A SHORT STORY BY MICHAEL PARKER

In the song "Ain't Gonna Bump No More No Big Fat Woman," by Joe Tex, the speaker of the narrative of this song, a man previously injured before the song's opening chords by a large, aggressive-type woman in a disco-type bar, refuses to bump with the "big fat woman" of the title. In doing so he is merely exercising his right to an injury-free existence that ensures him the ability to work and provide for him and his family if he has one. I don't know it doesn't ever say. In this paper I will prove there is a hidden meaning that everybody doesn't get in this popular Song. Saying or Incident
from Public Life. I will attempt to make it clear that we as people when we hear this song we automatically think "novely" or we link it up together with other songs we perceive in our mind's eye to be just kind of one-hit wonders or casual lacking a serious point. It could put one in the mind of, to mention some songs from this same era, "Cowboy" or "Duck Duck." What I will lay out for my audience is that taking this song in such a way as to focus only on its commercial side, which is it really funny nevertheless that is a serious error which ultimately will result in damage to the art in this case. Joe Tex as to the listener, that is you or whoever.

"Three nights ago I was an advent." (Tex, line 1.) Thus begins the song, " Ain't Gonna Bump No More Big Fat Woman" by the artist Joe Tex. The speaker has had some time, in particular three full days, to think about what has occurred to him in the incident in the disco-type establishment. One thing and this is my first big point is that for certain you wish. Whenever Jeremy and I first broke up I was so ignorant of the situation that had led to us breaking up but then a whole lot of days past and little by little I got a handle on it. "The Speaker in "Ain't Gonna Bump No More Big Fat Woman" has had some time now to try to even make that the events that occurred roughly three days prior to the song being sung. Would you not agree that he sees his life more than? A lot of the Tellers in the stories you have made us read this semester they wait a while then tell their story thus knowing it by heart and being able to tell it better than a "I" narrator you are always talking about some kind of "discrepancy" or "picks of awareness" where the "I" acts as they know themselves but what the reader is supposed to get is they really don't. Well, see I don't think you can basically say that about the narrator of "Ain't Gonna Bump No More..." because when our story begins he comes across as very close-headed and in possession of the "facts" of this case so to speak on account of time having passed thus allowing him wisdom. So the first thing I'd like to point out is Treatment of Time.

there is a hidden meaning

that everybody doesn't get this particular Song. Saying or Incident from Public Life. What everybody thinks whenever they hear this song is that this dude is being real ugly toward this woman because she is sort of a big woman. You see always talking about how the author, or in this case the writer of the song, is a construction of the culture. Say if he's of the white race or the male gender when he's writing he's putting in all these attitudes about say minority people or women without even knowing it, in particular ideals of femininity. Did I fully understand you to say that all white men authors basically want to sleep with the female characters they create? Well, that might be one area where you and me actually agree because it has been my experience based upon my previous relationships especially my last one with Jeremy that men are mostly just wanting to sleep with any woman that will let them. In the song, "Ain't Gonna Bump No More Big Fat Woman," let's say if you were to bring it in and play it in class and we were to then discuss it I am willing to bet that the first question you would ask, based on my perfect attendance is, What Attitudes Toward Women are Implied or Explicitly Expressed by the Speaker or Narrator of this Song? I can see you right now at the board. That Lindsay girl who sits up under you practically, the one who talks more than you almost would jump in with, "He doesn't like this woman because she is not the slender submissive ideal woman" on and on. One thing and I'll say this again cause Evaluation time is you ought to get better at cutoff people like Lindsay off. Why we have to listen to her go off on every man in every story we read or rap song you bring in (which, okay, we know you're down) with Lauren on or whoever but it seems like sometimes I could just sit out in the parking lot and listen to 102 JAMZ and not have to climb three flights of stairs and get the same thing. 错误
in beyond me seeing as how I work two jobs to pay for this course and I didn't see her name up under the instructor line in the course listings plus why should I listen to her on the subject of men when it's clear she hates every last one of them? All I'm saying is she acts like he's taking up for the oppressed people when she goes around suppressing right and left and you just stand up there letting her go on. I am about sick of her mouth. Somebody left the toilet running. I say to the girl who sits behind me whenever Lindsay gets cracking up on the subject of how awful men are.

