

THE ESSENTIAL LENNY BRIDGE



FRANK GAUNA

EDITED BY JOHN COHEN

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Jews

EICHMANN REALLY FIGURED, you know, "The Jews—the most liberal people in the world—they'll give me a fair shake." Fair? *Certainly*. "Rabbi" means lawyer. He'll get the best trial in the world, Eichmann. *Ha!* They were shaving his leg while he was giving his appeal! That's the last bit of insanity, man.

Come on down, Christ and Moses, come on down!
I bet you, when Christ and Moses return, the *shules* have had it first.

Saturday they would make every kind of *shule*—a drive-in *shule*, Frank Lloyd Wright *shule*, West Coast *shule*. West Coast? Santa Monica—there is that A-frame *shule* that they just put the statues in: "Are you putting a *madonna* in the *shule*?" "Yes, it's contemporary, that's all."

"*Whew!* Don't figure out, man...that's, uh, they *supposed* to have one?"

West Coast reform *shule*. Reform rabbi. So reformed they're ashamed they're Jewish. Rabbis that had this kind of sound:

"*Heyyy, mein Liebe, heyyyyy...*"

These rabbis have turned into doctors of law. And they've lost their beards, because they were called beamiks. And now they have this sound:

REFORMED RABBI [*clipped, hearty, good-fellow British articulation*]: Ha ha! This sabbath we discuss Is-roy-el. Where is Is-roy-el? Quench yon flaming yorstitute candle! Alas, alas, poor Yossel... Deah deah deah! Today, on Chin-ukka, with Rose-o-shonah approaching, do you know, someone had the chutz-pah to ask me,

"Tell me something, doctor of law, is there a God, or not?"

What cheek! To ask this in a temple! We're not here to talk of God—we're here to sell bonds for Israel! Remember that! A pox upon you, Christ and Moses! Go among them and kiss your empty *mezuzahs*.

JEW: Rabbi, that was a beautiful speech!

RABBI [*Jewish accent*]: Danksalot. Ya like dot? Vat de hell, tossetoff de top mine head, dot's all. *Und isi gurrischt*.

So Moses is depressed. The *shules* are gone. No more *shules*. He breaks open a *mezuzah*—nothing inside!

"*GEVULT!*"

But a piece of paper that says
"Made in Japan."

It's weird. I met a guy the other night, I wanted to, you know, relax him. He was very *La Boheme*, he had the beard, you know. So, I used to talk in a hip idiom, so I started talking.

I said, "What's shakin, man?"

And he started talking Jewish! He was a rabbi! Said, "*Gurrischt*, health!" And he gave me a couple of pills.

Now the Jews celebrate this holiday, Rose-o-shonah and Yom-Ky-Poor, where they, actually, they celebrate the killing of Christ. Underground. You know, when they all get loaded, and you know, they just

"Oh ho ho! We killed him! Ho ho! More chicken soup! Oh ho ho ho!"

You know, kids running around with wooden sticks in the backyard:

"C'mon. Come up the hill! Come up the hill to Gethsemane!"
You know.

I think that's the challenge—that the Jews want to sit for Jehovah. They're wrestling for the position all the time. They want to be the right-hand man, sitting at the gate.

But Filipinos know this for sure: that as beautifully liberal as any Jewish mother is—she'll march in every parade—yet, let the daughter bring home a nice, respectable Filipino son-in-law, with a nice, long, black foreskin and a gold tooth—

"Ma, this is my new husband. I met him at college."

“Ahhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhh!”
“He’s a very sensitive man, and he’s Phi Beta Kappa.”
“Ahhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhh!”
That’s all. Yeah.

I got this tattoo in Malta, in the Mediterranean, in 1942. So my aunt, she looks at it, you know, and there’s a thing, you know—Orthodox Jews, you can’t be buried in a Jewish cemetery with a tattoo. That’s the truth. You have to go out of the world just the way you came in, with no changes—which certainly, the Rabbi, I dunno how that figures in there; they keep philosophizing and say, “It’s not ours to question.”

