

Young Howard

The Making Of A Male Lesbian

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

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This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

## PREFACE

This is my secret autobiography of my childhood. I keep it in encrypted form on my personal computer where only I can get at it. My password is pAtTypUkE. I don't want it to be published or known while I'm alive, but kept only for my private masturbation fantasies. I will supply the password to it in my will, with instructions to my lawyer to release it fifty years after my death. In case anybody cracks it, beware of the curse of Tutankhamen and respect its privacy. In the extremely unlikely event that somebody does crack it and publish it, I'm warning you: at least have the human decency to obliterate my name and label it as fiction. I make millions a year and can hire detectives and sue your ass off can't I? Labelled as fiction about a fictional character, I have plausible deniability and so do you. Humor me, okay?

Note from the Editor.

This document was indeed hacked and then mutilated as it circulated furiously around the Howard fan sites on the Web, with many Billy Shakespeares making anonymous additions. One anonymous enterpriser even attempted to lift Chapter 7 and repackage it as a "Y2K Defense of Judaism" and palm it off as his own work. Another made up a ridiculous story about Howard and Ted Kennedy in the latter's Mary Jo Kopechne days, just because the bridge incident occurred in July of 1969, right before Woodstock, and Martha's Vineyard is not too far from New York. There is no evidence that Howard was a boat boy at the yacht race. It's just a coincidence that Chappaquiddick is near Gay Head. Might as well claim that Howard was at Cape Kennedy at the time because the big moon shot was going on, and Howard looks something like comedian Andy Kaufman of Shoot the Moon fame. (Yes, people have.)

This edition is the original autobiography, with any factual and spelling errors corrected. (For example: "You're have moron. Every time you is are stupid. I hear you're show one and I am believed it bader.")

I have also taken the liberty of adding some material from my log book on Howard's Show, which I have been running for years on my own fan site -- it is all carefully marked so as to avoid confusion. I know that Howard officially denies the authenticity of this "trashy piece of pure unadulterated fiction and hokum", but let the readers judge. (The autobiography, not my web site. Okay, both.)

I love you, Howard. Why won't you call me anymore?

And Howard, you can do anything with my ass you want.  
Please!

-- Richard Persimmon, Editor, "The Howard Chronicles --  
Book One: The Book of Howard"

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Editor's note: All of the autobiography past chapter 14 has either been destroyed, or never written. The only traces are in this original Table of Contents. Spurious chapters have been detected as forgeries, and will not be included here. You're gonna love the real pure unadulterated stuff.

Part I

Donovan Stops By. 11/31/96.

This guy is some star from back in the 60's. As Irish as a leprechaun. All I can say after hearing a medley of his songs is that I'm glad I wasn't growing up when his songs were popular. I beat that decade by ten years. Some of the songs that you may recognize are Mellow Yellow, Jennifer Juniper and Hurdy Gurdy Man. Only aging losers remember

Lalena, Epistle to Dippy, or Barabajagal. Howard seemed to know a lot of the guy's music I guess because that's what was on the radio when he was growing up. The guy came in and did some songs and hung out with Howard for a little while. His singing sucked. He was too old for the music. You have to look like a young girl to pull it off right. Not much of an interview either. I swear I saw them holding hands under the table, making eyes. And I was jealous. He had a cute butt.

-- Richard Persimmon's Personal Howard Show Log

## Chapter 1. A Jew's View of Christ

Good! That's it! Now! Show some more cleavage. Great!

My dad never hit me. He just told me to shut up. All the time. He tried to humiliate me, make me feel lower than shit. That's the reason I am the way I am now. I can never shut up.

Shut up! Nice hooters but don't call us, we'll call you.

If there I were in paradise, what would I look forward to doing personally? Everything I want to do, naturally. So, what would I like to do? Talk all the time. Tell everybody to shut up. Get every woman I wanted. Smoke pot. Play. Fart. Have my farts smell like flowers. Never get bored. I think you know this answer but read it anyway. There is no end to the knowledge of a god like me.

I shouldn't be up so early, but I get so hungry. It's silly, but even though I'm supposed to start work at 2 a.m., I had to get up at midnight just to have some toast and kippers. Just to hear myself crunch and munch. Listen. I recorded myself.

Look at all the work people do today. I could be doing any one of those jobs. Perfectly. After all, I graduated magna cum loudly from college. But I have only one short life.

Hmmm. Good celery too, hmmm.

So the work I chose was to learn to tell people to shut up and listen to me. Perfectly.

Next! You're a doll. Why don't you introduce yourself while I adjust the bump in my pants.

Oh the depth of my riches and knowledge. How unsearchable my wisdom and judgment. How past tracing out my ways. Who has known my first counsellor, or the riches that have been given to me?

Hungry? Ha ha, no, that was before. They took the dishes out of the studio already. Now that my hunger for nourishment is satisfied, let's heat up my pants.

I am an ecclesiastic, really. What they would all do if they could have the freedom. All I do is say what they are thinking, without fear of consequences.

Who cares what you know or what you do for a living. Take off your clothes and show me your body.

I have a desire to live forever. And a desire to die now. I live on the balancing edge of that.

I made you hungry with that tape? Somebody bring me a dish of ice cream so we can both lick it up with no hands.

Glad today's show is about over. My mind is in another dimension today. I am reassessing my whole life now.

Ben & Jerry's? No, make mine Haagen Dazs. 'Clam' flavor. I see some right now, between your legs. Come here. I'm a cunning linguist. A regular one-man mass debater. Yes I know Ben Cohen personally. One fine Jew.

Now that I'm separated for the first time in my life from my wife. I don't know why, but it feels as if she has died, even though we see each other all the time and put up an act that we're friends.

We have a caller from Ben & Jerry's hometown of Allenstown, Pennsylvania. Mr. Billion Mouthstofeed. If you have anything to say, say it quick. My tongue is out for lunch.

All through the ages, even today, people have inherited the desire to live forever. When a loved one dies, his bereaved have so much difficulty going through the mourning part, and each person does so differently. But the common reaction is inbred, and that is the inability to accept that they didn't live forever.

Haagen Dazs sucks and Ben & Jerry's rocks? How much do you weigh anyway? Three hundred? I bet you can't even spell Haagen Dazs. Or even tell which of the a's carries the umlaut. How many a's are there in Haagen Dazs, Man Mountain of Allenstown, Pennsylvania?

I am a Jew. Before Matthew, Mark, Luke and John there was Ecclesiastes. Right before Psalms and Proverbs. That sure is a big book isn't it? Right. But it is my favorite in the whole Bible, because it expresses my philosophy of life in toto. Not that the Song of Solomon and its celebration of sex isn't right up there with it. Most people have never read either of them. A pity. Life is worth every sacrifice you make. So read it. Or I'll read it to you on the air and cram it up your nostrils.

I think I've heard enough. Click. Where do they dig up dickless brainless bozos like that anyway? Ben & Jerry's is in Vermont by the way. Sorry if I offended any Greenpeace types out there. Sure.

How can Jews live in harmony with their knowledge of God and still reject Jesus Christ? How does that affect them? They have peace of mind, believe me. I have found that out to be true personally. The majority of Christians do not know that. They think Jesus Christ is all there is. They think they wouldn't want to live in a Jew kind of world, and demonize them as followers of the devil. Their Revelation shows us accepting Jesus, and repenting of our evil ways.

The world is never more than one or two bad harvests

away from worldwide starvation, and this jerk is a hundred pounds overweight from ice cream.

Is that what the love of God means, that we Jews accept the commandments of Jesus and obey them, when his entire philosophy is not after our heart, as I think? JC is not a man after our heart. I don't know about God's, but compare him and King David and don't be closed to the difference. Our messiah will be a new King David, a powerful ruler, not a fairy going around looking to be persecuted and not fight back. We Jews fight back. Sorry, we learned that we have to. We look after ourselves. And we don't wallow in doctrines of original sin. We believe that it takes a man to really sin. Hence being born in sin is a repugnant, alien concept. So, we feel no need of saving. We don't want to lose our identity in the great sea of gentiledom.

At least 'clam' ice cream has zero calories per serving. And kosher too. Even the kind that's heavy on the clitty.

We believe in this world, not a make-believe kingdom of heaven where the laws of materialism have been magically suspended. This is a material world. Jews are material people. Spiritual people yes, but material people also. Call us stiff-necked, but we'll never give up one for the other. That's also exactly why we're not pagans, or devil worshippers. We can't be pure material people any more than pure spiritual people. We think our God feels good about us. Sorry, but Jesus Christ was a pretender, and its the Christians who will finally see the light not us. How else explain that it is the Christians who most easily swing from Christ to devil worship, not us? We're balanced, they're unbalanced. Your savior frankly sucks.

Play my new hit song "Clit Don't Mean A Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing" again.

After Armageddon, what will take place on earth? People will be tested as to whether they follow Satan or God. The survivors will have decided for God. Not Jesus Christ, but God. So, many or most survivors will be Jews. And the new world order will be ruled by a new King David, who will make



Jesus Christ look like an old lady's masturbation fantasy.

What good is clitty, what good is clit  
If it ain't swinging in my face so sweet

He will be righteous, just, strong. He'd wipe his ass with  
Jesus Christ pansies for lunch. And God will find it all to  
be good, very good, in His eyes. Jesus Christ is just a  
last test before paradise comes to earth forever, and the  
Jews are put in charge of the world.

It makes no difference if it's sweet or hot  
Just give that rhythm everything you've got

I am the future, you goyim, not you. My ways are the  
future, not yours. My morality, not yours. I am quite  
simply more evolved than you. You are throwbacks. The  
world is set to pass you by like a garbage truck. You and  
your organized religion, which is nothing but a crutch for  
the weak-minded anyway. All organized religion is a sin,  
other than the pure religion of the Jews. Sorry, that's the  
truth. There is only one God, and he chose the Jews. He  
merely tolerates others. And only for so long. Even all  
those who try to imitate it. We are being tested, that's  
all. You know what we've been put through. But when all  
the tests are complete, when we have been put through all  
the fires, we will be perfect, complete, and ready to rule  
the world forever. You will all call a Jew your king. And  
don't say Jesus Christ. David. His clone perhaps. But not  
JC. He couldn't please a woman to save his life.

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande

But we all have problems, even me. Mine is having eyes that  
are bigger than my penis. I have about six inches, but I  
habitually knock myself down, as if I only have about four.  
This is because of my father. He emasculated me, made me  
the self-hater I still am. When I become perfect, and get  
past that, I will have a huge ten inch penis. Like every  
man should have. And every woman will call it good, very  
good.

I see our time's up for today. Thank you for letting me

spend this time with you, folks. See you tomorrow.

That's the problem with all Jewish males. Their fathers. But that's another story. Time for a masturbation fantasy break.

## Chapter 2. Auntie Fran

My auntie Fran. She loved me when I was a young boy. Play the sad violin now. Dropped me like a used tampon when I reached bar mitzvah. But until I was officially a man in Jewish law, I was her darling.

She was a house nudist back in Brooklyn. Liked to wear gaudy housedresses with feathers and fluffy collars, open at the front. Her white skin, huge hooters with silver dollar size quote-unquote loud aureolae and light brown bush are more clear to me now through the haze of time than her face. Not exactly Rubinesque, but homey in her proportions. I think she was pretty, but only if you were prepared for Jewish inbreeding. Noses, cheekbones, and so on. Not the standard of beauty on the mass media. And hadn't heard her unpretty busybody voice. Smelled nice though. She was what they called back then a spinster.

Her face. She had a girlfriend, who she pretended was her niece. Who or whom. I can never get that right. Marlo I think. Meryl. I confuse her with Marlo Thomas because of the face. I know about Meryl Streep but the faces don't match up, so I think first of Marlo Thomas. That face though. So beautiful, as it lovingly ate auntie Fran's pussy. Nowadays they'd both come out of the closet and flaunt their lesbianism.

She was hot that Meryl. Her bod. I know because I saw every last square inch of it. Very anorexic. Impossibly small waist. The way her tiny hooters lilted up in the air, making them so exciting despite their tinyness. If only I had been a man back then. As it was, I was a boy. So all I did was watch. They enjoyed me watching. Sitting in bed with them. All day. Listening to them ooh and ahh.

They would go at it like a serious occupation, nude, freshly-bathed, perfumed and powdered. It was their occupation. Fran was wealthy and she had a joint checking account with Meryl. I didn't know it then, but I guess I've spent the rest of my life trying to be them.

The way they would spread out their legs of creamy white skin and curves and there would be nothing there at first, almost. But then the other one would go down on it and discover a large flower, open it up, suck the nectar from it, lap it with the tongue, rub it, lick it just so. The pussy was the center of their entire attentions, the main attraction, the main event.

And I didn't have one. A pussy. At my age, I thought it was just a way of playing, but even then I felt the sting of being left out. They'd ask me if I wanted to eat them and I'd be scared they'd ask me to strip and see the yellow and brown stains in my briefs, not to mention my, ahem, penis, so I'd refuse obstinately. After awhile, they wouldn't ask anymore, even as the idea grew on me.

Yes, the idea grew on me. The pussy. The private parts seemed so small you could eat it like an ice cream cone, but when the face got up close to it, your head was swallowed up. I still remember Meryl's face lapping Fran's labia, framed by her white legs, bush, and tummy, with the huge jugs sprouting in the air like mountains, like a Madonna photo with a halo. Not that I'm Christian, but maybe there's a psychological connection. Is a newborn baby bigger than a human head? It is after all a baby hatch. That was an extreme event, pregnancy. The Madonna must have found it very easy to be impregnated by a spirit instead of a real hard human penis.

Either way, the pregnancy progresses like a grotesque abscess or tumor, swelling the belly to the point of bursting. The rest of the time the womb is sleeping nicely out of the way, leaving the delightful pussy for play, the tiniest folds of labia the very center of the universe of pleasure. Men don't have a use for such sensitiveness, so only women could even begin to understand and appreciate the

infinite sensitivity and responses of a sexually mature pussy, and pleasure it properly with their faces and hands. Lesbianism is the true state of women. We men are just custodians of this world while they get their act together and inherit it all.

The insertion of penis and injection of semen into this flower of love is, after appreciating lesbian sex, just brutal and senseless, like when the doctor gave me a shot with a brutal hypodermic needle back when I was just a little baby. But then the human race must go on. A disagreeable necessity at most, performed once or twice in a lifetime. Heterosexuality is pure rape, caused by brute evolution as a survival mechanism, and nothing higher. Women who claim to like it are just brainwashed, thinking through their wombs. Smart women think through their labia, not their wombs. Men think through their penises. Even me. They don't have wombs to think through, or labia, so they all think the same, unless they are castrated maybe. Then they think like women I guess. I don't know.

Don't get me wrong. At that age my thinking abilities were missing on a few cylinders. I hadn't refined my thinking to this high philosophical level. I did think about what a nuisance children were, and how it was better that my auntie stayed husbandless and childless. Not me. Children in general.

Back to my childhood. I'd go to bed praying to God to make my little hairless penis shrink into a pussy. One time I tied a string on it and almost got caught in the bathroom nursing myself. If the rest of the world hadn't bathed me with the supposed normalcy of heterosexuality as I reached sexual maturity and lost my auntie's paradise I think I'd have committed hari-kari with a mail order sword.

But God saved me, through pornography. So I'd sit in the bathroom and masturbate to lesbian pornography, which was cheap and easily-obtainable even in the late sixties and early seventies. For some deep-seated, probably genetic reason, hetero males like to watch lesbians, usually fake ones, performing for them. As long as it's only for them, to turn them on until they got hot enough to cut in. Real

lesbians like auntie they'd likely tar and feather and run out of town. And the pornographers used hookers who they treated like dogs and forced into it, but I didn't know then. I thought they were just volunteering to show what they did to educate the rest of us in what we were missing. I thought they were in control, and the pornographers worked for them.

Funny, but with the World Wide Web this is coming true. Women will make billions of men by selling themselves over the Web. And no middleman with Mafia connections to worry about. So they're getting money and power. Not just the lucky few lesbians like auntie Fran are rich now. For years I would wait until I couldn't hold it anymore, then jump off the toilet, turn around, and ejaculate into the toilet as if I were peeing, then flush and leave making the family think I had just taken a long shit and finished with a tinkling finale. Thank God for condoms. I'm too old to ejaculate now without getting it all over myself. And I am the master of the house now, so I do it in my waterbed, and wifey doesn't look twice.

And look at me now. A male lesbian. I can't enjoy any kind of pornography unless it's got lesbians in it. All I think about is what I'm missing because I'm not a lesbian. Intercourse to me is unnatural, vile, messing up the flower that I just want to eat and eat. I can't even have straight sex with a woman without fantasizing myself as a lesbian and trying to work around it. Intercourse is hard, almost impossible. My face keeps wanting to crawl down where my cock is.

But even worse, the worst of all worlds, I can't really get off eating pussy. It just tastes like raw chicken, and while my face is buried down there, I can't see. I have to watch another woman eat it to get off, while I masturbate. When I have a real woman in bed with me all I want to do is watch her have sex with another woman. If I have another one for her, then fine and good. But if I don't, not fine and good. And if she's straight, and she demands that I perform like a man, I'm up the creek without a paddle and have to talk my way out of the jam. I've never failed though. You see, other than with my wife, I'm still a

virgin.

A paddle. I have a normal size cock, but after my years with auntie Fran, I think of it as four inches max. I wish I were a woman so I could just be a lesbian and be fulfilled. You're never going to see a made-for-TV movie about me servicing a woman like a bull, then jilting her like shit as I get dressed, leaving her on her back in her bedroom soaked in my goo, and end up with her throwing something at the door just as I close it. I would never leave that bed until I'd eaten everything on the butter goose table seven ways to Sunday. Face it, though, what woman wants a male lesbian? She wants a woman lesbian. Somebody she can eat too. So what am I to do? Get a sex change? Sure. I'm six feet five inches tall, like fellow Jew Jeff Goldblum, and who would want a six foot five lesbian sex change jobbie with shitty skin and loose wobbly gassy buttocks when they could get girls like Meryl anytime they want? If there really is a God, why didn't he make a Jewish doctor who could advance medicine that far?

Let's face it, lesbians are taking over the world, and men are on the way out. Maybe that's what my mission is. To preside over it. Over the end of man's days. At least the years with auntie developed my mouth. That's my fortune, my big mouth. A mouth trapped on the wrong body, crying out to eat what I can't eat, because without a pussy between my legs I can't get off on it, and can only use lady five fingers to get it off. Jeff Goldblum. He's a real hetero. Look at the way he laid Geena Davis for years. Then what did he do? Started going with Laura Dern. What a stud. Only one small blip on his rap sheet, when Laura played a lesbian on "Ellen". She was just acting. I feel it in my jeans. Trust me. He was six feet four anyway. Shorty. I heard that Geena started out as a live manikin in New York store windows. Why didn't I luck out and meet her before she got famous and rich? I could have trained her to please from the ground floor up. And took pictures.

Pornography. Back then you could get triple X porno in magazine form easily, but the religious right made their stand in the theaters. I'm talking about the late sixties

and early seventies. Before that all you could get was Playboy. And nudist magazines. The kind where they play volleyball and go swimming and never had sex. Like a wax museum, it was so unnatural and eerily phony, since all everybody thinks about is having sex. It took years to realize that all the men's penises were unusually well beaten-off looking, darkish. They never showed open spread pussy, so I can only surmise that the labia were just as well beaten-off. They were the rebels of that day. The magazines were just fronts, propaganda, to keep the world from shutting them down. The funniest mags would portray the colonies as religious havens that were just going back to Adam and Eve. But they always neglected to mention the Fall.

They lost the theater battle too, the religious right did, but at first all I could even sneak into were Russ Meyer hooter-fetishist soft porno flicks. They all stunk to somebody as educated as me, but I couldn't help trying to find a sympathetic director somewhere. It was in one of those theaters that I met my first pedophile homo, who had me feel his big stiff cock while he felt mine. I'd love him to try that sitting in a lounge chair in a sunny nudist colony. I knew ever since that I would never be a homo, because I didn't have the cock for it. But at least I can accept homos and talk about them without getting all uptight. Even they can sense that I'm a male lesbian and not hit on me.

I'm strictly a masturbator and need a video feed of lesbian porno to drive lady five. Ask my wife. She's frigid, so we get along famously. Just so I flush the soiled condom and don't leave the toilet seat up. Or let it leak on the carpet while I'm transporting it. That's why I'm the ideal shock jock. My eyes are bigger than my stomach. I can talk about it forever, but wifey knows I'll never do it. And just watching lesbians doing it isn't marital unfaithfulness exactly even if I did. I do confess to a certain delight in watching a hard well-hung man really fuck a cunt hard. Like watching an alien species, but one that has ties to my own.

It wasn't the bar mitzvah, now that I think back. It was the fact that my penis was growing, my crotch was growing a

bush, and I had the very smell of semen about me. I was one of the bad guys now, one of the ape men, the devils. No place in heaven for devils, so goodbye, don't call us we'll call you. She just moved away and I didn't see her again for ages. By then she was old and frightening. The thought of eating that old cunt made me grimace. In my mind's eye, seeing the old bag walking in front of me, at a respectable distance, in a nudist colony where sex didn't happen, as young women swerved to avoid her, was strangely refreshing. My beaten-off-looking cock resting safe in the sun on my lap in my lounge chair, my sunglasses hiding my eyes and the telltale marks of laughter, or rather, relief. So I had the last laugh, and saved face at the end. Saved face with a lesbian.

### Chapter 3. Lessons of a Lesbian Boudoir

New York must be mostly Jews. Every year at Rasha Homa, which is what I call Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, at the end of the Jewish month of Tishri or September-October, you can see the highways filled with people rushing home for the celebration. The few non-Jews must feel left out. I know how that feels. I'm talking about all the highways, not just the one on Long Island.

I felt left out in the lesbian boudoir in another way. They never let me talk. I don't know what I said. Probably talked about school or TV, but to me it was important. I heard the "shhh" word so much that I feel wronged for life even now. "Shhh!" Then back to their oohing and ahing. And those licking sounds. They castrated me twice, once in the gonads and once in the vocal chords. Luckily when I reached puberty I developed a deep voice and no lesbian will ever take it away from me. It is mine. It is me. I am it. When I cum after masturbating to lesbian porno, I say my own ahhs, and in a deep voice. And all women can go fuck themselves for all I care. A man has to have some male chauvinist handhold left in today's world or he's dead in the water.



Which brings me back to my young teen days. I was just barely old enough to go to Woodstock in the summer of 1969 and get off on it. I mean old enough to go with friends in their shitty VW van. Not old enough to have a girlfriend. My first was in college. When everybody started to take off their clothes and splash around, I had to stay in my briefs. How could I let people see that I had a weenie the size of a clitoris?

The crowd was mainly white, middle-class, well-educated, coddled TV kids just leaving home for the first time. Just a few years later all they'd have to know was where to get their car stereo installed. They all tried to have a girlfriend who gave them sex without marriage. And without fear of any diseases that a shot of penicillin couldn't cure. And sat on their neck topless like a winner's wreath at a road rally. And took the same drugs they did, to increase the power of the orgasms. Theirs not hers. To have a pair of new spring hooters flopping around in the air over your head was the ultimate status symbol of these white males on the track to take over America. Even if they were stunted in their growth, and the girl had hairy armpits and moles. Just so she was female, and young, and not handicapped, and didn't have too objectionable a feminine odor problem. I think that was where I definitely decided that heterosexuality was on the way out with this being the last generation.

It was in the seemingly endless coming home festivities that my memories most fondly mast to the urbate. Face it, Woodstock was overfilmed, and overplayed so many times that even those who were there tend to remember the films rather than their own experiences. But when we got on the road home, we finally had some comparatively personal experiences. We weren't rushing home, no, just the opposite. We hoped we'd never get home, just as we all wished that the Lord of the Rings trilogy would never end, reading each page more and more slowly for fear we would run out, and have to whip out our porno and choke our lonely chickens again. I'm talking about the males only, of course.

When we finally got back as far as Greenwich Village, we

ended up in a huge loft housing some kind of zany, merry drugged-out party. We got free admission by virtue of looking like we'd just come from Woodstock. Any other time we'd not be wanted. That day we were the thing they wanted to make the party atmosphere. But I wasn't that cynical at the time, so I accepted it without question. Cynical. In other words, I hadn't been turned down for sex by ten thousand women yet, while being accepted by none. That took till college. I was still in high school, getting regularly passed by for niggers by the white women. All the women, white and black and Jewish.

There was live music. Who was twanging away on his guitar and leading the singing? Donovan, the vaguely sunny-pagan kind of Paul McCartney wannabe from Ireland. He was leading the chorus of his song about Atlantis, sitting cross-legged, in a silky-gauzy guru outfit covered with flowers, and his hair longer than in his publicity shots. He had on white bermuda shorts and sandals. He also had a ridiculously effeminate and thin mustache and goatee, kind of like the one Pee-wee Herman wore in that famous mug shot after his arrest in that porno theater in Florida decades later. Nothing like the thick, manly beard that O.J. Simpson wore in his mug shot after his arrest for the murder of his wife Nicole.

He tried to ad lib dirty lines into his song, and most were suggestions to women to have lesbian sex while he watched. Some did, which caused me to ejaculate into my briefs. One beauteous young chick stood nude right next to him close enough to sniff while another long-haired naked chick parted her bush and lovingly licked her. I swear I spotted Andy Warhol in the crowd, but then it could have been Bill Clinton. The women doing the lez act looked just like young Nicole Simpson and Morgan Fairchild. But then I was too young to even know who they were, as if anybody else did. I swear by the gonads of Paul Bunyan's ox that I believe it really was them. But nobody else remembers.

I think now that Donovan was a male lesbian like me. He couldn't be a shock jock back in those retro days, so he was a rock singer. The goal was the same, to get chicks to undress and perform lesbian sex while we get off on it, all

without getting in trouble with our straight wives, because it was in a crowd, and we were 'professionals' making our living at it. The genesis must have been similar. We can't get the thought of Morgan Fairchild eating Nicole Simpson while we whack off out of our minds. Look at what it did to him. And to me.

That's why we both hate O.J. with our souls, and know he did it. He did it to spoil our masturbation fantasies. He can get any white woman and please her with his huge manly black organ. We can't. We have to hide in the corner and watch while whacking off our tiny stumps that they wouldn't touch with a ten-foot vibrator. That's why I slam blacks all the time on my shows. From jealousy. They know it too. That's why I haven't been drive-byed and still have my genitalia intact, as tiny as they might be. That and the fact that I'm Jewish, and they all know we started the ACLU, NAACP, and have done so much for their civil rights so they could bang white women.

So I am one of the few whites that can call blacks 'nigger' without fearing for my safety. When I say the word, I breathe the proper awe and respect for their genetically-superior genitalia into it, and they respect me back. The real reason whites get them mad is that they try to belittle their genitalia instead of worship them, and that is the genesis of all the excesses of 'white supremacy', pardon my oxymoron. Imagine the utter sickness of the KKK castrating a nigger while they're dressed in white sheets to hide their tinyness, and hoping the example will scare the other niggers to leave their white women alone. All the while their white women are banging every nigger they can get, and the white men really can't do anything with their own genitalia to stop it. Once you have it black you won't go back... So they try to switch battlegrounds. When and if white men show respect for the deeper meaning of the word, niggers will be demanding that they use it instead of lamer words du jour their leaders think up to waggle and juke them around. "Afro-American", right.

"Look at that BIG BLACK NIGGER!" That's what the white supremacists like to shout in derision. The sad truth is

they are talking about his genitalia, and exposing their own self-hate and loathing about their genetic shortcomings. Their white supremacist garbage is just a cover for their inability to compete for white women. It takes a Jew with microscopic genitalia to see it so clearly. Look at that little tiny patty. Me, Donovan, Paul McCartney, and so many others. Once in awhile there comes along a John Holmes with a nigger-sized organ to make us dream on. He was one in a million. Every nigger on the block can match him pound for pound. The last straight heterosexual male on earth will be a nigger. And be banging the last straight heterosexual female on earth. A white woman. And she will be bi.

But what does that have to do with my childhood experiences in a lesbian boudoir? Simple. They didn't want me around unless I keep my mouth shut. The only way to keep on living was to reverse at least a part of that, and so I have to run my mouth off full time in a public setting to get them to let me watch at all now. Donovan ditto. I don't know about Paul McCartney, but he was rich and famous enough to make a lesbian girl go straight just to have him, so he is an exception. Andy Warhol. He offered women fame if they'd do it for him while he watched, as long as he was taking pictures and shelling his money out to promote them. He finally offered every lesbian fifteen minutes of fame to get them to keep doing it in front of him. It used to be that men thought women were jealous of their penises, and that would insure that they always ruled the world. When women figured out that men are actually jealous of them doing lesbian sex and not needing them, they will rule the world. Why are all my kids female? I'm the conscience of America and its role model rolled in one generic Jewish package.

#### Chapter 4. Donovan Doesn't Do Atlantis

Did I say conscience?

I fibbed. It was "There Is A Mountain", not "Atlantis" that Donovan was singing. I'm not even sure the latter had even come out by the time of Woodstock. Okay, I see from my discography that it was recorded in November of 1968, and

Woodstock was on August 15-17, 1969, so they could rush back to campus in time for classes. Five hundred thousand freeloaders whose parents were the wealthiest generation in world history. Nearer the town of Bethel than Woodstock actually, since the site was moved to the farm owned by Max Yasgur, 45 miles away. Six hundred acres of wall-to-wall hippies, sex, drugs, and R&R. And traffic jammed out for ten miles.

It was great until it started raining. Then everything turned to mud. And we began to resemble a huge hog farm, like the ones in North Carolina hit by Hurricane Floyd that left swamps of hog waste and hog carcasses glistening in the sun for weeks. Especially seeing that most of us went around nude and stoned and grunting and squealing. And had pink skin. And being so dirty, and people so stoned, nobody said anything about my penis size.

But the Mountain track was recorded way back in July of 1967. Sorry for being such a fibber, but I like the Atlantis song better, okay? "Down below the ocean, where I want to be, she may be." A male lesbian masturbation fantasy, get it? What's the chorus of the other song? "First there is a mountain, then there is no mountain, then there is." I see why he thought those lyrics applied to Woodstock at the time. Not that the lyrics of Atlantis didn't. But he was probably referring to the girls' "mountains" as they were getting it on in the nude right in front of us. Two above and the holy mound below. Good sense of humor for a Mick with a circumcised prick. Read the lyric over and over and you'll get it. I wonder how many in the crowd got it. I didn't. All of Donovan's lyrics have subliminal male lesbian messages.

Bethel is Jewish talk for House of God. I seem to remember something about the Jehovah's Witnesses running a big farm in Bethel where they grow all their food for their cult members in Brooklyn. Or was that some other Bethel? How many could there be near Brooklyn? Ahh, who cares. Even auntie Fran moved out of that stinkabout it 'hood.

Remind me to book what's left of the Yasgur family for an interview on my show sometime. I heard that when Max died

the widow sold off parcels, and the local authorities started action against the inevitable yearly return of partyers, most of questionable legality. You see, they don't want "that kind of people" in their county, read the kind that want to party for free. If they had been hogs and the hog farms were bringing in millions, that would have been okay, no matter how foul the stench. Then a billionaire intent on making the farm a money-making Hippie Dollyland moved in during the nineties, and the war has heated up several notches. So much for the Age of Atlantis having returned. The very existence of Bill Gates disproves that fiction. Donovan won't even talk to me. Must be the season of the witch or something. There I go...

Ever heard the story of how young (before he became "Reverend") Jerry Falwell got into the holier-than-thou biz? It started out when he was still in the ice cream business in Vermont, with Ben (Ben is dead).

It began innocently enough. During his long daily commute from Virginia Jerry would scan through the radio dial searching for something that sounded interesting. He found it. My show, of course.

At first Jerry was simply curious about the media hype that surrounded it, but soon he became a regular listener of my sex-soaked anti-Christian daily radio broadcast. A year later my perverted take on life had established a foothold on Jerry's mental life too. More and more Jerry was escaping into a world of self-indulgent hedonistic sexual fantasy outside Christ. He now indulged in full-blown pornography abuse and his marriage was disintegrating. He could even do that thing with his tongue to passing females. Unfortunately, his lifelong Christian indoctrination got the better of him, and he tried to get "cured".

Jerry learned about my enemies the American Anti-Howard Anti-Lesbian Foundation of America (AMAHALFA) and its efforts to monitor my "filthy" radio program. Subsequently, he told his story to their interviewer, which they published on their web site, in an effort to defame me and get my show cancelled everywhere they could. The net result was a doubling of shows carrying it, hallelujah praise the lord

and pass the collection plate.

Here it is (I changed the interviewer's real name to Prickhead to protect his privacy, joke):

Prickhead: You say that you as a Christian man somehow got sucked into listening to that filthy man's show.

Jerry: Sucked. I wouldn't say sucked, Prickhead.

Prickhead: Induced then. Now describe how it has impacted your life.

Jerry: It completely affected my entire life. One little innocent frog in the pond turning to his show out of idle curiosity turned into a full-blown addict to pornography.

Prickhead: I wouldn't say blown, Jerry.

Jerry: Okay, whole-hog then. Anyway, the show changed my whole attitude toward life, made me disregard the words of the Apostle Paul to die to the flesh, made me want to live this life rather than wait for the Rapture, and the inner torment made me extremely moody and depressed.

Prickhead: How did it affect your marriage?

Jerry: Quit putting words in my mouth, Prickhead.

Prickhead: I wouldn't say in my mouth, Jerry.

Jerry: Okay, Prickhead. Yes, it did affect my marriage, and my job, and everything. It affected everything.....

Prickhead: How did it affect your marriage, Jerry?

Jerry: My wife caught me masturbating to pornography, Prickhead. Later, I tried to get her to perform oral sex on me, and when she wouldn't, I tried to perform it on her. Finally, I became impotent with her. No interest in her at all. She wasn't pleasing unto me. I rejected her like a mangy dog, Prickhead. (sobbing)

Prickhead: You're really talking about desensitization here, aren't you? How did this happen?

Jerry: I just didn't think she was sexy anymore. We had been married since age 16, and now at age 41 she was not the sweet young thing I had gone to the altar with after meeting her in church and courting her the traditional, old-fashioned way, with chaste thoughts. I now began to have unchaste thoughts of divorcing my forty for two twenties, an expression Howard more than once used on his show. She was too old for me, another expression he used often. I actually had thoughts of sex with my teenage daughters, Prickhead. (sobbing)

Prickhead: Did you seek Christian counseling at this point?

Jerry: No, I did not.

Prickhead: Why didn't you?

Jerry: A lot of Howard's show is about average people, people like you and me who have families, jobs and businesses, who are just kind of fed-up with certain things, and they're looking for an escape from reality, even from the reality of Calvary. Howard constantly ridiculed Christians as believers in a fairy tale, and I was seduced to the darkness. He constantly jests, which kept up my spirit, even though they all were laced with sexual connotations, which I actually found funny. I began to explore some of those things that he fed into me.

Prickhead: I wouldn't say fed, Jerry.

Jerry: Inculcated then.

Prickhead: Did listening to the show affect your relationship with your wife?

Jerry: I already said it did, Prickhead.

Prickhead: Tell me more about how your relationship was affected, brother Jerry.



Jerry: Absolutely. As I began to listen daily, coming home became a real drag.

Prickhead: I wouldn't say drag, Jerry.

Jerry: You mean drag as in drag queen? Let go of my hand, Prickhead. Okay, a real bore.

Prickhead: I wouldn't say bore, Jerry.

Jerry: Okay, a real headache.

Prickhead: I wouldn't say head, Jerry.

Jerry: Okay, a real problem with me.

Prickhead: Very good, Jerry. Now continue.

Jerry: It was almost like I became more selfish. Into myself. I began to think maybe my wife isn't beautiful. Maybe my wife isn't this or that. Maybe she isn't any fun, isn't pleasing me, won't turn me on. Things like that. I asked her to have lesbian sex for me while I watched. She made the sign of the cross over me and screamed "Get behind me, Satan!"

Prickhead: Very interesting. So she remained a committed Christian?

Jerry: A middle-aged ugly post-menopausal bitch like that had no choice, did she Prickhead? All she needed was her romance novels and that "facial massager" device she kept wrapped up in a washcloth in the nightstand. When I die and leave her a frigid white-haired widow, she will be ready for the church's old folks home, and leave all my wealth to some preachers of an apostate denomination when she croaks green goop and goes as cold as a raw turkey in the sink.

Prickhead: What?

Jerry: Sorry. Jesus save me. Let's start over. I began to forget about serving my wife. That's it. As men who are husbands in Christ we're supposed to lay down our lives and

serve our wives. But that show made me a very selfish and perverted man, who just wanted her to serve me, and please me, like a whore. Pardon the expression. It affected all areas of our relationship, not just in the area of sexuality. Praise God, but I was seeing prostitutes, right in my car, alongside a certain infamous street. What's more, I spied police cars also pulled up alongside me, also seeing them. I was in the devil's very grasp.

Prickhead: Praise the Lord. Get behind me Satan.  
Hallelujah. Thank you Jesus. And you were saved?

Jerry: When the show was pulled off the air for indecency, the evil spell was broken long enough to see a Christian counselor, who brought me back to Christ, and reconciled me to my wife. (laughing) Hallelujah, praise God and his only begotten son Jesus Christ. I realize that the Jews killed Christ. I don't want to have sex for fun anymore. I'm dead in the flesh until Christ comes.

Prickhead: Don't say comes, Jerry.

Jerry: I'll say comes if I want to, Prickhead. I'm now a minister of a church of Bible-believing born-again Christians and I'm doing quite well financially too. John 3:16.

Prickhead: Don't say john, Prickhead.

Jerry: Sorry. The Gospel of John.

Prickhead: AMAHALFA's efforts are proving fruitful. Johnson Wild Oil has pulled their ads nationwide. Hershey Highways said they are not only stopping advertising, but would not run commercials on any radio station that broadcast the program. Q-tips said it would no longer offer free samples to customers mentioning the show.

My conscience is clear. I made that all up. Joke.

Elie Wiesel. 02/29/98.

Famous Holocaust survivor and author Elie Wiesel stopped by Howard's show long enough to see a lesbian punk rocker dressed up in a black leather jacket with a swastika on the back, and turn on one foot and walk out. Howard chased him out as far as the parking garage, finally getting him to promise to send in a pre-taped interview so he wouldn't have to "set foot in that Nazi pigsty again". Howard then got into a singalong with the punk rocker to the tune of "Good Night, Elie".

-- Richard Persimmon's Personal Howard Show Log

## Chapter 5. Boring Stuff About My Parents

The first part is just a cover story to scare off idle lookieloos and anti-Howard forces "monitoring" me. Here is where I tell you the real story of my childhood. It reads like a novel, but it's totally true. It's not Dickens' "Christmas Carol" which has so many versions it makes you sick. This one is from the horse's mouth. I'm on the stage, by myself here. And I'm simply incredible, er, credible.

The story of my birth. It's the story of an orphan raised in an orphanage and the doctor who raised me in a cider house. Joke. I was no orphan. My father and mother were into radio as an occupation, like in that American Movie Channel show "Remember WENN". She was a voice-over artist and announcer, he was into the technical side. They inculcated the radio business into my blood from the womb. Truly, for I still have nightmares of strong stray electromagnetic fields raping me in the womb. They might have even given me birth defects, made me a mutant. Maybe they made me a genius. After all, mutations can be negative or positive. So when I hear reports of cellular phones with stray fields that invade the brain tissue, I like to haggle, and everything's negotiable.

How did Sting of the rock group Police get his nickname? He had a bumblebee-looking yellow-striped shirt that he liked

to wear. My name is Howard. Why doesn't anybody give me a nickname? Because they all know it should be Howie and that it sucks. I don't suck, I masturbate. Therefore, they leave well enough alone. What would my nickname be? Wankard? Wank is British slang for masturbate. The only other guy named Howie that I know is black and weighs five hundred pounds and has a lisp.

Who was the first black to win the singles title at Wimbledon? Althea Gibson or Arthur Ashe? Althea, but since she was a woman people forget. Who said, "I don't know nuthin' 'bout birthin' babies"? Prissy in "Gone With the Wind". Since she was a dumb ignorant female negro, everybody remembers. Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, and Nicholas the Great were the only three popes to be called "the Great". How many women have been called "the Great"? Catherine the Great? I challenge you to name one more. So, you can see that any man who has an effeminate name is marked for life.

The names of my parents, by the way, are Jaime and Michelle. When Mercury astronaut Gus Grissom returned in Liberty Bell Seven and splashed down in the ocean, he lost his capsule, and his name was damaged, but at least he had a manly name to damage. What is going on with my parents? I know, it sounds like two women. Imagine mom driving alone in a four by four pickup with His and Hers name decals on the back of the window. Is it any wonder that I'm a male lesbian? My dad's name is pronounced "himey", but everybody who sees it written pronounces it "jamey" and laughs at him. To keep me from laughing at him he named me Howie, but mom made them put Howard on the birth certificate, bless her. Imagine if he got me named Jaime Junior.

Mom almost miscarried me on the steps of the hospital, but I came out okay, after a Caesarian section. Big head, you see. Having me almost killed me on those steps, by scrambling my brains like eggs, but when we got inside, I almost killed her, so I wouldn't take anything off anybody even then. She always tells me those stories of how she could feel me kicking inside her.

She kept having children yearly until I had seven brothers

and no sisters. Maybe I loosened up the tubes for the ones that followed, who knows. I think having me caused her brains to slide out of her skull and into mine, for the only mother I ever knew was a rather dull-witted homebody, and not the bright, aspiring radio career girl that dad described during the forties. She gave up her career for her children, naturally. Just about every woman did in those days, despite a spate of Hollywood movies vainly trying to show career women such as Katherine Hepburn. It's a good thing mom didn't go to movies much. Her life was listening to the radio.

I was born a Jew. Not that I had any choice, but they whacked my foreskin off at day eight. I have grown to regret this every day almost. The penis is permanently desensitized. I envy goyim who can use their foreskin for lubrication while they masturbate, who have their penises ensheathed when not in use, the foreskin supplying moisture and nutrition and even healing powers to it, after all the fun it's just had.

The uncircumcised have more fun. I'm jealous. And all because of some ancient tribesmen who used to murder and burn their firstborn sons in a hideous sacrifice to their gods, and got a break from an upstart god named Jehovah whose king-priest Melchizedek in Salem got a ten percent tithe from Abraham. He made Father Abraham an offer he couldn't refuse, namely, to only whack off the boy's foreskin, and let the kid live as long as the "redeemed" punk obeyed Jehovah for life. Any deviation meant death, usually by stoning, since he was on probation for a capital offense of being the firstborn anyway. The son had no say in the matter because it was between his father and Jehovah the judge who was also the parole board. I notice that ten percent is just about how much of the penis the moyls hack off. So is a tithe a circumcision of your income? That's an idea. Don't call it income tax. Call it income circumcision. When I'm having problems like older people get, I hope I don't get Parkinson's.

Astrologers say there are twelve major constellations of stars in the sky, hence parole boards, juries, and every other kind of judging committee ever since has had to have

twelve members. Except God's, who judges alone and consults only Himself. The son comes from the loins of the father and is his seed, and Jehovah decrees that the sins of the fathers he will visit on the sons to the third and fourth generation, according to his Second Commandment, in Exodus chapter 20. How the sick barbaric disfiguring circumcision practice got extended to all males I won't cover. But imagine them staring at each other as they were peeing. If the Arabs hated Jews for laughing at them before, they now had something to laugh at them for in spades. Not only Arabs, everybody. Imagine the guilt of having a lame, whacked-off, desensitized, mutilated dick all your life. And only being whole for seven lousy days, when you're too young to remember or enjoy it. Circumcision gets a man where he lives. Nobody could do this to their infant son except a real nut case.

Nice tribe. I'm real proud of it. Their holy scriptures have spread to the gentiles and now they are just as nuts, with many needless circumcisions being done in hospitals, mainly American, every year. In vain do responsible doctors warn of the dangers. But the power lobby is too powerful. Even the AMA is under duress. Nuts.

Remember all those statues of Greek and Roman gods in the nude? I can't remember any whacked-off weenies. Even the famous statue of David. Whole. And that famous Vitruvian man, drawn in 1492 by Leonardo da Vinci, the one with the circumcised circle centered at his navel, representing the macrocosm, and the square centered at the base of his nuts, representing the microcosm. Circumcised circle and square yes. Circumcised penis no. I'd hate to be a woman in a Christian country, seeing these handsome, athletic, virile, whole nude men in art appreciation classes, then going home to a circumcised superstitious cross-wearing pig or hog fresh out of a coal mine who slaps them around and wham-bam-thank-you-maams them.

Vitruvius was a first-century A.D. Roman architect who thought the ideal proportions of a building were the same as those of a human. A whole human. He never even heard of Jesus Christ, and probably thought that the Jews

were a funny bunch of barbaric camel drivers who would be embarrassed to go to the Roman baths anyway.

At least the Jews didn't practice the equally insane circumcision of females, like they do in Arab lands in Africa. So the Arabs are not totally without their crazies either. They cut off a girl's clitoris, then sew up the lips, leaving only a tiny hole for urination. Like sewing up a turkey before basting in the oven. The loony men think this keeps them virgins until marriage, and gives them more pleasure on the marriage night. It also keeps women from becoming lesbians. Can anyone blame me for disliking Arabs? And not just because I'm a Jew?

A plague on both their houses. If only I had been born in the good old days of the decadent whole Romans, and had been one of them, enjoying my orgies and drunken bacchanalia without guilt about flogging my uncircumcised penis mercilessly to get a sensation. All I would have had to do with Christians was watch them entertaining me in the arena, like in that movie "Demetrius and the Gladiator". The Jews would have been just another nation of vassal fruitcakes that I wouldn't wipe my (bleep) on.

Alas, it was not to be. And now the Bible believers have split into two camps over Jesus Christ, and the majority camp treats the minority camp like maggots. When they can, that is.

I mean to be fair. At first, when the Jews were the majority, they persecuted Christians like maggots too. But the Christians won the numbers game, and more than got even. The latter are currently under some semblance of control, and you even hear an apology once in awhile. Not that anybody believe it's sincere. They're always ready to tear each other apart. At least the Christians tear each other apart regularly, diverting their energies from us Jews. And then there are the Muslims. But still, this is a good time for Jews swimming in a sea of Christians here in America, while the more enlightened hope for all religion to go away permanently one day.

So, while I was forced into Judaism and inflicted with some of its punishments without my consent, I was fortunate in not being subjected to intense brainwashing to accept Jesus Christ as my savior. Some Christians can't understand why Jews can't accept Jesus, since he was a Jew too. Well, do we accept Moshe Dyan as our savior? King Herod? There's a lot of Jews we don't accept as our savior, Jesus included. He had a fair trial, was found guilty of offenses against the Jewish people, was handed over to the Roman authorities, given another fair trial, and was hung up. In Jewish law, any man who is hung up on a stake is accursed. So who can accept a man accursed of God as his savior? To do so would make him a blasphemer, yada yada yada. End of sermon. I'm an atheist anyway I think.

Free from that burden, it's easy to throw out traditional Judeo-Christian morality and become hedonistic and self-centered. So what is so hard to understand about how I got to be the way I am? I am one of the few truly free people in a society filled with involuntarily brainwashed zombies, struggling to get a whiff of the freedom I breathe with both lungs daily. I'm the savior of millions. That's the way I look at it. That's what drives me so hard. That's what keeps me holed up in my house when I'm not in the studio, like a monk. I am the savior of America. Handsome I am not. A jock I am not (shock jock is short for jockey, a coincidence). A stud I am not. But my brain is a century, no, a millennium ahead of the masses. I am free of the garbage of the past, and open to the garbage of the future. Like a monster garbage truck.

Open. I have an open mind. In my day I am a rarity. When I speak my mind publicly, I shock millions. Shock millions of closed minds to open a crack. It must hurt. Like when you crack a coconut with a hammer to get the milk to come out. But if you finally pry the coconut open, it's filled with tasty meat. One day all people will enjoy open minds like mine, and we will all be so much happier. Free of those sick hangups that darken life, cause dark clouds to hover over it. I could just kiss myself if I could. I always wanted to suck my own cock and see what the homos are raving about. But on my own terms. In the privacy of my own home. Alone. And be totally in control of both the



mouth and the cock. That's me, in a coconut shell. Or in a foreskin. Funny thing about Leonardo. He could draw a human penis perfectly, foreskin and all, but never could draw a vagina, as if he'd never actually seen one. He lived in an all-Catholic country. All his apprentices were handsome young males. He was handsome himself. They say he was the Vitruvian man. He might have been a momma's boy but he never took a bath with her.

Momma's boy. I was one. I loved to suck her breasts and drink her milk. Even after she weaned me from her breasts, I begged her to give me a warm baby bottle, which I would suck like a breast, with great gusto and cooing noises. I was still on the baby bottle at age three. She finally broke them all. That was the worst day of my life. My whole life consists of trying to get over it.

At least she let me take baths with her until I was eight. I'll get to that later.

Spock. Ah, Star Trek lovers go gaga at that name. But in my childhood, that was Benjamin Spock, baby doctor. And Jew. So mommy read his books religiously and made me suffer as one of his guinea pigs. It's not my fault, see? I was spoiled and pampered by a doctor's advice. And permanently sexually perverted.

As for my dad, he was distant and mean. All I remember is getting whipped for getting out of line, then crying to momma. He was a Hasidic rabbi who looked like Rod Steiger in that movie "The Chosen". He had a bushy beard and wore a mink yarmulke. When he found out about my extreme brilliance and photographic memory, he decided to give me "the silence" to humble me before I got too old and couldn't be helped. So he never spoke to me. Okay, I made this up. But he was mean. He would spank me with his belt. I would do anything to avoid that sting "down there". But I also had to have my way or die. And I had to get through him first.

