

PICKING YOUR NOSE

is a habit you were supposed to outgrow along with playing with yourself and thinking you were hot shit.

If you have stopped picking your nose, I urge you to begin again. Remember, God told Moses to do it. King Tut had slaves do it for him, Tarzan did it with a banana and great gusto, Trigger also did it, thus the sobriquet Wonder Horse.

Given the New Morality it is also a very hip thing to do. Although mutual masturbation often gets a yawn, mutual nose-picking titillates the most jaded and is always a welcome respite from the vibrator and three tattooed strangers.

On a purely utilitarian level, it will not patch a tire but is good company until AAA shows.

I have detailed plans for Der Nostrilhaus, a series of comfortable hostels where serious practitioners could meet and exchange ideas or, in the privacy of well-appointed rooms, perfect their craft.

I once spoke to a government official about Der Nostrilhaus and the idea enraged him so much that he could not speak but, frustrated, could only give me the finger.

Well, I guess you know what I did with that.