

# **SPIKING THE SUCKER PUNCH**

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A Write Bloody Book  
Long Beach, CA USA

“I know that men are won over less by the written word than by the spoken word, that every great movement on this earth owes its growth to great orators and not to great writers. . . [The] power which has always started the greatest religious and political avalanches in history rolling has from time immemorial been the magic power of the spoken word, and that alone.”

—Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*

“Cool people suck shit.”

—Lynda Barry

## CLOWNS

There is a dark club full of hyenas  
barking at an empty stage.

Jon Lovitz replaced Phil Hartman  
on *News Radio* after one night when Andy  
Dick fed cocaine to Phil Hartman's recently clean wife,  
Brynn Hartman. Phil Hartman  
told Brynn Hartman that if she started using again  
he would leave her, so Brynn Hartman  
shot Phil Hartman and herself in the head.  
Years later, Andy  
Dick taunted Jon Lovitz about how Andy  
Dick caused Phil Hartman's death, so  
Jon Lovitz grabbed Andy  
Dick by the head and bounced his face off a  
comedy club bar.

David Foster Wallace wrote a very simple and  
easy to understand book called *Finite Jest*.  
Richard Pryor burns. Gilda Radner smolders.  
Andy Kaufman writhes on the ground with women.

Bill Hicks never gained mainstream popularity  
because he couldn't tell more dick jokes than  
jokes about the first Iraq War. Perpetually censored,  
Bill Hicks was diagnosed with cancer,  
taped a set on David Letterman, told more jokes  
about abortion than the battle of the sexes.

David Letterman pulled the segment from the show, and his friend Bill Hicks died a few months later.

Bill Cosby shot his shotgun mouth with a sleepy rage. Michael Richards does the same but his pellets are flaccid. Dave Chapelle walked away from millions of dollars because he couldn't control WHY the hyenas were barking.

In February 2009, David Letterman aired the censored Bill Hicks segment and publicly apologized to Bill Hicks' mother, Mary Hicks. She only half-accepted the apology.

At Kermit the Frog's memorial service, Miss Piggy had to run away from the podium at the end of his eulogy. Scooter told the congregation why we should live in the moment like Kermit did and then Scooter died of AIDS just two years later. Big Bird came out to sing "It's Not Easy Bein' Green" and for a moment it sounded as if there was a human being living inside of this giant yellow body, for a moment it sounded like this impossible real person was starting to crack and cry inside of this now trembling feathered body all because a frog didn't want to bother people by going to the hospital in time. Later, the ashes of someone named Jim Henson were scattered on a ranch in Santa Fe.

From the stage, you can't see the hyenas but you can hear them barking. Your job is to be meat dangling to tease out the barking. Your job, clown, is to be meat dangling dance for the canine scream that means that you're winning.

You're a failure if they think they can hear a real human being shivering and frightened inside your giant clown body. There's a two-drink minimum, tip your waitress, you'll be here all night you say, you'll be here all night sucking out the cackles daring death to just try and take you. And that's the joke, you know, life. Life is a wonderful joke. When Tina Fey was five years old, she was playing in her front yard, a man walked up to her and just slashed her across the face. When Stephen Colbert was ten, his father and two oldest brothers died in a plane crash on September 11<sup>th</sup>, 1974. Mark Twain tried to swallow an entire planet's imperialistic, selfish greed, stuff it inside a funny white suit. Then the daughter of Samuel Clemens died. Mark Twain kept working, Samuel Clemens stopped working. We go on, despite. Despite this, to spite this, in spite, we go on. It really is a wonderful joke. It's really quite hilarious.

## THE FOAM

The Foam seeped up through the floorboards.  
Soon the building would be consumed.  
Soon there'd be no need for soon.  
The Foam does not own a wristwatch.

Science created the Foam to kill Germans.  
The Foam cares nothing for Science!  
It will kill Germans eventually  
but only because the Foam is relentless.

If the Foam were the subject of a movie about the Foam,  
then the poster of that movie would say “The Foam”  
in big bloody letters with “The” written tiny and  
“Foam” written in all capitals (“F” actually being the  
smallest letter and “M” the largest), and there'd be a  
picture of the Foam behind “The Foam” and it would  
be absorbing a motorcycle while an attractive woman  
screams and a man in a leather jacket attempts to stab  
the Foam with a switchblade—but the Foam is not a  
movie! The Foam is real, so please be serious.

Police, marines, urban street gangs all try to stop the Foam.  
They uselessly fire bullets into the Foam  
but it is useless, as was mentioned earlier,  
the Foam consumes all into its sudsy maw.

A child playing picks up the Foam,  
puts it on his face,  
and pretends to be Santa.  
The Foam spares him and  
he will grow to be President of Everything  
in the post-Foam age.  
The Foam is only human.

Man prevails over the Foam  
thirty years after its conception  
and we will all succeed  
pretending to be Santa.

## ROCK, ROCK, ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

Right before I was born—  
I went to high school at the top of the Washington Monument.  
This was the late 70's—  
back when you either understood punk rock instantly  
or you didn't—  
and scaling the sleek walls of that capital donger every morning  
was more than a hassle in a leather jacket.

The pigeon shit up there got thick—  
but punk and  
high school and  
the 70's  
were all about moving so fast you couldn't assess  
damage or disco or whose *fuck you* was louder—  
the state to the world or  
you to the state  
of the world.

I don't think any of us even had other fingers—  
just big hard cocks shooting out the center of pale knuckles—  
fuck you fuck you FUCK YOU!

All my teachers were too coked out and harried to mark me late—  
being pretty was illegal—  
my cold shell was half sweat, half freedom—  
we all failed and graduated anyway.

Our smiles were stinking sneers—  
we wore our gym clothes in the snow—  
obliterating nature with attitude—  
Carter left the keys to his dick in his other pants.

For my science project, I punched my buddy in the mouth;  
his blood was my book report.  
Black and white skeletons  
esoteric Luddites  
pikes through our pussies, out our screaming faces  
electric pomp and  
similar circumstance.

1980, I was born.  
The partitioned cafeteria persists.