

KONG of PAP

by Steven Augustine



KONG of PAP

-a concrete poem

-a critique

-a test

on the death of a famous

something in

2009

Kong of Pap:1

Multiple Choice

1. Is the overwhelming over-production of cookie-cutter encomia in the wake of a famous song-and-dance man's death a sure sign of:

- a. the triviality of encomia
- b. the triviality of life
- c. the power of consumerist brainwashing

2. If The Subject (in his quasi-military uniforms, aviator sunglasses, security phalanxes and exotic-animal-stocked mega-compound of remorselessly bad taste) effectively impersonated the African "strong man" dictator archetype, why? Because:

- a. the African "strong man" dictator archetype meme is ever-present
- b. the African "strong man" dictator archetype meme is a racist stereotype best confronted via infiltration, co-optation and subversion
- c. he who can, will

3. Would The Subject's apparent thing for little boys have been marginally less cringe-worthy if:

- a. society were more tolerant of alternative lifestyles
- b. The Subject's affectation of pre-adolescent enthusiasms didn't read like a blatant trap
- c. at least some of the little boys had been black

4. Which motto would best sum up the oxymoronic core of The Subject's presentation?

- a. inspiration by intimidation
- b. protective predation
- c. the red-herring of so-called blackness

True or False

1. Ludwig van Beethoven was a genius = John Lennon was too intelligent to be a genius = The Subject was too talented to be intelligent. **T/F**
2. Paradox: after 50 years of being saturated in Mass Media's radiation, the populace is not *less* naive/credulous about its machinations but infinitely moreso. **T/F**

Essay Questions

Is it cheaper to bleach black skin or remove it?

A: _____

Can we pity what we envy?

A: _____

Are the popular prodigies the easiest type of prodigy to come by? (ie, a child who can do surprisingly well what many adults can do considerably better; eg, a four-year-old who can perform rudimentary algebraic proofs, impressing the masses as being a manifestation of genius on a par with Einstein's, though the four-year-old's work, submitted anonymously to an over-worked junior high school teacher with credit problems, might earn an unceremonious "B")

A: _____

Did *Rock-n-Roll* itself morph from being a gifted black youngster to a banal white hag in roughly the same amount of time it took The Subject to make the journey?

A: _____

Kong of Pap:2

of eerie confluence

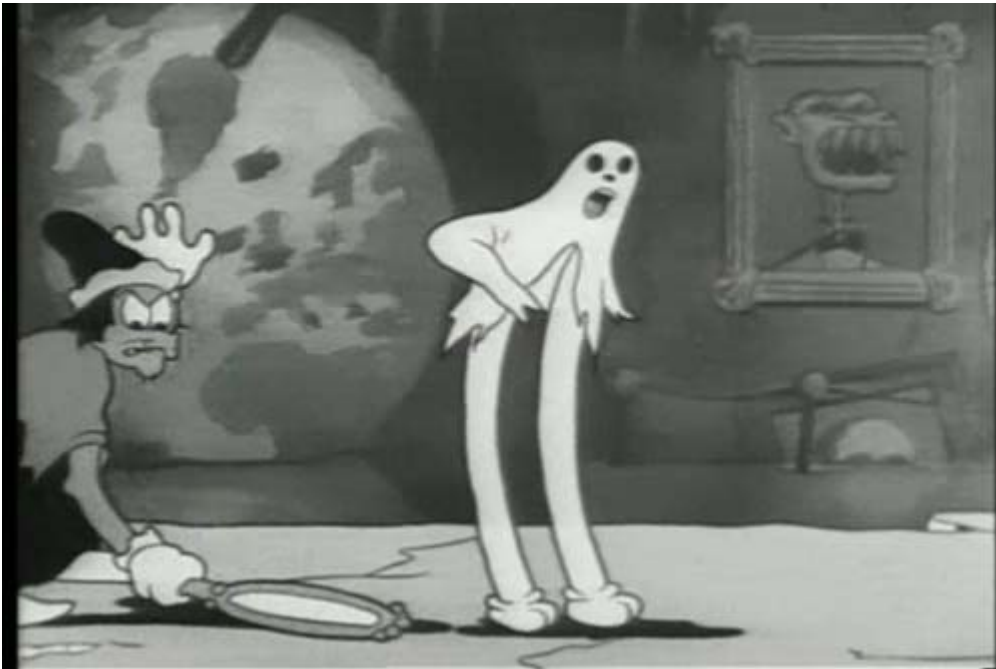
**Folks, I'm goin' down to St. James Infirmary,
See my baby there;
She's stretched out on a long, white table,
She's so sweet, so cold, so fair.**



