



CIVIS

Internazionale

Centro Informazioni Vivisezionistiche Internazionali Scientifiche

FONDAZIONE HANS RUESCH PER UNA MEDICINA SENZA VIVISEZIONE

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COME PROCEDE "LA GIUSTIZIA" IN CH PATRIA DELLA CHIMICA FACCE ROSSE IN VIA PRETORIO DOPO LA RIVELAZIONE DI CHI È VERAMENTE IL DOTTOR VERNON COLEMAN



VERNON COLEMAN

Sulla credibilità di questo personaggio inglese, del cui prestigio e serietà professionale come medico e scrittore si rendevano garanti la zoofila-commercialista Milly Schaer-Manzoli di Arbedo e il suo partner Herr Max Keller di Zurigo (Eminenza Grigia dietro la vivisezione come membro dal 1. gennaio 1973 della Commissione

cantonale di controllo degli animali da laboratorio, recentemente dimessosi da tutte le cariche), aveva incautamente fatto affidamento la magistratura ticinese per le sue accanite prevaricazioni giudiziarie contro il noto scrittore svizzero Hans Ruesch e la sua "Fondazione per una medicina senza vivisezione", (ossia di una medicina senza veleni, di una medicina che guarisce anziché uccidere), col chiaro proposito di rovinarlo finanziariamente e paralizzarne le attività editoriali, o perlomeno costringerlo a ritornarsene all'estero.

Adesso le autorità stanno facendo l'imbarazzante scoperta della vera personalità di questo Vernon Coleman, notevolmente diversa da quella decantata dalla Schaer ai tribunali e ai propri membri. Si tratta di un ex-medico, il quale anni fa aveva deciso di rinunciare alla sua pratica, che gli aveva portato poco successo, avendo capito che poteva sfruttare il suo titolo di dottore con attività più redditizie che non la cura dei malati: mezzobusto televisivo, pubblicitista di libri scandalistici e columnist dei famigerati tabloid del giornalismo spazzatura britannico, con vocazione particolare per la pornografia, il campo in cui si è maggiormente distinto.

E' quindi questo il genere di medico che la commercialista Schaer-Manzoli e il suo partner Max Keller hanno voluto mettere a capo di una "Lega di Medici per l'Abolizione della Vivisezione" (ILDAV/LIMAV) che era stata iniziata con l'appoggio di Hans Ruesch alle cui opere si ispirava. Ma prima d'introdurvi il Coleman, i due partner avevano preso cura di far fuggire tutti i medici seri che avevano costituito in origine il Comitato Scientifico, insieme al Presidente d'onore, che non poteva certo rendersi garante di un Coleman come Presidente.

E ora la magistratura elvetica vieta ad Hans Ruesch tra l'altro, a botte di multe, diffide, e minacce di carcere, e in barba a tutte le leggi, nazionali e internazionali, sui diritti umani e la libertà d'opinione e della stampa, perfino di avanzare l'ipotesi che la recente entrata della commercialista nel movimento scientifico iniziato più di vent'anni fa da Hans Ruesch a Roma, non abbia avuto altro scopo che di ridicolizzarlo. Per chi conosce la posizione tradizionale del potere elvetico verso la vivisezione, sentenze come queste non fanno che confermare l'ipotesi. I giudici si sono dati la zappa sui piedi.

MILLY SCHAER-MANZOLI

di Arbedo (TI), con una laurea in economia e commercio di un'università cattolica italiana, è grande estimatrice del Dr. Vernon Coleman, che ancora il 29 giugno scorso, in una sua ennesima istanza giudiziaria contro Hans Ruesch presentata alla Pretura di Bellinzona, essa descriveva in questi termini: "Il Dr. Coleman è una personalità prestigiosa a livello internazionale. I suoi libri trattano questioni mediche." La donna aveva dimenticato di aggiungere che è nel campo della pornografia che il Dott. Coleman si è maggiormente distinto, trovandovi il successo che come medico gli era sfuggito.

Prima di entusiasinarsi per il Dott. Coleman la Schaer-Manzoli era stata per oltre dieci anni entusiastica ammiratrice di Hans Ruesch e ardente promotrice del suo CIVIS, e ciò per tutto il periodo durante il quale, in veste di sincera zoofila, essa ne riceveva continuo e sostanziale sostegno morale e pecuniario. Fece un brusco voltafaccia quando nel 1989 Hans Ruesch le negò per la prima volta un ennesimo favore, rifiutandosi a ragion veduta di capeggiare una sua iniziativa.

