

Chapter Four: On Being Grandpa Yoyo

Yoyo is my name and was knighted as such by grandson Shylo.
Met Shylo when he was two. New to the language thing.
My Mexican mother took on the honorific "Buelita"... "little grandmother."

Never too early to teach the kid the language of such poets.

"Hi Shylo. I'm Buelito."

Shyloh: Yoyo!

Me: No boowayyyy-leeeee-toeeeee..

Squeezed his little toe to emphasize that Buelitos have toes too.

"Yoyo" he squealed with laughter.

"Buelito" (squeeze, squeeze)

"Yoyoyoyoyo." All in all was preparing to introduce Shyloh to Uncle Karl.

Marx that is.

When my daughter Nicole was six years old, invited Karl over for late morning coffee to talk about *commodity fetishism*. Was losing sleep over the invasion of Care Bears and My Little Ponies.

Regarding Care Bears, I could wax genocidal.

Especially if they said a word about feelings.

"What do those little twits know about feelings?"

It was obvious to anyone with a brain, that Nicole, at six, had more emotional and psychological savvy than all these rainbow colored vampires with their imbecilic smiles.

Time to heed the drawbridges as Barbie will likely be next..

Soul eaters are everywhere

"Chill dad. Please. Girls just wanna have fun, doncha know."

On that note told her a little about Uncle Karl before he arrived.

"Karl is one of the Marx brothers. Remember Groucho from TV?"

"Is Karl funny too?"

"That's the sad thing. Karl didn't play much as a child so he doesn't know how to have fun."

Nicole looked sad and serious and, could see, a little afraid.

"Guten tag, Karl."

"And hello to you."

"The water is boiling. We share coffee?"

"Uncle Karl, I'm afraid of an invasion of monsters. Could you explain to my six year old kid about *commodity fetishism*?"

Karl got real scary and serious.

"*Commodity fetishism, Ja*. It's when you love something so much that it becomes more alive than you."

"Like a Care Bear?" asked Nicole

"Like a what?"

"A Care Bear—I'll send you one home with you so you don't feel so sad."

After Karl left, Nicole and myself had a quick exchange.

Nicole, "This Karl guy is kinda creepy."

Me, "Never played when he was a kid

("Time for a heart to heart with Karl, just in time for the arrival of Barbie!)

If the Care Bears are the peasants of a commodified alternative universe, Barbie is certainly the crown princess. When her eight year old girlfriends started singing Barbie's beauty, dad pumped up the testosterone a bit and went into overdrive.

"*Don't give me any of your 'girls just wanna have fun' shit*. Barbie is just outright evil. We gotta do a little magic

Let's invite Barbie's cousin from New Guinea over to play and scare away this Malibu bitch."

" Up to it?"

First we got two tattered Barbies from Goodwill. One we called Barbie, the other, Barbarella,. She was just back from the Highlands so we had to properly "*do her up*" so she'd scare the bejezzus out of the Malibu anorexic tit monger.

Barbarella had 'tude and lots of it.

Barbie was obviously a witch.

Barbarella would protect our house.

Nicole and serious dad impersonator, me, cut off one of the Goodwill's Barbies head and replaced it with clay. We pinched it for bug eyes, a sinister mouth and two goofy ears, then embedded a seagull skull in the clay.

When Karl visited the next day, he spoke of sleeping deep besides the Care Bear.

"Maybe now he can learn to play" Nicole whispered to me.

Time for a heart to heart talk with Karl.

A generation has pastin the winking of an eye.

Shyloh has taken to Elmo of Sesame Street fame.

And Pez dispensers.

Not Pez candies, thank you very much, but the commodified clanof super heroes.

Sent Shyloh Superman and Batman for his fourth birthday.

So sue me!

Do I contradict myself?

Should I confess to Karl?