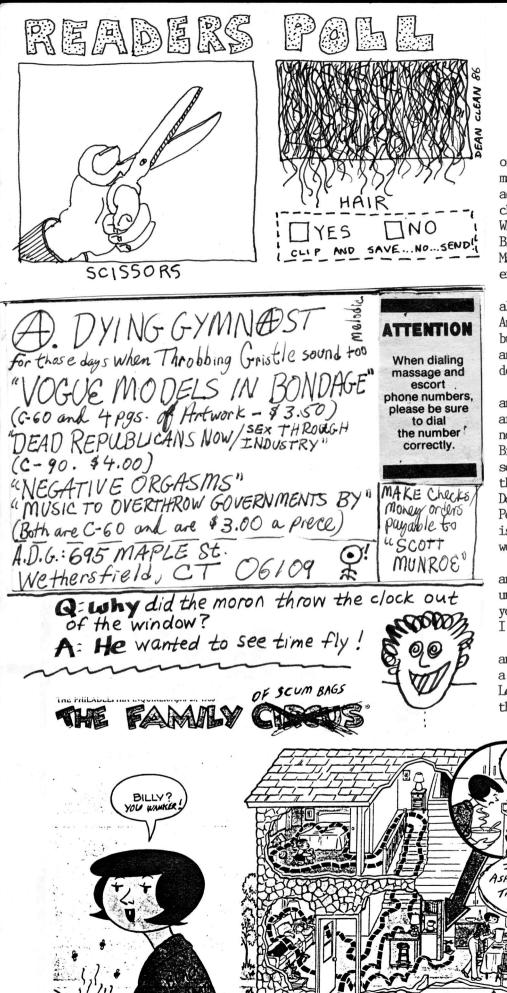


WERE TO SHOOT, THE FILM STUDIO CAUGHT FIRE SO WE HAD TO RESCHEDULE. WE JUST SAID TO HECK WITH IT BECAUSE WE WEREN'T SURE ANY LONGER THAT WE WANTED TO DO A BITCHIN' CAMARO VIDEO ANYWAY.''



our guru explains it all... FRIED ICE CREAM by Michael Ace Sermonette

Dr. Johnson once said, "He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man." Surely words to live by...sage words of advice. They bring to my mind the words of the character, Bluto, in the film, Animal House. While cutting up in the college cafeteria, Bluto says, "See if you can guess what I am." Mashed potatoes spray from Bluto's mouth. Bluto explains, "I'm a zit! Get it?"

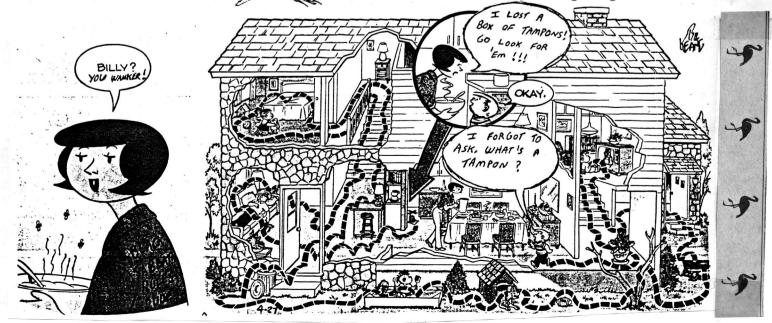
But isn't this what life is like? Aren't we all saying, "See if you can guess what I am." And aren't we all like zits? We begin small, but slowly and surely we become large and annoying. Until at last, the Great Hand descends from above and pops us.

They say that one good turn deserves another. And so we spend our lives turning around and turning around, going in circles and not getting anywhere. But fear not, for the Bible tells us that God created the world in seven days. However, Darwin says otherwise. Is this to say that Darwin is calling God a liar? Does God care if Darwin is calling Him a liar? Perhaps not, for Nietzsche informs us that God is dead. But Nietzsche is dead himself. Who can we believe? Who can we trust?

No one. Don't trust anybody. Don't trust anyone over thirty. And don't trust anyone under thirty. And especially, don't trust yourself. You are the most untrustworthy person I have ever met.

Let us meditate on this as we say goodnight and climb into our cozy beds, settling down for a welcome respite from the day's activities. Let us ponder the limitless implications of these words...

Thank you and goodnight.



ASSK Dr. Anonynous by Rodney Hello? Is anybody there? It's me -- I'm back. Sorry I was gone so long, but I've been working on a great new project. It's called "Goons across America." I'w not sure what it's all about; my job was just to come up with a theme song. So I wrote one called "Let's Go Halves on a Hard-boiled Egg." Anyway, let's get to your questions: Q: Why are parents such total assholes? -- Lori Langer, Oceanside, NY A: Well Lori, it's probably because most of our parents grew up in a time before sex was fun. That's why they resent today's youth -- because we can have sex without feeling guilty or, for that matter, throwing up. Q: Why don't penguins have bigger wings, so they could fly out of all that ice, snow, and general coldness? -- Daniel T. Iannetta, Marlton, N.J. A: Daniel, if I was from New Jersey I'd spend less time worrving 'bout penguins

A: Daniel, if I was from New Jersey I'd spend less time worrying 'bout penguins and more time worrying 'bout that toxic dump down the road!

Q: Why does Beth Curtis detest me?

649-4433 -- Eric Rubin

Conclusions concerning the dating problem

A: For the same reason that everyone detests you. No, just kiddin'. Look, Eric if you want Beth to go out with you, you're gonna need a good pick up line. "Hi, I'm in a band" has always worked for me, but I suggest that you try "Ever wonder why penguins don't have bigger wings, so they ..."

onclusions concerning the dating problem Most dating problems can be solved through study and the solved the s Well, that's all I've got time for. Next time I'll answer some West Coast letters, and I'll announce the winner of the "Who the hell is Beth Curtis" contest. Bye!

Ve Blood SPEAKS

Pedro gunned the engine and the car roared to life. He engaged the gears and drifted down the street. Seventeen years later he came to a stop outside a Seven-Eleven. Pedro put his gun in his pocket and walked into the store. Once in the store, he picked up a KIT KAT, walked to the counter, paid for the kandy and then unloaded his gun into the counter person. Pedro walked out of the store sat down on the curb out front and ate his KIT KAT making sure he deposited his wrapper in the trash can. Littering is against the law. This man was not a litterer.

Three hours later, Pedro arrived home, collected the 3 green trash bags of mail at his door steps and went inside. Clearing away the cobwebs he made his way to the kitchen. Pedro was thirsty. Opening the refrigerator Pedro found it warm and unlighted. 'What the heck' so he grabbed a can of OLD COKE and quaffed it down all in a rush. As he turned to go out the back door he noticed that something had gone wrong with his dog Pete. Pete had turned into a skeleton. Pedro immediately started crying, sobbing and weeping loudly for death affected Pedro greatly.

So now out to the backyard Pedro went. The Forest in the backyard was magnificent and he walked through it for about one half an hour before returning to the house. 15 minutes of the half hour was spent trying to find the backdoor. Once in the house Pedro looked for and found a bottle of Clorox. He drank it and died within the hour.



During our most recent tour of the east coast - I think it was the Spring '86 'show us your Paisley Underwear Tour' - I was fortunate to have the opportunity to document the happenings with a newfangled disc camera. Here are but four of the many shots I took along the way."-Joe Jack Takum



All photos @ 1986 Talcum Enterprises.