La donna avrebbe potuto civilmente ignorare e sottacere questa mancata partecipazione del suo protettore e benefattore di vecchia data, e non sarebbe accaduto assolutamente nulla. Invece gli mosse guerra all'istante, con sguaiati attacchi sul suo giornalino Orizzonti in cui gli attribuiva dichiarazioni mai fatte, introducendo personaggi inesistenti, come è stato dimostrato nei nostri bollettini precedenti.

A un florilegio della recente produzione pornografica di questo Dott. Vernon Coleman, già Presidente della LIMAV per scelta della coppia Schaer e Keller, il bisettimanale satirico londinese *Private Eye* ("Investigatore privato", tir. 200.000) ha il 22 aprile scorso dedicato un divertente articolo, che riproduciamo sulle prossime pagine.

PRIVATE EYE

BOTTOMLEY IN OVER-65 SHOCKER



IL DOTT. VERNON COLEMAN

Qui accanto riproduciamo la copertina del Private Eye, che nel numero 844 del 22 aprile 1994 si era divertito a fare le pulci al Dott. Coleman, e, per chi sa l'inglese, l'articolo originale, così com'è apparso a pagina 9 della rivista.

HACKWATCH Dr Vernon Coleman



IN THE olden days, "A Doctor Writes..." columns dispensed practical advice on ailments: what to do about recurring headaches, or how to treat gout. Now, like agony-aunt columns, they are little more than an excuse for sexual titillation.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in "Dr Vernon Coleman's casebook", a weekly spread in the *Sunday People* by a former GP who packed in his practice when he realised he could make more money in the Street of Shame.

The range of Dr "Turnon's" medical interests is all too clearly shown by the subjects of his premium-rate telephone "helplines" which he plugs in the column every week: "how to have sex with a man with a big penis"; "advice for virgins"; "sex positions you might not have tried"; "other people's favourite sexual fantasies"; "oral sex — advice for women". This latter recording includes the useful information that an average ejaculation of semen contains only five calories, and is therefore compatible with a calorie-controlled diet.

As well as advertising his lucrative phone-lines, Dr Coleman answers readers' letters. At the head of the page every week, he promises that "together, we can change things, conquer injustice and make Britain a healthier place to live in".

10 October 1993: "Six years ago, when my husband was 48, he suddenly told me that he wanted to wear a bra and panties... Is this common among men?" "Yes," Dr Coleman reassures her. "Massive numbers of men hurry off to work wearing lacy underwear beneath their dark suits... For more information — and case histories — of men who wear women's clothes, phone my advice line on 0839..." (Charges: 48p per minute peak rate, 36p off-peak.)

31 October: Here we go again. A reader writes: "When I went to bed with my current boyfriend for the first time I had quite a shock. I discovered that he wears women's knickers underneath his trousers... Have you heard of other men doing this?" You bet. In recent years, Dr Coleman enthuses, "thousands of perfectly heterosexual men have decided that knickers intended for women feel much nicer and are sexier to wear. Many men have discarded their Y-fronts and boxer shorts in favour of silky panties." Meanwhile, a reader who complains that her husband is utterly boring is given some helpful medical advice: "Stop whingeing."

7 November: The column is illustrated, as it is most weeks, with photos of women in stockings and suspenders. Today, the doctor explains why: "Men get terribly turned on by seeing women

wearing sexy underwear... There isn't a woman in the world so pretty or alluring that skimpy, flimsy underwear wouldn't make her sexier." For further details, he urges readers to call one of his premium-rate phone lines.

21 November: "My fiancé and I have a satisfying love life but he is constantly trying to persuade me to have sex in different positions... He also wants me to wear some sexy clothes he has bought me, but this seems rather dirty... I am beginning to think that he may be a pervert." The doctor's diagnosis is simple: "You sound like a prude."

28 November: "I suffer from a cold bum, but my doctor says my circulation is excellent." Again, Dr Coleman has a clinical suggestion: "Wear warmer knickers."

