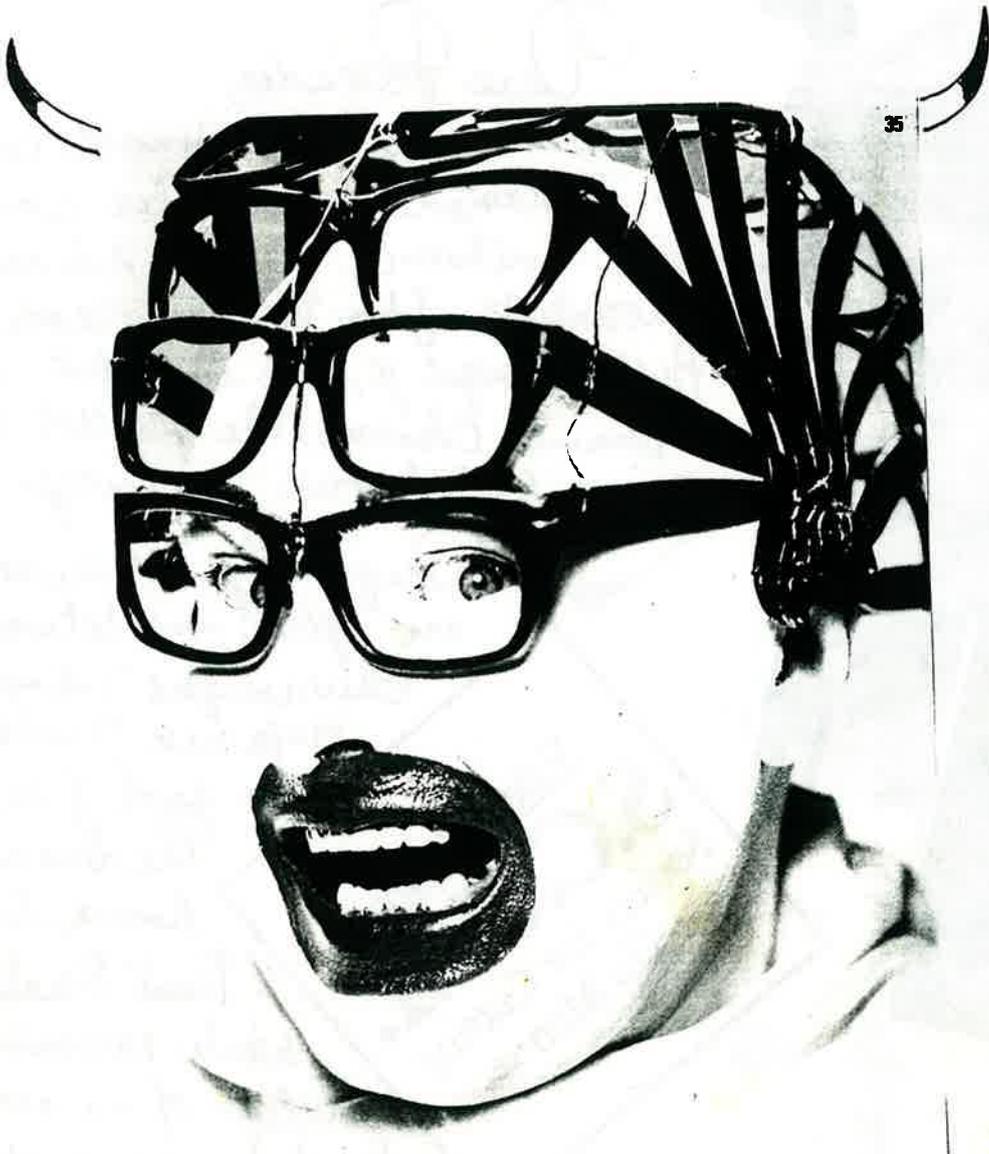


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Microtales intended for mature
and
bizarre readers over the Age of
Post-modern

INTRO

Dear Reader,
welcome into this amiable collection
of illustrated microtales written under
the influence of Max Aub and the
Surrealists, John Waters, Marmie Van Doren,
Burt Vornegut Jr., and, last but not least,
Danil Charms, the greatest Russian
writer of our century.