I learned to use momma against him, crying into her skirts to stop him from whipping me. That's why later he would order me to shut up all the time. He was getting even.

When I grew up, I got even with him back by going into his own line of business and crowing like no one else had ever done since Adam, and knowing he could do nothing to stop me. To really square things, I secretly resolved that he would actually be proud of me for it one day. That would take a megabuck income. We were both, after all, Jewish.

## Chapter 6. Let My Daughter Talk

I know I'm the king of all media and the most important man of the millennium other than maybe Herr Gutenberg. But I'm also a dinosaur in the making for the new millennium. Kind of like Jesus Christ. The whole millennium will be about me, but I won't be around to see it. They will dance over my grave. They might even wear effigies of me around their necks. Their lesbian necks. In a thousand years all humans will be female, and lesbian. Male humans will be evolutionary castaways. They'll probably call the earth Atlantis and the capital will be somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean. That ocean, by the way, is shaped like a big vagina I noticed. Just look at any map. Looks good enough to eat. Howard's ass is bleeding on the operating table. They cut too much off this time.

I have trouble even imagining the world a hundred years from now. If I could see even ten years ahead, I could get all the lesbians on earth to beg me to join in with them all I want until I croaked. Then I could let them have the earth, having died happy. With a clam in my mouth.

Died happy. I once made a remark on my show about some mass murderers, that if I were them I would at least have had sex with some of the beautiful chicks first before spraying them with lead. The Christian whackos went nonlinear. Just imagine, having sex. They cried more over this than the deaths themselves. At least their dear daughters went to heaven undefiled as virgins or some such crap. I was a devilish monster for not showing the proper respect to their dead meat puppets.

Actually, I was showing respect. Sex is life-affirming. Maybe they could have used the time to talk the killers out of it. I heard that they were homos anyway, so no wonder they didn't try raping them. And I wasn't talking about raping really. I was talking about clam diving.

Drop the subject. I want it to just go away. That Christianity and its obsolete morality is still even partially hip is today's greatest tragedy. And here we are in the year 1999. Almost two thousand years of the crap. And until just a few hundred years ago, virtually everybody was in its death grip. And isn't that what's really devilish and monstrous?

In the year 2099 what from our 20th century will still be cool and hip, rather than retro? Other than me of course. I decided to try making a list, but I soon tore it up. Donovan and Pee-wee Herman and Kathie Lee Gifford ended it for me. My trouble is I can't be objective, and tend to over-compensate, listing things that I hate but which I have to admit others find hip, and so on. So I decided to ask a resident expert. Female of course. And a generation younger than me. I at least don't visit the sins of the fathers upon my daughters.

I asked one of my teenage daughters via e-mail, and she gave me, a week later, this list via e-mail. She likes to call my generation dinosaurs and hers mammals. Real subtle. The trouble is that I agree with her. I secretly pray that she will come out as a lesbian by college and make her daddy proud. I just hope her mommy hasn't brainwashed too much hetero in her. Mammals have the warmest genitalia on earth. Ask any dog.

Here is the e-mail, typos and spelling errors corrected (I won't say which daughter):

.start of e-mail

RETRO FUTURESHOCK: PREDICTIONS OF WHAT IS CHIC IN THE 1990S BUT WILL BE RETRO A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW, AND WHAT WON'T

THE O.J. SIMPSON TRIAL. Sure to go down in history as many

a Trivial Pursuit question, or whatever will pass for Trivial Pursuit by then. Who were the lawyers for the prosecution? Who were the Dream Team? Who was Judge Ito? Who or what was Philip J. Vannatter? What corporation actually owned Simpson's white Ford Bronco? What was the name of O.J.'s daughter who was at home when the police arrived? (Hint: Arnell) What type of newspaper was found by the police on the Bronco's center seat console? (USA Today -- too easy.) What did it say on Johnnie Cochran's notebook on September 26, 1995 that made Judge Ito briefly interrupt media coverage? On what TV show did the dancing Ito clones debut? Collect all the t-shirts, souvenirs (pro and anti O.J., as he will himself be totally forgotten) and Marsha Clarke/Robert Shapiro comic books you can. They will be valuable nostalgia to hand down from generation to generation, as well as valuable investments. O.J.'s children might very well start a line of American royalty that will be fawned on like the British variety (hope not).

TRANSVESTITISM. Never will really go "out of style", but more likely every man will have to go in drag to keep from being arrested. The reigning "queens" of it today are sure to be canonized in the future like Catholic saints, or at least like Susan B. Anthony. Ru Paul, Boy George, that she-male in The Crying Game (later Stargate), Patrick Swayze and Wesley Snipes in the Fu Manchu slash Julie Newmar film (supply the entire title for extra credit in Trivial Pursuit), Jim Carrey as Horse Steroid Woman. Even earlier incarnations of drag queens like Geraldine, Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie, Robin Williams in Mrs. Doubtfire, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in that Marilyn Monroe flick Some Like It Hot (forget the Robert Palmer song -- he's a blatant sexist and will fry in hell). Even Milton Berle. The Kids In The Hall and all the other comedy shows that do that stuff.

TALK SHOWS. A 90's white mass trash staple that a century from now will provide numerous hours of raucous laughter for revealing the neurotic hangups of our dinosaur world's last years. Oprah Winfrey, Jerry Springer, Rosie O'Donnell, Jay Leno, Jay Letterman. Scratch that last one. His ratings are more miniscule than my daddy's baby bottle (penis). You can include TV judges like Judge Judy here -- definitely will get hipper each decade, like The Three Stooges.

CABLE TV CLIP SHOWS. Talk Soup, The Soap Show, The Fashion Show, HOWARD STERN (no family preference intended, just the historical truth), Court TV, The Gossip Show, Stand Up Stand Up, Beavis & Butthead on MTV, Mystery Science Theatre 3000, Liquid Television, MTV's Oddities, Space Ghost Coast to Coast. All of these are the best visual time capsules possible of this decade. Ask daddy for prior decades. All I can remember are Sesame Street and Pee-wee Herman. I loved Pee-wee until they took him off and scandalized his name. I still have a Pee-wee doll, complete with Chairie, in the original boxes. I could include oldies I watch on FX and Nickelodeon, but I get the decades mixed up. The Munsters will live forever, as will The Addams Family. Mission Impossible might be viewed a hundred years from now as a prophecy or something. I hate Star Trek and hope people slag it a hundred years from now, but I'm afraid I will be wrong. Just so it doesn't turn into yet another religion. If it did I'd have to list it in the Religion item (below).

PHOTOSHOP ART. Rave flyers, computer collage, putting someone else's head on another person's body, rearranging packaging design, filter experiments, color experiments, image data bases, high quality output prints, rare high quality output prints of lost files. When art went digital and nobody painted anymore. The first fruits of this new development will themselves be treasured like the works of Renaissance masters.

PUNKERS WHO ONLY BUY VINYL. Luddites to the core, they told us to get a life when Crass went on CD, didn't listen and held out until Operation Ivy went on CD, then officially took notice and got REALLY pissed when Minor Threat and Fugazi went on CD, and they STILL write angry letters accusing Maximum Rock n Roll of "selling out". They should all go back to Merry Old England.

PLANET HOLLYWOOD SCHLOCK MOVIES. Sure everyone slams fatheads Stallone and Schwarzenegger for their terribly predictable macho-racist-sexist pyrotechnic schlock NOW, but just you wait till they get old and go into politics and we see the Rambo-Terminator presidential ticket in the early

21st century and all those slagged movies become American historical treasures, protected by national law. The evil is real and growing! The last gasp of the dinosaurs. Just imagine Arnold when he's shrunken and prunefaced. I'll vomit.

OLD VIDEO GAMES. Long after Bill Gates and his schlock software that they stole from Apple is a footnote, the video games that started computermania among the masses on the right track will still be treasured. Atari 2600, Intellivision, VIC 20, Odyssey 2, Vectrex, Pong, Mattel Hand-Held Video Games, Video Game watches, Colecovision, Atari 5200, Nintendo and Super Nintendo, Game Boy, Sega Genesis and Saturn, PlayStation, CD ROMs, 3DO, Virtual Boy, Enos, Simon, Merlin, Atari Jaguar, NEO-GEOs, and especially the old stand-up or sit-inside video booths will be as valuable as vintage wine, old cars and comic books. And the more games, accesories or extra equipment you have (like floor control panels you can jump on, and Game Genies), the more cash you can make and/or throw away at the next Microsoft-Free Video Game Antiques Convention at the Mega Civic Center in the sky. Classic games will go for more, especially in their original packages, and you better be willing to come with cash! Blockbuster Video will continue to carry the latest stuff, but vintage video game rental stores will open and become an alternative to Youth Centers and Coffee Houses. Video arcades will be the movie houses, vintage video game rental stores will be the revival houses, and you'll probably buy systems that can play any video game in history on any format on one CD wherein the whole trend will die. Except for the Punkers Who Still Buy Vinyl (a.k.a. Luddites), who will insist on only playing the original games on the original systems (if they can get the 60-cycle AC 110 volt power by then).

TABLOIDS. Where can you find those cool semi-nude shots of celebrities of the past for your archives? Check their web sites for back issues of The National Enquirer, The Star, The National Examiner, Weekly World News, The Sun, New York Post, People, and TV Guide.

EARLY E-MAIL. These jewels will be like front-line letters from soldiers in the Civil War 100 years ago. The

difference will be in the difficulty of authentication. But they will have the technology by then to do it. But it will cost so much that this will give them their value in itself. Ditto early voice mail, fax, video phone clips.

RELIGIONS OF THE PRE-INTERNET ERA. Judaism (I mean all varieties, for this and all that follow), Christianity (all 1000 varieties), Catholicism (so many of the other 1000 Christian sects think they are the Antichrist that I keep it separate), Mormonism, Satanism, Buddhism (including Zen, Scientology, Hare Krishnas, Moonies, Airport Religions (including Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr.), Taoism, Pagan Cults, Hinduism, Wicca, African Tribal Religions, Voodoo, Guru Worship, Masonry, Rosicrucianism, Zoroastrianism, Jehovah's Witnesses, Atheism, Agnosticism, Confuscianism, Polynesian, Aztec, Mayan, and Native American Indian Religions, Islam, Feminism, Sado-Masochism, Ancient Mystery Cults, New Age Cults (including UFO believers), Qabbalah, Greek and Roman Mythology, Sumerian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Japanese, Chinese, Australian and Other Aborigine Religions, Rastafarianism, the Order Templar Orientis, Unitarianism, Church of the Subgenius, Discordianism, the Illuminati, Technocracy, Communism, Capitalism, Socialism, Fascism, Anarchism, Nationalism, Racism, Sexism, Placism, Colorism -- these and all the other isms and religions will gradually become only footnotes in history as everyone simultaneously comes to the conclusion that no one knows what the fuck they're talking about when they finally visit all their web sites and their AI robots reduce the intellectual content to a lump of fossilized dino shit. People will be beyond all that hopefully in a century. (Sounds like famous last words?)

NEO-JAPANIME/MARTIAL ARTS/HELLO KITTY. Mighty Morphin Power Rangers (especially pink Power Ranger tees and gloves), Akira, A-Ko and C-Ko, those annoying Keroppiropiropi purses and erasers, Mortal Kombat The Movie, VR Troopers, The New Adventures of Gigantor, and those transfer "Little Girl" tees with those sexy animated vixens from Japan will be considered cool once again. But Pokemon (say poke-EH?-mon) will be considered lame forever: Mewtwo, Jigglypuff, Pollywhirl, Charizard -- yuck! What's a Pikachu or a Togepi? Even the kids will later disavow

knowledge of that stinkin' diaper stuffer seen on Burger King brown paper bags. The best way to get someone passed over for a promo thirty years from now will be to show a video of them playing with Pokemon shit. Back to Japanime: Smut that is disguised as Japanime will be viewed as anti-asian, so it's on the future-banned list, under an international law. Into the void, like nine inch nails. Enough of Japanime. Saved by the Bell reruns might be retro for a brief time two or three decades from now, complete with Zack and Slater dolls or robots (cute butts).

COMICS AND CARTOON STRIPS. Peanuts will achieve Shakespearean status in less than a hundred years; this much is obvious. PREACHER by Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon: religion will enjoy a renaissance in comics if not society. HELLBOY by Mike Mignola and John Byrne: raised from Hell to aid the Third Reich, he ends up as a British paranormal investigator fighting to stop an ancient evil from coming upon the world; will be popular with citizens of the Fourth Reich. RONIN by Frank Miller: a 13th century samurai in a corrupt computerized 21st century New York City will prove a classic after New York is nuked. THE CITY by DERF: best cartoon strip in syndication today; see the last page of the L.A. Reader starting circa summer 1995. EIGHTBALL: Dan Clowes will always be THE shit. DUNESBURY is doomed to the trash heap of history. Anything by DC COMICS will be considered retro trash, and might get you arrested. BATMAN THE DARK KNIGHT will be considered too sexist. MARVEL COMICS will get you executed. Addicts of the latter might spark a desperate retro war, but that won't stop the population from exploding. DISNEY COMICS: that's a toss-up, too close to call, just as Adolf Hitler's continuing popularity amazes. HANNA-BARBERA, especially the Jetsons: another toss-up. Rocky and Bullwinkle will be around for centuries. RUGRATS, especially the Pickles family, will keep making comebacks for decades. (Go Didi Pickles -- mother of Tommy on the Rugrats. Go Rachel Lipman, Emmy-winning Rugrats writer, and Jewish too.)

10 and 20 MB PC DISK DRIVES. Also 8-Track Tapes and Floppy Discs. Might be used like money in some backward countries, like they used to use salt and wampum. Ditto any kind of circuit card, vacuum tube chassis, even picture tubes,



monitors, anything electronic that is visible to the naked eye and can be used as kitschy fashion, art deco, or as a toy or magic talisman. In a hundred years all electronics will be implanted directly in the mind, so seeing and actually touching "ancient external electronics" will be a camp experience.

DINOSAURS EMULATING THE MAMMALS. It's one thing to borrow clothes from your mom or dad, but to have mom or dad borrow clothes from you? It seems that "Cat in the Hat" Neil Young is doing just that from "protege" Pearl Jam, just as evergreen David Bowie is doing it with Nine Inch Nails. What next? Mick Jagger begging clothes off Jewel? Davy Jones wearing his bladder bag over his hip-hop clothes? Steve Tyler of Aerosmith begging his daughter Liv to slip her undies to him so he can wear them outside his pants? Will this trend continue? Who cares! The dinos were wiped out overnight by a fortuitous cosmic event. And history repeats itself. At least when they borrow your underwear, wash them first -- they might be into sniff-sex (my dad shall remain nameless).

BARBIE DOLLS. In a century the damn things will still be selling strong, and every last one will become a collector's item. Why, nobody knows. Shock Jock Barbie will be the one exception (a joke). In a century they will be lifelike robots, or real living miniature clones.

HIDDEN CAMERAS. This is still a "secret" in the 1990s, but a hundred years from now it will be a hip thing with people and we won't be able to begin to understand how hip. The only thing that will make it unhip is if the government forces it on everybody. (I found yours, daddy, and disconnected it. Joke.)

VISITORS CORNER. Here's some opinions of what will still be hip 100 years from now, from some visitors to my shrine (names withheld to protect the innocent). Bugle Boy Jeans. Brain Gum. Dead beautiful dead-beautiful L.A. rich and famous people. Safe sex (but without messy condoms, etc.). Makeup. Q-tips (a registered trademark of Cheesebrough-Ponds). Geraldo and Richard Bey body fluids and parts (hair, nails, etc.) "Bob". Beautifully graphic snowboards. Swatch

watches. Retro L.A. O.J. Tours taking tourists to the murder sites and even O.J. cruises with people sailing around the Pacific or outer space just talking about this stuff. Joy Division/New Order (time will establish their greatness). iMacs. The Rachel cut.

Friends (the TV show). Health clubs. Skateboards. Starbucks. Amazon.com (they'll buy Barnes & Noble and all other bookstores out). Books. Young actresses coming of age and turning slutty but not necessarily in a hetero way (e.g., Alyssa Milano, Drew Barrymore). Sports utility vehicles (and the very initials S.U.V.). The ebola virus scare (all diseases will be cured and very hip to contract for a thrill -- the more scary the more hip). Big fat buses.

J. Crew-ification of America (or at least the East Coast of America). Kate Moss. The hippie revival of the Gay 1990s (Hootie, Phish, Dave Matthews, etc.). Fake Gucci bags and Louis Vuitton luggage. Curvy furniture. Budweiser. Contract with America. Newt Gingrich (a joke). Bill Clinton (his legend will grow). The WB Network (the others will be footnotes). Jenny McCarthy (she will go into politics). Baywatch. Melrose Place. Babies as yuppie status symbols, even when there's no more yuppies. Monster trucks. Salsa. Tommy's Toys (PC games).

THE TOILET OF THE EAR. What will definitely be in the future's music poop alley category? Hip-Hop, Rap, Beck, Jamiroquai, Lauryn Hill, Barenaked Ladies, Sara McLachlan, The Cranberries, Goo Goo Dolls, Fiona Apple, Counting Crows, Paula Cole, Gin Blossoms, Jewel, Natalie Merchant, Michael Jackson, Charles Brown Superstar, Magic Pacer, the Geraldine Fibbers, That Dog!, Waldo the Dog Faced Boy, Jackknife, Polar Goldie Cats, Slug, Kryptonite Nixon, Too Much Girl. That list was even passed around our school. The Silverlake scene: Lutefisk, Pop Defect, Spider Baby, Sandy Duncan's Eye, Extra Fancy. You just know someone's going to write a book or something (books will be obsolete in a few decades) and claim this stuff was a very influential movement in music, and be believed because of some fluke traceable only to Chaos Theory or Woody Allen's nocturnal pedophile journeys.

HOWARD ADDS: The Traveling Wilburys, World Party, Kansas, Mariah Carey, Paul McCartney, the Cocteau Twins, Jimi Hendrix, the Beach Boys, Joe Jackson, anybody named Jackson, Fleetwood Mac, Neil Young, the Amazing Rhythm Aces, ? and the Mysterians. Joke. These are just artists who are currently into legal hassles with record companies and whose albums are hard to purchase legally in 1999.

CHILDHOOD TELEVISION STARS IN LEAGUE WITH SATAN. Christine Applegate, Urkel, Screech, the girl on Small Wonder, Punky Brewster, Vicki on The Love Boat, Skippy on Family Ties, The Kirk Cameron Show (entire cast), The Coreys, Puck from The Real World, Alanis Morrissette. And let's not forget some oldies that keep getting recycled on cable: Tabitha from Bewitched, the eight kids on Eight is Enough, Patty Duke, and Michael J. Fox, long may his hands shake (cruel joke). The number one pick, since she bought it this year (1999): Dana Plato from Diff'rent Strokes.

TITANIC DEJA VU. Definitely scheduled to sink like the Titanic, forever: Tommy Hilfiger (he'll figure), zines, professional boxing (Neanderthals), wrestling (WWF, NWA, et al.) and NFL FOOTBALL, any kind of food packaging using aluminum, the Old South and its rebel flag, misuse of Native American names without their permission (Washington Redskins, Cincinnati Reds, etc.), Windows operating systems, the WTO, bilingual ed (just a way the white establishment can payoff a bureaucracy of bilingual adults to keep non-English speaking kids down), herbal cleansing, Tae-Bo, Seinfeld, Teletubbies, the Simpsons, Nancy, Kathie Lee Gifford and Regis Philbin (Kathie's children hopefully will not follow in her footsteps), shock jocks (sorry dad, you made yourself obsolete), Tom Cruise's Aussie whorewife pretending to be an actress, Ah-nold (will go the way of Mr. T), Cher, Victoria Principal, Melanie Griffith (too many has-been actresses to mention), acting as a high-paying and respected profession, Weird Al Yankovich, Microsoft (people who hate them are reaching critical mass daily), British royalty and its fawners, D.A.R.E. (and the officer Goodys who push them on unsuspecting youth), Kenny G (although jazz will live on forever), Limp Biscuit/Bizkit, Richard Gere and Julia Roberts (their types, 99% smile and 1% airhead),

ditto Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet (but for different reasons, mainly that they suck and have no talent). Anybody willing to run bets on a return engagement for the codpiece? Only this time, women will be able to electroshock or even castrate men who don't behave, like electrified remote control dog collars.

GRATEFUL DEAD NOSTALGIA. Jerry Garcia may be dead, but the schlocky merchandising will live on for a thousand generations at least. Bob Marley, the Beatles, Elvis, Lawrence Welk: ditto (I include Welk because he's still on PBS and his people live on in Branson, Missouri and are creating their own tribe). KISS will, however, fall into the cracks. I'm not sure about Metallica, but give it a thumbs down.

THE GEORGE FOREMAN LEAN MEAN FAT-REDUCING GRILLING MACHINE. Only it will be used as a time machine or a spaceship. The Ultimate Bass Fishing handheld game from Radica can be given honorable mention here.

MOST DAZZLING MUSIC COMEBACK (a hundred years from now). My class took a secret vote and I tabulated the results. First place: Vanilla Ice. Runner-up: a tie between Billy Idol and Blondie. Third place: MC Hammer. Fourth place: Cyndi Lauper. Last place: Gene Autry. If we only knew who wrote that, we'd kick him out of school...

.end of e-mail

My daughter is so knowledgeable about this decade, and I love her to death, but I have to admit that her spelling is atrocious. It's not her fault. It's the fault of her teachers. They leave her alone all day in front of computers and other electronic gadgets, so she gets no practice spelling. Funny how with every computer including a free spelling checker from Microsoft or somebody else that my daughter never uses them. Who does? So maybe that is one item I can safely add to this list: spelling checkers. Except I don't know if it will be considered retro or not. Sometimes I think people won't even be able to read and write by then, other times I think they will have the intellects of gods. When I asked her why her list is so American-centered and why does she think America will even

still exist or even matter by then, she e-mailed me a warning to bug off. One thing I hope never goes retro is beautiful women lying on the bed with their legs spread getting off on a pillow.

APPENDIX TO THIS CHAPTER: THREE DOZEN O.J. JOKES FOR POSTERITY

I disagree that O.J. Simpson will be totally forgotten in a century, because the O.J. Simpson jokes are just too good. I'm tacking this list in here if only to fulfill my own prophecy. (Of course my autobiography will be a classic for millennia. Joke. And yes, I think he got away with murder and they'll have proven it by then. No joke. The way the nation's blacks lapped up his lies without question is the biggest problem I have with racial equality theories, this even though I'm supposed to be Jewish and everything. The whole damn race must be dumber than lumps of shit floating in a toilet laced with my semen to believe the police framed him. If they did, it was with O.J.'s abundant help. Joke. If you're black I understand why you may not get it.)

1. What is black and white and red all over?
2. What does "O.J." stand for?
3. What did O.J. say as he slit Nicole's throat?
4. What were Nicole Simpson's last words?
5. What is O.J.'s new deal with Hertz?
6. What product does O.J. still endorse?
7. What is O.J.'s favorite song?
8. Why did no one want to eat Nicole Simpson?
9. What is O.J.'s favorite foreplay?
10. What is O.J.'s favorite soft drink?
11. Why does O.J. sit at the head of the table at Thanksgiving?
12. What did O.J.'s last quarterback say to him in his last game?
13. Why did O.J. answer so many letters from his jail cell?
14. What do you get if you cross O.J. Simpson with Kato Kaelin?
15. What sequel is Disney making to its Lion King movie with O.J.?
16. Why did O.J. do all those airport commercials at L.A.X.?
17. What's the difference between O.J. Simpson & Microsoft?
18. Why did O.J.'s lawyers want to move the trial to Colorado?
19. A free man again, what is O.J. looking for in a new wife?
20. What's the last thing O.J. Simpson said to Judge Ito?

21. What is the url of the new O.J. homepage on the World Wide Web?
22. How do you commit murder on the World Wide Web?
23. What new crime statistic was engendered by the O.J. affair?
24. How did the police get the confession out of O.J.?
25. What is O.J.'s favorite charity?
26. What candy maker tried to license a Nicole Simpson model?
27. "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "O.J." "O.J. who?"
28. What do O.J.'s kids have in common with a baby skunks that crossed a highway with their mother?
29. Who offered to take care of O.J.'s kids while he was in jail?
30. What was O.J.'s ironclad alibi, never heard at trial?
31. What's a Bloody Screwdriver?
32. What new contract did O.J. almost sign in jail with Hertz?
33. What's O.J.'s dream verdict?
34. What were Nicole Simpson's last words?
35. What catalog company is most associated with O.J. Simpson?
36. What is Hertz's "Simpson Special"?

Answers.

1. O.J. Simpson's family.
2. Olive Jumpsuit. Also Open Jugular.
3. "Your waiter will be right with you!"
4. "Gee, I could've had a V-8!"
5. He will make the license plates.
6. Styptic pencils.
7. Mack the Knife. Also Dream On.
8. Because they knew the Juice would kill them.
9. Necking.
10. Slice.
11. Because he knows how to carve the white meat.
12. "Cut deep!"
13. He was thinking of taking another stab at marriage.
14. A damn good alibi.
15. The Lyin' Coon.
16. He was casing the joint for a bag dropoff.
17. One messed up Windows, the other messed up a driveway.
18. They heard that cutthroats and browns are catch and release.
19. She must be beautiful, white, and give great head.
20. "Can I have my hat, gloves and socks back now, slant eyes?"

21. Back-slash, back-slash, back-slash, forward-slash, forward-slash, forward-slash, delete 2, escape.
22. Type oj//"escape".
23. Drive-by stabbings.
24. They squeezed it out of the Juice.
25. The Tempura Home for Lightly Battered Wives.
26. Pez.
27. "Great! You can be on the jury!"
28. They are both black and white, and their mother was murdered by something fast and black.
29. Michael Jackson.
30. At the time of the murder, he was waiting 5 hours for a table at Denny's.
31. First you get a half-cracked glass with O.J. in it, then slice up a tomato.
32. Making license plates for them.
33. Not guilty and may we have your autograph please?
34. "Now cut that out!"
35. Sharper Image.
36. Free police escort with every Ford Bronco you rent.

## Chapter 7. My Family Tree

My daughters can get away with just about anything with me. We're close as a family. In that way I'm a typical Jew. Ashkenazi. Like Arthur Koestler. He wrote a book trying to explain that most modern Jews are really Caucasian descendants of the Khazars, and was found dead in his flat in London.

I might as well get my Jewishness out of the way. Yes, I am of that family tree. Don't kill me for it. And don't mention the legend of the Wandering Jew to me or I might lose it.

There are about 15 million Jews worldwide out of a world population of over 6 billion (give or take a little genocide in Rwanda or someplace). This means that about 0.25% of the world is Jewish. About 1 person out of every 400 eats gefilte fish and pickled herring and matzoh, and reads the Jewish Chronicle when not listening to my show. Joke. So one would naturally expect that only 0.25% of the world's

scientists, philosophers, writers, entertainers and other leaders would average-out as Jewish. Well, it hasn't worked out that way. Something has gone awry in the calculations. The decimal point has slid to the left. Just looking in the period since the mid-nineteenth century we find that about 25% of the world's leading scientists have been Jews. That's a hundred times greater than their relative population. There must be something holding Christians back here. Thank you, Jesus!

It has been estimated also that over half the Nobel Prize winners are Jewish. Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, Son of God and Son of Man, for giving us the printing press, the electric light bulb, the gasoline engine, the germ theory of disease, blood typing and transfusions, the key to DNA, the calculus, the atomic chart, and so many other gifts. NOT! Instead, all those who spend their time on earth studying nature instead of your New Testament are, according to you, damned. I feel sorry for those having to claim or pretend they are Christians to get by with it. I won't even mention dear old Mohammad, or smiling old Gautama Buddha, or wise old Confucius.

And I'm one of these damned overachievers. I'm on the winners team. It makes for a heavy weight on one's shoulders. And plenty of guilt, naturally. And pride.

Yes, we have no bananas, we have no damned bananas today!

A mountain in the shape of a woman's back. Good, good. Read Herodotus.

Straight off I'll admit I don't believe in gods. So go to your bed, remove your clothes one by one, and lounge in the nude while reading the rest of this polemic from the king of all media in fact and fiction. Off with 'is 'ead!

Not that most Jews are not pretty religious. There is a joke that is told, in various forms, by Jews the world over. It goes something like this, in a heavy Yiddish accent if you can swing it:

Sadie Cohen, an elderly Jewish lady from New York goes to



her travel agent.

"I vont to go to India."

"Mrs. Cohen! India! It's filthy, it's too hot, and it's full of brown people!"

"I vont to go to India."

"But it's a long journey. And what will you eat? The food's too hot and spicy. You can't drink the water. You can't eat fresh fruit or vegetables. You'll get ill. Plague, cholera, typhoid. God only knows. Can you imagine? And no Jewish doctors. Why torture yourself?"

"I vont to go to India."

So arrangements are made and off she goes. She gets there and despite the noise, the smells, the crowds, she gets to the ashram, a holy place. There she joins the long queue waiting to see the guru, the holy man. She's told she'll have to queue for three days. Out comes her knitting. Eventually she's at the head of the queue. She's told firmly that she's allowed only three words with the guru.

"Dat's OK."

She's ushered into the inner sanctum where the guru is seated, ready to bestow blessings on eager disciples. Again she's reminded by an aide that she's only got three words. Unlike every other visitor she doesn't prostrate herself at his feet. She stands right in front of him, her arms crossed, staring at him fixedly and says,

"Marvin, come home."'

Marvin, come home. Get it? Cracks me up every time. Not. It depresses me instead. It's supposed to. Being Jewish means bearing a megaton of guilt. And we brought it on ourselves, by assuming a great weight way back when and never letting go. We are a stiff-necked people, as Moses said. Moses allegedly lived about 3500 years ago. He stands five foot seven inches tall, weighs in at 120 pounds, is

black, has smoked hashish since he was twelve. Just try to get between him and his clove cigarettes. Do you have a light, God? Ah, God is a burning bush. Joke.

The Bible claims to explain everything about us, starting with the creation of the first man, Adam (stress on second syllable). I think some damned geologists, archeologists, historians, and scientists have pretty much reduced that story to a fairy tale, but there is one aspect I can't get over, it's so uncannily right-on. That's the way it makes women out as nothing but an appendage to men. A rib, to be exact. Like Napoleon said, I like my bony part. So, all their struggles to be our equals is rock-solid blasphemy against the Bible's God, who really put women in their place when he declared their monthlies to be unclean.

Barbaric, yes. The Bible is that. Still, thinking of how somebody with nothing between their legs all their life, who has to squat to pee, can think they're as good as me, makes me think the Bible might be right. God created me in his image, and created woman in mine. A mirror image, designed for a perfect tight fit. She is my helpmate by divine design. Helps me cum. Form follows function. Her curves, her soft skin, her pretty face with a baby-like exaggeration of the size of the eyes, and smaller skull, are these the result of blind evolution? If so, I bet Michelangelo himself would wish to be so blind. But if so, then how can evolution be stopped for Betty Friedan? Joke. I'd like blind evolution to take credit for a woman's delightful form, but some stupid blind hand inside my skull keeps me in the stone age. My left hand. My left wrist is an inch thicker than my right. Pardon me if I appear abrupt. I'm not into social graces. I'm into hotel plumbing.

Have you noticed there's chickens? In Italy you get chickens with no eggs. In Africa there's always eggs, but no chickens. Which came first? The chicken or the egg? (I suddenly wish I hadn't been watching a rerun of "The English Patient" while composing this chapter. I'll stop for a sec and turn off the telly. Damn the flare! That's better.)

The Bible God. Hovah, Jehovah. Agent Alpha Omega. In a truly supremely funny twist of fate, my own people, the

Jews, still cling to an old tradition of doubtful validity that the name Jehovah cannot be printed, causing them to resort to all kinds of bullshit. Meanwhile, right here in Brooklyn, the Jehovah's Witnesses flood the earth with billions of pieces of literature claiming the name as their own. Like a trademark, prior usage is important, but lack of vigor in protecting it when challenged by a newcomer can cause the trademark to be set aside by the courts, and proclaimed as public domain. Alas. The Jews already lost their copyright anyway.

I think most people have a rough idea of the biblical story of how the Jews claimed they came to be, starting with father Abram 4000 years ago. He came from a family of Iraqi idol worshippers in a city called Ur down by the Persian Gulf, where the Tigris and Euphrates rivers met, not far from the city of Basra, where Ali Baba and his forty thieves later investigated police hiring practices. He got a mono jumbo idea and moved to the land of Caanan, now modern day Israel, changing his name to Abraham ("father of a multitude") along the way. Abraham was the first man to be called a Hebrew, a name coming from Eber, his ancestor and a descendant of Shem, from whom we get the names Semite, a term usually used for anyone of Middle Eastern origin, and anti-semitic, a term curiously only used in relation to us Jews. (Back to that later.)

Abraham had two sons. The first was Ishmael, the forefather of today's Arabs (almost said foreskin). That's why even the Arabs call a Hebrew their father. God told Abraham that Ishmael was to be a wild ass of a man who would live in hostility with all his brothers, a fairly accurate prediction when we consider that the second son was to be the forefather of the Jewish nation. But the fact that every Jew whispered about every Arab being an ass and laughing about it probably insured it. And to rub it in they named Abraham's second son Isaac, who's name means "he laughs" (at donkey jokes). That's why there's so many Jewish comedians. Joke.

You may say that Isaac had little to laugh about in his youth, having been almost BBQed on Abraham's altar as a burnt offering to the One God of Love. Remember, that was

before God gave Abraham the circumcision deal, or economy pack. And Isaac was not the firstborn. A test of Abraham's faith, as God put it. Abraham walked with God the Bible says. You're just so good to be true. Can't take my eyes off of you. You'd be like heaven to touch. I want to hold you so much.

But things got better. Isaac got to marry Rebekah, who was very beautiful for a Semite. And a distant relative, a rare treat in that day. Even Abraham's wife Sarah was his half-sister, for instance.

He also had twin sons, Jacob and Esau. Esau became the manly one, the older and the stronger, a hunter by profession. A real mountain man, a survivalist, a cowboy. A Hebe Rambo. A Hebrew Marlboro Man. Bad. He was bad.

Jacob, the younger by a few minutes, was the weak girlie one. He was quiet and preferred to hang around at camp. He was a momma's boy, a budding male lesbian. Spent a lot of time with sheep. What kind of animal has a pussy closest to the human? Jacob was not a camel herder. He was a sheepherder, a shepherd, like Jesus Christ supposedly is now to his believers. Talk to his college competitors and there seems to be a consensus that he enjoyed the tactic of the leg whip. Gandhi wore diapers, but Jacob shaved his sheep. Good call, Jacob. Right foot out of bounds on the third and thirteen. Turn that damn football game off, Vern! Remember where the Bible said that every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians? (the book of Genesis, chapter 46, verse 34). Nevermind.

Now which one became the ancestor of the Jewish people? Jacob of course. Rap music hadn't been invented yet, so the Psalms are limping a little bit, and it's difficult to find one that doesn't have some little bruise or nick that throws the beat off, sorry. Save this part of the score for a committee.

To get the full story you'll need to read the Bible, but needless to say Jacob lived up to the popular translation of his name of "he deceives" (scholars claim it actually means "heel grabber", which makes sense when you're trying to

have sex with a nervous sheep). Jacob cheated Esau out of his inheritance as the firstborn, although theologians can prove it wasn't cheating. Joke.

Nevertheless. Time for a commercial break. We're back.

But Jacob was still the chosen one of God and even had a wrestling match with his angel. Kind of nasty perhaps but we don't know for sure, only what is written. What am I? A contortionist? Next time I'll bring enough cash for the both of us. Joke.

Physically Jacob survived the bout with the Almighty (three rounds, one submission) resulting in, for him, a new name, Israel, which means "He wrestles with God". This is the origin of the name Israel in the kosher edition, cold chicken and no pork liver pate (they usually say struggles rather than wrestles, but my mind is always on one thing). It's been running smoothly now for a number of years, so it would be presumptuous to interfere. Like gravity, the force that holds the earth around the sun, right?

To be a Jew is to wrestle with one's God. Other nations didn't have to wrestle with theirs, only appease him with fantastic sex orgies with beautiful young virgin maidens, and fantastic feasts and fabulous entertainment spectacles, while we're not supposed to even dream about what we're missing. But our God was "all broken up at the heart" (book of Ezekiel, chapter 20) about us even flirting with other women, that is, those dungy idols and such. You see, we Jews are his "bride", and we are married (book of Jeremiah, chapter 31), and our wrestling is to be limited to each other. So, to even look at another "gal" should give us the creeps.

Enter the first ton or so of guilt. Award after award after award. For over 3500 years we've been ranked as number one in guilt. My only consolation is remembering that movie "Elephant Walk" (1954) where Dana Andrews tells Elizabeth Taylor about the sleeping Buddha and his faithful disciple Amanda. (Ask my shrink. He won't tell. Professional secrecy.)

The Jewish people have thus, ever since, been known as the Children of Israel, or the New Kids on the Block With Lime Dicks. Jacob (Israel) had twelve sons. Do I get a kiss now that I'm all spruced up? The ten boring ones, in order of birth, were Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun and Benjamin. You all know about reuben sandwiches, and Dan Blocker the big guy on Bonanza. Forgive me, Liz, for barking at you like that. I missed you.

The Levites later on became the priests. Or more precisely, Levites descended from Moses' brother Aaron. Later on, King Saul came from the tribe of Benjamin, the smallest, and the descendants of the youngest son of Jacob, probably as God's way of having His little revenge (more later).

King David, and Christ, came from the tribe of Judah, which I haven't mentioned yet. It's all bunk anyway. The real origin of the Jews is lost in the sands of time, and the Bible story is a made-up fairy tale, supposedly written by Moses after they had escaped Egypt and were wandering in the desert around Sinai, but more likely manufactured while the nation was in captivity in Babylonia. An ignorant bunch of sheep buggers and camel drivers living in slavery in Egypt, their ancestors were goat people for generations. Milk from the hoof, with a nanny goat's seal of purity, and the apothecary makes sure they haven't left anything out. They add up the bill with their ancient abacus, and the customer seems pleased. Learning of papyrus from the Egyptians, and photography not being invented yet so they couldn't get into the lucrative porno trade, they prohibited all graven images. And after invading and conquering lands not their own, only to themselves be conquered, they didn't get mad they got even (old Jewish motto).

In captivity, their names changed by their owners to Babylonian ones (for example, Daniel's name was changed to Belteshazzar) the older men who got free education from their owners had time on their hands between waiting and bartending to write fiction. And this was before the safety razor and the safety bicycle. Imagine three hundred pounds of ice in the Great Hall of Nebuchadnezzar every day, and more on holidays. Imagine trying to obtain energy from tasty food scraps left over in the bag each night. And

those sore knuckles.

At that time, the unknown real authors of the Bible were the Harold Robbins and the Stephen Kings of their day. With little in the way of competition, their first novels would be blockbusters. A Stone For Danny Fisher appeared in 1952 and made him a force to be reckoned with. What a way to stifle competition and keep the reprints in stock by declaring it all the work of God. The men are frightened and won't touch it. The bodies must be buried immediately. Alright, I'll do it myself. I don't blame them. I don't blame any of them. We can't help ourselves. A lot of good fighting our nature will do. They had no mental hospitals back then.

A Jewish boy rides the subway, gets involved in the vending machine wars. He struggles to make it in the boxing world but his life ends in tragedy when he gets involved with racketeers. By the time Hollywood mangled it for Elvis Presley they called it King Creole. But that was Harold Rubin, a.k.a. Robbins. Let's get back to the Bible story line, taking it at face value.

The two interesting sons of Jacob were Joseph and Judah. Joseph's story lives on in the Andrew Lloyd Webber musical, which is far better than the original written version. Two mortal creatures in search of sex, wealth, and power. Fast moving, almost comically fast moving. An an almost incredible amount of sex that had an appeal for both men and women. Robbins, not Webber. The Bible is too dirty to put in the same category. But I digress.

Judah was the fourth son of Jacob and it is from his name that we get the name Jew. Why? Why aren't we called Rubes, or Simple Simeons or Levis? It's all in the Bible. We are. Excuse me, darling, but we are. But for the movie, Reuben, the eldest, forfeited his blessing by sleeping with his stepmother, Mrs. Harold Robbins. The other two, Simeon and Levi, had too violent a nature for Jacob, slaughtering all the men in a city in vengeance for the rape of their sister Dinah, rather than just half or two-thirds of them. But then, how else could they steal all their possessions? This was before Jacob got his name change in Genesis chapter 35.

And before God chose the tribe of Levi to be the priests.  
So they were not too violent for God, who loves his zealots.

Amazing how they fit so much all into one book. Papyrus was very expensive in those days. Here's how chapter 34 ends:  
"Then Jacob said to Simeon and Levi, 'You have brought trouble on me by making me odious to the inhabitants of the land, the Canaanites and the Perizzites. My numbers are few, and if they gather themselves against me and attack me, I shall be destroyed, both I and my household, and all my big plans to have a nation and a company of nations come from me, not to mention kings. And how will my descendants conquer the Promised Land?' But they said, 'Should he treat our little sis as a harlot?'" High camp and high drama in a few sentences.

So, wouldn't you know it? The Jews have been very strict against unauthorized sex and violence ever since. That's why devout Jews read the scriptures with their fingers. One out of two ain't bad, I guess. Load another megaton of guilt on. And that was long before Moses and his law added ninety-odd more megatons. Just as Jacob received the blessing that rightly belonged to his elder brother Esau, we now see Judah leapfrogging over three elder brothers. This lesson about hustling for your inheritance has never been lost on us. The Jewish lawyer was born. Small joke: How does a Jew ask a lawyer to draft a will? "You write it for me and I'll leave your fee in it."

After daddy's boy Joseph was sold by his jealous brothers into slavery in Egypt, only to rise to the position of prime minister and then lure his daddy and his whole family to Egypt, in about 1700 B.C., the twelve tribes ended up living in Goshen, in the northeastern part of Egypt, first as equals, but finally as slaves, probably as their numbers multiplied and the natives got jealous. "Nobody's sealing off the backside. Foul! You're out of the game!" After years in the building materials biz, a Jew named Moses was born around 1500 B.C. in Egypt, hobnobbed with the Egyptians, killed one of them, fled to the Sinai peninsula, got a mission from God, came back, and became the Jews' first meshiach (ach as in mach), or savior. You've seen the story in the movies. The baby in the papyrus basket and all that.



The real Moses looks like Charlton Heston but with the mystique of the Grateful Dead. The Cecil B. DeMille set captured it in its entirety.

Moses knew every trick a Jew could think of to backslide into idolatry, so his God dictated to him a very hard and complicated set of rules that the tribes all agreed to abide by, after God wowed them with the parting of the Red Sea, and had them in a gullible state of mind. It was called a covenant, or sacred contract, and contained very severe penalties for the little guy who got out of line, modeled on the penalties Egyptian slave drivers handed out for failing to build pyramids in time for a pharaoh's death.

Rules rules rules. The covenant had lots of rules. Some six hundred "points of the Law", if you're counting. Indeed, every Jew had to spend his entire waking life following rules, so it was a lifestyle not just a pledge of allegiance. And nobody can avoid messing up every now and then, especially with rules like do not covet your neighbor's wife. So we are all good at covering up constantly. Add the final billion tons of guilt on every Hebe's back. See how the impossible becomes possible. You just want to see this boy die to please yourself, not because of the facts, counselor.

No wonder a gang of renegades 1500 years later started a hippie cult claiming that the rules could be ignored as long as you believed their leader was God's son. Real Jews don't believe God has a son, because he never assumed a carnal form before, and is eternal and unchanging. And the new Christian scriptures seemed like ripoffs of their own anyway. So the hippie movement remained small. If the Romans hadn't destroyed the entire Jewish race, except for a remnant, in the holocaust of 70 A.D., who knows? Maybe the hippies would have grown up, seen the benefits of rejoining the system, and become yuppies, driving expensive German and Italian chariots. Alas. Nobody held back the elephants.

So, move the sundial ahead 2000 years, and here I am. A Jew in a sea of Christ believers. We didn't even have a clue that another, more militaristic heresy would arise down in Arabia, where they decided that God was really a Pharaoh in

the Sky, and everybody had to submit themselves to him utterly, or die. And their followers now dominate Egypt, Iraq, and all the other countries that used to be into polytheistic idol worship.

Not so fast. I forgot about King David. You see, for hundreds of years the Jews considered Jehovah God to be their king. But around 1000 B.C. they decided that God didn't cut it, and clamored for a human king, one of their own, their own son Jaime for instance. So Samuel the prophet of God told them that God would okay it, but he would do the picking not them. God that is. As Samuel spoke for him. As good Jews they professed to believe him, but that didn't stop people from giving Sammmmy free sheep cheese, sheepskin seat covers for his camel, and other inducements.

Samuel chose Saul the Benjaminite, who ruled them for 40 years. Somewhere along the line, Samuel claimed God told him he had changed his mind. Samuel now went to Bethlehem, the House of Bread, and chose a young shepherd named David. What a coincidence, since the name David means "beloved (of God)". Ah, but in the Bible there are no coincidences. Except when they throw lots to decide something. Even then. Play the Rod Serling theme, boys.

After many harrowing struggles, David became king, and ruled forty years also. Michelangelo's statue of David shows him after he killed Goliath with a boulder he slung from his jockstrap. You can see it slung over his shoulder if you look close. That's why his boulders are showing. And his penis is uncircumcised. The real David would have been circumcised, well-clothed, and slinging Goliath's foreskin over his shoulder as a trophy. Michelangelo was 12 years old when Leonardo came out with the Vitruvian man you see. He grew up that way in Florence, Italy, God's country. Had to keep up with the competition. Compare with fellow Florentine Donatello's statue of David just a century earlier. A true Christian prefers graphic depictions of violence over sex anytime. Look at that giant gory head of Goliath at the rubed prude's feet. The rock still in his forehead, the sling still hanging from his hand. No foreskins visible, Jew or Philistine. Sheep in heavenly

peace, prude.

Why do people call the region Palestine? The word Palestine comes from the word Philistine. Goliath got the last laugh, oh joy. But I digress.

Forty years is the ideal number for being a king in the Bible. David's son Solomon succeeded him, and guess how long he ruled? Solomon was the wisest Jew who ever lived, and he also built the first Temple, or amazing technicolor dream steakhouse of God, after his daddy purchased the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite for fifty silver shekels (second book of Kings, which Christians call the second book of Samuel, chapter 24). No, he purchased it from Ornan the Jebusite for six hundred gold shekels (first book of Chronicles, chapter 21). Either way, the title was clear. The Ark of the Covenant was housed in it, if you remember your Steven Spielberg. Which also explains why there were no Nazis back then. Just open it, and they get blown away with magic raybeams. Spielberg once said that he didn't see psychiatrists to work out his personal problems, he made movies. He must have had a lot of problems. Take "The Color Purple" for instance. But I digress.

At the end of his life Solomon must have gotten Alzheimer's like Reagan, because he took to falling into idolatry, which the prophets blamed on his bad habit of polygamy, mainly with idolatrous wives. Hey, how many second cousins could he marry? They all looked the same and sex was getting boring. He was expected to produce heirs, right? They hadn't invented the bikini yet. As the wisest Jew ever, he of course loved sex, and had a thousand wives, all of whom he kept happy, by letting them eat each other while he peeked in, like I have done myself on my TV show.

But idolatry was the greatest sin. God wants no other gods in his face. He was then punished by God. When Solomon died, his son Rehoboam was a tyrant, and the nation split in two, ten tribes taking over the north, and only two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, along with the Levite priests, surviving in the south, and keeping control of the Temple and its protector city Jerusalem. "My father made your yoke heavy,

but I will add to it. My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." That is what Rehoboy supposedly told his own people, in Second Chronicles, chapter 10. Duh, but I think nobody in real life would have been that dumb. It sounds made up to me. A one-dimensional character put into the fiction to advance the plot. Even the name of his rival to the north, Jeroboam, of the tribe of Ephraim, sounds a little suspicious to my ears. Rehoboam and Jeroboam. Is that like Twiddle Dum and Twiddle Dee? Rehoboam and Jeroboam agreed to have a battle, for Rehoboam said Jeroboam had broke his nice new rattle. The sixth sheik's sixth sick sheep's sick. Like saying "the late great Grover Washington", I thought I'd never be saying that. Lewis Carroll was Jewish anyway. Joke. But I digress.

There were now two Israels, or actually the northern kingdom was called Israel, and the southern one Judah. Trademark name rights went to the half with the most tribes, ten to two, just like a Supreme Court decision. The two southern tribes were Judah and Benjamin, natch. The biggest northern tribe was Ephraim, descendants of Joseph's youngest son. Don't ask me why they're not called the tribe of Joseph. Ask a Jehovah's Witness. Alright, I'll tell ya. Like every time Smashing Pumpkins release an album, controversy jumps up around them. At first the Jews had twelve tribes, one of which was the tribe of Joseph, and one other being the tribe of Levi. At the time of the Passover in Egypt, all the males of the tribe of Levi were taken in exchange by God for the firstborn sons of Israel, and abracadabra hocus-pocus, the Levites got separated out as a special priestly tribe that had no inheritance of land in the Promised Land to come. Instead they were to be given voluntary tithes by the other tribes.

The tribe of Joseph was split into Ephraim and Manasseh to keep the total at twelve. But that was then. This is now. At the time of the divided kingdom. It was at this time that a mysterious thirteenth lost tribe decided to advance science and go sailing across the Mediterranean to Tarshish or Spain, then take off with Christopher Columbus' great-great-great great-great-great great-great-great great-great-great great-great-great great-great-great (you get the idea) grandson to the New World and found the white

supremacist polygamist religion of Mormonism among the grateful idolatrous redskins, who made a wrong turn at Mount Ararat and didn't have a compass. Later they even staged a special limited engagement of Jesus Christ so the redskins wouldn't feel inferior or left out. See the Book of Mormon or visit a Salt Lake City nudie bar. But I digress.

