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Senate Hearings on Opera Lyrics

Section

NATIONAL LAMPOON

BIMONTHLY

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 1987
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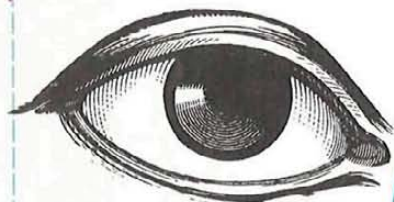
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Now both shirts are available in dazzling white with full-color illustrations on the front. On the back it says *National Lampoon's Vacation*. (What were

you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



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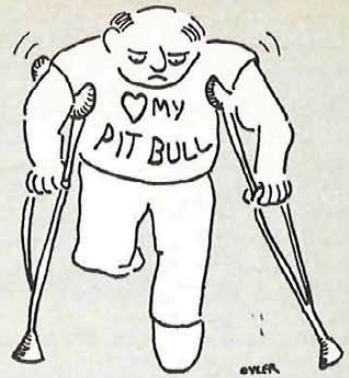
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E

ditorial



Something inside my head snapped when the doctor turned to me and said, "You know, many people think that drinking coffee can be more harmful to you than smoking cigarettes."

As I walked out of his office that afternoon I pondered the position that modern man has placed himself in.

Saccharine and various other forms of artificial sugar have produced cancer in mice. I don't know which mice or how many mice, but, apparently, at least several mice. That covers diet drinks as well, although I read somewhere that the mice would have to consume nine hundred quarts of diet beverage a day to be affected—a problem obviously that sends up a warning only to very thirsty mice.

Don't live in the center of a big city, they tell you. The air pollution will get you.

And be careful of your drinking water; it may well have been made toxic by chemical dumpers.

And don't live anywhere within miles of a dump site.

They are checking at this moment to see if pipe tobacco is okay.

Recently the Surgeon General warned, as we all know, that AIDS is very contagious. "Don't have sex," he emphasized, "unless you know for sure that your partner is free of any sexually transmittable diseases." Obviously, what you have to do is keep a staff in your bedroom at all times to submit any would-be sex partner to various blood and other necessary tests.

There's more:
Red meat. Bad.

Obviously no one wants to fool around with over-the-counter drugs in capsule form anymore. Too many cranks.

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In the June 1986 issue of *National Lampoon* there appeared a poster entitled "Surprise Poster #666," which consisted of an infant superimposed on a picture of a blender bearing the trademark "Osterizer." There has been a great deal of confusion about this poster, and all should be advised that this depiction was not authorized, directly or indirectly, by the Oster division of Sunbeam Corporation, the manufacturer of the Osterizer blender, and Oster was totally unaware of the poster prior to its publication. Oster has vigorously objected to its product being depicted in such an offensive manner, although we at *National Lampoon* intended the poster to be purely satirical and in no way meant to imply any connection between this publication or the poster and Oster. *National Lampoon* regrets the confusion caused by this depiction.

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LETTERS



Sirs:
Waste is a terrible thing to mind.
DeWitt Holmes
Men's Room Attendant
The Palladium
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I stand behind a podium because every time an overweight blonde from Canoga Park tells what vegetable her husband's bottom looks like, I spring a stiffie.

Bob Eubanks
Newlywed, Calif.

Sirs:
The only problem with the "new" Mob is that I gotta work with guys like Sal "The Yuppie" Colangelo, Louie "Cash Flow" DiNunzio, and "Jam Master" Joey Abruzzi.

John Gotti
State Pen, N.Y.

Sirs:
Just for the heck of it, I dialed 1-800-GOD and I swear Pat Robertson answered, then this secretary cut in and said who do you wish to speak to and I said God and she said I was talking to God, only he thinks he's Pat Robertson.
Mohammed Mellencamp
Mecca, N.J.

Sirs:
This is what it sounds like
When egos die.

Prince
Under the Cherry Bomb

Sirs:
I was just wondering—if I sneak across the border into Mexico and get a job, doesn't that make me an illegal alien? Oh, well. At least I'd make more than \$3.10 an hour.

Juan
"NatLamp" mailroom

Sirs:
Why don't you come over and try some of *my* crack?
The Mayflower Madam
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I have seen the best mimes of my generation pretending they were stuck in a room.

Allen Ginsu
Beat Medaddyeighttothebar

Sirs:
Will somebody PLEASE talk some sense into my mother? The migrant peach pickers, the whales, the "Question Authority" button... who needs it? No wonder she can't get a record deal. I was twenty-two before I tasted a grape! I mean, for chrissake...

"Cubby" Baez
Sutton Place, Manhattan



Sirs:
 Rumor has it that Bob Dylan is getting
 back together.
 Tom Petty and the Pacemakers
Miami, Ohio

Sirs:
 Have you ever noticed that all
 assassins have three names, like Lee
 Harvey Oswald or James Earl Ray?
 Sirhan Sirhan
San Quentin, Calif.

Sirs:
 Maybe you heard just a *little* crack
 is okay. Maybe you heard cocaine's not
addictive. Or maybe you heard that
 it won't fuck up your mind. Well, you
 heard wrong. And if you don't think so,
 take one *good* look at my hair.
 Carl Eller
Minnesota Vikings

Sirs:
 What's black and white and red
 all over?
 South Africa in about a month.
 Mota Botha
Pretoria, South Africa

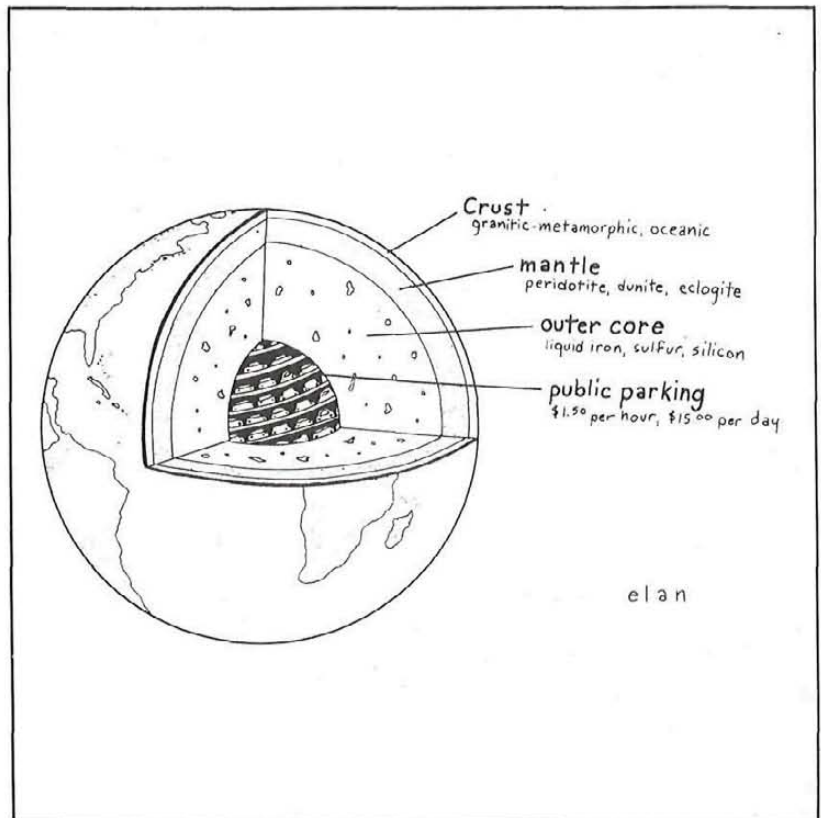
Sirs:
 One time my grandfather and grand-
 mother went on a trip to Canada. Both
 were quite old by then, and my grand-
 mother was hard of hearing. When they
 got to the border the guard asked them
 what part of Canada they were going to.
 "Whaat?" asked Grandma.
 Grandfather leaned over and yelled,
 "He said, 'Have a good time!'"
 Then the guard asked how long my
 grandfather had owned his '44 Ford.
 Grandmother said, "What did he say?"
 and Grandfather said, "He said, 'This is a
 nice car.'"
 Then the guard asked where they
 were from, and my grandfather said,
 "Lake Wobegon." The guard said, "I once
 had the best fuck of my life in Lake
 Wobegon."
 Grandmother said, "What did he say?"
 And Grandfather, a mischievous smile on
 his face, said, "He said he thinks he
 knows you."
 Garrison Keillor
Lake Millionaire Daze

Sirs:
 More nudes at eleven, spurts fans.
 Ginger Lynn
Los Angeles, Calif.

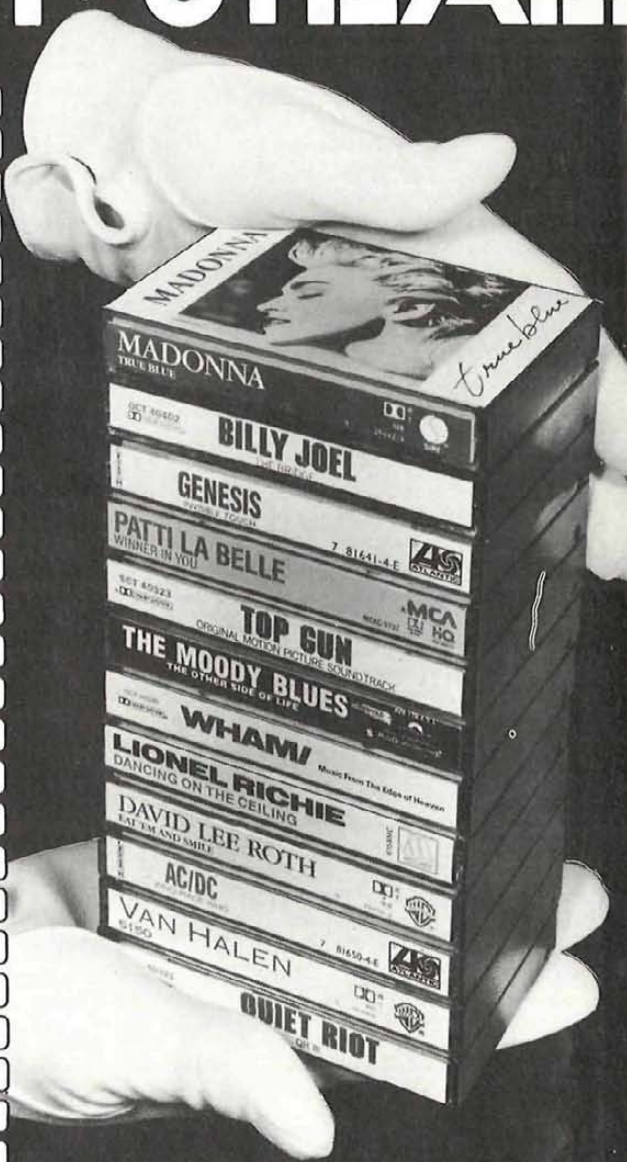
Sirs:
 Oh, Jen, Jen. Sit on my face. Come on,
 it's not gonna kill ya.
 Robert Chambers
*Central Park
 New York, N.Y.*
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If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month or the Special Selection, you need do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, fill in the response card always provided and mail it by the date specified. You will always have at least 10 days to make your decision, if you ever receive any Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The tapes and records you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$7.98 to

\$9.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multi-unit sets, special and classical recordings may be somewhat higher.) And if you decide to continue as a member after completing your enrollment agreement, you'll be eligible for our "buy one—get one free" bonus plan.

