

HOW TO TALK DIRTY AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE — RABELAISIAN RE-AFFIRMATION FROM THE PRO-DEFAMATION LEAGUE

"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, proletariat 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-deek, debauched, chinless wanker who'd buy this shit? Say what you will about the commemorative mug, at least it's ornamental. Biscuits? People who buy this crap are the kind of people who use words like "piffle" and iron serviettes.

The concept of royal wedding biscuits unnerves me deeply. Every square inch of the product's packaging unsettled me more than the idea of John Sergeant leering over me with his tallywhacker out whispering 'Love me you whoopsee.' Will's lamp-jaw head, Kate's dead eyes; all framed with magnificent ornate swirls of.....well tacky as fuck swirly stuff. Fuck knows what 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 Newcomer" in its 2006 list of style winners and losers, but who the fuck died and placed her on a par with other biscuit-related heroes such as Rocky Robin and Winnie 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 a cool portmanteau like 'Brangelina.' (I've pondered this for ages too, the best offering being 'Kill Widdleton' which sounds like something Christopher Robin would say at the point of climax). The only aspect of the wedding that interests me is the prospect of that ginger bellend Harry dressing up as a member of the Gestapo and bringing shame to James Hewitt's good name.

Whereas some sub humans would no doubt find the rusk 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 on at a camera man and my intrigue was aroused moreso. The furore that surrounds little Wayne's outburst made **me** want to grab a camera and scream 'FUCKING COME ON!' Fucking come on Middle England. A spoilt urchin like little Wayne swearing, crow barred in-between the atrocities of the Middle East was like placing a box of biscuits replete with schmaltzy pictures of a Berkshire-based berk with her fiancé, in amongst Birdseye potato waffles and Colgate toothpaste. People take offense to a footballer swearing? Really?

Incentives such as Richard Scudamore's Respect laud 'decent behaviour' in their ethos - gentlemanly conduct and all that outmoded, traditional horseshit. Like any other doctrine, hypocrisy runs rampant through its tenets. You want football players to 'behave'? You want them to love their mums, enjoy a good roustabout with the chaps and say 'pish, posh and ballyhoo' to any body who thinks Enid Blyton doesn't write page-turners? Cut their obscene, *offensive* wages. Oh, and remind me - football is an otherwise squeaky-clean industry, right?

Apparently, behaving well amounts to 'not swearing.' Right, so let me understand: You want footballers to *Respect* the game and behave well and therefore little Wayne should be crucified for using an expletive? You know what I find offensive in football, besides John Barnes' rap in 'World in Motion'? The ubiquitous cheating.

I would happily sit my child down to watch a football match and see a sportsman snarling, foaming at the mouth and quite possibly spitting snot into his hands and rubbing it into his face as a result of the voracious passion he feels for the competition. I certainly wouldn't mind if a footballer played a blinder and in a rare moment of humanity harked some profanity to the camera shoved in front of him. I can think of far more offensive things to be caught on camera, Ann Widdecombe springing to mind instantly. What would chap my ass would be sitting a child down to watch fully grown men, who make enough money to buy out Heron Foods within a week, falling over deliberately to cheat the opposition and the sport. Is that having *Respect* for the game?

I'd cover Junior's ears if Andy Townsend was in the commentator's booth, but I wouldn't be so backward as to shield him from a bit of rich language on the field (I might have to make an exception if Big Ron was around). Why - I hear the Moral Majority cry? Well, chiefly because I'd expect my child to be a fully-fledged bi-ped sentient being and not an amoeba (I have high hopes for the young'in). If he takes offence to a bit of blue language I should tell him to 'Fuck right off.' I'd say, 'Son, the World is full of a lot of badness; politicking, jiggery-pokery, famine, war.Katie Price.' He'd look at me with those doughy eyes whilst I continued, 'Language is to be rejoiced son. Emotions and expression of these emotions should be encouraged. You know what offends me son? You see that cunt there? Yeah, the one who just put the ball past Steve Harper? Look at how he celebrates. is abhorrent.'

David Lee Roth opined in his (excellent) autobiography *Crazy from the Heat* that he was once ejected from a club in LA when playing with Van Halen for telling a joke. Now, jokes be offensive (just look at the text-in section of the Daily Star for some racially prejudice shit sent in by half-wits. Alternatively, catch Jim Davidson on tour) but it seems that the truly tasteless jokes that make the rounds once somebody famous dies for example, are lapped up, whereas socially conscious commentaries are objected to by some doily-loving fuddy-duddy. See, the nature of Dave's joke was this: he was quoting from a Lenny Bruce bit from Bruce's infamous Carnegie Hall show. This maybe explains why Dave was unceremoniously dumped out of the club, despite being the greatest frontman of all time. Bruce's career and life was mired by intervention from the law and assorted filibusters and he was placed on an obscenity trial right up to the time of his death (he was posthumously acquitted). Bruce sought to address common truths through his art but like any pioneer, he wasn't readily accepted by a society still playing catch up to his taboo-breaking. Lenny Bruce's art eventually imitated



his life as his shows became cathartic, undisciplined rants on the misery that had engulfed him by the powers that dictated what could and could not be said. Lenny died of a Heroin overdose, exhausted and depressed. What came out of this was another generation who were no longer afraid of broaching hitherto contraband subjects. This is what I'd call progression, which provides succor to the sadness for the loss of a great mind in Mr Bruce.

