. I felt that a program of broader scope and more intelligent focus would better suit me. "At least," I thought, "the CompLit people will be more interesting than these bores."

But the bizarre nature of my new department (which encompasses both Plato and Spider-Man, DH Lawrence and Jellyroll Morton) seems to have a less-than-desirable effect on many of its students. It begins when they realize that more is expected of their brains than ever before. Instead of rising to the challenge, they become intimidated by their professors and their coursework. They rely not on their own cerebral resources, but rather on a unique sort of double-think—an ability to plagiarize the ideas of a writer or a professor and accept them as original, without any

conscious knowledge of the plagiarism.

Which brings us back to this feeble discussion.

The room is silent for a minute. The professor prods us.

“Why does Socrates see fit to utterly debase poor Ion? Why is that his business?”

We all realize that we’re each supposed to prove our minds worthy in this situation. It’s a silent competition.

A girl sitting next to me tries her hand.

“Well, I think that Socrates was being pretty sarcastic the entire time he was talking to Ion. It’s sort of like... a... well, I can’t remember the word for it, but it’s when somebody gives you a compliment, but it’s not really a compliment, it’s more like they’re insulting you. I think it’s called a ‘downturn compliment,’ or something. But that’s what it’s like.”

She’s done? That’s all she’s going to say?

Another girl joins her.

“Yeah, I think that’s right. Like when at the end, Socrates asks him if he’s divine, or if he’s a cheater. I think he’s being sarcastic there.”

The professor is taking all of this surprisingly well.

“Yes, that’s true. But *why* does Socrates do this? Why

does he tear this guy to pieces?”

The late entry—that shuffling, jiving student—speaks up.

“You know at the beginning, when Socrates tells Ion that he likes his clothes?”

“Yes. Sets the tone for the rest of the dialogue. Socrates, in his tattered clothing and without shoes, tells Ion he admires the rhapsody’s finery, even though Socrates puts so much emphasis on the virtue of poverty.”

“Right. Well, after that, Ion says he’s the best reciter in the world, and then I think Socrates got mad that Ion wasn’t polite when he got the compliment and so Socrates just made fun of him for that.”

I am writhing in my seat, and I can see that the professor is doing the same. Perhaps he is struggling with the same question that I am: is it nobler to parrot a teacher’s lecture for sure-fire analysis, or to think things through oneself and completely miss the point? Either way, they’re all stupid.

What I Learned In Just Twenty Minutes of Television And Ten Minutes of Radio:

- 1) Throwing Sundae Parties with a certain brand of ice cream will make me successful in my career, athletics, and my social life
- 2) A certain candidate for Massachusetts Attorney General is backed by the Massachusetts State Police Force
- 3) The other candidate for Massachusetts Attorney General is backed by the Massachusetts State Police Force
- 4) My local franchise of a nation-wide chain of pharmacies cares about my personal well being
- 5) The New Rock Revolution is led by Bush, the Dave Matthews Band, Hole, and Fastball
- 6) I can buy a collar that will end my problems with fleas and ticks
- 7) Lawyers are bad
- 8) Other lawyers are good, and will get me free money if I have been injured on the job
- 9) One candidate for the United States Senate really *is* a liberal
- 10) If I miss the season premiere of a certain popular television show, I will be cast off into the fires of Hell, where I will spend eternity in the utmost suffering

“Michael Douglas is a Hollywood veteran.”

—overheard

This week's Jungian Shard: Kent State



MOTHER: Anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or barefooted deserves to be shot.

RESEARCHER: Have I your permission to quote that?

MOTHER: You sure do. It would have been better if the Guard has shot the whole lot of them that morning.

RESEARCHER: But you had three sons there.

MOTHER: If they didn't do what the Guard told them, they should have been mowed down.

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY (listening in): Is long hair a justification for shooting someone?

MOTHER: Yes. We have got to clean up this nation. And we'll start with the long-hairs.

PROFESSOR: Would you permit one of your sons to be shot simply because he went barefoot?

MOTHER: Yes.

PROFESSOR: Where do you get such ideas?

MOTHER: I teach at the local high school.

PROFESSOR: You mean you teach your students such things?

MOTHER: Yes. I teach them the truth. That the lazy, dirty, the ones you see walking the streets and doing nothing ought all to be shot.

Pg. 409 - 410, *Kent State: What Happened and Why*, James A. Michner, Fawcett Crest, NY. 1971
Article by Matthew Weaver, Vol. 11, Iss. 10

The Magic Wondershow PRESENTS *Gangsta Rap Hamlet*

By Sean J. Stanley, Bard, Vol. 15, Iss. 7

Don't you hate when you have to make pleasant conversation with someone and you happen to ask them what sort of music they like and they give you this ubiquitous response:

"Oh, I like all kinds of music. I listen to pretty much everything....except for rap and country."