Originally conceived as
an hybrid mix between Willie
Burroughs "cut-ups" and
Japanese "haiku," they
are good if read on
the bus coming
home, listening to
Frank Sinatra, or
while caressing the
belly of an architect
to whom you ought a vast
amount of money.

What else can I say?
Hope you enjoy the lot and stop
reading Stephen King and start
thinking about the size of your
girlfriend breasts.
Thanks to "BLITZ" "I-D" "THE FACE" and
other treacherous mags to give me
inspiration and, sometimes, perspiration.

Valery Solanas
S.C.U.M.
Society for Cutting
Up Men



close **shaves**



It's Saturday. The shops are open to remind you why you work all week. Glittering dreams behind plate glass and price tags.

What you need is money.

And a Halifax Cardcash account can take care of that.

You can withdraw cash from any of our national network of machines. Early on a Saturday. And late at night. Seven days a week.

*But for your bull-face, well Halifax
can do really nothing.*

Confessions of a
SUPERHERO



bestowing sainthood on scumbags is something that comes naturally to "Bibedum" the French ^{most obese} superheroë that declares:

"The worst possible thing for me to imagine is that I could ever become apolitical, die happily tending my roses. That fills me with dread and fear. I don't think it will ever happen.".....

I would rather ^{play with} ~~make~~ snowballs in Saint Moritz.

My life?

"It feels like a vibrator

coming out of your

nose."



Dear Nanny,

The research and development of technology and science, politics and art, bring with them the feeling that reality, whatever part of it one is considering, is something impalpable and never completely controllable; in other words they bring an awareness of the complexity of things.

So says Jean-François Lyotard, philosopher & author of debated pamphlet "The Post-Modern Condition" and organizer - some years ago - of "Les Immatériaux" a show based on the new materials of our times.

Microwave ovens, U.V.A. lamps, credit cards, integrated circuits and cable tv, cyberpunks and DNA manipulations are slowly changing our environment. We live the software of our age doubtful and with pain, but eager to learn the new rules of the game.

Now, dear Nanny, you'll be able to understand why I left my job as bank-clerk to spend my days at "The Arcades" where I'm nearly unbeatable at "The Legend of Zelda" and "Galactica". So long, Nanny.

Investment? Or indulgence?



I am a cop and

"I read the Bible and that's the best literature you could possibly read. I don't need to look for truth in other books because they have nothing fresh to give me."

Except, perhaps, "the Unbearable lightness of being" by Czech writer Milan Kundera.
My cousin.

IF



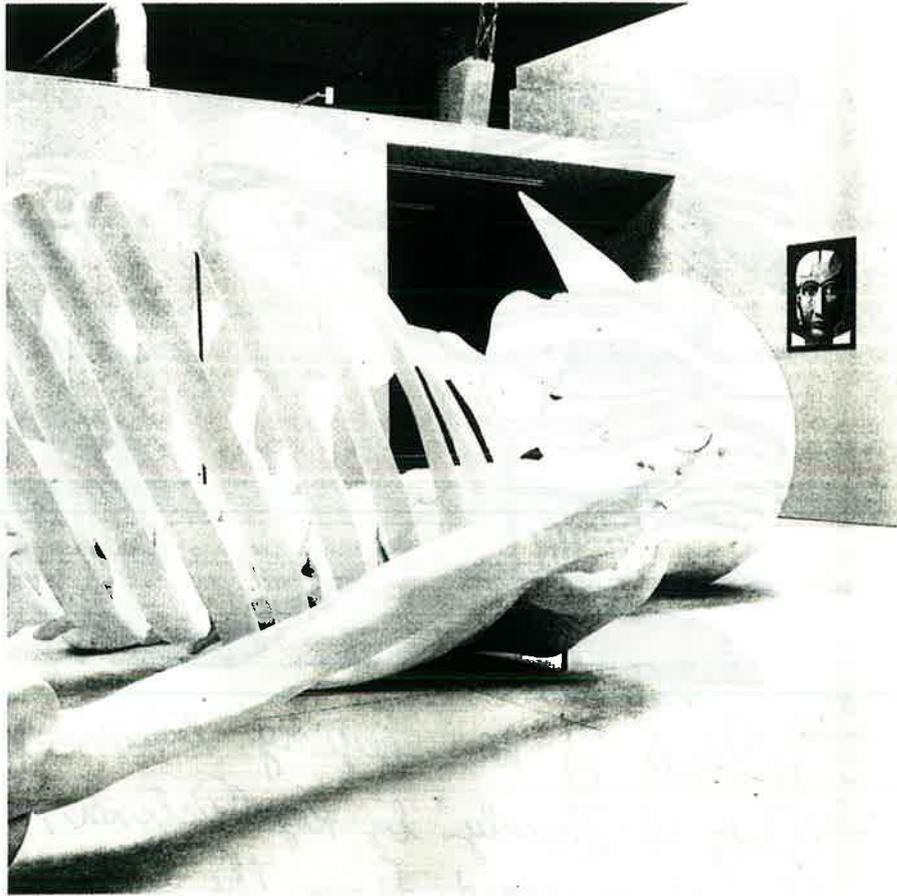
While I was crying listening to "Only the Lonely" by Roy Orbison, a strange thought emerged from the cells of my brain:

