

# HUMOR

The people who count will get it

## It's all about the Benjamin Franklin

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Everyone has heard the song lyric "it's all about the Benjamins." Most people think this song is about money, but it's actually a tribute to Benjamin Franklin, who created gangsta rap in the eighteenth century. His career began in Boston, where his brother James owned a recording studio. Young Ben worked there polishing mixing boards. In 1723, James found Ben was using the studio to experiment with the sounds that would soon lead Ben to rap. James fired Ben and swore he would never work in Boston again. Ben ran away to Philadelphia and supported himself by entering rhyming contests for money. He soon became a successful hustler in this scene and had the idea of setting the rhyming to music. Philly society wasn't ready for this at the time, and Ben was booted off the stage at all of these early performances.

Discouraged, Ben left the colonies for London. There he hit bottom, developing an expensive opium habit, and provoking street fights with bums to make money. It wasn't long before Ben was arrested for the savage beating of a doctor in a back alley. In prison, Ben converted to Deism and overcame his opium addiction. With new resolve, he returned to Philadelphia in 1726. Ben devoted all of his time to his musical career. With new material inspired by the reality of life on the street, he put his rhymes to music; this time his audience heard his voice. He quickly earned the nickname Ben Jammin' and found a pro-

ducer willing to take a chance on him. In 1729, he released his first album, PA Gazette, but the reviews were all bad, and the label dropped Ben. He struggled for years, never giving up on his dreams. It was during this time he married his on-again-off-again girlfriend, Deborah.

In 1731 he started collaborating with other artists, influencing their sound while they helped him climb back into the public eye. By 1732, he was rapping under the name Po' Richard, with the hook that he was too poor to afford the o-r. This time, audiences and critics agreed and Ben began the most successful portion of his career, releasing an album every year for more than two decades. A scant four years later, Ben's son Francis was shot by rival rappers from Eastern New Jersey, starting the infamous East Coast/Delaware River rap war. Ben started performing regularly with a group of young musicians called the Union Fire Co. and toured with them in Philadelphia and the surrounding area. In 1737 he won the prestigious Postmaster award for his song, "Zip Your Code."

In 1742, Ben went back to school at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating in 1747 with a degree in Electrical Engineering. After the murder of Ben's father, he began traveling with a heavily armed posse for protection. Calling themselves the Militia, they were often considered overzealous for their treatment of stage rushers at concerts. In 1751 he released his first international album, "Experiments and Observations on Electricity." Some of the politically charged content of the album contributed to the already growing rift between the colonies and Britain.

In June, 1752, Ben was flying a kite at a concert when it was struck by lightning. This inspired the famous dance, the Electric Slide. The stunt became Franklin's trademark, and he made it the closer at every show.

In 1757 he embarked on a five year tour of the U.K. He returned in 1762 to a much different world. In his absence, imitators like Tom Paine and Ali Hamilton had taken over the colonial rap scene. Ben left again for Europe in 1764, this time touring France as well. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1769 to receive the lifetime achievement award from the American Philosophical Society, the 18th century equivalent of the Grammys. In 1774 Ben released his most controversial album to date, "The Hutchinson Letters." He took a strong pro-federalist stance and also made the mistake of saying he was "bigger than Jesus." The public turned on him; he couldn't get his music played on radio and couldn't get gigs in bars. He went back to London for nearly a year, returning in 1775, when he released what he intended to be his farewell album, "Articles of Confederation." This quickly rose to the top of the charts, and all unpleasantness from '74 was soon forgotten.