So she sees this, you know, so she looks—I dunno what it was, I was washing—so she looks, you know, she goes
“Vaghhhh! Vaghhhh!”
It’s a Jewish seagull—

“Look vat you did!”
You got aunts who talk that way, like parakeets—
“Hah! Hah! Lenny! Vat you did! You ruined your arm! Vy’d you do that? You can’t be buried in a Jewish cemetery.”
I said,

“So what are you buggin me? They’ll cut this arm off, they’ll bury it in a Gentile cemetery. Don’t nudge me any more.”
She was really weird. You know, the mole with hair in it, her breath always smelled from onion rolls, you know?
“Don’t kiss me, Mema, I don’t like to kiss people. Lemme alone.”

Look at that [shows a painting]. Do you like that? I painted it. I did it.

LITTLE BOY: Do you like it, Ma?
JEWISH MOTHER: Eh, it’s nice.
BOY: Whaddaya mean it’s nice, Ma? Do you, do you really like it?
MOTHER: I like it, I like it.
BOY: But I mean, don’t just say you like it, Ma. Do you get any feeling from it?
MOTHER: It’s very nice.
BOY: No. Don’t just tell me it’s nice. Whaddaya dig about the painting?

MOTHER: I like it because—I like it because you stay home when you paint, that’s why!
Ha ha! A real momma’s hearts kind of scene.

Faye Bainter, Andy Hardy’s mother, screwed up every mother in the world. She really did, man. Dig, who can be like Faye Bainter, man? Faye Bainter was always in the kitchen sweeping with an apron. And Anglo-Saxon—and my mother was sweating with an Jewish and hollering, man. Why couldn’t she be like Faye Bainter? And that’s what everyone wants their mother to be. And she was a virgin. Yeah, she never balled anyone because old Lewis Stone would say, “Andrew,” and that was all, man. Unless there was some kind of pollination that way—through dates or some esoteric, mystical thing, yeah. So that’s some heavy propaganda, man.

Now we take you to a young boy who’s returning home from Fort Loeb. But first we dissolve to the interior of the home, on Second Avenue.

JEWISH MOTHER: Vell, jus’ tink. Soon, he’ll be home. Our boy’s comink home from military school. I saved every penny vot ve had to bring him der success dot der outside world vud neffer gif him. Ah, soon our boy will be home, from overseas in Delaware.

Now dissolve to the kid, on the steps, going through the trauma of going home:

KID [lvy League voice]: I don’t wanna be there with those mockles! I don’t wanna look at them anymore, with their onion-roll breaths. I found something new at Fort Loeb, and a girl who doesn’t know anything about the Lower East Side.

Cut to parting scene by the cannon on the hilltop:
KID: I’m going now, darling, but I’ll be back.
Now back at the apartment:

KID: Hello, Mom.
MOM [overpoweringly]: Hello dolling!
KID: Aaaaggh!
MOM: What’s da matta vrit chew?
KID: Nothing, Mother. I’m just so excited about seeing Bellevue and Zeder, I just don’t know how to say...
MOM: Avvrigh, you’ll siddown, you’ll have some soup get into.

KID: It's not like that Philadelphia scrapnet school. Bronx
mockiel! *Aaaggh!* [*briskly*] Well, Taddy, I have to run back
now to school and I hope that you and your people...

Now that's another thing that you sense—a street Arab. I am of a
Semitic background—I assume I'm Jewish. A lot of Jews who think
they're Jewish are not—they're switched babies.

Now, a Jew, in the dictionary, is one who is descended from the
ancient tribes of Judea, or one who is regarded as descended from
that tribe. That's what it says in the dictionary; but you and I know
what a Jew is—*One Who Killed Our Lord*. I don't know if we got
much press on that in Illinois—we did this about two thousand years
ago—two thousand years of Polack kids whacking the shit out of us
coming home from school. Dear, dear. And although there should
be a statute of limitations for that crime, it seems that those who
neither have the actions nor the gait of Christians, pagan or not, will
bust us out, unrelenting dues, for another deuce.

And I really searched it out, why we pay the dues. Why do you
keep breaking our balls for this crime?

"Why, Jew, because you skirt the issue. You blame it on
Roman soldiers."

Alright. I'll clear the air once and for all, and confess. Yes, we did
it. I did it, my family. I found a note in my basement. It said:
"We killed him.
signed,
Morty."