CDs also available to members. Each issue of the music magazine contains a wide selection of the latest hits and old favorites on Compact Discs—which you may order as a member. Of course, these purchases will also count toward fulfillment of your membership obligation.

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DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES

by Michael Simmons



Drew Friedman

THERE ARE NOT MANY DISABILITIES WORSE THAN A HANGOVER.

That's what I have at the moment. Thank God it's Saturday and I can lie here without moving, breathing only when necessary. Sleep is one of only two real hangover cures. The other is any morphine derivative, but that cure is worse than the ailment. Tonight I'll try the Hair of the Dog That Bit Me. Legendary but chancy. The dosage of this antidote is in direct proportion to the breed of the dog. Last night it was an unusually large Irish wolfhound.

There are several varieties of hangovers. They are:

a) The Still Slightly Drunk Hangover. One can usually deal with this sort. This means you either went out late and came home early or went out early and came home very early. It means you

had only one or two too many. You might feel like you do right before you get the flu.

b) The Still Very Drunk Hangover. You get to work the next day and you're still sloshed. The funny thing about this one is that even though you've showered, shaved, and gone to work, you still reek of alcohol. There's nothing worse than Esther Noodelman in Accounting shoving her fat face into yours (a vision resembling the view through a fish-eye lens) and asking, "Where were *you* last night?" One also finds oneself still as horny as one was when one was sniffing the barstools of one's favorite watering hole the night before. I've actually revealed pornographic fantasies to female co-workers while suffering from this brand of hangover. You'll live to regret this. In fact, after divulging certain fetishes to the entire office, you'll regret having lived at all.

c) The Pleasant Hangover. This is perhaps the most interesting, if the least frequent. Sometimes you've rearranged your brain cells to such a point that when you wake up you are in an almost euphoric state. Witticisms spout from your lips. Wisdom comes as easy to you as taking a leak. This hangover is usually enjoyed after the Cathartic Binge. This is when you've been drinking to alleviate stress. Those who say heavy drinking is never good for you have never enjoyed the purgative relief of the Pleasant Hangover. But don't plan to get the PH. Chances are very unlikely that you will. The proper balance between mental state, physical state, and amount of booze is necessary. What that balance is remains a mystery.

d) The Classic Hangover (like Classic Coke). This is the biggie. The one that, if you haven't experienced it, you've read about or seen in the movies or on television. You may suffer from the World's Worst Migraine. You may be regurgitating last night's mesquite-grilled salmon until nothing but black bile is excreted from your gut. Or your problem could be emanating from the opposite end of your body. You may feel as close to a Living Death as you will feel until the real thing comes and taps you on the shoulder for that last trip through the tunnel. You feel as if your life is literally over and if only He will give you one last chance, please, please, you'll never let alcohol touch your lips for the rest of your life.

But don't fret. Hangovers themselves are rarely fatal. The physiological explanations for them are numerous. They might be the body's need for more booze. In essence, a withdrawal symptom. They might be the liver protesting the amount of toxins you have given it to filter out of your body. They might be exacerbated by cigarette smoke, cocaine, and bad company. Who knows anything about hangovers except for the inexorable fact that they, beyond a shadow of a doubt, exist? But no, they won't kill you.

Science has not yet invented the ultimate hangover cure. They are as close to unraveling this enigma as they are to solving the riddles of the common cold and cancer. Drinking is like a metaphor for life itself. If you imbibe heavily, you will suffer the consequences. You reap just what you sow. So the courageous way out is to accept your fate, remember it was self-induced, and remind yourself that this too shall pass.

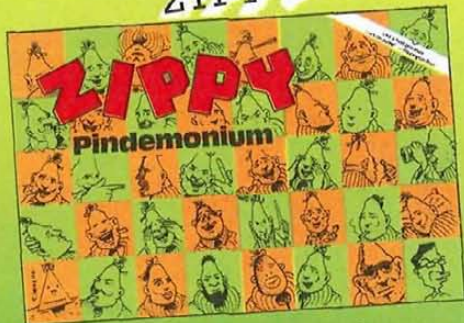
There is truth and redemption in abstinence. There is truth and redemption in moderation. There is truth and redemption in excess. The beauty of this country is that you can choose the path you wish to take. And veer off to another—anytime you want. But just try to avoid hitting a tree. ■



"So... how do you like working as a pharmacist?"

the ZIPPY MICRO MART

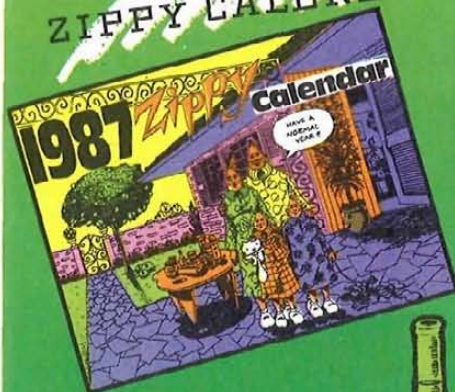
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TRUE

F A C T S

Edited by John Bendel

The San Francisco Police Department suspended Officer Aaron Barnes for fifteen days and ordered him to perform one hundred hours of community service after he allegedly forced a blind woman to clean up the waste of her Seeing Eye dog. *San Jose Mercury News* (contributed by Dave Parish)



A plastic skylight melted at the Ballhorn Funeral Chapel in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, when a fire broke out in the crematorium. Chapel officials told firefighters that a 510-pound man was being cremated at the time and his size caused the equipment to overheat. *WKTS Radio, Sheboygan* (contributed by Alan A. Mayer)



The following item, reprinted from *Index on Censorship*, appeared in Florida's *St. Petersburg Times*:

"The Minister of Home Affairs, Stoffel Botha, disclosed in Parliament that last year more than 1,000 people were reclassified from one race group to another. The figures were: 702 colored people turned white; 19 whites became colored; one Indian became white; three Chinese became white; 50 Indians became colored; 43 coloreds became Indians; 21 Indians became Malay; 30

Malays turned Indian; 249 blacks became colored; 20 coloreds became black; two blacks became "other Asians"; one black was classified Griqua (mulatto); 11 colored became Chinese; three coloreds went Malay; one Chinese became colored; eight Malays became colored; three blacks were classified as Malay; no blacks became white and no whites became black." (contributed by Tim Moore)



The *Edmonton Journal* of Alberta, Canada, ran a story

about Philadelphia Flyers goalie Pelle Lindbergh, who died after an automobile accident. The article explained that Lindbergh's family donated his organs as transplant donations.

Running under a headline that read "Goalie's Organs Removed," the story contained a promotional blurb for the sports pages which read "Flyers take heart. Section H, page 2." (contributed by Ron Nichwolodoff)



Marcia Sparling of Pontiac, Michigan, came home and

parked behind a strange vehicle in her driveway. When she noticed some of her family's belongings in the back of the car, she suspected she was being robbed. Inside the house, Sparling and her fourteen-year-old daughter confronted three burglars, who asked her to move her car so they could make a getaway.

"I was determined that they weren't going to get away," said Sparling. "I'm one of those people who believe if you've done a crime, you pay for it."

The burglars agreed to

Pipeline to Grandma



AP/Wide World Photos

One-hundred-and-five-year-old nursing home resident Edith Phal (right) whooping it up at a sing-along in LaCrosse, Wisconsin. (contributed by Tony Slad)

return her goods, but Sparling chastised them all the more. The men then carried her things back into the house, taking the time to reinstall the videocassette recorder and television antenna they had taken, but Sparling still refused to yield. She continued to lecture them, making them sit on the couch while her daughter called the county sheriff's department.

"The thing we don't understand is why she didn't take them down and book them for us," said Detective Tom Strong of the sheriff's department. *AP* (contributed by Bill Sellstedt)



Two juveniles and a mentally retarded adult called police for a tow truck when an emergency vehicle they had stolen from the Kingwood, Virginia, Fire Department broke down. They were arrested and released. Then they stole a van from the same fire department and drove it into a highway guardrail. The state trooper who arrested them this time said they stayed with the stolen van because they were afraid they would be arrested for hitchhiking on the Interstate. *AP* (contributed by Michael L. Schuff)



A Camden County, Georgia, couple, the manager of Snorkel's bar, Snorkel's owners, and a radio station disc jockey were charged with sodomy after the bar ran a promotion to see who could have the most erotic encounter in the back seat of a 1957 Chevrolet. The winning couple performed what the county sheriff called "a lewd and lascivious sex act," which was videotaped and shown at Snorkel's three times during sessions emceed by the disc jockey. *Charlotte* (North Carolina) *Observer* (contributed by Andy Dunlap)



Officials in West Virginia speculate that peeling paint on the state's license plates is caused by the inmates who make them.

"We've had reports," said Department of Motor Vehicles Commissioner Lee Bechtold, "that the prisoners pee in the paint when they get mad." *Daily Athenaeum* (contributed by Chuck Prosser)



A thief in Caldwell, Idaho, made off with a set of false teeth and a human skull from the office of dentist David Croft. Police speculated that the burglar used a zucchini squash to break a window in the office. In addition, said police, "five or six zucchinis were found lying near the office door." *Idaho Statesman* (contributed by David B. Warren)



Sewage plant worker James Pieper took out \$1,311 worth of ads in Toledo, Ohio, newspapers to thank the city for his \$25,471-a-year job. The ads read "Thanks, Toledo. For eighteen years of generous wages, very liberal working conditions, and much more at your sewage plant."

Interviewed after the ads appeared, Pieper said, "Over the years I've had four partners that have slept on a regular basis on the shift. I come in, make a half-hour round, and I still have seven

and a half hours left to do nothing."

Asked if he now feared losing his job, he replied, "They won't fire anyone out there for not working. Why should they fire me for talking about it?" *Los Angeles Times* (Adam Conaway)



A U.S. Army officer seeking promotion must submit a full-length photograph of himself as part of the promotion review process, according to the *Army Times*, which reported that one overweight officer lay on the floor and had the photo taken from above, as his excess weight sagged to the back.

