

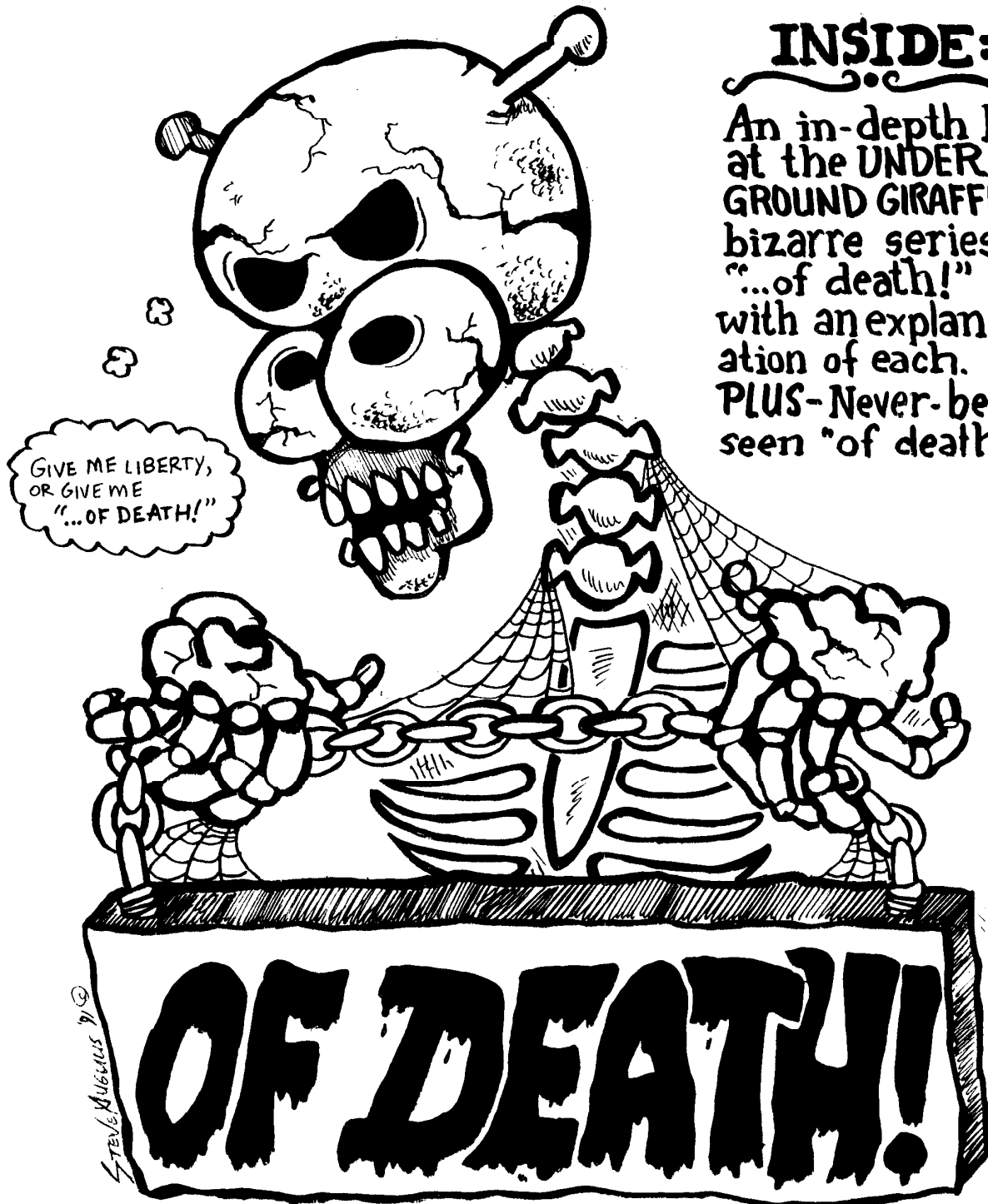
"Something to read in a coffin"

VOL I, NO. 6 ~~JUNE 1991~~  
SEPT. '92

# THE LIFE...

## INSIDE:

An in-depth look at the UNDERGROUND GIRAFFE'S bizarre series, "...of death!" with an explanation of each. PLUS- Never-before seen "of deaths!"



## Introduction of Death!

Man's obsession with, or should we say fear of, death has always been in existence. Death is the ending of life as we know it (quite literally!), and what lies beyond, if anything, one cannot know until one is actually dead. Of course, there have been accounts of a bright light at the end of a long, dark tunnel from people who have been clinically pronounced dead and came back to tell their story, and perhaps star in the movie "Beyond and Back." Apart from these dubious stories, however, we know nothing of death.

