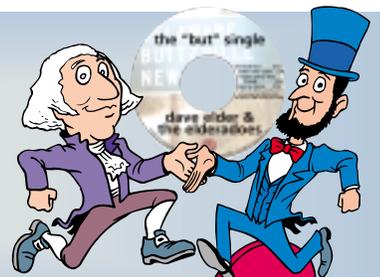


But's Up?!?!

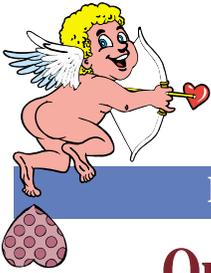
Just past the first of the year and the holiday season is upon us already! Ground hog's day, President's Day, George's and Abe's birthdays, and of course, the queen of them all, St. Valentine's Day. So much to celebrate in so short a time. Make sure to keep plenty of *but* singles on hand for each round of gift giving and merriment. And let's not forget that the holidays are often the loneliest time of the year for those who don't share in the celebrations with family and friends. Why not say a few extra *buts* for them!



FEBRUARY 2001

THE NEW BUTOPIAN

ISSUE NUMBER TWELVE - INVESTIGATING THE LOST LOINCLOTH FREE



Questioning the Loincloth

Scientists using carbon dating techniques this week called into question the authenticity of the Lost Loincloth of Jim Morrison, on display at the Brooklyn Church of the One Holy Righteous Mother. Church officials claim Jim wore the artifact during a photo shoot in 1969 that produced a picture in which the iconic singer appears in crucifixion position, wearing only a white cloth covering his *loins*.

A painter doing renovations on an old apartment building in the Kensington section of Brooklyn discovered the cloth in 1989. The cloth bears the imprint of a generously-sized but athletically-trim butt on the *b* side and the appearance of a somewhat large male organ on the *a* side.

The cloth has stood at the center of controversy since the moment of its discovery. Rumors of the possible existence of such a garment had circulated through rock and roll circles for years, but few knowledgeable critics took them seriously. When a common workman from Brooklyn (see sidebar *O.D.'s Lucky Day*) suddenly came forward to say he had found the artifact, so coincidentally on the eve of a revival of interest in the music of the Doors that seems to occur every 10 years or so, the rock and roll world quickly ran to its corners and came out with opinions flying.

Now, as yet another revival of interest in the Doors breaks on the horizon, a team of rock and roll members of the scientific community have assembled to try to answer the question of authenticity. While their findings have raised interesting questions, their latest report, concerning carbon dating of the cloth, clearly marks it as a fake.

(continued on other side)

BUTZVILLE PICTURE OF THE MONTH



A True Butzville Road Sign

Just outside of Butzville, on US Route 46, you pass this sign - truly the kind of road name you won't find in New York City. Or anywhere else that isn't really Butzville.

O.D.'s Lucky Day

Apartment painter O.D., as he calls himself, says his life took a remarkable turn in October of 1989. Showing up uncharacteristically early on the first day of a new renovation job ("I forgot to set my clock back..."), O.D. found a mysterious cloth in a pile of some rubbish.

"I thought it might make a good rag for wiping paint off, you know. But then I noticed that on one side it had this, uh, I don't know, you could see the shape of someone's butt, as if somebody had worn it and left a mark on it, maybe it was sweat or something. Then I noticed on the other side you could see...that it had been worn by a guy with a good-sized schlong.

"I don't know, it was like the shapes were almost painted on the cloth or something, except that it wasn't paint. It was more like it was burned into the cloth, only it's not like a burn either. Maybe if you wore it in the rain and you got hit by lightning or something.

"So I knew it was special, and I showed it to a couple of the guys. One of them, he was listening to *Light My Fire* and he said, 'Hey, wouldn't that be crazy if it was the Lost Loincloth of Jim Morrison.' And I said, 'How do you know that it ain't?' So I made some phone calls, one thing led to another, and I ended up selling it to the Church, after they checked it out. They're pretty sure it's the real thing!"

How much did the Church pay? "I'm not so good with numbers, but I didn't have to go back to work for almost 2 months. I even paid for a few rounds of drinks, and my wife and I had a nice long week-end in Atlantic City."

(continued on other side)



Testimonials

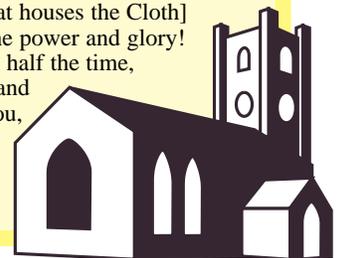
(From Church files - names withheld)

"Hallelujah, I have risen again..."

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"I saw the Cloth, I felt the spirit! And I asked the woman standing next to me if she could feel the spirit moving within her. And she said she could..."