Alright, if you insist. I will digress. That means I will stick in some total irrelevancy that is maybe more interesting than the main line to some people. Compasses. I suppose you saw "The Blair Witch Project", where the supposedly college-educated journalists got lost in the Black Forest of Maryland and eaten by witches. They lost their way, and ended up going in circles until it made the audience dizzy and helped them think they got their money's worth from this low-budget schlock piece. Well, if they had only known that a watch can be used as a compass, they could have gone in the same direction all the time, and got somewhere.

How can a watch be used as a compass? Simple. Every day at noon standard time (daylight savings time has to be undone first), the hour hand points straight south. So place a matchstick at the end of the hour hand on your watch face, rising vertically from the watch face like a sundial, and let it cast a shadow across the face of the watch. Then rotate the watch until the shadow passes straight to the other side. That aligns your watch with the sun. If it's noon, then the hour hand will be pointing straight south. If it's not noon, south will lie midway between the hour hand and where noon is on the watch. Not that the blairies had watches, or that they were set accurately. Still, they could have gauged noon by the sun and set them that way. Dopes. They deserved to be despatched by an old lesbian hag who was into dungy idols and moider. Watches for witches. The new slogan for Bloody Mary's land. End of digression.

Back to the northern kingdom, often called the house of Ephraim. It lasted two hundred fifty, maybe three hundred years. By then the mighty Assyrians, the second world power in the Bible arose, and around 700 B.C. destroyed the

northern kingdom and its capital of Samaria, forty miles north of Jerusalem, and took its people away, and moved in immigrants who wooed the southern Jews with strange gods and strange pussy. Meanwhile, the ten lost tribes of Israel moved to Britain. See the Decameron by Bocaccio. You might ask how could the capitals of two tribes at each other's throats be only forty miles away? Thirty-five actually. Well, wasn't Washington D.C. only a hundred miles away from Richmond during the Civil War? That's how. Time for a mushy ice cream bar. Mushy. Say it right. Mooshey. Like cold swamp land in your mouth. Moshe. Good Jewish name.

Then the kingdom of Babylon between the Tigris and Euphrates arose. Big number three. That's what Mesopotamia means. Between two moshe rivers. Say Moshepotamia. The Babylonians destroyed the Assyrians and their mountain capital of Nineveh with the great lion statues around 600 B.C. At first the Jews rejoiced, but then the Babylonians invaded the southern kingdom and, after the Jews pretended to be a vassal, got mad when they double-crossed them and called to Egypt for help in a revolt, utterly destroying them, even destroying the Temple, and carried away its sacred BBQ utensils along with their leading men and all their choicest moshe poon. A thousand miles away. Back in those days of three miles an hour, that was pretty bad. No wonder they lamented. See the book thereof.

The southern kingdom lay as an uninhabited waste for decades. No more yard parties. As Jehovah himself put it, the northern kingdom was an assahola, but the southern kingdom a badder assahola. In other words, sluts, who fornicated with other nations by forming alliances with them and being their vassals. See the book of Ezekiel, chapter 23. According to verse 20, Judah was a worse slut than Israel, like a slut who preferred male whores with cocks as big as those of asses and cum spurts as big as those of horses. Like Deuce Bigalows. That's why Jehovah actually ordered the Babylonians to destroy it, just as he ordered the Assyrians to destroy Israel. Spoilsport. What would he think of Hollywood?

Point. Throughout the Bible, all national authority comes from Jehovah, whatever their own people think. So when a nation destroys Israel, Jehovah is ordering them to do it

for him as his executioners to punish them for violating their covenant with him, yada yada yada. Very one-sided, the Bible is.

After seventy years of keeping the Jews captive in Babylon to punish them, the ever-invisible Jehovah ordered the Persians and Medes in the north and east to ally and sneak-attack Babylon, sacking it in one night, around 500 B.C. Ever since, the two haven't liked each other. Battles continue to this very day between Saddam Hussein and the Ayatollahs, even though the religions have been changed to keep up with the times. But this time the victory over Babylon the Great was decisive, and it never rose again to its former glory.

Some years later Cyrus the Persian king repatriated the happily-punished Jewish remnant to their former happy hunting grounds and, after some more confusion and bitter struggles with the squatters they found there, they rebuilt the Temple and reunited Israel and healed the old split after a particularly humongous barbecue. But they no longer had a king, as they were vassals to Persia. Call it a benevolent dictator. No longer did they call to Egypt for help. It was pretty much out of action anyway. Everybody knows what a weak bunch of pussies Liz Taylor inherited. And remember my consolation as mentioned earlier.

It is here that the Bible writers really give themselves away. They actually claim that Cyrus was the Jews' second meshiach (ach as in mach), and that Cyrus had been God's own agent in destroying the bad ole Babylonians, their arch enemy. After all, their own Bible, which they claimed had been around for years, predicted it perfectly. As perfect as if it had been written after the facts. They even have Cyrus' foe Nebuchadnezzar writing some parts of the Bible, such as chapter 4 in the book of Daniel. Nice attempt at credibility for such a new swindle. The real reason Cyrus let the Jews repatriate Israel is that they were, like him, monotheists. He was a Zarathustrian, they were Jehovahians. Zoroastrian and Jehovahist. Just like kissing cousins. So this gave the Jews a new lease on life.

So it must have all been manufactured at the same time, from

Genesis on, after their liberation. Why else attribute Babylon itself to a renegade great-grandson of Noah, Nimrod, who was the first descendant of Noah to hunt and kill people, and introduce divination, idol worship, fortune telling and astrology into the pristine world (see the book of Genesis chapter 10)? The true religion, you see, has from the beginning been the antithesis of all that, of all that is Babylon the "Great". How convenient for them, now that Babylon has fallen to the Medes and Persians and they were free to go back to Israel and plot their own aggrandizement, that they got the best creation story in, better than that Gilgamesh thingie, which is obviously a silly fairy tale. And it shows how Babel, or Babylonia, got started by an anti-Jehovian, who tried to raise a tower to heaven itself and got knocked back when God confounded their tongues, causing everybody to speak false languages, non-Hebrew that is. The tongue of the Jewish priests was the very tongue that God gave Adam and Eve in Eden. Praise Jah and Hallelu Jah. See? Everybody can speak some.

Another giveaway is the story of "finding" the lost books of Moses in the Temple by Hilkiyah the priest, supposedly right before it was forever destroyed, covering up the evidence (second book of Chronicles chapter 34). An obvious attempt at a feint. Ezra, a probable descendant of Hilkiyah, and ancestor of Steven Spielberg, is acknowledged to be the author of the books of Chronicles, an obvious first attempt at a fictional timeline with his own family skillfully weaved into the cover story. You can even see parallel passages in other books such as Kings. I even wonder if any of these kings really existed. The Bible even admits that the entire Jewish people had "fallen into idolatry", and even had sun worshippers and Tammuz (later called Adonis and then Bacchus) worshippers right in the Temple, along with animal-god worshippers in a secret room (see the book of Ezekiel). Maybe the Jehovah cult was weak until the holocaust and relocation to Babylon, then saw its chance when they were being repatriated under a monotheist emperor.

Ezra lived in Babylon, the age-old home of Mesopotamian learning, despite the Jews already being supposedly repatriated. You see, a lot of them preferred to stay under their benevolent Zoroastrian dictator. At about this same



time the enemies of the Jews among the Persians were clamoring for their total annihilation. See the book of Esther. Obviously, he had to stay there to do all his research. And perhaps to engage in political scheming as well. Here is our familiar real Jew in the making. Everybody knows that the creation story in Genesis weaves more than one author's handiwork into a kind of lumpy dough. Kind of like chocolate chip cookie dough. Here we see the signs of priestly fabrication. Do too many cooks spoil the dough? Ask Ezra if you can. Anybody got a crystal ball? And I won't even talk about the Kabalah. Qabalah. Allah?

Speaking of Qabalah. I never bought the Moses story. Even I know that the Egyptians had a highly-developed religious system going way back, and that it had culminated in the monotheism of Akhnaton. The very name Moses shows there's a fiction at work. In Egypt, 'moses' means 'son of', just like the Hebrew word 'ben', and the Scottish word 'mac'. For example, the Egyptian pharaoh Ramses is really Ra-moses, son of Ra the sun god. So, Moses was really something-moses and they chopped the prefix off because that something was an Egyptian god. In any case, the first meshiach of the Jews was an Egyptian with an Egyptian name. True, he became big with his people. He was the original Big Mac, who founded a hamburger chain all over Israel. Billions sold. How telling that only descendants of Moses' brother Aaron could be chefs or restaurant owners. Maybe the whole Bible is really a conspiracy of cattlemen and sheep ranchers trying to run a cartel after the vast spaces in Israel were reopened to settlement by the Persians. Stranger things have happened. Since J.P. Morgan no American can rely on the media to get the truth, can they?

Everybody knows that after the Babylonians invaded Israel and took a number of them captive, most of them actually escaped to Egypt, where they lapsed into idolatry and steeped themselves in Egyptianism. Clearly the Bible fiction writers made up the story of Moses from material they stole from the monotheist cult of Egyptians, in order to sweet talk the monotheist Persians into letting them go. The way that the writer of the Pentateuch or Books of Moses never brags about who he is, and even records Moses' death and burial, makes it hard to believe that there was a real Moses and that he wrote

it and it was just passed down from father to son in saddle bags. But I digress.

Thank you doctor. What are the charges? Oh yes, God decreed that no priest could ever be king. That way it doesn't look like the priests made it all up. And when asking the Persians to let them go, they could show that they needn't worry about an independence movement.

Once they got back to the homeland, the priests could wait for their moment, while they held all the puppet strings. And they controlled all the sacred history books, the priests. They are the only channel to God, and all the leaders of any stripe have to be their puppets or draw God's wrath. Don't forget I got four pennies coming. And Al, don't slide down the bannister.

So how convenient for them that, according to the Bible, God did actually once allow one priest-king, Melchizedek, melba cheesy dick, way back in Abraham's day. Far enough back to threaten no Persian king. So far back that it was in pure fairy tale land, where nobody could disprove it by any historical facts, anymore than they could disprove that all Arabs and all Jews had the same father. Right there in the book of Genesis chapter 14 we read: "Melchizedek king of Salem brought out bread and wine, and he was priest of the Most High God." Salem later became Jah-ru-salem, or Jahrushalaem, Jehovah's City of Peace. Psalm 110 prophesies that God will one day send a meshiach down who has the scepter of a ruler and is a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek. Catch-22: you have to be a priest first, then a king, not the other way around. The origin of freemasonry.

Melba Cheesy Dick is another dead giveaway of the fictional origin of the whole Bible. To Big Mac they add the Cheeseburger. Whoopie! The Jews were a mishmash of tribes from the general area all along, united by a king for some years, and when they were kicked out by the Babylonians, and were plotting to return, they would concoct a fabulous epic story of how they actually originated somewhere else, were given the land by God, and hence had a divine right to return to it. How could Abraham, from way over in Iraq, just

happen on a priest of the very god he was worshipping, out in the wild oaks of Salem, and just when he needed to? And how could they both worship the same god before there was even a Bible? Fiction can make any kind of people up. What gives fictional people away is that they are one-dimensional, inserted just to move the story along, or to make a point. Unlike me for instance. I'm a real person. I am the story. My real name isn't even Howard. It's Howard-moses. But keep it in your pants, okay?

Of course Cheesy Dick was written into the book of Genesis by the priestly fiction writers so that they could gradually get people used to the idea of them ruling everything, while giving them leeway for maneuver in the meantime, in a dangerous world. It backfired on them sadly. In his epistle to the Hebrews, chapter seven, Saul of Tarsus reminds Jews of this Psalm, claiming that Jesus is this priest-king, only he rules invisibly in the heavens, just like Jehovah, so you have to accept him on faith. Nice move there, since the Romans were still ruling things for real and would crucify any claimed king of the Jews. And the Jewish priests had gained their ascendancy by the same trick of inventing an invisible deity that they alone were the channel to. Now there's a good hook for a fictional story.

Saul used the most modern propaganda tools available, the epistles in the Greek language conveyed on fast pack mules. Don't forget the dumb Babylonians saved their library materials on clay tablets, which would wash away with the first good rain after the city was sacked, while the Jews always preferred papyrus scrolls, which were far lighter and could be sealed in urns and carried under their clothes on their camels and donkeys. Later they invented the book form of bound pages, which they called the codex. Saul must have made use of codices to get his propaganda around faster than anybody before. He was the Bill Gates of his day. But back to the fairy tale. What are you lookin' at? Are you ready for e-business?

And get this, the Arabs have a legend about the founding of Jerusalem of their own. It goes like this. Two brothers, one a bachelor, the other married and saddled with a ton of kids, lived near each other. Each night, the bachelor would

feel sorry for his married brother having so many mouths to feed, and sneak over and give him sheaves of wheat. Meanwhile, the married brother would feel sorry for the bachelor being so lonely, and assumed he's overeate to compensate, so he'd sneak over and give him sheaves of wheat. Eventually they each separately began to believe it to be a miracle that, no matter how many sheaves they gave away, they would always be magically replenished. So they got together and agreed that this land was holy, and should become the site for a holy city. Maybe this was how Jehovah was born. When two Jews laundered each other's sneaky little cover story. Like the Grand Canyon. They say it was born when two Jews dropped a penny. Who's they? I've even heard modern Arabs claim in all honesty that there never was a Jewish Temple. But I digress.

Never after the Babylonian captivity did Israel have a real king. Maybe there was a real David (accent on second syllable), maybe not, but the stories about him in the Bible, and his supposed poetic and musical gifts (the Psalms) were merely attributed to him, like the legend of England's King Arthur. Around 300 B.C. the Greeks under Alexander the Great conquered the entire area, and became the Jews' new absentee landlords. Then came the Romans. A period of revolt under the Maccabees (name means hammer, like in MC Hammer) was soon crushed. The Romans under General Pompey captured Jerusalem in 63 B.C., and finished off the Greek empire in 30 B.C. They gave Israel a king, Herod, but he was a puppet, and the bitter atmosphere was electric. Ask Jesus whatsis name. Or better yet, Saul of Tarsus. Actually, Herod besieged revolting Jerusalem for three months in the year 37 B.C. and dethroned Hasmonian (Maccabean) king Antigonus of the tribe of Levi. That priestly tribe had made its move, hadn't it? I coulda told ya so, kochzuckers! You coulda at least noticed their tar-stained teeth, and that their patch wasn't working.

According to the book of Zechariah, another one of the supposedly minor prophets who supposedly lived after the return from Babylon, but before they rebuilt the Temple, "Oh daughter of Jeusalem. Look! Your king himself comes to you. He is righteous and humble, riding upon an ass, yea, upon a full-grown animal the son of a she-ass. And I

shall certainly cut off war machines from you forever. And your king will be a king of peace to the nations, and he will rule from sea to sea worldwide". Chapter nine.

Instead of that, they got the opposite, King Herod, the Roman puppet. Anybody can see why the Christ hippie movement arose, making up a fictional fairy king who rode into Jay-rule-ass-ayem the way Zechariah said, and, being rejected, caused God to judge them. Duh. In the Christian fiction book of Matthew Levi (groan), chapter 21, you can read how Jesus Christ arrived at Bethphage on the Mount of Olives, just east of the Big J, and sent forth two disciples to get him an ass, and a colt, and how he rode them both at the same time somehow into the Big Apple, just like the Greek Septuagint said.

Picture that. Try riding two animals at the same time with dusty cloaks spread over them. Must have been one hell of a two-mule team.

Only one little problem. The Septuagint, which the supposed Levite Matthew the IRS agent used, mistranslated Zechariah, and said "an ass, and a full-grown animal the son of a she-ass". In short, it seemed to say there were two animals, when the true Hebrew says there would only be one. So, voila! Jesus the allegedly real-life character tries to ride two animals at the same time. Doesn't try. Does. Ask Yoda. And he's just a puppet, used by George Lucas to work out his psychological problems without psychiatrists. Believe it or not, Ripley, but you've got a nice little she-ass, Sigourney Weaver, and sometimes you throw these fits, and black out sometimes, and could possibly murder somebody when you can't smoke, and we're all gonna die, and meet our maker. Did you ever think you couldn't afford a Ford Donkey? Well now you can afford two. Power locks, mirrors, and a whole lot more. And a free set of bloody steak knives. You've got to trust your instincts and let go of regret. Keep me cumming. There's a gal that's real real stunning. So get off of your ass. What do you call a Taurus with a big nose? Barbra Streisand. She and Shirley MacLaine share the same sign. Shirley believes in reincarnation. In her next life she'll come back as a Ford Taurus. Two words she'll never allow in her home: Ford and Fairlane. But I digress.

There wasn't any real Jesus, or any ticky-ticky donkey-pony show on the east gate of Jerusalem. Real Jews were at wits end trying to get rid of the Romans, and they made their move. They all knew that the Zechariah passage was a smokescreen to keep the Persians from cracking down while they maneuvered to get a new King David, with plenty of war machines and troops. An attempted revolt in 66 A.D. caused the Romans to wipe the Jews out completely in 70 A.D., when, after the greatest and most fanatical resistance in history, one that made Kirk Douglas look like a hairlip, General Titus captured Jerusalem again, destroyed the Temple for the last time, killed a million Jews, and took the rest of the cut dicks as slaves, where they ended up being sold throughout the Roman Empire. A hundred thousand. Each a real curiosity, like Jerusalem olives. Pre-peeled. At least most could speak Greek, the universal language of the day, so they must have fetched high prices. Visit any New York style deli and watch Ben-Hur reruns starring Charlton Heston. The chopped liver on rye is good for your eyes. Vitamin A. Watch Spartacus to see how Roman slaves are treated. Like Tony Curtis. His master Laurence Olivier liked both oysters and snails in the director's cut, the uncut version, the Mount of Olivier.

Like Hitler, the holdouts preferred to slash and burn the fatherland and fight to the death. Weltmacht oder Niedergang. World power or ruin. They lost, and like Hitler said, their race was proven unfit and had to pass away on the world stage. Hollywood stage. With Hitler it took hundreds of divisions to do it, but with the first century Jews it only took the Romans four legions. The Tenth legion was on the east side, on the Mount of Olives, at a height of 2963 feet above sea level, some 400 feet above the general level of Jerusalem. Forty years earlier supposedly, Jesus Christ said he could call down twelve legions of angels to defend him from a small mob of these circumcised pansies. Imagine twelve thousand John Travoltas with wings all calling themselves Michael or Roma Downey. Then after being executed and supposedly rising from the tomb, Jesus Christ ascended to heaven from that same spot, the Mount of Olives, forty days later, where later Popeye kicked the pope's ass for trying it. Must be an angelic military spaceport of some sort. Either that, or be the place where some damn

strong hallucinogenic mushrooms grow. A hobbit hill. For long-haired, sandal-wearing, long-robed hippie types that look like the negative image dude in the Shroud of Turin, which was preserved by the Knights Templar for over a thousand years and is now a masturbation fantasy for nuns. The scoop on that shroud is disturbing, so I'll avoid it.

Coincidence or not, the Christ hippie movement had just been born in time to take advantage of the power vacuum in Judaism, and proselytize among the subjects of the Empire, offering this neat Bible thingie without all that guilt. Except in the sex department. Nuts. Remember all those ridiculous sex-starved Knights of the Round Table? They had to go around in metal suits. Compare them to the cloth, bamboo, and wood suits of the sexually-satisfied Japanese samurai knights, who never accepted Christianity and would whomp missionaries' asses and cut off their body parts systematically like artists. No wonder Islam, which permitted polygamy, had a virgin market later over in the Middle East. And Mormonism, here in America. Lucky for the niggers they didn't have to worry about Christian missionairies until the days of the European slave trade, although the northern ones got converted to Islam by the sword. After being sold to American slavers and brought over here to America, they pretended to accept Jesus Christ the great white man so that they could get along. Many still love Jesus Christ. Oh yes, they love him. He's the only white that they can love, which makes them love him all the more. Even if he ain't really white, but only his pictures make him look white. When the niggers were free enough to let loose their suppressed native traditions of sex, drugs, and rock & roll, Virgin Records was born. Please tell me, please tell me why. I came through the window last night, yada yada yada. But I digress.

It was no coincidence. It was a direct result. Duh again. And they offered the Bible in Greek too, so everybody could read it, or have it read to them. Of course the "Old" Testament was originally written in Hebrew, so as they translated it to Greek they could modify the flavor of key words to make Jesus Christ appear to leap out of the pages of papyrus. That's why the Septuagint, or Greek translation of the Hebrew scriptures, ironically done by

the Jews themselves about 250 B.C., and admittedly full of errors, was later abandoned by the Jews completely, to shut the Christian nuts up. Remember Matthew Levi. Tax collectors can be so damned literal, squinting down on them tax rolls. Can I figure out the contradiction here? Namely, that Jesus seems to appear to leap out of the mangled Greek Septuagint, yet the Jews rejected this fictional attempt at the bookstores, even the unenslaved remnant in Babylon and Egypt? Yes I can. There's no contradiction. It's just a case of a new generation being on the make and going for it. A light at the end of the tunnel. A freight train coming your way. Yah.

It said right in the New Testament that God had rejected the Jews as his people, because they had rejected his meshiach riding on two asses, and wanted to select a new people from all nations in their place, and give the Bible to them as their book, since the old Jews couldn't read it right. So obviously the renegade Jews who started this power grab had already trotted it around and found it wasn't working before they committed it to writing. What they now call market research. Check all four of the gospels and you'll also find they hedged their bets, having Jesus ride on only one ass in some of them.

To hedge all his bets, their propagandist Saul of Tarsus, the city of tentmakers, made up one big epistle to the hippies among the Romans, and one big one to the hippies among the Bro's, as well as various other ones to the hippies among the Greeks, such as the ones at Corinth. Corinth, the big gateway to the Peloponnesus and a great town for Aphrodite worshippers, which also had a lot of Italians and Jews, must have been hard to be a sex-denying Jesus hippie in. Especially with a name like Saul. Maybe he changed it at night to Venusaul and went to the Venus bathhouse orgies. But that's neither here nor there. Other apostles like Peter supposedly hiked up to Babylon even, like Amway salesmen.

Bulbasaur. Ivysaur. Venusaur. Squirtle. Wartortle.  
Bastoics. Weeble. Kakuna. Beehill. Rattat. Raticyte.  
Ekans. Cirbok. Shandshrew. Sandslesh. Nidorch.  
Nidodino. Nidoking. Jigglypuff. Wigglytuff. Cheirmander.  
Cheirmeleon. Chairizard. Catterrie. Metapod. Butterfree.  
Pidghey. Pidgerotto. Pidgech. Sprearoy. Fearow. Pikachu.



Raichu. Niboran. Nidodina. Nidoqueen. Clefairy.  
Clefable. Vulput. Nikefales. Zubat. Golrat. Paras.  
Paraseet. Diglett. Dugtrio. Psyduck. Golduck.  
Grojullittle. Areadine. Abrakadabra. Alakazam. Bellsprout.  
Weepinbell. Victreebel. Geodude. Graveler. Golem.

Golem. She had to mention golem. If onions and peppers  
give you gas, do what I do. Take Beano.

Opdish. Gloob. Uilieplume. Venonal. Venomath. Meowth.  
Persrid. Mankey. Primcape. Poliway. Poliwhirl.  
Poliwrath. Machop. Machope. Machamp. Tentacool.  
Tentacruel. Ponyta. Ruppish.

Sorry, but I just hacked this cheat sheet off one of my  
daughter's computers. I think it has something to do with  
Pokemon. I feel so out of it sometimes. The younger  
generation is setting up to rule using computers right under  
our noses. Code language and everything. Interrupt seven.  
Back to autobio two-a.

It's after the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. The real Jews  
themselves were all-but wiped out, and the new "spiritual  
Jews" a.k.a. the Christians were making converts fast. I  
don't mean lapsed Jews, like me. Or spiritual Jews like  
Elie Wiesel, author of "Night", that must-read that is  
beyond criticism. This short book moved Elie into the  
Jewish hagiography to the number two Jewish saint position  
behind Einstein, with Anne Frank a close third. Men will  
always come first in Judaism. I mean Jews in the spirit,  
as opposed to Jews in the flesh. They are circumcised in  
the heart rather than in the penis, which must either hurt  
worse or not at all. A higher plane, you see? The  
Christians. Funny how they are supposed to be on a  
higher plane than us real Jews, but most of them are  
dumber than shit on a corn cob. They counter by saying  
that the wisdom of the world is foolishness with their  
God. Bite me. Reminds me of the old joke, which goes:  
What do you call Jewish public relations? Answer: An  
oxymoron. Talking about Elie. It turns out that there were  
only thousands of victims of the Jewish Holocaust of WWII,  
not millions. The reason for the discrepancy is that there  
used to be millions of Jewish factions. Jewish guilt does

the rest.

So, after hundreds of years of their own struggles, the new Christianity took over, becoming the official religion of the Roman empire, and viciously wiping out every remaining pagan cult in the name of Love. Meanwhile we Jews just tried to survive, and preserve our oldtime religion, stubbornly refusing to accept the executed blasphemer as our meshiach, resulting in having to live in walled ghettos surrounded by rabid Christians. Yes, all believers in religion were primitive magoos back then, but at least we Jews didn't still burn our children up as a sacrifice to Moloch, or burn entire families up as a sacrifice to Christ. And could still read and write.

In answer to all the calls and letters, what would I do if Jesus Christ really were the meshiach, and he returned? I'd be fucked wouldn't I? Now F\*\*\*( THE H\*?( OFF!!! He isn't the gawd damn meshiach!!! When ours really comes, you'll know it. And he'll probably let me continue being an atheist as long as I retain my Jewishness in good standing. Too bad all my children are female. Disqualifies them.

In the meantime...

Here we is! Right atcha! So, you can see why we are so complicated. Complicated, complicated. Serious side effects can result while you're on Judaism. For more information contact your rabbi or call 1-800-JEWGUILT. If you think the problem of gays in the military is complicated, don't ask don't tell.

## Chapter 7 and a Half

Life for a Jew can be very, very complicated. The more orthodox, the worse it gets. A million rules and regulations. Violate one and you have to atone for it. In olden days you were simply taken to the edge of town and stoned to death like shit. In modern times, the ultra-right fanatics are kept on a leash. A lot of Jews are atheists

now. As if World War II didn't show our God up to the most diehard gung-ho believer with pigtails and a prayer shawl. Me, I was raised religious, but in the Reformed branch, which is the most enlightened branch. Sometime in college, when my parents couldn't control me as much, I decided it was all bunk, and joined with John Lennon in imagining a world free of all religion. I'm doing my part, by setting a personal example. Lucky for the Jews that, at least in America, over half of them marry non-Jews. Keeps them kids even more confused while we atheists scramble for their affections.

But, to humor the religious ones, I'll don my Reformed yarmulke and show you the way of life for religious Jews. By the way, have you ever tried masturbating with a yarmulke? Catches the goop real good. Not poop. Goop. Washable too. I like to masturbate with natural products, such as bananas and avocados. Hydrates, moisturizes, and replenishes your skin. One hundred percent Florida orange juice. Are you drinking enough? But I forget my manners.

Rules. Don't forget them rules. If you haven't heard, we're auctioning them off on ebay.com, nine at a time.

The rules are based on the Tanakh, which is an acronym for Torah, Neviim and Ketuvim. In English the Scriptures are composed of the Pentateuch, Prophets and Writings (Psalms, Proverbs, etc.) Our biggest day of the year is Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, when we are all supposed to repent. Not that we are permitted to build up an account and just expect it to be discharged once a year. Some famous rabbi, I forget which, told us to repent one day before our death. I plan to. I plan on living to two hundred.

Living throughout the Dark Ages in little islands that were surrounded by teeming seas of superstitious, ignorant Christians, who constantly tried to make them feel ashamed or even tried to force them to see the "light", it is easy to see that Jews had a real problem with accepting Christ and the "New" Testament. The biggest one is that we can't figure out why he is needed. We did all right without him for centuries. And the Dark Ages started after, not before Christ "came".

Christians respond that "in Adam's fall we sinned all", and that only through Christ can we be saved from original sin. Jews don't accept the doctrine of original sin. "Why does a child of five, six, seven, eight, or nine years not sin, but only at ten years and upward? He himself gives strength to his evil inclination. You make your yetzer (evil inclination) bad." I forget which rabbi wrote this one too. In the Jewish prayerbook, the morning prayer includes the words, "My God, the soul You gave me is pure." After all those school massacres of late, I'm beginning to wonder about these rabbis. One good thing Jesus said is to call no man rabbi. But I'm an atheist anyway, so I'm not about to jump into Jews for Jesus.

As to the possibility of life after death, Jews are split into several groups, such as the one into blindfolds, candles and masks, and I have no trouble with the Reform branch, which teaches that our soul "returns to the Reservoir of Being" and "Something of us can never die; we move in the eternal cycle of darkness and death, of light and life." So Jews are concerned with this life, with the here and now, and leave it to God to decide what to do with them when they die, if anything. The difference between religious Jews and atheist Jews is that the former spent too much time repenting and atoning, while the latter just seize the day and try to party on while the partying is good.

Another reason Jews don't accept Christ is that the Christians view the "Old" Testament as limited to the sacred writings of the Jews. But the Jews themselves, from the time of Ezra the Scribe on (5th century B.C.), developed an equally-valid oral tradition or Oral Torah, passed on by the rabbis or teacher-scholars. When the Jewish Second Temple was destroyed by the Romans in 70 A.D., a million Jews massacred, and the pitiful remnant dispersed, the rabbis continued the oral tradition. Ever since, Jews didn't have a temple or a priesthood but they flocked to be with rabbis, at places called synagogues, or togetherness centers. By the second century A.D., when they saw the Christians gaining ground and spreading like rats, and saw the writing on the wall, they started to codify the oral tradition itself into the tractates of the Mishnah or teaching,

followed by commentaries on the Mishnah known as the Gemara or study. The twain makes up what Christians know as the Talmud, whose name is indeed mud to them. So we went our separate ways. Jews mark the twain. Joke. Actually there are many good jibes and jokes on the Christians buried in the Talmud, if you can live long enough to find them. The Talmud is so huge that even fast readers take their whole life to read it, which is unfortunately what has degraded the original Jewish religion to almost a caricature of nerds with their pasty faces buried in moldy old books. What kind of God expects you to read that much only to find out you aren't saved and he doesn't exist anyway? And that there were no pictures? Joke. But it gives Jew-haters more ammo.

And face it, a lot of anti-Jewish hate is really facial. Joke. The rulers of Khazar, between the Caspian and Black seas, converted to Judaism in 740 A.D., bringing their Turkic features -- big hook noses, thick lips, angular faces -- and other genetic traits we Jews grew to know and love into the gene pool of the true ancient Hebrews from farther on down south of the Black and Caspian seas where we looked more like modern-day Arabs. And the Khazars were, ahem, Aryan, if you want to know it. It was the Muslims that ended up driving the Khazars north into regions like Poland. Indeed, they served as a kind of buffer protecting the Eastern Orthodox Christians from the Muslim pincer movement that took Spain. They were that day's Third World Power. So, most Jews today are really Turkic-Slavic mixes with last names like Adler, Cohen, Kahn, Cahn, Cline, Klein, Kline, Katz, Rubin, Benjamin, or other tribal name, something-stein or stern, Silver-something, Gold-something, and Fireman.

A moment's digression on Jewish names. In the book In the Blood: God, Genes and Destiny, by Steve Jones, London: Harper Collins, 1996 (ISBN 0-00-255511-5), which I recommend for its herculean attempt to figure out how to define a Jew scientifically, it is explained how the Ashkenazim for centuries named themselves after their father, as in biblical times (e.g. Eleazer ben Eleazer), even though Jewishness officially comes not from the father but from the mother, as a protection against the fondness of Jewish men for pagan polytheistic extra wives and concubines (myself included). This also explains where Jewish mothers get their attitude

(little joke).

Then, in Poland, in 1844, they finally had to adopt surnames like the goyim had so the government could register them, which is good and bad. Good, since who would want the king of physics to be called Albert ben Shlomo or something? Bad, since this was the first step to Schindler's List. At the time nobody could foresee any of this obviously. Being Jews, they auctioned them off to the highest bidder, like domain names for the World Wide Web today. Good names, based on pretty flowers (Rosenthal) or precious metals (Goldstein) ended up being bought by the rich. Then came names like steel (Stahl), iron (Eisen), or stone (Stein). The dirt-poor were left with names such as oxtail (Ochsenswanz) and bug-squasher (Wanzenknicker). A few hippie types adopted names based on the Ten Lost Tribes, which is a subject I will no doubt one day publish the last word on after they all spontaneously gather to Israel and proclaim me the King of All Media, the mediashiach. For example, the lost tribe of Guns n'Roses. But I digress.

Why did the Khazars convert to Judaism? Probably because they didn't want to be absorbed by the Eastern Orthodox Christians or the Muslims, and that seemed like a cool option at the time. I don't really know. Maybe they liked steak and chophouses. All Jewish temples featured a huge BBQ pit where they had something delightful cooking all the time. Just the smell would make you want to join up. If I remember my lessons, the high priest would offer a bull for the sins of the priests or Levite tribe, and a goat for the sins of the other tribes. So they liked mixed grill.

The white priestly robes they wore while BBQing, along with the white turbans, must be the origin of chef's white aprons and hats. Mel the cook in TV's "Alice" always wore a sailor's hat to be different. He was Greek so he must have been some kind of Christian, else he would have worn serge. Vegetarians had one hell of a hard time being true Jews. And Doctor Benjamin Spock now is advocating that all kids, from the age of two, be brought up as vegans. Go figure. It all begs the question: what's next for I-Hop?

Okay, Mel was Jewish. Real name Vic Tayback. Looks Jewish

and Italian either way depending on his grooming. Made a great movie gangster. Not as versatile as Rod Steiger. Rod can seem to be anything, even a white southern Christian bigot. Or a Catholic bishop, like he pulled off in Ahnold's last bomb, "End of Days" (Ahnold's, joke). One time I passed a bald, bespectacled Jewish-looking man on the street in Jew York, carrying a black Bible, and I asked him about it. He turned out to be a Jehovah's Witness door-to-door man from Argentina or somewhere in South America, and was Hispanic, from a long line of Catholics.

Brooklyn is the headquarters of that lovely cult of mainly ex-Protestants and ex-Catholics, plus a few ex-Jews. After WWII they pioneered the expansion of the time-honored tax exemption for American churches into any and every enterprise owned by a church, such as their giant publishing house, dormitories, farms, hotels, and so on. As a result, they now bilk Brooklyn out of tens of millions in taxes a year. Plus a few million half-literate rejects from third world nations in Africa and South America who they can feed their doctrines to without fear of literate critics. Jews probably go for the bait of the cult's name that doesn't contain the words J---- or C----- in it, and the rest is too sad to relate. They pummel you with stacks of literature, and Jews like to read, and [the rest is garbled in all canonical texts -- Ed.].

Really, the Jews were not even a race. They started out as twelve sons who decided to stick together and create their own nation out of their tribes. Racially they were the same as the other nations around them, such as the Arabs. The majority of Jews today are what they call Ashkenazi Jews, from the name of that ancient region between the Caspian and Black seas. There are also a fraction of Sephardic Jews left over from Spain. True original Semitic Jews... Eh. Okay I won't argue. But we like to think that we were adopted, like Ruth the Moabitess, who got her own book in our scriptures to settle the question. And what's so great about being pure Semite? Even the Semites themselves were, at the start, just the descendants of one of the sons of Noah, Shem. If you believe the Bible that is. No, not one of the Three Stooges. That was Shep. So cut us a little slack for hogging the term anti-semitism. We do it mainly

for our own self-defense.

Another way we profoundly differ is on our conception of time. While the Christians are messing the world up with apocalyptic fervor as "2000" approaches, based on a calendar sponsored by a 16th century pope, our Jewish calendar says it's the year 5760, that is, 5760 years since Adam (adam, emphasis on second syllable, means man). The Moslems set their clock by the date that their first Islamic city Medina was established, 1420 years ago. I only use that abominable "B.C./A.D." crap because my producer forces me to. Jews are, after all, only three percent of the American population. The best three percent. Just try to find a Gideon's Bible that doesn't have the "New Testament" slapped onto our Scriptures, which are labelled as the "Old Testament" to degrade us. The Christ bastards actually attempted to start time over with year one, and succeeded. Maybe that's what most tells in the religious outlook of a Christian and a Jew. The latter reads their expanded Bible backwards.

And our Jewish calendar is based on the moon rather than the "son" (joke). We have 354 days in our year, that is, 12 months of 29-1/2 days. To adjust our calendar we periodically add an Adar Sheni, or second Adar, Adar being the last month in our calendar. We even reckon days different. A day starts at sundown not at midnight. Even Christians find that out when they realize that Jesus' life was lived under the Jewish calendar. That's why when married Jews do they nasty they don't feel bad about it. And our rabbis can marry and do the nasty.

We also have our yearly cycle of festivals, as set out in the book of Exodus, chapter 23. God commanded all males to "appear before the Lord God" three times a year, in what we call the pilgrimage festivals: Pesah (Passover, on Nisan 15), Shavuot (Festival of Weeks), and Sukkot (Harvest Festival). Christians believe that Christ "fulfilled" or ended the Mosaic Law, so they don't observe these festivals, although they have their own, sometimes overlapping holidays. Pentecost, for example, fifty days after Easter, echoes Shavuot where the firstfruits are offered. In the Christian book of Acts, the first Jewish converts were made



on Pentecost. Joke.

Pesah (ach, like mach) is where Jews eat the matzoh or bread of affliction. So get your ass over and eat my little lamb.

Sukkot is the festival where each family builds a sukkah or tent, with a Biblically-prescribed flimsy roof, and dwells in it for seven days. At the worship service branches of lulav and etrog, "the four species" of citron tree, palm, myrtle, brook willow are waved to the four points of the compass in a funky way. You Christians just wouldn't understand. It's all in the fam-il-y. Hey, you'll sleep when you're dead. Stay awake.

We have two more key holidays, Hanukkah (Kislev 25) and Purim. Hanukkah is our midwinter festival of lights, and often coincides with Christmas by lunar coincidence. The Christians use a seven-candle Sabbath candelabrum, while our Shabbat candelabrum has nine. The top or middle one, called the shamash (servitor) is used to light the other candles, then each night for eight nights one candle is kindled. Order yours online for Christmas. Last time I checked there were 1.5 million web sites with some kind of Jewish content. You can even email a message to be placed on the Wailing Wall through a special website now.

Purim (Adar 14) is a "fun" holiday, celebrating a big day when the Jews survived attempted massacre by the Persians as described by the book of Esther. During the celebration the kids make noise with their greggers, or noisemakers, to drown out the name of the arch-villain Haman. Jews are drunk with joy and Jewish soulfood. You have to think of yourself as a separate people to really get into it.

Back to Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. Actually, the Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, begins on the first day of Tishri, and the festivities continue for ten days, culminating in Yom Kippur. These are ten days of Yomin Noraim, or Days of Awe. At the table, there is a blessing of candles, wine, and a round loaf of bread, round indicating the cycle of time. Then there is a ceremony where an apple slice is dipped in honey and the following words recited: "May it be your will, Lord God and God of our Fathers, that

you grant us a good year and a sweet one." I usually imagined the apple slice as a clitoris. I suppose many women imagine it as a penis. Some, more than will admit it, also imagine it as a clitoris. I try to get into that one whenever I can, although I usually drop out of the others, particularly Yom Kippur.

The Day of Atonement requires Jews to "afflict their souls" by fasting and abstaining from sex. The day starts with the Kol Nidrei (All Vows) at the beginning (evening) service, and ends with the awesome blast of the shofar or ram's horn at the end (next evening), when each Jew is expected to have tried to achieve reconciliation with his fellow man and God, in that order. With many, that sound means we can finally masturbate. After the ram horn blast, the words "Next Year in Jerusalem!" are usually spoken in Hebrew. Then people have breakfast (literally), and exchange the salutation "Good Yom Tov!" (a good holy day) and "Hatima Tovah!" (may you be incriminated for good). I'm already off in a corner masturbating. Sex before food.

Speaking of food. Actually there have been two Jewish calendars, the secular and the sacred, ever since the Exodus. See the book of Exodus, chapter 12. Since I highly doubt there was a real exodus, and believe it was all made up, all I can say is that the second calendar doesn't seem to have been used till the Babylonian exile anyway. Tishri or Ethanim (September-October lunar month) is the first month in the secular calendar. In the sacred calendar it's Nisan, also called Abib (March-April lunar month). Nisan 1 was the day the tabernacle or holy tent was set up in the wilderness (book of Exodus, chapter 40), which is a big day indeed to a group of desert nomads. Nisan, a good Japanese name (coincidence, it means start or beginning) falls at the close of the rainy season, when the Jordan was normally at flood stage, and the grain harvest was reaching maturity. So, on Nisan 16 the priests offered up a sheaf of the firstfruits of the grain, followed by a second one fifty days later.

Christians recognize Nisan 16 as the day that Jesus rose from the tomb, and fifty days later as Pentecost, when he sent holy dope from heaven to his assembled followers in

Jerusalem to officially start his new covenant of the holy roller hippies. That was some dope. It made them roll around the floor and babble and goo-goo and see things, which makes it easy to see how they all believed that their Jesus had risen and was paying them surprise visits. A prize every Christian longs for, since they are supposed to go without sex and indeed save themselves for him, as his bride. No wonder. Jesus is Wonder Bread to them. And Yahoo too. They have his "body" and his "blood" every chance they get together it seems. I'd rather just have an orgy. Although I do prefer white to brown or black bread, sorry to be so racist. Not that I won't eat any color bread if it's fresh and I have no choice.

Real Jews abhor cannibalism and blood consumption, so that practice really turned off the fence sitters, let me tell ya. Not that the Jewish kosher practice of slitting a live animal's throat as they suspend it by its hind legs and let it pump its own blood out until it dies is anything to brag about. The Jewish kosher dopes pretend to abhor the eating of blood, yet science has found out that an animal bled that way only loses half its blood anyway, ha ha on them. All lesbians know you can eat a woman even on her period, as long as you're careful and have a newspaper to delicately throw the tampon onto first (afterwards they put it back in since it's still good). Since I'm a male lesbian and officially pro everything lesbian, I cannot in good conscience be a religious kosher Jew. Put that quote on my urn.

Did I mention Simhat Torah? The day Jews rejoice over the Torah, that is, conclude their weekly readings from the Pentateuch and begin again anew. Simply put, they finish out Deuteronomy and start over with Genesis. You have to be a true Jew, a Bible worshipper and rabbi ass kisser, to appreciate the great honor it is to get to read aloud in the synagogue. It is often a father-son thing too. It's being loaded by new uses even to this day. Soviet Jews used it as an occasion to rally outside the great synagogue in Moscow and thumb their noses at the state and its atheism.

But the Jewish holy day stock is not depleted yet. In recent years some Jews started observing Yom HaShoa

(Holocaust Day) and Yom Atzmaut (Israel Independence Day). And let's not pass over Tu Bishvat, the New Year's Day for trees. As if that isn't enough to tie your year up, there is the weekly Sabbath day. By going atheist I freed up half my life for pleasure, at the very least. But even atheist Jews can't get over the family. Jews are "us" people.

Holocausts. Pogroms. We Jews have been the subject of genocide attempts for centuries. Not that sometimes we haven't helped bring it on ourselves.

Yiddish for instance. Anybody speaking that dialect is asking to be wiped out. The words suck. They drip something that sucks. They are all too guttery, too obscene. Impolite, like a glimpse of stained undies. It's so "unchristian" that even to know it probably jeopardizes a Christian's born-again status. The very word "vulgar" is Yiddish. Joke. A great language to knock somebody with, or to feel sorry for yourself in, granted. Just wrap your big hook noses and thick lips around these choice kosher woids (violins please):

babkes	beans, anything/nothing
BObe-MAYse	a tall tale
farBIsene	bitter
farBLANDzhet	all mixed up, lost your way
farKAKte	lousy, shitty
farKLEMT	tied up in knots, upset
GANif	thief
gelt	money
geNUG	enough
geNUG shoyn!	enough already!
gey SHLOFen	go to sleep
glik	happiness
Golem	a clumsy and sluggish person
GOYim	non-Jews
goyishe KOP	thinking like non-Jews [not a compliment]
HANdel	to bargain, e.g., at a market; to deal with products
KHOKHme	bright idea
KIBitz	meddle, chat
kuntz	art, work of art

kvel	to glow with pride
kakaMEYmi	crazy
KHAzar	pig (I know, I know. Jewish self-hate.)
khazerAY	junk, junkfood
KHOKHme	bright idea
KHolem	dream
KHUTZpeh e	unmitigated gall, a lot of nerve
kvetch	complain(er), whine(er)
LANDSlayt	from your home town
luftmensch	a dreamer, an airhead
makhuTEYniste	almost in-laws: parents of your married child's spouse
MAzel tov	congratulations
meGILe	a long story
meKHAYA	a wonderful thing
mentsh	decent human being
meSHUGina	crazy person, a real nutcase
metziye	a bargain
MEYvin	an expert, a connoisseur
mishiGAS	craziness, foolishness
MISHmash	hodge-podge
mishPOkhe	family
MISkayt	ugliness
MITZva	good deed
MITzy GAYnor	slut [joke]
MUMzer	bastard
NEbish	little nerd
NAKHes	joy, pride in your kids' accomplishments
nosh	snack
NOSHer	nibbler
NUDnik	pest
ONGepatshked	overdone (e.g., too frilly)
pisk	mouth (fam.)
platz	burst, have a cow
PUpik	belly button
shlekht	bad
shleMAzl	unlucky/hapless person
shleMIel	dope, fool
shlep	drag
SHMENdrik	jerk
SHNORer	bum, beggar, moocher
SHVIGer	mother-in-law
shvitz	sweat

SHEYgetz	non-Jewish male
SHEYne PUnim	pretty face, handsome face
SHIKer	a drunk person, drunk
SHIKse	non-Jewish female
SHMAta	rag
shmutz	dirt
SHPILkes	nervous energy, ants in your pants, fidgety
shtik	routine, also a comedy routine
shver	father-in-law
treyf	non-kosher
TOKHis, tush	rear-end, butt
TUml	noise, confusion, pandemonium
TSORes	troubles
TSIBele	onion
yoicks	[joke]
zay geZUNT	be well

Yiddish sounds kind of German, and the popular notion is that it is Hebrew mixed with German. But it is actually proof that Jews are really Khazars. The New York Times of October 29, 1996, contained an article entitled "Scholars Debate Origins of Yiddish and the Migrations of Jews". Here are some pertinent quotes:

"Archiving over these questions is the central mystery of just where the Jews of Eastern Europe came from. Many historians believe that there were not nearly enough Jews in Western Europe to account for the huge population that later flourished in Poland, Lithuania, Ukraine and nearby areas.

"By reconstructing the Yiddish mother tongue, linguists hope to plot the migration of the Jews and their language with a precision never possible before.

"It has even been suggested, on the basis of linguistic evidence, that the Jews of Eastern Europe were not predominantly part of the diaspora from the Middle East, but were members of another ethnic group that adopted Judaism.

"One linguist has recently argued that Yiddish began as a Slavic language that was 'relexified,' with most of its vocabulary replaced with German words.

"Even more troublesome are demographic studies indicating that during the Middle Ages there were no more than 25,000 to 35,000 Jews in Western Europe. These figures are hard to reconcile with other studies showing that by the 17th century there were hundreds of thousands of Jews in Eastern Europe.

"Some scholars believe the roots of Yiddish, and even the Ashkenazic people themselves, lie much farther east. In his 1976 book, 'The Thirteenth Tribe', Arthur Koestler made the startling suggestion, never taken seriously by linguists, that the Eastern European Jews were not really Semitic -- that they were largely descended from the Turkish Khazars, who converted en masse to Judaism in medieval times.

"More recently, Koestler's controversial thesis has been revived and expanded in a 1993 book, 'The Ashkenazic 'Jews': A Slavo-Turkic People in Search of a Jewish Identity' (Slavica Publishers), by Dr. Paul Wexler, a Tel Aviv University linguist.

"Wexler uses a reconstruction of Yiddish to argue that it began as a Slavic language whose vocabulary was largely replaced with German words. Going even further, he contends that the Ashkenazic Jews are predominantly converted Slavs and Turks who merged with a tiny population of Palestinian Jews from the Diaspora."

Controversial. Sure. The Jews are a stiff-necked people. They rule the world in truth and grace. Oy vay. Your construction smells of corruption.

So there couldn't be any "real" Jews left anymore, just Jewish wannabees, converts without true pure Hebrew genes. Face it, there were too few Jews left after the Roman holocaust to even keep the breed alive, since those who tried would be in big trouble from inbreeding. After the Khazars converted, the bloodlines got forever screwed up. Down around Israel the Arabs there might be closer to the real ancient Hebrews racially than the Jews. And get this, the Babylonians who held them captive in the first place were fellow Semites, while the Persians who set them free were Aryans.

Look at me for instance. I'm no tidings of comfort and joy myself, with many awkward and ugly features that I try to hide with long hair. If I lived back in the days of David they'd probably have killed me as a freak, along with Groucho Marx, George Burns (God), and most all of us now. For the ancient Hebrews were a very militarized society. You think Hitler was bad, check out what the Jews did to the Amalekites. Funny how many modern Israelite army recruits are blond-haired blue-eyed Nazi Youth poster boy material. Many Jews actually supported the early Nazi party, before it got too anti-Semitic. They saw it as a resurrection of good old-time religion. A little known fact is that the Hebrew word for chieftain is "Nasi". Look at the book of Ezekiel, chapter 34, verse 24: "I myself, Jehovah, will become their God, and my servant David a chieftain in the midst of them." So David was God's own Nasi. A man after his own heart. Some even claim that Hitler had Jewish ancestors, and started out as a potential new Jewish meshiach until he saw the numbers and decided to go with the blond beasts. He might have even been a Jewish secret agent, sent to lead the anti-Semites to their own destruction, although I find that hard to go along with. He lost control at the top, you see, and the SS told him they were giving Jews special treatment, and he thought that meant extra baths. But all Jews long for King David to come back, and rule over them, and lead them on bloody military conquests. Heil Nasi.