Most people think of death as being a bad thing, and this is understandable. I mean, wouldn't it ruin your day if you were in the middle of a good time when, suddenly, you bit the big one and had to deal with that damn bright light? Death is taken as a solemn, even a feared occurrence, one which we all wish to avoid but, ultimately, cannot. We are trained to pretend that death is something that could never happen to us, only to others. Fact is, sooner or later death's huge lottery drum is gonna spew forth your name and POW! You're a lottery winner- of DEATH!!! Don't say you've never won anything.

Anyhow, the point here is that death has gotten a bad rap. How would you like to have the Grim Reaper's job? You thought selling encyclopedias was tough! Just think how tough it'd be to ring someone's doorbell in a dark cape, with a sharp farming instrument in a skeletal hand, and explain that it was time to cross the River Styx! (Knock! Knock! Knock!) "who is it?" - "Death!" - "What?" - "Your time is up!" - "I paid you people last month!" See the confusion? Would you really have the heart to use that sickle in this situation? We think not.

Death has been a feared, hushed-up topic for far too long, and we're trying to rectify that with the "...of death!" series. It is totally silly, mocking death and poking fun at the terror that death causes. We are attempting to create a pleasant, humorous atmosphere, rather than the "Oh God, do I actually have to go over to the casket and look at that stiff in there" atmosphere. This is accomplished by coupling the simple phrase "...of death!" with a totally harmless and neutral person, place, or thing. The less something causes or is related to death, the funnier the results. Take, for example, "spoon of death!" The word "spoon" nullifies the word "death," making it almost absurd, yet vaguely funny. Come on, when's the last time a spoon actually caused death? When's the last time someone was spooned to death?!? Well, I guess it depends on the spoon, on the creativity of the person doing the spooning, but, generally speaking, spoons do not cause death. On the other hand, "semi-automatic weapon of death!" lacks such humorous quality because semi-automatic weapons have in point of fact caused more than a few deaths. There is no revelation here, nothing to make you read it and wonder what it's trying to say. No confusion or hilarity is generated (at least, we hope not). "Skeleton of death!" only strengthens people's fear of dying, as skeletons are usually associated with death; "gargantuan reproductive organ of death!" is, however, a naucously comedic use of the phrase, because A) not only do reproductive organs not cause death, they help conceive life, thus negating the reference to death; and B) it just sounds so damn funny!

Death is not something we should dread all our lives. Rather, one should keep in mind that one is only living once and should make that one time count. Or, as Jim Morrison put it, "The future's uncertain and the end is always near." This is not cause for depression, however. Enjoy yourself, live it up, celebrate the fact that you still can! Do you want to go out desperately wishing you had done something, or blissfully remembering all the good times you had? "Memories of death!"

We hope we've shed some light onto how our minds work and that our "explanation of death!" helps you more fully enjoy the drawings in this special collection of all existing "...of death!" drawings (including some never seen before). We also hope that, in some way, we have helped to clear death's name and allowed you to look at death and dying in an altogether different fashion. It's really not so bad. Look at it this way; if you die today, you won't have to go to work tomorrow! Keep your chin (or chins, or even "chins of death!") up, and enjoy our cheery booklet. Thank you.

## *Disclaimer of Death!*

We, the editors of the *Underground Giraffe*, being of sound minds and bodies (though not simultaneously), do hereby bequeathe to our fellow employees the following material possessions, to be distributed not less than one week after our untimely deaths: one (1) copy each of the "The Life... of Death!" issue of the *Underground Giraffe*; one (1) pair each of the eyes of death!; and \$34.85, the sum total contained in the *UC Cashbox of Death!*, to be divided evenly among all the bereaved. Executor of the estate is Tom Corlucci.

1. The above last will and testicle is only valid if all three editors meet their deaths in one of the following fashions: chewed to death by a pack of wild camels; buried under a mound of Jessie S. Florie GST Playsand, SKN# 70-2331; Crazy Glue overdose; trampled to death by rabid armadilloes; shot by Secret Service agents while attempting to assassinate J. Danforth Quayle; or simultaneous orgasms and heart failures while engaged in menage a trois (those damn French phrases again!).
2. Approximate cash value of "The Life... of Death!" is 25 cents; approximate value of the eyes of death! is 76.4 cents. There will be no substitution of bequeathals. All bequeathals will be bequeathed.
3. Certain restrictions may apply.
4. For more last will and testicle information, send 547 proofs-of-purchase from the backs of Teddy Ruxpin boxes to:  
Corpses "R" Us  
666 Mockingbird Lane  
Death Valley, CA 13666

Editor-in-chief: Pluto, Roman god of the underworld  
new fiction editor: Autumn Lee Barckhoff  
Copy editor: Andersen Silva  
Illustration editor: Steve Augulis  
Spiritual advisor: the Rev. Sun Myung Moon