if

ROCK'S 'BIG' LIST, FROM ELVIS TO IGGY, CONSISTS OF MEN DESPERATELY OUT OF SYNC WITH THE STRAIGHT WORLD, AND IT DOESN'T REALLY MAKE THAT MUCH DIFFERENCE IF THEY OPT TO LOSE THEMSELVES IN A NARCOTIC FOG OR LIVE IN A DISNEYLAND CARTOON WORLD, BECAUSE WHEN YOU GET THAT FAR OUT THERE, ON THE LIMB OF FAME, EVERYTHING IS DISLOCATED

I don't want to be dislocated, but I like a lot Walt Disney cartoons and, when I'm drunk, I always read the Walt Whiskey Comics, the ones not forbidden by the COMICS CODE AUTHORITY. So I decided not to stop my brilliant career in the pop world with Roy, my manager and only Lover.

wilde child



**One old woman with
no teeth unwittingly
seized my arm as she
yelled, "Rip his parts
off, ooh yer dirty
devil!"**

"But Milady - I replied -
I'm only a tiny skeleton
lying down on the pavement
at Anthony D'offay Gallery....."
SHE SPAT IN MY DIRECTION AND,
WITHOUT TURN HER HEAD, WENT AWAY.

**Ade Edmondson.
How on earth did he survive
as a young one?**



**I think everything I've done has
been crap. I'm basically a comic
actor who has been dragged into
playing serious parts, like**