5 December: A damsel in distress approaches the doctor for help. "I work as a secretary but my hobby is following the local hunt. The people I work with found out and are making my life miserable. What can I do?" Dr Coleman radiates sympathy: "I am delighted to hear that your life is miserable," he tells her. "I do hope things get worse for you. The social psychopaths who hunt wild animals are intellectually deprived, parentally challenged, bloodthirsty port louts. People like you who go out and watch people hunt are even worse. Why not take up a less barbaric hobby? You could try bungee-jumping, for example — and for an extra special thrill you could forget to tie yourself on to the rope."

19 December: A reader complains about Dr Coleman's "outrageous" reply to the letter from the hunt supporter. The doctor's riposte shows his bedside manner at its best: "May your balls rot and drop off, may your TV set receive only black and white pictures and may your car never start. You are a pathetic, whingeing, snivelling dickhead."

26 December: A man who kept a calendar of nude pin-ups in his office is in trouble with his boss. What does the doctor advise? "I have several filing cabinets packed with boring research papers," Dr Coleman reveals, "and I slip pictures of naked women torn from newspapers or magazines amid the files at random. So when I'm hunting through a filing cabinet drawer, my eyes will occasionally alight on a picture of a beautiful woman with no clothes on... It wakes me up, cheers me up and helps me to keep on concentrating. It does no one any harm — so screw them."

2 January 1994: "I recently found a pair of my wife's panties in my underwear drawer by mistake. I don't know why I did it, but I tried them on. I found the sensation so exciting that I kept them on all day... Do you think I could be cracking up or turning gay?" This gives the doctor a chance to return to his favourite theme. Lots of men wear women's underwear, he insists, and good luck to them: "You'll find more case histories and advice about transvestism on my helpline number 0839..."

9 January: "My husband has found out that I have had an affair and he wants to know why. I can't tell him the truth — it would kill him." For the truth is that he's incapable of arousing her to orgasm. Dr Coleman is as emollient as ever: "If you really loved your husband then it wouldn't matter a damn. Your determination to obtain

satisfaction the way you want it is juvenile and inconsiderate. I'm afraid I find your pathetic attempt to blame your own husband indefensible."

16 January: A footballer's wife complains that her husband's team manager forbids players to make love before a big match. "Your first problem," Dr Coleman diagnoses, "is that your husband is a member of a team which is managed by a complete pillock. Your second problem is that your husband, who is allowing this idiot to run his life, is also a complete pillock."

Elsewhere, Dr Coleman sounds off about the number of foreign-trained doctors working in the national health service: "I know it is considered politically incorrect even to hint that people of other nationalities might not be competent to do jobs that the law says they can do. Well, bugger all that." The plain fact is, he explains, that foreign doctors "don't understand Britain or British people. The EC bureaucrats might like to think that Europe is one nation. But it isn't. We have different problems." Such as dressing up in women's underwear, presumably.

23 January: Yet another letter from a reader whose husband likes dressing in women's clothes. "For a while I was worried that our marriage would be threatened. But I now find my husband's hobby exciting and, sexually, extremely stimulating," Dr Coleman is delighted. "Transvestism," he reveals, "is considerably more popular than hunting, British Rail or the current government."

20 February: A familiar problem rears its head once more. A woman suspects that her husband has been wearing her stockings and suspenders; worse, she finds the idea exciting. Dr Coleman is thrilled to welcome another convert: "Next time you're making love, tell him you read a letter in a newspaper about a woman whose husband wears stockings and suspenders when they make love. Tell him the idea turned you on. And ask him if he'd like to try it."

20 March: A woman who has been having an affair with her husband's boss wants to call it off; but the boss says he'll sack her husband if she does. What does the doctor suggest? "Call the bastard's bluff... Warn him that you will encourage your husband to sue for wrongful dismissal — and that you will entertain the resulting tribunal and the listening journalists with a blow-by-blow account of his sexual inadequacies."

27 March: Yet another reader says that he finds it "terrifically stimulating" to wear his wife's lingerie. Dr Coleman is not surprised. "I get DD cup-fuls of letters from men who enjoy dressing up in women's clothing," he boasts.

10 April: Dr Coleman offers reassurance to a female reader who can't grip her husband's penis with her vagina. "There is", he reveals, "a simple but effective exercise you can do to strengthen your vaginal muscles... With a little practice, you should be able to clutch something as thin as a pencil in your vagina." Naturally, *People* readers cannot expect to get such valuable information free of charge. "You'll find details of this exercise," he explains, "by telephoning 0839..." Which, at 49p a minute, should ensure DD cup-fuls of dosh for the grasping GP.

Much more fun than curing the sick, eh?