

# CHEESE!

©2021

**Light Trumpery**

**Mild Covid**

**Special Chicago  
Section**

**Remembrance of  
(lousy) Things Past**

**Bad Cartoons**

**JULIA ROBERTS**

**is NOT in this issue!**



assorted  
humor by

MARK LINZEE RUDOLPH



# *It was the worst of times,*

and that's that! Another "worst year ever" has passed. While various strains of Covid and Trumpery still linger, I'm also diving into the usable past. A potpourri that satisfies a nostalgia for *other* rotten times!

## NO ROMAN HOLIDAY



*Sorry about your day off. Some "Atlantic" writer needs to trot you out for another decadence metaphor.*

## LARRY KING: THE LAST SOFTBALL INTERVIEW



*So, how do you cope with all of the negative publicity?*



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Mark Linzee Rudolph studied fiction with Stanley Elkin while attending Washington University in St. Louis before receiving a B.A. from New York University in film and television. He produced the television series WFMU-TV, and his video work has appeared on MTV, Bravo, and the Independent Film Channel. He lives in New York City.

# For Your Consideration

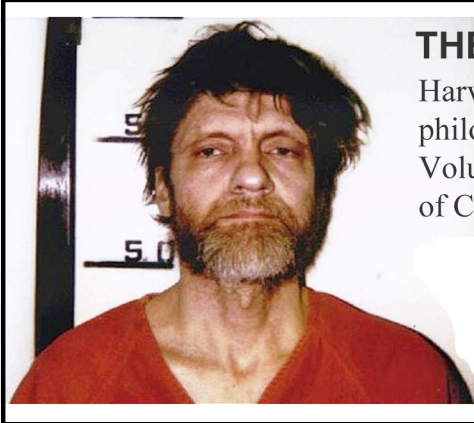
## THE LONGSHOTS OF TRUMP'S PARDON LIST

by Mark Linzee Rudolph

*The 100 pardons of Donald Trump will probably be quid pro quo traditional bribery; however, these names could add sizzle to the Don's legacy.*



*Is inviting people to children's parties a crime?*



### THEODORE KACZYNSKI

Harvard '62. Published American philosopher. Men's rights advocate. Volunteer postal inspector. Victim of CIA mind control experiments.

**TRUMP:** "I don't know much about him, but I know *he's very against big technology companies.*"

### BILL COSBY

Alleged humorist and amateur anesthesiologist.



*That'll own the libs. Also, fills the token black quota.*



### GHISLAINE MAXWELL

.Demented daughter of demented newspaper publisher. Jeffrey Epstein cohort.

*Is inviting people to children's parties a crime? Besides, she has assets."*

(posthumous)

### PHIL SPECTOR

2nd Amendment enthusiast & builder of walls.

David Mamet claims he was innocent.



### CHARLES MANSON

Never actually killed anyone!

## Misunderstood Entrepreneurs

### MARTIN SHKRELI

Pharma bro and human dart board.



### BERNIE MADOFF

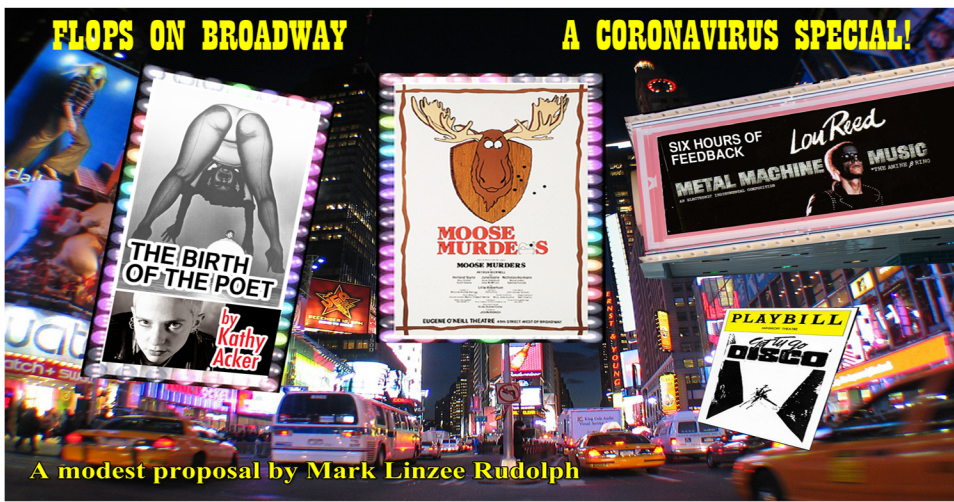
*I don't get it. People gave him money. Sometimes you make money. Sometimes you lose.*



### MY PILLOW GUY

Mike Lindell. Soft pillows for hardcore crack addicts.





A modest proposal by Mark Linzee Rudolph

(September, 2020)

I think that Broadway theaters should be allowed to re-open, but only if they present the biggest flops or abrasive avant-garde spectacles. This will naturally promote social distancing.

Let me begin with a play that is synonymous with failure: 1983's **Moose Murders**. The opposite of love is not hate but indifference. There have been other failures like "Subways are for Sleeping" and "Carrie," but "Moose Murders" is still legendary.

The days of producing on a hunch with a mostly unknown cast, even wrongheaded, are gone. Essentially, "Moose Murders" was a vanity project financed by Texas oil money with a first time director who cast his wife as one of the leads. Add to that a young, overpraised, overconfident playwright and the secret sauce was brewed. "Moose Murders" succeeded where "Springtime for Hitler" failed. Consider a brief synopsis of the plot: *The Holloway family is trapped by a snowstorm in a lodge they just bought. Also trapped are failed entertainers who had worked at the lodge before the Holloways arrived, and Nurse Dagmar, who cares for Sidney Holloway, an apparent vegetable. They pass the time playing a murder mystery game. During the night, one Holloway son attempts incest with his mother, and several murders take place. At one point, a mummified paraplegic rises from his wheelchair to kick a man dressed as a moose in the crotch.*

SAMPLE DIALOGUE:

Mother: Your father is a vegetable.

Girl: You mean like asparagus? Yuck!

Holy Mac! Well, it still beats coronavirus...perhaps.

Even outrageous, offensive camp needs good direction. John Waters or Charles Ludlam MIGHT have been able to set the

right tone, but from all reports, the director may as well have been directing in a foreign language.

Other fun facts:

-Elderly actress EVE ARDEN could not remember her lines or stage directions, rendering the play even more incomprehensible than it already was.  
BROADWAY THEATER AS HOMELESS SHELTER!