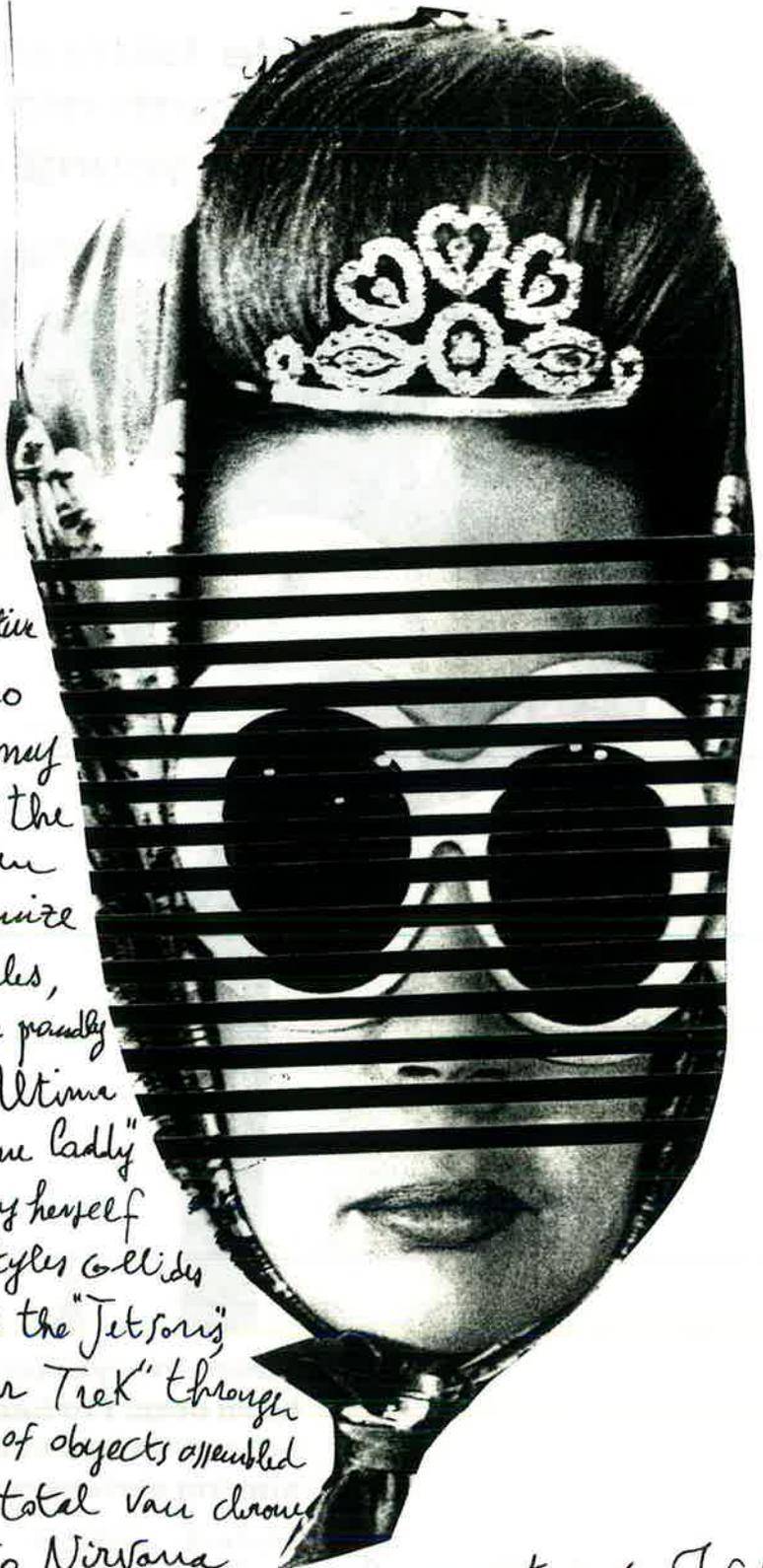
*yesterday, when I was on the
set of "Long Dorks from Ionosphere"
and*

**My mouth hung open and
my hands made their way
to my vagina and I began
to masturbate openly in
a way that I would have
thought inconceivable *also***

*because I have penis and testicles
and no vagina.*

IT'S Not FUNNY

I was brought up in N. Y., Manhattan, conservative apolitical and white. So when I was 18, I started my personal rebellion against the environment becoming an Artist. I began to customize cars, old 60's automobiles, and now, after 3 years I can proudly show my masterpiece: "Ultima Supreme De Luxe Tau Chrome Lady" A '61 Cadillac that speaks by herself. A myth of today where styles collide and the "Flintstones" meet the "Jetsons", Pee-Wee Herman meet "Star Trek" through acrylics, spray-ons, hundreds of objects assembled with care. That's my total van dream experience: the ticket to Nirvana. When I drive it people stare (!!) in amazement and I feel like the Queen of Siam, salute them moving my hand slowly, like the Pope or Elvis Presley. They laugh because, as a woman, I can't be the Pontifex Maximus nor the King of Graceland, And who cares about the Queen of Siam?





DIDN'T YOU KILL MY BROTHER?



"I have seen one or two psychiatrists. They just sit and nod and doodle. Perhaps if I was cured, so to speak, I would just walk blindly and amiably into every given situation, and I don't think that would be me, really. Maybe unhappiness keeps me going forward." *And, also, helps my hands to strangle some little jerk down the street, on Saturday night.*

*+XX
Totsuwo*

the devil in



tit deco

After ten years of hard work and two Masters in business Administration at Yale University, Rupert Pumpkin finally got the job of his dreams: Chief-Account at "Posillipo, Trumera & Della Donna Advertising Agency". He worked in a large office, with Fiona, his personal secretary, a big breasted Swedish girl. One evening, he found Fiona completely naked on the wooden table of his office. They were alone. Rupert was very embarrassed, at 31, he had no sexual experience. Fiona invited him to touch her enormous tits. So he did. But when he squeezed her left nipple, the breast started to sing "Waterloo" with Abba voices. Sadly Rupert realized that Fiona was only a cyborg and went home, where Teresa, his brunette inflatable doll, was waiting for him.

doomed guys don't go pop!