"However," reported the magazine, "the man's shoes curled upward, giving him away." (contributed by David Gorte)



After serving three years in prison for voyeurism, Darrell W. Fortner asked a court in Ventura, California, for the return of women's underwear, including panties, bras, and bodysuits, which were seized by police at the time of his arrest in 1981. A judge ordered the return of the unclaimed underwear.

"He got back in excess of 300 pairs of panties," said

Deputy District Attorney Robert Meyers. (New Jersey) *Trentonian* (contributed by Lew Weidenfeld)

Sixty witches in the southern Chinese province of Guangdong have volunteered for classes in agriculture after one witch named Huang "raised a bumper crop of fruit with her newfound knowledge."

"Huang was so happy that she smashed her spirit altar and asked other witches to get into agriculture production," according to a Canton newspaper. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Steve Phillips)



The following story appeared in the *Charlotte Observer*, datelined Frankfurt, West Germany:

"An estimated one in five West German swimming pool visitors urinates in the pool, the environmental magazine *Oeko Test* reported. Researchers documented the unhygienic practice by testing thirty-three pools around the country. The highest levels of urine, ranging up to six fluid ounces per thirty-five cubic feet of pool water, were found at Kassel and Nuremberg." (contributed by David A. Burns)

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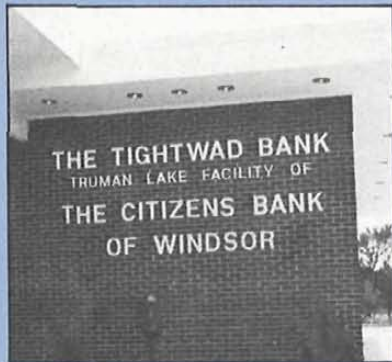
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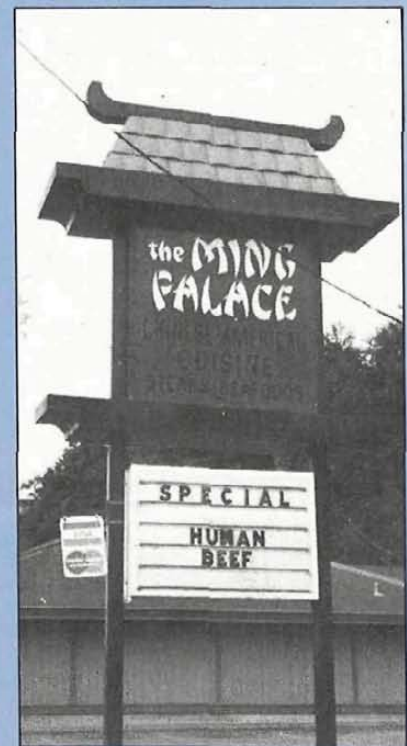
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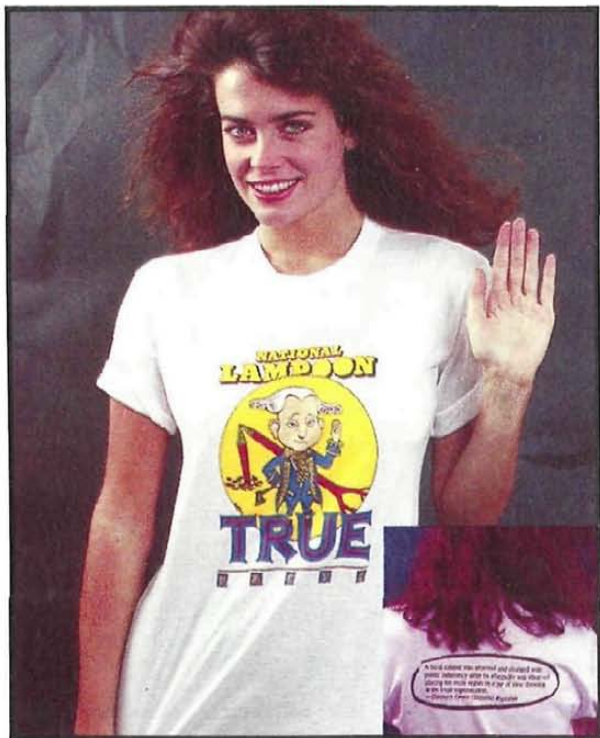
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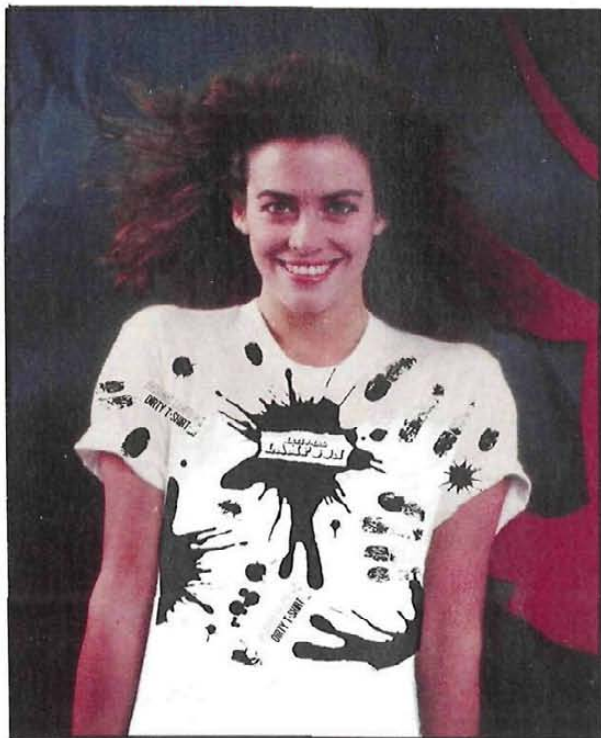
Gerry Mauldin

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- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —*UMKC University News*
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —*Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter*

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Zen Bastard

Predictions for 1987

by Paul Krassner

B iologists will inject firefly chromosomes into the breasts of stripteasers so that their nipples will light up onstage. One of them will become an instant celebrity when she appears in a beer commercial.

William Hurt will receive the Oscar for his part in *Children of a Lesser God* because he had to memorize and recite not only his own lines but also those of Marlee Matlin, whose dialogue could be understood only by sign language readers.

Roman Polanski will attend the Academy Award ceremonies disguised as an illegal immigrant. He will be accompanied by Kathleen Turner, disguised as a teenager.

The American Indian movement will unite with the Ku Klux Klan to patrol the border and keep out undocumented aliens.

Both Reagan daughters will embar-

ass the president. Maureen will punch a biblical scholar in the jaw on *Nightline* when he claims that her father is obviously the Beast referred to in Revelations because the number of letters in Ronald Wilson Reagan comes to 666. Meanwhile, Patti's security guards will accidentally eat her hash brownies; they will get fired for violating the Secret Service code of never smiling while on the job.

The Tylenol killer will be captured. He will turn out to be a former employee of the federal government, having worked for the Drug Enforcement Agency. His job, investigators will learn, had been to spray paraquat on marijuana crops.

Tylenol capsules that were removed from shelves will be shipped to the government of Iran.

Woody Allen and Bianca Jagger will have a hot and heavy romance, only to cool off due to their differing opinions about aid to the contras.

An invasion of Nicaragua will be scheduled to coincide discreetly with the Super Bowl game.

An infestation of giant weevils will invade this year's cotton crop. An entomologist with a sense of humor will label this dangerous bug the Super Boll.

Bruce Springsteen will become a religious fanatic and publicly break all his own records. In the process, he will break the record for breaking the most records as recorded by *The Guinness Book of World Records*.

Johnny Cash will change his name to Johnny Credit. Johnny Paycheck will change his name to Johnny Unemployed. Sting will change his name to Abscam.

Basketball officials will outlaw the slam dunk by borrowing a rule from the old Hollywood censors, and will require players to keep one foot on the ground while scoring.

A nine-foot three-inch aboriginal tribesman from Australia will bring about a radical change in the nature of American basketball. And whenever he makes a basket, the entire crowd will shout "G'day!" in unison.

Frank Sinatra will purchase the American Civil Liberties Union for an undisclosed amount and turn it into a condo.

A new TV program, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Infamous*, will expose a plan to sponsor a zoo's deliberately allowing a troop of baboons to escape. They will be set free in heavy traffic so that some will be hit by cars and their vital organs shipped to hospitals for transplant purposes.

HBO will present a brand-new contemporary political soap opera, which poses the question: Can a Vietnam veteran victimized by post-combat stress syndrome find happiness with a disillusioned housewife suffering from premenstrual stress syndrome?

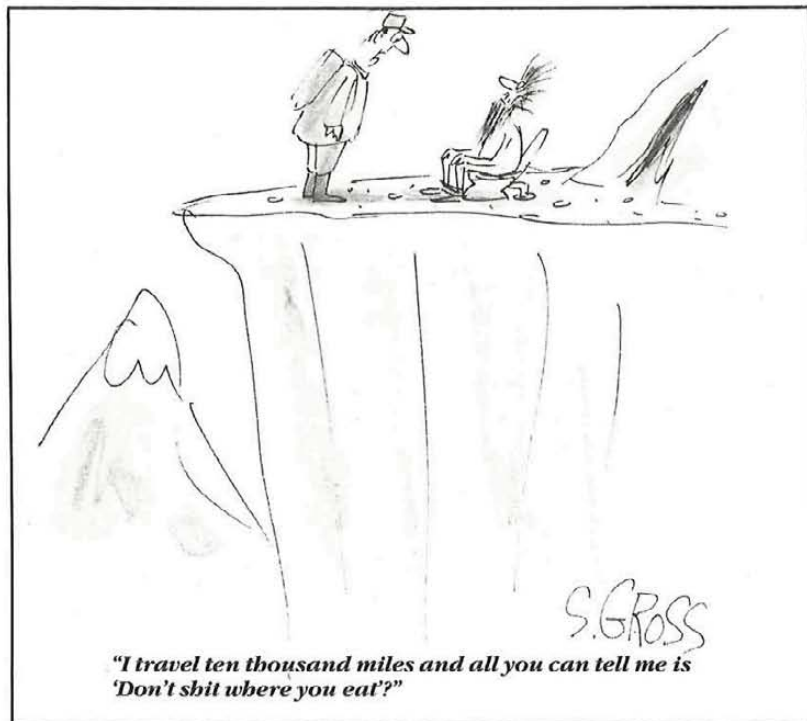
High Times magazine will require all employees to take random drug tests.

John Zaccaro and son will be caught in a scheme to black-market baby urine to drug testees.