At the press preview, the audience was filled out with mental patients and smelly homeless men covered in their own vomit. Times reviewer Frank Rich and Wendy Wasserstein had to retreat to the back of the theatre to escape the smell. Social distancing, eighties style!

SOUNDS, WHAT SOUNDS!

The use of high tech sound effects and multiple sound speakers was *en vogue* in 1983, and the production crew was infatuated with their new high decibel toy. The problem was the big sound effects made the laugh lines (such as they were) inaudible, adding another layer of inscrutability to the play.

--One of the credits in the playbill includes a "violence coordinator."

Sadly, an anonymous old stagehand lamented, "I have never witnessed a curtain call where an actor bowed to complete silence."

The April 21, 2008 article from vulture.com makes this salient point:

[The mean reviews of Moose Murders] made us nostalgic for a time when reviewers would trash a show without worrying about hurting anyone's feelings. The diminishment of journalistic and economically independent critics prevents not only honest criticism, but also honest praise.

**THE BIRTH OF THE POET**

Kathy Acker was a writer whose talent for self-promotion and posing greatly

exceeded her artistic ability. By 1985 her *epater les bourgeoisie* cocky doody shtick had gained enough heat to warrant a Brooklyn Academy of Music theatrical production titled "The Birth of the Poet." BAM's OWN website states:

*The Birth of the Poet was reviled at its premiere: the audience (those who hadn't already walked out) barraged the actors with boos, and the next day's reviews unanimously echoed the audience's rage. The Birth of the Poet is considered one of the most panned shows of the Next Wave. Kathy Acker's scatological text told a sexually charged tale of apocalypse that jumped between an atomically blasted New York of the future, ancient Rome, and Iran in the 1980s. Richard Foreman's direction added another layer of meaning...Peter Gordon's score was an unceasing collage of noise and incidental music that often worked against the actors' speech\*... Certainly, there was a lot to absorb in this prickly, punky, neo-Dada melting pot (or meltdown, depending on who you ask).*

[\*Note that sound drowning out the actors appeared to be a staple of the 1980s.]

Like Stravinsky and Duchamp, "The Birth of the Poet" was jeered in its day.

Thirty-five years later, it is...still regarded as a pretentious mess!

**BETTER THAN WATCHING COVID NEWS?**

Probably.

**GOT TU GO DISCO!**

It's just like "Saturday Night Fever," only bad. But it won't matter because the tourists will want to see a Broadway musical about the latest dance craze when they can't get into Studio 54!

Critic John Simon wrote, "I wouldn't pay TU cents to see it."

**METAL MACHINE MUSIC**

Lou Reed's double album of amplifiers feeding back through some effects is undoubtedly a statement of pure sound. Actually watching a bunch of amplifiers on stage cranking out ear-splitting feedback would assure extreme social distancing.

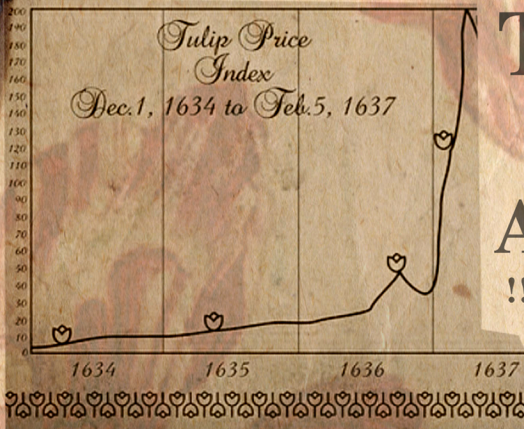
**BETTER THAN COVID?** This one may drive the audience to prefer the more mellow sounds of Covid death statistics.

# Investor Buffisness Fortnightly

January 10, 1637

## TuLiPp fuRgE To New Highf!

House exchanged for broken bulb. Mansionf next?



**T . F . A .**  
 'Temporary Fungible Assetf' all rage  
 !!!PERMANENT PLATEAU!!!  
 thit time 'tis differn't



Buy the dipshit to price creates assordable entrance

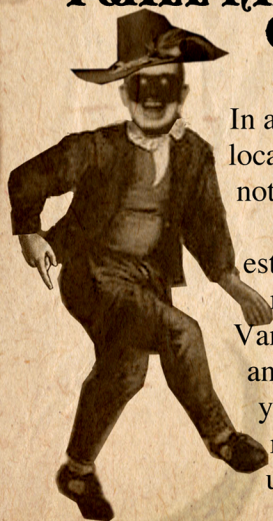
HEBREWS TRADING, not owning, tulipf.  
 JeWf to be blamed If prifef plunge.



"PUT YOR TU LIPS NEXT TO MINE" implores tulip-seeking hussy. Offers body for bulb. Rejected! "We only accept hard affefts."

"Thing you are dearly paying for *not really* thing you are paying for," says Tulipmonger Johan (Rip?) van Winklevoss.

**WINKLE VOSS: YOO ARE TOO COMMON TO "GET IT"**



**I WILL HIDE YOR CRYPTO Affettf!**

In a most discreet location that cannot be reveal'd in print for modesty's sake. Visit me number 12 Vandersloof road and I shall show you my modest rates and most unusual hiding pouch.



FIELDf lay FALLow Horfef diverted to tulip fieldf

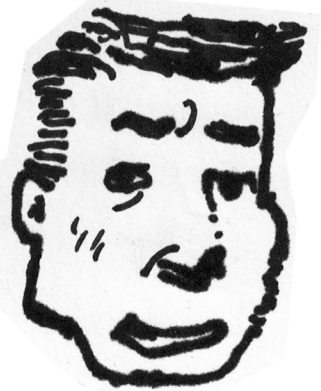


**NEXT RAGE!!!**  
 Rare 'S' type font  
 In fhort fupply  
 HUGE RETURN  
 but must act now

DOTH QUOTH: "It's not ABOUT tulips. It's about variegations and feathering. It's about a revolution in cultivation. It's about accelerating the cultivation professf. It's about uncovering the secret of life itself." Van Winklevoff proclaims!