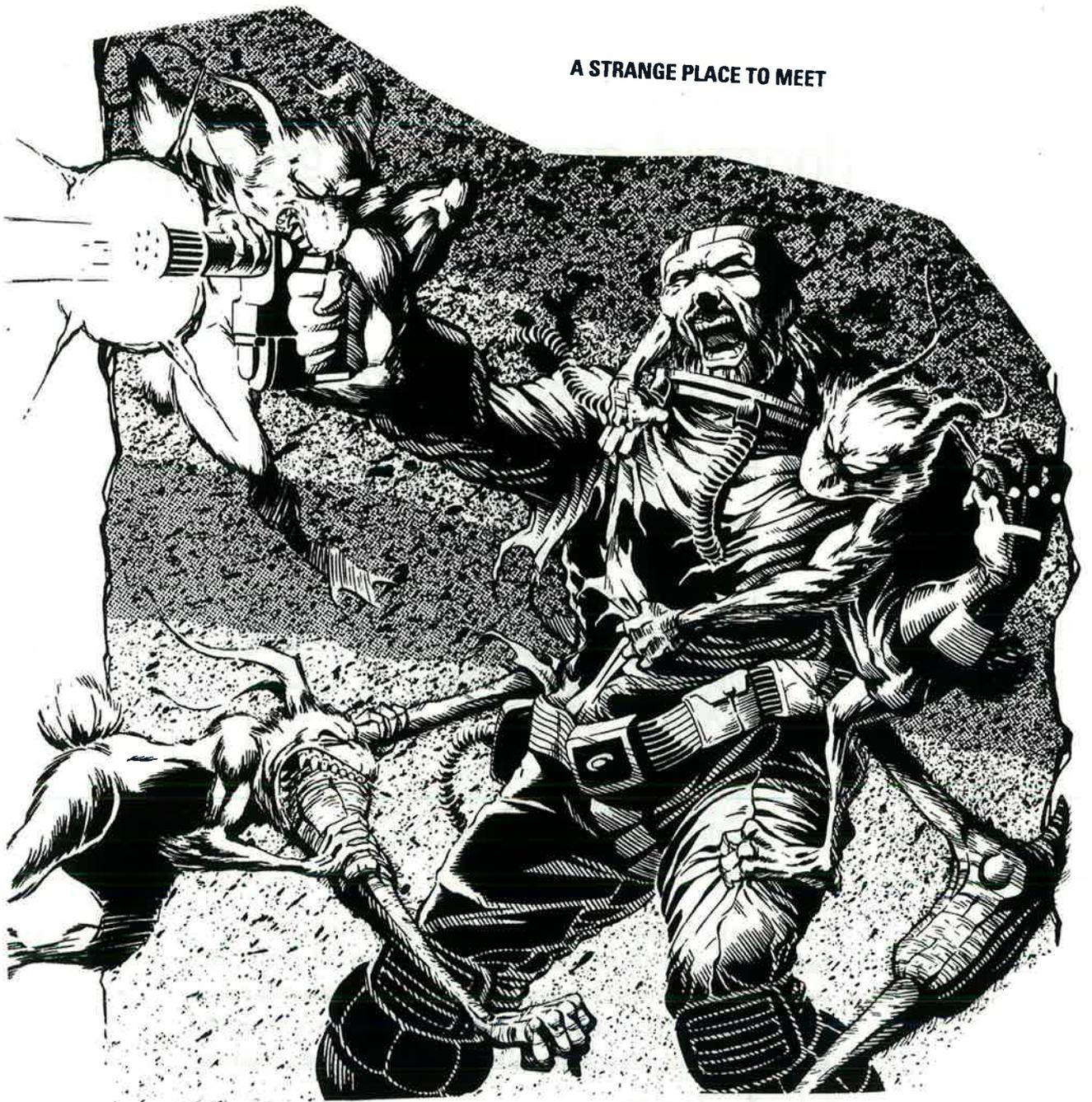
I almost always wear a collar-and-tie, and lately a double-breasted suit, regardless of the weather. Where I grew up, all the men wore seersucker jackets with big halfmoon sweat-stains under the arm-pit. I thought they came that way.

But it was recently, that I discovered - thanks to my new one-eyed condition - the dusty rose and honeyed brown translucent haze that a

POLO  RALPH LAUREN

gives to my tender facial skin.

A STRANGE PLACE TO MEET



Parties in Lebanon start slow.