And a lot of people say to me,
"Why did you kill Christ?"
"I dunno...it was one of those parties, got out of hand, you
know."

We killed him because he didn't want to become a doctor, that's
why we killed him.

Or maybe it would shock some people, some people who are
involved with the dogma, to say that we killed him at his own
request, because he knew that people would exploit him. In his
name they would do all sorts of bust-out things, and bust out people.
In Christ's name they would exploit the flag, the Bible, and—*whew!*
Boy, the things they've done in his name!

This routine always goes good in Minnesota, with about two Jews
in the audience.

But he's going to get it if he comes back. Definitely. He's going
to get killed again, because he made us pay so many dues. So he's

going to get whacked out. And you can tell that to the Jehovah's
Witnesses, who have all those dates. As soon as he comes back,
whacked out again.

Now, a lot of people say, "Well, that's certainly not a very nice
attitude, you know. You'll bring back the racial hatred." But I'm
going to tell you something about that. See, I neologize Jewish and
goyish. There's like, the literal meaning—first I'll start with *goyish*,
cause it'll really knock you out. Dig this. *Goy*—"one who is not
civilized, one who is not Mormon, one who is not Jewish." It's
"heathen," that's what *goyish* means. Now, a Jew—dictionary
style—"one who is descended from the ancient tribes of Judea, or
one who is regarded to have descended from that tribe."
Now I neologize Jewish and *goyish*. Dig: I'm Jewish. Count
Basie's Jewish. Ray Charles is Jewish. Eddie Cantor's *goyish*.
B'Nai Brith is *goyish*; Hadassah, Jewish. Marine corps—*heavy*
goyim, dangerous. Koolaid is *goyish*. All Drake's Cakes are *goyish*.
Pumpernickel is Jewish, and, as you know, white bread is very
goyish. Instant potatoes—*goyish*. Black cherry soda's very Jewish.
Macarons are very Jewish—very Jewish cake. Fruit salad is
Jewish. Lime jello is *goyish*. Lime soda is very *goyish*. Trailer parks
are so *goyish* that Jews won't go near them. Jack Paar Show is very
goyish. Underwear is definitely *goyish*. Balls are *goyish*. Titties are
Jewish. Mouths are Jewish. All Italians are Jewish. Greeks are
goyish—bad sauce. Eugene O'Neill—Jewish; Dylan Thomas,
Jewish. Steve is *goyish*, though. It's the hair. He combs his hair in
the boys' room with that soap all the time.

Louis. That's my name in Jewish. Louis Schneider.

"Why havn't ya got Louis Schneider up on the marquee?"

"Well, cause it's not show business. It doesn't fit."

"No, no, I don't wanna hear that. You Jewish?"

"Yeah."

"You ashamed of it?"

"Yeah."

"Why you ashamed you're Jewish?"

"I'm not any more! But it used to be a problem. Until *Playboy*
magazine came out."

Yeah. That's right. IN—OUT. You just can't be that urbane
bachelor and drive down the street driving a Jag or a Lotus yelling
"nigger" and "kike." It don't fit. That's what's really happened.

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Up to about six or seven years ago, there was such a difference between Christians and Jews, that—maybe you did know—but, forget about it! Just a line there that would, *whew!* And the “Brotherhood of Christians and Jews” was like some fifth column bullshit. I don’t know, it was like a phony dumb board.

No, I don’t think so—I don’t think Christians did know it. Because only the group that’s involved—it’s like: the defense counsel knows it because he has a narrow view, where the D.A., he’s hung up with a bigger practice. So it’s the same: the Jew is hung up with his shit and maybe the Christian—because, when the Christians say, like, “Oh, is he Jewish? I didn’t know, when the Jew is when somebody’s Jewish.”

I always thought, “That’s bullshit.”

But he can’t. Cause he never got hung up with that shit, man. And Jews are very hung up with that, all the time.

I always try to search out the meaning of any cliches that attach to any ethnic group. And I’ve always heard that stupid *bubeh misleh* about Jews and all the smut books, and all. But here’s where all that must come from—and in part it’s true. Dig. But I have to tell you by way of a complaint report.