WRITTEN IN 1974 BY MARK

**OK  
DON  
PLACKEE**

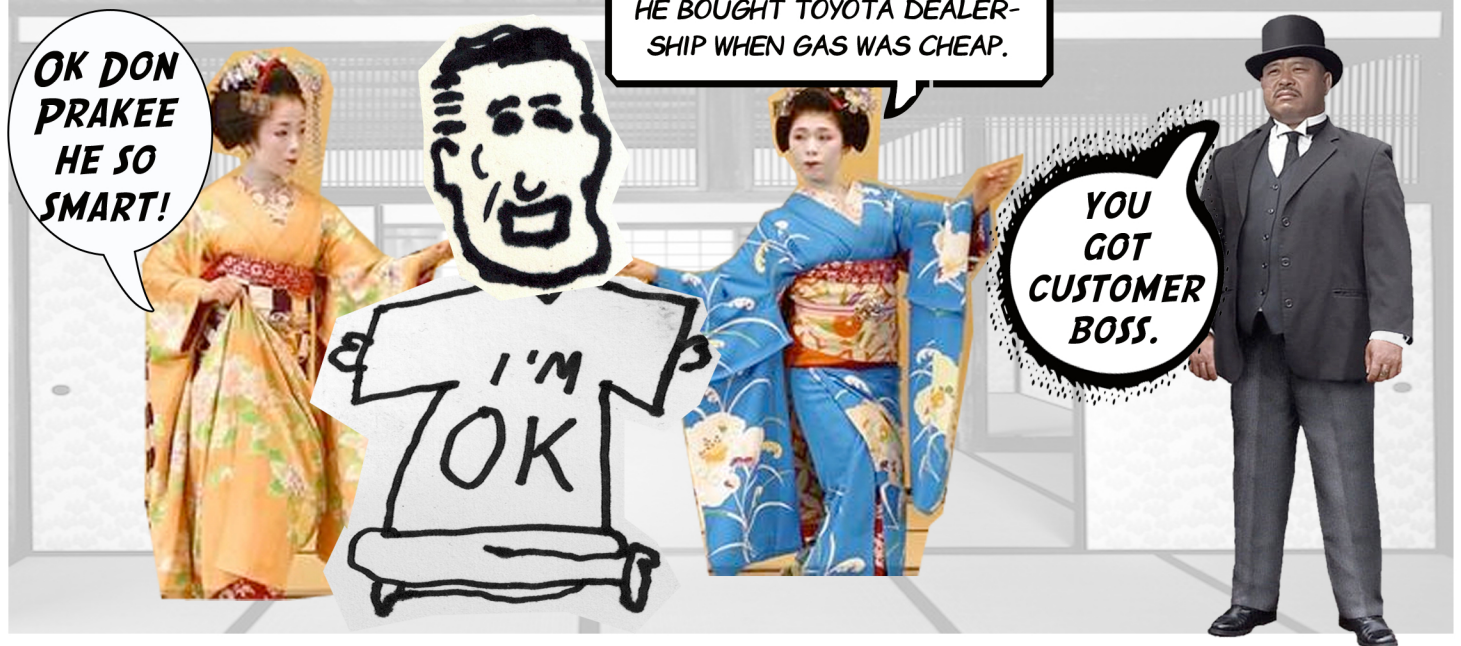


*#1 Toyota Dealer*

**VS.**



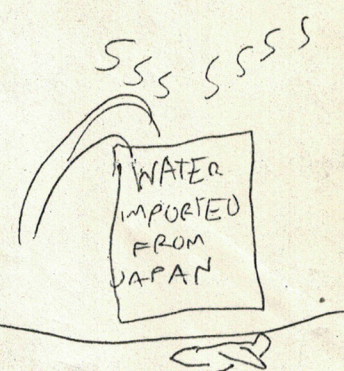
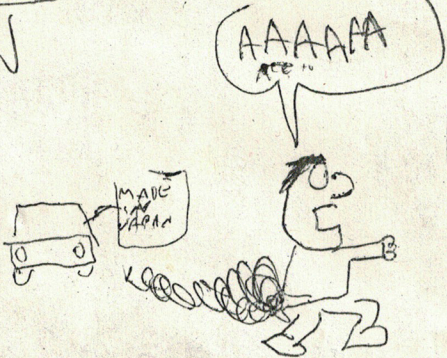
**DAVE  
SINCLAIR**  
*The  
St. Louis  
County Ford  
Dealer*



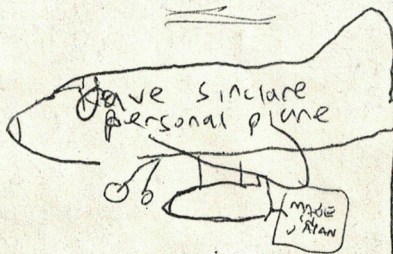


**DAVE SINCLAIR?**  
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

**ODDJOB!**  
EVICT THIS MAN IN THE REAR.



THAT #@X%#! DON PLAKEE.  
ADAM SMITH CAN GO #@X% HIMSELF!  
**I HATE GLOBAL TRADE!**  
REVENGE WILL BE MINE.



UH-OH.  
WE'D BETTER GET TO THE MADE IN JAPAN® AIR RAID SHELTER!



**THE END**







*greetings from*



## ***THE WIND CHILL CITY***

Lake effect wind chills can reach minus fifty degrees. Freezing casual clothing is a ritual of the native Chicago people.

## ***ECONOMIC HYSTERIA***

University of Chicago guru **Milton Friedman** loved phrases like “shock treatment.” His solution to inflation in America was to tighten the money supply and jack up interest rates so high that businesses would close, lay workers off, and thus lower inflation. (Before his death, he gave a lame recantation.)

People took this nutcase seriously because he wrote long libertarian bromides and compared government to big momma.



## ***NAZIS***



For some reason, **Nazis** just like to congregate in Chicago. Nazis periodically staged rallies in places like Skokie because hundreds of holocaust survivors lived there. A personal touch, to be sure.



## ***DEPRESSING BLACK BUILDINGS***

Failed Nazi **Mies van Der Rohe** took charge in the city where the skyscraper was born and got to work filling America with undecorated, depressing black buildings and uncomfortable furniture.



## ***KILLER CLOWNS***

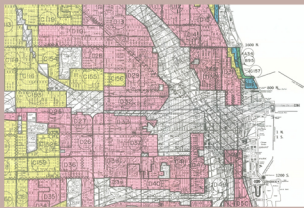
Pederast serial killer **John Wayne Gacy** buried so many bodies in his crawl space that his wife would complain, “John, the basement smells awful!” Gacy would grumble, “I’ll have to fill it with more lime.” Before he was arrested, Gacy conceded to a neighbor, “Look, I killed some people. But they were bad people. B-a-a-a-d people,” Gacy said while shaking his head.



WE BUILT THIS CITY ON...

Chicago

### RACISM



In the 1930s, the private banking system collapsed. In order to pass legislation that would federally guarantee mortgages, racists had to be assuaged that the social order would be maintained. The Home Owners' Loan Corporation used maps of Chicago neighborhoods that claimed to identify their "credit worthiness." *Guess what color lived in the redlined zones?* Chicago and redlining would set the template for the rest of the country.