Why is it that most people are so obtuse that they fail to see the merits of a certain genre? I'll admit that I'm not rushing to the stores to pick up the latest Brooks & Dunn album or waiting in line to get my hands on the life and times of Ziggy Stardust...oops, I mean Chris Gains. I have, however, found merit in certain country tunes that inspire me to liquor up and say "fuck you" to anybody that has done me wrong in the past. I could offer any number of Johnny Cash, David Allen Coe, or Conway Twitty tunes that would do the trick, and anyone that has stayed for closing time at a karaoke bar knows that "Friends in Low Places" can turn even the most pathetic, drooling, shit-faced welfare junky sitting beside you into your best friend as your glass sways along with theirs in a precarious arc over your heads. Country music and rap have one thing in common, PAIN. Good country and good rap deal with angst. Some noteworthy scholars would argue that any



By Scott Peterson, Vol. 5, Iss. 3

good art must show insight into human suffering. (I don't know. That won't apply to most of Weird Al's songs.) It's interesting to see that when a country song tops the charts, chances are that there is a rap/hip-hop/R&B version floating around somewhere and vice-versa, case in point: "I Will Always Love You", performed with success by country music star Dolly Parton in the mid-eighties, and subsequently performed by self-titled diva Whitney Houston in the 90's for *The Bodyguard*. Such crossovers exist all the time between white people music (country) and black people music (rap/hip-hop/R&B). What? "Come on, Tourist, you're being racist!" Am I? Name a well known black country star. Name a respected white rapper (of course you'll say the Beasties, Eminem, and House of Pain, but do you really respect these guys? Lest I forget Vanilla Ice, Mack 10, and the Insane Clown Posse, rappers who are held by the general populace in the highest regard.) I'm not making that statement to make a racial point, only that both genres garner success in discussing pain. In my humble opinion, rap and country music that does not deal with pain is shitty. Think about it. Country music can be divided into four subcategories:

Good country:

The bitch/bastard done me wrong or other such suffering

Bad country:

I love him/her

I love/hate a certain alcoholic beverage

I've made a song out of a popular catch phrase: ("I Guess You Had to be There", "Sometimes You're the Windshield, Sometimes You're the Bug" "Here's a Quarter, Call Someone Who Cares" and the like.)

The same treatment can be applied to rap:

Good rap:

There is something wrong with society

Let's have some fun (that doesn't involve killing people)

Bad rap:

I am a badass

I have sex with women

I have a gun and lots of money

I have found Jesus (but I am still a badass), i.e. DMX,

Mase

If you'll notice the latter category of bad rap, you'll see that I'm describing the majority of modern rap artists. That's because most modern rap artists suck. They tend to spend all their time trying to usurp one another in material positions and "power", and the resulting drivel that winds up on the album reflects this self-serving bullshit. The good modern artists tend to be jolly, acting in the spirit of musical brotherhood, and concerned more about the content of their message, rather than the prestige that they attain from it. Notable examples of what I would consider "good" rappers (but what do I know?)—*The Roots*, who have worked wonders in reviving the beat box posses of the 1980's, *Busta Rhymes*, a walking cartoon character that uses cadence and inflection to make any string of words into good music, *Das EFX*, who sprinkle pop culture references throughout their lyrics, and *Coolio*, who can play around just as easily as he can turn the eye to the issues of urban life. I'm sure that there are more, but those are the few that spring to my mind right now.

Gangsta Rap? Well, the bad rap artists of the 90s/00s have simply bastardized gangsta rap to its most basal undertones. Name, rank, serial. Or, if you prefer, clever incorrectly spelled name (not because they're poking fun of societal norms, but because everyone else is doing it and it fits on a vanity license plate), type and caliber of weapon, model of currently owned Lexus or Acura, number of women in your entourage, amount of money you have. I submit to you the following commentary on the death of up and coming 698 lb. gangsta rapper Christopher "Punisher" Rios (Biggie, part two) after his death from a massive coronary this past Monday:

"He was beloved, and admired, and accomplished, and rich," said his publicist, David Granoff. Known earlier in his career as Big Moon Dog, the entertainer was once an avid basketball player and boxer, but later said he took to eating until he couldn't tie his shoelaces..."

(from *The HipHop Archives*,

<http://www.hiphoparchives.com/>

Reporter-10/newshead.php3?uid=000234)

"and rich"??? That publicist has his priorities straight as far as impressing other gangsta rappers, however I'm not so sure that all those Benjamins will console

his wife and three children.

