

**KINISON** from Page 6

He's like a cruel big brother who's frightened you to the point that you have to follow him everywhere. If the world is really filled with such hideous monsters, and he seems to know them all on a first name basis, then he must be the man to hang with.

Critics say Sam Kinison's scream is a gimmick. Is suicide a gimmick? Is nuclear warfare a gimmick?

Critics say Sam Kinison is the comedy version of the Rambo persona. The Chuck Bronson or Dirty Harry Callahan of laughs. Some say he wants to take away the compassion of his audiences, wants to turn them against each other like starving hyenas. Kinison the conscience killer. And maybe you could take Kinison that way, but it wouldn't explain the scream. After mentioning the unmentiona-

bles, mocking the unmockable and tearing into the stuffing of our weak, wormy identikit, Kinison screams. His face turns colors, his eyes bulge, his hair stands out on each side of that beret and he pulls every emotion into a scream from the bowels of hell. Children are starving? **Aaaaaaraghhhhhh!** Manson might get out on parole? **Waaaran-nagh! P.M.S.? Aaaaaaarannaganga!** Virgin birth? **Aaaaahthtarngh!** Women? **AAAAAAAHHGGGG!** Men? **WWWAAAAANGH!** Love? **JAAAAAAAARGH!**

Wake up!

Sam Kinison will be frightened, rage-filled, confrontational, hostile, aggressive, truthful, sadistic, unholy, paranoid, abrasive, and uncensored Saturday night in the Omaha Civic Auditorium's Music Hall. The show begins at 8 p.m. Wear helmets and safety glasses.

**MCMURTRY** from Page 10

She smiled and held out her hand. "Hello, welcome to Mr. Cinzano Gaetano's new spring line."

While shaking my hand vigorously she laughed. "Oh, that's a good one. Seriously, though, we're all here." She gestured at the line of girls holding up clothes with Mr. Cinzano Gaetano's name on them. At Last In America.

I pointed up at one of the many posters. "Who's that?"

"Oh, that's my big brother."

I needed a drink. Where was that annoying Bud guy when you needed him? He was across the room, and a cute, lispng little pigtailed girl was tugging at his pantleg, screaming something about cheesy macaroni. I turned toward Ernest and Julio, or Frank and James,

or whoever the hell they were, and tried to get their attention, but they were arguing loudly in Italian and couldn't hear me. I wondered if they knew the world-famous designer. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a guy who looked and sounded an awful lot like Dick Cavett but couldn't have been him. He was carrying a TV, some steak sauce and several assorted household items and was running for his life. The real Dick Cavett was chasing him, waving a knife and screaming.

I turned and tried to run from the room, but a wall of shaving cream held me back. Some guy handed me 50 bucks and ripped the shirt off my back, and everything went blank.

I was alone in my room. I looked out the window at the darkness. Shivering, I had sweat all over my body. What a horrible nightmare. I'd been awake.

# A WORD FROM "PYTHON" PISCOPO EX-WRESTLER ABOUT MILLER LITE



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## "DUH"\*

\*TRANSLATION: A SUPERBLY BREWED, FINE TASTING PILSNER BEER.

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
LITE BEER

