

Massport puts the moves on Virgin USA

By Inside Track

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Word is, Massport reps, along with city and state officials, will be uncorking the good stuff tonight at **Les Zygomates**, where they plan to wine and dine **Virgin USA's** location scouts. The crew has homed in on a site in Southie's **Marine Industrial Park** to base **Virgin Atlantic's** new domestic carrier with its 1,400 new employees. But there is some stiff competition from Washington, D.C., and Cali (where Gov. **Schwarzenegger** is doing the arm twisting. Ah, ouch.) Hence, the schmooze-a-thon.

We hear Everett, N.H., hypnotist **Joe DeVito** was dispatched to **Rocco's on 22nd** to help the staff of "The Restaurant" with their serving skills! Check out the hypnotic hilarity Joe cooks up when the **NBC** reality show returns this spring. Burp.

In other TV news, **TLC's** "Trading Spaces" decorating divo **Vern Yip** will yap live with interior design-challenged viewers of **CN8's** "Nitebeat" with **Barry Nolan** Friday night at 7. Start speed-dialing now!

Three cheers for **WBZ-AM** ailing yapmaster **David Brudnoy** who returned to the air waves last night as a guest on his own show! Guest host **Paul Sullivan** threw open the phone lines for Bruds to field calls - and good wishes - from his fans. 'BZ's host-with-the-most is recovering from treatments for a rare form of cancer. Such a trouper!

And finally, **Flynn**, whose track "Human" - recorded with **Cher** - plays while the "Stuck on You" credits roll, performs Saturday night at **Club Passim** at 8. Don't get Stuck in line!















RISQUÉ BUSINESS

When he snaps his fingers, the girl sitting next to you will have sprouted a two-foot penis.

The Comedy Palace, at Grill 93 in Andover, seems a far cry from the Viennese drawing rooms where hypnotists once mesmerized crowds more than a century ago. But each Saturday, "R-rated" hypnotist Joey DeVito, a former male dancer who hung up his G-string in 1992, invokes this proud tradition with an unconventional twist, performing "Erotic Hypnotic," a show of risqué hypnotic stunts that would have stood Freud's hair on end, had he not been mostly bald.

The show begins with standard routines. DeVito first lulls audience volunteers with space-age music and voice relaxation, weeding out the unhypnotized (those giggling and elbowing their buddies) before selecting the subjects for his gauntlet of bawdy stunts. The hypnotist then requests the standard catalepsy (arms held up in awkward positions) before subjecting initiates to a series of increasingly ribald suggestions. "When I snap my fingers, you will be making love to a beautiful woman," he says to a volunteer, who instantly drops to his belly. "Now when I snap my fingers, you will be lying in a puddle of shit." Not surprisingly, the show culminates in a few-holds-barred, hootchie-koo dance-a-thon.

Nonparticipating audience members, mean-



RASPUTIN: Don't look long at his mystifying eyes.

while, laugh and applaud as DeVito coerces his squadron to grow huge breasts, lose their asses, or see a room filled with copulating aliens. As if that weren't enough, DeVito peppers his act with fire-swallowing, kung-fu-theater-style board breaking, and an eight-foot boa constrictor. "I took what I learned male dancing," DeVito explains, "and just applied it to the stage."

Behind all the smoke and mirrors, though, lies a chilling revelation. "All hypnosis is self-hypnosis," DeVito claims, adding that "the subjects are actually hypnotizing themselves," and folks generally won't do anything under hypnosis they wouldn't do normally. So never mind Oedipus or your inner child—what apparently lurks deep in even the most taciturn soul is a psyche chomping at the bit to make an ass out of itself at a nightclub. Just hope DeVito helps you lose that ass on the way out.

—ANDREW NELAND

A shaggadelic show that would make Freud proud

Chippendales' dancer-turned-R-rated hypnotist performs at Franciscan Center **by Jack A. Butler**

Joe DeVito is a strange guy. He asks what you're wearing when he talks to you on the phone and ponders what it would be like if Kermit the Frog had a 12-inch penis — natural buster, apparently, from the self-proclaimed, No. 1, R-rated hypnotist on the East Coast.

DeVito, a licensed hypnotherapist, performs 7 and 10 p.m. shows Nov. 9 at the Franciscan Center.

The entertainer took a very strange journey in becoming the popular hypnotist and comedian he is today. It started more than 10 years ago — only then he wasn't mesmerizing audiences by swinging his pocket-watch back and forth.

"I started out as a Chippendales' dancer," DeVito says during a phone interview between mouthfuls of veal Marsala.

"I was doing this thing called Jack and Jill Night," he recalls. "It was sort of a couples night kind of thing. I think my job was to get everyone 'in the mood' or something. It was an all-male show, and incidentally, Massachusetts is the only state in the country that allows male dancers to take it all off. One night, my intermission act was a hypnotist. I watched him, thought it was cool, then kind of forgot about it for awhile."

DeVito continued dancing, earning what he now calls, "dirty dollar bills," until he got married and, at the insistence of his new bride, retired his G-string forever. Forced to come up with another line of work, DeVito remembered the hypnotist he had seen years before.

"I started studying (hypnosis), tried it out on some people, and one day I came downstairs and told my wife I had a new career," he says. "She was just happy I was going to stop taking my clothes off."

DeVito's act included performing martial arts, playing with an 8-foot boa constrictor and eating fire. But DeVito didn't expect the initial cold reaction he got from audiences and club owners.

"It was difficult to get established for those first couple of years," he says. "But eventually it picked up."

DeVito started getting gigs at colleges and clubs up and down the Eastern seaboard before landing a permanent spot at The Comedy Palace, just outside of Boston, where he still performs before capacity crowds every Saturday night.

And what can people expect from a Joe DeVito show?

"It's unlike anything you've ever seen," says publicist Gary Ross.

"Controlled confusion," says DeVito, "I bring anywhere from seven to eight — to even 10 or 11 — people on stage at a time. Once they're all out, one by one I'll tell them different things. I'll tell one man he's lost his penis. I'll tell another man he's making love to a beautiful woman. I'll convince women their bras are too tight, and they'll go to the bathroom, take them off, and bring them back to me.

"I don't make anybody do anything that wouldn't already be in their subconscious. I create 'what-if' situations for them or everyday situations that

they've probably already thought about. I don't do anything vulgar. That usually comes from the people on stage."

Says Ross: "Joe likes a young, hip audience. These are the people who seem to respond to him the best, and I think the feeling is mutual. Everybody has a good time at a Joe DeVito show."

Unless you're the guy who is frantically looking for his penis.

DeVito performs at The Franciscan Center Nov. 9 at 7 and 10 p.m. Tickets are \$15. Call (419) 654-7207.

Jack A. Butler is a TCP Professor.



Joe DeVito gets frisky Nov. 9 at The Franciscan Center.