And since the Second Temple was destroyed and the genealogical records lost, anybody can claim to be a Jew just by putting on the act and learning a little Yiddish. Go by the name of the Hot Tomatoes. Just push the red button and tell it what to remember.

But one thing that set all Jews apart is that they didn't believe in that damn Hayzeus Kristo, pardon my French. That gives them an obligation to keep themselves from danger overseas, like Americans traveling on Pan-Am. They got used to living in walled mini-cities, or ghettos, and considering themselves as an international society, not tied to any one country. Like rock and roll, MTV, even the Jehovah's Witnesses today. This gave them safety but also allowed pressure to build up for outright extermination attempts, or



pogroms (accent on second syllable). It also led to inbreeding, which made us smarter but more likely to produce freaks, such as Jerry Lewis and Pee-wee Herman. Another thing that hurt us is that a lot of us were into moneylending at interest.

Ah, but is it our fault that the all-powerful Church, with its unquestionable absolute authority steeped in the practice of BBQing people on stakes, decreed that Christians could not lend money at interest, leaving us Jews to do it throughout Christendom? Even encouraging us to do so? Christians liked to keep us penned in walled cities, and visit us only in offices with barred windows, like pawn shops. But them Christians, they were, how to say? Meshuginas? Shlemiels? Farblandzhet? Kakamamey? Khazars? So a lot of Jews got rich off of them. And some of us abused our power and engaged in excessive usury, giving codpiece-toting Jew-haters more ammo. But see our side of it. Could you resist the temptation to bilk ignorant superstitious bozos who fell for a con of a first century Jew, and are therefore first class babes in the woods? If Jesus can lead them to water, a Rothschild can make them drink. And even we never produced a monster such as Bill Gates. Joke.

Even our own sacred writings tell us that the love of money is the root of all evil. I know that saying is in "their" scriptures (1 Timothy 6:10), but I'm sure its half-Jew half-Greek author was just quoting the Psalms or something, the bastard.

Okay, I admit it. We planted that quote so we Jews could quote it to you Christian suckers. Saul of Tarsus was actually a secret agent of the Pharisees. That's why he changed his name to Paul. Sounded less Jewish. Sounded almost Irish. James Paul McCartney. Everybody likes a Mick. Hey Jude, say it ain't so, I will not go, turn the lights off, carry me home.

He had some bad medical problems, as he admits in 2 Corinthians chapter 12, and was a closet gay, as he hints at in 1 Corinthians chapter 7, so the chief priests made him an offer he couldn't refuse, and he decided he might as well cash out the rest of his life in the Mossad of that day.

Like Hitler perhaps, although I find it hard to go along with that. Being of the tribe of Benjamin, which had given Israel its first king Saul, whom David and his line, Jesus included, had all stabbed in the back, gave him yet another reason to get even, didn't it?

Back to Timothy. Saul called him his "beloved and faithful child" (1 Corinthians 4:17). Took him everywhere. Slept with him. "It is good for a man not to touch a woman," said Saul, in 1 Corinthians 7:1. Right. We all know what Greek love is.

A lot of the Pharisees back then were into the love of money, and the upstart Jesus took them on, right in the Temple. Ever since we put moles in their organization, like Saul and Timothy. So sue us. Not. We have more lawyers and will crucify you in court. And doesn't Jesus himself say to give us Jews everything you got? That quote was planted too, you Christian suckahs. You see, the Jews never forgot how they ended up being the money borrowers during their captivity in Babylon, and when they returned to Israel, they were obsessed with money, with being on the other end of the stick. See the book of Deuteronomy, or the Second Lawbook, chapter 28, verse 44, where Moses supposedly predicts all this almost a thousand years in advance. Another dead giveaway of the post Babylonian exile origin of the Bible and the fact that it was all made-up.

So, when we were dispersed throughout the Roman world in 70 A.D., and that world went Christian, guess what we did? When it's beginning to look a lot like Christmas, where did you Christians go? To their friendly Jewish moneylender. Bah humbug. At least most of us could read and write, as opposed to you, who kept literacy in the clergy. Even the Chinese had the abacus, while you ignorant Christians still counted on your fingers and toes. I bet you pay transaction fees on your commissions. You can't even spell Dow Jones.

No, we Jews are not angels and we are not devils. We are complex, like me. If nothing else, the family keeps us in line. Conspiracy theorists who think the Jews have a plan to take over the world have part of it right, namely, that

the Jews are like a worldwide family of busybodies minding each other's business. But that very fact would make it well-nigh impossible for said conspiracy to exist without somebody talking and spoiling it. If you're a Christian, imagine even your nosey in-laws, cousins, aunts, uncles, brothers, sisters, and multiply it by infinity squared. Remember the 14th century pogroms, like in 1349 in Worms when the Christian-led mobs burned Jews at the stake for allegedly causing the Black Death, and cut us a little slack. We mainly just want to survive.

Mark Twain said it best, in "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg and Other Stories and Essays" (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1900).

First, he lists the plus column:

The Jew is not a disturber of the peace of any country. Even his enemies will concede that. He is not a loafer, he is not a sot, he is not noisy, he is not a brawler nor a rioter, he is not quarrelsome. In the statistics of crime his presence is conspicuously rare -- in all countries. With murder and other crimes of violence he has but little to do: he is a stranger to the hangman. In the police court's daily long roll of "assaults" and "drunk and disorderlies" his name seldom appears. That the Jewish home is a home in the truest sense is a fact which no one will dispute. The family is knitted together by the strongest affections; its members show each other every due respect; and reverence for the elders is an inviolate law of the house. The Jew is not a burden on the charities of the state nor of the city; these could cease from their functions without affecting him. When he is well enough, he works; when he is incapacitated, his own people take care of him. And not in a poor and stingy way, but with a fine and large benevolence. His race is entitled to be called the most benevolent of all the races of men. A Jewish beggar is not impossible, perhaps; such a thing may exist, but there are few men that can say they have seen that spectacle. The Jew has been staged in many uncomplimentary forms, but, so far as I know, no dramatist has done him the injustice to stage him as a

beggar. Whenever a Jew has real need to beg, his people save him from the necessity of doing it. The charitable institutions of the Jews are supported by Jewish money, and amply. The Jews make no noise about it; it is done quietly; they do not nag and pester and harass us for contributions; they give us peace, and set us an example -- an example which we have not found ourselves able to follow; for by nature we are not free givers, and have to be patiently and persistently hunted down in the interest of the unfortunate.

These facts are all on the credit side of the proposition that the Jew is a good and orderly citizen. Summed up, they certify that he is quiet, peaceable, industrious, unaddicted to high crimes and brutal dispositions; that his family life is commendable; that he is not a burden upon public charities; that he is not a beggar; that in benevolence he is above the reach of competition. These are the very quintessentials of good citizenship. If you can add that he is as honest as the average of his neighbors -- But I think that question is affirmatively answered by the fact that he is a successful business man. The basis of successful business is honesty; a business cannot thrive where the parties to it cannot trust each other.

Then he lists the minus column:

The Jew has his other side. He has some discreditable ways, though he has not a monopoly of them, because he cannot get entirely rid of vexatious Christian competition. We have seen that he seldom transgresses the laws against crimes of violence. Indeed, his dealings with courts are almost restricted to matters connected with commerce. He has a reputation for various small forms of cheating, and for practicing oppressive usury, and for burning himself out to get the insurance, and arranging for cunning contracts which leave him an exit but lock the other man in, and for smart evasions which find him safe and comfortable just within the strict letter of the law, when court and jury know very well that he has violated the spirit of it. He is a frequent and faithful and capable officer in the civil

service, but he is charged with an unpatriotic disinclination to stand by the flag as a soldier -- like the Christian Quaker.

He then sums it all up:

Now if you offset these discreditable features by the creditable ones summarized in a preceding paragraph beginning with the words, "These facts are all on the credit side," and strike a balance, what must the verdict be? This, I think: that, the merits and demerits being fairly weighed and measured on both sides, the Christian can claim no superiority over the Jew in the matter of good citizenship.

Of course Twain was not speaking of the Palestine Jew, only the hooked-nosed, stoop-shouldered little individuals who stand on the street corner trying to gyp you out of every nickel you got. On Christmas they can't sing Christmas songs or decorate a Christmas tree because there is something wrong with them. Hanukkah is nice but what is it? Santa passes over their houses every year. And instead of eating ham they have to eat kosher latkes behind closed windows. At least our Mogen David has a bottle cap, just like real wine.

I'm a Jew. I'm "only" a Jew. I can't be merry because I'm blue on Christmas. And can't stand Bing Crosby. Fuck you Mark Twain.

The very idea that a Jew could be noble-minded, honest, or have a positive contribution to make to society was actually foreign to the Christian world until as late as the 1700s, when Moses Mendelssohn of Germany began writing. He got great German thinkers like Kant to applaud him. Not that he got through to more than the intelligentsia, but after Karl Marx in London got on the reading list, he was forgotten in the dustbin of history, as Marxism created a new cause celebre for anti-semites. So give Twain credit where credit is due. He was brave.

Here's an even better quotation on the Jews and their position in today's world, by the wonderful New York-based

Jehovah's Witnesses, in a "Declaration of Facts" addressed to the Nazi government of Germany in 1933, when they were still hoping to carry on distribution of their literature without going to concentration camps, and thought they could butter Herr Hitler up, or, ahem, appease him:

"The greatest and most oppressive empire on earth is the Anglo-American empire. By that is meant the British Empire, of which the United States of America forms a part. It has been the commercial Jews of the British-American empire that have built up and carried on Big Business as a means of exploiting and oppressing the peoples of many nations. This fact particularly applies to the cities of London and New York, the stronghold of Big Business. This fact is so manifest in America that there is a proverb concerning the city of New York which says: 'The Jews own it, the Irish Catholics rule it, and the Americans pay the bills.' We have no fight with any of these persons mentioned, but, as the witnesses for Jehovah and in obedience to his commandment set forth in the Scriptures, we are compelled to call attention to the truth concerning the same in order that the people may be enlightened concerning God and his purpose."

Nowadays the JW's harp on how they were the only major church to not try to appease Hitler. Some 200-odd of the rank and file were actually killed in concentration camps, where they were very friendly to the Jews as they tried to get them to read their literature and convert to JW's before they were gassed and burned to ashes by the zillions. Meanwhile most of the American-based leadership was safe in Jew, er, New York, refusing military service or even to salute the flag or say the Pledge of Allegiance, while expanding their worldwide operation into a multi-billion dollar financial empire. Maybe Twain was talking about them.

End of sermon. Don't cry for me Argentina. The truth is I never left you, all through my mad days, my mad existence.

Twain was a male lesbian by the way. Really, he was a good guy. One of the founders of the Anti-Imperialist League that tried to keep America from taking over the Philippines, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Guam, and Hawaii, and dirtying itself in

the foul toilet of imperialism and its anti-democratic tendencies. He failed, and you can trace Vietnam to it, if you please. He was wrong about only one thing. We had to absorb Hawaii. Too many beautiful babes to pass up, and where else can we freezing northeasterners go to be in paradise and not worry about the water? On second thought, if we had not annexed Hawaii, there would have been no Pearl Harbor, and we might have stayed out of WWII. On third thought, I am glad we got into WWII. I'm Jewish, not JW. Talk about retro.

Twain, who died in 1910, never lived to see the year 1914, where world war finally became a reality, after Christian nations started it. America did stay out of it for awhile, perhaps partially due to his and others' efforts. But the young American men then were nuts, and probably horny, and jumped at the chance to get off the farm, go "over there" and hump some French pussy instead of Ole Bessy for a change. Even Bible-thumpers like Sgt. York who never tried strange pussy or thumped their own stumps in secret ended up loving to shoot Germans like pigeons in order to get medals and ribbons and movies starring Gary Cooper made about them. All except the JWs, who the American government actually shut down for a time for being subversives, putting their leaders in a federal prison in Atlanta on trumped-up charges for the duration of the war. It's understandable that the same guys could write that letter to Hitler fifteen years later. But I digress.

If only Twain had lived to see the Italian-Jewish mafia of the Roaring Twenties, the State of Israel, the Nazi hunters and the show trial of Adolf Eichmann, the Jewish Defense League, Jack Benny, Anne Bancroft's hubby Mel Brooks and Blazing Saddles and Spaceballs, the Nanny Fran Drescher, my auntie Fran, and me, I can just see him spitting out his cigar with bug eyes. Let his ashes rest. He is just a worthless liar. He is just an imbecile. He will just complicate you.

Aren't we all?

Trust me, trust me, trust me. All we're really looking for is a virgin megastore or a well-hung male friend. Gratitude

guaranteed.

## Chapter 7 and Three Quarters

How does a person know if he is a Jew? For instance, if you were brought up Jewish but later decided to go atheist, or satanist, or Catholic. It seems very hard to be your own officer of soul. Here's one suggestion. Look in the mirror. If you are black, have thick lips and kinky hair, give up. Not.

Did I mention black Jews? There is a branch of Judaism in Ethiopia, of ancient vintage. Falalalalalala. There are a few black Jews in America, like actress Whoopi Goldberg (real name Carol Jones or some such slave name) and actor Yaphet Kotto (real name Jaime Kochzucker). God is not black or white, as the saying goes. He is a spirit, the color of water. Color is a matter of taste. Hand me the mike. I want you to hear the blaze of a man being laid. Jews cum in all colors.

The acid test you can have of your Jewishness is to see if the State of Israel will grant you citizenship. In 1948 the State of Israel was founded, and it joined the U.N. the next year, after a fight with the Arabs. In 1967 we fought the big Five and Dime War of June 5-10, or June Clearance Sale War with the Arabs and recaptured Jerusalem and all of ancient Israel all the way to the west bank of the Jordan, right up to the spot where Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist or thereabouts. From the beginning the Knesset, Israel's parliament, enacted the Law of Return, which states that any Jew receives Israeli citizenship the moment he or she sets foot on Israeli soil. Especially if they are good with a gun or have a valuable trade or skill. Money helps too.

It doesn't matter if you believe in God or the Bible, or whether you're a communist, a capitalist, a shock jock, or even a convert to Hinduism or Scientology. As long as you've got the papers to prove you're a Jew, and/or will spit on a Christian New Testament and lovingly kiss a Star of David, you're welcome.



There is only one group of people who are deliberately unwelcome. Kibbutzniks. Joke. There are two hundred thousand of those. Jewish Christians, or what they delicately refer to as Messianic Jews, especially the proselytizing kind. Take David Koresh for instance. Once visited Jerusalem. In fact, the Knesset regularly considers laws making it illegal to distribute leaflets or information that could "persuade another to change their religious views". There's no doubt which religion is in mind here, and who are being targeted. If you sell-out to Jesus then in the government's eyes you have become the enemy. After all, Masada, where a thousand Jews committed hari-kari rather than surrender to the enemy or give up their rejection of Jesus, is the most holy spot in the country nowadays. In the eyes of the orthodox you've died and, if you come from an orthodox family, a funeral will actually be conducted for you.

The Jewish anti-Jesuschrist sentiments are very strong. You can be a mass murderer or a furry little gigolo, but you can still be Jewish and will be allowed your very own place in the State of Israel, albeit in a maximum security prison if appropriate. But in the eyes of a state that claims, as a whole, not even to be religious, your Jewishness can be stripped away like the skin off a banana, simply by believing in something they disagree with, namely, Jesus Christ as the meshiach (ach as in mach). Walking down the Via Della Rosa in a white sheet carrying a cross for instance. Don't be carrying a Jewish passport.

The stiff-necked state. Every time I hear that expression I think of our Jewish circumcised cocks. Why are so many Jews named Koch? You would have had to be there for the last two millennia to understand, okay? Okay? Shove off, get off, and go away.

The Jordan. If you sicko Christians still don't accept that your Jesus Christ was just a fictional character, why does so much of his life just mimic shit in our real scriptures? This is not a fulfillment of prophesy, dumbos. It is a good writer writing fiction from spec. For instance the Jordan. It is the backbone of the Promised Land, and before being oversettled it must have looked like the veritable Garden of

Eden. It is in a giant rift valley snaking south from up around Mount Hermon to the Dead Sea, at an elevation of minus 1300 feet. The water is so salty in the Dead Sea that no life can exist there, hence the name. So, this river represents life itself, inevitably streaming to death. How convenient that when Jesus decides to give up hammering houses and laying drywall, and embark on his mission from God, that he goes to the Jordan to get baptised.

What is baptism? It's getting dunked in the Jordan, to symbolize being swept downstream to eternal death, then coming back up, to symbolize rising from the dead. Duh. Did he pinch his nose shut? How convenient the way John the Baptist exeunts stage left right after this, and bequeaths his disciples to Jesus. And that both had some kind of quasi-miraculous birth, and separated only by some six months. Stagey.

And all this shit was already in our scriptures, in the book of Ezekiel, at the end, around chapter 47, where a vision is seen of a new Jerusalem one day with a stream of water of life going forth from it eastward, to the Arabah, then down to the Dead Sea, causing it to "be healed", and sustain life again. Duh. And the river of waters of life causes trees to grow along the banks, the fruit serving as food for man, the leaves for medicine. Just like in the Garden of Eden. If only the snake had not deceived Eve, and caused her to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Is this why John the Teeny Bopper only ate locusts and wild honey? That is, sucked his young disciples dicks and drank their cum? They didn't have Vaseline back then, pure petroleum jelly, but they did have sheep grease. All them 'rusalem rump ranger types liked to stay close to the waters of the Jordan for hygienic purposes, especially after a 12-man circle jerk. John wore a hair coat with nothing on underneath, like a Scot. Like Mel Gibson in "Braveheart". And everybody knows not to turn their bare backside on a ruddy rustic Scot.

The so-called Revelation by Jesus Christ to the apostle John, the book that causes Christian fundamentalists to go into rapture, while upsetting the world every millennium into a tizzy, is actually a ripoff of Ezekiel, who just

happened to live in Babylon around the time the Bible was really written. See for yourself.

Even the very name Jesus was ripped-off from the story of the rebuilding of the First Temple after the repatriation from Babylon. Who was the high priest that presided over it? Why, Jesus, or Jeshua! See the book of Ezra, chapter three, for instance. Obviously, when the Second Temple had been destroyed in 70 A.D., and the nuts had center stage, they invented the whole story of a new Jeshua, who conveniently lived in the last years of the Second Temple, tried unsuccessfully to warn them to go back to God, and was killed by them, bringing the destruction on themselves. He rose again, and waits to come again and construct a Third Temple. All Bible writers like to write after a great calamity, haven't you noticed? And backdate the events, to make themselves look like prophets that never fail. Thus the New Testament authors claim that all who accept their crap will receive a Third Temple somehow, spiritual or physical, depending on the Christian sect du jour and its doctrines.

So both Jews and Christians await a new Third Temple in a new Jerusalem. The rest is pure expectation of who will be boss. Both hope for a son of David, but the Jews hope for one who is not a lamblike fairy, has big balls and a big jockstrap. Rah for them.

I should say all Christians except the majority, the Roman Catholics, who long ago decided that John's Revelation was fulfilled in them, as their church itself became the new Jerusalem with its papal throne in Rome itself, and the river of life would be the neverending stream of babies that good Catholics produce for their pope, who is sadly ever against birth control, despite everything that Superman Christopher Reeves can do from his quadriplegic soapbox. And the Mormons, who consider Utah as the New Jerusalem. But I digress again.

Let me call it. Both sides, Jew and Christian, are nuts. I already said that all the tales about the Jews in the days before Babylon were made-up. All the characters in the accounts of Jesus are also fictional, including the

apostles, Saul of Tarsus, you name it. Jesus Christ was made up after 70 A.D. by unknown persons who milked it for every drop. But that's par for the course. All religion is false because mankind evolved from the lower animals, and wasn't created by God in the first place. There was no Adam and Eve. No original sin. No need for a meschiach. That won't stop the nuts though. The Jews are a stiff-necked people, and the Christians are like little children and sheep. And I can't even begin to figure out what makes Moslems tick. Baa-aah-aah humbug.

Actually, there was a Third Temple, because in 17 B.C. the despised King Herod of the Roman province of Judea began rebuilding the aging Second Temple. But the Jews hated him so much that they didn't consider it a new Temple. It might have been he that first allowed Gentiles to go into parts of the Temple, into the so-called Court of the Gentiles. How gross. Bacon eaters on the premises. Between this and the part that Jews only were allowed in there was a wall with an opening only three cubits high, with a big warning sign on it promising death to Gentiles who dared to pass. Three cubits is about four feet. Just the right size for a big pig. That's why the Jews are so good at limbo at parties. They said Herod's lavish renovations and building of courtyards and colonnades were so extensive that they went on to within seven years of when the Romans destroyed it. The roller coaster and the funhouse were still unoperational when the Romans came and bulldozed it all down.

In the gospel of John, chapter two, Jesus said that if the Temple were destroyed he could rebuild it in three days. "How can this be, when it took 46 years to build the Temple?" asked the Pharisees. It must have been about the year 30 A.D. High five me.

The Temple was real. Jesus Christ wasn't. Get this. The N.T. says that when the fictional character died on a fictional cross, the elaborately embroidered veil that hung in front of the Most Holy of Holies was rent in twain. That must have really gotten to those sad stupid haughty godforsaken Pharisees, making fun of him as he hung on the maypole gagging and moaning and refusing to admit that God had forsaken him until the last minute. He did, but his

followers twist everything and tried to make it sound like something else. The Pharisees saw justice done, but just wouldn't mark twain, I guess. That sheet was the most award-winning four by four of its generation. Sheeeit. The bum got even with God for forsaking him. But he would be in paradise with the thief, having eternal fun under the sheets, or on top of them.

This is probably the real genesis of Islam, the idea of Arab thieves, who wear sheets incidentally, going to paradise to be with Allah. And why they said that prophet Mohammad ascended to heaven from the site of the Temple, which must have been in one hell of a state by his day. I think in the 2nd century A.D. the Romans, who ethnically cleansed the area of Jews, rebuilt the city and made it into a Roman one, but I forget and who cares anyway? Strange how I'm more on the side of the Romans than anybody else. The Romans were after all a great stabilizing force, and look how the Arabs got out of hand when they were not around anymore to control them. No wonder I have a love-hate relationship with myself. And just can't stand Arabs. What Jew doesn't? And can? A better acid test of Jewishness? Give me some acid, Timothy O'Leary, and I'll work you into this.

So why haven't they built a new Third Temple in Jersualem? Simple. Ever hear of the Crusades? After a total of eleven times captured and five times nearly destroyed, the damn Moslems and the damn Christians all claim the city, or the area around the Temple, as holy to their religion, and any attempt to build a Third Temple there would lead to World War Three. It's Monday and I have a huge pimple that everybody thinks is the most grotesque thing they have ever seen, causing them to avoid eye contact. Jerusalem is a pimple on the face of the Middle East, ready to erupt in somebody's eye.

In all, Jewish domination of Jerusalem has lasted only 500-odd years. The Christians dominated it for 427 years, the pagans for 800, the Muslims for 1193. And, although God supposedly gave it to the tribe of Benjamin, it was David who conquered it from the Jebusites, who held it who knows how long. And the God story, and the Bible itself that backs it up, is a

fairy's tail. So the Jews' claims to the area are a little puffed. Maybe it was once a garden region, but it's long since turned into badlands, in need of modern science to produce. The real truth about the ancient inhabitants may never be known because the building of the First Temple caused so much archaeological destruction that not much is left. Not that certain far-right Jews don't have Third Temple committees and fund-raisers and all kinds of plans to plunge the world into Har-Megedon. The mountain of Megiddo. Armageddon. First there is a mountain, then there is no mountain, then there is.

As I write this around Christmas of 1999 the atmosphere in Jerusalem is electric as everybody thinks the Christian nuts will stir up trouble come the end of the millennium. Not that December 31, 1999 is the eve of the Christian millennium. If the dumbos can count, that will come a year later. So the Christian eccentrics get two chances, while the Jewish eccentrics bide their time.

To reclaim Jerusalem totally, and be able to erect a Third Temple, it's the Moslems that are the biggest problem as I see it. For thirteen hundred years the Moslems have been worshipping a spot right where we would want to build the Temple, in their Dome of the Cock, er, Rock, and the el-Aksa Mosque, on a platform about sixty feet above the Western or Wailing Wall (Kotel Ma'arabi) of the old Second Temple. The Moslem dome looks like a cock. Intricate geometric designs too, like on any artsy fartsy cock. All the Jews have is the decrepit wall, covered with effluvia from their faces and crap from their hands and arms and clothes. A sacred toilet.

To the south, outside the present city walls, lies biblical Mount Zion, where King David's palace had been, alongside of which he had pitched the tent with the Ark of the Covenant. It is now desolate. I'd like to buy that little chunk of real estate myself. As if I had the money of Donald Trump.

But the Jews have another obstacle, namely, themselves. Jewish law prohibits Jews from entering the area of the Temple mount. Not that a renegade doesn't bust in once in awhile and shoot things up hoping to spark a revolution. To the orthodox all Jews are ceremonially unclean, you see, and

there are no real priests left to cleanse them, as well as no temple to make sacrifices for them to clean them up in God's eyes. And nobody really can prove their right to be a priest, since the genealogies were lost when the Second Temple was destroyed, so nobody can prove they are of the tribe of Levi, even if they have the original hemp jeans. How they will ever get past that beats me. I'm glad I'm an atheist.

Let's say the world survives, as does Israel. The rise of the World Wide Web, though, worries me. Censorship, even for a noble cause, is getting unenforceable. And a lot of that Christian propaganda is seductive. This could spell trouble. I'd hate to think of Israel as a Christian state. They'd turn the temple area into a TV evangelist megachurch like that fruitcake's in Southern Cal. Hopefully my own propaganda, er, material will be so freely available in Israel that it will act as a vaccination and antidote combined. The devil took over the WWW from day one anyway. And if he loses it he's got his false prophet and beast, Bill Gates, holding up the rear.

Via Dolorosa. Got ya. The Way of Sorrows. Christians love sorrow, just like Jews love guilt, er, guilt. Via Della Rosa means Freeway of the Roses, which is somewhere in Southern California, near Glendale and Forest Lawn.

Figure out why so many Christian ministers and governing bodies in America favor America's support of Israel. I'll tell ya. It's Bible Land. A conspiracy. Like the one Ted Kennedy got into in Martha's Vineyard. Why else is the per capita U.S. aid to Israel some three thousand dollars when Israel basically stands against everything that Christian America stands for? Not that the surrounding Moslem countries aren't far worse. There is an ultra-secret Power Control Group that controls America. The plainest proof of its existence is that Dallas and Memphis, where JFK and MLK were assassinated, lie on a direct line with Hope, Arkansas, where President Clinton was born, and Washington, D.C., and anything else that they want to assassinate later. The Power Control Group wanted to silence and intimidate all the surviving Kennedys after they engineered the assassination of JFK, and when he threatened

to run for President, where they would have too big a problem, they framed him, having a team ambush Ted and Mary Jo on Martha's Vineyard, knock Ted out and put him in his hotel room, then drug the babe and drive her out to the bridge.

They knocked out a window of Ted's rented black Olds to be sure it would flood, put a stick on the throttle, and ran it into the water and let her drown. Early in the morning they woke Ted up, told him what they did, then threatened him with everything from the murder of his kids to a life in a Moroccan male whorehouse. Well, not that. He might have liked that. But the threat to his kids would work. Heirs to the Kennedy name, you see. Here's my number one son, you see. He was told to go to a pay phone near the bridge and wait for a call. The call told him to go to the police station and perjure up a ridiculous cover-story that every investigator since says doesn't hold water. I'm sure he really turned the wrong way down that dirt road, and outswam the strong currents in the channel back to Martha's Vineyard, after escaping from the car underwater and diving back for her first. How gallant for the marital infidel. The bump on his head was enough to knock him out. Get it?

But he did withdraw from the Presidential race in 1975. The Chappy Quim Dick scandal, you see. Overtones of illicit sex, plus a dead babe. Like they say at the phone company, "hello". He was supposed to be a good Catholic. Not that I feel for those who cheat on their wives. I never would. Not for keepers. People have to give me credit for my Jewish upbringing. I care for my kids as if they were my own child. For he's a jolly good fellow, for he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny. I don't believe it. You got me. You really got me. Like they say at the phone company, "goodbye".

## Chapter 7 and Seven-Eighths

One area where even I admit we Jews have a conspiracy is in our control of the American media and Hollywood. This is a



long jump from conspiring to rule the world, but how can anybody not see the patently obvious? Cry about it if you want, but we have to have some kind of control of the wild priest, preacher, and monk-led mobs and their eternal recidivism into the superstitions and prejudices of the past. So we concentrated on taking over the media. The stock might be owned by Japs, but we have control of the content, including all the actors, writers, producers, and directors and their unions and guilds. So we flood every American's brain with a lifetime of daily propaganda to be human and humane, tolerant, enlightened, kind. Horrible, isn't it? Joke.

Remember "All In the Family?" Jews were behind that brainwash job. Norman Mailer! Lear. Same difference. Everybody loves a Mick. King Lear! Before that, remember "Bonanza"? Lorne Green was a J\*w! No! Yes! And so was Hoss! We had a token Christian I believe, Little Joe. But I'm not even sure about that. He booked Jews into starring roles when he went freelance, like everybody else in Hollywood. And NIGGERS too! Tom Hanks, The Green Mile, now playing in a theater near you! Jumped an exceptionally big, black one right out of a drainage ditch into Hollywood stardom when you weren't looking! And remember Deuce Bigalow? You Christians laughed at it by the millions while not even realizing it was pure J\*ewish propaganda! That was two teaspoons of brown sugar, with one teaspoon of vinegar. And a handful of scallions.

Hollywood! Run the Warner Brothers cartoon. You Christians can't even make it in Hollywood without selling out to us Jews, at least to the extent of swearing off anti-semitism and racism, and showing backing for Israel. You are pretty, white, and want to get ahead in Hollywood? Sell out to us. If you want to get some brownie points, marry a black guy, like Peggy Lipton did. And don't forget to breed, breed, breed for those celebrity publicity photos. Have some diswhite kids with African-sounding names such as Kidada and Rashida, like Peggy did with Quincy Jones. And when you die be sure and get buried in Glendale, California's Forest Lawn cemetery, where the stars are buried, with their umpteens-foot copy of Michelangelo's nude uncircumcised statue of David with the cute butt and jockstrap jauntily slung over the

left shoulder welcoming you to the pearly gates of Caligula's guesthouse in aitch ee double hockey sticks hell. At least Bob Guccione isn't a Jew. Can't claim everything good. But then he's not Hollywood either.

Think that we Jews can't possibly pull this conspiracy off? We have so much power now that most Americans would die just for a chance to appear for a few seconds in one of our major movie releases. And we can elevate anybody, via our own productions, to star status, which to Americans is like being a god on earth. One day you're a lion cage cleaner like Sylvester Stallone, or a coffin polisher like Sean Connery, the next you're Rambo and Bond, James Bond. Actors are just professional puppets. They have invisible strings. Their job is to convince the viewers they're free birds. Can any of you moviegoers look behind the camera? Bwahahahaha! That was a devilish laugh. And in just ten, twenty, or thirty years at the outside, computers will be able to create virtual actors, all out of ones and zeroes. And we Jews will control the computers. We used some 723 controls to animate a character in "Toy Story", 212 just for the face.

So I admit it. We Jews are in a massive conspiracy to actually put virtual Jews and niggers in white Christian living rooms for free. And make it almost impossible to refuse. Soon, they won't be virtual. You'll call them pop or cuz. So welcome to reality, you Christian morons. Just one of our neo-temples in California, Universal Studios, has a lot 420 acres big, bigger than our ancient temple's lot in Jerusalem probably. And a lot safer, far away from all enemies. And Jerry Springer is no accident, it's a test. After all, what would a Christian-controlled Hollywood produce? "Jewish Beach Bikini Pogrom"? "Christ Killer BBQ"? "Inquisition Stud"? "Have a Mighty White Christmas"? They ought to be ashamed to even let their prejudices see the light of day. They know they have a lot to hide.

We even undermine the Christians' Sunday sabbath, by having all the really good newsworthy interviews on Sunday morning, and all the best pro sports on Sunday afternoon (the Jewish sabbath ends on Saturday at sunset). If it weren't for Jerry Falwell millions wouldn't know what the inside of a

Christian church looks like, or even be able to believe people still swallow it whole. Not the people receiving the money. The ones giving it. It is more blessed to give than receive. Money. It stains you sooooo bad. TV preachers are the ultimate, true niggers of God. You're in good hands with Allstate.

And we really rub it in with the sports, don't we? Wall-to-wall black faces and muscular, athletic, sexy bodies with big, thick, black one-eyed trouser snakes dancing before you while your white wife, daughters, and/or girlfriend celebrate and cheer along with you.

Riding along in my automobile, my baby beside me at the wheel. I stole a kiss at the turn of a mile, my curiosity running wild. Cruisin' and playin' the radio, with no particular place to go. Love being an overpaid black athlete with a white girlfriend in the good ole USA.

And this Christmas we have flooded the stores and cable shopping channels and the World Wide Web with cute little black & white TV sets in raving colors with AM/FM for just thirty pieces of silver, and easy easy credit. By the year 2000 no office desk, kitchen, or car will be without one. And with volume, the price will go down even more, and we'll add color, boombox sound, and a free video disc player.

Get with it, white Christians of America. Give your white daughters to African men now, all at one time, and let them fuck that pure white shit out of you forever. Get it over with. Why prolong the agony. Think of America as the land of the free from racism. It's in your face on every screen large or small in Americum now. One squirt squirt squirt in each of your daughter's white pussies, and racism is dead, while the American of tomorrow is pickling in their jars in only nine short months. Count 'em. Nine. Like Tiger Woods. We Jews will get you sooner or later. Play some heavy metal for me mom. Say mom. What's spontaneous combustion?

Why am I the king of "all" media? Because I'm lying to you and am a very mean person? Mutha. Because the halftime shows all suck at the Super Bowl? Often imitated but never

duplicated, I'll have to be the one to say it. Because my shock jock programs are for the avante garde few who have graduated to the next level and want to see what normalcy in America is twenty years from now. Like Dodge Ram, different. I'm like any expert witness on the stand. I don't make mistakes. Or at least admit it. It's no secret why I have no trouble getting my show backed by the big buck syndicators, despite Christian boycotts, outrage, protests, and whatnot. I'm the Jew's Jew. I just say what they all think. I'm their front man. Their front bumper. Or should I say, puppet? Pardon me while I cast my big white smile. Bwahahahaha!

Seriously, Jews are the backbone of all western civilization, and are mankind's real saviors. Where would we be without them? If you know any history, think back to 1347-9 and the fun times of the Black Death rocketing through an ignorant Christian Europe who tried to blame it on Jews poisoning their wells. Back to A.D. 415 and the wonderful days in Alexandria, Egypt where ignorant, crazed Christian mobs expelled Jews, persecuted pagans, killed Hypatia the learned librarian of Alexandria, and burned the ancient library of Alexandria to make sure only Christian books would be available to morons. Back to the days of Jesus, when lepers were treated like shit because medical science was still in the days of witch doctors and shamans. How kind of Jesus to heal lepers on a one-by-one basis and then vanish without leaving any medical textbooks. As if he could even read and write. He left no writings.

I think the chief priests were right, that his disciples bribed the guards, stole his body from the tomb and staged a coverup. That was within their power. Modern medicine wasn't. Uri Geller can do a lot of his tricks now. Even Oral Robber, er, Roberts. If the Jews had just been left alone by the pagans and Christians, mankind might be a couple of thousand years ahead intellectually. I wish they'd leave us alone now. Even if we don't leave them alone but continue to control the media. Take it from the king of all media of the beginning of the 21st century A.D. Of course we would have had to throw the Jehovists out once and for all to do it. Take it from me. Abraham, the king of the Hebes at the beginning of the 21st century B.C. sucked shit, and so did his God. The camel driver religion

of the Bible is shit. Hellatojah. Glad to get that off my chest, in a posthumous pub.

Those are my principles. As Groucho Marx said, if you don't like them I have others.

Come to think of it, The English Patient sucked shit. Only Christ-infested Englishmen can get so fucked up over an English twat that they would risk machine gun fire and becoming toast even for a cadaver with two legs and a cold cunt. Anglo Saxon sex guilt. Thank you, Jesus! And Saul aka Paul! And father Abe! He claimed to be Hungarian, but he was a true Englishman through and through. Full stop.

The illustrious names of Jews who achieved far beyond the masses is long and hard to memorize for cocktail party chit-chat. So let's put on some bloody knickers and go on down to the history pub. Repeat after me.

Illustrious Jews:

Abraham, F. Murray -- actor (Amadeus)

Albright, Madeleine -- statesman

Allen, Woody (real name: Allan Konigsberg) -- actor, writer, director, pedophile

Arkin, Alan -- actor (Freebie & The Bean), father of Adam

Asimov, Isaac -- science and sci-fi writer

Avital, Mili -- Israeli actress (U.S. debut: Stargate)

Bacall, Lauren -- actress (married Humphrey Bogart)

Beck -- musician

Benny, Jack -- comedian (real name: Benjamin Kubelsky)

Berlin, Irving -- composer (White Christmas, God Bless America)

Bernstein, Leonard -- composer, conductor (West Side Story)

Biafra, Jello -- singer in American HC punk band Dead Kennedys

Bialik, Mayim -- actress (a.k.a. Blossom)

Blocker, Dan -- actor (Bonanza)

Borgnine, Ernest (Effron Borgnine) -- actor (Poseidon Adventure)

Brooks, Albert -- actor, director (real name: Albert Einstein)

Brooks, Mel -- actor, director, comedian, writer (Blazing Saddles, Spaceballs), husband of Anne Bancroft

Bruce, Lenny - comedian

Buchwald, Art -- author and columnist

Bullock, Sandra -- actress (Speed)

Burns, George -- comedian, actor (real name: Nathan Birnbaum)  
Buttons, Red Aaron -- comedian (The Greatest Show on Earth, The Poseidon Adventure). Trivia: the Poseidon sunk on New Year's.  
Caan, James -- actor (Freebie & The Bean)  
Caesar, Sid -- comedian (Your Show Of Shows)  
Cantor, Eddie -- vaudeville singer, dancer  
Cass Elliot, "Mama" (Elizabeth Cohen) -- singer in the Mommas & the Poppas  
Chaplin, Charles -- actor, comedian  
Cherry, Ruben -- a man who raised Elvis in public  
Chomsky, Noam -- American linguist & philosopher  
Clay, Andrew Dice -- comedian, actor (real name: Andrew Silverberg). First comedian banned for life by MTV.  
Cohen, Ben -- ice cream king, environmentalist, one-half of Ben & Jerry's ice cream, originally out of Vermont  
Cohen, Leonard -- bohemian songwriter  
Crystal, Billy -- actor, comedian  
Curtis, Tony -- actor (real name: Bernard Schwartz) (Some Like It Hot, Spartacus, The Great Houdini)  
Dangerfield, Rodney -- comedian (real name: Jack Cohen)  
Davis, Geena -- actress (once married to Jeff Goldblum)  
Davis, Jr., Sammy -- black singer, actor, dancer, member of the Rat Pack  
DeCarlo, Joe -- comedian  
De Niro, Robert -- actor (Jewish mother)  
Deutscher, Isaac -- an author (biography of "Stalin")  
Douglas, Kirk -- actor (real name: Isadore Demsky) (note: he had his second bar mitzvah in 1999 at age 83)  
Douglas, Mike (Kirk's son) -- actor  
Dreyfuss, Richard -- Oscar-winning actor  
Duchovny, David -- actor, co-star of The X-Files  
Duritz, Adam -- lead singer/songwriter for Counting Crows  
Dylan, Bob -- musician  
Einstein, Albert -- scientist  
Ellison, Harlan -- science fiction writer  
Escher, M. C. -- artist, Explorer of the Infinite  
Fairbanks Sr., Douglas -- silent screen star (real name: Ulman)  
Falk, Peter -- actor (Columbo)  
Falwell, Jerry -- joke  
Feuer, Aaron Neal -- wrestler, Talmudic scholar, debate champ  
Fine, Larry -- one of the Three Stooges  
Fleischer, Max -- animation producer (Betty Boop, Popeye)

Friedan, Betty -- author, feminist  
Goulet, Robert -- singer (real name: Robert Applebaum)  
Fierstein, Harvey -- actor, writer, director  
Fisher, Carrie -- actress (Star Wars)  
Ford, Harrison -- actor (Jewish mother)  
Frankel, Mark -- actor  
Freed, Alan -- first radio DJ in 50s to play rock n' roll  
Geffen, David -- Dreamworks, owns Geffen Records (Israeli co.)  
"a degenerate homosexual Jewboy" -- William Pierce, author of  
The Turner Diaries  
Gellar, Sarah Michelle -- actress (Buffy the Vampire Slayer)  
Geller, Uri -- magician who bends spoons & levitates objects  
Gere, Richard -- actor (Pretty Woman)  
Gershwin, George -- composer (Rhapsody in Blue)  
Gifford, Kathie Lee -- talk show hostess (father was  
Jewish -- Epstein)  
Ginsberg, Alan -- American poet. Likes young boys.  
Goldblum, Jeff -- actor (once married to Geena Davis)  
Goldwyn, Samuel -- director, executive at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Goodman, Benny -- musician, the King of Swing  
Gordon, Tony -- manager, UK punk band Sham 69  
Gorgi, Maxim -- Russian writer  
Green, Lorne -- actor (Bonanza)  
Greenbaum, Norman -- musician (Spirit in the Sky)  
Hackett, Buddy -- actor, comedian  
Haifetz, Yasha -- violinist  
Herman, Pee-wee -- comedian, actor (real name: Paul Rubens)  
Himmelman, Peter -- musician, son-in-law of Bob Dylan  
Hoffmann, Gaby -- activist  
Houdini, Harry -- magician, escape artist, anti-spiritualist  
Howard, (Jerome) Curly -- (real name: Horowitz). The  
Three Stooges  
Howard, Leslie -- British actor (Gone With the Wind)  
Howard, Moe -- one of the Three Stooges  
Howard, Shemp -- (real name: Horowitz). The Three Stooges  
Hunt, Helen -- actress (Mad About You) (father is Jewish)  
Jeremy, Ron -- porn star  
Jolson, Al -- singer, mummer, cantor  
Kafka, Franz -- most important author in the 20th century  
Kaplan, Gabriel -- actor, comedian (Welcome Back Kotter)  
Karloff, Boris -- actor (Frankenstein)  
Kaufman, Andy -- comedian, actor (Latka on Taxi)  
Kaufman, Murray (Murray The K, The Fifth Beatle) -- disc

jockey  
Kaufman, Richard (Ricky The K) -- disc jockey  
Kaye, Danny -- actor, entertainer, philanthropist  
Keitel, Harvey -- actor  
Kirschner, Mia -- actress/exotica  
Kissinger, Henry -- statesman  
Klein, Calvin -- fashion designer  
Knopfler, Mark -- Dire Straits  
Kubrick, Stanley -- movie director (A Clockwork Orange,  
The Shining, Eyes Wide Shut)  
Kudrow, Lisa -- actress (Friends)  
Landon, Michael -- actor, director, writer (Little House On  
the Prairie). (real name: Eugene Orowitz)  
LaVey, Anton -- founder of The Church Of Satan (real name:  
Howard Levey)  
Lazarus, Emma -- poet (Statue of Liberty)  
Lee, Michelle -- actress (Knots Landing)  
Lewinsky, Monica -- saxophone player (joke)  
Lewis, Jerry -- comedian, actor, philanthropist  
Louis-Dreyfuss, Julia -- actress (Seinfeld)  
Lovitz, Jon -- actor, comedian (Saturday Night Live)  
Mahler, Gustav -- composer  
Mamet, David -- Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright  
Mandel, Howie -- comedian  
Manson, Marilyn Manson -- rock star (real name: Warner)  
Marceau, Marcel -- French mime  
Marceau, Sophie -- French actress, daughter of Marcel  
Marcell, Bibi -- Klezmer singer extraordinaire  
Marley, Bob -- reggae artist (father was Jewish, mother negro)  
Martins, Luciano Costa -- Brazilian musician (mother mulatta,  
father Indian-Jewish)  
Marx, Chico -- comedian  
Marx, Groucho -- comedian  
Marx, Gummo -- comedian  
Marx, Harpo -- comedian  
Marx, Zeppo -- comedian  
Mayer, Louis B. -- founder & director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Meyers, Ari -- actress (Kate and Allie)  
Miller, Justin -- first male to receive breast implant  
Minelli, Liza -- singer, actress (Cabaret)  
Mitchell, Sasha -- actor (Dallas, Step by Step, Kickboxer )  
Neuwirth, Bebe -- actress (Lilith on Cheers)  
Newman, Paul -- actor (Cool Hand Luke)



Newton John, Olivia -- Australian pop singer  
Nielsen, Leslie -- actor (Airplane, Mr. Magoo), starred in  
a film with O.J. Simpson  
Nimoy, Leonard -- actor (Star Trek's Spock)  
Owens, Ronn -- San Francisco/Los Angeles talk show host  
Pasternak, Boris -- Russian writer, Nobel Prize winner  
Patinkin, Mandy -- actor (Yentl, Chicago Hope)  
Peck, Gregory -- an actor  
Perlman, Itzhak -- world-renowned violinist  
Pop, Iggy -- musician  
Portman, Natalie -- actress (The Professional, Star Wars)  
Presley, Elvis Aaron -- singer, actor (Jewish maternal  
grandparent). Just a good boy from Tupelo who loved  
his momma and never got too big for Gospel music.  
Previn, Andre -- jazz pianist, classical conductor  
Proust, Marcel -- second most important writer (after Kafka)  
in the 20th century  
Raffi -- children's entertainer  
Ramone, Joey -- lead singer of the Ramones  
Reems, Harry -- porn star  
Reiser, Paul -- actor (Mad About You)  
Richards, Michael -- actor (Seinfeld)  
Rivera, Geraldo -- talk show host  
Rivers, Joan -- comedian  
Rivers, Johnny -- singer  
Robinson, Edward G. -- actor (real name: Emmanuel Goldenberg)  
Rogers, Mister -- child's TV star  
Roth, David Lee -- singer (Van Halen)  
Roth, Philip -- author  
Dr. Ruth -- sex therapist  
Ryder, Winona -- actress  
Salinger, J.D. -- author (Catcher in the Rye)  
Sandler, Adam -- comedian  
Savalas, Telly -- actor  
Schlessinger, Dr. Laura -- radio therapist  
Schwarzenegger, Arnold -- joke  
Seagal, Steven -- action movie star  
Seinfeld, Jerry -- comedian (Seinfeld)  
Sellers, Peter -- actor, comedian (Pink Panther)  
Seymour, Jane -- actress (father is Jewish)  
Shatner, William -- actor (Star Trek's Captain James T. Kirk)  
Shiraz -- Israeli supermodel  
Shore, Dinah -- singer (father was rabbi)

Shore, Pauly -- actor  
Shue, Andrew -- actor (Melrose Place)  
Shue, Elizabeth -- actress (Back to the Future)  
Silver, Josh -- keyboard player in goth metal band  
Type-O-Negative  
Silverstone, Alicia -- actress  
Simmons, Richard -- exercise guru, wants my body  
Simon, Neil -- Broadway playwright  
Simon, Paul -- musician (Simon & Garfunkel)  
Simpson, Orenthal James -- orange slicer-dicer (joke)  
Sioux, Siouxi -- singer (Siouxi & the Banshees)  
Singer, Isaac Bashevis -- writer  
Slash -- guitarist in Guns N'Roses (Saul Hudson)  
Smith, Raphael -- composer and scriptwriter ("Search  
for Bokkie Rosenthal")  
Sondheim, Stephen -- Broadway lyricist/composer  
Spacek, Sissy -- actress  
Spielberg, Steven -- director (The Color Purple)  
Springer, Jerry -- talk show host  
Spungen, Nancy -- girlfriend of Sex Pistols bassist Sid  
Vicious  
Stanley, Paul -- singer/guitarist player for KISS (real  
name: Stanley Eisen)  
Steinman, Jim -- composer for Meat Loaf, Bonnie Tyler, Celine  
Dion  
Stern, Howard -- shock jock, self-described king of all media  
Stewart, Jon -- comedian  
Streisand, Barbra -- director, singer, producer (a Taurus, like  
Shirley MacLaine)  
Tandy, Jessica -- actress (Driving Miss Daisy)  
Taylor, Elizabeth -- actress (adopted Judaism through marriage)  
Thomas, Danny -- entertainer  
Tyler, Liv -- actress daughter of Steven Tyler (Armageddon)  
Tyler, Steven -- lead singer in the music group Aerosmith  
Tzara, Tristan -- (real name: Sami Rosenstein ) -- French poet,  
founded the Dadaist movement  
Ustinov, Peter -- actor  
Wallach, Eli -- actor (The Magnificent Seven)  
Wiesel, Elie -- writer, Nobel Laureate (Night)  
Wilder, Billy -- movie director (Sunset Boulevard)  
Wilder, Gene -- actor  
Winkler, Henry -- actor (The Fonz on Happy Days)  
Wouk, Herman -- author (War and Remembrance)

Wyle, Noah -- actor (ER)

Yetnikoff, Walter -- ex-manager of singer Michael Jackson

[Editor's Note: this list has made so many rounds around the Web that even I can't reconstruct Howard's original. Maybe Howard wasn't finished with it. Maybe he was just a poor researcher. Maybe he didn't care. The problem in redaction is compounded by some wiseass who decided to put the surname last rather than the way Howard had it. Another problem is that anti-semitic web sites have actually posted the list, sometimes in garbled form, to alert their minions of who the enemy is, including extra entries that may or may not be accurate. As if they aren't the ones who everybody considers the enemy. Caveat emptor: let the buyer beware. Doubtful entries are marked with a question mark.]