Okay at this point you're wondering why I'm taking up for the speaker or narrator of "Ain't Gonna Bump No More" instead of the big fat woman seeing as how I'm 9'7" and weigh 149. That is if you even know who I am which I have my doubts based on the look on your face when you call the cell and the fact that you get me. Melanie Buddist and Amanda Wherle mixed up probably because we're all always here, which you don't really seem to respect all that much. I mean, it seems like you like somebody better if they show up late in half the time like that boy Sean. B- read quite and C- kind of on the heavy side. To me, that is what you call a supreme irony the fact that you and that Lindsay girl spend half the class talking about Idols of Beauty and all and how shallow men are here, then you tend to favor all the dudes and chicks in the class which could be considered "hot" or as they used to say in the seventies which is my favorite decade which is why I take a song from that era, "It's Fine." So, supreme irony is employed.

As to why I'm going to go ahead and go on record taking up for the Speaker and not the Big Fat Woman. Well, to me she was just minding her own business and this woman would not leave her be. You can still in the lines, "She was nice to go, that chick was cute to go" (Tex. lines 14) that she has got some respect for her and he admires her skill on the dance floor. It's just that she throws her weight around, internally. To me it is this is the wrong. The fact is she's overweight or is the speaker says."I don't have anything to do with it. She keeps at him and he says, "I told her to go to leave me alone I'm not going down! You done lost my huidence." (Tex. lines 25-27) She would not leave him alone. What she ought to do whenever he said no was just go off with somebody else. I learned this the hard way after the Passage of Time following journey and my repentance. See I sort of chased after him calling him all the time and he was seeing somebody else and my calling him up and letting him come over to my apartment and cooking him supper and sometimes even letting him stay the night. Well, if I only knew them then I don't know what I would do I would do big. Big Fat Woman would not leave the Speaker in the song which might or might not be the Artist for Tea Alone. Also who is to blame for her getting so big? Did somebody put gain to her hear and force her to eat milkshake from Cookout? Journey whenever he left made a comment about the fact that I had definitely fell pay to the Frederick Fifteen or whatever. In high school whenever we started dating I was on the girls softball team I weighed 130 pounds. We as people nowadays don't seem to want to take responsibility for our actions if you ask me which I guess you did by assigning this paper on the topic of Analyzer's Hidden Meaning in a Song, Saying or Incident from Public Life which that particular topic seems kid of broad to me. I didn't have any trouble deciding what to write on though because I am crazy about the song, "Ain't Gonna Bump No More." and it's true as my paper has set out to prove that people take it the wrong way and don't get its red meaning also it employs: Treatment of Time and Supreme Irony.