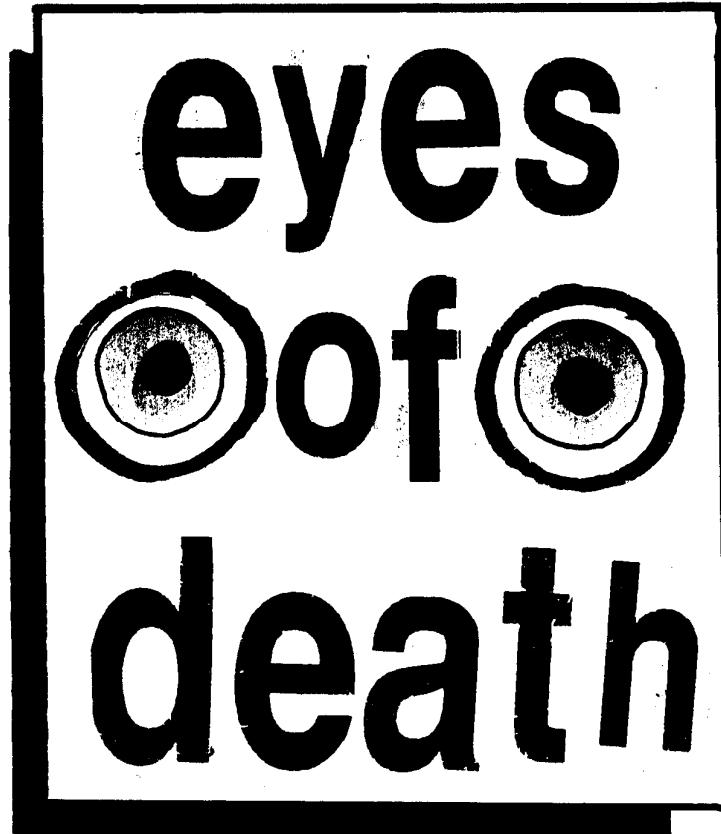
Thanks be to: Dante Alighieri, the Book of the Dead, Charon, Meister Crowley, everyone in Purgatory, John F. Kennedy, the Dead Kennedys, Dr. Kebovktan, the Munsters, Persephone, Rosemary's baby, and B. L. Sabab.

*Special thanks to Aline, who figured out that T-GAR's father married his sister; thus T-GAR and Jean-Claude are not only brothers, but also cousins! Sorry for any confusion (we we're not, pinheads!)*

## The One That Started It All

THE EYES OF DEATH! - Someone once said, "The eyes are the windows to the soul," and it's very profound, and quite true (although some of us may need a little Windex). Eyes can convey much without one word's being spoken. A simple glance in someone's direction can get them riled, confused, frightened, or even horny, depending on the nature of the glance.

Eyes can also reveal an internal strife, or imply something simply by their state or appearance. Closed eyes imply sleep; red-rimmed eyes imply the lack thereof. Black eyes imply the receiving of a good thrashing, while squinted eyes can convey the message, "I can't see," or "Damn, it's bright!" or even "Boy, am I constipated!!!"

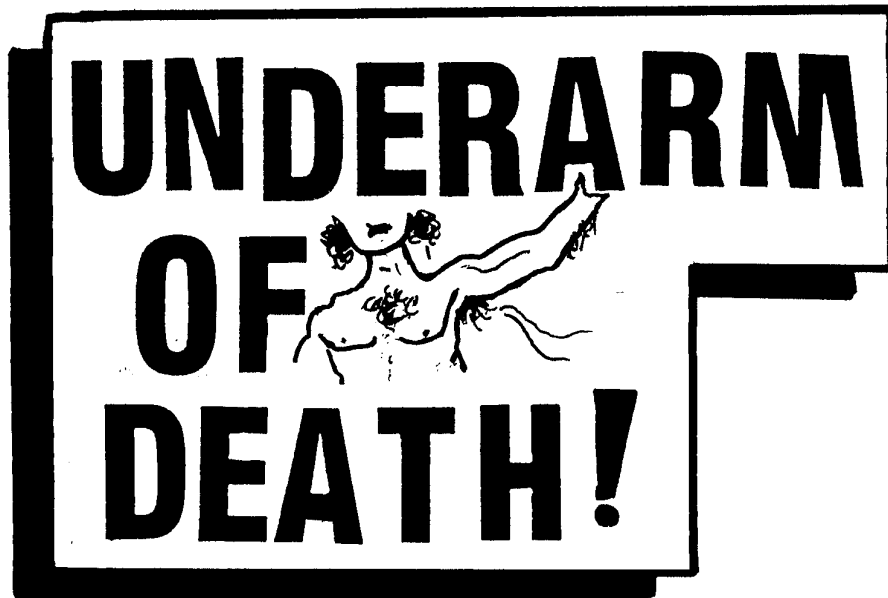


It is, however, open, staring eyes that seem quite ominous and foreboding to most people. Eyes that stare blankly into an eternal nothingness (**Calvin Klein** commercial alert!) imply DEATH! How many times have we seen a horror movie in which the victim is taken by surprise as an axe or other sharp utensil is driven into their meek, fleshy torso with the force of a madman behind it? As the victim's frail, lifeless body crashes to the ground while their life-blood spouts about with joy at its new-found freedom, does the camera not focus in on the bulging, lifeless eyes? Of course it does! The eyes that stare forever are the eyes of death! But we have taken a gruesome concept and turned it into a simple, meaningless one: take two circles, call them eyes, and create an ominous title. Who would believe that these harmless, rotund shapes could strike fear or, even more implausible, cause death? They could be tits for all anyone knows. The point is, the graphic looks innocuous, the title seems deadly, and put together they're raucously funny (or so we hope).