The grave of Lee Harvey Oswald will once again be opened, and this time Mort Sahl will be found inside the casket.

In the Talk Show Wars, Johnny Carson will manage to get J.D. Salinger as a guest. Joan Rivers will counter with Thomas Pynchon. David Letterman will settle for *New Republic* columnist T.R.B. David Brenner will present the Unknown Comic actually removing the paper bag from his head. Dick Cavett and Jimmy Breslin will merely interview each other.

Peter Jennings will be kidnapped by a desperate loner whose only wish is to be named "Person of the Week" by ABC News. When captured, his defense will



be that he was unduly influenced by ABC's Movie of the Week, *The King of Comedy*.

Mike Wallace will divorce his new wife on *60 Minutes*. Barbara Walters will divorce her new husband on *20/20*. Both will occur during the ratings sweeps.

For his performance in *Blue Velvet*, Dennis Hopper will receive the Mr. Foreplay Award from the United Rapists of America. The film will be canceled for screening at the White House as a direct result.

Scientists will learn that the Star Wars defense system would rip unimaginable holes in the ozone layer. Caspar Weinberger will call for an increase in funds for cancer research.

Through the use of specialized computers, John Lilly will finally communicate with dolphins. Their first message to humans will be "Brain size means nothing—tuna fish are really smarter."

Pat Robertson will fall far short of his quest for three million voter pledges, and as an act of revenge he will pray with all his might for a slew of tornadoes and hurricanes.

George Burns will sign a contract to edit a book on near-death experiences, but he will never finish it.

Mariel Hemingway will go on a so-called natural kick. She will let her eyebrows grow back and have her silicone breast implants removed. When asked for a statement, she will only say, "Choice is the real issue."

Amy Carter will think she is pregnant, but a live prime-time abortion performed by Geraldo Rivera will reveal an empty womb.

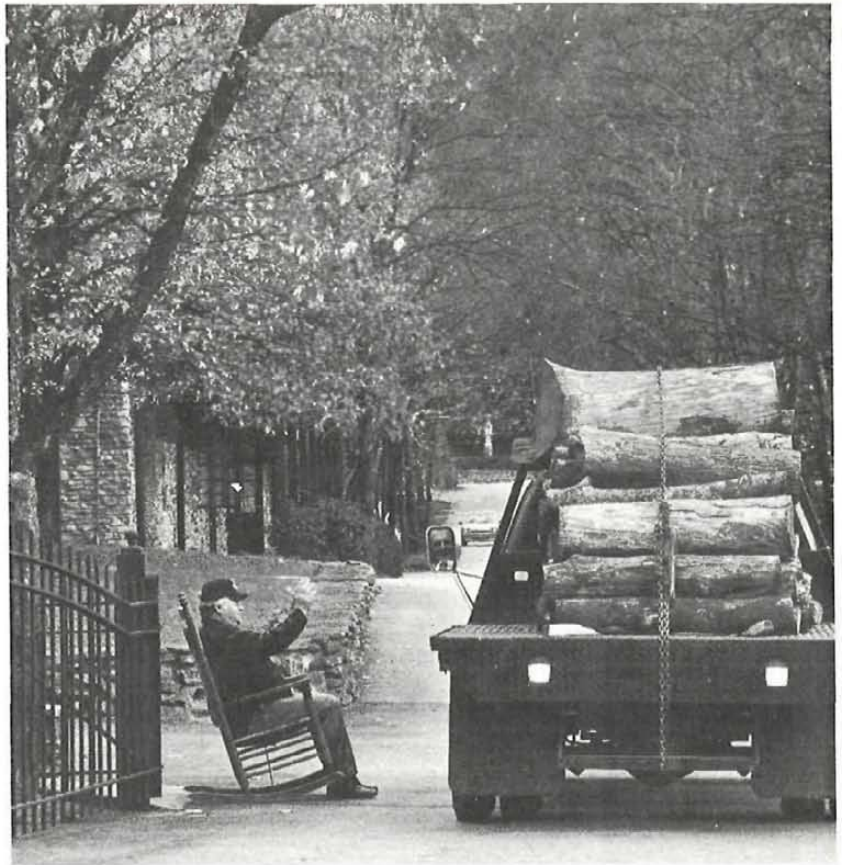
What with the success of debates between Tim Leary and G. Gordon Liddy, and Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, there will be a tour by Louis Farrakhan and Meir Kahane, and another by Larry Flynt and Jerry Falwell. The latter debate will be kicked off in Wheeling, West Virginia.

Howie Mandel, Sam Kinison, and "Bobcat" Goldthwait will all check into the Sid Caesar wing of the Betty Ford Center, to be treated for Screaming Comics' Polyps.

On the twentieth anniversary of the Summer of Love, the Beatles will reunite at a free concert in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. Julian Lennon will play the part of his dad.

Pope John Paul II will excommunicate Mother Teresa when she tries to establish an ovum bank for female Nobel Prize winners. The pope will surrender to negative public opinion and retract the excommunication, startling an audience at St. Peter's Square in the Vatican by admitting, "After all, I'm not infallible, you know."

The image of Malcolm X will inexplicably appear suddenly on TV screens



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across the nation, during the airing of a particularly sentimental episode of *The Cosby Show*.

Psychic Jeane Dixon will fail to predict her own death when she contacts a civilization in a distant galaxy and her head explodes to smithereens.

On Broadway, Ringo Starr and Bert Convy will star as Yasir Arafat and Muammar el-Qaddafi respectively in a new musical comedy, *The Terrorist Follies*.

Dr. Ruth Westheimer will be hired by a prophylactic company to make a videotape about safe-sex practices, to be entitled *Reservoir Tips for Teenagers*.

Vanna White's autobiography will outsell even *Gone with the Wind*, but critics will severely take her to task for misspelling throughout the book.

Country-and-western star Mel Tillis will go to a famous faith healer and will be miraculously cured of stuttering when he speaks. However, he will begin to stutter when he sings.

A gang war will break out between Scientology and Hare Krishna.

In *Top Gun II* Tom Cruise will crash after he finds Kelly McGinnis in bed with Paul Newman.

In *Superman IV* Christopher Reeve—still proud of his much criticized role as a horny priest in *Monsignor*—will wear a cape emblazoned with the letters "S.J."

Porno stars will unite in a campaign against apartheid to be called Come Shot Aid.

Warren Beatty and Shirley MacLaine will star together in an X-rated movie about incest. She will regret it, but only in a later lifetime.

John Hinckley will grant an exclusive interview to the *Washington Post* in which he will come out against the insanity defense.

Sirhan Sirhan will be transferred to Walla Walla.

It will be revealed that the Secret Service refers to George Bush by the code name Flasher.

G. Gordon Liddy will become a regular character on *Miami Vice*, but old habits die hard, and he will be kicked off the show for breaking into Don Johnson's trailer.

William Safire, Edwin Newman, and John Simon will get into a vicious three-way fistfight over the question of whether the word "hopefully" is correct English usage.

Congress will pass a law that will permit adopted Cabbage Patch Kids to trace their original stuffers. Counterfeit Cabbage Patch Kids will be shredded and sold as Cole Slaw Kids.

California will become the first state that votes to require Trivia as the official language.

An expensive new telephone will go on the market. It will feature a built-in voice-print unit so that the owner can always determine whenever any caller is lying.

A course in counterespionage will be

taught at NYU. There will be a prerequisite course in espionage.

Lyndon LaRouche will go sane.

A kinky new fad will develop among Washington socialites: jelly bean suppositories.

Sean Penn will become pregnant by Madonna and they will sue the *National Lampoon* for criminal voodoo.

Silly Putty will become known as the most effective form of birth control.

Chicken fat will replace expensive massage oil.

Dandruff will be discovered to reduce tooth decay.

Pharmaceutical companies will compete to market the first artificial endorphins.

A few hearty members of the Great Peace March will retrace their steps back across the country.

Mackenzie Phillips and her Papa John will reunite in a new TV situation comedy to be entitled *One Nostril at a Time*.

The bestselling book of 1987 will be *The Stress Your Way to Thin Diet*.

A gastric bubble will be implanted in Ted Kennedy's stomach but it will only make him fatter.

Stock market trading in the field of genetic engineering will be surpassed by stock market trading in the field of experimental mice.

Conspicuous consumption will increase in the gay community as more and more wealthy homosexuals go out and get unnecessary vasectomies.

Women will be drafted for combat duty, but they will receive only two-thirds of the pay that male soldiers get.

The period between Thanksgiving and Christmas will be officially proclaimed as the Holiday Shopping Season.

It will be shown that a harmful effect of smoking marijuana is caused by the glue on the rolling paper. As a result, there will be an increase in sales of the neutron bong, a water pipe which wipes out the user but leaves his stash intact.

Lee Iacocca will see a UFO, and try to borrow money from the strange creatures aboard.

The Catholic Church will allow condoms if they have tiny pinpricks in order to give the sperm at least a fighting chance.

The Bible will be banned in Tennessee for no apparent reason.

Ted Turner will make a black-and-white version of *The Color Purple*.

Michael Jackson will buy an orgone box.

Eugene Hasenfus, it will be revealed, was actually a reporter for *U.S. News and World Report*.

Paul Krassner edits *The Realist*, a satirical newsletter (twelve issues for \$23, Box 1230, Venice Calif. 90294). ■



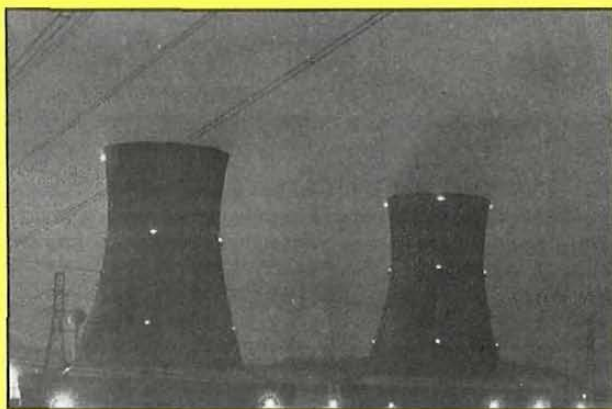
YELLOW JOURNAL

If you want all the news that's fit to print, buy the New York Times.

MAN WITH FIRST NUCLEAR HEART BLOWS UP, TAKING MILWAUKEE WITH HIM

THE CITY OF MILWAUKEE was devastated yesterday when Bill Whiting, the so-called "Nuclear Man," blew up. He was the first patient to be fitted with a nuclear heart and had survived two and a half months before the accident. Scientists could only surmise that the tragedy was caused by a malfunction in the cooling system that surrounded the one-of-a-kind heart.