When DLR was thrown out of a club for retelling a Lenny Bruce joke, all of that was undone. He was telling a joke from 1961, in the late 80s. This showed how far we had not come. Like Dave said, 'You know you're semi-good lookin'.....' Wrong David Lee Roth quote.....erm, 'We've legislated human behaviour out of existence. We operate in the dark.' Don't talk about it and it doesn't exist. That's what it comes down to. Pixilate Wayne Rooney's mouth and foul-language isn't there. Why not just place your child in an elongated cardboard box and leave them under the stairs forevermore? Issue a court order to silence a visionary and their critique of a system of Governance does not exist. 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 bust wide open was William Melvin Hicks. Hicks too was a keen satirist; the self-proclaimed 'Chomsky with dick jokes.' He made it his MO to highlight the hypocrisy of every pocket of society and did so with unbridled fury. Whilst Bill was dying of pancreatic cancer, those nice folks at CBS invited Bill onto The Late Show with David Letterman. The Late Show was one of the few proponents 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 Practice deemed it unsuitable? Bill's classic bit about the wearing of crucifixes, noting that that would be the last thing Jesus would want to see if he came back. Who is that supposed to offend? Oh yeah, the Late Show sponsors, The Christian Lobby. Well you know what? I find the idea of stifling a free-thinker who took his message deeply serious up until his untimely death for the sake of sponsorship far more offensive than making a small jape concerning a sponsoring group. Look carefully at the joke. It's a clever observation on the contradictory and often bizarre conventions of religion. Ah, what's the use in defending the joke? I'd still find the actions of CBS far more offensive even if Bill had said 'Jesus was a minge.'

I clam up around minority groups. I can feel myself affect this condescending demeanour around their members whereby I either become overtly polite or repugnantly tactile, as if I'm Madonna touching an AIDS victim.

'Oh look, I'm not prejudice; I'll still touch you, you manky leper.' It sickens me. Even around coloured people I feel the heavy weight of white man guilt; 'Here, have a hearty smile. I'm not the devil! I love Richard Pryor!' Disabled people don't escape my disgusting proclivity either- I instantly adopt a 'proper' walk around those in a wheelchair so that they won't admonish me for dragging my feet and wasting my gift.' This is how I go about life. I actually think like this. By the same token, when I'm in the presence of a member of some minority group, or just somebody with an obvious ailment, I am often victim to these overwhelming impulses to scream something deeply offensive at them. I have no idea why - possibly because we're inherently drawn to do what runs counter to civil behaviour or what is deemed acceptable by society's standards - or can I not speak for everybody here?

I could even be in conversation with somebody I care deeply about:

Loved one - 'My dad's been feeling poorly lately. He's so unhappy. He's been to see a psychiatric nurse recently. I'm so worried about him.'

My inner voice - 'Oh, woe-is-fucking-me. Tell the miserable cunt to cheer up or just stab himself in the fucking heart you fugly gooch-face'

Yes, these reactions can take me off guard, but they never ever offend me or lead me to question my character. Truthfully, they often amuse me. If I'm talking to you and I ever begin a sentence with a barely-suppressed burst of laughter, I've probably just thought about telling you to go eat a bag of dicks. I have no problem with these impulses because they're just kneejerk reactions and nothing more. We're allowed to think what we like. Our inner voice is the only unfettered insight and it is nothing that will ever be compromised and is nothing to ever be ashamed of.

Regulatory bodies such as the Federal Communications Committee and frigid bitches like Tipper Gore have been ordained the moral arbiters of society. Who can possibly speak on behalf of an entire populace as to what is offensive? I certainly don't feel like I'm personally represented when I see Royal Wedding biscuits freely displayed down the Co-op without so much as a disclaimer that reads 'Caution - explicit contents.' It seems that my own perception of what is offensive is skewed compared to those that have the power to censor.

Like I said, life has this odd tendency to be subjective.

Things that offend me:

- Drivers too lazy to indicate
- Newsreaders trying to be funny
- The flippant use of the words 'legend,' 'genius' and 'awesome.'
- Patrick Kielty's career