The eyes of death were born of boredom. An employee with nothing better to do decided to amuse himself with some round blue stickers. By placing a black dot in their centers, he had "eyes," which were then placed in pairs throughout the store in visible (and not so visible) locations. But the eyes by themselves were not enough, hence the title "Eyes of Death!" Thus was a concept born, the rest, as they say, is history...

## The One After The One That Started It All

THE UNDERARM OF DEATH! - This here is one of the few "...of death!'s" that actually has the potential (no matter how slight) to cause death. If you've ever been in an elevator with someone who believes that bathing in water causes death, or moved up too close to the counter in a 7-Eleven, you know exactly what we mean. Some people truly do have "Underarms of Death!" You see, when one doesn't bathe, bacteria begin to develop in various areas of the body. These bacteria give off a particularly putrid perfume, as a warning to the scummy dirtbag to TAKE A SHOWER, USE SOME DEODORANT, JUMP IN A LAKE... anything!!!



Some folks will heed nature's five-alarm signal. Others, either because they've lived in Third World countries or simply because they enjoy being "natural" (I'll bet Mother Nature don't stink, tho), will allow the bacteria to multiply and fester, thus developing underarms of death! Those little wavy lines emanating from the armpit, incidentally, are used only for effect. They are not really visible to the naked eye, unless the problem gets truly out of hand; if you see these lines under someone's armpit, STAY CLEAR! A sort of yellowish smog will envelop the poor slob who lets things go too far. Take the hint, and keep away before your nasal passages erode.

## People And Their Things of Death!



### SY SPERLING AND HIS HAIRWEAVE OF DEATH! -

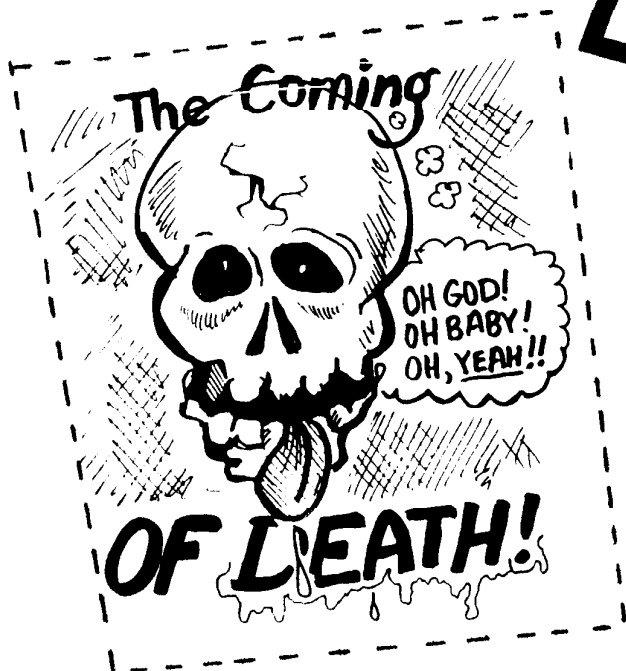
Mr. Sperling, best known for his commercials for the Hair Club for Men ("And remember, I'm not only the president, but I'm also a client!"), once had the luck (good or bad, you decide) to date Myrna the Manager Tamer (see article on Marty the Manager's death). She decided to implicate him in Marty's murder because of their insamicable parting, and so left a hairweave of death! at the scene. Sy's fatal hair extensions can be spotted for miles, and his team of attorneys is currently attempting to extricate him from a hairy murder trial.

### JUAN VALDEZ AND HIS BEANS OF DEATH! -

Mr. Valdez is known as a symbol of quality coffee beans, picked in the mountains of Colombia. His secret killer legumes are home-grown in downtown Baghdad, Iraq, however, and cannot be told apart from regular coffee beans. These were also liberally spread around the murder scene of Marty, as Myrna had had an unhappy (and unhealthy) romantic fling with Juan, too (Juan, too, Juan, too, etc.) His burro, Paco, acclaimed for his large penile dimensions, is Myrna's current love.