At the Troubadour Theatre in Los Angeles I was arrested for putting on an allegedly obscene show. Now the report said, he did a routine that related to his ex-wife, and he said that his ex-wife was the type of person who became upset when he walked into the bathroom while she was “fressing the maid.” “Fressing” is Yiddish; it means eating. Eating is an act of oral copulation. So I’m putting on an obscene show. How’s that for from Tinker to Evans to Chance?

But it ought to continue with, an act of oral copulation is *goyish*. Because there’s no word in Yiddish that describes oral copulation. In fact, there are no gutter phrases in Yiddish—it’s amazing. Homosexuality is known as “the English disease.” *Emmis*. There are no words in Jewish that describe any sexual act—*emmis*—There parts, or lusts.

Dig: “schmuck” is a German word. In Yiddish (this is the official Yiddish dictionary) “*schmuck*: a yard, a fool.” So dig what happens, a weird thing happens. The Jews take it humorously, make a colloquialism out of a literal word—and some *putz* who doesn’t understand what we’re talking about busts you for obscenity.

Dig this. Doesn’t it seem strange to you that Jewish judges, when it comes to obscenity cases, they’re never the dissent? They’re never swinging for the guy being not guilty. But Jewish attorneys defend alleged pornographers. Roth was Jewish. You should think about that. Why is that? Are Jews pornographers?

Or is it that the Jew has no concept? To a Jew f-u-c-k and s-h-i-t have the same value on the dirty-word graph. A Jew has no concept that f-u-c-k is worth 90 points, and s-h-i-t 10. And the reason for that is that—well, see, rabbis and priests both s-h-i-t, but only one f-u-c-ks.

You see, in the Jewish culture, there’s no merit badge for not doing that. And Jewish attorneys better get hip to that. And since the leaders of my tribe, rabbis, are *schluppers*, perhaps that’s why words come freer to me.

Now, the reason, perhaps, for my irreverence is that I have no knowledge of the God, because the Jews lost their God. Really. Before I was born the God was going away. Because to have a God you have to know something about him, and as a child I didn’t speak the same language as the Jewish God. To have a God you have to love him and know about him, kids—early instruction—and I didn’t know what he looked like. Our God has no mother, no father, no manger in the five-and-ten cereal boxes and on television shows. The Jewish God—what’s his face? Moses? Ah, he’s a friend of God’s.

“I dunno. Moses, he’s, I dunno, his uncle, I dunno...” He has no true identity. Is he a strong God? Are there little stories? Are there Bible tales about God, that one God, our faceless God? The Christian God, you’re lucky in that way, because you’ve got Mary, a mother, a father, a beginning, the five-and-ten little mangers—identity. Your God, the Christian God, is all over. He’s on rocks, he saves you, he’s dying on bank buildings—he’s been in three films. He’s on crucifixes all over. It’s a story you can follow. Constant identification.

The Jewish God—where’s the Jewish God? He’s on a little box nailed to the door jamb. In a *mezuzah*. There he is, in there. He’s standing on a slant, God. And all the Jews are looking at him, and kissing him on the way into the house.

“I told the super *don’t paint God!* Hey, Super! C’mere. What the hell’s the matter with you? I told you twenty times, that’s God there. What’re you painting God for? My old lady kissed

the doorbell three times this week. You paint here, here, but don't paint there, alright? Never mind it's dirty, we'll take care of it. Alright.

"Wait a minute... Maybe he's not in there any more... maybe the Puerto Ricans stole him—they probably would, to make more garbage. That's it... I dunno what to do... You wanna open it up?... Yeah? ... We'll pry it open, if he's in there... *Gewuli!* They stashed a joint!"

Now there's a curtain line for great Jewish theatre. This would be a capper on Broadway. The old Jewish couple, there they are, they open up the *mezuzah*, and the guy goes:

"*Gewuli!* They stashed a joint!"

Boom! Curtain.

That's vernacular for a marijuana cigarette. You'd make a bad vice officer, for Chrissake:

"They what? They what? What?"

"Ah, *putzo*, shut up! Just forget about it. Just get hot, and that's it."

A *mezuzah* is a Jewish chapstick. That's why they're always kissing it when they go out.