Everyone sits primly in chairs, neither eating nor drinking, and talking only in low voices. Or they would usually.

In this case the men and boys must all discuss politics with the American. Every one of them has a cousin in Texas.

Then someone put up some music and the girls begin to dance the Madison, but it's when I introduce my rabid mutant rabbits that the party becomes really amusing.



Oh, California!

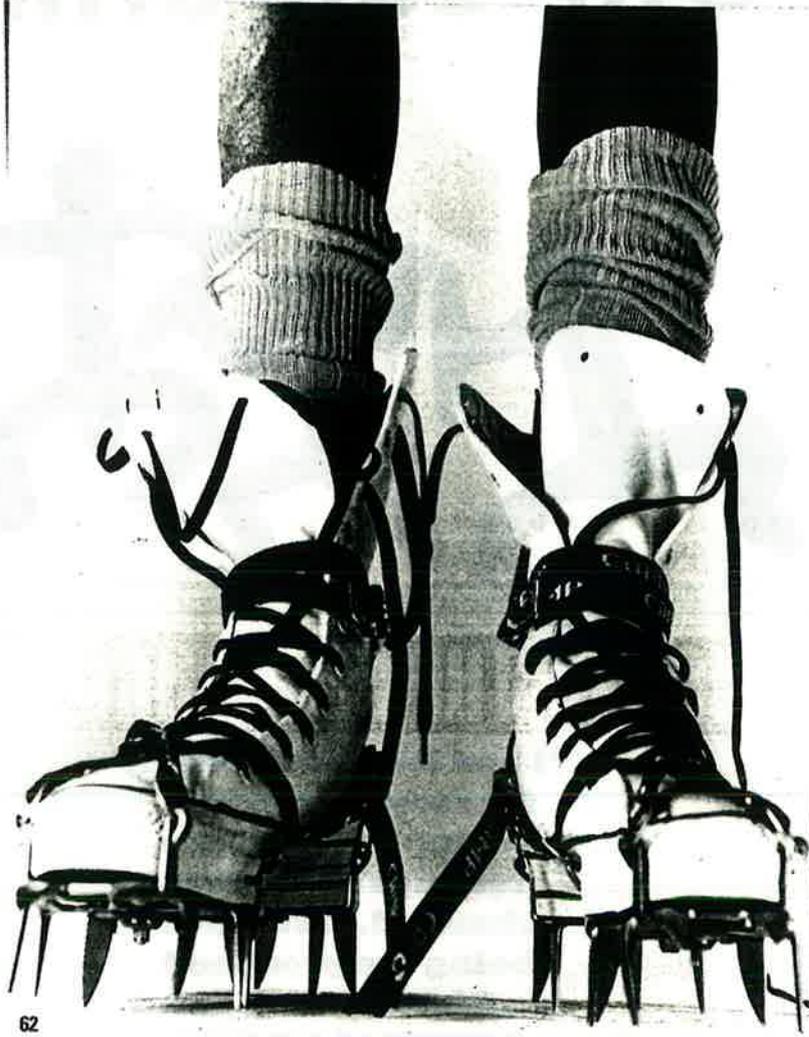


"I had lived in America for seven years, and during that time my feelings towards it changed. It stopped being the promised land for me. I felt I had exorcised my own American Dream and it was time to come back to Germany."

In fact, only in Hamburg you can find the best hand-crafted dildos and anal-intruders!



The Man With Two ghosts of sex



62

"Rich furnishings, beautiful artwork, incredible vistas from a glorious veranda . . . those are things that enhance my beauty, that excite me, that fill me with loving desire."

So, when the syndicate payed me that big sum of money I started to look for a penthouse and

"I found a great apartment last week. Low ceilings, high floors.

But I had to choose between:
a) have my legs amputated or
b) renounce my "Elevator" shoes with nails,
I had no doubts, and my choice was (a).