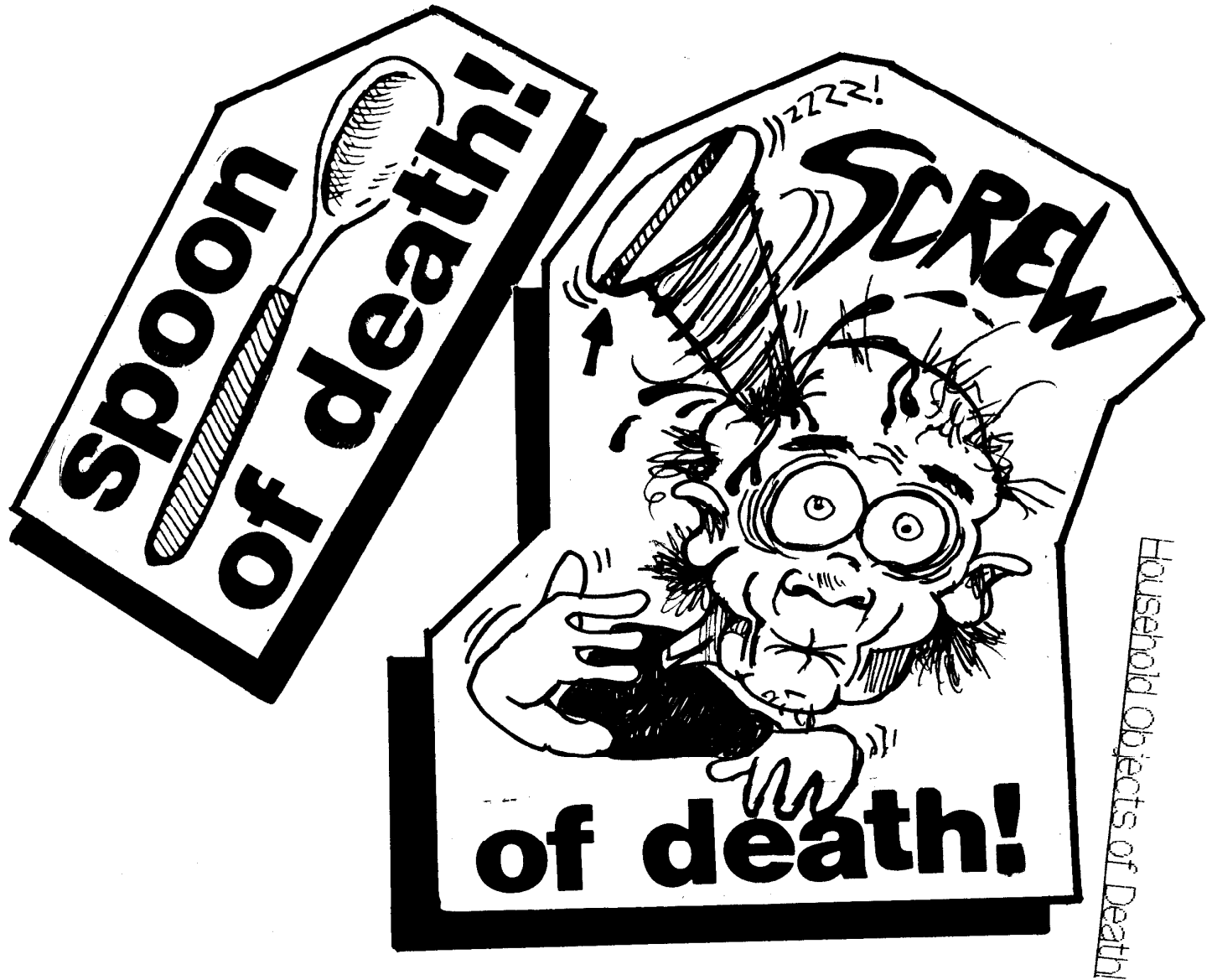
THE COMING OF DEATH! - Oh, all right, you got us. This isn't really a person and his thing of death!, but we couldn't find another title to put it under, so TOO BAD! The coming of death! was also designed for the PlayUG issue, where its orgasmic statements fit right in. No, you can't see much action, but, realistically, how many ways are there to draw a coming? (clip along dotted lines and stick it somewhere!)



THE SPOON OF DEATH! - Spoons. Most of us see them just about every day. They lurk there within the dark drawers of our kitchens, waiting for the chance to plunk into our coffee or soup, coordinating with our forks to scoop up that spaghetti. They spend most of their time waiting. But waiting to cause DEATH? Hey, now... of course not. We covered this in the introduction, remember?