The Puerto Ricans, their dues—what's their eccentricity? They love garbage, oh yeah.

"They love garbage! Are you kidding? Puerto Ricans, they bring it from Puerto Rico! And they take the garbage and they have it on a string—they won't let people throw it away. They put it on the street like flowers. Puerto Rican garbage. There it is. They disperse it. Ya think they throw it away? No, change it around, different neighborhoods. Nice garbage. Puerto Rico, garbage. Roll in it, and love it, and hug it and kiss it." Actually, the Collier brothers were Puerto Rican.

The Puerto Ricans are bad, bad, bad. We were bad, once, too, the Jews. Bad Jews once. Our bad label was that we were capable of screwing everyone.

You know why Jews are the smartest people in the world? Cause everybody told them that, for years:

"They'll screw ya, you can't trust em, they'll screw everybody!"

And the *schmucks* really believed it:

"That's right. We're the smartest people—screw anybody! Goddamn right, we're smart! We'll screw everybody. Boy, we'll screw them all. We're so smart."

"Dave Brubeck—he gets ten grand a night! Isn't that amazing?"

"Jewish—they all do that, you know."

It's all in the *goyish mezuzah*, the white plastic statue. Break the head off and you open it up and there it is.

A *schicka* is a *goy*. That's right. That was the concept in the late thirties, that was the Jewish phrase. It meant, literally, a Christian is drunk. That was the concept of all Jews that I knew then, that Christians were drunks. And that Jewish mothers were the only mothers, and Christian mothers sold their children for bottles of whisky. And all their kids have grape jelly on their underwear and rotten teeth. They even had rotten teeth on their underwear. That was the badge of all Christians—they had rotten teeth.

I'll bet you that if I got a chance to listen at the Christian window I would have heard some "*schicka* is a *goy*" in reverse. But I never got a chance to pass, cause you never catch them without the mask on.

That's weird. You never do catch the people—once Belli got caught with the mask off. That's a drag. Melvin Belli. Yeah. Every once in a while, you know, if some guy's whacking out his old lady, or just some dumb scene, he does get caught: like you drop peaches on the floor and you're eating them and somebody comes in the room. Just that, kind of, caught with the mask off.

Once in a while you hear, "You *mockie* bastard!" Or, "The *goyim!*" But just once in a while.

You know, Ruby did it, and why he did it was because he was Jewish—and the villain was his grandmother. I really want to tell you that. I want to tell Christians that, you know. I can tell it to you because it's all over now. I wouldn't cop out when it was going on, but it is all over now.

Why Ruby did it. You see, when I was a kid I had tremendous hostility for Christians my age. The reason I had the hostility is that I had no balls for fighting, and they could duke. So I disliked them for it, but I admired them for it—it was a tremendous ambivalence

all the time: admiring somebody who could do that, you know, and then disliking them for it. Now the neighborhood I came from there were a lot of Jews, so there was no big problem with a balls-virility complex.

But *Ruby* came from Texas. They're really concerned with "bawls"—they got ninety-year-old men biting rattlesnakes' heads off! And shooting guns! And a Jew in Texas is a tailor. So what went on in Ruby's mind, I'm sure, is that

"Well, if I kill the guy that killed the President, the Christians'll go:

'Whew! What bawls he had, hey? We always thought the Jews were chickenshit, but look at that! See, a Jew at the end, saved everybody!'"

And the Christians'll kiss him and hug him and they'll lift him on high. A JEWISH BILLY THE KID RODE OUT OF THE WEST!

But he didn't know that was just a fantasy from his grandmother, the villain, telling him about the Christians who punch everybody, a dopey Jewish way. He probably went "Nach!" too—that means "There!" in Jewish. *Nach!*

Italians and Jews—I can report that culture best—they don't hit their old ladies. They don't punch them; but they're *pinchers*, and they grab their arms as though they won't hurt them, and squeeze a little extra. But Anglo-Saxons are rifle people—they shoot their old ladies.

