“You can’t put tits and ass on the marquee! Why not? Because it’s dirty and vulgar, that’s why not! Titties are dirty and vulgar? Okay, we’ll compromise. How about Latin? *Gluteous maximus, pectoralis majors* nightly... That’s alright, that’s clean, class with ass, I’ll buy it: clean to you, schmuck, but dirty to the Latins!”

*Lenny Bruce*

Life has this odd tendency to be subjective.

One man’s fun is another’s hell and all that. For instance, it seems the topical issue of the upcoming Royal Wedding has grabbed the attention of not just Jennie Bond, but the entire nation. Whereas Bond will be all too earnest in her fanny-salivation at the prospect of it all, I’m pretty sure the nation’s interest was piqued when the words ‘day’ and ‘off’ were mentioned. Even Cambodians would skip merrily up and down the streets wearing T Shirts emblazoned with ‘Pol-Pot Ichiba #1’ if he’d granted the nation a day off from…poverty…or whatever it is they do. So don’t be misled William and Kate; nobody gives a tupenny fuck. We’re just happy we get a pass for one lousy day of degradation in our inconsequential, proletarian existence, that’s all.

What really raised my ire about all of this hyperbole is not the jumble of Union Jacks that sit incongruously alongside everyday groceries on sale at the local supermarket. Though they threaten to be swished and swooshed by flat-faced dullards who make Bernard Ingham look like Playmate of the Year and hung proudly like some parochial certificate atop pebble-dash, cess-pit, Council Estates the country over, this is not what got my goat about the whole sorry affair. Now for two words that I would never have imagined could possibly enter my vernacular: *commemorative biscuits.*

Yes, in my local supermarket, amidst all the cheap, Nationalistic tat, my eyes were raped by a box of Kate and Wills

*BY MARK HAMMOND*
biscuits. Can you imagine the kind of freaky-deaky, debauched, clinkless wanker boy do this? That you would want the commemorative mug, at least it’s ornamental. Biscuits? People who buy this crap are the kind of people who use words like “spiffie” and irate servidor. The concept of royal wedding unnerve me deeply. Every square inch of the product’s packaging unsettled me more than the idea of John Sergeant leering over me with his tallywacker out whispering “Love me you whoopsee. " Wilf’s lamp-jaw head, Kate’s dead eyes; all framed with magnificently owlish shots of………well tacky as fuck fluffy stuff. Fuck’s knows; it’s meant to be. It made me realise two things:

1) Yes, Kate Middleton may well have been selected by The Daily Telegraph the “Most Promising Future Mother” in its 2006 list of style winners and losers, but who the fuck died and placed her on a par with other biscuit-related hypertrophies. Rocky Robin and Vinnie the Panda of the Fox Biscuit fame?

2) Yeah he might be a Prince, but that’s a face only a mother could love. And she’s dead.

They’re just shit. Their names don’t even make up a cool portmanteau like ‘Brangelina.’ (I’ve pondered this for ages too, the best offering being ‘kill Widdicumd’ which sounds like something Christopher Robin would say at a party (I think). The only aspect of this wedding that interests me is the prospect of that ginger bellend Harry dressing up as a ‘wreath’ and bringing shame to James Hewitt’s good name.

Whereas some sub humans would no doubt find the ruck charming, I took complete offense to the biscuits. Those biscuits offended me. This got me thinking about what causes offense and what can be passively shaken off, like a dribbling willy, post-wee. Then I saw that horrible little gremlin Wayne Rooney gobbing like a dribbling willy, post-wee. Then I saw that horror of people who use words like “piffle” and iron funny. Why don’t we all just go back to the bottom of the ocean and scavenge off plankton until the end of time?

One man who strolled casually through the door that Lenny Bruce butt wide open was William Melvin Hicks. Hicks too was a keen satirist; the point is not that he was a dork but that he was a really bad dork. He made it his MO to highlight the hypocrisy of every pocket of society and did so with great effect. If I’m talking to you and I can begin a sentence with a barely-suppressed burst of laughter, I’ve probably just thought of Hicks. What I mean by this is, Hicks was one of the few proponent of Hicks but despite this appearance being his twelfth in an eight year period (and despite him being terminally ill), the Network decided to cut out a huge portion of Bill’s bit. What was even more annoying was the fact that Bill had pre-approved all of the segments he intended to perform with producer Mary Connelly. What was so outrageous that the CBS Standards and Practices deemed it unsuitable? Bill’s classic bit of cruelty was one of the reasons. It was noting that that would be the last thing Jesus would want to see if he was in his tomb. Whilst Bill was on tour) but it seems that the truly tasteless jokes not approved all of the segments he intended to perform with producer Mary Connelly. What was so outrageous that the CBS Standards and Practices deemed it unsuitable? Bill’s classic bit of cruelty was one of the reasons. It was noting that that would be the last thing Jesus would want to see if he was in his tomb. Whilst Bill was on tour) but it seems that the truly tasteless jokes not approved all of the segments he intended to perform with producer Mary Connelly. What was so outrageous that the CBS Standards and Practices deemed it unsuitable? Bill’s classic bit of cruelty was one of the reasons. It was noting that that would be the last thing Jesus would want to see if he was in his tomb. whilst the hypocrisy of every pocket of society and did so with great effect. If I’m talking to you and I can begin a sentence with a barely-suppressed burst of laughter, I’ve probably just thought of Hicks. What I mean by this is, Hicks was one of the few proponent of Hicks but despite this appearance being his twelfth in an eight year period (and despite him being terminally ill), the Network decided to cut out a huge portion of Bill’s bit. What was even more annoying was the fact that Bill had pre-approved all of the segments he intended to perform with producer Mary Connelly. What was so outrageous that the CBS Standards and Practices deemed it unsuitable? Bill’s classic bit of cruelty was one of the reasons. It was noting that that would be the last thing Jesus would want to see if he was in his tomb.

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