

Dear editor,

I know this submission may be unusual for your publication, but I was compelled, by forces beyond my ken (or my control for that matter) to send it to you.

Please allow me a moment to explain. I recently read an article from a past issue of your magazine (Big Bang or Big Bounce, October 2008) that dealt with some new suppositions about the fabric of the universe and the Big Bang theory. I must admit that I found the article intriguing but some of the quantum mechanics was challenging for a person of my advanced age. So, as I sat in my easy chair, contemplating the concept of "atomic spacetime", I drifted off to sleep. Well, not really sleep, but that meditative state between sleep and wakefulness, where it is said that one is susceptible to normally undetected vibrations of other realms and the influences of spirits. While in this condition, I was approached by the ghost of a recently departed (I believe the term is) Gangsta-Rapper, who called himself "LoCarB", who entreated me to channel his last rap song and threatened to put a cap in my ...er ...nether regions if I didn't send it to you. So here it is. I hope you can find a place for it in one of your future issues.

Rappin' up the Big Bang

Theory

by LoCarB

(As channeled by Lorenzo Caricchio Bro.)

B-B-B-B-B-BANG

B-BANG

BANG

It ain't no big thang
the Big Bang

Is it a pretension, a misapprehension?
Just an invention of the scientific mind?

A rhyme in time

A machination- a big lie

Like where you go when you die?

Was there a crime but nobody dropped a dime?

B-B-B-B-B-BANG

B-BANG

BANG

It ain't no big thang
the Big Bang

How can a brotha know what happened in a
particular place

if before it was, there was no space?

Couldn't be sub-atomic, if there was no atomic
for it to be sub

No quarks, charmed mesons or tachyons – Ah
there's the rub
Things that die before they are
Stretches the imagination a little too far

B-B-B-B-B-BANG

B-BANG

BANG

It ain't no big thang
the Big Bang

Might as well believe in the Trinity an' all that
divinity,

If you gonna believe in infinity

C'mon Sucka make a decision

Take Occam's razor and make an incision

Find out if it's science or religion

If the theory is bleary

ya gotta be leery

and ask the query

B-B-B-B-B-BANG

B-BANG

BANG

It ain't no big thang
the Big Bang

Can a black hole be black enough to hold all that
dark matter and stuff?

Space and time and things

all stretched out like strings

in tension, goin' to another dimension.

Is that the convention?

The universe in constant flex?

Don't what's gonna happen next

Is it real or is it Memorex?

B-B-B-B-B-BANG

B-BANG

BANG

It ain't no big thang
the Big Bang

I gotta gut feelin' it's like an onion I'm peelin'

The deeper I go the less I got to show

Don't think I'll ever know

All this real and un-realin' has got my head
reelin'

I dunno where it's at

All I know is

LoCarB

is phat