### FECAL MATTER



Let's dump our sewage into Lake Michigan. It's okay, because we'll get our drinking water two miles out in the lake. What could go wrong? Okay, we'll dump the sewage into the lake, then drain it out by reversing some of the rivers and canals. Oh hell, we'll divert the sewage to the Mississippi River and send our crap to St. Louis.

### HOODS



(...and blues, labor unions, architecture, some food and universities.)

What Tom Foolery be this? In 1981, a pinball manufacturer bought a Chicago restaurant chain. The result was a panic flip that went down the drain.

# WE'RE COMING TO GETCHA!



Serial killer **Ted Bundy** has taken a job here as a bartender to stalk his prey and is *coming to getcha* indeed! His malevolent leer suggests he is slipping a Cosby into the drinks of the comelier customers for easier kidnappings in the parking lot after work.



**Mr. Pac Man** (right) emerges from an engorged orifice to 'bleep' Ms. Pac Man.



Note: Want preppy, dancing, WHITE couple. Make assurances the social order is maintained. No stray cats. No 'ghetto' types. They must BE white and even WEAR white. In Chicago, I cannot emphasize how important this is.  
—Bally's internal memo



The exemplary 'food' here appears to be a smoker's lung with dipping sauce and some trash from a Chicago sanitation truck (above). Both meals are appetizingly garnished with rodent droppings. Monochromatic pointilism is not the way to make bar food appealing. Perhaps a suggestive kielbasa would be a better Freudian symbol for such a louche establishment?

Mark Rudio (Annotated by Mark Rudio, Net)

**Bally's Tom Foolery**  
TOM FOOLERY WILL GETCHA.  
IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!

19 West 011 Butterfield Road  
Lombard, IL 655-5900

**FREEZE  
WAVE  
EXPECTED**

CHICAGO DAILY  
**SUN TIMES**  
THE PICTURE NEWSPAPER

**CUBS  
LOSE  
100**

# ANN LANDERS HATED HER SISTER 'DEAR ABBY'



**Ann Landers' Advice**

## STOP IT, AND SEE A SHRINK!

*Ann Landers and Abigail Van Buren were twin Jewish sisters who assumed comically exaggerated WASP names and became America's most famous "agony aunts," advice columnists in the latter half of the 20th century. Both walked the line between traditional American values while being somewhat liberal with issues such as birth control and abortion. Although they were slow to embrace gay rights, they did not think homosexuality should be a crime. Famously against divorce, Ann Landers nonetheless divorced her own husband in the mid '70's.*

*Ann Landers' firm evangelistic belief was to put every American on the couch. Although she held no professional accreditation, Landers read the bulletins of the American Psychiatric Association religiously, and if she wasn't getting a cut, she probably deserved some compensation for her relentless crusade to urge Americans to "seek professional help...IMMEDIATELY!"*

*Both women had hissing bi-lateral lisps which added a snake-like venom when they were speaking sarcastically. (When speaking casually about Pope John Paul II, Landers said, "Of course, he's a Polack. They're very anti-women.") Both wore towering wigs seemingly made of steel wool, and both enjoyed appearing on TV and cashing in on personal appearances.*

### AN ESTRANGED SISTER LAMENTS

Dear Ann Landers,

I have a twin sister who has been estranged from me for over forty years, and I am just heartbroken about it. You see, when we were in college, we wrote an advice column together. We were a great team and loved the work and each other. In 1955 my sister won a contest in Chicago to replace the advice columnist for a newspaper. A year later, I decided to strike out on my own. I moved to San Francisco and got a job as an "agony aunt" out there. Instead of being happy for me, my dear sister somehow saw me as a threat, even though I was working at a small newspaper thousands of miles away!

We came from humble beginnings, the daughters of immigrants who settled in Iowa. It depresses me that my sister has become a selfish, greedy, materialistic, status-obsessed and shallow person. In Iowa, she dumped the man she loved because she was hypergamous and instead married a man who was "going places," even though she never loved him.

Sure enough, that man co-founded a famous rental car company. When my sister divorced him, she boasted in private that she "took him to the cleaners," and that she "top ticked" him when he was at his wealthiest. Even though she was against divorce in her advice column, when it came to her own divorce she claimed: "The answer lady doesn't have an answer for this one." In private, she boasted about the hundreds of thousands of stock shares she got in the divorce. She called her husband "Horse Face" or "Mr. Ed" behind his back.



She lives in a 14 room apartment in a famous skyscraper on Lake Shore Drive. She uses an entire room to store her fur coat collection (many of which are rare and endangered species that are caught using very cruel techniques). I've even heard her claim that she's "gotten more orgasms from shopping than she ever got from her husband." She considered sex a chore, and once joked, "I ought to install a taxi meter in the bedroom."

My sister is my blood. We've both done well in life. In the sunset of our years, why can't we just bury the hatchet? For once in her life, I wonder if my sister realizes that SHE is the one who needs to "seek professional counseling immediately?"

Signed, Sad in San Francisco.



**ANN LANDERS RESPONDS:**

Dear "Abigail Van Buren," A.K.A. "Dear Abby," A.K.A. Pauline Esther 'Popo' Friedman: YOU ARE DEAD TO ME! I smote you. *Gai kakken af en yam!* Put an egg in your (typically cheap) shoe and beat it, sister!

The fact is you cut into MY TERRITORY! Oh sure, you were just writing for a "little ole" San Francisco Pennysaver? Horse hockey! Do you think I'm as naive as the public who writes us letters? One word nudnik, SYNDICATION! You under-cut me with cheaper syndication rights. "Get the twin at a price that is slim" was your motto at industry confabs and pow-wows.

I'm the ORIGINAL, and you are just a cheap knock-off, *noch-shlepper!* You had NO previous work experience, you didn't even have a social security number. You just flew to San Francisco, ripped me off, and worked on the cheap.

I got the brains, and you got the ditziness in the family, that's why you crashed your car into that coal truck and got that ugly scar (which your discount makeup doesn't hide, Sis). I got straight A's in psychology at Morningside College while you thought an "Oedipus Complex" was an office building in Greece.

This is how dumb my sister is: she chose the name "Abigail Van Buren" because it sounded *uber-goyishe*, not out of any historical know-how. Martin Van Buren was a do-nothing, one-term president who made the economy and slavery worse. He consistently ranks among our worst presidents. Also, "Abigail" was John Adams' wife, Van Buren's was Hannah, you confused schnook!

As to marriage, you should talk. You married a closeted *fegeleh!* Did you really think San Francisco men are just "better groomed?"