"I travelled all the way from Memphis, crawled on my knees with my poor wife following a few paces behind me. As difficult as it was for me to make the journey, it was all the more so for her. But she did it because she believed, just as I did. And the Loincloth didn't let us down. The moment I touched the glass box [that houses the Cloth] and I looked at it, I felt the power and glory! We made it back home in half the time, holding on to each other and hopping along! I thank you, my wife thanks you, and our 6 new children all thank you too!"





IN THE NEWS

"What are you getting for the Holidays this year? 10 extra pounds? A big **butt**?" So goes a recent TV spot for **Bally Total Fitness**.

"You've got a big **butt**! So what! Your mama had a big **butt** too!" said **Mr. T** in a skit on the Tonight Show called *Mr. T and the Women* that parodied a new movie."

"You've been acting really weird lately, ever since you got your **butt** kicked by that girl," says **Malcolm** to his older brother in a segment from the TV series *Malcolm in the Middle*.

In the November 20, 2000 version of *I'm Right, You're Wrong*, (a regular *New York Magazine* feature in which **Al D'Amato** and Ed Koch face off on recent politics), Al said "The Republicans had to kiss Buchanan's **butt** for years! Now he's just the **butt** of every joke." Al also said "If Pataki were lucky enough to draw young Cuomo as an opponent, he'd kick his **butt**."

Our favorite Howard Stern butt reference this month comes from a new story reported by **Robin Quivers** in which a man raised a sheep on the roof of his apartment building, planning to use it for a ritual sacrifice, and the animal "**butted** the man off the edge of the building."

But Celeb of the Month

This person (no picture available) was born in Worcester, MA, in 1788, served in the U.S. Army during the War of 1812, served Maine in the U.S. House of Representatives from 1827-1831 along with many and various other political accomplishments, and died in Plymouth, Maine on October 9, 1864. (This info courtesy of The Political Graveyard, which can be found at politicalgraveyard.com).

(Answer in next month's *TNB*)

Answer to January 2000

But Celeb of the Month: The Reverend Calvin O. Butts III, pictured at right.



The *New Butopian* is published monthly by the Society for a New Butopia, which is solely responsible for its content. We thank Red Cent Records for the use of their staff and facilities. However, the opinions and viewpoints expressed by *The New Butopian* do not necessarily reflect those of Red Cent Records.

Red Cent Records Official Statement, 2/1/01, regarding availability of the *but* album vs. the *but* single:

**The *but* single:
is done,
available
now.**

**The *but* album: is not done,
not available yet.**

O.D. (Cont.)

(continued from other side)

And what about stories of the Loincloth's powers? "It's true! When I touched it, I remember it made me feel charged up, like my battery all of a sudden had extra voltage. That first day I found it, I made love to my wife 3 times. We did it a lot during the time I had the Loincloth. And I swear sometimes I think the thing glowed in the dark."

Have the effects lasted? "Yeh, I feel like a new man since I found it. And my wife would agree, I'm sure."

What does it mean to be an apartment painter? "There's house painting - that's where you take out the fixtures, patch the holes and try to keep the color even all around. Then there's apartment painting, where you do the job as fast as possible."

And the name O.D.? "Stands for *Over Dirt*. House painters clean the walls first, but apartment painters *O.D.* it."

Loincloth (Cont.)

(continued from other side)

At the outset the team examined the basic dimensions of the cloth, the color, weave, and of course the impressions. Photographic evidence combined with computer imaging indicated that basic size and color could match, though they couldn't establish anything definite. The impressions in the cloth roughly correspond to Morrison's physical dimensions, according to testimony from several women who had known Jim well at the time.

However, the garment's weave comes from a process patented in 1978. This does not, in and of itself, prove that the cloth was made on or after that date, it could still have been made before 1978, but this fact makes its existence prior to that date much less likely.

Carbon dating proves even more troublesome for believers. While church officials allowed a group of investigators to remove the cloth from its glass case for closer examination, they did not intend to permit carbon dating of the cloth. One investigator clipped a small sample of the cloth undetected by church officials, and ran the carbon dating process on the sample in his lab. He places the garment's manufacture at November 1983, give or take 3 months, and calls his findings conclusive.

The announcement regarding carbon dating shocked church officials and believers. The church may file suit against the investigator for damaging sacred property, and considers \$26 million "a possible figure," hinting that they might go higher. The church also opened its files regarding the Loincloth to reporters, on the promise that identities be kept confidential. We've included a few of these letters (see sidebar *Testimonials* on first page).

The church reports that it has received hundreds of calls since the recent announcement, all in support of the Loincloth. The news of apparently conclusive proof establishing the garment as a fake cannot shake the faith of those whose lives have been changed by touching, or just seeing, the Loincloth. And perhaps we shouldn't expect it to.

But Definition of the Month

but•tris (but•tris). *n.* support, prop - *v.* support, prop. In other words, if something needs your support, you put your butt up against it.



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