Illustrious Jews:

Paula Abdul -- singer (mother is French-Canadian Jew)

Aaron Abel -- singer

Sophie Tucker Abuza -- performer (Last of the Red Hot Mamas)

Andy Ackerman -- producer, director (Cheers, Frasier, Seinfeld)

Don Adams -- actor (agent Maxwell Smart)

Bruce Adler -- singer, dancer, comedian

Larry Adler -- world-famous harmonica player

Steven Adler -- ex-drummer for Guns N'Roses

Yaakov Agam -- modern painter, sculptor

Shmuel Yosef Agnon -- writer, Nobel Prize winner

Anouk Aimee -- French actress (A Man and a Woman)

Alan Alda -- actor (Jewish?)

Buzz Aldrin -- U.S. astronaut

Shalom Aleichem -- Yiddish writer

Jason Alexander -- actor (George Castanza on Seinfeld)

June Allyson -- actress (real name: Ella Geisman)

Herb Alpert -- musician and mogul (Russian Jewish)

Barbara Amiel -- writer

Morey Amsterdam - actor (The Dick Van Dyke Show)

Bronco Billy Anderson -- silent film cowboy star

Pamela Anderson -- Playboy model, actress (real name: Joan Goldstein)

Francesca Annis -- British actress

Jeffrey Archer -- author

Adam Arkin -- actor (Chicago Hope)  
Tom Arnold -- actor, once married to Roseanne  
Beatrice Arthur -- actress (Dorothy, Golden Girls)  
Howard Ashman -- lyricist (Little Shop of Horrors, Disney  
animated features)  
Leon Askin -- actor, director (General Burkhalter in Hogan's  
Heroes)  
Ed Asner -- actor (Mr. Grant on The Mary Tyler Moore Show)  
Fred Astaire -- entertainer (real name: Fredrik  
Austerlitz) (Jewish?)  
Rowan Atkinson -- comedian (Mr. Bean, Voice of Zazu in Lion  
King) (Jewish?)  
Paul Auster -- author and poet  
Richard Avedon -- photographer  
Samuel Avital -- founder of Boulder Mime Theatre  
Hank Azaria -- cartoon voices in The Simpsons, starred in  
Birdcage  
  
Isaac Babel -- writer  
Kirka Babitzin -- Finnish singer  
Barbara Bach -- actress, Ringo's wife (father is Jewish)  
Bert Bachrach -- popular American composer  
Ralph Bakshi -- cartoon director (Fritz the Cat, Cool World)  
Marty Balin -- singer, Jefferson Airplane (father Jewish)  
Mark Banks -- South African comedian  
John Banner -- actor (Schultz from Hogan's Heroes) (Jewish?)  
Theda Bara -- silent actress, original 'vamp'  
Jean-Pierre Barda -- actor, TV star, member of Swedish dance  
band Army Of Lovers (Crucified, Isrealism)  
Daniel Barenboim -- conductor and pianist  
Ellen Barkin -- actress  
Roseanne Barr -- comedian  
Rona Barret -- gossip reporter (real name: Bernstein)  
Chuck Barris -- game show host (creator of The Dating Game)  
Barry Sisters -- famous Jewish singing duet  
Gene Barry -- actor (Bat Masterson)  
Alfie Bass -- comic actor  
Jason Bateman -- actor  
Justine Bateman -- actress  
Bruno Bauer -- conductor  
Jeff Beck -- guitarist  
Jeannie Becker -- Fashion TV  
Sandy Becker -- late children's TV show host

Dani Behr -- S. African/British presenter (Giggs' girl)  
Joe Belgrade -- stage and screen actor  
Joshua Bell -- concert violinist  
Saul Bellow -- Novelist  
Richard Belzer -- actor, comedian  
Pat Benatar -- singer  
Alex Bendersky -- Russian-Jewish poet  
Richard Benjamin -- actor and director  
Robby Benson -- actor/director  
Daniel Benzali -- actor (The Series: Murder One)  
Gertrude Berg -- actress (The Goldbergs)  
Polly Bergen -- actress  
Michel Berger -- French composer and singer (Tycoon)  
Marilyn Bergman -- songwriter  
Henri Bergson -- writer, Nobel Prize winner  
Milton Berle -- comedian  
Jeannie Berlin -- actress  
Andrew Mark Berman -- actor (The Wonder Years)  
Shelley Berman -- comedian  
Herschel Bernardi -- actor  
Sandra Bernhard -- comedian, actress  
Sarah Bernhardt -- actress  
Assaf Bernstein -- Israeli filmmaker  
Bernie Bernstein -- musician (punk band Hector)  
Carl Bernstein -- author and journalist  
Elmer Bernstein -- musician, composer, conductor)  
Claude Berri -- French film director  
Ken Berry -- actor (Mayberry R.F.D., F Troop)  
Laura Bertam -- actress on the Disney Channel's Ready or Not  
Joe Besser -- actor, one of the Three Stooges for awhile  
Richard Beymer -- actor (West Side Story)  
Aaron Bharatan -- ex-Metallica guitarist and former guitarist  
for Phoenix  
Theodore Bikel -- actor (Fiddler on the Roof)  
David Birney -- actor (St. Elsewhere) (Jewish?)  
Joey Bishop -- comedian, talk show host  
Georges Bizet -- composer (Carmen, Symphony in C)  
Don Black -- lyricist (Sunset Boulevard)  
Jay Black -- musician (Jay and the Americans)  
Mel Blanc -- cartoon voices  
Yasmine Bleeth -- actress (father Jewish)  
Jim Bleyer -- writer  
Brian Bloom -- actor

Claire Bloom -- actress  
Mike Bloomfield -- blues guitarist  
Judy Blume -- children's author  
Steven Bochco -- producer (NYPD Blue, L.A. Law, Hill Street Blues)  
Hart Bochner -- actor, director  
Lloyd Bochner -- Canadian Shakespearean actor (Naked Gun), father of Hart Bochner  
Jerry Bock -- composer (Fiddler On The Roof, She Loves Me)  
Peter Bogdanovich -- director  
Marc Bolan -- (real name: Feld), UK singer and T-Rex frontman  
Michael Bolton -- singer  
Lisa Bonet -- actress (Denise on The Cosby Show), ex-wife of Lenny Kravitz  
Helena Bonham-Carter -- actress, her mother is a genuine Rothschild  
Victor Borge -- pianist and humorist (real name: Borge Rosenbaum)  
Tom Bosley -- actor (Mr. C. on Happy Days) (Jewish?)  
Alain Boublil -- lyricist (Miss Saigon)  
Michel Boujenah -- French actor  
Bruce Boxleitner -- actor  
Lorraine Bracco -- actress (Goodfellas)  
Jim Bradley -- dog trainer  
Jonathan Brandis -- actor  
Matthew Bratter -- musician (Daisy's Red Gravy Train)  
Amy Brenneman -- actress  
David Brenner -- comedian  
Lena Brenner -- storyteller  
Fanny Brice -- comedian  
Kent Brockman -- TV anchor on The Simpsons (real name: Kenny Brockelstein)  
Matthew Broderick -- actor (Jewish mother)  
Jascha Brodsky -- violinist (Curtis String Quartet)  
Joseph Brodsky -- writer, Nobel Prize for Literature  
Charles Bronson -- actor  
James L. Brooks -- producer  
Georgia Brown -- actress  
Patrick Bruel -- French singer  
Chris Brunez -- comedian (King of Late Night)  
Yul Brynner -- actor  
Horst Buchholz -- actor (one of the Magnificent Seven)

Tim Burton -- film director (Batman)

Susan Cabot -- actress

Dyan Cannon -- actress (Ally McBeal), married Cary Grant

Eddie Cantor -- singer, actor

Kate Capshaw -- actress (wife of director Steven Spielberg)

Clare Carey -- actress

Kitty Carlisle -- panelist on What's My Line (real last name: Conn)

Morris Carnovsky -- actor

Jack Carter -- comedian

Phoebe Cates -- actress (real last name: Katz) (Jewish?)

Judy Cavitez -- actress

Lacey Chabert -- actress (Party of Five)

Marc Chagall -- painter, visual artist

Jeff Chandler -- actor

Melanie Chartoff -- actress

Chevy Chase -- actor, comedian (SNL, The Three Amigos)

Maury Chaykin -- actor

Deborah Chessler -- actress (real name: Shirley Reingold)

Irwin Chusid -- writer, record producer, radio personality, bon vivant

Robert Clary -- actor (Le Beau on Hogan's Heroes)

Jill Clayburgh -- actress (An Unmarried Woman, Silver Streak)

Jonny Clegg -- South african musician (Jaluka and Savuka)

Lee J. Cobb -- actor

Joe Cocker -- singer (Israeli/German)

Joel and Ethan Coen -- producers, directors, writers (Raising Arizona, Fargo)

Alma Cogan -- singer

Albert Cohen -- French language author

Mickey Cohen -- gangster

Rob Cohen -- director of horror films

Al Cohn -- famous saxophone player

Cy Coleman -- composer (Sweet Charity, City Of Angels)

Joan Collins -- actress and Socialite (Jewish?)

DiDi Conn -- actress

Carol Connors -- songwriter (theme song for Rocky)

Al Cooper -- musician

Aaron Copland -- composer (Appalachian Spring)

David Copperfield -- magician

Norman Corwin -- pioneer writer, producer, director of American radio drama

Ricardo Cortez -- film actor (real name: Jacob Krantz)  
David Cronenberg -- Canadian director/writer (The Fly)  
Kevin Cronin -- musician (REO Speedwagon)  
Norm Crosby -- comedian  
Lindsey Crouse -- actress (Daniel)  
Robert Crumb -- cartoonist  
Jon Cryer -- actor (Pretty in Pink, The Famous Teddy Z)  
Jamie Lee Curtis -- actress (father Tony is Jewish)  
David Cygielman -- rapper

Arlene Dahl -- actress  
Bill Dana -- comedian (Jose Jimenez)  
Dani -- musician (Cradle Of Filth), (mother Ethiopian,  
father Jewish)  
Jeff Daniels -- actor (Dumb & Dumber) (Jewish?)  
William Daniels -- actor (St. Elsewhere)  
Jules Dassin -- film director  
Larry David -- writer, producer (Seinfeld)  
Ann B. Davis -- actress (Alice in The Brady Bunch)  
Taylor Dayne -- singer  
Gary Dell'Abate -- Howard Stern's producer (Baba Boeey)  
Lori Beth Denberg -- actress (All That)  
Anita Diamant -- author  
Dustin Diamond -- musician, actor (Screech from Saved  
By the Bell)  
Jay Diamond -- radio talk show host (WABC)  
King Diamond -- American singer (Merciful Fate)  
Neil Diamond -- musician, singer, actor (Solitary Man)  
Selma Diamond -- actress (Night Court)  
Don Diamont -- actor (Young and Restless)  
Harry Ellis Dickson -- former Boston Pops conductor  
Richard Dix -- famous movie actor of the twenties and  
thirties  
James Concord Douglas -- actor  
Melvyn Douglas -- actor  
Robert Downey Jr. -- actor (Jewish?)  
Polly Draper -- actress (Thirtysomething) (Jewish?)  
Fran Drescher -- actress (The Nanny)  
Stanley Drucker -- clarinetist (NY Philharmonic Orchestra)  
Adam Duritz -- lead singer of Counting Crows  
Jakob Dylan -- lead singer of the Wallflowers, son of Bob

Stacy Earl -- singer



Linda (Epstein) Eastman -- Paul McCartney's wife  
Herb Edelman -- actor (police chief on Murder She Wrote)  
Lisa Edelstein -- actress (Relativity)  
Effi -- Israeli Hot Head (MTV's Road Rules)  
Dave Ehrman -- actor  
Zuehra Elfassia -- famous singer from Morocco  
Ramblin' Jack Elliot -- folk singer, guitar player  
Joe Elliot -- Def Leppard lead singer  
Ben Elton -- comedian and writer  
Nora Ephron -- writer, director  
Brian Epstein -- impresario (Beatles manager)  
Stephen Evans -- writer, director, actor

Donald Fagen -- singer, composer (Steely Dan)  
Adam Faith -- British singer  
Marianne Faithful -- singer, girlfriend of Mick Jagger  
Perry Farrel -- (real name: Bernstein), musician (Porno  
for Pyros)  
Fat Mike -- singer, guitarist and songwriter for NOFX  
Mendel Feibush -- famous Yiddish character actor  
Doug Feiger -- musician (The Knack)  
Corey Feldman -- actor  
Marty Feldman -- actor, comedian  
Max Felix -- actor, radio personality in Argentina  
Giselle Fernandez -- actress (mother is Jewish)  
Mark Feuerstein -- actor (Fired Up)  
Arthur Fiedler -- former Boston Pops conductor  
Sally Field -- actress  
Totie Fields -- comedian  
Fyvush Finkel -- actor, entertainer (Picket Fences)  
Natalio Finkelstein -- famous violinist in tango orchestras  
in Argentina  
William Finn -- composer (Falsettos)  
Danielle Fishel -- actress  
David 'Dudu' Fisher -- Israeli singer and cantor  
Eddie Fisher -- singer  
Joely Fisher -- actress, half-sister of Carrie  
Michael Fishman -- actor (Roseanne)  
John Forsythe -- actor (real name: John Freund)  
Sonny Fox -- children's TV producer/host  
Matt Fraiberg -- owner Guardian Alarm  
Bonnie Franklin -- actress  
Aaron Freeman -- Chicago radio talk show host

Debbie Friedman -- songwriter and singer  
Kinky Friedman -- country singer and mystery author  
Justine Frischmann -- lead singer of well-known UK indie  
band Elastica  
Allen Funt -- host of Candid Camera  
Dan Futterman -- actor (The Birdcage)

David Gahan -- musician (lead for Depeche Mode)  
Neil Gaiman -- author (Sandman, Neverwhere)  
Serge Gainsbourg -- French composer and singer  
Marat Galperin -- athlete, entertainer, regulator  
Allen Garfield -- (real name: Goorwitz), actor  
John Garfield -- actor who was blacklisted in Hollywood as a  
fall guy  
Art Garfunkel -- musician (Simon & Garfunkel)  
Mitzi Gaynor -- actress, dancer, singer  
All the members of The J. Geils Band except for J. Geils  
Larry Gelbart -- producer (M\*A\*S\*H)  
Gilad Gelfond -- rapper  
Michael Gelman -- producer of the Regis and Kathie Lee Show  
Ross Gelman -- actor, comedian, adult entertainer  
Jamie Gertz -- actress  
Gina Gershon -- actress (Showgirls)  
Ira Gershwin -- lyricist  
Malcolm Gets -- actor (Richard on Caroline in the City)  
Estelle Getty -- actress (Golden Girls)  
Stan Getz -- jazz saxophonist  
Debbie Gibson -- singer (Jewish?)  
Melissa Gilbert -- actress (Little House on the Prairie)  
Sara Gilbert -- actress (Roseanne)  
Emil Gilels -- concert pianist  
Jack Gilford -- comedian/actor  
Hermione Gingold -- actress (parents married by British  
Chief Rabbi)  
Philip Glass -- American composer of minimalist music  
Phil Glasser -- actor (Fievel in An American Tail)  
Paul Michael Glazer -- actor, director (Starsky and Hutch)  
Matityahu Glazerson -- author of mystical books, composer  
Joanna Gleason -- actress (daughter of Monty Hall)  
Leo Glenn -- British actor (Quo Vadis)  
Debbie Goad -- writer (Answer Me!)  
Jean-Luc Godard -- filmmaker  
Paulette Goddard -- actress

Joanna Going -- actress  
Adam Goldberg -- actor  
Chaim Goldberg -- world-renowned artist of the Shtetl Culture  
Gary David Goldberg -- producer  
Whoopi Goldberg -- actress, comedian (The Color Purple)  
Elliot Goldenthal -- movie composer (Batman and Robin)  
Daniel Jonah Goldhagen -- author  
Jean Jacques Goldman -- French musician and singer  
William Goldman -- screenwriter (The Princess Bride)  
Clio Goldsmith -- actress  
Rebecca Goldstein -- author (Mazel)  
Tony Goldwyn -- actor (Ghost)  
Steve Goodman -- singer  
Leo Gorcey -- actor  
Mike Gordan -- musician (bass for Phish)  
Joseph Gordon-Levitt -- actor (Third Rock From The Sun)  
Leslie Gore -- singer  
Martin Gore -- songwriter (Depeche Mode)  
Gilbert Gottfried -- comedian  
Elliot Gould -- actor (M\*A\*S\*H)  
Graham Gouldman -- pop songwriter  
Bill Graham -- rock promoter  
Lee Grant -- actress, director  
Alan Gratzner -- musician (REO Speedwagon)  
Adolph Green -- lyricist  
Brian Austin Green -- actor  
Jenna Leigh Green -- actress (Sabrina the Teenage Witch)  
Mick Green -- rock guitarist with the Pirates (was  
Johnny Kidd and the Pirates)  
Peter Green -- blues guitarist, founder of Fleetwood Mac  
Steven P. Greenberg -- songwriter (Funkytown)  
Suzy Mamann Greenberg -- producer (Seinfeld)  
Dan Greenburg -- author (How to be a Jewish Mother)  
Shecky Greene -- comic  
Allan Greenspan -- concert violinist  
Kim Greist -- actress (Chicago Hope, Homeward Bound)  
Jennifer Grey -- actress (Baby, Dirty Dancing), daughter of Joel  
Joel Grey -- actor (Emcee, Cabaret)  
Charles Grodin -- actor, writer, talk show host  
Matt Groening -- cartoonist, creator of The Simpsons  
Michael Gross -- actor (Family Ties)  
Brett Gurewitz -- owner of Epitaph records and former  
guitarist for Bad Religion

Arlo Guthrie -- singer, Woody Guthrie's son (mother Marjorie was Jewish)

Steve Guttenberg -- actor

Karl Haas -- pianist, conductor, host of Adventures in Music

David Halberstam -- author

Monty Hall -- game show host

Billy Halop -- actor

Marvin Hamlisch -- composer (A Chorus Line)

Oscar Hammerstein -- composer of Broadway musicals

Jeff Hanneman -- guitarist (Slayer)

Roger Hannin -- French actor

David Harari -- filmmaker

Sheldon Harnick -- lyricist (Fiddler On the Roof, She Loves Me)

Ben Harris -- scholar

Danielle Harris -- actress

Estelle Harris -- Yiddish actress (George's mom on Seinfeld)

Melissa Joan Hart -- actress (mother's father is a devout orthodox Jew)

Lawrence Harvey -- actor (real name: Skikne)

Ronald Harwood -- playwright (born in South Africa as Horwitz)

Mickey Hart -- drummer for Grateful Dead (also Mystery Box)

Roxanne Hart -- actress (Chicago Hope)

Lawrence Harvey -- actor

Goldie Hawn -- actress

Rita Hayworth -- (real name: Rita Cansino). Source: Debrett's Goes to Hollywood (Cansino family are Spanish Sephardim)

Jessica Hecht -- actress (Single Guy)

Amy Heckerling -- director-writer (Fast Times at Ridgemont High)

David Helfgott -- Australian pianist phenom

Richard Hell -- punk rocker (Television Heartbreakers, Voidoids)

Florence Henderson -- actress, singer (Brady Bunch)

Buck Henry -- comedian, writer, co-creator of Get Smart

Audrey Hepburn -- actress

Jerry Herman -- composer (Hello Dolly!)

Barbara Hershey (Herzstein) -- actress, one-time hippie/flower child (now likes her lips to be big)

Jason Hervey -- actor (The Wonder Years)

Greg Hetson -- guitarist for Bad Religion and the Circle Jerks

Arthur Hiller -- director (Love Story, Silver Streak)

Zachary Hines -- son of Gregory and Jewish wife  
Judd Hirsh -- actor (Taxi)  
Dustin Hoffman -- actor  
Susanna Hoffs -- singer in the Bangles  
Judy Holliday -- actress  
David Horowitz -- TV personality  
Israel Horowitz -- playwright  
Vladimir Horowitz -- pianist  
Bob Hoskins -- actor (Roger Rabitt, Cotton Club), ex-kibbutznik  
Leslie Howard -- actor (Gone With the Wind)  
Erynn Hubbard -- actress, comedian  
Yarema Hutsaliuk -- famous American/French writer

Kim Iglinski -- supermodel  
Amy Irving -- actress (Yentl)  
Chris Isaac -- musician (Jewish mother)  
Jeremy Isaacs -- director Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Michael Jackson -- ABC Talk Radio Host  
Danny Jacobson -- writer, producer  
Sam Jaffe -- actor (Ben Casey)  
Henry Jaglom -- director of off-beat films  
Harry James -- bandleader (husband of Betty Grable)  
David Janssen -- actor  
Jennifer Jason Leigh -- actress  
George Jessel -- Toastmaster General  
Arturo Jimenez -- Columbian real estate magnate  
Billy Joel -- musician  
Eric Johnson -- solo artist (guitarist)  
Mick Jones -- musician from the Clash/B.A.D. (mother Jewish)

Jane Kaczmarek -- actress  
Madeline Kahn -- actress (Clue, Nixon)  
Bernard Kalb -- journalist, CNN host of Reliable Sources  
Carol Kane -- actress  
Garson Gershon Kanin -- actor  
Adrian Kaplan -- South African actor  
Donna Karan -- designer  
Dave Katz -- lead singer of Ekoositk Hookah  
Omri Katz -- actor (Dallas)  
Jeffrey Katzenberg -- producer (Dreamworks)  
Moe Kauffman -- Canadian jazz great  
Julie Kavner -- actress (voice of Marge Simpson)

Rodd Keith -- (real name: Rod Eskelin), song-poem auteur  
Faye Kellerman -- author, wife of Jonathan  
Jonathan Kellerman -- best-selling author  
Sally Kellerman -- actress (M\*A\*S\*H)  
Kenny G -- musician  
Jerome Kern & Frank Loesser -- composers (Show Boat)  
Richard Kind -- actor (Mad About You, Spin City)  
Alan King -- CNN king of talk  
Carole King -- (real name: Klein), songwriter  
Kerry King -- guitarist (Slayer)  
Maeve Kinkead -- actress (Guiding Light)  
Michael Kinsley -- syndicated columnist  
Alan Klein -- briefly manager of both the Beatles and  
the Rolling Stones  
Otto Klemperer -- orchestral conductor  
Werner Klemperer -- actor (Klink on Hogan's Heroes), son  
of Otto)  
Kevin Kline -- actor (married actress Phoebe Cates)  
Richard Kline -- actor (Three's Company)  
Jack Klugman -- actor (Oscar from The Odd Couple)  
Mark Knopfler -- Dire Straits lead vocalist and guitarist  
Arthur Koestler -- author  
Leonid Kogan -- world class violinist  
Lee Konitz -- musician (jazz saxophonist)  
Al Kooper -- founder of Blood Sweat and Tears  
Harvey Korman -- comedian (Carol Burnett Show)  
Jerzy Kosinski -- novelist  
Paul Kossoff -- guitarist (English group Free)  
Serge Koussevitzky -- conductor  
Yaphet Kotto -- black actor (Homicide)  
Larry Kramer -- AIDS activist, playwright (The Normal Heart,  
The Destiny of Me)  
Stephanie Kramer -- actress (Hunter)  
Lenny Kravitz -- singer, guitarist  
Robbie Kreiger -- guitarist (Doors)  
Michael Krugman -- author (Generation Ecch)  
Judy Kuhn -- Broadway actress (voice of Pocahontas)  
Bruce Kulick -- guitarist (KISS)  
Stephen R. Kuntz -- famous attorney at law  
Swoozie Kurtz -- actress (Sisters) (Jewish?)  
Tony Kushner -- playwright (Angels in America)  
  
Bert Lahr -- comedian (The Wizard of Oz)

Ricki Lake -- talk show hostess, actress  
Christine Lakin -- actress (Step by Step)  
Heddy Lamarr -- actress  
Lorenzo Lamas -- actor (Jewish mother)  
Christopher Lambert -- actor (Tarzan) (Jewish father)  
Dorothy Lamour -- actress  
Zohra Lampert -- actress  
Martin Landau -- actor (Mission: Impossible)  
Audrey Landers -- actress  
Judy Landers -- actress  
Michele Landsberg -- newspaper columnist and Jewish womens  
activist  
Fritz Lang -- German director (Metropolis, The Vampire of  
Dusseldorf)  
Robert 'Mutt' Lange -- owner Flood/Mute records (Depeche Mode)  
Brooke Langton -- actress (Samantha on Melrose Place)  
Robert Lansing -- actor (Gary Seven on Original Star Trek)  
Jonathan Larson -- composer (Rent)  
Louise Lasser -- actress (Mary Hartman)  
Matt Lauer -- journalist (NBC Today Show)  
Ralph Lauren -- fashion designer  
Dan Lauria -- actor (The Wonder Years)  
Piper Laurie -- actress (real name: Rosetta Jacobs)  
Linda Lavin -- actress (Alice)  
Steve Lawrence -- singer, skeptic, husband of Edie Gorme  
(real name: Sidney Liebowitz)  
Irving Layton -- Canadian poet  
Cloris Leachman -- actress  
Norman Lear -- writer, producer (All in the Family)  
Ron Leavitt -- Married With Children creator/producer  
Aaron Lebedev -- famous Yiddish singer and actor  
Geddy Lee -- lead singer and bass player of the band Rush  
Pinky Lee (Pincas Levy) -- children's entertainer  
John Leguizamo -- Columbian actor, comedian (Jewish?)  
Leiber & Stoller -- composers, producers, writers (Hound  
Dog, Stand By me, Jailhouse Rock)  
Carol Leiffer -- comedian, writer (Seinfeld)  
Janet Leigh -- actress (Psycho), mother of Jamie Lee Curtis  
(Jewish?)  
H. Leivick -- Russian poet (The Golem)  
Claude Lelouch -- French film director  
Michael Lembeck -- actor/director  
Sheldon Leonard -- actor, producer

Alan Jay Lerner -- lyricist (My Fair Lady)  
Julian Lester -- famous author and professor  
Oscar Levant -- pianist  
Sam Levene -- stage and screen actor  
Fred Levine -- psychologist  
James Levine -- conductor  
Kathy Levine -- QVC Hostess  
Scarlett Levine -- Huggies commercial star  
Barry Levinson -- director (Diner)  
Sam Levinson -- humorist, TV panelist  
Eugene Levy -- actor (SCTV)  
Jose Lewgoy -- Brazilian actor (Kiss of the Spider Woman)  
Al Lewis -- actor (grandpa on The Munsters)  
Clea Lewis -- actress (Audrey on Ellen)  
Daniel Day Lewis -- British actor (Jewish mother)  
Gary Lewis -- rock singer (Jerry's Son)  
Richard Lewis -- comedian  
Shari Lewis -- children's entertainer (Lambchop)  
Roy Lichtenstein -- painter  
Goddard Lieberson -- president of Columbia Records  
Hal Linden -- (real name: Hal Lipshitz), actor (Barney Miller)  
Wendy Liebman -- comedian  
Maureen Lipman -- comic actress  
Jonathon Lipnicki -- child actor (Jerry Maguire)  
Walter Lippman -- journalist, founded the New Republic  
Peggy Lipton -- actress (Mod Squad)  
Mary Livingstone -- comedian  
Lisa Loeb -- singer  
Fredrick Loewe -- composer (Camelot, Gigi, My Fair Lady, Brigadoon)  
Peter Lorre -- actor (real name: Ladislav Loewenstein)  
Tina Louise -- actress (Ginger on Gilligan's Island), origin of the Hebrew word 'Jinji'  
Courtney Love -- actress (Man on the Moon), singer, killed the lead singer of Nirvana (joke?)  
Steven Lovy -- writer, director (Circuitry Man)  
Ernst Lubitsch -- Polish film director (To Be Or Not to Be)  
Sidney Lumet -- film director  
Joan Lunden -- personality (real last name: Blunden)  
Jessica Lundy -- actress (Hope and Gloria)  
Jamie Luner -- actress (Savannah)  
Natasha Lyonne -- actress



Bill Maher -- comedian  
Wendy Mallick -- actress (mostly sitcoms)  
David Mamet -- director, writer (The Verdict, Hoffa)  
Melissa Manchester -- singer  
Camryn Manheim -- actress (The Practice)  
Barry Manilow -- musician, singer  
Manfred Mann -- musician  
Dinah Manoff -- actress (Empty Nest)  
Cindy Margolis -- supermodel  
Julianna Margulies -- actress (ER)  
Yaki Margulies -- artist in sea-town  
Alicia Markova -- ballet dancer (real name: Alice Marks)  
Jason Marsden -- actor  
Ross Martin -- actor (The Wild, Wild West) (real name: Martin Rosenblatt)  
Tony Martin -- singer  
Richard Marx -- singer, musician  
Jackie Mason -- ordained rabbi and comedian  
Richard Masur -- actor  
Marlee Matlin -- actress  
Walter Matthau -- comedian, actor  
Daniel Wayne Matthews -- Interstate Commerce Commissioner  
Larry Floyd Matthews -- country singer, accordionist  
Melanie Mayron -- actress (Thirtysomething)  
Paul Mazursky -- director  
Country Joe McDonald -- singer (mother Jewish)  
Malcolm McLaren -- manager/impresario of the Sex Pistols  
Josh Meisels -- marathon runner  
Felix Mendelssohn -- composer  
Alan Menken -- composer  
Yehudi Menuhin -- violonist  
Ethel Merman -- performer (real name: Ethel Zimmerman)  
Dina Meyer -- actress (Dragonheart)  
Lorne Michaels -- TV producer (created Saturday Night Live)  
Marilyn Michaels -- impressionist  
Bette Midler -- actress, singer  
David Milch -- co-producer/writer of NYPD Blue  
Arthur Miller -- writer (Death of a Salesman) (married to Marilyn Monroe)  
Max Miller -- English music hall comedian  
Michael Mills -- (real name: Milstein), cellist, brain surgeon, comedian

Rachel Miner -- actress (Guiding Light)  
Shlomo Mintz -- concert violinist  
Warren Mitchell -- actor  
Isaac Mizrachi -- fashion designer  
Amadeo Modigliani -- artist  
Bob Monkhouse -- comedian  
Yves Montand -- real name Ivo Livi, famous French singer  
Pierre Monteux -- orchestral conductor  
Keith Moon -- musician (The Who)  
Rick Moranis -- actor (Little Shop of Horrors, Spaceballs)  
Elsa Morante -- Italian author  
Howie Morris -- comedian (Your Show of Shows)  
Bruce Morrow (Cousin Brucie) -- disc jockey  
Rob Morrow -- actor  
Vic Morrow -- actor (Twilight Zone: The Movie)  
Walter Moseley -- black writer, actor (The Devil and the Blue Dress) (Jewish mother)  
Brett 'Da Hit Man' Moses -- proprietor of Atlanta's Tattletales  
Mark Moses -- actor (Single Guy)  
Josh Mostel -- actor, son of Zero Mostel  
Zero Mostel -- actor, comedian, painter  
Jonathan Mostow -- screenwriter and movie director  
Martin Mull -- comedian  
Paul Muni -- actor (real name: Muni Weisenfreund)  
Jan Murray -- comedian  
Carmel Myers -- actress  
Bess Myerson -- first Jewish Miss America

Pat Nash -- (real name: Jacob Goldberg), Israeli singer and cantor, Yiddish writer, actor (Three Penny Opera)  
Craig T. Nelson -- actor (Coach)  
Judd Nelson -- actor (The Brat Pack)  
Francesca Neville -- Shakespearean actress  
Lorraine Newman -- actress (Saturday Night Live)  
Phyllis Newman -- actress  
Randy Newman -- composer, performer (Toy Story soundtrack)  
Juice Newton -- country/pop singer (real name: Cohen)  
Josh Niehaus -- musician, entertainer  
Katrina Neville -- soprano (Penn State Opera Theatre)  
Mike Nichols -- director (The Graduate, Catch, The Birdcage)  
Nichols and May -- comedians  
David Notowitz -- film producer, writer, editor

Michael Nyman -- composer, wrote music for film The Piano  
Laura Nyro -- singer  
Louie Nye -- comedian (real name: Neistat)

Phil Ochs -- folk singer  
Clifford Odets -- playwright (Golden Boy)  
Mike Ogulnick -- One on One sports radio network anchor  
David Oistrakh -- violinist  
Ken Olin -- actor (Thirtysomething)  
Charles Orange -- poet  
Jerry Orbach -- actor (Briscoe on Law and Order)  
Eugene Ormandy -- conductor, purveyor of the Philadelphia  
  sound  
Super Dave Osborne -- comedian (real name: Bob Einstein)  
Ken Osmond -- actor (Leave it to Beaver) (joke?)  
Michael Ovitz -- Disney exec  
Ronn Owens -- San Francisco/Los Angeles talk show host  
Amos Oz -- Israeli writer & philosopher

Steve Page -- lead singer of the Barenaked Ladies  
Lilli Palmer -- actress  
Gwyneth Paltrow -- actress (Shakespeare In Love)  
  (father Jewish)  
Stuart Pankin -- former host of HBO (Not Necessarily  
  the News)  
Joseph Papp -- public theatre  
Tony Parisi -- singer (cowboy in the Village People)  
Dorothy Rothschild Parker -- author and Algonquin wit  
Sarah Jessica Parker -- actress  
Mitul Patel -- Jewish-Indian actor  
Dominika Peczynski -- TV star (Dominikas Planet), member  
  of Swedish dance band Army Of Lovers (Crucified, Isrealism)  
Jan Peerce -- great operatic tenor (real name: Pinchus  
  Perlmutter)  
Phobe Levy Pember -- Confederate Civil War heroine  
S. J. Perelman -- writer (screenplays for Marx Brothers'  
  comedies Monkey Business, Horse Feathers, etc.)  
Stephen Perkins -- drummer (Jane's Addiction)  
Rhea Perlman -- actress  
Pittsburgh Pete -- radio actor  
Roberta Peters -- opera singer (Metropolitan Opera)  
Molly Picon -- actress  
Harold Pinter -- English actor and playwright, founder of

the absurd theatre  
Camille Pissarro -- artist  
Harold Prince -- Broadway director (Phantom Of the  
Opera, Cabaret)  
Suzanne Pleshette -- actress (The Bob Newhart Show)  
Maya Plisetskaya -- Russian ballet dancer  
Roman Polanski -- director  
Kevin Pollack -- actor (A Few Good Men)  
Sydney Pollack -- director, producer (Eyes Wide Shut)  
Tracy Pollan -- actress, wife of Michael J Fox  
Seth Polzer -- famous shepherd from Israel  
Earl Pomerantz -- executive producer for the Larry Sanders  
Show, Major Dad, Cosby)  
Chaim Potok -- author  
Maury Povich -- talk show host  
Dennis Prager -- radio talk host, essayist, moralist  
Paula Prentiss -- actress (Jewish?)  
Freddie Prinz -- comedian (mother is Jewish)  
Jeremy Priven -- actor (Ellen)  
Rain Pryor -- actress daughter of Richard (mom Jewish)  
Bill Pullman -- actor (Jewish?)  
  
Trevor Rabin -- musician (Yes)  
Harry Rabinowitz -- conductor  
Alan Rachins -- actor (LA Law)  
Gilda Radner -- comedian (Saturday Night Live)  
Deborah Raffin -- actress  
Louise Rainer -- actress  
Claude Rains -- actor (Casablanca)  
Tony Randall -- actor (real name: Leonard Rosenberg)  
Sally Jessy Raphael -- TV talk show hostess (real name:  
Lowenthal)  
Michael Rappaport -- actor  
Yuri Rasovsky -- Peabody Award-winning radio dramatist of  
the stage and screen  
Brad Ray -- famous pin-up boy and rap star  
Helen Reddy -- singer (converted to Judaism)  
Robert Redford -- actor (describes himself as "half-Jewish")  
Joshua Redman -- saxophonist (Jewish mom)  
Lou Reed -- musician  
Harry Reems -- porn star (joke?)  
Steve Reich -- American composer of minimalist music  
Carl Reiner -- comedian

Fritz Reiner -- conductor  
Rob Reiner -- comedian, movie director, actor, Carl's son  
Ivan Reitman -- Canadian director (Meatballs)  
Mark Reizen -- Russian bass, "probably the greatest bass  
voice Russia ever produced"  
Leah Remini -- actress (Fired Up)  
Duncan Renaldo -- TV's Cisco Kid (born in Rumania)  
Anne Revere -- actress  
Peter Mark Richman -- actor, writer, artist  
Ron Rifkin -- actor  
Reudor -- cartoonist, creator of comic strip and books  
featuring The Doodle Family  
Bernie Rhodes -- the first manager of The Clash  
Adam Rich -- actor (Eight Is Enough)  
Buddy Rich -- world's greatest drummer  
Patricia Richardson -- actress (Home Improvement)  
Mordechai Richler -- famous Montreal writer  
Don Rickles -- comedian  
Alan Rickman -- actor (Die Hard, Galaxy Quest)  
Peter Riegert -- actor (Crossing Delancey)  
Molly Ringwald -- actress (Brat Pack)  
Ritz Brothers -- comedians  
Bob Rivers --- morning radio host  
Harold Robbins -- best-selling author (real name: Rubin)  
(The Carpetbaggers)  
Jerome Robbins -- choreographer, director  
Robbie Robertson -- singer (The Band) (Jewish father)  
Nina Rodzynek -- musician  
Richard Rogers -- composer (Rogers & Hammerstein)  
Jim Rome -- sports talk show host  
Sydney Rome -- actress  
Linda Rondstat -- singer (Jewish grandparents)  
Alan Rosenberg -- actor (LA Law, Cybill)  
Melissa Rosenberg -- entertainer, Joan Rivers' daughter  
Hans Rosenthal -- showmaster  
Jack Rosenthal -- playwright  
Marion Ross -- actress (Brooklyn Bridge, Happy Days)  
Leo Rosten -- author (Joys of Yiddish)  
Mark Rothko -- abstract expressionist painter  
Jennifer Rubin -- actress (Screamers)  
Rick Rubin -- record producer, Def Jam co-founder  
Saul Rubinek -- actor  
Arthur Rubinstein -- pianist

John Rubinstein -- actor, son of Arthur  
Rita Rudner -- comedian

Nelly Sachs -- poet, Nobel in literature  
Bob Saget -- comedian, host of America's Funniest Home Videos  
Mort Sahl -- comedy  
Bernie Sahlins -- founding producer of Second City  
Susan St. James -- actress (Diamonds Are Forever)  
Soupy Sales -- comedian  
Richard Salwitz -- (a.k.a. Magic Dick), musician (J. Geils)  
Emma Samms -- actress (Dynasty) (Jewish?)  
Lynn Samuels -- radio talk show host (WABC radio)  
Silvio Santos -- Brazilian humorist  
Ben Savage -- actor  
Fred Savage -- actor (The Wonder Years)  
Alexey Sayle -- comedian  
Dr. Laura Schlesinger -- radio host, author  
Rob Schneider -- actor, comedian (Saturday Night Live,  
Men Behaving Badly, Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo). Trivia:  
Deuce's mother was Bangkok Betty.  
Arthur Schnitzler -- Viennese playwright, novelist and doctor  
Arnold Schoenberg -- composer  
Claude-Michel Schonberg -- composer of Les Miserables  
Caroline Schreiber -- singer, actress  
Bruno Schulz -- writer  
Delmore Schwartz -- poet  
Maurice Schwartz -- major figure in Yiddish Theatre  
Sherwood Schwartz -- creator of Gilligan's Island  
Stephen Schwartz -- lyricist, composer  
David Schwimmer -- actor (Ross on Friends)  
Ronnie Scott -- British jazz saxophonist, founder of  
Ronnie Scott's Club  
Neil Sedaka -- singer  
Kyra Sedgwick -- actress (mother is Jewish)  
George Segal -- actor  
Katey Segal -- actress, singer (Married With Children)  
Will Self -- British writer (mother Jewish)  
Rod Serling -- Twilight Zone Creator (Jewish?)  
Josh Server -- actor (All That)  
Doc Severenson - musician, conductor (Tonight Show)  
Shalom Secunda -- composer (Bei Meir Bist Du Shane)  
Dina Sfat -- Brazilian actress  
Laura Shaff -- bon vivant, girl about town

Paul Shaffer -- CBS Orchestra, Late Show, The Letterman Show  
Gary Shandling -- comedian  
Artie Shaw -- bandleader  
Wallace Shawn -- actor (Princess Bride, Toy Story, Clueless)  
Harry Shearer -- comedian, cartoon voices on The Simpsons  
Maira Shearer -- actress  
Martin and Charlie Sheen -- actors  
Judy Sheindlin -- Judge Judy on TV  
Sidney Sheldon -- best-selling author  
Naomi Shemer -- composer to Yerushalayim Shel Zahav  
Anthony Sher -- actor  
Liz Sheridan -- actress (Jerry's mom on Seinfeld)  
Allan Sherman -- singer, songwriter, humorist  
Armin Shimerman -- actor (Quark on Star Trek: Deep Space Nine)  
Thomas Shlamme -- director  
Bugsy Siegel -- gangster  
Joel Siegel -- film critic (ABC)  
Simone Signoret -- French actress (Diabolique)  
Beverly Sills -- opera star (real name: Beverly Silberman)  
Paul Sills -- founding director of Second City  
Ant nio Jos, da Silva, o Judeu -- Portuguese playwright. His  
work is the most to portuguese dramatic theatre of the 18th  
century. Killed by the Inquisition.  
Joan Micklin Silver -- director, writer (Hester Street,  
Crossing Delancey)  
Joel Silver -- producer (Die Hard I,II,III)  
Michael Buchmann Silver -- actor (DA on NYPD Blue)  
Ron Silver -- actor, director  
Jonathan Silverman -- actor (Single Guy)  
Sara Silverman -- comedian  
Phil Silvers -- comedian, actor (Sgt. Bilko)  
Shel Silverstein -- children's author  
Gene Simmons -- singer, bass player (KISS), Israeli/Turkish,  
(real name Haim Witz or Gene Klein) (?)  
Carly Simon -- singer (You're So Vain)  
Gene Siskel -- film critic (Siskel and Ebert)  
Red Skelton -- comedian  
Maurice Sklar -- violinist (Benny Hinn)  
Joey Slotnick -- actor (Single Guy)  
Hillel Slovak -- late guitarist for Red Hot Chili Peppers  
Denise Katrina Smith -- singer (a.k.a. Vanity) (Jewish mother)  
Smith and Dale -- comedians  
Phoebe Snow -- singer

Rena Sofer -- actress  
Barbara Sokol -- actress (Grease)  
Marla Sokoloff -- actress  
George Solti -- conductor (Chicago Symphony)  
Brett Sommers -- game show host (The Match Game)  
Barry Sonnenfeld -- director (Get Shorty, Addams Family movie)  
Arlene Sorkin -- actor (Caliope Jones on Days Of Our Lives)  
Chaim Soutine -- Fauvist painter, friend of Modigliani  
James Spader -- actor (Jewish?)  
Jack Spector -- disc jockey  
Phil Spector -- record producer, famous for The Wall  
of Sound  
Aaron Spelling -- famous TV producer  
Randy Spelling -- actor son of Aaron Spelling and brother of  
Tori Spelling  
Tori Spelling -- actress, daughter of Aaron (Donna in  
Beverly Hills 90210)  
Brent Spiner -- actor (Data on Star Trek: The Next Generation)  
Viola Spolins -- inventor of theater games  
Bruce Springsteen -- singer/songwriter (Dutch/Jewish)  
Arnold Stang -- film actor  
Richard Starkey -- (a.k.a. Ringo Starr), former Beatle  
Rod Steiger -- actor  
Ben Stein -- actor, TV show host  
John Steinbeck -- author (Grapes of Wrath)  
David Steinberg -- comedian, director  
Daniel Stern -- actor  
Isaac Stern -- violinist  
Mike Stern -- jazz guitarist  
Brody Stevens -- comedian and cable TV host in Seattle  
Jon Stewart -- comedian  
Ben Stiller -- comedian, actor, director (There's Something  
About Mary)  
Jerry Stiller -- comedian, actor (Mr. Costanza and Ben's  
dad)  
Larry Storch -- actor (F Troop)  
Michael Stoyanov -- actor (Tony Russo on Blossom)  
Lee Strasberg -- acting teacher  
Susan Strasberg -- daughter of Lee, stage and screen actress  
Woody Strode -- black man in the film Spartacus  
Peter Strauss -- actor (Rich Man, Poor Man)  
Jule Styne -- composer (Gypsy)  
Todd Suchman -- drummer (Styx)



Carolyn Summerlin -- comic, concert pianist  
David Susskind -- producer  
Laurin Sydney -- Showbiz Today CNN  
Sylvia Sydney -- actress  
Syl Sylvain -- member of New York Dolls  
George Szell -- conductor  
Josef Szigeti -- violinist

Aaran Tan -- lead singer and guitarist for rock band Phoenix  
Vic Tayback -- actor (Alice)  
John Taylor -- bass player (Duran Duran) (Jewish?)  
Renee Taylor -- actress (The Nanny) (Jewish?)  
Jonathan Taylor Thomas -- (real name: Jonathan Weiss),  
actor (Home Improvement)  
Ari Telch -- Mexican actor  
Boris Thomashevsky -- actor (Yiddish theater)  
Are Thue-Jones -- founder of Jew-Tang  
Mel Tilles -- country and western singer  
Michael Tilson-Thomas -- conductor classical music,  
grandson of Yiddish actor Boris Thomashevsky  
Laurence Tolhurst -- original drummer of The Cure  
Sakari Topelius -- old Finnish national fairy-teller  
Mel Torme -- singer, actor, songwriter (The Christmas Song)  
Chaim Topol -- singer, actor (Fiddler on the Roof, For  
Your Eyes Only)  
Doug Tracht (The Greaseman) -- radio shock jock  
Michelle Trachtenberg -- actress (Harriet The Spy)  
Calvin Trillin -- writer  
Michael Tucker -- actor (LA Law)  
Richard Tucker -- great hazzan and operatic tenor  
Joe T. Turri -- famous NY house music producer

Alana Ubach -- actress (Brady Bunch movie)

Juan Valdez -- Columbian coffee guy (real name: John  
Feldenstein)  
Jean Claude Van Damme -- actor (mother is Jewish)  
Abigail Van Buren (Dear Abby) -- advice columnist  
Frankie Vaughan -- singer  
Eddie Vedder -- lead vocalist for Pearl Jam  
Diane Venora -- actress (Chicago Hope)  
Jackie Vernon -- comedian  
Abe Vigoda -- actor (Fish From Barney Miller)

Bob Vila -- home improvement guru  
Bruce Vilanch -- comedian  
Jenna Von Oy -- actress who played Six on Blossom (Jewish?)  
Josef Von Sternberg -- actor, director

Lyle Waggoner -- comedian (The Carol Burnett Show)  
Ken Wahl -- actress (Wiseguy) (Jewish?)  
Mark Walberg -- game show host (The Big Date)  
Jerry Walker -- disc jockey (ABC Radio Network)  
Bruno Walter -- German conductor and student of Gustav  
Mahler, had to change his name  
Jessica Walter -- actress  
Burt Ward -- actor (Robin on Batman) (Jewish?)  
Leslie Ann Warren -- actress (Jewish?)  
Ruby Wax -- comedian  
Al Waxman -- actor (Cagney and Lacey)  
Wayne and Shuster -- comedians  
Steven Weber -- actor (Wings)  
Kurt Weil -- composer (Three Penny Opera)  
Donald Weilerstein -- former first violinist of Cleveland  
String Quartet  
Max Weinberg -- drummer (Bruce Springsteen, Conan O'Brien)  
Moshe Weinberg -- (real name: Vainberg), Russian composer,  
contemporary of Shostakovitch  
Michael T. Weiss -- TV actor (The Pretender)  
Shaun Weiss -- kid actor (Heavyweights, Mighty Ducks)  
Louise Wener -- frontwoman for Britpop band Sleeper  
Nathanael West -- (real name: Nathan Weinstein), writer  
(Miss Lonelyhearts, The Day of the Locust)  
Patricia Wettig -- actress (Thirtysomething)  
Paul Whiteman -- early big jazz band conductor  
Stuart Whitman -- film actor  
Grace Lee Whitney -- actress (Yeoman Rand on Star Trek)  
Jane Wiedland -- singer, member of the Go-Gos  
Dianne Wiest -- actress (Bullets Over Broadway)  
Alan Wilder -- musician (keyboard player for Depeche Mode)  
Robin Williams -- actor (supposedly admitted it on Oprah)  
Carnie Wilson -- former singer (Wilson Phillips), former talk  
show host, and daughter of Beach Boy Brian Wilson (mother  
Marilyn Rovell is Jewish)  
Debra Winger -- actress (An Officer and a Gentleman)  
Ophelie Winter -- French actress, singer  
Shelley Winters -- actress (real name: Shirley Schrift)

Greg Wise -- actor  
Michael Wolf -- musician  
Peter Wolf -- musician  
Scott Wolf -- actor (Party of Five)  
Jonathon Wolfe -- musician  
Sam Wolff -- mayor-elect of Atlanta (Rabbi Cheamcheese)  
Robert Wuhl -- comedian  
Kari Wuhrer-Salin -- MTV hostess, B movie actress  
Ed Isaiah Wynn -- actor

Missy Yager -- actress (Anne Frank)  
Maury Yeston -- musical composer (Titanic)  
Jaime Alissa Yoss -- gymnast, Indy car driver  
Henny Youngman -- comedian

Saul Zaentz -- producer (One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,  
Amadeus, The English Patient)  
Michael Zaslow -- actress (Roger Thorpe on The Guiding Light)  
Jackie Zeman -- actress (General Hospital)  
Florenz Ziegfeld -- theatrical producer  
Chip Zien -- Broadway actor (Falsettos, Into The Woods)  
Ian Ziering -- actor  
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. -- actor  
Efrem Zimbalist Sr. -- world-class violinist  
Kim Zimmer -- actress (Guiding Light)  
Pinchas Zuckerman -- violinist  
Elsa Zylberstein -- French actress (Mina Tannenbaum)

Grab bag of Jew stew to make your head dance:

Journalists:

Barbara Walters -- journalist  
Mike Wallace -- journalist (Sixty Minutes)  
Morley Safer -- journalist (Sixty Minutes)  
Ted Koppel -- journalist (ABC Niteline)  
Paula Zahn -- journalist  
Leslie Stahl -- journalist (Sixty Minutes)  
Jessica Savitch -- journalist, NBC News Golden Girl  
Scott Simon -- host NPR's Saturday Weekend Edition, broadcast  
journalist  
Wolf Blitzer -- CNN journalist  
Amos Elon -- Israeli writer and journalist

## Pro Wrestlers:

Goldberg -- real name: Bill Goldberg, pro wrestler, WCW Champion  
Barry Horowitz -- real name, pro wrestler in the WWF & WCW  
Randy 'Macho Man' Savage -- pro wrestler  
Dean Malenko -- pro wrestler, former WCW champion  
Shawn Michaels -- pro wrestler  
Raven -- name: Scott Levy, pro wrestler, former WCW Champion

## Porn Stars:

Neriah Davis -- porn star  
Jenna Jameson -- porn star, Mother Teresa protege, wife of SQS  
Matthew Kuchta -- porn star  
Herschel Savage -- porn star  
Annie Sprinkle -- porn star and performance artist  
Randy West -- porn star

## The Beastie Boys -- rap group (all Jewish):

Mike Diamond -- musician (The Beastie Boys)  
MCA (Adam Yauch) -- rap musician (The Beastie Boys)  
Adam Horowitz -- The King Ad Rock, rap musician (The  
Beastie Boys)

Joe Dytko -- first founder of The Turtles  
Howard Kaylan -- co-founder of The Turtles  
Mark Volman -- co-founder of The Turtles

Nina Gordon -- musician (Veruca Salt)  
Jim Shapiro -- musician (Veruca Salt)

Benjamin Mor -- Benyad from the rap group Blood of Avraham  
D. Saevitz -- Mazik from the rap group Blood of Avraham

Meredith Bishop -- actress (Secret World Of Alex Mack)  
Larisa Oleynik -- actress (Secret World of Alex Mack)  
Natanya Ross -- actress (Secret World Of Alex Mack)

Primo Levi -- writer (Holocaust survivor)  
Fania Fenelon -- singer, author, Holocaust survivor (Playing  
for Time)

Paul McKellar -- Nazi Hunter, nationally recognized lecturer  
on Holocaust

Daniel Ash and Kevin Haskin -- musicians from Bauhaus, British  
goth band

Famous singers from Morocco:

Jo Amar -- famous singer from Morocco

Salim Hallali -- famous singer from Morocco

Samy Elmaghribi -- famous singer from Morocco

Albert Suissa -- famous singer from Morocco

Opera Singers and other shit:

Ofra Haza -- Israeli singer

Josef Schmidt -- opera singer

Rosa Raisa -- opera singer

Leonard Warren -- opera singer

David Broza -- Israeli singer, songwriter

Robert Merrill -- opera singer

Helen Shapiro -- British singer

Aaron Rosand -- concert violinist

Menahem Golan -- Israeli producer, director

Anthony Newley -- singer, composer, actor

Shimi Tavori -- Israeli singer and performer

Alexander Kipnis -- opera singer

Emanuel List -- opera singer

Marie Rappold -- opera singer

Rita Shane -- Met opera singer

Norman Mittelmann -- Met opera singer

Gregor Piatigorsky -- cellist

Emanuel Feuermann -- cellist

Josef Szigeti -- violinist

Mischa Elman -- violinist

British shits:

Bud Flanagan -- British music hall star

Warren Mitchell -- British actor

Peter Schaffe -- British playwright

Jonathan Miller -- British opera director

Arnold Wesker -- British playwright

Michael Roll -- British pianist

Robert Rietti -- British actor

Bernard Levin -- British writer, newspaper columnist  
Chaim Bermant -- British humorous writer, newspaper columnist

Chapter 7 and Ninety-Nine and Forty-Four One-Hundredths Pure  
Holy Shit.