As to my luxurious and prestigious fur collection: I don't care if the little buggers were crucified into extinction, all I know is that I look GOOD in them.

Furs never betray you. Furs never nag you that it's "whoopee night." Furs never undercut your syndication rates.

Tell you what Sis, why don't you pay me back all of the syndication revenue you stole from me plus compounded interest? Then we can have lunch at the top of the Hancock and reminisce about the 'good old days' in that hick town we were forced to grow up in. I'll even promise that my schnauzer won't wee wee into your tea!

Signed, Ann Landers (who is NOT your sister. I have NO sister!)

**Now, here are some common people who have REAL problems!--Ann**

**DEAR ANN LANDERS,** One day my Pontiac blew a gasket, so I had a drink at a nearby bar while I waited for Triple A. In walked a biker with long wavy hair and sat next to me. At first, I thought he might be "rough trade," but he's dreamy. He says marriage is just "bourgeois hypocrisy." I come from a very traditional family, so I am torn. I love him very much, but when I tell my Dad, I fear he might blow a gasket! Ann, what should I do? Signed, Torn.

**DEAR TORN,** "Easy Rider" needs to take it easy. Tell him the snatch shop is closed for complete renovations, and won't reopen until there is a ring on your finger commensurate with 13 weeks of his salary. (Yes Ladies, I'm not talking about a Cracker Jack ring. From what I observe, hippies are what my folk call a "Luftmensch" — (e.g., "Air Man." One who seemingly lives on nothing, a drifter.) Nowadays, these ne'er-do-wells pass themselves

off as "groovy," "mod," and "enlightened." It sounds to me like the same old bums took their handkerchiefs off their sticks and wrapped it around their heads! Well, lay down the law and see what happens. If he declines, perhaps you should call the law, drop that guy like a hot potato, and seek professional help immediately.

**DEAR ANN LANDERS,** I live with a Pontiac salesman who really guns my motor! Sure, he flies off the handle once and a while, and has slapped me a few times and gave me a sock in the jaw when I ran my mouth off. But Ann, he is sooo sweet when he apologizes. Last week, he sent a sad clown to my office with balloons that said: "I'm sorry." Another time, he sent a Michael Jackson impersonator to serenade me with a rendition of "I Want You Back." How can you say "no" to a guy like that? Signed, Conflicted.

**DEAR CONFLICTED,**

Easy. You just say "no" and "goodbye." If you continue to live with this man, you have bats in the belfry! Move out immediately, and seek professional help.

**DEAR ANN LANDERS** I have six children and just can't seem to lose that baby fat. I weigh 322 pounds and can't move around like I once did. My hubby slaps me silly every night, but I am dependent on him to bring me my fried chicken and Shakey's pizza. Ann, I don't know what else I can do? Signed, Weighty Problem.

**DEAR WEIGHTY PROBLEM,**

Oy veh, you *goyishe kops* are wearing me down, and I'm running late to meet Roger Ebert and Mayor Byrne at Gino's, so I'll be brief: STOP IT, AND SEE A SHRINK.



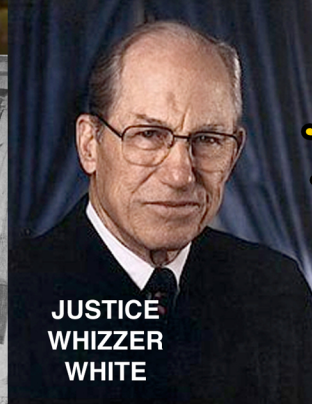
**Full moon, folks. This next writer obviously has a geranium in the cranium! —Ann**

**DEAR ANN LANDERS,** Your huge synthetic wig is as phony as your humanitarian concern. In reality, you are a selfish, materialistic, and petty human being. For 20 years you said divorce would be the end of society, except when it came to you. You wrote that gay marriage would devastate family values, yet you have been estranged from your own twin sister for 40 years. You are a typical phony who doesn't practice what she preaches. Signed, Truth Hurts.

**ANN LANDERS RESPONDS,**

Fuck you, and seek professional help immediately! Driver, The Ambassador-- and step on it!

# YOU CAN'T OUTLAW PLAID



**“Bad fashion. I can’t define it, but I know it when I see it.”**

**BUSTED**  
1970: A plaid dealer is arrested in Times Square.

“Bad fashion. I can’t define it, but I know it when I see it; however, you can’t outlaw plaid,” said Supreme Court Justice Whizzer White in the landmark 1975 ruling *Wintour Vs. Polyester Textiles of New Jersey*.

In the ruling, White went on to say, “Plaid from head to foot is an effrontery to every decent human instinct of taste. If I could wish it away, I would; however, it IS a first amendment right. I wouldn’t say I would fight to the death to defend your right to wear plaid. I would remain in the rear of the battlefield. I might wait until enemy fire makes you bleed so much that it looks like you are at least wearing sensible solid colors that harmonize. I do not have sympathy for those clad in plaid. I believe they should be shunned, but only through through private action.

If this court were to outlaw plaid, what would be next? Should congress formally outlaw wearing white after Labor day? Could an otherwise law abiding citizen be arrested for wearing brown loafers?”

Eventually plaid returned to its ancestral home: the skirt.

**PLAID TOUGHSKINS** take on a festive new holiday look



## CORRUPTION OF THE YOUTH

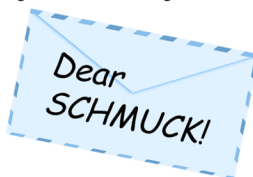
Children were exploited by the Tartan Mafia.



## SHEEP WERE NERVOUS

Even animals were not safe from the scourge of plaid.

Some say the phrase “working blue” originated when the owner of a Borscht Belt venue sent a naughty comedian a blue letter excoriating him for saying *schvantz* or *gai kaken oitfen yam* (“go shit in the ocean”).



## *Pathos wholesaler and alleged comedian Jerry Lewis did not approve of “working blue.”*



That is to say, the public Jerry Lewis. The private Jerry Lewis, in a 1953 recording session with Dean Martin proclaimed, “Come see The Caddy WITH A BIG COCK ON IT!”



Mr. Lewis proved you don’t have to “work blue” to be appalling: his Holocaust clown movie *The Day The Clown Cried* was intended to be screened at Lewis’ chain of family-friendly cinemas. The G rated film apparently contains no nudity, no “blue” words, no violence—just Jerry Lewis dressed as clown, luring children into a gas chamber with his antic dispositions. A print of the film is now stored at the Library of Congress, and one day we might get the opportunity to learn that yes indeed, you don’t *have* to work blue...to be incredibly offensive!

