

BY YANKEE DOODLE

CAN I BE REAL WITH YOU FOR A SECOND?

I know I'm gonna get in trouble for saying it, but fucking "PC culture" is killing this business. Back in the day, you could get away with *anything* in the nursery rhyme world, so long as it was funny. Me, I'd do my famous routine where I'd stick a feather in my cap and call it macaroni.

And let me tell you: That shit fucking KILLED.

No matter where I performed, everyone was all, "Yankee Doodle, keep it up!" I'd get fucking mobbed, and I was always like, "Mind the music and the step, guys," but secretly, I fuckin' loved it. Even the girls, everyone was like, "With the girls be handy!" Just, you know, encouraging me—meanwhile, girls are just *hurling* themselves at me. You know why? Because that was during the golden fucking age of nursery rhymes. When you didn't have to be afraid of offending anyone.

You could take *risks*. Because that's what real nursery rhymes do. I coulda stuck a feather in my cap and called it anything—penne, linguine, mostaccioli—but that's playing it safe. Me, I just decided to go there, because I always say what everybody's thinking, but is AFRAID to say. So I thought, "Fuck it." And pointed to my cap and...well, you know the rest.

Can you imagine doing that routine at a college these days? I was talking to my good friend, the Farmer in the Dell, and he said, "Don't play colleges, they're so PC." He should know—he's got this whole "take my wife" bit where, you know, he takes a wife, that's just absolutely fucking hilarious. But does that kind of stuff play anymore? No.

I try to bring my whole macaroni thing to a college, and two seconds later I'm getting protested about not being sensitive to gluten-free or whatever. All the celiacs start shouting and walking out, and everybody else misses out on a brilliant bit. Is that fucking fair? You've got no sense of humor, fine, but don't *cancel* me, dude. Fucking freedom of speech, right?

Since you're a civilian, I'll go through it with you: most people call it a feather, you know? People see a feather, and they're like, "Feather." But ME, I see things different, that's my *gift*. I see a feather, and I'm just straight up, like, "What if we called this feather the name of some noodle, right? A noodle...in a hat?!" Get real. I just don't see a world where

that joke doesn't *destroy*.

It's "PC culture" that's the problem. Let me define "PC culture" for you: "PC culture" is whatever makes me bomb night after night.

The legends couldn't work today. I'm talking, like, the Rockabye Baby Guy, who had that famous gag with the baby falling out of the treetop. Super heady, groundbreaking stuff. Can you imagine him trying that out in front of kids today? They'd be all like, "No. Don't push a baby out of a tree" and "I don't even see what the joke is here" and "Should we really be singing this song to babies?" And when you try to defend yourself, and it's just this complete mob going, "Boo! Get off stage you fucking asshole!" To Rockabye Baby Guy! One of the *greats*.

Look, I'm just saying: you wanna live in a world where the Little Teapot is "height challenged" and "curvy" or fuckin' whatever? Be my fuckin' guest. I'll take short and stout any day. Why? Because having to learn anything new requires admitting that I didn't already know everything in the first place, and that fucking sucks so I won't do it.

These days, half the time, I'm like "... macaroni!" and it's just fucking crickets. One guy in the back coughs. A fuckin' disgrace. So one of two things is true: either I haven't bothered to check in with reality for decades, or it's somehow trans people's fault. And my inability to self-reflect, in combination with an essential moral laziness, means that I'm ve-r-r-y fucking inclined to believe it's the latter.

Listen up for a second and learn from one of the greats. Here's a few things that are gold: sitting on a wall and having a great fall. Being a weasel and going "pop!" Calling a feather some kind of pasta. Insulting people with less power than me. Saying "fuck" so much that no one realizes I'm not funny, I'm just mad. Hating my wife, but I have a microphone. Hating women, period, but I have a microphone. Hating myself, but I have a microphone.

Also, a spider that is both itsy and bitsy.

I am *Yankee fucking Doodle*, and I WILL NOT BE CENSORED. ("Being censored" is when I'm less rich than I want to be.) **B**