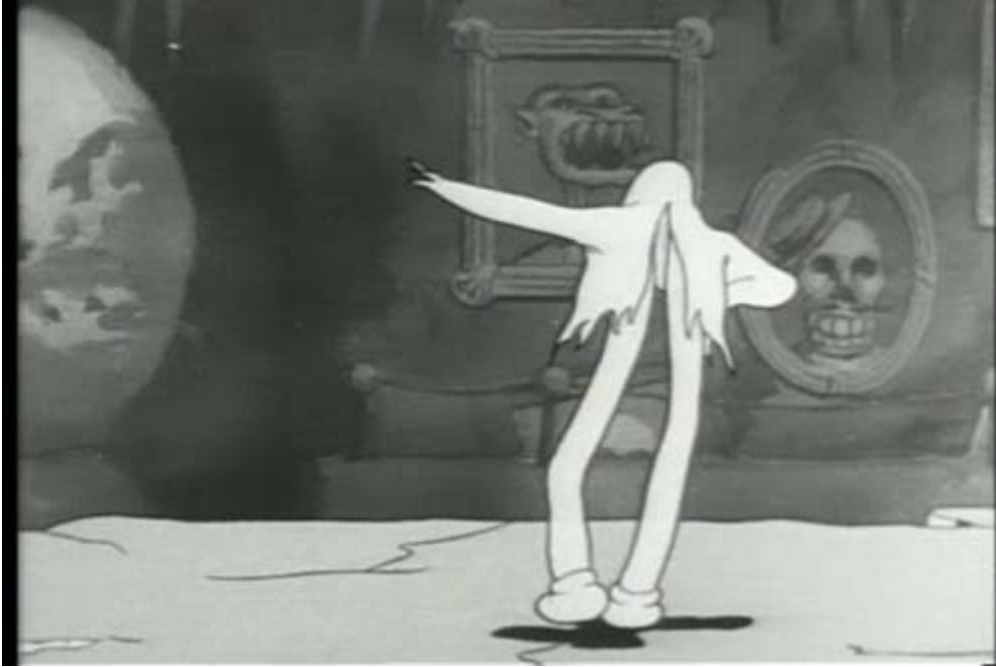
**When I went down to Old Joe's barroom
On the corner by the Square
The drinks we all served as usual
And the usual crowd was there**



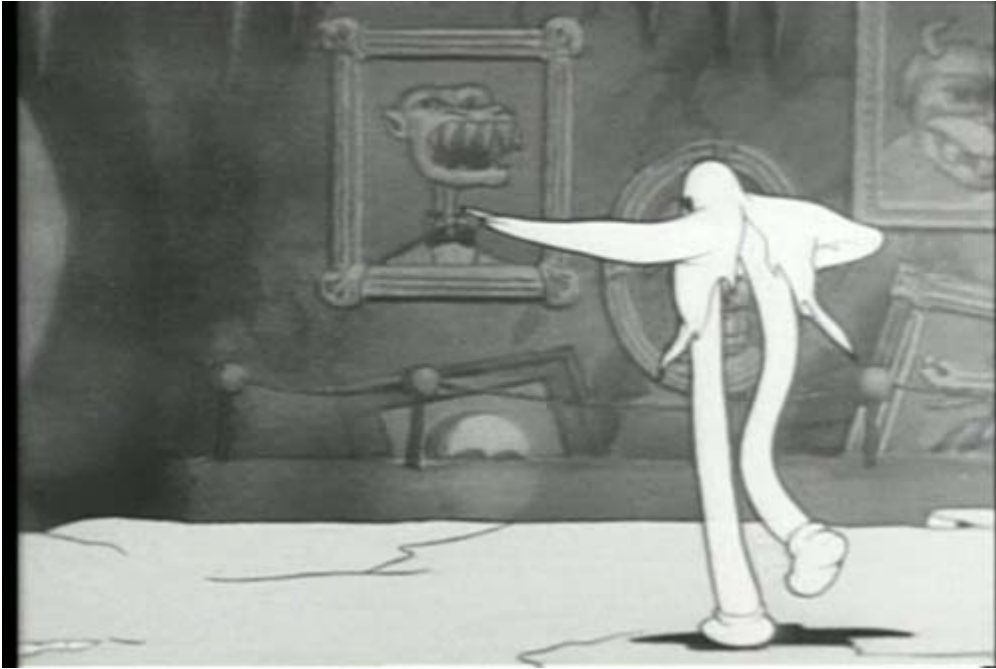
**Up to the bar I saw Big Joe beginning
With these eyes bloodshotting red
Gather round and now all you seen us
I'm gonna tell you just what Big Joe said**



**Now, when I die, bury me in my straight-leg britches,
Put on a box-back coat and a stetson hat,
Put a twenty-dollar gold piece on my watch chain,
So you can let all the boys know I died standing pat.**



