

I HATE YOU ALL

By The Rev. Jonny Dark

Spewing mindless hatred for over twenty years

Greetings my fellow Americans, I know it's been forever since I graced you all with a glimpse of brilliant, poignant, social commentary that my columns always seem to be. I have to confess, I can't even blame laziness on this one. I simply haven't had anything to write about.

It's not like there aren't issues that could be discussed out there, we all know that's not the case. It's just that there's been this cloud of torn space/time continuum engulfing my skull for some time now that seems to be preventing all cognitive thought from making the right connections, and ideas have been put on indefinite delay.

From what I can gather, this phenomena first appeared around the time this country decided to elect an immigrant socialist who grew up to become a crooked Chicago lawyer into the white house, all because he was the coolest kid in class at the time. My theory is that the pride in my nation I felt for having the capacity to elect a black man as president collided violently with the knowledge that, said black man, is also the most ignorant, and unqualified one that could have been chosen. Also, I use the term 'black man' liberally here, we all know Kid Rock has more in common with the black community than this guy. Regardless, when these two forces slammed into each other, I vaguely remember the fabric of reality tearing about a foot and a half in front of my face, God poked his head out, pointed a finger at me, and laughed his almighty ass off. I've been talking like a skipping CD since then. Slowly, I am working my way through this.

It struck me that maybe I needed to remove myself from the situation entirely. Literally, I needed to get out of the country. Conveniently, I happen to have burned-out, stoner of a younger brother who somehow managed to weasel his way into a cushy, well paying job in Paris, France. Plans were made, appointments were cancelled, and a hasty, yet long overdue escape was underway. This would be the second time I've been there, both times I've have the fortune of having a relative living in the area. It's always nice to know a local to show you around, gives you have the opportunity to visit and see things without looking like a complete fucking tourist.

While over there, I came to the realization that Americans, in general, have a rather unfair outlook on the French people. We say they stink. We say they're rude. We say they hate us. However, the reality is, we are fucking jackasses. It's not that the French don't fit these descriptions, or at least some of them do, but more importantly, most Americans fit these descriptions.

The average Parisian doesn't really give a shit if you are American or not, they don't care that you're speaking English and walking around completely fucking lost. They simply want you to get the fuck out of their way so they can catch a train. Tell me that people using any mass transit system in any major city in this country are any different. That's not rudeness, that's irritation at ignorance.

Yes, some of them stink. But are you going to tell me that none of us do?

As far as them hating us, I can't really say, but I doubt it. The few that I met and got to know have no ill feelings towards us, nor do they know anyone who does. On the other hand, I can only name a few Americans I know that don't sneer when they talk about the French. Even though the majority of Americans I know have never met a French person in their life.

Anyhow, I decided I would write some points of advice and a list of things to do in order to survive a week in Paris. Granted, you may not be able to achieve everything on the list, but it's so worth it if you can.

1. **SMOKE HASH EVERY NIGHT.** No weed, no coke, no opiates, even though they are all readily available. Hash is the perfect drug for Paris. It's mellow, slightly sheik, cheap, and allows for a fun night of whatever you have in mind without the horrid stoner crash, jitters or complete lethargy the others may give you.
2. **HAVE SEX ON HASH.** I have to stress that you only do this one to three times. It's truly some of the best sex you will ever have in your life, but you don't want to get so hooked that sober sex doesn't cut it anymore.
3. **GET DRUNK ON NOTHING BUT CHAMPAGNE.** There's a reason that everybody raves about the French wines. It's because they are fucking fantastic, and cheap. You will spend about 5 euro on what would be a 120 dollar bottle of champagne. Buy a couple bottles and drink until you are fucking stupid, then wake up and bask in the total lack of hangover you are suffering.
4. **FORGET THAT YOU ARE AN AMERICAN.** It's harder than you think. Quit thinking about how much better or different we do things back home. They don't care, and neither should you.
5. **LEARN HOW TO CURSE IN FRENCH.** It's funny because you know that even if you master the word (or words), you still sound like a jackass to those you are saying it to.
6. **MAKE PEACE WITH THE PUBLIC TRANSIT SYSTEM.** The Paris RER is probably the best public transit system in the world; at least it's the best I've ever seen. Yes, it's confusing at first, especially since everything is in a foreign language, but calm down and take the time to figure it out. It will make everything so much easier.
7. **MAKE OUT IN FRONT OF EVERY POSSIBLE TOURIST ATTRACTION.** Because everybody has wanted to do it at some point or another.
8. **HOCK A LOOGIE OFF THE EIFFEL TOWER.** Because everybody has wanted to do it at some point or another.
9. **SMOKE CUBAN CIGARS.** Guess what? We are the only fucking country in the world that has a trade embargo against Cuba. Everybody else gets to sit back, light, and

smoke the most exquisite cigars in the world and smugly blow the smoke in our faces. You should do the same.

10. VISIT DISNEYLAND PARIS. More specifically, visit Festival Disney. Festival Disney is a group of shops and American themed bars located just outside the park. This may seem like a lame idea at first, and counter productive to the whole authentic French experience (which it is), but it might be worth your while. This is because there are Americans who work for Disney in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. These Americans (like said, burned-out, stoner brother) like to hang out in these bars after the show because they get drink coupons. The best way to get the ins and outs of Paris is to get chummy with Americans who have spent some time there. Enough said.

Well that's it. There are a million and a half ways to go about doing things in Paris, all of them probably just as good, if not better than this list. But, these are tried and true strategies that will guarantee a good time. Remember to keep you booze in ya belly and yer bullets in ye gun.

Love,

Jonny