Give me a quarter for the pay toilet, okay? While I'm  
in here, sit down next to the mirror while I whisper some  
unspeakable shit in your hairy ears. Pardon my body noises.

How did a 30-year-old computer whiz become Israel's most  
notorious computer thief? Simple. He left tracks. Jesus  
Christ just had to have been a fictional fairy tale  
character, and I'll give you the ultimate reason. He left  
no shit and piss. Imagine the savior squatting in a hole  
and dumping logs and urine. My my! Another holy shrine  
in the Holy Land. There's just no room on this world for  
holy shit. This material object just doesn't fit in with  
any theology. It's more than inconvenient, more than  
unpleasant. It just can't be. Who would want a savior  
touching them who might have stinky fingers?

Therefore, the writers of the New Testicle could never have  
taken a real person, who shit and pissed, as their model.  
And in an era without Japanese toilets or even toilet paper.  
Any kind of paper. And no corn cobs, or corn husks. Those  
came from America. What did he use to wipe his holy ass?  
Pages from an old Sears catalog? A Gideon Bible? Gotta  
have sweet? Gotta have Juicy Fruit. The touch, the feel  
of cotton. The fabric of our lives. Nothing satisfies  
like it. Ask the learned juicy fruit theologians. They  
have the absolute truth. Just look at their faces. Why  
didn't any of the crowds of his admirers, waving palm  
branches at him, keep any of his holy turds, and claim  
miraculous powers for them? That's it! Palm branches.  
He wiped with palm branches. When they waved those palm  
branches at him as he rode on two asses, they were perfuming  
the road with his holy aroma.

Jews don't make passes at saviors on two asses. He would have to have never shit and never pissed, and therefore, never lived at all. Imagine a holy grail full of holy poop, fossilized lovingly, and kissed repeatedly by metropolitans, archdeacons, popes, bishops, etc. Now flash back to that Ben-Hur movie with Charlton Heston, where the blood of Jesus Christ drips onto the soil of Israel during a rain, and washes the land clean of its sins. Oops, Jesus shit his diapers. There goes the holy diarrhea down on the ground with the holy blood, washing the land with crap. Imagine how that forever saves the human race from its dirty filthy sins. You can't, can you? Q.E.D. Send my Ph.D via email and I'll wipe my ass with it.

The unbelieving Jews were right. Jesus Christ's shit didn't stink. That's because there wasn't any shit. Or any Jesus Christ. People who actually swallow that Jesus Christ shit are sick, nuts, and live in a fantasy world of fairy stories. No wonder Christians are always obsessed with people's speech, conspiring by every means at their disposal to coerce people to refrain from using words referring to natural bodily functions. Those very words undermine their fantasy world. They're deathly afraid of them. They kill. Kill fantasies of holier than thou mentally-ill sickos.

What words? Shit, piss, cum, farts, fuck, dick, pussy. Zap! Another saved born-again Christian loses his soul. I for one would rather be unsaved, and have the full use of my language. As a shock jock I have suffered for years from the taboo word nuts and their undue influence and criminal conspiracy to ruin my life so that I won't ruin their fantasy life. If I ever wake up in an America where anybody even trying to control anybody else's vocabulary for their own selfish reasons is hooted down and maybe even arrested, I'll know my entire life's mission was fulfilled. If they want to be around normal people, these religious sickos can shut their own mouths, not try to shut mind, er, mine. People like us are not dirty and filthy. They are. We come clean on what we think, they don't. Just say no to holiness disease, HOIDS. Be kind to goats.

Excuse me while I retreat to my water closet, take some kind of recreational drug, turn up the rock & roll, and take a long shit and wipe my ass with pages from a New Testicle I stole from some hotel, then make love to my dick and balls and bag and nuts with lady five fingers while dreaming of big tits, bush, clit and pussy, imagining two lesbians eating each other and licking each other out and sucking each other's breasts, imagining the smell and the smooth feel of their skin, the beauty of two sexually-mature women in utter love, as totally clean and sweet-smelling as men like me aren't. And then, when I am excited past the point of control, my nuts mount up in my big hairy bag, like a toilet float before the flush, and I suddenly stand up and turn around and shoot white cum spurts into the toilet in ejaculation after ejaculation, with my big cock head turning purple and huge as the spermal preparation leaves the slit, neatly missing the seat and landing in the bowl full of piss, shit, and toilet paper. Meanwhile my whole nervous system is orgasming in one of the most precious moments life has to offer, one that Jesus Christ will never have anything to do with. And then, after the orgasm slowly passes leaving me mellow yellow, I put down my lesbian porno, fart one long smelly loud disgusting fart, step into the shower and clean myself up before I step back out into the studio and go on the air and reach millions of people's minds far better than limp dick Jesus ever did in his three year preaching stint.

Jesus Christ didn't save me, thank Godd Gawd god. Woof woof! Here Rover! Fetch! And I won't live again. But I live. And this world is getting too crowded. There are a million stories in the naked city, and I'm every one of them.

Shake hands, anyone? Remember that movie "Deuce Bigalow: Male Gigolo" (1999), and Deuce's dad, who worked in the bathroom? He would spend all day cleaning out clogged-up toilets while dressed in a tuxedo, then come out to the dining room and insist on shaking your hand ever so long. Watch it again now and nominate it for a retroactive Academy Award for its deep allegory of world-shaking religious



dimensions. It was written, directed, and acted by mainly godless J\*ws.

But I gress. Di, bi, whatever. Why didn't the damn holier than thous of the world just take baths and have good clean sex? Good Romans always had great baths. Roman and bath are synonymous. All the holier than thou religions seem to have sprung from lands without baths. Why else is it so hard to the Japanese to accept Christianity? They have the Toto toilet company, with computerized bidets and warmed seats. They have their daily hot baths. Their bodies aren't dirty enough to make them susceptible to Christ's message. But two thousand years ago in the Roman world, only the rich could afford a bath. The rest just stank like shit. It's easier to convince filthy people that they need saving. So, just when humanity was starting to rise, the Christian mental disease spread like a Black Plague, causing the Dark Ages, or what could be equally well termed the Dirty Ages, the Filthy Ages. People actually thought bodily filth was holy. See any lives of the saints compilation. Those who could go an entire lifetime without a bath were given sainthood. When the real Black Plague arrived in Toledo or wherever, the entire continent of Europe was a perfect breeding grounds. And they blamed it on Jews poisoning their wells, the very wells they used for drinking and never bathing.

Christianity is therefore responsible for the murder of millions by genocide. After the Black Plague subsided, the survivors were so brainwashed that, instead of giving it up immediately, they took seven hundred years to slowly, timidly, let go of it.

Well, I for one am free free free. The state of my union is strong. The state of my union is strong. 'Tis a pity that, if Jesus Christ had been a plumber and a sanitation engineer and a part-time bathroom interior decorator, he could have really saved the world. Saved two thousand years of holy and literal bullshit. Here comes the stinkin' savior with his disciples, bearing soft tissues, pipes, toilets, bath soap, running water in every home. He is the water of life.

Rubadubdub. Rubber duckies. Massaging extendable shower heads. All hail Thomas Crapper and his Jap dog Toto. If people would just keep up their personal hygiene like I do and have their daily orgasm, whether it be male on female, female on female, the love that for sicko Christians has no name, or male on male, which sicko Christians do have a name for, sodomy and buggery, or even masturbation, choking the chicken, friggin' the fig, spanking the monkey, and not worry about skin color and other bullshit, the need and even the desire to live for Jesus Christ and not be a part of this world would evaporate, the sky would be blue, the air would be clean, the birds would sing, the jets would be on time, and our entire society would be cleaned up far better and far more lastingly than any Christian preacher has ever done or could ever hope to do. Gee that would be fun. Can we go to the Gap?

## Chapter 8. Preschool Daze

My mom brought me to the radio station sometimes to drop me off with dad as a kind of babysitter, but most of the time she didn't need one. Then there was auntie Fran. That was her favorite babysitter, since she would take me in without notice and I could stay overnight. And I never talked. Until I got poisoned by the real world, I thought what auntie did was just normal play for adults. I didn't really get it, since I didn't know what an orgasm was, but I definitely assumed I'd be doing it too when I grew up. Growing up is the main thing on your mind anyway.

One time only, during a summer when mom had to go across country for a funeral, she left me with auntie Fran but also enrolled me in a day preschool. So auntie dropped me off every morning, and picked me up in the afternoon. It was the first time I'd been around people my age. So it probably was formative to my character.

What can I remember? Other than the pedophile attendants, that is. A joke. Frigid women usually run these places. Authoritarians who are into power. Like withholding milk

and cookies. I saw my first naked girl there. Almost a baby really. She had taken off her bathing suit in the hot sun and was sitting on it, her hairless Y poking out like a teddy bear's face. I was wondering when she'd be joining another girl for lesbian fun, but it never happened. I was trying to get brave enough to go and start eating her, but I was chicken. There were other kids around. It didn't look too appetizing anyway. Little more than diaper meat. Probably stunk of pee. Not that delicious smell of the adults. That was my first experience with Ango-Saxon sex guilt. I received it by osmosis. It didn't agree with my system, and I shook it off, but not without a sick period, like any nasty disease. They caught her and put her suit back on. Nobody seemed to notice but me. What sex guilt I had that day. I still remember it. It was a mixed school, Jews and Christians. So I don't know who to blame.

Another summer I started running around with this bad boy. He was a budding career criminal at age 4 or 5. He introduced me to crime. Like shoplifting cans of expensive sweet lobster meat at the grocery and going to our hideout to scoop it out and scarf it down and let our fingers stink forever. And kosher Jews won't touch shellfish, so it was all the sweeter. We weren't kosher, but the parents had relatives and friends who were. The store employees watched the candy aisle when we went in, leaving us the canned seafood aisle as a gift. I think we stole a dozen cans of lobster meat, half a dozen of crab meat, and even some smoked oysters a couple of times. I even remember some sweet dried squid. Bad and good to eat at the same time. But I never wanted any more.

Like sneaking into homes and stealing anything we wanted, or doing some kind of mischief. Not that I cared for what I stole, as I had to ditch it before going home. For instance, a tennis racket, a camera, a mirror, a billfold, a tortoise shell manicure set. I only cared for what fun I could have with it while walking down a back alley on the way home. I'd end up chucking it into somebody's trash can. One time we almost got caught burglarizing a home and we ran from a cop. That was the most traumatic thrill I had that year. I hesitated and almost didn't run, even started to walk right to him, before my experienced buddy tugged my

shirt hard enough to get me to follow him. Luckily we had played who's fastest many times before, and could sail like the wind, hopping through yards, under and over fences, and places big people couldn't go. We got away with it, but we never went by that block again.

He had an older sister, in her teens. Fifteen at least. She was a slut. She took a bath right in front of us both. I wasn't interested then, but I masturbate to this day thinking what I could have done with her even at that age. I lost touch with my male friend, but after growing up, one time I heard he was in prison. I wanted to find his sister, but decided not to get involved with his family anymore. I was not the criminal type, a Gotti or a Castellano, pardon my stereotypes. Come to think of it, he was of Italian extraction too, the surname ending with "chio", although I forget the rest. If you kiss your pet and it takes like spaggett, that's Italian love. How long did it take you to quit calling it pisgetti? I respect the mafia and leave well enough alone, even though I can't get over their ridiculous fawning over Catholicism and its Jesus Christ who stands for the exact opposite of everything they do. The mafia are really just the remnants of the old pagan Roman empire that Christianity helped weaken and destroy. They can't help it, it's an ancient tradition. The Roman Empire did once rule the world, and gave it long periods of peace. And plenty of drunken orgies.

So the mafia can't be all bad. It's just a business, making fun victimless activities which Christian-dominated legislatures criminalized legal again, for a price. Free enterprise. The good old black market. And a crusade for enlightenment, to break the grip of religion on society. So the mafia can't be all bad. They are basically subsidized by the religious stupidity of the sheepish masses. If the laws were repealed making victimless crimes legal again, the mafia would go out of business, as they would be forced to make an honest living. After all, murder for hire and other non-victimless crimes don't pay that well, and don't do the volume. Drugs and prostitution, that's where the big money is. Protection rackets, union corruption, and all that jazz, that will always be with us. If the mafia didn't do it somebody else would have to.

Really, the existence of the mafia in America is one of the guarantees that it's still a free country, despite the plethora of forces converging to choke its neck in the name of law and order. Countries without mafias are sadistic police states. Look at China for instance. Or the U.S.S.R. And not just atheist countries. Look at any South American officially-Catholic country. The trick is to strike a balance, live and let live, as long as they don't go too far. Not mercilessly wipe them out at the expense of destroying everybody else's civil rights. What is done to 'get' them, if done by the authorities and upheld as due process by the courts, can and will one day be used against the little guy who is guilty of nothing more than not kissing the authorities' big butts.

My parents finally got wise to my mafiosi bosom buddy, and got rid of him somehow. We never saw each other again. They moved suddenly. They cracked down on me and made me start first grade at full gallop, studying ahead during the summer. As a consequence, they moved me three grades up by the time I was eight.

I had another male friend, when I was about 7 years old. He was a budding homo, but I didn't know anything about it at the time and thought it was normal to strip naked in his basement while his mom was out and wrestle on the carpet. He did something a little too friendly with me once, and I responded by pooping. Right on the carpet. Then I suddenly got violent and began trying to wrestle his face into the poop. I got him dipped well, and it turned very ugly, and I lost a friend. I didn't get in trouble with grownups though. He covered it up. He was a Christian. He was not circumcised. I remember being startled by it at the time. Now I'm jealous. That could have been the first day of the rest of my life. That's life. Let's get something straight between us. We could have had a stable, loving relationship. Grew up and got married. Gone to sea together.

Alright, I did have one female friend. When I took the bus home from school in the sixth grade, she would talk to me, and sit next to me. We played goo-goo eyes. Touched hands. She met me at the school during an off-day, and we sat up

next to the wall under the windows behind a wall of bushes and made out. Too cold for Coke though. It was cold, and we could see our breath. We wore coats, gloves, ear muffs, hats, and making out was inviting as much for the bundling and sharing of body warmth as the mouth action.

Her breath smelled like canned corn. Creamed corn. I didn't really like to kiss like I thought I would. But it was a personal milestone, so I tried to feel awestruck. My poor teeth were something I didn't want to offend her, so I probably kissed like a fish. I felt her breasts up through her blouse, getting my hand finally under her coat. Tiny but showing promise. A lot of girls would sit in class and stretch their arms out all the time instinctively, showing they were developing breasts and their backs needed a boost of blood circulation. Kind of like yawning only with the arms.

I felt of her ass, through her thick clothing. I had to keep kissing her or she wouldn't let me. It didn't occur to me then that she might have feelings, be scared. All I could think about was getting to the next base. I tried feeling her crotch, but she toyed. So I shifted into a higher gear.

I deftly unzipped my fly and pulled it out hard and purple, emitting steam. When she saw my penis sticking out, too hot to feel the cold, as if she could know that, she freaked, got up, and ran. Ran. Seeing a girl run from you is probably the most deflating thing for a Romeo. I could smell myself in the cold raw air too. Smelled like a urinal. Hygiene hadn't entered into my pre-date preparations. Such is life for a green apple. I was barely past the age when I pulled my pants down around my ankles to pee. I only bathed when I was about to visit auntie Fran. Or used a toothbrush.

My parents' desire to make me go ahead of my age finally did me in. I quit studying books and started studying the girls, becoming obsessed with sex. I did something with my mother I shouldn't have in the bathtub, and she never let me in the tub with her again. I started flunking out and having a bad attitude and they moved me back three grades

again, where I barely kept from flunking out still. Now the girls around me were forever too young for me. I had been split apart psychically. A budding schizo.

I saw her a couple of more times on the bus, hiding from me, at the back. Patty. Her name was Patty. She never spoke to me again. Then I saw her with another boy, three years older than me. She had probably gone all the way with him, because I had scared her into it. The way she let him handle her like his own private parts, cosyng up to him oh so warmly. I felt lonely for the first time. Big penis or Coke be damned.

I first learned to masturbate that summer, thinking of her and what I had messed up. And what I was missing.

That was when I switched from nudist mags to lesbian mags. It was a case of serendipity I guess, because I found a stash of the stuff, in a brown paper bag, tied with a stout piece of twine, and held down by a brick next to somebody's trash can. It was the first time I had ever seen open vagina in photos. I never really understood why vaginas always had to be photographed closed, other than it being illegal.

For the first time it hit me that what auntie was doing was abnormal. It isn't normal for women to spread their vaginas for other women and suck and finger them all afternoon. Women guard their vaginas like treasures, and try to keep everybody from getting to them until they own you and control you. Even they were like that. They owned and controlled each other. They both treated me like a pet, so I passed. But I didn't dare let them know I was onto them. I grew very interested in watching now. It was all I could do to act disinterested like before. I was glad my mom still used auntie as a mainline daysitter.

And I was in the last throes of struggling to be normal myself. By the time I reached seventh grade, and had to switch to a brand new "junior" high school where I didn't know many of the kids, I knew I never would be.

This was the first time I had gone to school with blacks.

I wasn't prejudiced or anything, just aware of the difference. I saw their penises in the lavatories and locker rooms, twice as big as mine, and bigger than those of other Jews and whites. I don't know how myself, but I ended up becoming their favorite target for beating up after school. And I loved it. A typical Jew, wallowing in guilt selfishly.

Wouldn't you know it? I had reached the age for my bar mitzvah that summer too. When auntie just vanished off the end of earth, I wrestled with myself, my lost girlfriend, my nudist and lez mags, and had an identity crisis of sorts. The meaning of bar mitzvah is "subject to Jewish law". You have to don the terfillin or phylacteries for morning prayers and forever fast and abstain from masturbating on Yom Kippur and other fast days, as well as stand in line to be called up to recite the blessings associated with the reading of the Torah in the synagogue.

I hated this so much that, in rebellion, I began reading anti-religious books and books by atheists, scientists, evolutionists. Mainly Jews though, like Isaac Asimov, a savior of many a bar mitzvah victim. I was, for a while, an avid science fiction fan, until I realized that Asimov was just a kid who never grew up, and was sexually retarded, even compared to me. Like, who cares if the Jack in the Pulpit can switch sex yearly, or that marine plants supply 70 percent of the world's oh-two? Did I once actually get off learning that amorphophallus titanium gives off a scent so bad that it causes humans to pass out, but attracts carrion beetles? How about these facts? Oriental kudzu vines grow one foot a day, and there's a species of bamboo that grows four feet in fourteen hours. Costa Rican bamboo is twice as strong as concrete.

I tried, for a time, to read Ray Bradbury, who writes lyrical shit with sci-fi themes and no real scientific background, like "The Martian Chronicles". The spooky chapter about the astronauts landing on Mars and finding one of their old hometowns cloned in detail, only to be mass murdered, was used in a Twilight Zone episode. The rest of it sucked. It was written before the Civil Rights movement, and predicted that in 1999 or thereabouts, in other words this very year, the



poor downtrodden niggers would finally say "yes, sir" for the last time as they jumped on spaceships and blasted off for Mars after their white masters were intimidated and tricked into letting them go. There wasn't even one Bradbury book about sex and real life, and I finally accepted that he was just a gentile Asimov, unable to handle it, retreating into sci-fi to flee from it. Either that or they relied so much on income from television that they totally capitulated to their Victorian Good Broadcasting Standards and Code of Ethics. Funny how Bradbury had a stroke as I wrote this. Is he that sensitive? Anyhow I soon outgrew that phase in favor of my gonads, who won the battle with my frontal lobes for supremacy. A seminal event. I resolved that if I ever published or broadcast anything I'd never capitulate to anybody's victorian good broadcasting standards and code of ethics.

Hey man, chill out. I think I need a cigarette.

This is when I first donned the attitude of an intellectual who doesn't give a damn about anything but hedonism and self-gratification, and who doesn't expect to live forever. Sort of like playing both ends against the middle, but keeping my options open. No, an atheist doesn't expect to live forever. Not unless science figures out how. No temples involved! No priests! No gods and no moral codes dictated from on high either! Life must have orgasms or fuck it. I wouldn't want to live forever as Sadsack Assholemov.

The hippie movement didn't hurt me either. I definitely didn't want to be square, a nerd or a dork. So I started donning the look and feel of a hippie, nicely disguising my inner complexity in long hair that was lost in the crowd. Helped hide my acne too. I wonder how many others grew their hair long just for this reason? Looking back, how many realized they'd be losing their hair in ten short years? And the greasers and the grups put them through hell just for being different. All because of the rash of acne in the population. Clearasil is a conspiracy.

But before the hippies there had always been the beatniks. Not beatdicks, like Alan Ginsberg. He likes young boys.

Pablo Picasso. I went through a Pablo Picasso stage about then. Flirted with the same idea that Paul Newman had in that Shirley MacLaine movie "What A Way to Go". Always eating celery sticks while painting abstract hooey that people wouldn't wipe their asses with. Plopo pickasshole. Plop went the old paint on the old canvas, while I picked at my scrawny asshole. Never got the French girl though. I was starting to get my growth, shooting up fast. Had to buy new clothes in August that were several sizes too big to be sure they'd last to June. When summer came I could go around in swim trunks and old sneakers.

But my parents were alarmed at me growing up and showing my individuality. My atheistic individuality. They responded by switching to the Reform branch of Judaism, which isn't as strict, in an evident attempt to lure me back. (They wanted mainly to see me have a good Jewish marriage and recite the Seven Blessings, dance that silly dance, and all that jazz.) Reformists didn't even have a bar or bat (for girls) mitzvah, but substituted a "confirmation", which they didn't put you through until at least sixteen or seventeen. Wouldn't you know it? My parents put me through it immediately, on the theory that it would counteract the bar mitzvah's bad karma. So I was temporarily advanced three years beyond my real age in religion as well as school. I went along with it, but my heart wasn't in it. I was biding my time, like a prisoner looking to break out.

The net result was a bus tour into the wilds of the garden state of New Jersey.

## Chapter 9. My Longest Day

In sweat and dust, with the pounding timpani of terror pounding in his eye sockets, a preteen boy will sometimes pull out odd connections from his logic muscle. After half a day in the wilderness, most of it spent struggling to survive, it still struck me as odd how obscure memories would pop into my mind right in the middle of a

life-or-death decision. I was no Eagle Scout. Like the founder of Playboy, whatisname. I don't think they let Jews in the Boy Scouts. It's just one of those days.

Panting and grunting in a bone-dry thicket, crawling desperately to find a rest stop, I suddenly experienced a recollection as clear as the oil slicks in the tire tracks. It was a moment of contrast, of a balmy afternoon in a warm, safe school gym, during basketball team tryouts. Being taller than most, I thought I would be a shoe-in. Instead, my ungainly, awkward gait, my inability to do a simple layup when it came my turn, combined with my squinting eyes, too proud to wear eyeglasses, caused me to be passed over at the end of the tryouts. I just kept waiting for my name to be called.

The sting sunk in only afterward. I was not going to be a jock and get those girls. Nudist magazines and porno were now a kind of prison sentence, a punishment for being lousy at basketball. But then, what Jew was good at basketball? They all wanted to become doctors and lawyers and such. They didn't waste time.

Dragging my body through the tough, unyielding briars, I could almost see the letters, blue on yellow: JACKOFF. That's what a girl had called me. And she had been with a crowd of other girls. The label was public, schoolwide, common knowledge. Nothing in the world is as dangerous as a desperate masturbator...

I suddenly wished the practice could be held again right then, giving me another chance to make the damn layups. I began to wonder what pollyannish glow that girl might find in my present predicament. Just then I thought I heard a vehicle driving in the distance. Sudden panic.

Scratching my skin and tearing my clothes from my desperate escape into the dense thicket, I crawled as quietly as I could, finally stopping to lay still and squeeze my eyes shut whenever the floating pollen and other hay fever makers seemed about to make me sneeze and give myself away. It was slow, painful progress, and I wasn't even sure where I was headed. I now began to believe the vehicle was a farm

vehicle, and safely far away by the way it kept its distance but went to and fro. But not necessarily by the driver's choice, I gloated. The pot of gold was visible now.

An hour earlier I had been comfortable and well-fed, just another boy old enough to masturbate, taking a big fat bus out into the less populated parts of the state, where farms, meadows, cows, rednecks and lakes greeted the eyes, and occasional whiffs of manure the nostrils. You know a redneck by the way he wipes the manure off his boots with a piece of straw, then picks his teeth with it. Now I was reduced to not much more than a ripped shirt, torn jeans, and filthy sneakers filled with brambles, the thorns tearing my skin to bits. Even then I had a flabby ass that looks like watery jello. Don't get me wrong. I had seen "Easy Rider" and read Tom Wolfe, and believed that big fat buses were magic and could heal my life. But nobody did perverted secretive semi-criminal shit except young punks like me. I remembered my Italian childhood friend then, and felt like I had received special training from him and felt privileged by it. Like an astronomer learning about black holes.

The pain of each new scratch, rash and skin discomfort or smear on my beak triggered a shower of fiery new sparks down my spine. I was a hero in some kind of adventure, I pretended. I was still young enough to pretend, even though I knew some algebra. I was Batman. He could take it in stride easily. So could Superman. It helped face the reality a little longer before crying. But in this awful, bone-dry jungle, there was nothing to do but crawl onward and pray that the twisting path did not deliver me up to discovery by grownups.

Grups. Like in that Captain Kirk episode where he ends up in a sea of kids carrying some on his shoulders and flipping his communicator open and making it chirp. At that age grownups are the main enemy in the way of every enjoyment, even crying. Real crying I mean, not the kind that is put on for an act to get something out of them. Kirk's kids were crying, so he got them beamed up to the ship to make them stop. He got all the pussy he wanted. He even threw it away. Yeoman Rand. Never ate pussy, not he. Fucked hard. Even though he didn't need it. Was married to his

ship. Piloted it all over the galaxy, even when drunk. They were both Jews, by the way. Kirk and Rand. The actors anyway. Grace Lee Whitney went off the deep end and ended up a hooker, but I bet there were not many empty seats in her waiting room.

Please don't drink and drive you big grownups. NOT. If they would all just kill each other off and leave us kids to rule the earth, my how happy we would roam. And cry when we want. Just leave the pretty young women. They get a reprieve until they're over thirty and can't be trusted anymore. And we'll eat them if we want, thank you very much. We made up our minds, and do want to eat it, even if we are male.

Finally, when I had begun to think the hellish undergrowth would never end, an opening appeared ahead. A narrow cleft split the brush like a lesbian going down, and exposed a slope of tumbled rock. Beyond that, green heaven peeked through. I pulled free of the thorns at last, reached a grassy knoll, like in Dealey Plaza in Dallas, rolled over onto my back like a drunken grownup loser five times my age, and stared up at the hazy sky, grateful simply for fresh air not fouled with the hay fever matter my lungs had come to know and not love. I definitely preferred the city environment ever since, even Rudy's degenerate neighborhood in Coney Island. Rudy was the name of that Italian boy gangster I had befriended, if you want to know. If only I had had a sister to bang, I wouldn't have ended up like this.

Welcome to the Sunny Acres Nudist Farm, I thought devilishly. And I half-believed nudist colonies only existed in magazines. Nice of them to supply addresses in the inside cover.

I unzipped my pants and pulled out my penis, ready to masturbate to the coming attractions. My hands contained something scratchy, but after a little rubbing on my pants legs, I could handle my joy toy without complaint. I was too young to understand, too young to complain when my mom told me not to play with myself. You're no good for me mom. Thank god it's over. I've broken the apron strings. You

may believe that nothing is wrong until you're crying. You make-believe that life is going along good until you're dying. You...

The heavy rock music playing in my head just kept rolling on, like waves on the seashore. But I had to rouse myself from the spell, and try. Try to quit thinking about it, and do it.

The binoculars! I had forgotten them somehow, lost them, misplaced them. I began to search frantically around my person for them, even in my crotch, to no avail. I flogged the ground with my hands, hoping to discover them by touch if not by sight, only to remember to keep them free of scratchy things. No luck. With my poor eyesight and no eyeglasses, the naked babes would be blurry blotches of alluring shapes and colors and little more. Ever since college I've worn contacts, and that's the reason why.

Oh Lord, I wish I was home again... With mom and dad.

I wasn't thinking of New York. My parents' house was a hell I had struggled for more than a decade to escape. No, home meant more to me than any particular place. I could adopt a new mom and dad. Just so they gave me what I wanted.

A magazine, a jar of Vaseline, a nice toilet to sit on.

A nice sink to run water in to cover the embarrassing noises.

A pair of women's panties to pull over my head.

A nice older teenage sister who was a slut...

As my labored breathing settled, other sounds came to the fore. The all-too clear noise of happy campers, over the faint noise of the farming equipment in the distance. It rise from a hundred feet or so down the hillside that was covered with lush green grass. Laughter bubbled as delighted women splashed in water.

"A few friendly neighborhood cops", I whispered to myself,

cataloging the amenities of the world left behind. But there was no sign of any cops.

The sudden sight of breasts and bush caught me off-guard as I sipped the sap from a tiny wax pop bottle candy treat. From that first instant, as they let me into their world of feminine delight, it had been clear that the few nude men spaced ever-so carefully around them would as soon kill me as look at me. Women must live their lives like that, constantly guarded by men. They don't like to do anything alone, always preferring a man guard. That's the real reason for boyfriends. To be their guards. All these women had guards. Even the old one. Luckily there was only one old one.

I hadn't waited to see them for a decade not knowing what to do. I began to masturbate like a jackhammer, diving my eyes right into the beard of the first woman's crotch. Two hot hooters followed, and a beautiful ass. Those men already had all my goodies for real. Or so they probably think.

My smile was as big as a banana as I stood up quick, turned around, came into the grass, right where I had been laying, sat down next to it, plucked my hair free of twigs, then put my spent penis back in my fly like an empty banana skin. The only embarrassment I was conscious of was anybody seeing my banana while I was standing up. But I don't think anybody did. I was still influenced by auntie's training and never uttered a peep. That's why I talk to myself all the time now that I've killed my inner auntie.

I was suddenly thirsty for a long, cold drink of Coke or maybe Mountain Dew. There's two ways to get laid if you're a guy. Big penis or a lot of coke. Somebody told me that and I didn't get it for years. I thought they meant Coke with a capital C. But then, when one of my uncles asked me if I masturbated back when I was nine years old, I thought he was talking about a master of the house or something and didn't get that for years either. I didn't like drugs or liquor then, not even beer. Sugar had to be in a drink or it was swill. To me, the bitter acidic taste of Coke was as nasty as I could ever want. A real vice. My friends told me it had battery acid in it and could cook a raw steak, and I

believed it. I was half-expecting adulthood to be easy. Just a matter of having a big penis or a six-pack of Coke. And being Superman or Batman.

But the orgasm was past, and now I mused how I could use a cigarette. Not that I had ever smoked before, but I had seen it in the movies so many times, I finally understood the reason for it, which was to stretch the calm feeling after the orgasm, and truly missed not having one. So I took up smoking from that day till well into college. Much later I learned how schizophrenics have to smoke constantly, because it helps tame their mental illness. Since schizos usually have no sex interest, there must be a connection.

Both of these habits, Coke and cigs, between them did my teeth in, and that's why I seldom smiled unless the lights were low. I had picked up the Coke habit very early, so my mouth was full of metal even then. Now with cig smoking to enhance the damage, I'd have to pin my hopes on dental science one day reconstructing my mouth from the ground floor, that is, when I made big bucks and could afford fifty thousand bucks of bleaching and implants. How did I know that the number one way to get chicks from puberty on would be to smile like hell and have great healthy-looking teeth?

Size didn't matter. And the coke that might get you laid was beyond my budget. Lady five would have no competition.

How long did it take you to read those last few paragraphs since the part where I came in the grass? That was how long my satisfaction lasted. Four or five times as long. And I had been building up the tension, and going through hell to release it, seemingly forever. My penis now begged to be flogged mercilessly again, like it had no gratitude. It wasn't satisfied, even though it was spent, raw, exhausted, unable to erect, not to mention the drained nuts registering "Empty".

It had betrayed me somehow.

Looking back at the nude babes, I was amazed at how boring sex was all of a sudden. How there was really nothing there, just bumps and fat and skin and hair. An optical



illusion. It was like I was given a momentary reprieve from what the Christian apostle Paul called the flesh. Like I was an angel and could see humans as just another species. I can see why other animals, dogs for instance, weren't turned on by babes that made me do flip-flops. Sexual attraction was a mind game, and it was species-specific. It was all in our minds.

I mean the males, not the females. They lived their whole lives free of the up-and-down see-saw of male libido.

Apostle is a Yiddish word, by the way. Joke.

And then I realized the greatest philosophical truth of my life! In males, sex was a hunger that never died, that just led you from hill to valley back to hill back to valley. You couldn't live without it, for the urge would build up till you couldn't stop yourself from masturbating. In other words, your life was not your own. Your penis owned you. It did your thinking for you. Life would be hard and then you would die. And not even the greatest heights of orgasm would prevent or even cushion the coming fall.

In contrast, the towering heights and outcroppings of the woman's hooters, the valley of her bush, the curves of her hips and ass, they just remained cold and impassive, like rocks on a coastline, while your balls busted again and again on them, spraying white foamy froth blindly. This was true whether or not you could get them to spread their legs first. The entire veneer of civilization was just thinly covering this up. Even manly men who had wives and big families and seemed in control of their sexuality. They were simply like yachts tied to the rocks on the coastline, banging up time and again until they were broken. But still the broken pieces kept coming back for more.

Even a few suggestive words could cause the cover of any man with a bag and balls to evaporate, bringing back the wild, wild seashore of endless sexual seastorms. It was the little spermies trying to get out of the bags, up the tubes, and into the waiting eggs. Hundreds of million of spermies going for one egg. All for the chance that one of them would get through the tough protective wall into heaven. A

heaven where they would die a horrible death.

And the one last insight, bred into me by virtue of living among Jews all my life: money could be made from playing both ends against the middle.

The shock jock was born.

No sleep till Brooklyn.

Brooklyn. Booklyn. Crooklyn. Schnooklyn. Cooklyn.

Back in 1985 when I first bought that album, I thought it was the weakest track on the album. Now I realize it was the best. That album went platinum. Quadruple, quintuple platinum. So pardon my anachronism here. I'll never think like a kid again really, or be able to regress my grammar and vocabulary. Sorry. Just pretend.

When I got home I went into my room and locked my door, with a new Playboy I had purchased on the street, along with a pack of Kents. I picked that brand because of Superman. I still fantasized about being like him when I grew up. I did something I never did before. I turned the radio station from talk radio to heavy rock & roll, for real teenagers. I then jacked off over and over, as quick as I could get it to recuperate, for the rest of the day and night, puffing cigarettes after every orgasm, interpreting every little lyric as a masturbation hint.

But even as I was entering the world of sexual maturity and awareness, I wanted to exit stage left. I so very much wanted to jackoff for a last time, the last time, and cure myself. I wanted to just do it till I was so satisfied that I didn't need to do it again. Just be able to take it or leave it, but not need it. Like Superman.

No such luck. I needed it worse and worse. I was addicted to lady five and there was no cure in sight. I fell asleep late in the night, with a lit cig in my hand, crying. I last remember reflecting philosophically on why women and girls didn't feel sorry for us and just give us hand jobs. The answer was philosophic. They were the seashore. The

rocky, cold, heartless seashore. Where ships get wrecked.  
Then float in pieces as they dash against it further.

My dad. He came to me in the air, hovering over the  
seashore. He was dressed in a white robe and had wings. He  
came to save me. He came a second time...

That god damn radio. Along with TV. Oh oh oh oh. Oh no.  
That is a Jane's Addiction song, badasses.

When I woke up, mister happy was begging for more abuse, as  
if the previous night had just been a warmup. I had been  
lucky. There was a scorched spot on the sheet, but no fatal  
bed fire like I heard about in New York all the time.  
Still, my penis had almost got me killed.

"I never want to see this man again", I thought, referring  
to my penis. That jackhammer motion all us guys can make  
with our wrists became a badge of shame, even in pantomime.  
I just hate it when girls do that to us in public. It was  
their turn to get sick for a change. But if I avoided  
temptation I hoped to get over this bad and wasteful  
addiction.

Postscript to My Preschool Daze:

From then on, I devoted myself ascetically to my studies and  
genuinely tried to never think about sex. Or masturbate  
again. I wanted to grow up as fast as I could and be like  
my dad, whom I had never caught masturbating. I never threw  
away my porno but I did hide it in an especially  
inconvenient place, to wield off those breakdowns when I  
just couldn't go another minute without flogging the bishop.  
My porno was pure triple XXX lesbians who didn't mind who  
was watching and held that pose until the camera got it just  
right.

And I was very, very careful with my smoking habits. Some  
people smoke to keep weight off. I smoked to keep from  
jacking off. I came up with the cover story of my tiny  
penis to handle the guys' jokes at my girlfriendless status.  
I knew I wouldn't ever get a girlfriend, because lady five  
was my true love, and any girl could sense it with a

handshake. I got more and more into rock & roll because it causes your brain to secrete chemicals similar to those it secretes during sex.

I was a complex person now. It was just like when pocket billiards passed up bowling as America's favorite leisure sport. Except they rope-off an area for the money players. I was a phenomenon with several levels. Life was what happened while I was listening to music. I no longer listened to talk radio. Too juvenile for me now. I was going beyond it, and doing research on advancing it into the future. I was self-motivated, self-driven. A self-starter. I had a self-winding watch and it never needed resetting.

Ringmaster, lion tamer, or a clown in a small part? It's everything you buy a Dremel rotary tool for...

Several years later, I had fallen off the wagon many a time, but my life's course never wavered, and I graduated from a community college summa cum laude in communications, armed with a credential that would get me a job in radio. That and my family connections in radio. That plus I was a walking encyclopedia of rock & roll and its lore, and could talk about it forever without repeating myself. Not that I'm not somewhat embarrassed by it now, since my learning curve saturated in the '80s and now I give my age away by knowing too much of that era and not enough of the current one.

And when I'm talking rock & roll, everybody knows I'm really talking about my masturbation fantasies. Even when they won't let me talk about the latter for real, I get to anyway. Not that I took it long. I started talking about what I was really thinking after maybe six months of kissing the management's asses, and have never looked back. No wonder. I found a market and could jump ship and still stay afloat.

Now you can see where I get my blatantly schizoid professional personality, surfing the wild sexual seashore fearlessly on the air during my working hours, not caring who I cause to dash up against the rocks, mentally fantasizing about doing things to women at will, then

reverting to a self-depriving monk of a wankerman when not being paid. I'm kind of like a professional stripper who walks around the streets between jobs draped in extra layers of big, heavy, ugly clothes -- after all, nobody's paying, so why give it away for free? Sorry for that dash. I am not a dash man, really. But this time I couldn't help it. I've never had a hooker in my whole slimy life. And the reasons why are staggering. And now you are in on them, reggie tongue, even though you're not named Elvis. Whatever doesn't kill ya will only make you stronger.

Am I sadistic, ruining other married men's lives with my big mouth? Hell no. I assume they can lash their boats to their wife's rocky seashore just as well as I can. When I ask them if their wife is into anal, I don't mean to imply that mine is. But my fantasies are into anal. My fantasies are into Tommy Lee and Pamela Anderson, getting buck naked and making videos and hoping they will be stolen and spread all over the world. And raking in the bucks. The bitch is, after all, Jewish like me. The pickle fascination of an everlasting guy like Tommy. She goes both ways. Kosher and non-kosher pickles.

Face it. This is a material world. Money talks. Sex sells. Who will help me when my furnace quits and the fridge is bare? Poverty makes for a dull date. The last time I was in therapy I didn't know it. I would be the first one you'd eliminate if a book by the title "How Male Lesbians Can Pick Up Women" appeared on the shelves with an anonymous author. I would have to pay for it. But I make more money with my talk show than any book author, even Stephen King.

But I was just starting out, living on boxes of macaroni and cheese. And what's more, a degree, a steady job, and a measure of success in worklife had left an empty hole in my lonely life. The only part I forgot to say to mister happy when I put him to sleep was how life would not be quite so good without him. Like beer. And I didn't much dig beer. I wasn't Hispanic, was I?

How was mister happy's funeral? I had to go back and get him. Price was not a concern here. My layaway plan had

been secured with mere pennies, but I didn't want my penis to die in maintenance-free astroturf. I finally wanted to get a woman.

I wanted to get Morgan Fairchild face down on the bed and just tame her. But there is no relaxation. Every play is under a microscope when you're a Jew. And I wasn't a kid. Only thirty-eight years old. Joke. General Wood, as I called my pecker, was standing flat-footed as bodies came flying at it in all directions in my imagination.

I threw a flag on myself and changed my rulebook. I would finally cheat on lady five, committing infractions right in front of Major Hasty. But as a slave of my mommy, I had to have that one true love that I could be faithful to, to be free and clear with the pride in my heart and the dirt in my hands, as a hard-working man who drives a Ford.

Are you shocked?

Part III

Anne Bancroft Interview. 12/32/99.

Wouldn't you know it? Howard saved the last interview of the millennium for his favorite screen legend Anne Bancroft. It was touching to see Howard get on his hands and knees and beg like a dog. Then, at the stage door, what do we see but Patty "Puke" herself, her eyes saying volumes. "Matching necklaces! I knew you two were meant for each other," said Howard. It would be amazing if her husband didn't have some suspicions by now. I mean, tennis lessons three times a week. -- Richard Persimmon's Personal Howard Show Log

Chapter 10. Who Ever Heard of a Gypsy Furnace Salesman?

Say what say what? Say what say what? Say what say what? (Read that with a rap beat and attitude.) Get a woman? Me? Mister Like-To-Be-Sad? Mister master debater? Who did I think I was talking to? I couldn't look lady five in the

face, especially when playing the bagpipes on the fireplace bear rug. But you can't eat that lady, Howie, my little voice told me. So, however difficult, I had to try being unfaithful to my lady and look at other women. Like the veritable traveling gypsy furnace salesman.

The first thing I thought of was rape. Back then campus rapists got away with it more easily, since women still were shy about squawking on them, and the establishment still treated them like the criminals. The women that is. But every once in awhile I would read about a rapist getting convicted and receiving 200-odd years. The odds were too steep.

Dear Warden,

My new cellmate be real good. Thank you for sending me this cute cellmate. She be real good in the shower. Especially when she bend over to pick up the soap. She got real long legs.

Yours truly for life without parole,

Bubba

What was that rock group that got people whispering about the lead singer being gay? Not me. Hint: "A little me, a little you, so I don't be unforgiven..." Metallica. Okay, maybe it was another group. I don't want my estate sued to stop publication fifty years after my death. Not that there's anything wrong with being gay. Some of my best friends are gay. I just have residual prejudices. Like for instance.

Only a man who thinks masturbation is wrong and "wastes their seed" ends up sucking cock as a way out without giving in. Like the ancient Hebrew religion. They thought that all blood had to be poured out on the ground before a killed animal could be eaten. Semen, however, could never be poured out on the ground. God killed you for that. Better to eat it. Get a buddy to eat it. Even though homosexuality was another death sentence. Homos didn't last long in ancient Hebe. Today all that Bible garbage is

scoffed at by enlightened people. I mean by people smarter than Ah-nold. And we have toilets. And condoms. I had lady five to fall back on no matter how low I fell, and no Jehovah, Jesus or hell to worry about.

But I still had the fear of being impotent with women, because the only way to get off with them was to jackoff while watching them do it with other women. And not talking. Auntie Fran had actually made me imagine what it would be like to live with no tongue. I had fantasies about cutting my tongue out. This was my cage. Now I was a growup, a grup, like Captain Kirk, and I'd bust out of it, with my trusty phaser in one hand and my communicator chirping in the other.

Tame Morgan Fairchild. How? Wrestle her to the bed and force her legs open, then dive down on her while she peed in my mouth? No way. I didn't really like to eat pussy. I wanted women to like to eat pussy while I watched. I was incurably male lesbian. But if I could get hard and jackoff to the point of orgasm while Morgan did it to my wife, I could leap in, spread her vaginal lips with one hand, and ejaculate into the vagina. That way we could have babies.

Need I say that this was a dead-end struggle with my logic muscle? Here is how I reasoned my way into enough normalcy to get where I am today...

Let's say I cut my tongue out and cut my wang off and laid them side-by-side on the bed. Which would be longer? Which would be harder? Which would weigh more, contain more pure meat? Yes, that was it! Use my penis! I could compete with lesbians for other women, I could I could! Especially a woman who hadn't discovered lesbian sex yet. A lot of them still didn't even know a woman could have fun with another one. (Remember, my own show was far from national syndication at that time.) They think one partner has to be soft and one hard. Wait till after marriage to tell them. After two children. Then she will stay with me to bring them up, as long as I bring in enough dough. There wasn't even a Jerry Springer Show at that time to tempt us (pardon my anachronism).



I'm killing you. You're killing me. And it's hell. But we have to think about the children.

Then I'd finally be normal. (Another anachronism. Rob Zombie of course.) One and one would make at least three. If you can't beat the rocky seashore, tie the knot with it and marry it and spawn a fleet of little boats.