The tragic accident occurred as Whiting watched his hometown basketball team, the Bucks, lose on TV. "He called me up during the third quarter, very agitated," explained Dr. Gerald North of the Nuclear Regulatory Committee and Hospital. "Sidney Moncrief missed two easy lay-ups and Jack Sikma had been outrebounded all game. He was upset and began feeling very hot. He got scared when he noticed smoke coming out from under his fingernails. He called me at my home in Washington and then, after a few minutes, I heard this big



The actual heart prior to its implantation in the chest of Bill Whiting.

boom and the line was dead."

So were over 200,000 neighbors of Whiting, including his wife, children, and Bucks guard Sidney Moncrief.

Upon hearing of the tragedy, President Reagan stated, "This is a perfect example of why we need SDI. Had we had it, we might have been able to zap him with a laser before any of this occurred. But now, because of the liberals, Milwaukee is gone."

Presidential hopeful Gary Hart claimed he would run a "Nuclear Organ Freeze Campaign." He was quoted as saying, "We must stop the proliferation of these deadly hearts before terrorists get their hands on them, plant them inside their chests, and blow up airports and military installations. The American people want this nuclear nightmare to end."

Milwaukee Bucks owner,

Herb Kohl, who was vacationing in Hawaii when Whiting and Milwaukee blew up, released a statement which read, in part: "To think all this might have been averted if we had just made a few more trades. That's something I will have to live with for the rest of my life."

Doctors claim that while this was definitely a serious blow to the nuclear organ program, they would continue their work with cows located on atolls in the South Pacific. Other nuclear organs that have successfully functioned in the bodies of animals include a nuclear stomach and a nuclear kidney, though one drawback of the latter is that it leaves radioactive urine. And a nuclear reproductive system, including uterus and vagina, has scientists excited. They say it works so well that during intercourse a bull's horns literally rotated 180 degrees. "With that kind of progress at hand, we just can't stop now," one scientist was quoted as saying. —A.S.

REHNQUIST ACCUSED OF HARASSING MARSHALL



CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM Rehnquist, who had been accused in 1986, during Senate confirmation hearings, of harassing and intimidating minority voters in Phoenix between 1958 and 1964, has had that charge leveled at him once again. This time the victim is fellow Supreme Court justice, and lone black on the bench, Thurgood Marshall. Complaints involve Mr. Rehnquist's efforts to reduce the number of black votes on the bench by confrontation and intimidation. These tactics include playing the radio loudly while Mr. Marshall reads his opinion; throwing his nameplate out, then claiming that since his name is nowhere to be seen, he must be in the wrong voting district; shooting shaving cream under his door; and locking him in the justices' toilet.

One aide to Marshall described how Rehnquist aggressively demanded proof that Marshall could read be-

fore he would let him vote. "He had Mr. Marshall reading out loud everything from a 'Dick and Jane' reader to *Introduction to Quantum Physics*. Then he had to take a test. By the time all this was over, two cases concerning Miranda had been closed, as well as one concerning federal funding for abortion. Thurgood was mad. Especially since he only got a B- on the test."

Fellow justice John Paul Stevens said, "After those long Senate hearings you'd think he would have stopped. But not Bill. It's not as if he doesn't like Thurgood. He's just so used to doing it, I think he forgot himself."

When Marshall was asked to comment, he said, "My friends asked me where I was for the Miranda case and the abortion case. And all I could say to them was 'It's tough to vote when you're locked in the toilet.'"

Chief Justice Rehnquist had no comment. —A.S.

The Rumor Mill

by Ginnie Mill

People have always thought of her as a cold, power-hungry whore who wouldn't be happy till she was crowned queen of the United States. But that's not the real Nancy Reagan. The real Nancy's a peasant in prohibitively expensive French and Italian clothing.

How do I come by this knowledge? I know Nancy. How do I know her? The way we all know her. I met her on the Barbara Walters show, along with millions of other viewers. And I have been her friend ever since. I even called her a few times, but she wasn't in.

Why am I bringing all this up? Recently a friend of mine, who happens to sleep with Nancy's hairdresser, told me Nancy was thinking of resigning as First Lady. The only thing that is stopping her right now is that, according to the line of succession in the event the First Lady either retires or is incapable of performing her duties, the vice president's wife would become the First Lady. Well, I don't have to tell you that when Ron heard that Babs Bush was to become his acting wife, he just about lost another five feet of colon. He claims, and I agree, that since he is chief executive, he should have the right to choose his wife's successor. He even went so far as to make a list of women qualified to become his wife. My friend smuggled the list to me and it includes: Kathleen Turner, Farrah Fawcett, Cybill Shepherd, Janet Jackson, Pia Zadora, Jane Wyman, Pat Benatar, and Martha Quinn.

Anyway, Don Regan told the president if he tried it the Democrats would impeach him. So he shut up real fast.

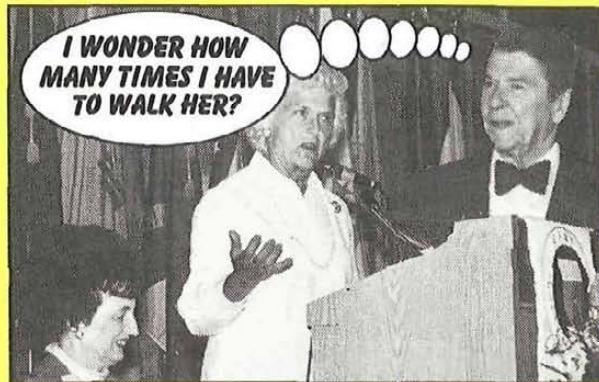
The last I heard, the president and Babs Bush were going out on dates trying to get used to each other. He took her to a ballgame, she took him to her favorite bar.

But I for one am going to miss the class of Nancy Reagan, even if she never did answer my phone calls. I look at her, her expensive clothes, her cold, steely personality that reeks of aristocracy, and I can only think to myself, "I bet the world respects our humble little nation more as a power because of Nancy Reagan Davis."

God bless her.

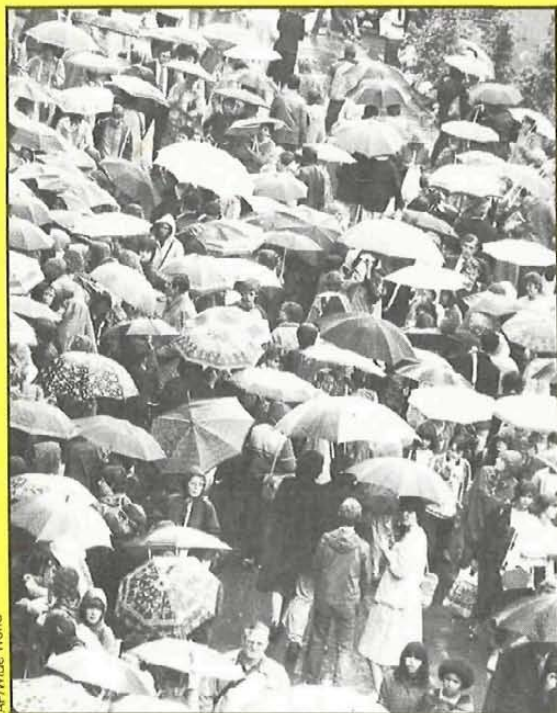
By the way, replacing Babs Bush as Second Lady will be Janet Jackson.

—A.S.



GOV'T REPORT:

UMBRELLA FASCISM ON THE RISE



A GOVERNMENT REPORT just released declares that Umbrella Fascism is a growing problem in America today that deserves serious attention. The report goes on to suggest "various laws and public campaigns to combat this threat to the very fabric of our society. Or, even if it's not a threat to the very fabric of our society, it can certainly ruin walking down the street."

Umbrella Fascism, which has been a steadily rising phenomenon on the public scene, is the act of walking down the street on a rainy day with a complete lack of concern for others' safety and personal space, resulting in pedestrians getting poked in the eye, bashed over the head with an open umbrella, or forced to duck and/or cross the street due to the threat of such acts. "Their philosophy," states the report, "is that dryness is next to godliness

and everyone else can go get fucked."

One Umbrella Fascist, Hildy Anderson, even went so far as to run for public office in Council Bluffs, Iowa. And she won, campaigning on the political promise of narrower sidewalks and bigger umbrellas. The tenor of the campaign got nasty when she accused her opponent, Jim Fowley, of not owning an umbrella. In turn, Fowley accused Anderson of "closing an umbrella on her head one too many times."

After the results of the election were in, the candidate and her supporters celebrated by walking down Main Street, hitting people over the head with their open umbrellas.

One White House official has already promised swift action to stem this growing tide.

—M.S. & A.S.

WEATHER WATCH FOR THE UNITED STATES REGION

Our celebrity weatherman, lyricist Sammy Cahn, reports:

*Oh, the weather outside is frightful,
And the fire is so delightful,
And since we've no place to go,
Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow.*

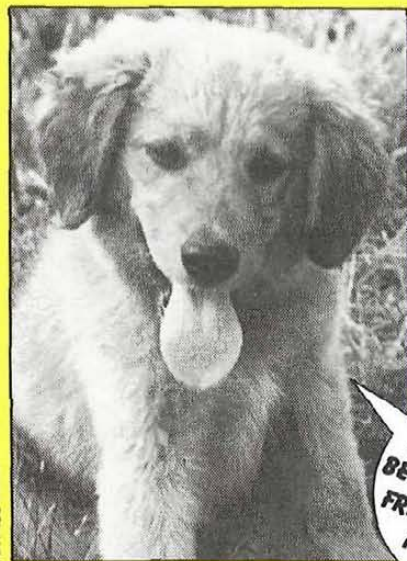


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Edited by:	Lance Contrucci
Michael Simmons and	Dave Krinsky
Andy Simmons	Jay Maeder
	Andy Simmons
Contributors:	Michael Simmons
John Altschuler	Neil Tolkin

DOG TALKS, SAVES MASTER



AP/Wide World

YOU CAN'T BELIEVE HOW FRIGHTENED I WAS!

A BROOKLYN, NEW York, man who was pinned under his car was saved only after neighbors heard the hysterical screams of his dog, Scout. Said neighbor Peter Landes, "I heard this voice screaming for help. And sure enough, there's this hysterical dog and he's yelling, 'Help! Help!!! My master's stuck under his car. Help! He'll be crushed! Call the cops, call an ambulance!!!' I did everything he told me to do. Then it dawned on me that was the first time I ever heard a dog talk. He spoke pretty well, too, considering he's from Brooklyn."

Psychologist Dr. William Denton attributes this phe-

nomenon to shock. He says, "Under this sort of stress, it is not uncommon for people to pull off incredible feats they otherwise could not perform." Dr. Denton adds, however, that it is rare for animals to speak, although he has heard of a cat that played the violin after its master suffered a fatal heart attack.