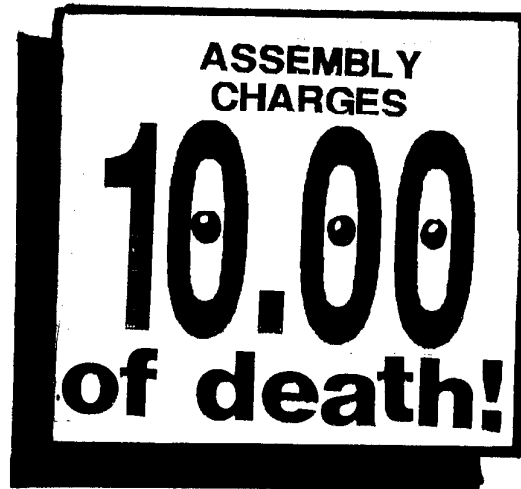
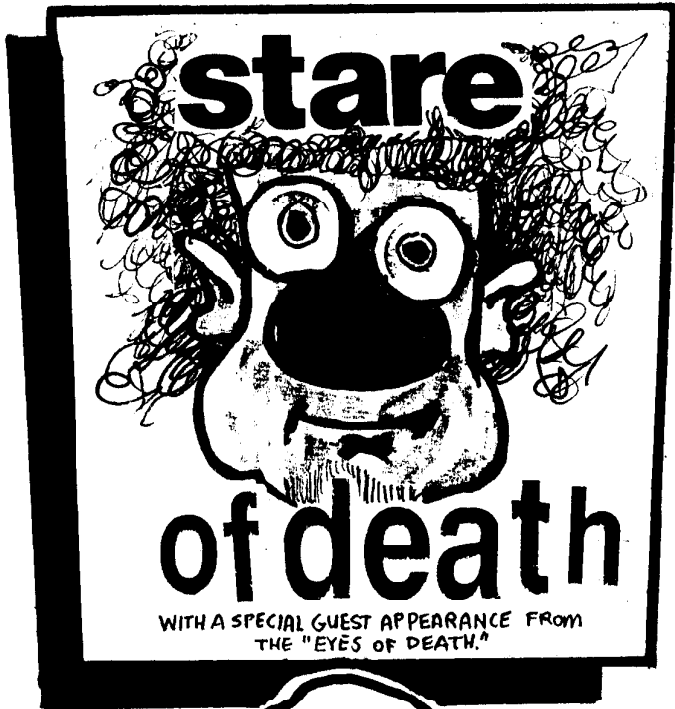
It wasn't realized just how popular the spoon of death actually was until "Robin Hood - Prince of Thieves" was released. At one point in the movie, the Sheriff of Nottingham yells at Robin, who is riding away, "When I catch you, I'm going to remove your heart with a SPOON!" Here we see true creativity at work. To even consider using a spoon to kill someone is odd, yet intriguing. When the sheriff's cousin asks, "But sire... why a spoon?" he replies, "Because it's dull - it'll hurt more, you twit!"

Of course, that's Hollywood. I mean, it's not really feasible to remove someone's heart with a spoon, what with the ribcage in the way and all. For our purposes, let's just leave it at a simple sign that's part of a bizarre series; harmless and playful. Yeah, that's the ticket! Hmm...

