

Weekly Breeze

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Coop De Ville Media

YOU ARE HERE

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THERE WAS A TIME when Thanksgiving was an actual holiday for me; when it was about turkey and stuffing and pilgrim attire and everybody putting their names into a hat for the Christmas grab bag. As you get older you become annoyingly aware of the history of all holidays and realize that they all have some sort of stringently W.A.S.P. beginning and/or curiously Christian interpretations... like Thanksgiving. The trick for any American to have any fun during the holidays is truly to forget about it's origins and concentrate on the commonwealth of family and friends it affords during the holiday season.

Yes, hundreds of thousands of Native Americans were raped, mutilated and ravaged at the hands of the Pilgrims which with whom they trusted enough to break bread with, but that's not the point... the point is... Price-line has excellent rates on airline tickets and rental cars with unlimited mileage.

With that in mind, what better place to exercise American delusion than... Las Vegas.

Ah, Sin City. I've lived in Los Angeles for six years now and I have never been to Las Vegas. No particular reason, I was just always



No matter where you go, that's where you'll be.

preoccupied and I never got the whole Vegas allure so it was always put on the back burner. But I have since acquired a fabulous new friend who resides in Las Vegas and just wouldn't
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THE CLOSING OF THE YEAR

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I REMEMBER ONCE on an episode of Ally McBeal when the Biscuit said that if you think of the past year and aren't moved to tears by either happiness or sadness than that year was wasted.

That's a lot of pressure to put on somebody huh?

Let's see. Ronald Regan died, the man who I deemed to be a modern day Hitler; though I oddly enough felt a little sad. Not for the tyrant who would have put me on the slab faster than he could say "AIDS does not exist", but for the father who lost his family and for the family who lost his father.

The Scott Peterson and Kobe Bryant shows. Both of which I think could have ended on a more positive note if either one of them would have put in even the slightest effort in not coming off like a complete dick wipe.

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COOL BREEZE Words of Wisdom

"Take a chance
you stupid ho"

-from "What You
Waiting For" by
Gwen Stefani

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What better place to exercise American delusion than Las Vegas.

"I LIKE THE IRONY THAT WE CELEBRATE THE SLAUGHTER OF NATIVE AMERICANS BY EATING TURKEY, THE ORIGINAL WHITE MEAT."



I fell in love with a mariachi band in San Diego.

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have me celebrating Indian Slaughter day alone.

A couple of clicks on Priceline, and five hours later and I was in Vegas baby! For somebody as granola and anti-capitalistic as myself, Las Vegas just seemed like this huge playground to me. It was an opportunity for me to drop my "we-need-to-enlighten-ourselves-and-find-spirituality" shtick and just sit back and enjoy the pretty colors of materialism. I saw pretentious high rollers, beautifully hollow women for display and sell, bottles of liquor that cost thousands of dollars, and instead of grabbing a hold of my charka and preaching about the integrity of the human spirit, I just sat back let the lavishness roll over me.

It was a Naomi Campbell moment.

There was a brief moment, however, in which my bleeding heart liberalism got the best of me. I got into quite the heated debate in which I argued that the video game "Grand Theft Auto San Andreas" was one of the causes of the decline of Western civilization. I guess I should preface this by saying that I had partaken in quite a bit of rum a couple of tokes of herb... hey, it's natural. But even high I couldn't agree with the exploitation of black on black crime for profit.

It got me thinking about my sensibilities and my personality. Both my brother and I have wondered exactly why I am attracted to certain isotopes that seem to be at

such opposite poles from my upbringing. It suddenly occurred to me, that my rough upbringing is the exact reason why I am drawn to such fantastically smooth delusions. I grew up in the projects, I ducked gun fire, I saw beat downs, I got beat down, I remember when the El Rukins and the Gangsta Disciples had the block on lock, my family finding something to hide under every New Year's Eve when thousands of shots whirred in our neighborhood, seeing my mom's bloody elbow when she fought off some dude who tried to take her purse on 37th and Cottage Grove; dude... fuck, no wonder I don't want to play a game like Grand Theft Auto San Andreas. I've seen enough of niggas killing niggas, give me a Tori Amos song, a Toni Morrison book and a cup of coffee and I'm fine. No wonder I'm inclined to Bjork-like delusions of grandeur... niggas ain't getting shot there, just Icelanders with swan dresses.

Thanks in no small part to my job, I've done a lot of traveling this year; nothing big, no tropical forests or anything like that, but I did get to see San Diego and I had a blast. I stayed in this cool Hacienda in Olde Towne and ate at this authentic Mexican restaurant and was serenaded by a mariachi band. I have never seen a live mariachi band nevertheless been serenaded by one. I fell in love each one of them. I also hit San Francisco, a.k.a. the best fucking city in the country... outside of maybe New York. I guess I have

been under a rock but I have never heard of Ashbury and Haight nor did I know hippies used to hang out in San Francisco. The minute I got off the plane I knew that this city could speak to my heart. It's a city that seems to be in this constant state of artistic renaissance, a place where the avante garde is still appreciated and politics is on every one's to-do list. A place where I could grow nappy dreads and toke of the herb and Tori Amos songs on my guitar and speak of Cicely Tyson as God and... fit right in.

