

# MINORITIES, INC.

*A Story of Civic Chicanery  
Involving  
Just about Everybody*

(excerpt)

The year was 1978, and after being subjected to a bipolarized upbringing fostered by radically different Irish and Italian parental politics, which was occasionally enhanced by some rowdy Negro and Mexican neighbors in a dysfunctional Southern California town called Pacoima, Paddy Aloysius Puzo suffered from perpetual anxiety and had developed a philosophical sense of denial for nearly everybody's self-serving and ethnically-driven civil rights. In fact, the year before he had flatly refused to watch the very popular and very politically-correct televised mini-series called "Roots," which was about black slavery in the early American South and showcased the most diabolical living creatures on earth---white folks. At the time, he considered it a mass media lecture on "How to Make All White People in America a Guilty Party to the Past, Present and Future Problems of All Black People in the Entire Universe."

With all things being considered, Puzo's ongoing lifestyle in Los Angeles really sucked. His taxicab pay also sucked, and so did his Hemingway and Bradbury attempts at writing sumbitchin' and great-paying stories. Because unlike Ernest and Ray, he had yet to confront any real epic challenges in his alcoholic stumbling through a government-sponsored payback era brought to America by "The Civil Rights Act and Screw Whitey Law of 1964, as amended."

But Puzo's spectator outlook on life would abruptly change late one night at a taxi stand at the Los Angeles International Airport, when a trio of large, dangerous looking Negro males quickly climbed into his cab...

About the author:

Dr. J. Ellwood Augello (aka--Reverend Jussie S. Jackson II) spends most of his time in the Asian Pacific islands.