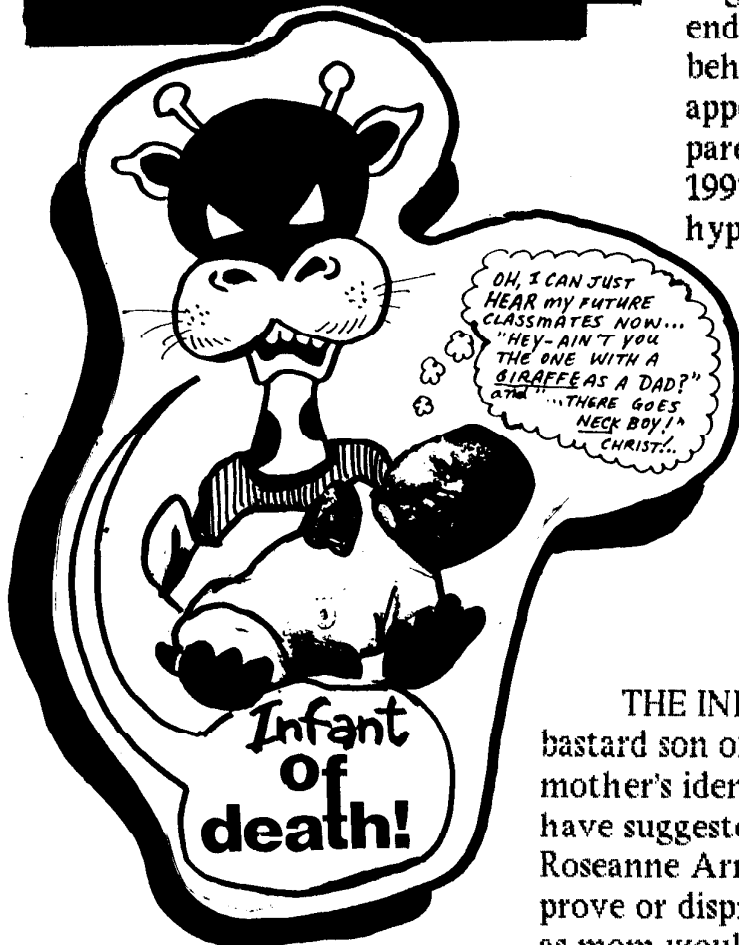


THE SCREW OF DEATH! - This is a truly unique drawing in the series, different from every other one you'll see in this booklet. Can you tell why? Of course not, brainless buffoons, that's why we have to tell you! It's the only "...of death!" thus far that actually shows someone being killed, which is something of a break from the usual "innocent picture, deadly phrase" pattern. We thought the graphic would reach out and grab the viewer, then make him/her turn away in disgust, and then make him/her turn back and say, "Cool!" And it IS cool, isn't it? (The bulging eyes on the poor slob could be "eyes of death!") But just look at this dude's face; the expression is more one of surprise than of pain. When's the last time you saw a screw that big? (HEY - we know what you're thinking, and that's sick. Not that kind of screw - I oughta... Why, we should tie you up and make you beg for forgiveness as we lash at you with our cats-o' nine tails... Uh, sorry.)

Never Before Seen of Death's



**THE STARE OF DEATH!** - This is a frightening use of the eyes of death! They stare endlessly out from the almost clownlike face behind them, giving said face a post-mortem appearance. UG was unsuccessfully sued by parents of a teenager who committed suicide in 1991, when they claimed their son was hypnotized by the stare of death!



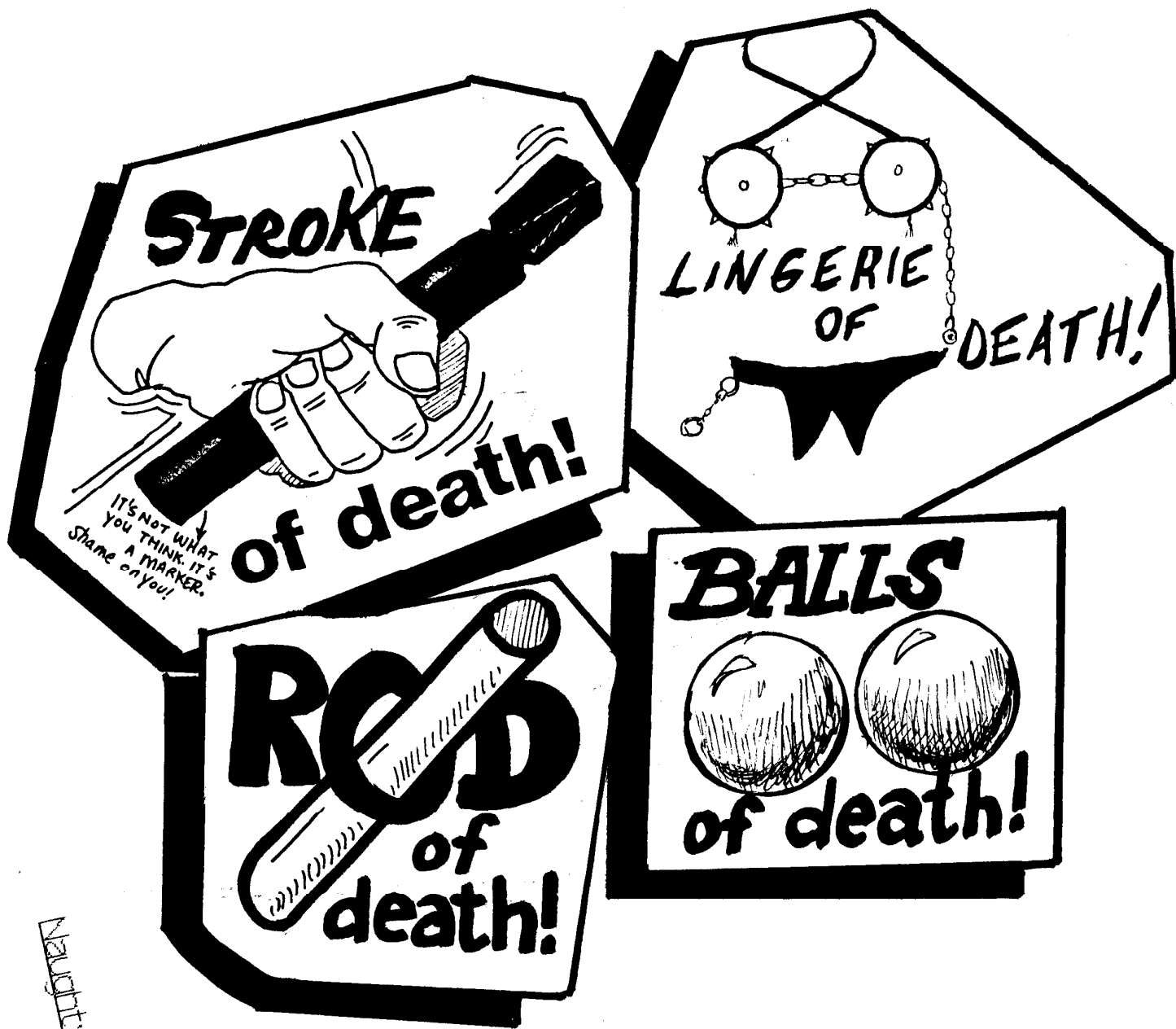
**THE ASSEMBLY CHARGES OF DEATH!** - Customers are instilled with a deadly fear by the merest mention of these deadly dollar amounts. The assembly charges of death! have not actually been proven to cause death, but their power is respected by ticket writers the world over.