This is not the first time animals are reported to have spoken. The famed Mexican bandit Pancho Villa claimed that in the midst of one particularly vicious and bloody encounter with government troops, his horse, Pepe, turned to him and said, "Yo, Pancho, let's get the fuck outta here!"

—A.S.

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KENNEDY TO RUN IN 1988



AP/Wide World

In an official announcement, Senator Ted Kennedy has revealed that he plans to run in the 1988 Boston Marathon.

"We're not too worried about him," said Rob de Castella, winner of the 1986 Boston Marathon. "He's fifty-four years old. Besides, somebody will probably shoot him anyway."

—L.C.

SPORTS BEAT

with Tad Oberwait



Note: Duke Dobson, who usually writes "Sports Beat," is still recovering from an unfavorable column he penned about Marvin Hagler. Tad Oberwait, our interior design editor, is filling in while Duke convalesces.

So this is what it's like from the other side of the paper. Since I don't know a *thing* about sports, other than don't play touch football because the one time I played they always seemed to tackle me and beat me up and call me names whether I had the ball or not, I've asked my friend Stormy, who's a sports buff, to help out. (Her name is really Gary, but she's a pre-op transsexual, so her psychologist wants her to be called something feminine like Stormy to help her get used to her breasts, because he doesn't think society is ready for someone with breasts whose name is Gary.)

Anyway, the first thing I asked Stormy was "Why don't the Cleveland Browns have an emblem on their hats?" Everyone else does. Do you think opposing players and fans make fun of them because they don't have an emblem on their hats? Do you think the reason they don't have one is because they forgot? Do you think Cleveland Brown players look upon opposing players with jealousy and mumble to each other, "I wish I had an emblem on my hat?" Maybe the team didn't want to pay for one. Stormy says they had one once, but that it washed away with the first rain. Personally, I think they should get an emblem. Everyone needs a symbol. (Mine is the rose.) And I think they should get a new name. What kind of name is Brown? It sounds like a football team

going incognito. "Just call me ...Brown...Cleveland Brown."

Stormy offered to give them her old name, but I don't think the Cleveland Garys would do much for them.

Who did the Houston Astros hire to design their uniform—Ronnie Milsap? Honestly! Stormy says those uniforms went out with the Bee Gees, and I have to agree. (She pays the rent, after all. Tee-hee.) They're gross! U-G-L-Y...GROSS!!!

What's wrong with the Dolphins' Defense?

It's a question that football fans have been asking themselves all season, whether they are sipping *crème de menthe* at tailgate parties or savoring scrumptious hors d'oeuvres during the pre-game show.

The question has only one answer: "Everything."

But Stormy tells me it's mostly because the secondary, as opposed to the firstary, is bearing an extra-heavy burden this year. They have to keep these ultra-speedy pass receivers from getting to the football. These receivers may be petite, but they run like latex paint on a wet surface. They always change their mind about where they want to go—stopping, turning, leaping, and never staying still. And they can jump like human Slinkys.

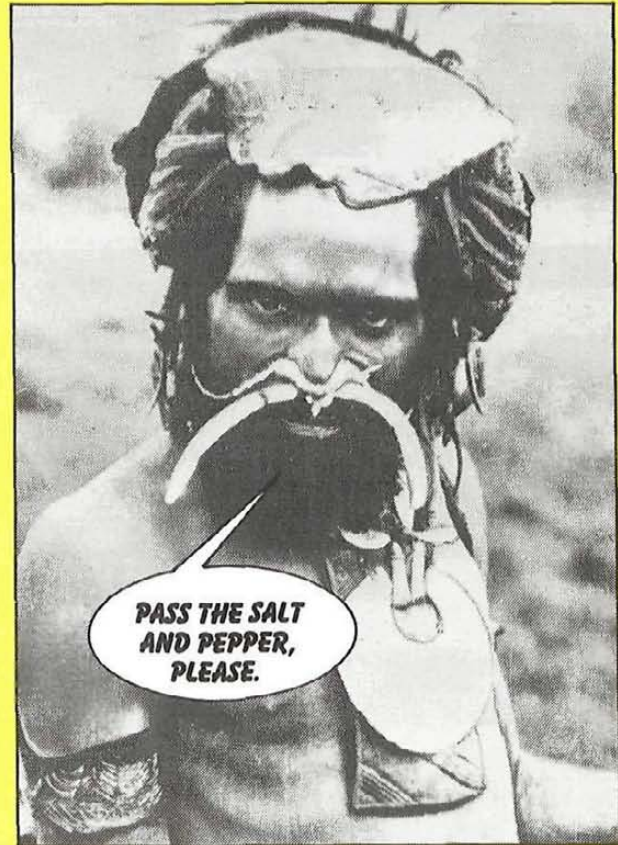
That's why the secondary is having problems. By the end of the game they stand there with their hands on their hips and say, "E-nough already, go ahead and catch the silly ball. If you don't stop acting like a Mexican jumping bean, you're going to give me a heart attack!"

—L.C. & A.S.

JAPANESE BALK AT LINER

A LUXURY LINER FILLED with touring American senior citizens with nuclear hearts or missiles on board. A spokesperson for the liner was quoted as saying, "For the sake of our passengers' fun, it is against ship policy to divulge that information." —A.S.

Cannibal Chokes



GENERAL JEAN-BEDEL BOKASSA, DEPOSED onetime emperor of the Central African Republic, has been hanged in Bangui following his conviction on state charges of treason, genocide, and cannibalism.

The condemned ex-dictator ate a hearty last meal, dining on his longtime secretary, his driver, and five of his children.

—J.M.



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MANAGUA DEMANDS DEAD ROCK STARS



REVOLUTIONARY COUNCIL ministers in Managua have quietly notified the White House that they will no longer accept downed American aircraft on Nicaraguan soil unless there are U.S. rock stars aboard who burn to death in the wreckage.

"Hasenfus Shmasenfus! Do we ever get a Ricky Nelson, hah? Do we get a Big Bopper? Do we get a Buddy Holly? No! We get a Hasenfus! With whom do you think you are dealing?" snapped a Nicaraguan official.

In Washington, the mood was grim as State Department officials worked to patch up short-term relations, and the administration was contacting rock groups known to be friendly to its position. "A possibility exists that several members of the Beach Boys will be happy to crash in Nicaragua and burn to death," said a State Department spokesman. "Talks have been frank and cordial and we're confident that an accommodation can be reached." —J.M.

CELEBRITIES UNITE AGAINST CATHY EVELYN SMITH



"FORGET ABOUT NUCLEAR proliferation. I say it's time we looked at the real threat to us celebrities, Cathy Evelyn Smith." So spoke Patty Duke Astin, president of the Screen Actors Guild, as she convened the Cathy Evelyn Smith and What We Can Do About Her Conference.

After the conviction of Smith for injecting John Belushi with a fatal dose of cocaine and heroin, the celebrity world breathed a collective sigh of relief. That is, until her sentence of three years was announced.

The three-day conference on Smith (which can be seen on ABC in late June) was the brainchild of Robin Leach, host of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, who, while doing an investigative piece

on celebrity deaths, kept running across Smith's name. "It started when I did some checking into the Belushi incident. After talking with Dr. Thomas Noguchi, Coroner to the Stars, I found that Belushi wasn't the only celeb to die tragically in the greater Los Angeles, New York, or Boston areas. It's really quite phenomenal, but Smith seems to have had a hand in every celebrity death in at least the last decade."

When asked whether they thought they were using Smith as a scapegoat and if these proceedings weren't turning into something of a witch-hunt, Ray Bolger's reply could be seen as representative. "How else would you explain the untimely deaths of Sid Vicious, Rock Hudson, William Holden, just to name

a few?" "I say," piped in Sir John Gielgud, "how many celebrities have kicked since that lass has been locked up? Can't think of any, what? I thought not."

The symposium was brought to an emotional peak by Richard Pryor's moving testimonial of how he was ensnared by Smith's insidious wiles. "I was sitting in my living room, minding my own business, when she walked right in and told me to set myself on fire. I told her to fuck off, but she looked right into my eyes and said, 'What's the matter, are you afraid? Are you chicken?' She kept making clucking sounds at me, and I don't know what happened. I picked up a lighter and some ether I had lying around... but then I stopped. ... I did, I put them

down... I really thought I had her beat... but then she just laughed and called me a pussy. What could I do?"

At the end of the conference, Ed Asner fielded questions from the press. "What, you think this whole thing is silly? Look, I played a hard-nosed, tough-minded ace reporter for years on TV, so I think I'd know if something was 'silly.' And I guess you thought it was 'silly' when that little bitch told Mama Cass, 'Is one more ham sandwich gonna kill you?' Or when she told Ernest Hemingway he was getting prissy? And I guess it was 'silly' when she 'D double-dared' Freddie Prinze to blow his head off. She might as well have pulled the trigger herself. I oughta 'silly' each and every one of you." —J.A. & D.K.

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I guess I'll always remember where I was when they told me President Kennedy was dead. I was in the Corpus Christi jail, and it was August 17, 1969. I guess I'd been doing about nine months' worth of "time" (that's what we called it on the inside) before it hit me one day and I said, "Hey, I'm in prison. This is kind of interesting."

And my hard-boiled cellmate, a guy named "The Rock" cause his head looked exactly like a piece of crumbly shale with graffiti all over it, said, kinda sarcastic, "Yeah, they killed Kennedy, too."

"They did?"

Six years since it happened and nobody told me.

"What'll happen to Jackie?" I said.

And The Rock said something totally disgusting about Jackie's pillbox hat, and I had to attack his brass knuckles with my face in order to teach him a lesson.

It was while I was in the prison infir-

mary that I first started piecing the facts together. Here's what I was able to find out from newspaper accounts, library books, the complete report of the Warren Commission, and stuff I heard in the men's bathroom:

1. Kennedy and Jackie go to Dallas.
2. Kennedy gets sick on the plane, but nobody thinks much about it.
3. On final approach, Kennedy turns to Jackie and says, "Do you realize there are seven letters in Kennedy *and* seven letters in Lincoln, that Lincoln was killed on a Friday by a lone gunman shooting at the back of his head, and that Lincoln was succeeded by a vice president named Johnson?"
4. Jackie replies, "Oh, honey, don't be silly. A lot of names have seven letters. Like, oh, Onassis."
5. At 9:45 A.M., Lee Harvey Oswald reports to his job at the Texas School Book Depository and starts mouthing off about the "Fair Play for Aruba Committee," an extremist political group dedicated to the violent overthrow of tourist casinos in Venezuela. His co-

workers ignore him. One of them says, "Fuck Aruba." No one notices that Oswald is carrying a .32-millimeter semiautomatic Czechoslovakian-made shoulder cannon.