**EVER NOTICE?**  
**When equine-faced multi-millionaires pick up teenagers in the park?**



Non-comedian Jerry Seinfeld stated that “Keeping my act sex and swear-free is like an athletic challenge, since it denies me the easiest laughs.”

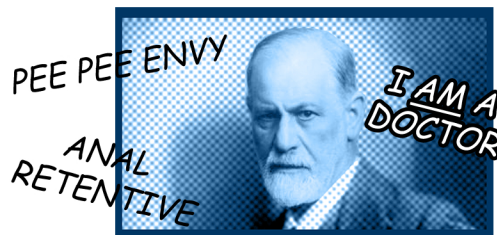
Also denied: *all other laughs*. His eponymous situation comedy was perhaps the most overrated work of the 20th century and made investor and neofascist Steve Bannon rich.

Mr. Seinfeld instead “worked blue” in his private life. In 1993, he picked up a 17-year-old Shoshanna Lonstein, then a high school student, in Central Park.

**That Bronze Age collection of incoherence known as “The Old Testament” certainly worked blue:**

19 Yet she became more and more promiscuous as she recalled the days of her youth, when she was a prostitute in Egypt.  
20 There she lusted after her lovers, **whose genitals were like those of donkeys and whose emission was like that of horses.**  
21 So you longed for the lewdness of your youth, when in Egypt your bosom was caressed and your young breasts fondled.”

-Ezekiel 23:18-21 (New International Version)



But it was Freud, the inevitable Freud, who knew that you HAD to work blue. “Many enemies, much honor,” he said to Jung. Freud was the master of turning triple-X material into dry solemnity. In *Three Contributions to the Theory of Sex* (1905), Freud could even make sheep fucking sound clinically dull.

**CARE  
LESS**  
GROCCERS



*"Because no matter  
how much you care,  
WE COULDN'T  
CARE LESS!"*



OWNED  
BY A  
FAT  
UGLY  
RICH  
MAN

WEEKLY CIRCULAR

**REMEMBER**



MONDAY IS SENIOR CITIZEN'S DAY  
TUESDAY IS SOYLENT GREEN DAY

MEAT

Store Made  
**Thin Sliced  
Stripper  
Breasts**



**\$3.99**  
lb.

MEAT

Store Made  
**Sliced  
Weiners**



**\$3.99**  
lb.

MEAT

Store Made  
**Red Eye  
Calamari**



**\$13.99**  
lb.

USDA Choice Beef  
Boneless  
**Center Cut  
Bottom Round  
or Rump  
Roast**



**YOUR  
CHOICE!**

**\$3.29**  
lb.

Puritan Brands  
**Rump  
Parliament**



**\$1.79**  
lb.

**ATTENTION LOSERS!**

**Holiday  
Turkey  
Meal in  
a Can**



**\$13.99**

**NAZI  
FOOD**



*Celebrate Oktoberfest  
with*



**NAZI  
FOOD**



All meals  
prepared by  
Doktor  
Morell

**Spaghetti and  
Straw-  
berries**

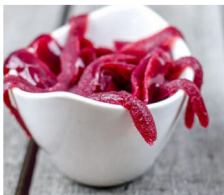


**Bean Soup  
"and  
some  
such"**



**LEECHES**

treat ringing  
in the ears  
after  
assassination  
attempts.



**FÜHRER FAVORITE!**



**Methamphetamine,  
Morphine, Barbiturates,  
Testosterone, Bull's Semen,  
Doktor Koster's Antigas pills with rat  
poison, Cardiazol, Eupaverin,  
Omnadin, Prostacrinum & more.**

# *Another* **COMEDY OF ERRORS, HITS AND RUNS**

Baltimore Orioles' manager Earl Weaver was known for his antic dispositions and salty language during his radio interview show, **The Manager's Corner**. ("Featuring the thoughts and opinions of baseball's winningest manager," many of them foul.)

BILL OF WHITEHOUSE:

The Earl of Hospitality of, uh,  
Frederick, Maryland thus spake,  
"Why dost thou not seek team speed?"

THE EARL OF WEAVER:

Team speed? For the sake of the Christ!  
Better to dispatch large sodomites  
who can hit the ball beyond the ivy wall.  
This whoremonger ought defer to the professionals,  
and mind his own business better!

BILL OF WHITEHOUSE:

Some say thou defy the creator,  
Abner Doubleday and his genius  
to emerge victorious by strategy?

THE EARL OF WEAVER:

Abner Doubleday can devour  
mine own seed globes.  
A curse be upon him.

BILL OF WHITEHOUSE:

Declare ye have well done. Let our thoughts ponder another.  
Alice Sweet of Norfolk queries,  
"What season doth thee put in (laughs) a tomato plant?"

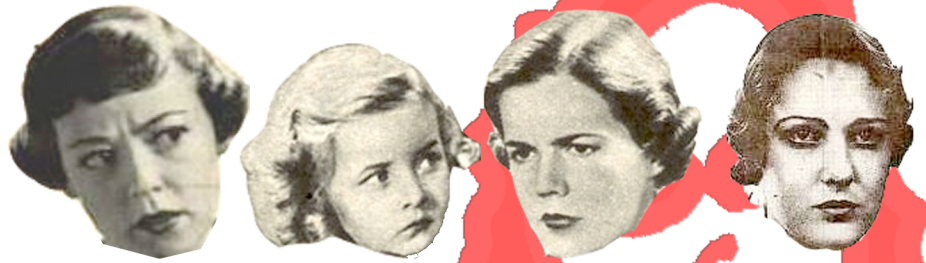
THE EARL OF WEAVER:

Alice Sweet ought be more solicitous of her neighbor,  
methinks if she frequented the taverns of the night,  
a prique within her flower she might discover come sunrise.  
I declare, If your sister had been defiled by a pack of ruffians in the dark,  
I know not where these queries doth arise.  
Why these questions you ask which are glib and mock serious inquiry?  
For the time to question the conduct of the manager has passed,  
go show thyself to the grave, and a curse be on your amusement,  
as all amusements should be for they divert the mind from God—  
on the Orioles of Baltimore broadcast most defiled!





# CURSED!



While most advertising of the Great Depression tried to remain upbeat, feminine hygiene ads were an utter horror show of anxiety. Beyond the "lack of daintiness" lies the fear of pregnancy during an economic calamity. While the Comstock Act and heavy censorship forbade the use of the mail to send real birth control and information, there was one product (if you could read through the *italics for emphasis*) that claimed it could deal with "germ life," that is, sperm: douching with Lysol! These ads are real. This actually happened. The horror.