I no longer felt guilty about talking to women. It was amazing, but I married the first girl I dated. Remember on TV's "Family Ties"? Didn't Nick Mallory's girlfriend make art out of trash? I found her still on the market. And she wasn't ugly. She was a babe. Maybe there is God and I should repent and accept Jesus Christ now while I'm ahead. Too bad that mister happy still did occasional consulting work with me. For at least twenty minutes a day I could be real.

Jesus Christ. Only blacks say that. They love Jesus Christ. I love blacks more than whites, so I am fond of saying Jesus Christ, even though I don't love him. That clears up the mystery of my hair. Mental note. I plan on transplating from my back to my top, then my pubes to my top, when the need arises.

So I was off the market forever, as long as I was concerned, subject to the understanding that I would have my career, my porno, lady five, and she would have her career, her kids, her life. Maybe not forever, but in this uncertain world it'll do. I'd keep a full head of hair just in case I was back on the market one day. She made me promise to never talk about our sex life, only to say it was "happy". And it was. As bad as any Christian married couple. Bruce Willis and Demi Moore. So if you think you can bring the giant down by reading this autobiography, Christian morality crusaders, you're wrong. I'll put my private marital life next to yours anytime, Reverend Falwell. Even the devil has wings like the angels, and they have some other things in common, although they might have some differences. Wings can hide things, for instance.

A day at the office merges into the other days like marbled cheesecake. Penthouse Pet of the Year talks with me about

her first lesbian experience. Meanwhile, my yenta wife has never listened to his show. Neither have the kids. We do love going to the park, summer or winter. She wouldn't see that South Park movie with me, even though the girls wanted to go. They probably saw it on their own later. And did things in the dark. Melissa Etheridge has to get a sperm donor to have kids since she's a lesbian. Right, as if she can't fuck. As if they can't experiment with parthenogenesis. Why do lesbians make themselves look like the handicapped when every male lesbian would die to be them? Look at me. I have to pass as a married male hetero to ride life's tram. My wife is window dressing. She always gets the window seat.

The best thing about being married to one woman for life is that every other woman has lost her ability to hook me. Like distant shorelines. Too far. Alas, too far. I'm tethered to my wife's shoreline. On a short tether. Even if Tommy Lee punched Pam Anderson again and she was back on the market, and I was too, just one look at my penis and she'd be outa there. Even if she is Jewish and can stand circumcised pricks.

One night my wife and I were walking in Central Park, under the starry sky. "I love you more than the stars in the sky," I cooed to her. "Stars? What stars?" she asked. Come to think of it, I couldn't see any either. Except myself. Exactly the way my mind always plays with me. Two minutes remaining in the fourth quarter of my guilt trip.

Did you hear the line I gave that Pet? I told her that when I'm with her I don't just want to have sex. I want to talk to her. Understand her. Play with her hooters. She's probably dead by now, so I hope she doesn't read this. I had nothing more in common with her intellectually than with a rotten tomato. After she grew too old it would have been: Peeeyuu! You stink! Have a talk with you? With you? If I wanted somebody for their mind it would probably be a man.

American woman! I said get away! Don't come hanging 'round my door, don't want to see your face no more. UH! NEXT!

A good wife lets her husband keep his sex fantasies as long as he doesn't do anything about them. Just like she has

her silly dime dildo romance novels where she can pretend that men want women for their minds while frigging off with a white plastic pickle.

## Chapter 11. More Than a Pickle Model Now

Speaking of pickles. I skipped a part earlier. I didn't just return straight home on the next bus from that nudist colony. In fact, I didn't return home for a week. If I hadn't hustled my parents so hard and told them such a pack of lies with tiny bits of the truth inserted now and then, I might not be here today. I told them I had gone on a fishing and hunting trip with some blacks from Long Island. They were prejudiced against blacks like every other white and Jew back then, so they didn't even want to check my story. Might end up having to have dinner with them. Or something worse.

There I was on that grass, having shot my grapeshot out of my blunderbuss. I thought of going home then, but I was tired, and the wall of dry thorny brambles purposely landscaped around the nudist colony was too painful to brave again. And I was in green heaven. I didn't want to ever leave. I wanted to move in, get adopted, anything. So I took off all my clothes and hid them, then tried to crash the colony.

Take a look at my physique. Trim and sleek. And a genuine Jewish money belt around my waist. Like my dad said, when he used to live in Oregon and had a job in a pickle factory. He came home one day and told mom that he had caught his dick in the pickle slicer and was fired. He later told me privately that the pickle slicer was fired too. A joke. He was a radio man all his life. And born and raised in New York. And stricter than shit. All he'd have to do is just give me that look and I'd shut up and look like I'm serious about my studies.

School's out. I know I'm grown up now, but I remember my frame of mind to this day. I hid behind a tree for a time, then when I thought the timing was right, I emerged,

smiling, imagining I was at a pickle factory and hoping to find a pickle slicer. Trust some lidocane and pray.

Nobody noticed.

But there, in the crowd, was one special dark-haired, blue-eyed beauty with huge jugs, perfect round curved hips, and a bit of clitty poking through her bush as she sat on a lounge chair with her legs pulled up and her arms around them. I was just walking by her and my inhibitions melted away.

"Pardon me, blue eyes, but is that a clitty I see poking through your bush?"

"Yes, it is." She winked.

"Ah, well, you're such a nice looking babe that I would not be a gentleman if I weren't to ask you something."

"And what is that, sir?"

"Is your clit in need of a good licking about now?"

"I don't believe we've been introduced." She smiled. "But yes, it needs a licking to keep on ticking." She licked her lips.

I blushed while smiling like a Cheshire cat. My turn to speak over, she read my mind and leapt ahead to the direct command stage.

"Stick out your tongue, fella."

"Ahhh."

"Yes, I'd like you to lick me out, fella. I know, I know, you have a name. Just forget that. You know I could just spread my legs on this lounge chair and you could duck down between my thighs and dive my muff while I wrap my legs around your head." She was licking her own lips and handling her breasts with both hands now. Her legs were coming apart. Right in my face. I was crouching down in

front of her magnetically. I felt just like James Bond must have when he woke up in Goldfinger's plane and she told him her name was Pussy Galore.

I put both hands on her bush, massaged around the general area, and got the vaginal lips to part. That was before the era of Massengil and Summer's Eve I believe. So I stuck my finger in her vagina and pulled it out first to smell it. Playing hard to get is supposed to turn them on.

"Smells wonderful."

"Taste!" I was sure it would taste good too.

"Ouch!" A bug-eyed green alien was biting my finger, clamped on like a Chinese finger trap. It had been waiting there like a kangaroo baby...

"I must be dreaming". That's what James Bond said to Pussy Galore.

Yes, I was just dreaming again. I stubbed my toe wandering past all that pulchritude that wouldn't even notice me. If I got close enough to talk, they'd just close their eyes. There I go, talking to myself again. Have to watch that. It is getting to be quite a bad habit. The bit about the Cheshire Cat probably gave it away. He had great teeth. And she wasn't blonde. I imagined she had a mind, like men do.

I knew it now. I'm a loser with women no matter what the conditions. My skinny chicken legs, wobbly ass, beat-off looking dick, Jewish features, and hippie hair didn't make me a Sean Connery either. Being thirteen probably didn't help either, but I didn't realize it at the time, being so used to consider myself as older than I was, and having been used to being alone with mature lezzies. So I just wandered around, hugely ignored by all, until I reached the locker rooms. Then I sat down on a bench, with my legs crossed.

Man, everybody had big dicks compared to mine. Monsters. Whoppers. I was nothing. With a little work I'd be better off passing myself off as a woman. Just stick it between my

legs, and waddle.

I broke down and cried. Nobody noticed.

I raided the lockers until I found enough ill-fitting clothes to pass, then walked out the front, still wearing my sunglasses (forgot to mention them), glad they were hiding my tears. Nobody even asked me to pay.

After several miles of walking on a dirt road I reached a regular highway and stuck my thumb out.

Nobody noticed. I walked on, my shoes too small for my feet, developing terrific sores on my heels and the balls of my feet. But I kept marching on, dejected and not much concerned about that. I felt like a kid who only got one present for Christmas. One that sucked. I was too young to know the difference between need and want. I was a corn fairy. Nevermind.

I was not lying about the money belt. I was, after all, Jewish, and always came prepared. So I passed a small no-tell motel, and paid cash to check-in for the night. A joke. Cash for a check-in. That I was practically a kid didn't seem to matter when money was involved.

This was the oasis of the shitty city, out in the cuntry. Man that place had cockroaches. And bad plumbing. And the floor of the shower was alive with fungal growth. And thin towels. And bed-humping noises in the night. But I slept good, conked-out and feeling all my scrapes, cuts, and sores. Especially the ones with splinters still in them, that I couldn't quite pick out with my fingernails. Ooch. Kept my nails trimmed so I wouldn't hurt my penis, and now when I needed them. At that age I healed fast though. Even my feet. They now had athlete's foot fungus injected into the open sores. It took a year to get rid of it. I hate that Desenex smell. Me and Siamese King Mungkut. Man did he get the babes. Had an entire compound full of juicy pussy, like a zoo. Went around barefooted. All bowed before him. Women jumped to spread their legs for him. None ever said no. That included men. Had to give their daughters or girlfriends to him or have their necks severed

for treason. Think of Siamese cats. Think of how Siam, now Thailand, is the hottest center for young female prostitutes on earth. They will do anything for chump change. Not then. I mean now. Any American man, who can't get poontang here, can go there and get anything he wants, and is treated like a king. They train them young, real young. And they do anything, and with relish. I'm masturbating as I write this.

I woke up pumping my pickle in bed, thinking about all those nude babes doing it with somebody else, just around the corner, so to speak. Somebody. I coulda been somebody. I coulda been a contender. This time I came all over the sheets. Serves the maids right. Let them lick it up. Share a little of my pain. A lifetime of my balls torturing me, just getting bigger, bigger, bigger. I couldn't even get a maid probably. Even if I paid. The only trouble was that it was still dark.

I wondered what would happen if I just lay there in wait until they showed up, say around noon, and began stroking my big hardon and wearing my sunglasses, inviting them to party. I already knew. They wouldn't even notice. At the most they'd just close the door and move on to the next room. I wished I could somehow roll over backwards on my back and suck my own cock off, and exist like that instead of have to live in a sea of chicks that didn't notice me. No man can do that, I know. The porno pics of self-suckers are fake, with two homos in a 69 position and some black velvet cloth.

But my pickle was too short to reach my mouth. I'm sure it's in the Bible somewhere, about how God designed man that way so he'd have to get poontang by the sweat of his brow. God's voice was walking in the Garden of Eden one day, and...

Then I realized something. I hadn't tried using my last remaining weapon. Money. No, not that. My voice. I wondered if my voice could make chicks notice me. I more than wondered. I needed to know, or die. Women can get by being nothing but mute manikins, models. Like in Hollywood. No, New York. You have to have a voice to make it in

Hollywood. In New York you just need the looks, like Cindy Crawford. She was a brilliant student, straight As. Good idea to keep her mouth shut at first, until she got actress training and learned to hide her brains and not let them shoot out of her mouth like mine do. A starlet is just the lowest common denominator of what women all think of themselves as: dumb networkers.

A model just turned 21, whose dreams were only dreams, is still a woman. Women loved to talk. From a land of 165 million, Princess Grace sailed to a land of 22 thousand, to live happily ever after with 200 servants. How did Prince Rainier get her to notice him? Wealth? Fancy clothes? Even he had to get up the plate and talk his way into her perfect panties. Why don't blondes eat pickles? They can't get their head in the jar. Joke. Why blonde? They advertise to the world that they bleached their brains out.

As long as they had ears, and I had vocal chords, my balls would ever strive to use those vocal chords to yodel for yum-yum and attract my princess. As a corollary to that theorem, I had to start trying to pose myself as a prince. Prince Charmin'. I love to squeeze the charmin'. Yes, I could do this. I wasn't too old to learn new tricks.

Too old. Why did I have to learn anything new? I should have been a virgin as far as tricks went. But the years I had spent with a room full of horny lesbian poontang that I could have reached out and touched came back to haunt me. Not that I wouldn't die to turn the clock back. But I never got any, not even once, no matter how much of an eyeful I received. And that sweet pussy smell.

I had grown used to just watching and smelling. Mute, passive. Like I had a right to it. Like a king. I was spoiled, that was it. My nuts were not mature enough to make sperm, so I was protected from the torture I would have felt now. But the training to be quiet around pussy was my worst nightmare now. I had to kill the auntie Fran in me to survive now. I had to finally show my auntie a magic trick and yodel for my pusser, er, supper, now.

I can see why she abandoned me without a word as soon as she



smelled sperm about me. She didn't like dick or sperm, and neither did her lover. They knew they soon wouldn't be able to stop me from jizzing them both up from toes to crown, ruining their fun. And they didn't want to hurt me. They knew that for me to get chicks who could stand men, I'd have to learn it out there, on my own. Life is a jungle. What do you get when you cross a pickle with a deer? A dill-doe. Joke.

Or in my case, a jingle. How bizarre that my parents made their living through talk, and yet that hadn't rubbed off. Youthful rebellion I guess. Everybody tries to rebel against their parents, prove they don't know shit. That was the first time I began to respect my parents a little for what they knew. The first of a million times. By the time I'm sixty I'll be my parents. But even then, dad wasn't single and on the make, and had never had one of those "boy-dad talks", so he had really taught me nothing germane to my current problems. Not that I had asked. So I had to experiment on my own.

So I showered, tried to dry myself with the flimsy towels that held no water, got dressed, and walked out into the night in half-wet clothes. It must have been about 2 or 3 a.m.

Awhile later I tramped back into the nudist camp driveway. The entrance building was dark and closed, but there were floodlights, and I could see some signs of activity. I took off my clothes, stashed them next to the front fence overlooking the gleaming, lighted aquamarine shallow end of the pool, and climbed the fence. Too late I realized I should have taken my clothes off after climbing it. Close call with my danglies on the top. But luck was my lady tonight. I even landed on my feet safely, like a cat. A shot of adrenaline caused me to become a night person. I wanted to boogie, like James Bond. In this light my teeth wouldn't lose me any girls. They are so superficial, aren't they? Should only care about the love toy between my legs.

I started walking to where the party seemed to be. Around a corner, then another one. The pool was empty. The lounge chairs were empty. The clubhouse seemed deserted, but there

was a low light on inside. I opened the door and crashed in.

At first I saw only furniture. Then I noticed a clump of bunched-up furniture at the rear. I quietly walked towards it, past the rows of Wandering Jew plants.

Surprise! Green bug-eyed aliens from outer space, sucking human penis and vagina! The nudists were laid out on sofas and chairs, in a trance. Loud sucking and slurping noises met my ears. Between the green alien legs I could see green vaginas peeking out from their behinds. The humans in a trance, eyes closed, were totally oblivious to my presence. Not that they wouldn't have been if awake. But one alien stopped sucking, looked up at me, and waved a long alien finger to come hither. It didn't have a voice. Mental telepathy.

It wanted to suck me!

I didn't know whether to be scared or elated. I was noticed! I started to speak, but nothing came out...

Too late I remembered that I had been propositioned without having to say anything. But they were aliens... My dick shrunk in terror... But it was too late. The sucking was hard, methodical, mechanical. My dick grew bigger than life, bigger and harder than anything. And it was not pleasurable at all. It was painful. I was being used! I suddenly remembered my dad's Vacu-Jack machine...

I woke up in bed at the motel again, and this time it was light. I saw a maid's cart right outside the shitty venetian blinds, a handle sticking up out of it. And a pair of rubber globes draped over the handlebar. The maids were working on adjoining rooms. I reflected on the dream with my eyes down and to the right, which activates a certain section of the brain, I forget which. But the question then became whether it really happened or was just a dream. Mister happy was so beaten-off, I could have been sucked off for real and not known how to tell the difference. But mister happy soon got hard again, begging to be pumped or sucked or anything, just so it was merciless. So it must have been a

wet dream.

Then I noticed the flower pots. Wandering Jew plants all around the windows. I knew that one houseplant intimately because it was used in a grade school biology class study. Most of the students were Jews, so we were dumb enough to like the name. Later on I learned how the Christians had this legend of a Jew who mocked and abused Jesus on the cross and was forever doomed to wander the earth until his second coming. This scurrilous legend arose in the 13th century, about the time of the Black Plague and the Jewish pogroms. It grew into a library of crap gracing every Christian monastery's library, bolstering their Jew-hating fantasies. Even Shakespeare. The backwardness of the Christian multitude can be gauged by how much this legend is trotted out and taken seriously, like a veteran wide receiver going out for a long ball.

But ever since WWII, when we finalized our takeover of the American media, we have systematically brainwashed the multitude out of their backwardness. The legion of Hollywood heroes behind and in front of the cameras resembles a military campaign in itself. Bigger than the Battle of the Bulge. And we won it hands down.

We Jews were now free to move about America and settle pretty much where we want. Most of us just want to be left alone so we can lapse into atheism and hedonism, avoid the Jehovah's Witnesses, and explore every last little perversion, every last wet dream. I didn't dwell on the legend very long before my libido brought me back to the present reality.

The maids. The dream was a message. I was a wandering Jew looking for a blow job, and they would suck me off! All I had to do was lie back on the furniture, and pretend to be dazed. In real life a blow job was everything any red-blooded Jewboy with or without homosexual tendencies wanted. A blow job from a live human being. That is sex. Live human beings.

I purposely waited for the maids now, naked under the covers. My cream had turned into a wet spot, which I leaned over into only too late. No matter. There would be more freshly-made cream where that came from. Funny how that kind of cream

spreads into a wet spot by swimming, little fishy by little fishy, into the material.

Enter the milkmaid, er, maid.

It was just one maid, a Hispanic-looking woman (probably an illegal immigrant, but I didn't pry), in her thirties, which for them meant near the end of life. I could see the lines and wrinkles in the face, the extra fat on the hips. Something about red hot chili peppers halves their lifespans.

I would have done her if she had asked at the time, though looking back I am glad I didn't try, for I might have found out about VD at too tender an age. I was prejudiced against Hispanics then, okay? Who wasn't? They couldn't all make it in gringoland like Anacani. Not that I didn't sympathize with their causes in an abstract leftist bleeding heart way.

She ignored me. And ignored me and ignored me.

I tried ESP on her. Tried to hypnotize her with my eyes. She must know what was on my mind. We were all alone. A quick blow job. Put it on the bill. Just come here and get real.

She ignored me.

Okay. The dream was a message, yes, but the message was the opposite of what I had at first thought. I wasn't one of the nudist colonists, was I? I was an outsider. A Jew. Ugly. Whatever. They could get all they wanted even in a trance. The message for me was that I couldn't get any sex if I acted like I was in a trance. I couldn't get any unless I worked very hard for it. I am indeed the Wandering Jew, doomed to forever walk the earth, engaging women in conversation to get what I want. And probably failing a thousand times in a row to have even a slim chance at the thousand and first.

This apotheosis changed my life.

The thousand and first! So, there would be sex for me after

all in this life. All I had to do was get to work. It's a numbers game. Like the Jehovah's Witnesses going door to door. A thousand doors slammed in their faces to get one to stay open long enough to get a foot in. Three, four, five thousand doors to finally get one sucker who wants a regular Bible study. Hundreds of those suckers before they get a dope to go door to door with them. But after a hundred years they have a million of those dopes recruited and doing it.

And it's blind odds at work here. Maybe there's beginners luck.

I felt silly, but I broke my silence, trying to engage her in bright, bubbly conversation, trying to smile without showing my teeth too much. Proud that mister happy was bared right under the cover, ready for sucking. I don't remember what I said, because I just said whatever crap came off the top of my head. But I put up a good show.

The talk radio star was born. Born. Reborn. Born again.

She ignored me. It hurt. Color didn't matter to my penis. Maybe she didn't understand English. But despite the hurt I resolved to take it like a girl waiting for that magic call that meant a big break in Hollywood. I took it as a challenge.

Be a big talker. That was the equation. Puss-E equals MC Hammer squared. Talk the talk then walk the cock. Unlock the wok. Rock the sock. Just talk, and legs will spread. It's a grand old flag, America. The land of opportunity. I had T minus 13 years to make up for lost time. So I stepped up the gas.

That freaked her I think. At the time I was hurt, but later I think you all know I live to freak people out. Was this my first? My virginity broken? Read my autobio again and double-check, okay?

She left my room without making my bed or the bathroom. She was giving me a signal to get the hell up and out of there. I did as I was told, and got up off my ass. Visions of ugly scarred Hispanic men accompanying the manager helped hurry me.

I bombed. But I wasn't discouraged. The dream had confirmed my self-analysis. I needed to turn into a big talker. And I had better start studying Spanish. That very next school year I enrolled in a Spanish class. Sucked. Quit after one year. Decades later I lived to regret it, when I realized how hot Latino women were.

I was now a walking radio station, doing my own jockeying. I might continue to bomb, but at least now women would have more to have to ignore. Like an alien armada from space attacking earth, I would be bombarding them in the audio as well as the visual part of the electromagnetic spectrum. The harder you work, as they say, the luckier you get. To get lucky with a woman you have to work as hard as you can, and pray. Or have an alien arsenal of mind beams.

As I left my room, there in a car parked next door was a girl just my age. White, like me. Developed. Alone. And she noticed me. I walked up to her, smiled, and said hello. The sorry past was erased now in the hopes of the moment. A bit of useless information considering my later history of being a virgin until I got married. Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.

She answered. Fine she said. I talked with her at least ten minutes, and spun up one hell of a story, which I don't remember anymore. But it kept her talking to me. And I needed it. I had been the victim of adolescent girl talk, finding myself giggling, mumbling, and stopping in the middle of a coherent sentence. I knew how to talk, from all the radio talk shows I had absorbed, so I knew what was wrong at least. And when I finally got the game eyes and quit talking like her, she noticed. And melted. I realized that what I looked like didn't even matter, as she never looked at me. All the time I was feasting my eyes shamelessly on her face, breasts, legs, crotch, and even did that thing with my tongue when I saw my chance. She asked me what was wrong, so I decided not to do it again. Must have peripheral doppler radar.

I finally talked my way into the car seat with her. I put my arm around her. I was getting an erection, and was

becoming a fiend, a green bug-eyed alien. Her eyes, her voice, her mind all seemed to be off in a fantasy world of her own making, leaving her bod to me. I was resolved to get one finger in her hair pie whether she slapped me or not. Then her parents came out, and surrounded the car like Indians did the army fort. The dad popped the trunk open, began inserting suitcases. The mom opened the front door and threw in a bag. A small girl started climbing around in the car. I let go of the girl like stolen merchandise.

It was over. I begged my way out of the car, and even waved bye as it moseyed out of the motel, without giving away my totally perverted intentions. I guess they knew them as well as I, but the game show had rules and I was finally playing by them. Now that I was alone I again, I knew that I didn't want a girlfriend. I wanted a sex toy. Really, I didn't like talking with females. My times with auntie Fran taught me that we had nothing in common except one thing. It's a cold cruel world that giveth and taketh away.

But I felt almost as if I had had good sex. Not that I could have had any for real then even if the whole family were perverts like me and invited me into their room. My nut sack was on empty from masturbating earlier. My erection was a last dying gasp of a spent asp, and I had already lost it. But this was almost like a redemption of my monkey acts, putting a genuine girl in it in retrospect, redeeming it. Like when Jesus Christ died for man's sins, to redeem man from the sin of Adam. Dam. A dam. Stress on second syllable. I wish I could go back to my bus girlfriend and do it over, keeping the talking going while I pulled my penis out. That was why she was frightened. Penis must be talkative or it becomes frightening. It is, after all, a snake. The snake talked to Eve. And he won. If he could do it, I could do it. And all women are descended from Eve.

Right. We are playing a numbers game here. We are talking about Adam and Eve's seed here. There's a lot of it swimming in the sea for me. Those girls were just throwaways. I'd get more chances. One girl just prepares me for the next. The cure for one woman is another, as I had heard my own dad say. Only lezzies can meet and go to

bed without talking. Maybe not even them. No, nobody can. Language itself was evolved by women as a self-defense mechanism. Everybody has the same problem with them. I shouldn't get mad I should get glad. My penis and tongue both had a million good miles left. I was okay. They were okay. We're all okay. There's no problem. It was all in my head.

So it was like being raised from the dead. My penis that is. It died in my hand that night, and then an angel came at dawn and moved the rock from the tomb, and it walked out, between my legs, rescued from the dead to a new life. And even left a Shroud of Turin for later scholars to analyze, stained with my juice. As I began walking out of the motel to hitchhike, I glanced back and the maid was finally entering my room. Lucky lady. If she only knew to save it, she'd have her retirement fund set. Don't ask me again, but I like Paul Simon a lot and don't like Art Garfunkel at all.

Something just crossed my mind as I was writing this. Remember that great 1994 flick "Heavenly Creatures" starring then-unknown Kate Winslet as a teenie lezzie in 1950s New Zealand about the time I was born? There was no real lez sex in the whole movie, either because the prudes who produced it wouldn't allow it, or more likely because people were really boring dull prudes back then, but the suggestions of its possibility kept me on the edge of my seat. Like I was waiting for them to discover what auntie Fran and I already knew. Finally near the end there was one great scene where she and her girlfriend, who were in love in the head more than in the flesh, finally went to bed naked and kissed great big lush lesbian kisses. Made me soil my briefs. Too bad the movie turned bloody as they planned and then carried out the murder of one of their mothers. They were caught, imprisoned until reaching 21, paroled, and had to spent the rest of their life apart as a parole condition. Sad.

The way Kate gave herself totally to this ugly murderous dyke, even though Kate's girlfriend was not very sexy to look at. It didn't look like acting to moi. Kate was getting into it. What did this dyke have anyway that I don't have? Too butch. Too plump. Rangey hips. Remember



that girl that was kept in the pit in that movie "Silence of the Lambs"? Anthony Hopkins, playing Hannibal the Cannibal, described her hips as "rangey". Remember that voice saying "rangey"? Same difference here. And Kate went for that gargoyle? In drag I'd look better than her. But she sure did know how to talk the talk. She knew more about how to get a chick at age 14 than I did. Imagine being able to eat Kate Winslet anytime you wanted.

At least I was finally on the right track. Talk first, make love later. Even Leonardo DiCaprio had to do that on "Titanic". James Cameron the director no doubt picked her for that star-making role so he could get her for himself, to do lezzie shows for him. Another male lesbian. My daughter was right. DiCaprio-Winslet are on the way out as an item. Were marked even before they started.

No misunderstanding anymore. Ya ya ya yaaaa, like Tommy Lee sang. I was no longer struggling to be normal. It was every man for himself. And nobody gives it away. It's cheaper to keep her.

People might wonder why, if I had this apotheosis at the age of thirteen, I was known as a shy pimply Jewish wallflower until I got out of college. Well, I said I was complex. I believe in delayed gratification. I didn't want to be normal. I struggled with being normal. Even as I was finally normal, I was bored with being normal, and was going past that, to supernormal. Everybody knows we Jews are mentally unbalanced. Sopping wet with guilt. Wanting to be comedians. Wanting to have a perfect body. A perfect soul. Want you to notice when we're not around. Wishing we were special. To be free. To be a widow. To be around. Like Anne Bancroft. Name that tune by Radiohead or you're a shit.

And the rest is history. Dame chiste verde. That's Mexican for talk dirty to me.

Chapter 12. The Pukes

Well, not quite. There's something about where the sun rises that's different from where the sun sets (to rip-off dear dead John Deuschendorf Denver). I was like a drag racer that, once up to speed, needs a long runway to slow down, and a parachute for a brake. I didn't regress into a wallflower again until my big adventure was finished. And it wasn't.

After hitchhiking my way back to the bus station I went in to purchase a new ticket. I had left my old return ticket back in that thicket. It might still be there for all I know. Go look. Right next to that cigarette butt left by the shooters on the grassy knoll.

You can write a script for a TV show about what happened next. No, let me do it, like Stephen J. Cannell. You have to be truly dyslexic to show instead of tell. Call it a coincidence, but the greatest playwright of all time is none other than Howard Stein. He taught at Columbia U., in New York, and I never met him although I might have and not known it.

So, to tell instead of show (pay to see the show on cable if you want to be showed), I met my first easy woman. Since she was a famous TV and movie actress, I'll protect her privacy by calling her Patty Puke. Everybody knows that the highlight of her career was playing a blind socialist who supported the Bolsheviks. Helen Keller. Except that she couldn't espouse her views, only the childhood where Anne Bancroft taught her to touch and feel in some great bathtub scenes. Few of us have heard all the Hellen Keller jokes. Nevermind.

Patty had just been in a TV movie about a pregnant young Southern girl and a black lawyer sharing a house, and she hadn't yet won the Emmy for it, nor given that disastrous incoherent acceptance speech that caused her name to become mud in Hollywood, kind of like Dana Plato's became later. Everybody thought she was on drugs, but she was only mentally ill from a lifetime of physical and sexual abuse and a dysfunctional family, like the rest of us. Patty not Dana. Having manic-depressive disorder. They both had family problems. Dana was on every drug in the drugstore I

heard. And she had tried to make a comeback using my show, only to have viewers tell her she was a loser and cause her to cry. Just weeks later, she overdosed on muscle relaxants and tranquilizers. Soma and I forget what else.

My mind is wandering. Back to the bus station.

As chance would have it, Patty was in-between manic-depressive mood swings, and had just returned from a trip to Martha's Vineyard. She only stopped at that bus station to go inside and get a newspaper to read about herself. And to go potty. After all these were the wilds of New Joisey, and she was too famous to do it in the bushes. She bumped into me at the Coke machine, and we had a comical incident where my pants fell down. The pants were too big for me. I had had to take a shit, and did it in the station, not because I was too famous to do it in the bushes, but because some of the berries I had eaten in the wild were for bears only. I dumped my guts bigger than Jeff Daniels in "Dumb and Dumber". By the way, did you know that there has never been a documented case in the U.S. of any person being assaulted by another person when he was being protected by a bear? As if a bear can be trusted to be a bodyguard. And anybody would want to eat bear berries.

As I was hitchhiking, I had the one brilliant idea for an invention in my whole life: the Bumper Dumper, a portable toilet seat that could be pulled on a trailer hitch. I actually went to one of those inventor-assistance companies, and gave them thousands of dollars to help me patent it and sell it to some big company. Instead, I just lost the money, and saw some company later develop my idea and market it without paying me a dime or giving me any credit. It's all my fault, I know. I didn't follow through. I don't have what it takes to succeed in business. Didn't. That was then, this is now.

Stop the red light boy. I also invented the cowboy hard-hat for construction workers, but that's another sob story and the idea was really unpatentable anyway. Remember that Tony Manero look that John Travolta started in "Saturday Night Fever"? Then the Urban Cowboy look? The Village People look? Travolta wasn't in the Village People, just into

Village Inns. That's how I came up with it. I imagined Travolta going gay and everybody trying to hit him over the head with a shovel. Or a brick. Like a lumberjack way back in 1917 would. Like the two lesbian lovers did to one of their mothers in "Heavenly Creatures". If the mother had just been wearing an Australian cowboy hard-hat the film would have been better, with a happy ending. That film would have been even better had Patty Puke starred as lesbian twins. With a body double she could have eaten herself out and won two Oscars and an Emmy too. Joke.

Back to Patty Puke. Yes, her very presence wowed me. She was a dustbuster. Built like black and decker. May her days be merry and bright and all her Christmases be white. I held out the merry hope that I, yes I, could be just the boy to lick her problems.

She was traveling in a stretch limo with her own chauffeur, who it turned out was the future father of none other than that famous white racist and politician David Puke. (I am protecting his privacy by using a fake surname, er, name.) At that time he was not even born yet. Don't even ask if Patty had anything to do with him. Or what they had been doing up in Martha's Vineyard. Sick joke some of our New York motorists would have trouble with.

I have a special family interest in that area, a sad one. So when Patty mentioned Martha's Vineyard, I shed a small tear, like that Indian in those anti-pollution commercials. She saw it and thought something else.

How did I end up going in the limo with her? Of course I would love to bum a ride with a rich lady, and besides I was hungry. But why did she want me? Let her tell it, from her best-selling autobiography. (Thank goodness I didn't tell her my full name, so she didn't connect it with this famous shock jock in her own home state of New York. Not even as I interviewed her on the show and asked her, unsuccessfully, to take off her top and show us her breasts. The bitch.)

"I was so down that I just wanted a young boy half my age to do the wild thing with. I was so important and famous I know that I could get away with anything in those

backwoods, so convenient to the big city. And Howard smiled and talked to me so nice. I thought he would be good conversation. And he had a wild, rough, scratched-up look, which was a turn-on. I could hardly wait to sink my big sharp nails in him and inscribe in Braille on his back."

That, and the fact that I told her I personally knew Donovan and was Irish like her. Call it a stunning coincidence, but this all happened before Woodstock (earlier that same year), and before I actually saw him in real life. So it must be true because I could never have made such a wild thing up. I was mainly trying to disguise my Jewishness and my Indian streak. And everybody likes a Mick.

This was between affairs with the 17-year-old Desi Anus, Jr. (name changed to protect his privacy), that Gomez Addams character, John Asshole (name changed to protect his privacy), almost 20 years her senior, and numerous others I think. She later married the old guy and had about two or three more children, for a total of five between them. Ask Anne Bancroft her good friend about it. All I wanted to do was eat her, and coax her to do it with Anne while I masturbated with something edible. I had seen "The Graduate" and I was Jewish like Dustin Hoffman. Now there's a male lesbian. Anne was still below forty when she made that movie, and I thought she still was. [Correct. She was born in '31. -- Ed.] I thought she could just call her up and have her over as easy as pie.

Speaking of pie, I was hungry. I assumed she would feed me well too. Anne. Cannell. Canned corn. Creamed.

So we headed in her limo to New York, passing right by a lake in New Jersey that the chauffeur said had been a training camp for heavyweight champ Joe Louis. Over the long multi-lane, multi-level bridge. Into the big city, Manhattan. Right into Park Place, if you know your Monopoly. A luxurious hotel overlooking Central Park. My legs hurt by then. She had sat on them most of the way. How did I know that she was almost broke, and running up a big bill she couldn't pay? I thought she came in the back way to avoid the press.

In her room at last, her chauffeur waiting in the hallway. She caught me on the fly, wrapping her arms around me like a bear, and began sucking my face dry. I felt like a prey of a bear more than a lady killer, but I went through the James Bond motions, just as I had seen in the movies. I started by reaching behind to unfasten her bra. She was already going for my pants. They fell like drapes. I started kissing her shoulder and trying to get her arm through the bra strap, just like Bond, James Bond. She finally broke free and took it off, tossing it away like a banana peel. Then she hugged me harder and sucked my face harder. There was no way to avoid it. I had to be really nice to the horny nympho. She began talking dirty to me.

Oh -- my -- Gawd --- Howie. Look at those breasts. The nipples were big and scarred from baby teeth. She was a mother! Just like my own mother. The panties took several minutes, it being necessary to have her lean back on the bed as I fell on top of her first. I finally had her dress pulled up to her navel. There were the panties, whiter than my shorts ever were, and underneath there was the hairy bush of delight, waiting to be eaten out like only a real male lesbian can. Every time I tried moving my head down, with my tongue working, she caught it with her hands and pulled it back up to hers, and resumed sucking my face. She took advantage of my extended tongue to french me.

You need lips to suck. Anatomically speaking. How many aliens have lips?

I lasted a maximum of twenty minutes or so. Her chauffeur, Big Bubba Puke, threw me out of the room when I lost my erection after she resisted my attempts at eating her and demanded that I mount her missionary style and bang her eyeballs out of the sockets like in the Kama Sutra. Her crotch was still coated with whipped cream after I had eaten my half of the strawberries and refused the champagne.

Big Bubba threw my clothes out in the hallway after me. By now I was used to that. Going around without clothes. He never seemed to take off his chauffeur's hat, did he?

Her eyes. I'll never forget them as I looked back through the crack in the door as he held it firmly with one hammy hand. She sure can act. Like a wild horse. Thank God for lithium.

She became terrifying. Like I learned from Chris Reeves, never kid a Kidder. I'm glad I can still walk after riding that horse.

And she had stolen my money belt. And she wasn't even a Jew I don't think. Dropped my guard. It didn't matter. It did matter. It took the cooperation of both halves of my schizoid brain to come to terms with that. I became sick of covering up for myself.

Funny how later, after her interview on my show, I found out she had acted topless in a movie for the first and only time playing a lesbian (in 1981). What an actress.

I began walking down the long hallways, clothes under my arm. Doors began to peek open. I believe I saw an erect penis poking out from under a Do Not Disturb sign. A flock of pajamas and nighties dazzled my eyes. A nun's habit. A pair of hideous flabby butt cheeks, mooning the crack in the door. What kind of hotel was this? I was only a boy. Yes, later on I realized they were all me.

A nun's habit. That's one mind I don't want to ever get into, that of a nun. Talk about swallowing the lie of lies and begging for more. Even a porno movie with Bernie the midget and Smalley Pauley and Andy Dick would be made more graphic by putting in a nun. A lesbian nun. They all are. Ice ice pu-u-u-sy. Eat a big fat penguin at the south pole. Or go round the world. Big fat bus. Ice ice bus. That habit. That dirty filthy habit. They never wash their clothes. They are medieval. They are mean and nasty. They run grade schools, and hit you on the hand with rulers. The ultimate nightmare would be a world run by mean nuns.

I didn't see the red light I drove through, and now I, my friends, and a couple of nuns are going to the hospital. The friends won't make it, and one will never walk. Me.

I was saved from more trouble by none other than Donald Frump (name changed to protect his privacy), who was coming up the elevator as I got on to go down. I am sworn to secrecy as to what happened, but suffice it to say that I am a warm backer of his career, and would even support him stiffly as a political candidate. He gave me the secret of who killed Kennedy. I've hated Kennedys ever since. He told me to go to this upcoming event called Woodstock, which he said was definitely anti-Kennedy. He made sure I got back to my home and my normal old life in just five days. Count 'em, five.

He was my guardian angel ever since, the rich bugger. I owe him my career. That's why I help him run for president when everybody thinks I'm nuts. Payback time, okay? Can't change all the rules. I never said I never had a homosexual experience. I just don't get off on one. But I love being surrounded with beautiful women, high-priced spreads, pure butter. Even if I never get anything from them, and have to watch others. I love the fantasy of voyeurism. Welcome to the NFL. Where great crowds of whites watch tiny groups of niggers prove their superiority and think their daughters aren't going to have kids by them.

That was another turning point in my career. I could have kept on maturing into a normal man, but for two things. For one thing I wanted to be a shock jock in my heart to please my parents, and for another I wanted to be a voyeur more than really do it myself. I was in love with my hand, and nobody could do it better. Only my eyes remained free to roam. My sexual perversion was fixed in childhood, with my dear auntie. I know now that it's true that once a habit is picked up in childhood it will remain for life. The best I could hope for was to get rich enough to pay for my seat in a boudoir, and pay others to act out my fantasies while I smacked the salami. Donald made me more complex, because he was rich enough to pay for a lifetime of fantasies, and he wasn't impotent with women, or men either. He gave me a taste of the life. He wasn't a Jew either, I don't believe. He was just a modern Roman pagan. Or at least a good faker. Like me, he was voted most likely to sow his seed.

So he became my fantasy. I would always be trying to turn any



success I had into a Donald Frump day in the penthouse, even if only when on the air. And I had to go for broke in my career, be a superstar, cultivate abnormality, to break out of the herd and get more rich than I needed so I could live life's big fantasy. To get my fingers to smell as good as his. Now you can understand where I'm coming from a little better. Even my wife didn't know this. Or Donald. He is definitely a legend and even to be nominated with him in some kind of category one day would blow my head off, like a white supremacist having to kiss a nigger.

Click. Insert hypertext link here. Kiss A Nigger Program. Yes! Genius! Keep my brains warm! America's War on Racism of the 21st century. Make every white supremacist have to come to a federal facility of some kind and kiss a row of big black niggers until their heads blow off! We're talking about kids in a high emotional system. Genius! Sigourney Weaver can be the head of it. She has experience with apes. Click. Back to main text.

But I don't think you'll understand this. Ever after, I have hated hotels, and would prefer to sleep in a sleeping bag. If I sleep in a hotel, I always have this recurring nightmare about wandering through a dark looming claustrophobic forest and emerging from the tree wall to encounter a colony of big ugly gray-brown mounds guarding the only road out. I freeze, unable to go back to that terrible forest, unable to go forward. I'm alternately freezing cold and feverishly hot.

Then the mounds come to me. Swarms of loaf-size black killer beetles attack! They swarm around my feet. Start to crawl up on my feet.

At first I stomp on them, using my height to have the advantage. But then flying beetles attack, and land on me. On my back and arms. The swarmers gain a foothold on my ankles. I reach down to pull them off. They are black and horny, chilling. But I grab one with both hands, and try to pry it off. The pain is incredible, searing. When I let go in despair, they keep inching up. They cover my legs and crotch, but leave my penis dangling free. They cover my trunk, arms, shoulders, neck, face. I have no

hands anymore. They are covered.

They inject poison in me that numbs me. More and more gets into my bloodstream. "Halt in the name of the law!" I mumble. They cover my penis now. Fasten on. Inject. They're eating my penis. My amorphous phallus.

My whole body is solidly covered with black beetles, from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. I become totally paralyzed, immobile. I want to die but can't. I'm awake and aware. Numb but knowing my body is really in total agony. I feel myself being tugged along. I roll over in bed, freaking out with the nightmare, unable to wake up. I try to break out of the dream, but get drawn back into it. Curiosity killed the cat. There I am, inside a mound, awake, aware, immobile. The beetles lay their eggs in me. The eggs hatch and use my body as food. I now feel everything, every bite. I see them, big black loaf-size beetles, marching in army formation, in circles, in my mind. My mind is turning into solid swarms of baby black beetles. The beetles are eating my face.

I can't sleep in a hotel.

I can also tell you why Magic Johnson has HIV.

Postscript to The Pukes:

I have a little Indian in me.

Not much, but enough to make me nuts. Wampanoag Indian.

Wampanoag means "eastern people". What am I? They were also called Massasoit, Philip's Indians, and very commonly in the early records, Pokanoket (Poncakanet). Sounds like poke a nooky. They spoke Algonquin, which is descended from Hebrew via the thirteenth lost tribe of Israel. See the Book of Morons, er, Mormon. They owned the area between Cape Cod and Rhode Island until the stinking British moved in and exterminated them, first with epidemics of their scurvy poxes, later with warfare. No sleep till Brooklyn. In the year 1600 there were as many as twelve thousand of them in forty villages, with four thousand of

them on the islands of Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. You know the joke about the man from Nantucket? It was originally the redman from Nantucket. Joke.

When the Pilgrims landed in 1620 the English diseases had already wiped out many villages but hadn't hit the islands yet. Within fifty years the rest were decimated by English guns, after most of them refused to become "praying Indians" and accept the sick Puritan lifestyle, complete with compulsory church attendance and the wearing of their silly clothes to cover up their boulders and breasts. Massasoit, the Grand Sachem of the Wampanoag (actual name Woosamaquin or Yellow Feather) had even gotten his two sons' names changed to English names, the big dope.

The Wampanoag were organized as a confederacy with lesser sachems and sagamores under the authority of a Grand Sachem, who was like a fisher king, a working man of the people with authority. The elder brother Alexander (Wamsutta) was lured by the English to Plymouth for peace talks, and poisoned at a feast like a rat by these loving Christians. The younger brother Philip (Metacomet or Wewesawani) then became the new Grand Sachem. The English called him King Philip to make genocide sound dignified. No Jewish-controlled media then, and they knew they could get away with anything.

King Philip knew the English were going to eliminate all of them eventually, so he started to fight back. With most of his own people gone, he started looking for allies among the other tribes, all of whom had their own problems. He finally got together an army from the fifteen thousand Indians in the area. The English already numbered thirty five thousand. He put up a valiant struggle, but with being outnumbered, outgunned, subject to more epidemics, and being betrayed by praying Indian traitors in his own ranks, he finally bit it. Cold as a codfish.

One great battle was held in December of 1675, when Governor Josiah Winslow of Plymouth led a thousand-man army with 150 Mohegan scouts against the Narragansett, who were still neutral but harbored some Wampanoag women. The English demanded the Narragansett surrender their Wampanoag and join them against Philip. When they refused, the English

attacked on December 19. Known as the Great Swamp Fight, the battle almost destroyed the Narragansett, killing more than 600 warriors and at least 20 of their sachems. I've hated the Winslow name ever since. The Winslows ran Plymouth ever since they came over on the Mayflower. That very name spells Indian genocide to me. I want to get away. I want to fly away. Yah yah yah. Just think. If King Philip had won, they would have kept the British out of Cape Cod, and the Irish that followed them. So they would have killed the Kennedys with a time bullet. America might also have been prevented from annexing the Philippines, and kept out of WWI. Sometimes I cannot take this place.

After the war the surviving mainland Wampanoag were relocated with or mixed with the Nauset in Praying Villages in western Barnstable County. The island communities of Wampanoag on Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket maintained a population near 700 until a fever in 1763 killed two-thirds of the Nantucket. They never recovered, and the last one died in 1855. The community in Martha's Vineyard has sustained itself by adding native peoples from the mainland as well as by intermarriage. Indeed by 1807 only forty full-bloods were left. Forty. A good biblical number. The current membership is over three thousand, and probably no full-bloods. Like all of America will be in a hundred years. Massachusetts divided the tribal lands in 1842 and ended tribal status in 1870, but the Wampanoag reorganized as the Wampanoag Nation in 1928.

There are currently five organized bands: Assonet, Gay Head, Herring Pond, Mashpee, and Namasket. All have petitioned for federal and state recognition, but only Gay Head (600 members but without a reservation) has been successful (1987). The Mashpee (2000 members) were turned down by the federal courts in 1978. That really sucks because they don't sell anything.

Somewhere in there one of my ancestors married a Wampanoag squaw and had another of my ancestors. Anybody wanna smoke a peace bong and eat some turkey, wild cranberries and smashed pumpkin stew with me? How about some cod fish with cream sauce? I hear that's a Gay Head favorite. I tried

several times for official recognition as a member of the tribe, but they didn't buy it. I have connections in the casino business, so it's too bad. I coulda given, er, been a Gay Head, welcoming you to my tax-exempt world wide web broadcast casino and lesbian show. Nevermind. I'm not trying to change the world with this autobio, just clean up the schemes. Cleanliness is godliness and godliness is empty, just like me. Smashing Pumpkins.

Not that I care about Indians in general. My gawd, they had a life expectancy of 23 years. They weren't doing anything with this great land but squatting on it. We had to get them out of the way, do a number on them. And look how well we did. The country today is eighty percent white, ten percent black, and one percent Indian. And half Hispanic, if you count the illegals. That doesn't scare me right now. The Indian figure does. One percent is just about too much. Every time I see the modern Indians having a pow-wow, dressing up in those silly turkey feathers and leather thongs, and doing that sick, baby dance to their dumb, baby music, while teaching their kids to hate white man and his culture and scalp neatly, I feel the exact same revulsion every civilized European must have as they wiped them out and ethnically cleansed this land that is our land, this land is not your land, from naked Indians in Arizona, to Scottish highlands, so they could get on with their own infighting.

Just look at I Dream of Jeannie. That genie bottle was in actuality a Jim Beam Christmas decanter. From there Larry Hagman went on to a stellar career in Dallas. What did the Injuns do all that time? Staged a protest at Wounded Knee? Held pow-wows and danced that baby dance? They're a race of hobos. They don't seem to be acting school children, but real children. Look at the Landers sisters if you want a comparison. Watch them act on TV and in the movies and on children's TV. Have sister lesbian sex. One of them even starred on Dallas as a rich man's slut who would do anything for a price. She and Victoria Principal would lick each other's clits in the dressing room while Larry Hagman and Patrick Duffy beat each other off. Nice. They'd even take turns being director. Cut! Take sixty-nine! And as they fooled millions for a living, they were real pros, with real careers, in a real economy, of real people. And real

Jews pulled their strings. See the credits. Principal wasn't even white, she was a half-Japanese mongrel. Duffy wasn't a Christian, he was a Buddhist, into Budweiser. Now take the native Americans, as they like to be called. Too immature to do anything but screw everything up. They're just not complex enough. An NFL football party outclasses every pow-wow they ever had. Evolution has selected them for extinction. And their dicks are smaller even than mine. Even we Jews don't have any use for them. All except those who are going with the program and running casinos. I would have told 'em from day one. You either join us or take a walk. Book 'em now.

Pffft. There. I just farted in my hand and am now sniffing it. That's better. Smells like mustard pretzels. That's because I had some several hours ago.

Great show. We'll see ya tomorrow. At this time my mind leaves the airwaves for technical adjustments, so that I can plan on pushing the envelope even farther. Further. Farther. Fart on her.

What do you mean you first?

### Chapter 13. College Daze

I spent the rest of my high school days trying to get serious with my studies, and accept a monastic lifestyle on the principle of delayed gratification. The problem was that I had fallen behind my classmates in every subject, and they were accelerating at the same time. Acceleration: the increase of the increase of velocity, or speed in a given direction. I first had to reverse my direction, then build up speed.

I graduated from high school so low on the list that I didn't even bother applying to a university. I went to a community college because they let anybody in who had a high school diploma. And they are just glorified trade schools, which is all I needed, since all I wanted was a job in

radio. The gimmick I had on everybody was that I was really quite brilliant, but had just been suffering from a phase of underachieving. Now I turned it on and became an overachiever. At the same time I was in an environment of chronic underachievers. So I looked even brighter in comparison. I wanted my college diploma to be a one-way ticket to the Promised Land. I was going to be the Wolfman Jack of the Jews, and have bits in Ron Howard flicks.

I started college as chaste as the day I was born. Not that I didn't mess up my zero chances. The girls now were all plug ugly, the ones left over after all the chances for good looking girls in life are taken. It was a little like being one step from a street bum. A bad semester away from living on the streets in a cardboard box. Not that I didn't want to at that age. I was an adult finally, and everything on me was new.