6. At 11:47 A.M., JFK says, "Hey, let's take the convertible, what do you think?"

7. At 12:07 P.M., Secret Service Agent-in-Charge Ivan Vladimirovich Kunyvetsov leans over to JFK and says, "Mr. President, John Connally says *he* wants to ride in the front seat." The president gets a pained expression on his face, but finally says, "Okay, but I get the front seat on the way back." (This part always brings a tear to my eye, because, of course, as we all know, there would be no "way back" that fateful day.)

8. At 12:14 P.M., the president tells his driver to stop and gets out of the car, walks over to a young boy holding a "We Love You, Jack" sign, and gives him a quarter. The boy stares up into the president's eyes, takes the quarter, and gives the president a plastic bag containing one-fourth of an ounce of marijuana.

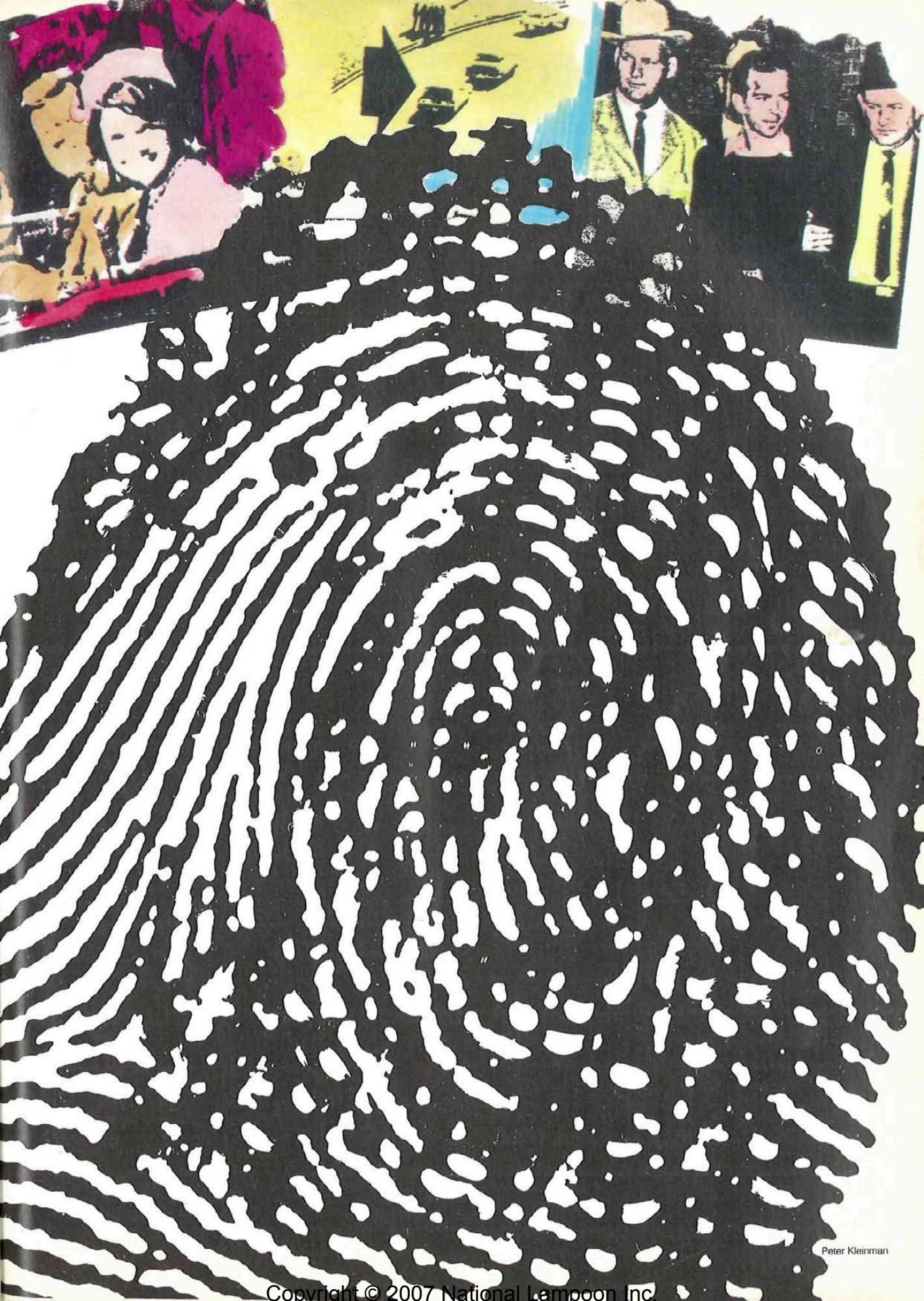
9. At 12:19, as the motorcade rolls past the gaily decorated buildings on Main Street, Lee Harvey Oswald shoves nine crates of "Dick and Jane" readers and two crates of "This Wonderful World!" seventh-grade science books into position next to an unopened bag of French fries left on the windowsill, which will serve as his grisly lunch table. A co-worker happens by, notices Oswald erecting a telescopic sight for a laser-guided hand-held missile, and says, "Are you gonna eat those greasy fries? Yeccech!" Little does he know that Oswald will have no time for more than six or seven fries on this day.

10. As the president's limo approaches Dealey Plaza from the east, a right-wing photographer for the *Dallas Morning News* takes up his position atop the triple underpass, where he opens a camera case and starts carefully unloading his venom.

11. At 12:31, the motorcade makes a complicated zigzag motion through Dealey Plaza, and at that moment Jackie looks up at the Texas School Book Depository and says, "Oh, look, isn't that a pretty Czechoslovakian shoulder cannon?" In the front seat, Governor John

HOW I SOLVED THE MYSTERY OF THE KENNEDY AGENCIES INVOLVATION

by Joe Bob Briggs



Peter Kleinman

Connally turns to his left so that he can speak over his shoulder to the president and say, "You *always* get to ride in the front."

12. At 12:32, Secret Service Agent Yuri Jakov jumps onto the running board of the president's limousine, jumps off again, and says, "Gee, this is fun."

13. At 12:33, an overweight man carrying an umbrella stands at the corner of Elm and Houston, absentmindedly massaging the crotch of his trousers. Several people notice, but say nothing.

14. At 12:34, in suburban Irving, Texas, Marina Oswald flips through a yellowed copy of *Life* magazine, comes across a photograph of Connie Francis, and feels a sudden sensation of horror and dread.

15. At 12:35, a manhole cover in the middle of Elm Street, just twenty yards from the grassy knoll, goes unnoticed by everyone.

16. At 12:36, Abraham Zapruder presses the button on his Bell & Howell home-movie camera and says, "I hope Jackie has one of them strapless numbers on."

17. At 12:37, with the presidential limousine moving forward at 11.2 miles an hour and approaching the triple underpass, Lyndon Baines Johnson, two cars behind the president, notices the unmistakable sound of a Czechoslovakian shoulder cannon being fired rapidly. He

says, "They must be some good squirrel huntin' around here."

18. At 12:38, it's all over. The prez disappears off the map of human history.

19. At 12:41, Lee Harvey Oswald walks downstairs, gathers together eight or nine of his co-workers, and says, "I was just up there shootin' off my shoulder cannon and I accidentally killed the president." No one thinks this is odd.

20. At 12:49, Oswald decides to ride the bus to the Texas Theater and take in an Abbott and Costello double feature. He takes his pistol with him, in case they show the one where they land on Venus and start playing footsie with Anita Ekberg.

21. At 1:01 P.M., emergency-room doctors at Parkland Hospital diagnose the president as suffering from three gigantic shoulder-cannon wounds to the head and neck.

22. At 1:20, the opening titles roll for *Abbott and Costello Meet the Mummy*. Enraged, Oswald starts firing his pistol at the screen, killing a Dallas police officer in the process.

23. At 2:05, Jack Ruby, a Dallas nightclub owner, walks into the entertainment department of the *Dallas Times Herald* and says, "Wait till you see the titties on this one."

24. Two days later, Jack Ruby says, "Don't scrunch up the side of your face

like that if you know what's good for you," and pumps three bullets into the abdomen of Lee Harvey Oswald. Oswald says, "I did it for Aruba." Nobody thinks this is odd.

25. Two weeks later, three casinos in Aruba close forever.

26. Four years later, the Warren Commission enters its final report. "One man, acting alone." Who that man was, we'll probably never know.

And that's basically the story we all know, the one we grew up with, the one they teach in school.

But is it the *whole* story?

No way, José Napoléon Duarte.

As I say, I had six months solitary to consider the facts of this case, then another two, three months in the infirmary, so I think I can say with authority that I'm the world's leading prison authority on the Kennedy assassination, except for the people directly involved in the conspiracy, of course.

And I won't go into all my sources, except to say I read the following books in their entirety:

The President Is Dead! The President Is Dead! by Kurt Withers, former special assistant to the assistant district attorney, Dallas County, Texas.

The Assassination Please Almanac, edited by Tom Miller, the master himself.

Jack, You Devil: My Life with Jack Ruby by Heather "Hooters" Lee.

How the Dirty Commies Did It by John Wayne, as told to Irving Reinfeld.

Conspiracy? Murder? Just a Guy with a Cannon? and Other Misleading Information About November 22, 1963 by Bob Woodward, as told to his wife, Babs.

Please Forgive My Bullet: What Really Happened Out There, by Marina Oswald, as told to Mikhail Stepanovich Grigirin.

El Presidente Morte, by de Manuel Olivares, Washington bureau chief for the respected *Diario Castro de Havana*.

Rush to Judgment, by Mark Lane.

Highlights from "Rush to Judgment", by Mark Lane, as dictated to his male secretary, Steven.

Another "Rush to Judgment" Book I Put Out Right After the Last One, by Mark Lane.

The Warren Commission Report: Boy, Did Those Guys Blow It! by Stan Silver, Earl Warren's brother-in-law from Milwaukee.

Who Is Dealey, Anyway? The Story of Dealey Plaza, by Joe B. Dealey.

Who Screwed Up? by Jack "Dogface" Strindberg, special agent-in-charge, Dallas FBI assigned to the "Oswald, Lee Harvey" section.

He's Not Really Dead by Sister Mary Ignatius Candelaria, deceased.

It Sounded like Squirrel Huntin' to Me by Lyndon Baines Johnson.

And, of course, I went back and read all the back issues of *What Will They Dig*

continued on page 92



PEPPY

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A Message from the Editor



Welcome to *Peppy*, the magazine for people who will *stop at nothing* to be physically fit and nutritionally superior.

