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## THE Silent Zoo

A Handy Guide to Stuffing It

By BRIAN M. WIPRUD

THERE I AM AT THE 26TH ST. FLEA MARKET. "It's an otter," the Kathy Bates of antiques sneers. "It's not an otter," I reply. "It's a woodchuck. Nobody's gonna pay you a hundred bucks for a woodchuck. The thing's not even mounted on a stick or anything. It's prostrate, for Pete's sake."

She favored me with a fat, smarmy smile.

"They'll pay a hundred dollars for a prostrate otter."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



Wor  
SUMMER SALE