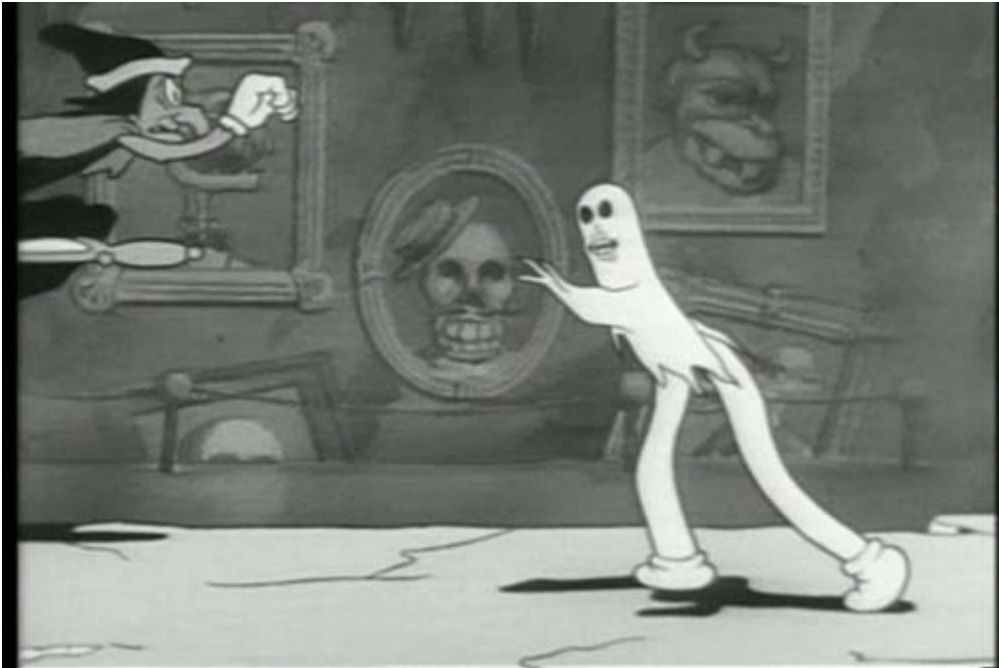
**An' give me six crap shooting pall bearers,
Let a chorus girl sing me a song.
Put a red hot jazz band at the top of my head
So we can raise Hallelujah as we go along.**

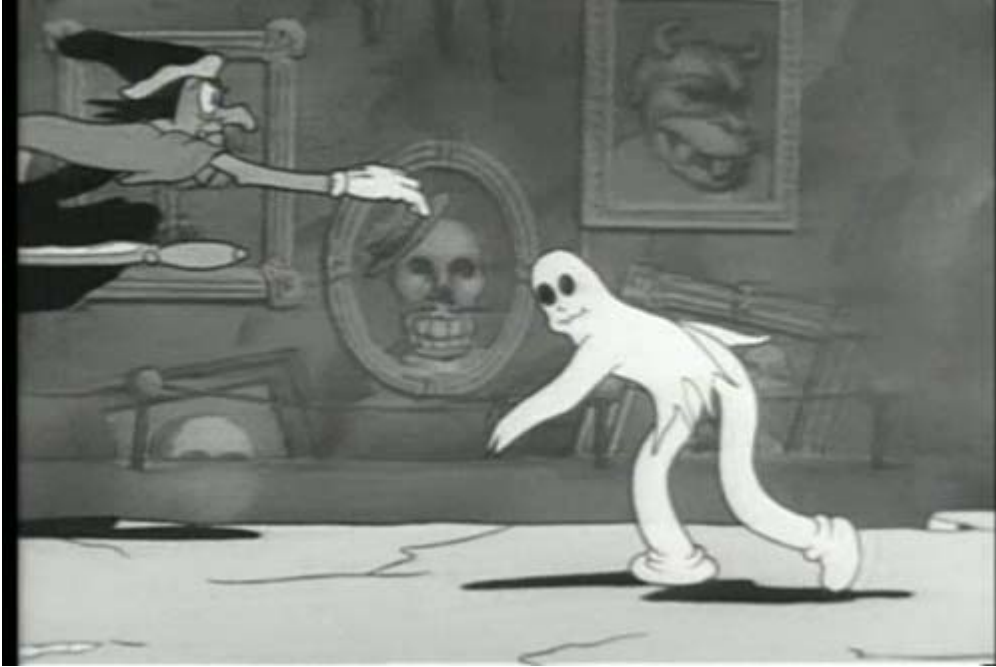


**Folks, now that you have heard my story,
Say, boy, hand me another shot of that booze;
If anyone should ask you,
Tell 'em I've got those St. James Infirmary blues.**



**Well, on my left stood Joe McKennedy
And his eyes were bloodshot red.
When he told me that sad story,
These were the words he said:**





**I went down to the St. James infirmary,
I saw my baby there,
She was stretched out on a long white table,
So cold, and fine, and fair.
Go ahead!**





**Yes, sixteen coal black horses
To pull that rubber tied hack.
Well, it's seventeen miles to the graveyard
But my baby's never comin' back.**



**And if anybody should ask you who's been singing
If anybody should wanna know who wrote this song
Just tell him Big Joe was here this morning
And he was here this morning, yeah, but now he's gone**