**THE INFANT OF DEATH!** - Yes, it is the bastard son of the Underground Giraffe! His mother's identity is not known, though some have suggested the baby bears a resemblance to Roseanne Arnold. UG himself does nothing to prove or disprove the rumors. Having Roseanne as mom would certainly entitle the poor child to the title of infant of death!, however.



THE STROKE OF DEATH! - Well, the naughty things of death! were all conceived (so to speak) for our infamous "Porno issue," or PlayUG. The stroke of death is actually only someone fondly caressing a black magic marker, though with the minds of our employees, who knows what they thought it was supposed to be. Really now!

THE LINGERIE OF DEATH! - These deadly delicacies are the only naughties that represent no innuendo or double entendre; they really are flimsy undergarments of death! The only sketch in the series done by Andersen Silva, they appeared on a flyer for PlayUG that was never posted in the breakroom, so this is really the first public appearance of the lingerie of death! Also seen on the late Marty the Manager.



THE ROD OF DEATH! - Another deceptive title; the rod of death! is merely some long, cylindrical object with no, I repeat no, phallic symbolism whatsoever. It could be an empty roll of paper towels, or a rolled-up newspaper, or... whatever.

THE BALLS OF DEATH! - What Steve and Andy are considered to have had to publish the "Porno issue" in the first place. "Boy, those guys have got real balls of death!" Once again, there is nothing pornographic or sexual about these spheres; only a dirty mind can create such a connotation.

Naughty Things of Death!

# MARTY THE MANAGER SUFFERS A FATAL ATTACK OF DEATH

Syndicated cartoon  
columnist found dead  
in bedroom.



1 - On a dare, Marty trades clothes with Myrna the Manager Tamer. Little did Marty know that what Myrna was wearing was actually the "Lingerie of Death!" He began to suffocate slowly, while at the same time enjoying a pleasure never before experienced. He then had a "Coming of Death!" (not shown, for obvious reasons; this is a family newsmagazine, goddamnit!!!)

2 - Then, Myrna told Marty she wanted to give him the ultimate screw. Once again the unsuspecting, trusting, and horny fool, Marty enthusiastically agreed. What Myrna had in mind, however, was the "Screw of Death", which she promptly inserted into his right thigh with a "Power Screwdriver of Death!" (again, not shown; visit your local Sears store for a demonstration)

3 - At this point, Marty's eyes bulged in pain, so much so, in fact, that they transformed into the "Eyes of Death!" His right armpit, oversaturated with Marty's cold, acrid sweat, then metamorphosed into the "Underarm of Death!" (no, that one ain't shown, either; we have our limits, don'tcha know!)

4 - "I'm having a seizure, and I can't get up!" exclaimed Marty. "Get a spoon before I swallow my own tongue!" Myrna, the devil incarnate, willingly obliged. Yup, you guessed it: what she fetched was indeed the "Spoon of Death!", which she cheerily rammed down Marty's ever-shrinking breathing passage. It is at this point that Marty became a "Fatality of Death!"

5 - Myrna the Manager Tamer, not wishing to be connected with the crime, decided to frame Sy Sperling, president of the Hairclub for Men. She and Sy had been involved in an "on-again, off-again, get on again, get off again, get off yourself again, get off of me" relationship which ended with Sy's suggestion of a pubic hair weave. Myrna decided to give Marty a post-mortem "Hairweave of Death!", thus implicating Sy.

5 - She also had a torrid affair with Juan Valdez, that coffee bean picker. Myrna figured, "What the hell; get Juan, too, three, four!" Let 'em all think it was a homosexual menage a trois for all she cared! She carefully selected some "Beans of Death!" from the coffee canister and spread them around the bed, so as to give the impression that Marty and Juan had been doing some heavy "percolating", if ya know what we mean. She then left Marty's dead body (now reeking powerfully with the "Stench of Death!" (no, we're not gonna even *try* to show you that one!)) behind, and ran off with Juan's burro, Paco.

**R E W A R D ! ! !** --- \$100 to anyone who brings in Myrna the Manager Tamer alive, with her "Lingerie of Death!", and leaves her at my place.