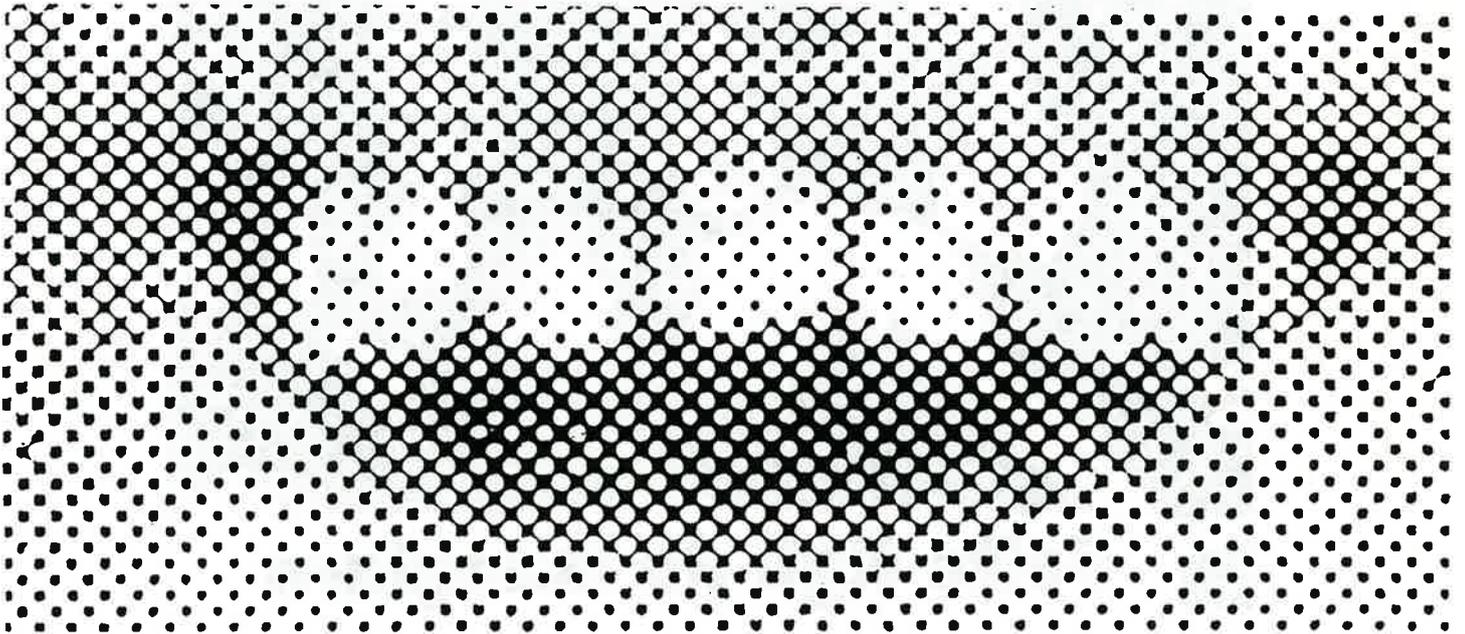
Junk genius





Have You recognized me? Yes, I'm Cornelius, the castrated dog. Yves-Saint-Laurent did this to me when I was a puppy, the bastard. But now I want to speak. Do you know why the first Spring Exhibition of my Master was so successful? No? Well I'll tell ye. Ives, in that occasion was sporting a pair of "hypnotic persuasion glasses" with whom he danced (at) the public. The glasses were given to him by an obscure CIA graduate, and immediately taken after the show was finished. Now You^{also} know why Mikhail Gorbacev has to put up his glasses so often.

The World's Most Beautiful Women Come To Life On . . .



Palermo, North-western Sicily, Italia.
A big mouth suddenly appears in
the sky over Palermo. It's 10.2.m.
and it's gigantic lips start to move,
talking. The mouth says with loud
voice, all the Mafiosi names and their
counterparts in the Government.
The people, after the first moment of
amazement, begin to discuss whose lips
are these. Somebody say they are Mae West
lips, other sustain they are Jaque Mansfield
lips. Experts from the U.S.A. tell that
those are Sophia Loren turgid lips. From
France they say its B.B. mouth with Charlotte
Rampling teeth, and when a BBC interviewer asks my
opinion,

Disconsolate I say that human beings are
only creatures who laugh. Then I think, so
what?"

Entropy



Sette figli da mangiare

When I'm not too busy doing train-surf, I like to watch Divine, my fave actress, on television. Sometimes my eyes are tired of cathode rays and so, to relax, I watch my swatch where the radiant baby of Keith Haring farts with indulgence. This, like a signal, reminds me to

P·P·Pick up six Penguins. Get the odd one free.