



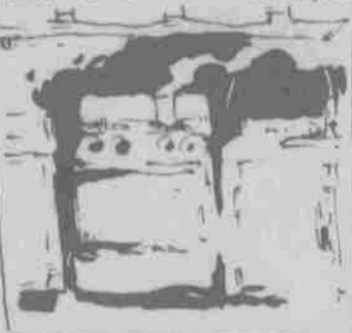
the funny page

MY WORLD



WE USED TO LIVE IN A BASEMENT APARTMENT ("THE PAD").

WE USED TO COOK SPAGHETTI-O'S IN THE CAN.



AND WATCH CABLE TV ALL NIGHT, EVERY NIGHT.



Tom Laufer/Diversions



NOW IT'S A PARKING LOT. AND WE'RE ALL RICH AND SUCCESSFUL.

CRAZY EDDY



BE THE FIFTH CALLER TO WIN THE LAST TWO VAN HALEN TICKETS IN THE CITY!



CONGRATULATIONS TO HORACE MILLER FOR WINNING THE LAST TWO VAN HALEN TICKETS!



... SOMEONE HELP! I'VE BEEN SHOT! HELP! HELP!

Stonie Cooper/Diversions

FABLE JOHN

PRESENTS THE Internal Organs.

John Bruce/Diversions

EPISODE 3: SINGIN' IN THE VEIN.

THE HOODLUMS HAD TAKEN VALERIE AND I MEANT TO GET HER BACK! OH SURE—SHE COULD GET A LITTLE VARIKOSE... BUT I NEEDED HER!



I WENT TO SEE MY BUDDY BRIAN FOR ADVICE. HE'S A DRAM! HE'D HAVE AN IDEA!



HOW YA DOIN', BRIAN. I NEED SOME HELP!

NO CAN DO, HARRY. INSUFFERING FROM A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE!



IF I HEAR ONE MORE PUN I'LL HAVE A HEART ATTACK.

I GOT THE MONEY AND WENT TO 625 WEST JOE STREET!



HERE I AM WITH THE MONEY!

LITTLE DID I KNOW I WAS WALKING INTO A TRAP!



NUTS!

TO BE CONTINUED

Don't be a sissy — wear pink Spandex

HARRAH from Page 12

an estrogen binge and you have a generic heavy-metal band. Sound logical? Of course it does. But next you've got to put them all in Spandex, paint up their pussies like high-fashion models, add some songs with lyrics about lookin' for "loose chicks," and somehow spice in some ludicrous satanic pretensions to make everything seem "rebellious."

Yeah.

Look at Ozzy Osbourne, an ugly, overweight middle-aged man who sells records by biting the heads off doves and pretending that he's so satanic — and butch. In his "Shot in the Dark" video, the Oz comes out on stage in a flowing, sequined gown and enough eyeliner to highlight the orbs of an entire sorority. Is he gonna sing heavy metal or break out into a torchy lip-sync rendition of Diana Ross's "Touch Me in the Morning?" Naw. Ozzy's no drag queen. He's a hot-rockin' satanist. Yeah.

Or how about that new band Poison? They sing songs with titles like "Talk Dirty to Me." But on the cover of their album, they hardly look like all-American boys who want to give it to some "loose babe." With their

high cheekbones, flowing blond manes, heavy mascara and dramatically posed faces, they look more like entrants in Teen magazine's "Be a Cover Model Girl" contest.

And what about Judas Priest? I used to like them when I was in high school because all my friends said they were cool. "They really rock," people told me. These were the same friends who loved to make fun of fags in San Francisco. Then one day it dawned on me. My friends were making fun of people who dressed like the "hot-rockin' dudes" in Judas Priest. With their leather jackets, pants, policeman caps and coppieces, the Priest boys looked exactly like entrants in a San Fransissy-co "Mr. Gay Leather U.S.A." pageant.

Boy George once said that David Lee Roth is "just a drag queen with a hairy chest and a crotch that's insured by Lloyd's of London." But he's more. He's a surfer version of a stoned, bikini-chasing Liberace. When Dave puts on striped Spandex tights, a silver lame halter top and high-heeled pink boots, we think nothing of it. But if your average all-American teenage heavy-metal "dude" put on the same outfit, his wrist's reputation would be ruined

for life. When Dave wears sequins and eyeliner, however, all the "dudes" say to themselves, "He's cool. He's in a band. He gets to give it to stacked babes. And he likes guitars."

Many of today's metal bands are merely poor imitations of early '70s glam rockers like David Bowie, T-Rex, the New York Dolls and Lou Reed — visually, that is. The glam rockers in no way tried to justify their Liberacesque looks by acting macho. In fact, they did the opposite and went around saying they were bisexual even if they weren't.

Metal has become so diverse now that many bands are breaking out of the genre's typical molds and addressing issues with more respectable connotations like nuclear disarmament, peace and politics. And some bands, like Stryper, are singing about the opposite end of the metal occult spectrum: Christianity.

Yeah. That's right. Hot-rockin' dudes singin' about Jesus. Yeah, cool. But they don't dress like women — they swathe their cool-dude bods in bumblebee get-ups. I'm still trying to figure out the psychological interpretation of metal, machismo and bees. Pollination, perhaps?

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