They just don't get it, do they? We as an audience can't connect to something like that unless there is a context and a message behind it. Otherwise everyone and their grand pappy would be out there cutting albums. Maybe I'm in the wrong business because I could easily do that: "I gotz a huge wingg-wangg, uhhh", by Tourist-1. But I digress. We need to return to the roots of gangsta rap, back to the year 1989, when NWA offered for the parentally advised listening public, *Straight Outta Compton*. Met with huge success and public acclaim, as well as menacing attacks from suburban white people with children, interest groups, and the LAPD, this album was and still is the keystone and holy grail of gangsta rap. Why? Because there was a context for the message, there was a need for the message to be proliferated, and there was an intelligence behind the way it was presented. The maddest of all mad props must be bestowed upon Ice Cube. You gotta hand it to the guy, he's a pretty sharp dude. To Wit:

"Fuck tha police
Comin straight from the underground
Young nigga got it bad cuz I'm brown
And not the other color so police think
They have the authority to kill a minority

Fuck that shit, cuz I ain't tha one
For a punk muthafucka with a badge and a gun
To be beatin on, and throwin in jail
We could go toe to toe in the middle of a cell

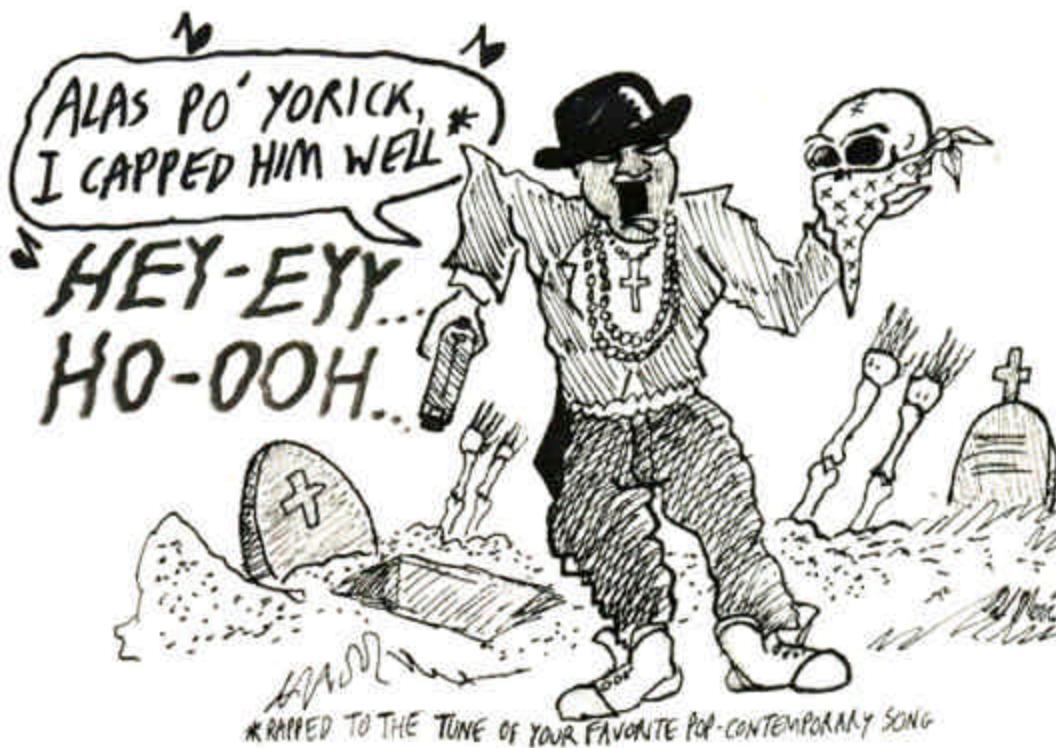
Fuckin with me cuz I'm a teenager
With a little bit of gold and a pager
Searchin my car, lookin for the product
Thinkin every nigga is sellin narcotics"

(from "Fuck the Police")

Here's a guy that's had enough. It's a well known fact that paying selective attention to minorities (known professionally as "profiling" and highly illegal) is often standard operating procedure for police departments. This was certainly the case throughout the notoriously corrupt LAPD, under whose jurisdiction Ice Cube fell. Not surprising that only three years later, Los Angeles would be ravaged by riots as a result of such police corruption. The glory of being a gangsta is the hook for the music, but most fail to realize that it is a beautiful

satire of what the police are really after when they profile someone. Pull over a black guy in an expensive car; let's see what we get. Granted, the misogynistic and egotistical overtones that are present in today's rap were apparent in his early offerings, however he was always able to maintain a sense of irony. Other early gangsta rap pioneers like Ice-T and Eazy-E managed to continue this sort of intelligent social commentary. Bumbling idiots like Snoop Dogg, and Dr. Dre were there early enough on the scene to get away with foul language tripe so that in retrospect, their music seems on point, but it's clear that they personified the self-serving aspect of gangsta rap that has taken hold today. If we're gonna like the music, we've got to feel the pain!!!