One thing I would like to say about the assignment though is okay, you say you want to hear what we think and for us to put ourselves in our papers but than on my last paper you wrote all over it and in your Ending Comments that my paper lacked clarity and focus and was sprawling and not cohesive or well organized. Well, okay I had just worked a shift at the Coach House Restaurant and then right after that I shifted to the Evergreen Nursing Home which this is my second job and I was all night writing that paper on the "Tell-Tale Heart" which's fault is that I can hear you saying right now. Your right. I ought to of gotten to it earlier but all that aside what I want to ask you is okay have you ever
"Ain't Gonna Bump No More No Big Fat Woman" says no to the Big Fat Womanic part because she once time he did get up and bump with it. Did a thing, almost broke my hip. (p. 10, Sec. 5) Dancing with this particular woman in action of her size and her aggressive behavior would clearly be considered risky or even hazardous to the speaker's mental health. Should she have gone ahead and done what you and Lindsey wanted him to do and get up there and dance with her because she was beautiful on the inside and he was willing to throw the trajectory of typical dance party or wherever he could have ended up wanting you, not being able to provide for his family or how you even want to make sure that we can see his health? Or should he be held to say instead and be able to get up the next morning and go to work? I say the latter one of those choices is the best one partially because my Daddy has worked in Remo Mills for twenty-one years and has his mind on a single day which to me is saying something. I myself have never missed a single one and I can still think through you put all that in this syllable about showing up basically I'm sort of fed up. For doing what right? You'd rather Son come in all age and sew and work and play down in front of you and tell him that way you can get at the burned way in which his Daddy probably paid for and my back the same things you say only translated into his particular language which I'd hardly know what he's even talking about where those big words that is. Last day even know who his music. I mean, between him and Lindsey, my God, I found it whenever he said, "It's like the old-fashioned, filigree, being going from the outside out," talking about that one lady in the "Yellow Wallpaper." Whether if you ask me her problems was she needed a shift emptying beds in the nursing home water that selfish bitch that's her time. That little boy's mother in the "Killing Horse Woman," you'd rather Son or Lindsey respect all your so-called rules and hand them some in later so you say everything they say is something you already see of mind. What you want is for everybody to A. Look his and B. agree with you. A good thing for you to think about is, tell us you were in a disco-party establishment and approached by a big fat man. Let's say this dude was "hanging down, he was ready to go." Okay, you get up and dance with him once and he nearly breaks your hip. He bumps you on the floor. Would you get up there and dance with him again? My Daddy would get some with all and sit in this one chair with this reading lamp switched on and sitting in his lap even thought I never saw him read a word but "The Tragedy" which was all advertisements for used beer and trucks and...
canter cups and tools. He went to work at six, got off at three, ate supper at five thirty. The rev of the night he tax in that chair drinking coffee with that late light in his ba he would stop me and my visitor Connie whenever he thought he was lying about som ething. If we didn't say anything how could we be lying we appapped talking. He hardly ever said a word to me say whole life except, "If all mind your moma." Whenever I first met Jeremy in high school he'd call me up at night, we used to talk for hours on the phone. I never knew exactly how to talk to anyone like that. Everything this happened to me, it was interesting to Jeremy in a way he asked much as it was. He would say, "What's up, girl?" and I would say, "nothing", or sometimes "nothing much" and he would say anything was nothing and being nothing. But then he'd say, "Well, what did you have for supper?" and he'd sound weird because some boy would ask him what I had for supper. I would cry and cry. Then there'd be that subtle thing you knew when you're crying and the boy's like what is it what did you say and you didn't know how to tell him he didn't do anything wrong you just love him to bits and pieces just five calling you up on the phone. On you don't want to NG let him know that nobody ever asked you such a silly thing as what did you eat for supper and neither can you come out and just straight tell him. I never got asked that before. Sometimes my life is like this song comes on the radio and I've lost the words but then the chorus comes along and I only know the first like two words of every line I'll come in midway say around about "No More No Big Fat Woman," "I only know half of what I know I guess" seemed out in the sun and got found and then the sun pulsed off and can you blame me for not wanting to go outside anymore? She sought to go find her a big fat man. The only time my Daddy's out of his chair home was when a storm blew up out of the woods which he liked to watch from the screen porch. The rain smelled fast like the screen. He'd let us come out there we'd be quiet and let him enjoy his storm blowing up but if we said anything he'd yell at us. I could hate Jeremy for saying I'm just not attracted to you anymore but having him's not going to bring me any of what you call lives. Even when the stuff I was telling him was so boring, like, then I went by the QuietMall and get seven dollars worth of premium and a Diet Cherrywine he'd make it like it was important. Sometimes though he wouldn't say anything and I'd be going on and on like you or Lindsay and I'd get nervous and say, "Hello?" and he'd say, "I'm here I'm just listening." My Daddy would let me stay right through the thunder and even some lightning striking the trees in the woods back of the house. We couldn't speak or he'd make to go inside. I know I know maybe Jeremy got quiet because he was watching "Search For" or something. Still never had anyone before or since too say. I'm home I'm just listening.

I'm going to get another Cotton#1...to do a duet. You're going to write a song for you. Ending Comments that this paper spread is lacks cohesion or is not well organized. Well, that's alright because we both know that what you call clarity means a whole lot less than whether or not I think the speaker in the song, "Ain't Gonna Bump No More No Big Fat Woman" ought to get up and dance with the woman who "dose bust my tap she doo kicked me down." (Ex, line 39 it say, No he should't. You say. We should do this Popular Song, Saying or Incident from Public Life there is a Hidden Meaning that everybody doesn't get. Well, I get it and all I'm saying is you don't and even though I've spent however many pages explaining it to you you've never going to get it. If you get to feel sorry for me because I'm going to class everyday and write down all the stupid stuff that Son says and also for being a little on the heavy side I guess I got to feel sorry for you for being like you truly understand a song like "Ain't Gonna Bump No More No Big Fat Woman" by the artist Joe Tex.

In my conclusion, Treatment of Time, Supreme Form and Life Experiences are delved into in my paper. There is a hidden meaning in this song, Saying or Incident from Public Life. Looking only at the comic side is a error which will result in damage to the artist and also to the listener which is you or whoever.