God willing, I'll do a lot more traveling in the future. I'd love to see New Orleans and Atlanta and I've got people in New York and Maryland. And of course, there's always Chicago, my hometown. Sandra Bernhard once said that Los Angeles can be a bit cold and alienating but it forces you to stick to your guns and be resourceful. Truer words have never been spoken. Through each of my little travels I have gone on this year, it seems a piece of essence solidify and refused to be washed away by geography. I like to have a good time, I like to tell dirty jokes, I like to get drunk, I like to fuck dudes, music is important to me, art is important to me, my family is important to me, I hate being broke, I hate black on black crime, I like the irony that we celebrate the slaughter of Native Americans by eating turkey, the original white meat. That's who I am.

And no matter where I go, that's where I'll be.

(CLOSING, from page 1)

Rodney Dangerfield passed. I always respect him.

The Source awards sadly proved once again why the word “nigger” is still on existence.

The best friend who I used to work with has turned into the annoying bitch from hell with whom I share my office with.

Another best friend who I used to make out with when I was drunk and bored has turned into the Republican pro-life best friend who I think I should keep at arm's length.

An old friend of mine just went through gastric bypass surgery. I'm up to 337 pounds... seriously.

Was in love with somebody, broke up with them, got back with them, broke with them again, because he didn't call for four fucking days, have been doing my damndest lately not to call him and see how he's do-

ing... because I'm a masochist.

Got a bed, a DVD player and a microwave oven; my first of all three since moving out on my own twelve years ago. Still don't have a car but I can eat microwave popcorn in my bed while watching “Sweet Charity” and that has to count for something.

I saw Prince live at the Staples Center in May and truly found religion. His name is Prince, and he is funky.

Painted one of my walls a color referred to as “Chocolate Sparkle”. I enjoy that in the sunlight it is the exact shade of melted Chocolate, but mostly I enjoy the fact that my wall has a drag queen name. A good friend of mine and I use jazz hands when we say the name and we pronounce it “Chocolate Spurkle” with the fag lisp. We're making a mix tape for my wall filled with old tunes by Sylvester, the Weather Girls, Van Halen.

Rekindled my love for

the east coast when friends of mine came to visit from there; dude, I've got to get to New York.

Reestablished my relationship with my extremely estranged brother.

Cut off contact with a couple of my booty calls. Well, all of them actually. One stood me up three times (yes three times) in a row then actually thought there was going to be a fourth. Blocked his number. Another showed up, out of the blue, at my front door, asking for some ass. He was lucky I don't carry a gun anymore. Another wanted me to piss in his mouth, which I did, and it was ok, and I just never wanted him to touch me afterwards.

Finally got rid of my “birth control” glasses and got some “sexy people” glasses.

Ah, I could go on, but I'm starting to get teary eyed, and I can't see the monitor.



The best friend who I used to work with has turned into the annoying bitch from hell with whom I share my office with.

“WE’RE MAKING A MIX TAPE FOR MY DRAG QUEEN WALL... FILLED WITH OLD TUNES BY SYLVESTER, THE WEATHER GIRLS, VAN HELEN.”

GHETTOSEXUALITY

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IN THIS EVER changing world of fads and fashion, let us take a moment or two to acknowledge the phenomenon that is Ghettosexuality. In the simplest of terms of terms it is the sexy parts of ghetto life. That crack above a brother's droopy pants, the hard nipples poking through his oversized t-shirt, the toothpick in between cumu-

lus lips, the pimp/swagger, the gleam off of freshly done corn rows, that sort of blurry eyed, dreary haze some brothers seem to be in when they are talking about anything but sex. James Earl Hardy touched on it in his “B-Boy Blues series.” Destiny Child's video for “Soldier” is a video testament to Ghettosexuality.

It is a potent, untapped

natural essence that exudes from a certain socio-economic status. Now mind you, some folks are just ghetto and not sexy. And then there some folks who are sexy and not ghetto. Ghettosexuality is the perfect balance of looking intrinsically sexy while eating government cheese. You know

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Love is the last great taboo.

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BOY WONDER

© Breeze Vincinz

Disappointed by the
lack gold on my fingers
Do you know yet that shit
that you buy never lingers

Do you know diamonds
won't help you improve yourself
Disappointed by the lack of books
on your gold shelf

Pedestals are too high
And the corners too low
to take off flying
But you'll never know

My little prince with a beeper
My honey covered bee keeper
My boy wonder without a clue
Wonder how a boy could ever love you

From "Life As A Boy" by Breeze Vincinz
www.cafepress.com/eroica

(GHETTO, from page 3)



**How much do you
think white
women will pay to
get 50 Cent's
dick?**

that brother
up the street
who doesn't
do anything
all day but
sling rock by
the liquor
store or
BeBe's little
boy who's
starting to get
a little mus-
tache and
chest or
Malik's father

who just out of jail... all of them got
Ghettosexuality.

It's a distant cousin of Jungle
Fever. With Jungle Fever it's the
curiosity to explore the sexuality of
someone of another race based on
stereotype. Ghettosexuality is the
truth of the stereotype of the virile
young black man in a cruel and rac-
ist world made real. It's the allure of
the heat and the anger of a frus-
trated black man transfigured into
raw sexual energy, carnal voracity,
carnivorous aphrodisiac.

Now those in the know, know
that Ghettosexuality has been
around as long as the projects. And

we also know mainstream always
comes slumming to ghetto to find
the next pet rock to sell off to
America as being "in", be it our big
lips, our big hips, our survival tech-
niques or our blow. You best be-
lieve our Ghettosexuality is going
to be next on the list of things to
profit from; movies with white
boys in baggy dungarees with a flat
ass crack above, eating government
cheese, Paris Hilton Crip Walking.
It's funny to think about but white
women have paid millions of dollars
to get Jimmy Walker's lips. How
much do think they'll pay to get 50
Cent's dick?