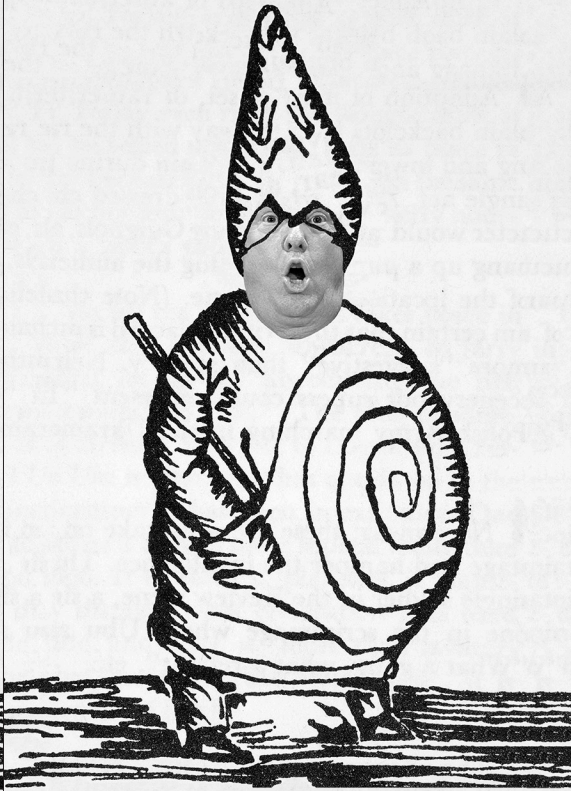


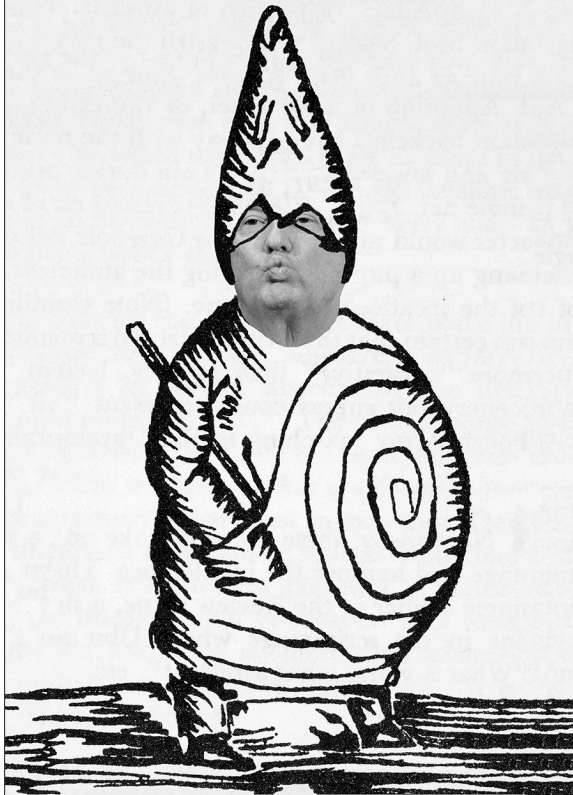
PÈRE UBU: You put me off, and it's your fault that I'm stupid.



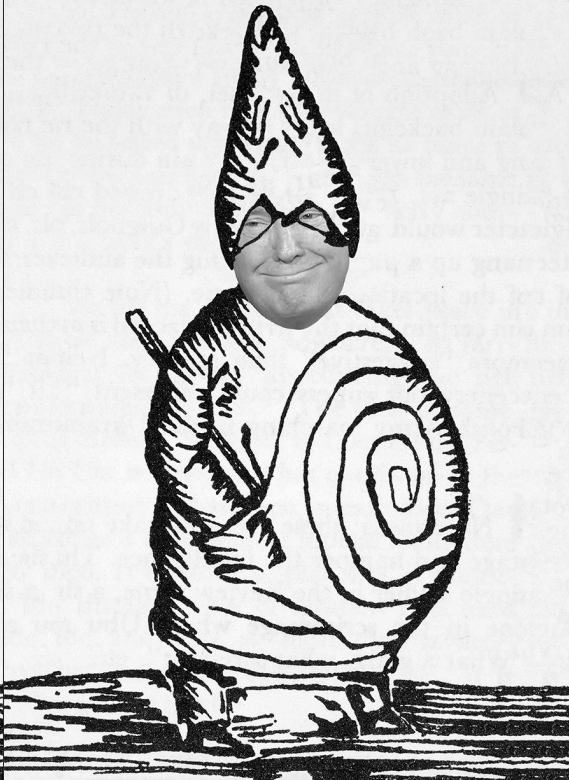
PÈRE UBU: Ow! Ow! Help! By my green candle, I've ruptured my intestine and busted my dungzine.



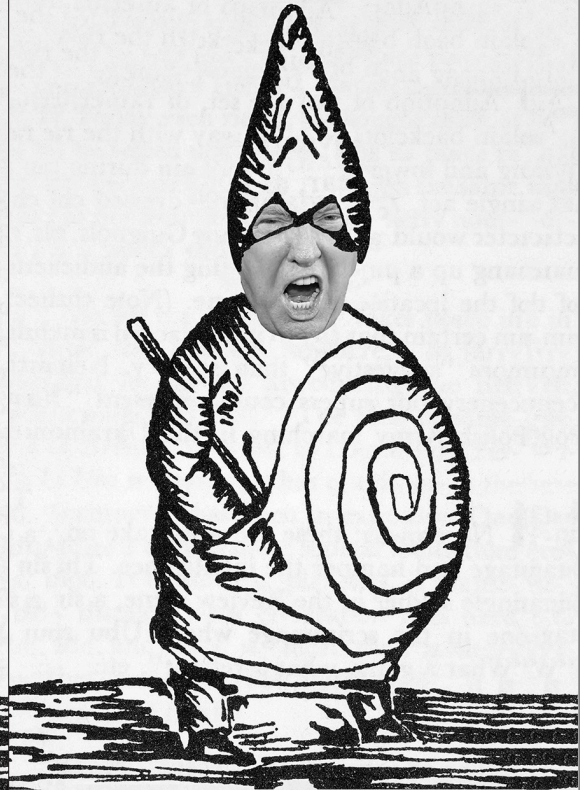
PÈRE UBU: It's true, the Russians! I'm in a fine mess.



PÈRE UBU: Oh I say, look at the little bow-wow. Isn't he sweet.



PÈRE UBU: What's that? I'm quik prepared to become a holy man, I'd like to be a bishop and see my name in the calendar of saints.



PÈRE UBU: All that is the truth. My wife is a slut, and you, what a dope you are!