In 1776 he collaborated with Thomas Jefferson, or as he was known at the time, T. Jeffy, and other big names of the day on the album, "Declaration of Independence." The album is famous for the opening line "When in the course of human events," but Franklin actually wanted the opening line to be "If you like freedom let me hear ya holla." After its release, he left again for France to tour in support of the album. His fast-paced lifestyle caused him to contract gout, but this didn't slow him down. He released



Michelle Vera Surovic/THE BEHREND BEACON

Franklizzle chillaxin', blingin' and enjoying some phat beats thanks to electricity, invented by his friend Tesla.

the popular "Treaty of Alliance LP," and followed it with the "Treaty of Peace" in 1782. In 1784 he toured all of Europe. That was his most creative period yet, and he released many international albums in a short time span, including the only rap music ever released in Prussia. He returned to Philadelphia in 1785 and began finding new musical talent for what he was going to do next. In 1787, he founded his own record company and named it the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery. He would perform and collaborate here and there for the next three years, until he announced his retirement in 1790. Today Ben is living happily with his second wife, Porscha, and their two adopted children.



Where my knickers at?!

Website: of/the. Week

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

## Sex by chocolate

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It's true, folks! Chocolate is great for your sex life! That's why tons of men give women chocolate for Valentine's Day. However, these men are inherently stupid. They should just stick to flowers and teddy bears and keep the chocolate for themselves. They should know that women who receive chocolate as a gift are not going to share and most women don't get randy just from chocolate.

However, chocolate can be used for male sexual stimulation. But it seems as though men have

not figured out how to harness its power. History tells us that only a select few males have been smart enough to figure out that Mother Earth has Her own version of Viagra. One of these historical figures, Aztec Emperor, Montezuma, used to drink large quantities of chocolate before entering his harem.

Not that many men today have harems, even though some think they do. Word is that some men have a hard time pleasing just one girl. And now that the life expectancy of the average American male is around 70 years, that means that mid-life comes a lot later than it did in Montezuma's time. This means

that men are having sex later and later in life and they need to learn how to adapt. Since God didn't send any man packing equipment warranties, some guys need a little help every now and then from modern day science.

In today's economy it can be hard to afford the everyday necessities of life, let alone things like Viagra. So if the men around this country are finding themselves down and out, they should turn to a more wallet-friendly substitute: chocolate. And if Viagra was smart, they'd start working on chocolate coated pills. Wrapping them in red bows and cutting deals with florists wouldn't be a bad money making scheme either.

## Musings from Alaska

By Colin Haughey  
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In this particular article, I'll only divulge so much about my personal escapades, as I fear all would go rushing to Alaska after hearing of the incredible times to be had there. But in this particular case, I'll tell you all about the time with the ducks. For all of my life, I wondered a simple question, "Where did the ducks go for the winter?" And yes, of course, I'm quite aware that science says they fly south to warmer climates, but something just wasn't feeling right. I decided to go find out for myself what this phenomenon was all about.

The plan was simple. First, find a duck colony to assimilate myself into, and then become one with the flock. This wasn't going to be too hard, as there's an abundance of wildlife in Alaska, and growing up with this wildlife prompted me to learn the local languages, including bear, moose, caribou and most importantly quacknese. You may be asking yourself, how did Colin come to learn quacknese? But you have to understand, in Alaska, quacknese was essential to becoming accepted into the coolest group at school, which was of course, the ducks.

Man, I swear, in Alaska, everyone wants to be a duck; it's like the equivalent of your guy's "cool kids." And naturally, to be a duck, you have to sound like a duck. I remember back in high school, I eventually climbed the social ladder high enough to be part of the ducks, and I had one duck friend who really was a snob. His name was Afflack, and man was he a jerk. I remember when I asked him what the homework assignment was, and that's not asking too much right? He would always reply, real snooty like, "quack," like he was better than me or something. It always used to tick me off, but now that I think about it, he would always reply with a "quack," or sometimes, when he was feeling friendly, a "honk," so I guess that's just the way he was with everyone.

Tragically, I remember Afflack and I were walking home from school, and he had just been named prom royalty, when all of a sudden we heard this loud "boom." Well I guess I heard it, because Afflack was dead. That's the problem with being a duck in Alaska, people get hungry, and when people get hungry, people do crazy things, like get cravings for roast duck, and that was the last I ever saw of old Afflack.

