

Since you are too stupid to ever realize how stupid you are, I want to tell you how stupid you are—not for your sake, since you're too stupid, but for mine, since I'm smart enough to see how stupid you are, and it would be stupid not to tell you.



You're as stupid as the aborigines who see a plane flying overhead and call it a giant silver bird. As stupid as the primitive cargo cults who find a bottlecap and believe it's a message from God. As stupid as all the cultures who were so backward, they never developed the technological weaponry to prevent their land from being overrun. As stupid as all the losers who blame "The Man" for their problems, not realizing that "The Man" became "The Man" because you were too stupid to become "The Man" yourself.

One day you'll fall from that wall, and your stupid eggshell head will crack open. And do you know what will ooze out? Nothing.

I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW STUPID YOU ARE



the irresistible charm of victimhood

Tell me what they did to you. I want to hear all about it, as do my friends, as does **EVERYONE ELSE IN THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD**. Please, don't spare any of the ugly details? even if you have to make things up. I'm not lying when I say we want to hear everything. I'm not kidding when I say there's nothing more fun than a victim.

You've been mistreated, you poor, bruised, sour-tempered pup. You've been done wrong. You've been fucked with. You've been kicked around. You've been hurt, and you continue to incubate and nurse that hurt as if it were the only significant thing that ever happened to you, almost as if there's **NOTHING INTERESTING** about you otherwise. But we all know that your victimization? which you can never stop thinking about or talking about or reliving in an endless loop being projected on the back of your sad little brain pan? is the **ONLY** thing which has kept you from becoming, say, an astronaut, or a Senator, or anything more than the insignificant, replaceable wage slave which you are and will continue to be until death or welfare, whichever comes first.

We all know that it isn't your awful personality, or your gasp-inducing stupidity, or your sluglike laziness, which set you up for victimization and has kept you down ever since. I mean, that's **ABSURD**. Let's just strike those possibilities from the record, OK?

It's all their fault, so don't ever blame yourself.

CHRISTMAS EVE, WAITING FOR GRANDPA

A turkey's burnt carcass seasoned the dry, crackling air. Dad sipped egg nog and looked at his instruction manual. Winking at the kids, Mommy cut cookie dough into identical beige figurines.

Jolly cotton-cloud music floated from the phonograph. For one night a year, Johnny Mathis brought all the races together. Friends called and offered cozy wishes. In furry footies, the little 'uns squealed at the blinking lights and talking plastic animals. Mommy flushed proudly as Dad crowned the tree with a flame-retardant angel.

Everyone sighed. It was time to wrap the present. Dad rummaged through the closet, producing a long tube of gold foil and black velvet. He cut a strip of the pretty paper into a big square. Mommy then nimbly camouflaged Grandpa's surprise. She ran a scissor blade across shiny ribbon, making it recoil into tight, decorative curlicues. To everyone's delight, baby Gretchen applied the Scotch tape. The family looked out of the dark, snowy window and agreed: **A MACHINE GUN** is the greatest gift of all.

A FISTFUL OF SMILES

Crunchy creamy
sweet and dreamy
Butterscotch delights
Butterflies and baby birds
And children flying kites



Wacky, zany, kooky music
Play a silly flute
March around and shake your tushie
Golly, this is cute!

Sprinkly jingly tickle feeling
Big bright red balloons
Crazy monkeys eat bananas
Wall-to-wall cartoons

Velvet kittens play in baskets
All the livelong day
Soon the men will come with caskets
And take us all away