Now, Italians are really tough to get away from. Oh yeah. If you're married for ten years, chick has a lotta dues. You got to start out with things like

"Listen, Rocco, there's nobody else. I want you to know that. But I just, someday I just want to get away...and think. *There's nobody else!* Nobody else. I just want to get away, I just want a little, maybe a convent! Maybe a nun'll come and

pick me up and take me in a car, and I'll be watched, and examined every day by a doctor...and I'll just think.... But *there's nobody else!*"

And maybe, maybe the chick will get away. Maybe, and escape the spitting on the windows and clothes getting cut up.

Alright. Now, the first thing that Italians and Jews do, they malign the old lady's reputation.

"That piece of shit! I didn't tell ya about her. She was a lesbian—I didn't tell ya that either. And she screwed Paul Robeson's nephew, too. And, ah, you better have paper cups over here, too—you know what else she does, I didn't tell ya that either."

And he calls up her mother, the final touch:

"You wanna hear what a *cunt* your daughter is?"

Vicious poison, poison, poison, and more poison.

Chutzpah: I'll show you pictorially what it means: *Life* magazine did a recap of what they consider the grooviest-looking chicks of the last twenty-five years. They started here with K.T. Stevens, Gina Lollobrigida, Rita Hayworth. Then they keep building—Janet Leigh, Grace Kelly, to Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, just really groovy-looking chicks. And they build and build in a crescendo, to the end chick—they give her a full page, True Beauty, and this is it, man—Jackie Kennedy! Now *that's* what *chutzpah* means. A chick like that could hitchhike from coast to coast and not be molested.

How The Jew Got Into Show Business.

The Jew had a hip boss, the Egyptian, oh yeah. Couldn't bullshit the Egyptian, you know. No, he was pretty slick. But the Jew kept working at it, working at being charming.

EGYPTIAN: Never mind the horsehit, thank you. We got the pyramids to build, and that's where it's at. Gonna get it up, takes your generation, next generation, do a nice workmanlike job here.

JEW: Oh thank you, thank you.

EGYPTIAN: Get outta here with that horseshit! Now stop it now!

But the Jew kept working at it, working at being charming. And he got so slick at it—he never carried it off—but he honed his arguments so good, he got so good at it, that that was his expertise: an art with them. C'mon. Let's go watch a Jew be charming.

Hey! Jew! Do that charming bit for us, there. We know you're bullshitting, but you do it so good we get a kick out of it. Do it for us, will ya please?

See? That was it, and he was on his way.

Now dig the switch-around. Now the Jew gets into show

business. And, he writes motion pictures, he's making the images—he has the film industry knocked up—he controls it! And the Jew naturally writes what he thinks is pretty, what he thinks is ugly—and it's *amazing*, but you never see one Jewish bad guy in the movies. Not ever a Jewish villain, man. Gregory Peck, Paul Muni—haha! It's wonderful! Who's the bad guy? The goyim! The Irish!

And you see a lot of pictures about Christ—a ton of religious pictures, in the most respectful position. And the reason that is, I'm sure, it's the way the Jew's saying, "I'm sorry." That's where it's at.

Religions Inc.; Catholicism; Christ and Moses; and the Lone Ranger

WHO WANTS TO HEAR FIRST? See, walk, and everything like that? I really am Father Flotsky. Yeah, I was a Catholic priest for about two and a half years. *Emmis*. And I really dug it. The only hangup is that—well, the religion is consistent, but the confessions are really bore. *Whew! Ridiculous*, man. It's the same scene again and again. I've talked to a lot of ex-priests, and I'll say, "How come you quit the gig?"

And they'll all tell you the same reason: it's confessions. One out of fifty is sexually stimulating, but the rest—*whew!* It's the same trite crap over and over, week after week:

"Look, why don't you come up with a new story already? Were you here two months ago? Are you the bloomers-smeller?"

"Yeah."

"What's wrong? Look, there's nothing wrong with smelling bloomers. But you like to tell me that story, you *meschugenah*. That don't get me hot. You always come in here,

'Oh God, I smelled bloomers.'

They're *bloomers!* Whatsa matter? They're your *own* bloomers, we found out. You wash them out and they're clean bloomers. And if you wanna smell 'em it's up to you. But don't confess it to me, and then say to me at the end of the story,

'How'd ya like dat?'

I don't like it. It's not disgusting, it's silly. And I got a lot of people waiting outside with some real good stories for me. If

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