

as it should have been, a rush of ideas and sounds all mashed and diced. I recorded it on my laptop, vocals in the bathroom with a \$100 mike.

Then I think about all the creative people I know, the ones who didn't take shorts, the ones who studied and trained, all the works I've absorbed that do things my own stuff can't touch... I think about these people and start to suspect *I suck.*

But if the mac sucks, we have a problem. And I am the mac. So, ergo, I don't suck. I thought I settled that in the first paragraph (see above).

I think this press release has been very informative. Essentially, by revealing my own state of mind as it pertains to making this work of ... whatever it is... I have attempted to present myself trying to understand myself, to understand what it is I have made and, more importantly, why. You can hear some echo of this state of mind in yourself. It's not really about me. Who hasn't wondered why they do what they do?

Or maybe not. Maybe you never thought you were the mac. Or maybe you do right now. If you do, then I guess, instead of getting some buzz for my show and CD with this long-winded weird press release for my long-winded, weird record, I will have to battle rap every fucking blogger on the internet who dared to thing he or she was the mac (or macette). *Prepare to catch a beat down!*

But there is so much garbage pumped out by the entertainment industry while classical arts and these damn serious novels grate, all these narrow perspectives and formulas and predictable garbage over and over again. Not me, man: I rock the fucking house.

Alright I gotta go shovel some manure. Should have mucked that stall out a month ago and I need the manure on the field before it rains cause I won't be able to drive the truck on the hay field after I reseed. Got it?

I'm out. Hit me up. Thanks for listening. Stay in touch.

emcee Will E P

willep.com

Press Release

for THIS POUND OF FLESH by emcee Will E P or some shit
with the main point being that this

Press Release

is so fucking good it'll probably will a Pulitzer Prize for

Press Releases

"Except there ain't not Pulitzer Prize for PR."
Now that you mention it, no, I can't recall anyone willing a prize
for that. I mean, **IF** there were a Pulitzer Prize, this

Press Release

would win one.

In fact, this press release is so good I should write a

Press Release

about the

Press Release

The CD, the live show, they all may not be to your liking.
You'll still have this

PRSSS RLEAS

Dear Everyone,

This *press release* is succinct and clear, giving you, the recipient, what you expect and need to know about the enclosed project THIS POUND OF FLESH by emcee Will E P. Yes, streamlined, elegant prose, easy to read and digest, tailored to the needs of business-like, busy people (such as yourself). However, on the other hand, if at any point this letter seems to meander, become opaque or somehow seem just plain off or twisted to you, that reflects some deficiency on your part. In short, I'm like a fucking press release Hemmingway, just so you know.

Now that we got that cleared up, let me tell you what you got here: THIS POUND OF FLESH by emcee Will E P. I know it says the title and artist name on the cover of the CD but the font is kind of hard to read. Should I repeat it?

We're making progress. Now, what do the POUND and the the FLESH in the title refer to? Yes, right, cannibalism. Human flesh. Consumed by other humans. That is one of the main themes of this project (project means the CD, live show, and verbose press release you are chewing on now). Other areas covered include internet porn, burning heretics at the stake, worshipping the atomic bomb, the US constitution, a baboon attempting to open a can of corn, and how one might get one's car back home is one's driver's seat has been stolen right out from under one's ass. Did I mention this was a rap record? No? I think I did.

Now, the artist. That would be me. I am *a fucking clown*. Look at me, acting a fool on stage, writing press releases that go on and on. How can I maintain my dignity and still put on a monk's robe and stomp around rapping about eating human flesh? What kind of a fucking fool am I?

The only way I have found to maintain my inner-peace and dignity in the face of self-imposed explosions of "interesting" behavior and "unique" artistic work, the only consolation that keeps me going as I look at myself in the mirror is that, despite of all the apparently odd things I do, despite of all the mistakes I've make, regardless of all the poor decisions and missed chances, never-minding the possibility that my attempt to express my quirky world view will only expose me to ridicule, that this kind of activity can only hurt my life which

is apparently perfect in every way (harmony in the family, money, success in business, health... working through mistakes, I have it all now)- thinking through all of that I only find comfort and consolation in knowing that I am, in fact, the best mutherfucking emcee on planet earth. And if not, I write a mean *press release*.

That's what kind of fucking fool I am: an arrogant one.

Well, we've covered a lot of ground and I still haven't told you shit about this record or really any kind of facts or information. Okay, here's some fucking information: I made records in 1985 through 1993 (see arbrecordings.com). I loved hip hop and still do. It is one of the great American, pop art forms, like jazz before jazz became classical and was still good. The only problem with hip hop is that 99 percent of it sucks. When it was good, back in the day, only 75 percent sucked. Even within the songs that don't suck, there are parts that do. I know, I'm asking for trouble.

I like the collage music, cutting and beating up existing music. I like the word play. The rest (clothes, trends, hits, all the hip hop bullshit) doesn't interest me.

Now that's all kind of theoretical, like out of some Village Voice article in 1991 talking about the deconstruction of the form and the send up of stereotypes and the trickster as artist, all about some record that when you put it on it's, "Shake that thing, come on, shake it." What?

The difference between me when I wax theoretical on pop and rap and when this idealized writer in this prototypical 1990s Village Voice article does the vary same thing is that *I am the mac*. This is just the *press release*, you see. The actual work is the project- my own original oil and pen artwork, my own design of the packaging, my own work setting up the website, me filming and editing the videos I use in the live show, do all the music, no engineer (you can tell that, right, by listening?), doing all the vocals, performing live solo, booking the show, doing this press release... all while doing my job, providing for my family, taking care of kids, with no one telling me to keep going, no collaboration, no input... no one does this... yet I did it and the work is stunning, original, taking the genre and re-imagining it, hip hop