Once I was taking a freshman level class in Sociology, the kind that is held in a big auditorium with two hundred head of cattle. One particular girl kept sitting next to me near the top (back) all the time. She smelled bad, like fried pickle loaf on her breath all the time. But she was female and young and could be cleaned up. Unless she had worms. I suspected worms. About 1349 of them. She probably had to crash with somebody, get free rent, be somebody's pet between jobs doing shit work for minimum wage. One job she'd never get is nude model for the art class. I found out there was a two-year waiting list just to get in the class as a student. Her liberal arts major would guarantee a job at minimum wage for life, if she could still read and write well enough.

I felt pity for me instead of her because the really good-looking chicks kept on the other side of the auditorium, ignoring me studiously. Every time I cut a big fart though, I felt saved. At that age I farted like a horse. Still do. Started around my freshman year and each decade it just gets worse. Over the pickle loaf smell though it was not that noticeable to a sensitive guy like myself. I guess you can fart into cakes and do damage, but not pickle loaf.

One day the professor showed a movie that had nudity in it, dangling penises and bouncing breasts mainly. Woodstock type stuff. During the screening, the lights off, she whispered something to me desperately, which I didn't catch. She then scribbled something on my notebook. When the lights came on, I read it. It said, "Make love now talk later." I turned the page nonchalantly, to jot down what the prof was saying, just as she peeked out of the corner of her eye expectantly. She expected me to write something in reply on hers, but I didn't. I then failed to say anything to her. Me, the master of yak-yak. Honestly, I didn't even get it. No woman ever made a pass at me. Maybe pickle loaf goes with beans and she wanted to have a picnic.

One little lapse, after years of self-discipline. She looked hurt. When class was over, it finally registered that she had a pass at me, and began to turn to talk to her for awhile, then ask her if she'd like to come to my dorm room. But she got up faster and vanished. Sorry, but I want to make the first move and then let her jilt me and go home and masturbate happy. So I was hurt too. I went home and masturbated hurt. She never sat next to me again. That was one of the few classes I got a B in rather than my usual A. I have had wet dreams about her ever since. And always with the smell of pickle loaf in my nose. That B kept me out of the running to go to grad school and become a professor. Eh. No loss.

Not home really. My dorm. Ah, my dorm. There were green bug-eyed aliens that lived in the toilets if you really needed it, but I shooed them off, because I wanted to use my own hand for this emergency. I also used the toilets to cut the really big farts in. Either that, or not last the semester with my rowdy mates. I knew from high school that it was easy to kick my ass. I studied a lot and tried to ignore all the partying going on. Some people came to college to party. I came to get qualified to start a career. Is it any wonder that when I did, I turned it into a lifelong search for my lost adolescence and early adulthood? I'm still looking as I approach fifty and look tired all the time, waiting, just waiting for the first signs of old age. And I take every vitamin and hormone in the Internet, like most people now.



6345789. That's the number for high school dropouts in the hood who got more booty by age 18 than I will get by age 80 and never have to masturbate. The aliens don't get much biz in the ghetto, not from the young. If only I were born black. The only downside is ending up dead or in prison by age 25. But my mind is wandering.

You know what pop culture is. It is a war cycle. It is the real people trying to peddle as much of what people really want to be doing to them, while the entrenched religious-backed establishment, which has the high ground, tries to see what outrageous punishment it can inflict or threaten to inflict to hold them back.

Battles are won by our side more than theirs. That's why the decades of the twentieth century are generally ones of progress. Take the 70s for instance.

Remember those mood rings they used to sell in the 70s? Here's what the colors meant:

black: anxious, excitable  
amber: nervous, tense  
amber-green: troubled, uneasy  
green: sensitive  
blue-green: relaxed, calm  
dark blue-purple: happy, love

The happy-love color was an orgasmic penis-clit color. The reactionary forces didn't even 'get' it. Big victory for our side there. I used to wear one while I masturbated. I suppose females did too.

Why did polyester jeans bomb in the '70s? Because they do not fade, tie-dye, or bleach? That's the official story. Because they don't absorb stinking crotch odors well, like denim or cotton do. Nothing sticks to polyester. If your crotch doesn't stink, silk is there. For the not-so-rich and the religious, there is linen.

One of the best scenes of any general audience movie was in the movie "Freebie and The Bean" in 1974. Freebie, James

Caan, goes to his girlfriend's apartment and, instead of trying to bang her, decides to eat her. Tip: play "Sex Magic" by the Red Hot Chili Peppers while watching that scene. Was that really Loretta Swit or was I too high on coke? Alan Arkin was The Bean. A lot of eastern Europeans liked to play Mexicans in Hollywood. Valerie Harper played The Bean's wife. I could almost smell her tampon hanging out of his mouth. His red hot chili pepper in her mouth. Hers in his. But in the movie he was a model husband. Straight missionary only, in-between the car crash scenes in, of all straight places, San Francisco. Auntie Francisco.

Why, when the Pharisee leader Saul of Tarsus saw the vision of Christ on the 140-mile road from Jerusalem to Damascus, at high noon, looking straight into the sun, and went blind, did he recuperate on the street called Straight for 3 days? Here's a little something that you might not like, but I had to say it even if it sounds not nice. I didn't invent it. It's right there in the book of Acts 9:11. The street is there to this day, called Darb al-Mustaqim in Arabic. Was Saul The Bean of that day? Who was Freebie, then? Christ? Was Valerie Harper Mary Magdelene? Or Loretta Swit? That very name Swit sounds like swill plus nitwit. And she even looks like a pig. I know, I'm just a worthless liar. I am just an imbecile. Don't listen to me or I will just complicate you. I was once discarded like a used tampon. Sing it.

Still, F&TB was a temporary victory. Most if not all of the macho action heroes preferred banging to eating. They didn't pick up the Freebie & The Bean sequel. Alas, they should have discovered me in the seventies, and let me build up a movie audience. I could have been a far more progressive Rocky, Conan or Terminator. Now, like Ahnold or Sly, I'm too old. And I think action movies should be about eating women, not blasting men.

Back to my pickle loaf girl. I went home intending to masturbate, and ended up crying with my hand full of penis and mayo and my mouth full of stale white bread.

Life is overwhelming sometimes, isn't it? You just don't

understand when I'm trying to explain. I guess some things will never change. Hey, like a chump, like a chump, like a chump, like a chump. Just leave me alone. Nothing is the same. Everything is the same. Nothing will ever change.

If you don't stop crying, I told myself, I will give you something to cry about. You don't need a good voice to go to karaoke bars. Good cahones in the radio talk business are, on the other hand, essential. So don't spoil your life now by having feelings. You're no good for me, baby. It's funny how relationships change. I'm glad we don't have a friendship that I don't want us to lose. Thank god it's over.

Never again have I eaten a single slice of it. Kosher or no.

And that was before karaoke bars too. Try that new title from Korn, called Make Me Bad. One thing I can tell you is, it won't be right.

Now that I'm trying to do it, I can't. I can't write about my college days. They sucked too bad. They were really bleak. I was being molded into a career and being stripped of my innocence. I would never be able to go back to being a kid until I got senile. Time would just rush on faster and faster as I played the American capitalist dream game of hollow success. And tried to give a meaningless life meaning. And fail, like everybody else. Maybe the Indians are right after all. They should do a number on us. Or wait till we kill each other off, then take over what's left. Having a drop of Indian blood in me won't save me when the hatchets are swinging.

Chapter 13 Revisited.

This story about one of the giants of the twentieth century is a masturbation fantasy. Okay? I never went to any nudist camp in New Jersey, never met any Patty Puke or Donald Frump, and never went to Woodstock. I lived a lonely

sheltered life mainly in my bedroom and made things up to keep from climbing the walls. If I'm poor at making things up, it isn't because I haven't had a lot of practice. I listened to the radio, read books and comics, watched TV, and watched everybody else from the bushes. I thought E.E. Doc Smith's Lensmen novels were true. I had no real life. I lived other people's imagination products. I have the closest approximation to a real life now, not because I have a real life, but because I've cut a swath in the consumer society, and turned cash. And with the help of paid writers, I can at least create some imagination products of my own.

My persona is phony, like any circus freak or professional wrestler or politician. It's a product for sale, trademarked and everything. I'm the true American of the 21st century, one whose mind is always in motion, anytime, anywhere, but who has no real life without good credit. An audience. A TV audience. A movie audience. A reading audience. The word audience comes from audio, but you know what I mean. I'm a consumer. The true American is a good consumer. I'm a celebrity American, because I'm consumed. The more that consume me, the bigger a celebrity I become. Sometimes when I'm philosophical I reflect how America has consumerized the world and how this evil virus will take centuries to fight off. Who doesn't want their kid to leave Cuba or about two hundred other countries and come to the United States?

I wish I had been born in a post-consumer society. I see it now. The great historical work "The Consumerians of the Primitive Earthbound Eon". It'd be like heaven to touch. I'd want to hold myself so much, as I stood in the Hallmark gold crown aisle in the store.

I did two days in a mental hospital at the age of eighteen, when I was caught dressing up as a woman. Winona Ryder would agree. She was instrumental about her own one week stay in a psychological hospital when she was twenty. Anyone who has ever been misunderstood and confused and thought that really they don't belong here, by which I mean existence itself, will take great comfort in her and me both. We don't know what a misfit is, but that's what we

are. We need a rest and never let ourselves have one. No matter how hard we plunge into a workaholic haze the best place for us is always less than half an hour away. I chose to write this autobio because I'm too sensitive to novelize it. I tried to pass as a woman so I could get into the women's side of the nut house and have lesbian sex, only to compile a book of two hundred pictures now on ice at the New York Public Library.

Social contrariness and a generally pessimistic attitude are generally observed. That's me. That's everybody. You decide on the level of care I need. And on the amount and type of medication. You're the bell jar, boss Sylvia Plath. Ghostly tanks from the Iraqi-Israeli war in Yankee Stadium. Riding through the gardens of Versailles on a robospider it's amazing to see trees that have lasted thirty-three centuries. A wolf dressed up like a woman that looks like me with a pussy. The Victorian homes, open air, rising tide, people on bicycles, honking geese. The call of the foghorn. The bustle of Wall Street. The clash of bowling alleys. I had everything. I never had to leave my island. Purchased by the Dutch in 1657 for a bag of beads and some porno it was originally called Nut Island, the island of nuts. Lord Cornberry stocked the island with pheasant, and would put on a gown when addressing the people of New York, so that there is a huge debate on whether he was a transvestite. No shot was ever fired from Governor's Island in a war. Reagan and Gorbachev first shook hands on American soil here. Then blew each other. Gorby literally blew Ronnie's brains out.

This book is not a memoir of madness, despite all the signs. I will never swallow fifty-five aspirins, no matter how loopy and moronic I get, no matter how alone and divorced I get. Out here am I supposed to say, "Slow down, I'm constipated?" I'm looking forward to being over fifty and using Oil of Olay on a tropical island full of colorful fowl that poop colorful poop.

What else is there to share about my life? If there was, I don't want you to know. I suck, not blow. I'm a Hoover vacuum machine. A dyed-in-the-wool consumer. I don't want any real competition anymore than Stalin or Castro, so I won't

cover the most ironic fact of all that shaped my career. I want you all to feel cheated for life because you just read this paragraph. Suck that silent rage and puke it into New York harbor. Or into Holly Hockey Law National Park in Maui.

Every moment in life is fleeting. Like that one. Like that one. Like that one.

This is a dynamic world. Big things come up. If you tried to keep up with everything you'd end up sitting in front of a computer all day trading stocks like Barbra Streisand. Rather than do that I'd run for president on the Reform Party ticket or anything.

Fidel Castro once labelled me as La Lobo Feroz. The ferocious female wolf. As a little boy I should have been with my father.

I interrupt this program for an important news break. As Bugs would say, "This is big news".

I will never really have a life worth writing about really. I will live other people's lives like everybody else does. I host a show where I let people pretend they have interesting lives. They don't. Nobody does. All they think about is fucking. I am a momma's boy, and will never be any god, but at least I can play one on the radio and TV. That's the real reason why my first movie autobiography downplayed my godlike status. Momma was there, right on the set. She gave up her career for me and mine. It will kill me to see her die. Before I take her to Israel to have her cremated I promise to give her a round-the-world trip in airline overhead baggage bins. Care to talk about the crash?

Zonk. I was jerking you around. My autobio is totally true, every word of it. It's off to an edgy passionate start. My life that is. I'm a very attractive man, one that doesn't plop his mashed potatoes all over the table, who fixes meat loaf on his own, who lives in an apartment where a baby died, who dresses up as a transvestite and seeks out cops to smack me up side the head to make me snitch, who resents the color of his skin, who roots for

blacks and females and mosaics of non-whites in corporate conglomerates and virtual reality.

What do I like about my body? Ask me next time I shine and polish my crucifix with urine and my black madonna with elephant dung. Those are my dungy idols that prove I'm a lapsed Jew. An idolater. I worship the present system of things like a god. Like a good museum, by definition I do my job by hand. Like Wayne whats-his-name and his country and western guitar. Like iwon.com, I'm good for you.

Good shock is like a good tampon. It doesn't last forever. When things get a little rough it gets bloody.

Rollin rollin rollin, keep those shocking things rolling, keep them lez jokes rollin, raw hide!

Roll them out roll them back roll them out roll them back, move em out, move em out, suicide!

But I will get philosophical just this one time so that my autobio will enter the ranks of great literature. I figured out my antie Fran complex, kind of. It was in my senior year of college that I finally encountered enough literature to learn about Colette, the famous French woman of letters, who turned into a lesbo who liked villas, big gardens, great chefs, and having a pretty boy in his teens around. When she was still young and married, and quite pretty, she loved threesomes with her hubby and a lesbian. As she put it: "My husband kisses your hands, and myself all the rest." She was, like all the Gallics, totally obsessed with sex and unashamed to flaunt it. We Yankees, and I include even myself, still think of sex as dirty, even if people like me love to shock other Yankees by talking about it unashamedly.

So auntie Fran was a Jewish Colette in New York in the 1950s. Now I really feel bad about her rejecting me when I reached puberty. It wasn't because she hated jizz per se, but because I wasn't a pretty boy. She didn't have the heart to tell me. Just flew the coup. I was destined to never get any, no matter how I played it. This world was made for pretty women. A male lesbian is, in the final analysis, one sad, sad clown. All those years in her

boudoir, I was just a bedroom clown. I hate her so much. And love her. And will probably never really know her now. Alas, that I could have. Play, you violins of sadness, play.

Discipline creates performance. Like cumming in the toilet without having to raise the seat. Not a drop touches that seat. My business is important to me. Put a pee between business and is. Two pees. A pee-pee.

Let's move on.

Did I tell you about my dream of Cunts Past, Cunts Present, and Cunts Future? You can probably guess the plot. After waking up, in my own room, my own bed, I opened the window and called out to the first girl that passed. "Go get me that big whore in the window and I'll give you a shilling. Go purchase it in my name. Return within five minutes and I'll give you two shillings."

Then I woke up for real. Holding both of my mother's breasts, sitting up, from behind. She was moaning. A green bug-eyed alien was eating her. And eating me two. It had two heads.

Like boneless skinless chicken breasts. We want the flavor but we don't want the fat. Only in reverse. It was my father.

You guess which.

Part IV

Woodstock '99 Live. 8/31/99.

Howard made a short appearance at Woodstock '99 wearing a naked suit, complete with polyurethane genitals and butt cheeks. He could push a button on a wrist device and make the penis erect and squirt whipped cream. Later it was found out that this was a Howard impersonator, the real Howard having cancelled his planned appearance due to a contract dispute. Yes, it was me. I love him so much. Ever since my last interview when he hurt me,



I wanted to kiss and make up, and spank him if he'd let me. I just want your body, Howard. Please come over and see the baby, would ya? No tea for me, please.

-- Richard Persimmon's Personal Howard Show Log

## Chapter 14. My First Live Audience

God said that he wanted to rock the world. Book of Joel, chapter two. Billy Joel. Joke. Actually it's the book of Haggai. The name Haggai, pronounced more like Chaggai, means Born on a Party Day. Festival, party, same diff. Depends on the music. The next to last book in the Old Testament of the Christians. Too bad. Causes it to be sandwiched in the middle where nobody looks. Like when nobody likes you because you're 23. Hey now, all you sinners, put your lights on, put your lights on. Here I am. Let's party. Rock and roll.

My first live audience. Myself. As I look back, much of my intellectual life was spent learning trivia about rock music and preparing to do a new Woodstock right. So much, in fact, that my mind has filled to capacity, finally becoming a kind of Etch-A-Sketch, new trivia overwriting the old, but leaving some still showing.

I'm up to the gingoes in Woodstock, you see. It is pretty much the field of my dreams, the limit of my placemaker on life. When Woodstock '99 rolled around, my life had come to a close as I knew it. And, thanks to modern medicine, I was still too youthful to cash it in. That's why I wrote this dam autobio, okay? My next one may be a totally new book. At least when I reach fifty I expect something more than cheap shots from my friends.

So writing this now lets me wipe my Etch-A-Sketch clean and get on with it before I'm too old to walk off the field on my own. With my third leg encased in a cast. Or a casket. Maybe 21st century medical science will give me a whole new body, a new face, a new private member. I doubt I will get a new mind though. Face it, you're only good for at most

900-odd years, like Methuselah. Book of Genesis, chapter I forget. The curse of Adam (accent on last syllable). You only get one Etch-A-Sketch. Don't look at the player down on the field, just look at the football. I might come back as a gorgeous young female lesbian though. I can hope enough Jews go into advanced medical research, with enough immigrant Asians to back them up cheap.

One track, however, is forever etched in my mind down to the backboard, like when you deface your etchasketch by pressing hard using a ballpoint pen. That 1992 dance single "Oh Fortuna" by the Apotheosis. I think some low-level genes that implement the biologic time clock of aging locked this baseline memory in me at a biologic time milepost so that I would be forever dated. Adam. No matter how many receivers you have, there's always that defensive end covering him, back in the end zone. Forgot to say accent on the s.s.

Oh how I hate being over thirty. If I were 21 again I'd join a new band like Static-X or Blink 182 and churn out dark satanic music that sucked. Blink 182 likes to pose wearing only boxer shorts and show-off their obscene tattoos. I could get off on that. Or Third Eye Blind. They like to dress in black. They already have somebody that looks like me, so maybe I could kill him and take his place, like happened with Paul McCartney. I'm a lot taller but I can slouch a lot. Slipknot, the Iowan baddies that go to work in coveralls and hockey masks. Wishing you were young again happens about 3 years after you quit wishing you were older. Or before.

I have tried. I have tried and I have tried and frankly it's not enough. What do I mean? I mean I'm beginning not to care anymore. Can it be true? I've let my mind do everything to me except ride over me on horseback. I've given it all the love, all the compassion, all the understanding that I have, and I just don't have anything left. All I seem to be able to do is cry dry tears. Don't give up, my other half tells me. You'll come out of it. We'll see. Bye bye, Howie. I've had such a great time. If you ever need to fill two seats at a dinner party, call. We'll strike out on our marriage yet.

My life has no real purpose or meaning. Just that damn nightmare about the loaf-size beetles. Why do they have to be the size of a loaf? My schizoid mind creates quite a traffic jam, proof positive that even I can't screw up a good deal. I want to give the devil a run for his worm. So I keep on keeping on, trying to keep from sleeping.

So, sitting in my daddy's chair, just the way dad used to, to keep up with the etchasketch aging memory problem I regularly prepare lists of titles from catalogs to go over, writing new etches on my old sketches. I'm not embarrassed to share some with you readers. After all, I make money at it and you probably don't. And the listing of the mere names or titles triggers vast reservoirs of submerged memory that you non-professionals can only wish you had. Joke. You should take a photograph of crystal work for your family album. It will shatter less easily than my memory circuits.

Who has the smallest member of everyone in my family tree?  
I forget. See?

Like a chump. Hey. Like a chump. Hey. Like a chump. Hey.

Lists. We don't need no stinkin' lists. Why did it take so long? Why did it I wait so long to make them?

Hey. Like a chump. Hey. Like a chump. Hey. Like a chump.

Here's one crib sheet I keep on my laptop computer:

'70s titles all disc jockeys know by heart (other than the obvious megahits and megastars, that I can't remember):

"All Right Now" by Free "More Than A Feeling" by Boston  
"Long Train Runnin'" by The Doobie Brothers "Ramblin' Man"  
by The Allman Brothers Band "Sweet Home Alabama" by Lynyrd  
Skynyrd "American Woman" by The Guess Who "Cocaine" by Eric  
Clapton "Maggie May" by Rod Stewart "Stuck In the Middle  
With You" by Stealers Wheel "Mama Told Me Not To Come" by  
Three Dog Night "Hooked On A Feeling" by Blue Swede "Don't  
Bring Me Down" by ELO "Rocky Mountain Way" by Joe Walsh  
"Whiskey In The Jar" by Thin Lizzy "The Things We Do For  
Love" by 10cc "You're So Vain" by Carly Simon "Show Me The

Way" by Peter Frampton "Sorry Seems To Be The Hardest Word"  
by Elton John "Hotel California" by The Eagles "China Girl"  
by David Bowie "Watching The Wheels" by John Lennon "Metal  
Guru" by T-Rex "Crazy On You" by Heart

Song copyright with the greatest monetary value of all time:

Elton John's "Candle in the Wind"

Heavy metal groups to mention at an indie get-together:

Black Sabbath Led Zeppelin Pantera Bon Jovi Megadeth Poison  
KISS Ozzy Osbourne Rush Rage Against the Machine Van Halen

Rap groups:

Puff Daddy Public Enemy Busta Rhymes Big Punisher Jermaine  
Dupri The Notorious B.I.G. Method Man Lauryn Hill Will Smith  
Tupac Shakur Wyclef Jean Jay-Z Outkast The Roots Mase EMD  
E40 Ja Rule Foxy Brown

Reggae:

Bob Marley & The Wailers Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers  
Peter Tosh Os Mutantes Olatunji Augustus Pablo Ali Farka  
Toure Olatunji Cesaria Evora

Megaartists with Greatest Hits albums (most in the '60s and  
'70s, a few in the '80s):

Journey Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers Heart Fleetwood Mac  
REO Speedwagon Chicago Boston Creedence Clearwater Revival  
Janis Joplin John Lennon Joni Mitchell The Kinks Jefferson  
Airplane David Bowie Peter Frampton Lynyrd Skynyrd Los Lobos  
Whitesnake Warrant Ugly Kid Joe Twisted Sister Tesla The  
Neville Brothers Free The Guess Who The Electric Light  
Orchestra (ELO) Billy Joel Steve Miller Band Bruce  
Springsteen The Eagles Great White Elton John Van Morrison  
ZZ Top The Bangles AC/DC Phil Collins Earth, Wind & Fire  
Faith No More Jimmy Buffet Alabama Sade Culture Club Donovan  
The Clash The Box Tops Chuck Berry

Natural blonde female celebs (no dyke, er, dye) [joke --

Ed.]:

Hillary Clinton Claudia Schiffer Elle Macpherson Sharon  
Stone Gwyneth Paltrow Cameron Diaz Michelle Pfeiffer Martha  
Stewart Marlene Dietrich Twiggy Diane Sawyer Cheryl Tiegs  
Christie Brinkley Jessica Lange Jodie Foster Drew Barrymore  
Madonna (joke) Donatella Versace (model for Blond perfume)  
Marilyn Monroe Jean Harlow Ginger Rogers Carole Lombard Mae  
West Veronica Lake Lana Turner Betty Grable Grace Kelly  
Jayne Mansfield Brigitte Bardot

The discreet, hidden, private hotel, just off Sunset Strip  
that is a favorite of pop and rap groups, and which I have  
to remember not to mention or else they'll boycott me:

Le Montrose Hotel

Other names I have to drop constantly this time of year:

Marilyn Manson (the kid brother I never had)  
Smashing Pumpkins  
Lenny Kravitz (and the talentless wonder jokes)  
Jamiroquai (and the silly hat jokes)  
Janet Jackson (and the Michael Jackson in drag jokes)  
Pearl Jam  
Nirvana (and the Courtney Love jokes)  
Muddy Waters (and the father of rock & roll jokes)  
Diana Ross (and the airplane jokes)  
Courtney Cox (and the douche bag jokes)  
The Blair Witch Project (and the little guy making it big  
jokes)  
The Cranberries (and the Irish cunt on the rag jokes)  
Rob Zombie (formerly of White Zombie)  
White Zombie  
Sheryl Crow (what did you want me to say? She's hip.)  
Barenaked Ladies  
Kid Rock  
"You are a rowboat" (I forget the group, rats!)  
Orgy (Candyass album)  
DMX  
Twisted Sister (something I wish I had been lucky enough to  
have had)  
Insane Clown Posse

Judas Priest

Godsmack's Voodoo ("I'm not the one so far away when I feel the snake bite into my ve-e-eins..." to an Indian tom-tom heavy metal rock motif.)

The Beastie Boys (all-Jewish rap group, no joke)

Helmet (makes me think of a penis head)

Alice Cooper (I get paid under the table to plug him)

Black Sabbath (I get paid under the table not to plug them)

Cinderella (I get blowed under the table to plug them)

Dokken

Skid Row

Where am I? I'm at work. Sometimes I forget where I am. I'm glad I have a crew that covers for me.

What do we have here? Forget your name, honey.  
Show me your hooters. I'll read the label.

Labels. It's not the thing itself, it's the label. That's all I have myself. My label. I sue to shut down any web site using my name. I want to make my name last beyond my physical death, and make cash registers ring (virtual cash registers on the Internet).

Take your panties off.

That's nice. Real nice. I'd like to have sex with that.  
Spread your lips and show me your personality.

It must be like working at Office Depot, where you help people think they are saving money on everything they buy, while takin' care of bizness. Or at a Grocery Warehouse. I can't start the day without absolutely pure Tropicana Pure Premium after their mega ad campaign. I wonder where mankind gets its memory from. I'm in awe of our ability to store a giant selection of crap, yet forget even more. Such as the 1500-odd ads an average American is bombarded with daily.

Ever read "120 Days of Sodom" by the Marquis de Sade? It was written with you in mind, baby.

Thank goodness for drugs. There are no bad photos as long

as you're having fun taking them. That's what it's all about.

Ever hear of Rikki Ducornet? You and she would make a great pair. French.

If it's for sale it needs a label, so there will be no mistaking something for something it's not. That's what drives the advertising world, the quest to differentiate your client's label. Nobody can get around it and survive in this material world. Not even the anarchists, socialists, communists.

Are you? A lesbo? Great. I like lesbos.

Now, baby, show your auntie a magic trick. I hope you get the job. While she's doing that, I'll play one of my new hits for you, on the Howard Power label. As in Power Control Group.

That's why the Berlin Wall was doomed to fall all along: MTV. Anybody seeing MTV behind the Iron Curtain, after years of watching "Dallas" reruns and thinking America was so degenerate it would fall any day, suddenly knew that they had lost totally. And so they decided to join them rather than try to beat them. Faceless masses don't produce products with labels. And products without labels suck.

Labelism is a great American idea that stuck. Sticks. Like cum.

Lesbianism. That is another great American idea. Thank you, thank you, thank you my adoring public.

They found out the hard way in the worker's paradise. So, like an elephant who is only capable of conceiving once a year but can conceive one hell of a baby, the U.S.S.R. got artificially inseminated with capitalistic labelism and self-destructed at the next election.

Lesbianism has power. The very sight of women doing it is beautiful. The day all lez porno is controlled by women, they will rule the world.

"I gave you power did I? Let me tell you something boy. If somebody gives you power you got nothing! Real power is something you take!"

The Chinese communists hold on because of the language and facial barrier and little else. Just wait till some big yellow kahuna gets as big as Michael Jackson. Not over there. Over here in America. MTV will do the rest.

Wang, Dick Wang. The perfect Chinese name.

They have a saying there. You can never have too much wang.

Vietnamese names suck. Who wants to come from Suk Muk Dik, Vietnam.

Like the domestic cat. Its entire head and neck are a dick. That's why they like you to rub them there. They are dickheads. Enough dick jokes.

From cutting edge science to the brutal world of medieval warfare...

Your voice. Nobody makes it as a DJ without a good deep voice. How many female DJs are there? How long do they last? Tough titties. A deep voice translates to the listener as big balls, and that's what the audience expects. If they don't think the DJ has big balls, they switch to one who they think does. I don't think the scientists would agree that there is any correlation, but the ignorance is as widespread as during the Dark Ages, when men had to wear their cocks out in the open, covered by codpieces, to get any respect or status. I suppose they had stuffed codpieces, falsies, just like women's bras. Maybe that is why they went out of fashion, about the time that urination in public began to be banned. We got over it.

Funny isn't it how great political orators have high-pitched voices? Hitler, Churchill, George Bush, Clinton (either one). The list is endless. This doesn't bode well for the political futures of Ahnold and Jesse Ventura.



Thank God for young women who take off their clothes for you. No, thank Rover. From now on I think I'll use the name Rover instead of God. God is Dog backwards anyway.

[Editor's note: I thank reviewers for not quoting the above in every damned review! Whew! I needed that. -- Ed.]

But low-pitched voices have their uses. Time to downshift.

Thank Rover for young women who take off their clothes for you. Like Roma Downey, I'm touched by an angel.

I will be good to myself. I will take time for myself each day to nurture and heal myself. To keep balancing my life as I book gigs, I also take time off. Without time off how can I be creative? I spent my whole life building this damn company, making every possible cent off selling my name and image. Now I owe it to myself to let it run itself while I make something lasting. That's how I wrote this damn book.

It's Christmas! The most wonderful time of the year. Come sit on Santa's lap. I want to go window shopping.

If you're pagan, I'll be the king and you be Anna. Deep in the soul of man lies a legend, and at any moment he can set it free. C'est la amour.

Not you, Tiny Tim! You she-males find your own Santa. You must have a vagina to sit on this one. Vaginas over thirty need not apply as it's a lapdog's market.

Ah, the scent of pine needles in the air. And then I saw it. The prettiest Christmas bush I had ever seen.

I like three kinds of women. Young, younger, and you're under arrest.

I'm little Jack Horney, and I want to stick my thumb into your Christmas pie.

Love your thumbs, Petey? You say that to all the guys.

Ever listen to that song about Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer? It's filthy. You know about Prancer and Vixen, but what do you know about Rudolph and his nose? And if you ever saw him, you would say it grows. My how the reindeer loved him as they shouted out with glee, Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, you'll go down in history. Ella Fitzgerald wishes you a swinging Christmas.

When you were a ten-year-old girl you were offended at the sight of a fifteen-foot what?

Oh, that statue of David with his boulders dangling. I lived with him once. He was like that. A house, garden and kitchen nudist. Hung up on himself. Hung like a moose. Mouse. Baby moose. Big mouse.

That's David, with accent on the second syllable. The universe is out of balance without him.

Loved to celebrate the Cinco de Mayo holiday in Acapulco. Something about a victory over France. You have to be Jewish. "Who you callin' little?"

Lead us into the new millennium, Endurance. The champagne was not Korbel. Look at David's headband. It's identical. If you think his head hurt you ought to meet his mother, the talented Mrs. Ripley. She'd really redline on the Tour de France.

Lick-tongue-stein. Same rate as France.

Doin' okay in there, tonguey? It's mine and mine alone. Tongue one, dick zero. It's been to the plate more times. Nothing fits like a glove, unless it's where I put my toothbrush.

This damn book won't make me a dime in my lifetime. I owe myself one at least after all the schlock I had ghost-written to make money off my name. I'm doing it for history. For art. Like Rikki Ducornet once wrote, a really good book must make you dream, else it ain't

worth buying. Too bad the reality is too much like that. People actually dream they become me by buying some shit ghost-written with my name and pic on the cover.

What's the matter with me? Move over for your daughter. Don't want to make her feel left out. I've got some space on my scorecard. Especially when she's sixteen years younger.

Sometimes we spread out and sometimes we stay close.

Next!

Sweetie, calm down. What's past is past. Sometimes we just have to move on. It's a hard knock life for us, as Annie says. And little girls have to come out and face the world.

And your name is? Don't tell me. I'll lick your little problem my own way.

Will you show a little consideration for your Jewish friends? Allow me to open your Christmas stocking. Where's your candy dispenser? I see you're wearing a Joan Rivers designer pin. So level with me. What's the skinny?

Don't do that. Don't rhyme.

Ah me. I wonder what that is. Is that a turtle? It makes my low pay, lack of respect and Jewish guilt seem all worthwhile. It's tough raising a pet these days in Long Island. Hats off to pet turtles.

It doesn't feel like Christmas unless we have snow. Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow. Especially when I'm the only rich New York Jew who's not wintering in Florida. Yes, I'm still a working stiff.

Will you stand over my face and make my wish come

true? I want to enjoy the holiday season. Love and live at the same time.

That's the nicest thing any girl's ever done for me. You're mother superior, I'm mother inferior.

Sunshine and rain, sunshine and rain...

I hope I can live down some of the crapola that has my name on it in circulation. Yes I authorized it. Money is money. When you spend it, it's just as green no matter how you got it. I can't churn out software like Bill Gates can I? I ain't no Jim Carrey super genius super talent rubberface superman am I? My only talent is my great big dirty filthy mind, and low, sexy, ballsy voice. Jim Carrey. Everybody loves a Mick. Played Andy Kaufman better than the original could do it. Andy was a genius. At self-promotion. Like me. Life is so short I can't be blamed for cashing in now.

"Howard's Lesbian Pillow and Aerobics Workout Book".

That book with the female professional wrestlers, forget the name. "The Complete Howard's Penis". Used a body double. I tried to get Eddie Haskell from Leave it to Beaver, Ken Osmond, but he wouldn't do it. I believed the rumors that he had a nine or ten inch dick, that he was a porn star, Harry Reems or somebody. Just rumors.

Whadya mean rain isn't snow? Warmest holiday wishes means piss my ass. What are ya, a nun? Just pour.

Great photography. That book makes me bigger than life.

Fire! Fire! Run for your lives! To the erogenous zone! You take the buttocks I'll take the \*beep\*. You can find a gift under twenty dollars after all.

I don't think he was Jewish. I forgot to ask. If he had been he'd never have had to quit show biz and be a cop. He'd be bigger than Jack Benny by now. Move over Chevy Chase, Jim Carrey, Martin Short, Rob Schneider, yada yada yada. You can never top Eddie Haskell and his nine inch dick that's been in June

Cleaver's beaver and The Beaver's poop shoot. And I won't even mention Ward and Wally. And Larry Mondello.

Ah, cool whip. Do it baby. Cool whip. Do it baby.

And what's more, you know it. Life is unfair isn't it?

No, I didn't mean to imply you had dandruff. You're shaved anyway, ain't ya, baby. Take that you bald-headed loser. Mwa! Stirred and not shaken.

I can't get your mind out of my face. You won't have a faceless past.

"Midday at the Shock Jock Oasis". "Cooking in the Nude with Howard and His Lesbian Chefettes". That was made into a video too.

Must I slurp? I'm like a cappuccino machine. I like to froth manually. Hot mamas love the machine.

"Shock Jocking: How to Insult Anybody and Everybody In the Most Shocking Manner". Okay, that was a good one. I wrote almost half of it myself. My screenplay about Monica and Bill having sex in the White House is in limbo while he's still president. I hope to get them to act in it themselves and we'll sell millions.

Well, enough of that. I can smell my producer on you. My work was half done in the shower by him. I see he used quick-dry fabric refreshers. How did I guess?

And now a stark raving mad moment. You open the wine and I'll cut the cheese.

With his debts he's considering it. So is she. She is, after all, Jewish. And it's not sex. Define that word for me again. Love them lawyers. If only that damn Hillary...

It's Christmastime. I feel like doing something

incredibly Christmasy, like taking off this coat and tie and these stiff clothes and getting into my Santa suit.

I don't know how to break this to you, baby. Stay calm. Here it comes. Search, find, buy in a snap at snap dot cum.

Look at my tree. Isn't it beautiful? I told ya. Too bad it won't stand unless I spank it.

Oh tannenbaum, Oh tannenbaum, you're big and hard and oh so cool.

I love to spank my tannenbaum, and have the lezzies dance for it.

Oh tannenbaum, Oh tannenbaum, I love you so, my tannenbaum.

I decorated my tree. Wanna hang a star of David on it?

... didn't insist on acting in it also. Rover she's plug ugly. She'd kill the movie. We'd have to hand out barf bags.

Take my star of David and hold it up to your mouth, then flick your tongue in and out of it. Now you know what the star of David really represents.

She was the real president. He was her bimbo. If she could only have controlled him better. Now they're up to their ears in debt. At least they're not in jail.

Even Santa gets the blues. Let's sing some Christmas carols. In honor of David and his Hebrew boulders. Lollipops in the shape of his boulders will be handed out now. Sweet Davids. Nobody with a hat gets one.

Pardon me for being a jerk, but I have to sing.

Good King Worcestershire Sauce looked out, on the

feast of Steamin'.

Where a poor girl came and sat, gathering winter  
too-ool.

Leave it to Beaver. That name cracks me up. The  
all-time winner of TV show titles. I wonder how they  
ever got it past the censors. And now it's an American  
institution. Ward sure was hard on the beaver every  
night, chuckachucka.

What do you mean, drop the chalupa? It's an Energizer.  
Ask Austin Powers, the spy who shagged me.

I wonder. Naw. The Beatles didn't get their name from  
an attempt to best The Beaver.

Santa's baby is talkin' trash under the tree for me.  
You've been an awful good girl. Vavavavavoom.

Maybe they did. I'm such a genius, it must be true just  
because I thought of it. The Animals too. The Crickets.  
All of them. And The Beaver still stands as king of all  
media titles. I'd use it myself if I wouldn't get my ass  
sued off.

Rover people suck.

Rover bless you. Rover damn it. Rover rest ye merry  
gentlemen. Glory to Rover in the highest. Knee cheese  
was ripe. Rover is dead.

But my autobio, that's my own baby. No ghost writers. Pure  
unadulterated me. If only I could find more time. I'm still  
a workaholic. The Jew in me.

I'm an old cowhand from the Rio Grande.

Git along little doggies. Ahhh. Mucho leche. Bill  
another Trojan to my expense account. Somebody come here  
and take it to the commode for me.

One out of every three cowboys in the Old West was black.

Pamela Anderson's grandfather was Bronco Billy Anderson, the silent movie cowboy star. Joke. Bronco Billy was Jewish like her, that's all. Like the actor who played him, Clint Eastwood, really Epstein. Another joke.

Seriously now, Bronco Billy was a rump ranger. Clint had a private joke on the audience there. They created the Production Code just because of him. Mae West never forgave him. Just when her career was taking off, in the early thirties. She told Cary Grant to come up and see her sometime. He never got the chance. The damn censors would cut it out if he did. How many great screen moments were thrown in the trash in the censor's back room?

Not that I have anything against homos who range rump the gay way. I often fantasize about ranging a woman's rump.

What did a Cuban homo say to another who was leaving him?

I got a real tear in my ayiyi for jew. How's my Ricky Ricardo impression?

What do you mean you don't get it? A tear. Like when you tear a blood vessel in your anus. There's not a dry ayiyi in a gay house. Vaseline is Rover's gift to gays. Pure petroleum jelly. Straight from the depths of hell to grease your anus and save you from AIDS so you can fight the battle for godlessness a little longer. Roverlessness.

I'm a masturbator. Vaseline is good for us too. Tried to save myself but my self kept slipping away.

That damn Production Code lasted until the sixties. They replaced it with the movie rating system. Instead of censoring what cannot be censored, they backed off and now just label it at the box office, and try to keep kids from entering. Now that the Christian right knows that doesn't work, they are retrenching. They want to label music as well as movies. As if kids don't steal all the music they want on the web anyway. The future belongs to the kids, thank Rover.

Okay, I was making it up. I don't know Bronco Billy's sexual



preference. I just wanted to juke you around since it's Christmas and I'm not a Jehovah's Witness. They don't celebrate Christmas or Hanukkah either, the sad Scrooges. They don't even engage in oral sex. It's ungodly. Unjehovian.

Funny how the JWs go door to door and try to push their literature right into somebody's waste basket when the web would give them an ideal way to get into everybody's home instantly. They hardly have any presence on the web right now. They must have conceded it to the devil. Try to connect to the JW web site and you get bombarded with ads for porno sites.

I knew a Jehovah's Witness once who was a professional baseball player. He was brought up a Jew but said that his whole family went agnostic and he wanted to believe in the Bible. That and change his name to a Christian sounding one because Jews don't play in professional sports. He had a cute butt. Like John Denver. Rocker.

Yes, a cute butt. I noticed, okay? Like David's in that statue. So sue me.

How do you spot a homo in a baseball game? He never chews the hotdog. He only asks for white-colored sauces for it. When he handles a hotdog, he is so loving. Always holds it so that the end is hanging free. Sometimes tries to pull the skin back absentmindedly. Licks it first. Can make one hotdog last all day by putting it in a condom first.

I finally admit it. I do have homosexual tendencies. Dreams. I never admitted it before. Either that or hotdog fetishes.

Maybe it's the nitrites in them. Nasty stuff. A real live penis might be more healthy. I say might. There's a lot of danger you face with strange penis. Better go steady first, put the medical tests through, then have the honeymoon.

Take my penis for instance. I wish it were as long as a hotdog. Or as stiff. Maybe if I injected nitrites into it. Nevermind. I've tried Viagra and injected cocaine, just to get it hard enough to put a condom on it.

I wasn't always this impotent you know. I wasn't always over forty. It may be small but it once was quite a little firecracker. A Black Cat.

When I was a boy I could ejaculate in the toilet without even raising the seat. Like a power hose. Now if I don't use a condom it will just sploosh all over my hand and back on my penis in a self-defeating effort. Anybody want to play musical chairs with me?

One in particular. About Hungry Jack pancake batter. It's squirting out of my male lover's nuts and I'm licking it up as fast as I can. And it's good. So is his cock. I don't want it to be good. It just is. Finger lickin' good. I been living with him for ten years. I keep him in the closet when I'm not using him. That's the real reason my gay jokes have so much frankness to them. I'll have my franks raw tonight, mother. And have them in my room. My love for ChapStick never wanes, it only waxes. Other times I can't get over the tingle of Carmex. Why does mother still live with me? Because I'm afraid for her to go away. When she does, I will come out of the closet finally. We'll see.

[Editor's note: Howard! Why didn't you mention me here? I'm all broken up! You can have me! I'll say yes! Just return my calls! Remember when you said I had a cute butt for a man? Male lesbian my ass. You're a closet homo with an Oedipus complex. Your hetero marriage is just a cover story for your mother. I love you, Hungry Jack! -- Ed.]

Not that my balls aren't as big, even bigger, than in my youth. My cowhand is old but the rio is muy grande. Mucho, mucho leche. Pure homogenized vitamin D leche. Like they use at Dairy Queen. Ever have sex with a Hispanic motel maid whens he comes in to make up your room? That's American-Hispanic friendship. Working hand in hand, hand in hand. Ever have anal sex with a Hispanic? Guess why they call them wetbacks.

Why did I not exercise some restraint? Not tell about the

years of physical and sexual abuse by my beloved old dad? May it never see the light of day until long after I'm in an urn, next to his on the mantel. With dear old mom's on the other side of mine. My main problem is that the year 1999 is drawing to a close, and a Jewish gypsy fortuneteller warned me that I had to close the writing by the last hour of the millennium or be changed into a green bug-eyed golem carrying heavy rusty chains and forever doomed to walk the earth without getting any poontang, like Ahnold in "The End of Days". Bah humbug. That, and the news that the NYPD has just purchased a quarter of a million bodybags in the event of chemical or biological terrorism. Hey, Arab guys, why can't you get closer? Why can't you get just a little closer? You're never there. You're never there. You're never ever there. Cake.

I see our time's up for today. Thank you for letting me spend this time with you, folks. See you tomorrow.

THE END

POSTSCRIPT.

The Justice Department charged Richard Persimmon with twenty-five federal counts of racketeering in connection with the above exhibit, titled Exhibit 1-A. This forgery was allegedly used in a blackmail and extortion conspiracy against Howard \*CENSORED\*, a celebrity. After the President intervened, accusing multi-billionaire Donald \*CENSORED\* of bribery of Justice Department officials, the charges were withdrawn. No apology has been offered. A special prosecutor has been appointed by the President to investigate. But as the President is himself the target of another special prosecutor, the investigation is under investigation.

[Bwahahahaha! Just a joke. I taught Monica \*CENSORED\* everything she knew in a fat farm cruise once. Both Howard and yours truly love "handsome". -- Ed.]

CLINTON JOKES [Howard's favorite -- Ed.]

1. What do you get if you put Bill Clinton, Al Gore and Dolly Parton in the same room together?
2. Why did they say that Arkansas women were fast in the 1980s?
3. The new definition of fag since Bill Clinton took office?
4. Did you hear about the assassination attempt on Bill Clinton?
5. Why can't Hillary Clinton wear miniskirts?
6. What does Hillary Clinton do in the morning right after shaving her pussy?
7. Hillary Clinton and Rev. Jerry Falwell were riding down in an elevator together and suddenly the elevator jerks to a stop. It's clear that they're stuck. After a few silent hours Hillary rips her clothes off and says "I can't take it anymore! Jerry, make a woman out of me!" What does he do?
8. The Secret Service found "Clinton sucks" written with pee in the snow outside a White House window. When they analyzed it they found out what?
9. Why did Monica Lewinsky get in trouble?
10. What did the doctor do to Monica Lewinsky's love handles?
11. What did Bill Clinton have in common with Richard Nixon?
12. Why is Bill Clinton's dick like his political stand?
13. What is Bill Clinton afraid of getting infected from?
14. What's the difference between Bill Clinton and the Titanic?
15. What do Monica Lewinsky and Bill Dole have in common?
16. What's Bill Clinton's favorite game and favorite snack food?
17. Why did Bill Clinton's impeachment make George Bush grin?
18. What do Bill Clinton and Kenneth Starr have in common?
19. What Whitewater scandal finally brought Bill Clinton down?
10. What instrument did Bill Clinton like to share with women?
21. Why doesn't Bill Clinton play his saxophone anymore?
22. What did Bill Clinton promise people he'd do if elected President?
23. What's the biggest joke Bill Clinton ever told on TV?

Answers:

1. Two huge boobs, and a pretty country & western singer who sounds like Mickey Mouse.
2. Because for years they had to have a governor on them.
3. Former Arkansas Governor.
4. Bill wasn't hurt but they got Hillary five times.
5. Her balls show.

6. Sends him to work.
7. He thinks for a moment and then strips his clothes off and says, "Here, fold these!"
8. It was Al Gore's pee, but Hillary Clinton's handwriting.
9. For sitting on the White House Staff.
10. Cleaned the wax out of them.
11. They both had trouble with a crooked Johnson.
12. Both naturally hang to the left but can quickly point straight to the center.
13. Aides.
14. Only 1500 went down on the Titanic.
15. They were both upset when Bill Clinton finished first.
16. Poker and Lays.
17. Because a bush finally defeated Clinton.
18. They both extended their probes too far.
19. All that white water on his aides' faces.
20. His saxophone.
21. He got a whoremonica.
22. To put it in people first.
23. "I want you to listen to me... I didn't have sexual relations with that woman."

Ad blurb

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Young Howard

A Novel

by T.L. Winslow

Genre: American pop (literary fiction) (gay fiction)

The fictional autobiography of a Jewish boy growing up in New York in the latter half of the 20th century as a male lesbian, developing his love of talk radio and

outlook on life. Alternately serious and hilarious, it will reach your soul with its deep penetrating examination of the Jewish-American psyche at the dawn of the millennium, along with its exploration of the outrageous, arrogant, mean, egotistical, self-aggrandizing brand of humor of the American shock jock subspecies. An entertaining defense of free thought and free speech.

Warning: explicit sexual situations and adult language. For mature readers only. Will shock and offend the sensitive, hopefully :)

Excerpt from the book:

My auntie Fran. She loved me when I was a young boy. Play the sad violin now. Dropped me like a used tampon when I reached bar mitzvah. But until I was officially a man in Jewish law, I was her darling.

She was a house nudist back in Brooklyn. Liked to wear gaudy housedresses with feathers and fluffy collars, open at the front. Her white skin, huge hooters with silver dollar size quote-unquote loud aureolae and light brown bush are more clear to me now through the haze of time than her face. Not exactly Rubinesque, but homey in her proportions. I think she was pretty, but only if you were prepared for Jewish inbreeding. Noses, cheekbones, and so on. Not the standard of beauty on the mass media. And hadn't heard her unpretty busybody voice. Smelled nice though. She was what they called back then a spinster.

Her face. She had a girlfriend, who she pretended was her niece. Marlo I think. Meryl. I confuse her with Marlo Thomas because of the face. I know about Meryl Streep but the faces don't match up, so I think first of Marlo Thomas. That face though. So beautiful, as it lovingly ate auntie Fran's pussy. Nowadays they'd both come out of the closet and flaunt their lesbianism.

She was hot that Meryl. Her bod. I know because I saw every last square inch of it. Very anorexic. Impossibly small waist. The way her tiny hooters lilted up in the air,

making them so exciting despite their tinyness. If only I had been a man back then. As it was, I was a boy. So all I did was watch. They enjoyed me watching. Sitting in bed with them. All day. Listening to them ooh and ahh.

They would go at it like a serious occupation, nude, freshly-bathed, perfumed and powdered. It was their occupation. Fran was wealthy and she had a joint checking account with Meryl. I didn't know it then, but I guess I've spent the rest of my life trying to be them.

About the author:

T.L. Winslow is an author of extraordinary imagination. Author of the novels "Horror High School", "Anti-World War I", "Tegeena: Warrior Priestess", "Schwarzen Auger: Dark Eyes of Evil", "Dork Dick", "Five Smooth Stones", and others.

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