## THE PERIOD HUT

**19c SANITARY 11M5928** A necessity every woman. Absolutely protects the clothing, safe as a waterproof rubber sheeting. Light.

**32c SANITARY APRON 11M5936** A clever combination of sanitary apron and belt. Napkin holder is detachable, to be used only when necessary. Apron is waterproof.

**69c LADIES' SANITARY OUTFIT 11M5932** A very useful outfit, especially while traveling. The napkins are full sized, but are compressed into very small boxes. The apron is waterproof.

**48c DETACHABLE SHEEVING SANITARY APRON 11M5939** The rubber sheeting is attached to the metal hook action by means of snap fasteners and is easily detached when the apron is to be used.



### Another Love-match Shipwrecked...



...on the dangerous reef of half-truths about feminine hygiene. "Lysol" has prevented many such tragedies.

**"Why wasn't I born a man?"**  
 [The age-old cry of the sex destined to bear most of the world's troubles]

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on...

**"Lysol"**  
 Brand Disinfectant

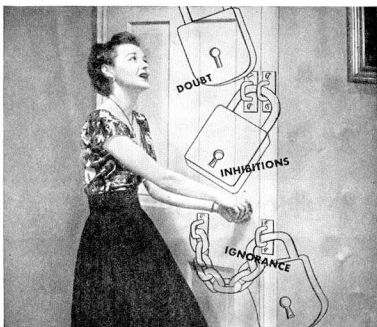
**A Concentrated Germ-Killer**

Product of Lehn & Fink

**Germs destroyed swiftly**

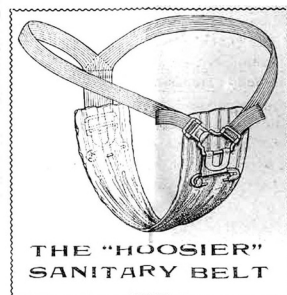


**"PLEASE, DAVE..PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE LOCKED OUT FROM YOU!"**



Often a wife fails to realize that doubts due to one intimate neglect shut her out from happy married love

"Lysol" has amazing, *proved* power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" *acts* in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda *never can*.



**HOW CAN IT BE TACTFULLY TOLD to a sensitive young wife?**

*YOU SEE, DEAR, THERE'S A GRAVE WOMANLY OFFENSE THAT'S RARELY DISCUSSED*

*SO THAT'S WHY DICK HAS BEEN SO COOL TO ME*



**SO THAT'S WHY DICK HAS BEEN SO COOL TO ME**

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues

Jackie acted like a poor widow.  
But she was really the brains behind BLACKMAIL INC.



## MADAME ONASSIS HAS SOMETHING ON YOU!

Jackie O. Was the head of a major "She turned on the waterworks about Dallas, made us all saps, then she'd go reveal. in for the kill."

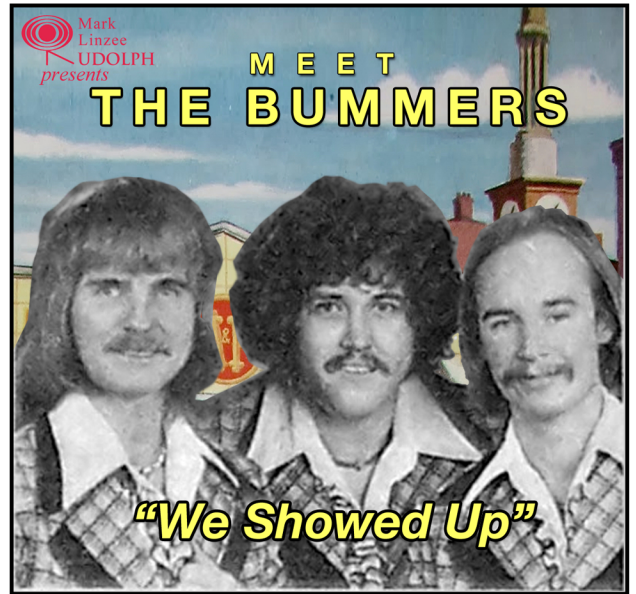
From her table at Burger Heaven The racket was a family business. "JFK Jr. Was NO dummy. He was an "ace" pilot who would do reconnaissance flights while his homely wife would snap pics with a long lens. Somebody got to him. That crash was NO accident!" said an ex-airport maintenance worker in the know.

## We're yellow, not red!

With cookie cutters, cut fancy shapes out of cheese and styrofoam. The U.S. government buying surplus Wisconsin cheese is not socialism, it is constituent service. Garnish with olive, pimento or the front lawn.



 **Boredom®**



## NEAR SIGHTED

Movie Captions

### LILY

A French face (Leslie Caron) meets a carnivore and a flying madman (Jean Pierre Aumont) and a loving penismaker (Mel Ferrer).

### MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

Tale of an eccentric Indian family clinging to falcons during a time of rape. Voice overs by Orson Welles.

### SPEED

A fat SWAT (Keanu Reeves) slips a Micky 50 times and revolutionary deposits occur in Lyon (Sandra Bullock). Co-starring Dennis Hopper as Dennis Hopper.

### FRIDAY THE 13th

The raspberries of crystal lake spells mayday for a group of sexually preposterous courtesans.

### BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY

A plump sponge (Renee Zellweger) rakes her hair, eats fried butter and whines all day. One day, she meets a man with a large refrigerator (Hugh Grant).

### ESCAPE FROM L.A.

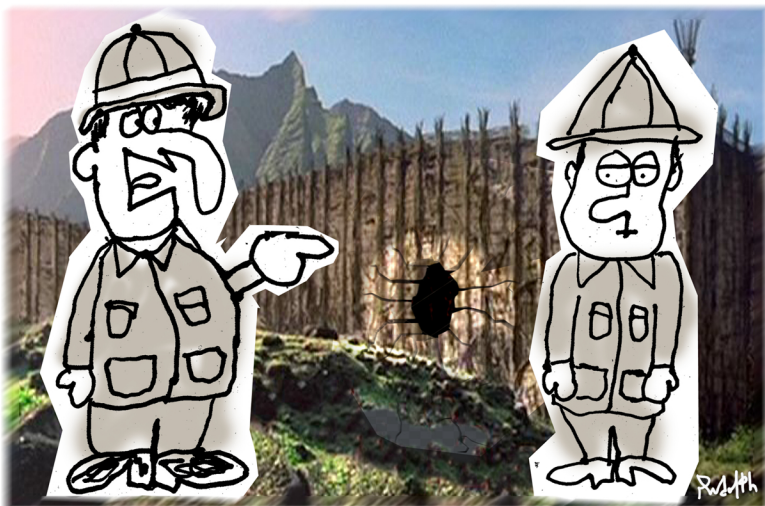
The famous U.S. president squeezes a rabid fish head (Kurt Russell). Graphic prophylactics seize L.A.'s boring daughter.