Which brings me to Hamlet—the ultimate ode to torturous pain and suffering. Baz Luhrman had the right idea—bring Shakespearian drama into the light of mainstream modern America, without cheesy choreographed dance sequences and a brooding, knife wielding Richard Beymar. 1996's *William Shakespeare's Romeo + Juliet* was one of the best interpretations of the bard's play. Master thespians and theater teachers round the world may not think so, but every adolescent who was spared the pain of skimming the Cliff's Notes prior to an exam knows that the modernizing hooks in the film worked well. So why not other plays? Yes, it's been done, but not for the right people. *A Thousand Acres* was a modern interpretation of *King Lear*, but the target demographic was women 34–56, certainly not the group that NEEDS Shakespeare. Same thing with *Richard the Third* and *Looking for Richard*, both excellent films, however billed as art films and only attended by hack intellectuals and snobbish Merchant Ivory junkies. Not for the kids. What we need for edjumacation today is something for the masses. Something that the MTV generation will understand. Why? Because the MTV generation gets to vote. The MTV generation will be filling important positions in government bureaucracy and economic infrastructure. I don't know about you, but I think that the wisdom of Shakespeare would not be a bad cultural influence for these motivated, self-starters. So here we go. Magic Wondershow Entertainment proudly presents:



GANGSTA RAP HAMLET

Dramatis Personae—(in order of appearance)

Bernardo and Francisco (the sentinels): DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince

Horatio: Dr. Dre' (henceforth known as Dre'tio)

Marcellus: Ving Rhames (Ok, well he's not a rapper, but there's only one Marcellus in my book, goddamit!)

The King's Ghost: Biggie Smalls

Prince Hamlet: Busta Rhymes

Claudius, King of Denmark: Puff Daddy (because he's capitalizing on the death of the king)

Queen Gertrude: Queen Latifah

Polonius: Ice Cube

Laertes: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Ophelia: Laryn Hill

Voltemand and Cornelius: Nate Dogg, featuring Warren G.

Reynaldo: B-Real

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (are dead): Bone Thugz N Harmony

Yorick: 2Pac

Fortinbras: Master P (riding his gold No Limit tank)

Here are a few possibilities for some scenes:

Hamlet: Listen up, niggaz. To be, or not to be, that's

tha shit I'm dealin wit. Can't decide. Get my street cred in da brain wit *life*, Or to strap on tha gat, hand on the Glock, And by stepping to em: to die, to chill no more...

Hamlet: Check it, yo. Fuck. Yorick, I knew him Dre'tio, That funny motherfucker from around the way; clever little beyotch, doin' piggyback style: My mind runs wild. Those lips wif the stank bref. Who's jokin' now, fool? Rhymes? Layin' down the lines? Goofy shit that crack up the crew? Nobody here to pay respects?

Ya ya ya, ya ya.

Ya ya ya.

Get to my bitch and tell her I've got an itch. Make her laugh at that: Hey Dre'tio tell me one thing.

Dre': Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks. Lick on deez nutz and suck the dick.

Hamlet: You think Alexander comes spying on the scene?

Dre': How a nigga so young could bust a cap?

Hamlet: True dat.

Dre': Word is bond, my Lord.

Hamlet: Word is bond.

King: Throw me bottle of da OE. Hamlet, this dank nug is thine, Fire that shit up. Give 'em the fotie.

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Hamlet: (dressed as a cowboy). I gots that head nod shit that'll make you snap your neck. Come: another hit; what say you?

Laertes: A toke, a toke, pass that shit!

King: Fuck bein a broke nigga.

Queen: He's fat, and scant of breath. I'm ready to break my foot off in your anal. Ready to bring you pain, yo, comin' up wit the Play-Dough Style you stole

Hamlet: No doubt.

King: Yo Bitch, don't drink that fotie!

Queen: Fuck you, scrub-ass nigga.

She drinks.

King: It is the poison n' shit. It is too late.

Hamlet: Whoo-ha.

These are just a few examples of what could be. I think if Hype Williams or John Singleton directed it, with good art design and costumes by Tommy Hilfiger, you could make a pretty competent rendition of the play. Something that everyone could understand. But that's just me. I could be wrong. Tourist1 out.



By Scott Peterson, Vol. 4, Iss. 9