But I'm starting to get off topic, so let's get back to the story. As I just went over, I had the essential skill of being able to communicate with the ducks; I just had to find a flock willing to accept me. And I'm not going to lie, I found one rather easily. How I came to do this was by constructing a duck costume using a little paper-mache, tape and some Alaskan ingenuity. Before long, I was suited up and ready to join the group, and by gum, I did. I joined a group that called itself the "flying V," and it would be an understatement to say these ducks are hardcore. These ducks would fly with only the most extreme of the extreme, so I knew I wasn't going to be able to mess around.

I practiced, and flew, and flew, and flew, but due to an error in human design, I was incapable of flying. It seemed so unfair; if someone puts their minds to doing something, they should be able to anything right? But for some reason I couldn't. I started to worry, because if the ducks realized I wouldn't be able to fly with them, I wouldn't be able to find out where they went, and that would make all of this effort go to waste, and I wasn't about to let that happen. So I closed my eyes, wished

with ALL my might, and eventually, the great fairy from the Aurora Borealis, named Foxxx Starbright came to grant me a single wish.

I forgot to tell you all that in Alaska, we don't have what is generally accepted as a "religion," but more of what you would call a "cult." In Alaska, we practice a religion called "Worshipping Anything that Gives off Heat," because in all honesty, it's F'n cold in Alaska, and in our religion, the highest figure is the Great Lord Foxxx Starbright, and her immaculate son, Niloc Yehguah. Anyways, when Lady Starbright came down from the Aurora Borealis to grant a single wish, naturally, I was thrilled. I pondered for about two seconds over what I wanted: x-ray vision, super strength to impress all the honeyz, mad skillz, or even just a nice pair of socks would be nice. Eventually, though, one over-powered over all the rest, and that was, of course, the ability to fly. So she granted me my wish, and I was overfilled with joy. I was finally going to be able to fly with my new-found posse, the "flying V." I was just in time, as it was only three days till the first snowfall (June 3 if you were wondering), and I was getting rip-roaring ready to go.

And go we did. We flew for days, and for the first few days it was glorious. We were free and full of spirit, ready to fly to a land where all would be free, and prejudice was no more, but as days went on, they turned into weeks, which turned into months, and it got boring. I started to think, "this being a duck business blows," and I decided to have a conference with the leaders of the flock. We talked for hours, and for the first few hours it was glorious. We were so free and full of spirit, ready to talk until all of our issues were resolved, and we could all hug one another over a nice soy-milk latte while holding hands and skipping the whole way there. But as the hours went on, they turned into days, which turned into weeks, which turned into months, and I started to think "this whole debating with the ducks blows," and I decided that I just wasn't curious enough to find out where they went, and I decided to go home.

The problem with going home was that I was both physically and emotionally exhausted, and by the time I got home, I was a smelly, gibbering, broken hearted, and spirited mind you, carcass of what I used to be. It took months of intensive therapy, counseling, and a little tender love and care to nurse me back to health. They asked me questions, like what was I doing pretending I was a duck? Did I really think that I could cut it in the cutting edge world of quacks and honks? Did I really think I was man enough to fly with the best of the best? But I knew in my heart I was right, and that while it seemed crazy, they could never understand the kind of heart and soul that went into this endeavor, the kind of beauty that you learn while living with these majestic creatures. I guess the moral of the story is to always go after what your curious about, unless it pertains to ducks, because they WILL wear you out, break you, and dehumanize you past all recognition, until you end up much like I did. Man just wasn't designed to cut it in the world of fast cars, loose women, and crazy lives of the ducks, and the sooner we understand that, the better off we'll all be for it.

Some ask, am I bitter about my experience with the ducks? And I just smile and nod my head. Of course I'm bitter, but it was a key experience in growing up in Alaska, and these are the kinds of things you have to learn how to do if your going to make it in the cutthroat land of the North. I have many more experiences of course, and maybe in due time, when I'm ready to let the world know the truth, I'll tell you some more.

## Quote of the Week

"Oedipus found out his mom was his mother." -John Bigus