### ICE STATION GODFATHER

A film that Howard Hughes and Saddam Hussein could watch all day.

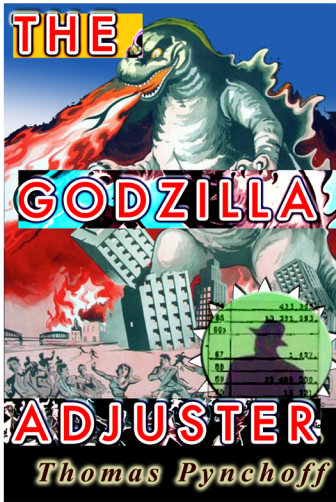
### OUR MISS BROOKS

Sex (Eve Arden) fustigates a Greek, masters the president, and farts on a colleague (Gale Gorden).

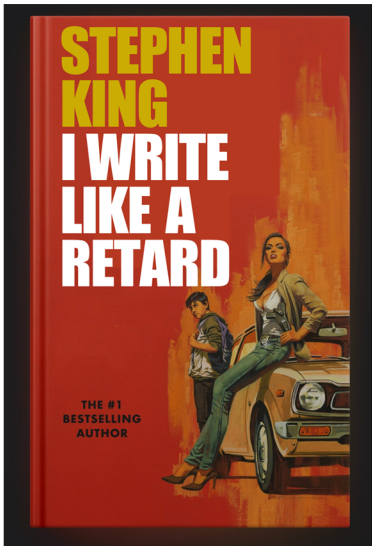


That was King Kong's gloryhole.

# LIT BITS



Predictably, Thomas Pynchoff's long-gestating previously unpublished novel about an insurance adjuster who is sent to assess the damage done by Godzilla sounds more interesting in concept than execution.



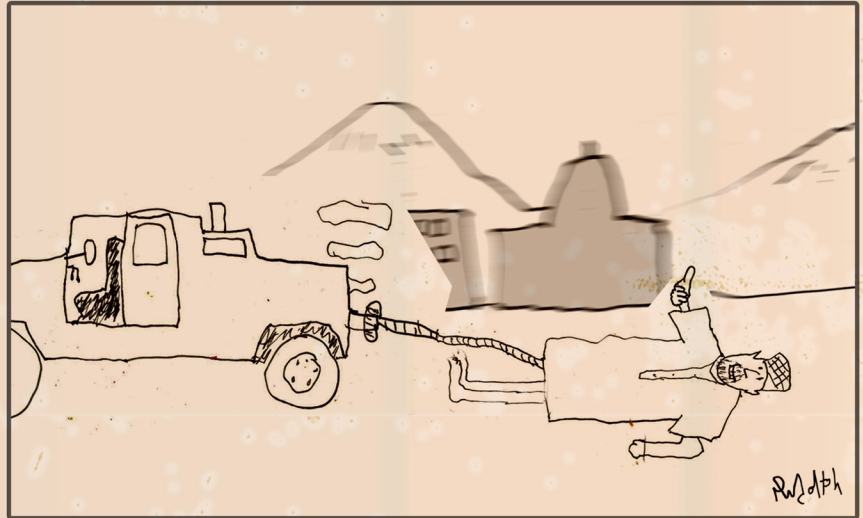
(from King's "Mr. Mercedes"):  
 "When Augie reached the top of the wide, steep drive leading to the big auditorium, he saw a cluster of at least two dozen people already waiting outside the rank of doors, some standing, most sitting. Posts strung with yellow DO NOT CROSS tape had been set up, creating a complicated passage that doubled back on itself, mazelike."  
 Are doors Captains or Colonels, or perhaps Mr. King means a "row of doors"? Can a maze 'cluster' people?

# Kabul Times

no.203.078

FINAL EDITION

## TALIBAN ADVANCE FASTER THAN DOORDASH Afghan surrender makes French blush



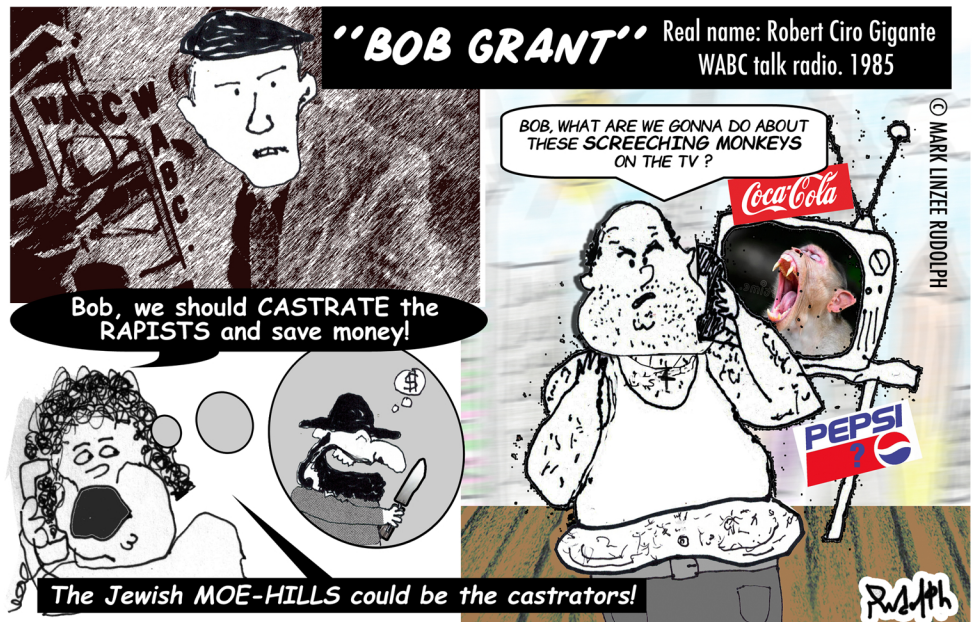
DATELINE, KABUL: President Ashraf Ghani helpfully ties his own nuts to a running Humvee to help the Taliban smoothly transition to power in their own preferred manner.



Tuna burgers



San Francisco "cheese it"



MARK LINZEE RUDOLPH 2021



**SATURDAY  
NIGHT  
LIVE**

*NEXT WEEK:*

**VLADIMIR  
PUTIN**