Peppy is for people who *go beyond the norm*—who are not afraid to explore the ever-receding frontiers of fitness and health.

Peppy is for people who are *obsessed with every inch of their bodies*, with every drop of food and drink they ingest.

Peppy is for people who can't wait for the medical establishment to approve a new idea or treatment before they try it.

Peppy is for people who *make the trends* in fitness and health, not copy them.

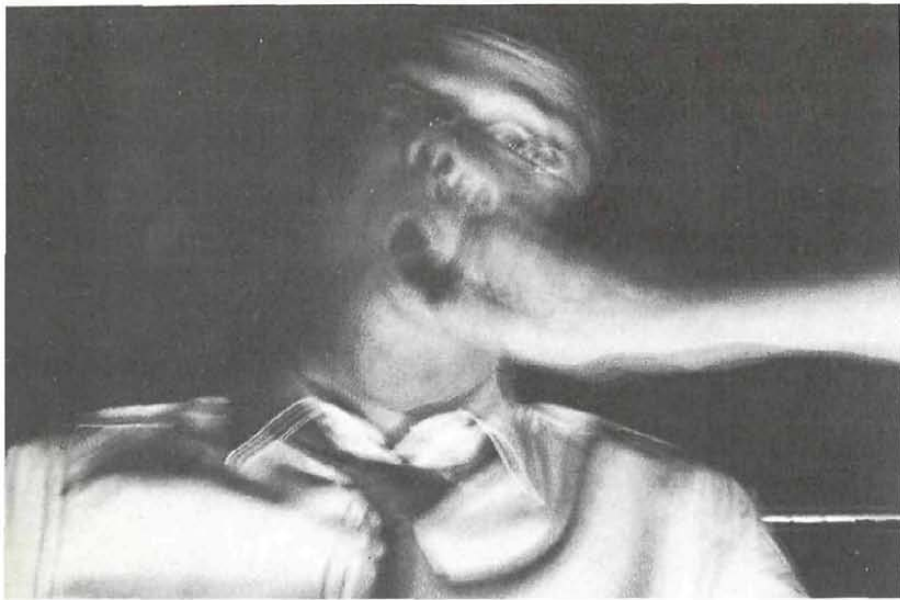
Peppy is the embodiment of the potent new life of the eighties, the nineties, and beyond—a life of super-fitness, glowing health, and near-miraculous longevity.

Peppy is pure energy—a constant flow of input and feedback. *Peppy* is *unlimited energy* that is always rechargeable. *Peppy* never stops giving.

In short, *Peppy* is for upscale people, earning upscale incomes, living in upscale surroundings, who have a deep commitment to an upscale high-potency life.

Gerry Sussman
Editor in Chief

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Violence Therapy

A punch in the mouth can cure that stutter!

Jenny, a twenty-three-year-old legal secretary in Seattle, had a lifelong stutter, a stutter that erupted unpredictably, and often at the most embarrassing moments. One day her friend Steven, a twenty-seven-year-old computer programmer, lost his patience with her inability to complete a sentence and gave her a solid slap in the face.

Michael, thirty-two, a freelance writer in Chicago, couldn't pronounce an "s" without salivating and spitting. He, too, had a bad stutter. His girlfriend, Jan, responded by hitting him in the mouth with a pair of suspenders.

It sounds incredibly cruel and callous, but it's exactly the opposite. Jenny and Michael are the recipients of a new kind of speech therapy using physical violence when ordinary methods don't work. And for many speech defectives, the new violence therapy may be just what the doctor ordered.

The doctor in question is Carl Benechick, who for many years was a dedicated speech therapist at Stanford University, working in the traditional manner. His rate of cure was good, but it was a long, tedious process requiring infinite patience. Any small breakthrough was a major achievement.

One day while working with an especially difficult patient, Benechick cracked and punched the man in the mouth. "Of course it was the most unprofessional, unethical thing a speech

therapist could do to a stutterer," said Benechick. "But I had had a long, hard day and was undergoing a difficult phase in my marriage and had acute financial problems. Everything came to a head when this poor, unsuspecting soul, this chronic stutterer, could not follow my instructions. In a wild moment of frustration I hit him with a sharp left hook and decked him."

The shocked stutterer rose and shouted angry obscenities at Dr. Benechick. A steady stream of profanities flew from his mouth. Instead of feeling shame and embarrassment, Benechick was overjoyed. The stutterer was talking nonstop, without a hitch. When he realized this, he broke into tears. He was cured.

Somehow the physical shock, the element of surprise, the sheer humiliation rearranged the patient's brain cells and speech mechanisms so that he could speak normally. "It's as if you can 'punch some sense into a stutterer,'" says Benechick.

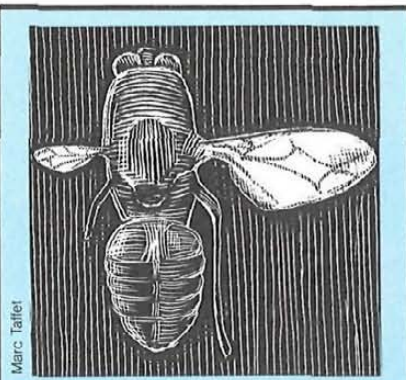
For the next six months Dr. Benechick refined his technique, using slaps, punches, swift kicks, or spankings, depending on the needs of the patient. It was crucial to match the correct physical violence to the psychological makeup of the patient or it could backfire and make the situation even worse. But so far, Dr. Benechick's cure rate is 96 percent.

If you want to learn more about Dr. Benechick's violence therapy, it's all spelled out in his new book, *Stop Stuttering or I'll Brain You!*. He is also scheduled to appear on the *Today* show, *Donahue*, and *60 Minutes*.

Friendly Enema

How many times have you wished you could give yourself a barium enema at home—the same kind of professional enema you get at a hospital when you undergo all the expensive testing for various gastrointestinal problems? Well, now you can do it yourself with the BX Home Barium Enema Kit and save hundreds, perhaps thousands, of dollars in the bargain!

The BX Kit contains full medical instructions on how to use the barium tracers that illuminate your insides. It has all the enema materials you need and a special reflector mirror so you can trace the path of the barium yourself while you lie on your back. The medical instructions tell you exactly what to look for so you can make your own diagnosis. The BX has a built-in microchip computer that monitors the amount of fluid your body can hold to prevent embarrassing accidents. It's safe, it's easy to use, it could save your life!



Marc Tallet

Move Over, Killer Bees, Here Comes the Tse Fly!

You'll know it's a tse fly when you hear its unique sound—a buzz, then silence, then another buzz, followed by silence again. Sometimes it has a definite rhythm, sometimes it's a random effect. Either way it's very disconcerting.

The tse fly comes from Canada, and it's getting closer every day. Luckily, it moves slowly and irregularly, unlike the disciplined hordes of killer bees. But the tse fly's irregular slowness makes it even more ominous. It cannot be detected easily.

The victims of a tse fly bite immediately go to sleep in one eye, and the eye never wakes up. So far, medical experts have not been able to revive the sleeping eye. Watch for eye patches to make a very strong comeback!

Hooray for Bauxite!

For years zinc has been the champion mineral for maintaining healthy prostate glands and restoring male potency. "To keep in the pink remember your zinc" was a byword in all the health food shops. The zinc tablet, known affectionately as the "cock pill," was always a bestseller. But now it looks as if zinc has a "cocky" new rival on the shelves—bauxite, the mineral from which aluminum is made.

Unecda Pharmaceuticals, a small San Diego firm, has been test-marketing a bauxite pill called B-One. The results have been slightly phenomenal. B-One

actually produces involuntary erections in 94 percent of the users. "It could be embarrassing if you're in public, but it certainly is encouraging," says Keith Naarishkeit, president of Unecda. It is now recommended that you take a bauxite pill only if you intend to have sexual intercourse. In fact, Naarishkeit feels that the current generation of bauxite pills may be too potent and could be banned by the FDA. His second-generation pill, B-Two, will be milder. "It will just make you horny, but not crazy," he says.

Unecda has issued a recall on B-One, but none of the stores want to return their rapidly selling supply.



Steve Swery

SPA OF THE MONTH: Rancho Romero

Rancho Romero is owned and operated by Cesar Romero, celebrated actor and bon vivant, known for his silver hair and flashing smile. Romero, the picture of health and longevity, personifies the philosophy of his spa.

Rancho Romero believes that traditional ballroom dancing is the key to fitness. Guests spend as much as twelve hours a day working on their dance steps with professional instructors. Romero began his career as a ballroom dancer and has never forsaken his first love. "Every part of the body is exer-

cised in ballroom dancing," he says. "It has far more benefits than aerobic dancing and of course, aesthetically, it offers far more satisfaction."

Rancho Romero's main exercise room is built along the lines of a Las Vegas nightclub, with a gigantic dance floor, a live orchestra, tiny tables, and sexy waitresses who serve fruit juices and herb teas. There are also smaller rehearsal rooms for private instruction. All activity is geared toward the big dance competitions, from beginner to world-class. Trophies and cash prizes are awarded, and the dancing can get very hot and intense.

Fun Quotient: Very high if you like

ballroom dancing.

Weight Loss: A little better than average.

Food: Standard healthy diet with an Italian flair. Mock veal parmigiana, tofu pizza, cactus pasta.

Atmosphere: Friendly, but highly competitive when the dance contests begin. Everyone wears casual rehearsal clothes during the day, formal dance outfits at night.

Rancho Romero is primarily for couples who share a common interest in the fox trot, tango, rhumba, lindy, samba, cha-cha, and the like. If you're a pure rock 'n' roller, try something different.

The Fiber Wars

What should you eat? Wool or synthetics?

"There's no difference between synthetics and raw wool," Steven Ferbenfarb, vice president of the medical division of Dupont Chemical, has said. "Both kinds of fibers contain *ascortine*, the acid that interacts with the manganese in your colon to protect the inner lining against cancer tumors. Synthetics are cheaper than wool and contain *twenty times* more *ascortine* per serving."

But the wool people now claim that only untreated sheep wool contains *amneotic acid* and *lanotose*. These ingredients, when combined with *ascortine*, prevent oxidation of the colon lining. *Ascortine* alone cannot do the job.

As proof, there is the dramatic example of Mongolia, a sheep-raising country where natural wool is eaten. There is no cancer of the colon in Mongolia, while in Japan, where synthetics are popular, cancer of the colon has increased by 26 percent. Even more dramatic are the experiments in Bucharest, Romania, where a group of terminally ill colon cancer patients over



Marc Taffel

eighty were fed a diet of pure wool. An impressive 91 percent recovered completely. Over half of them lived to be one hundred and had children and

grandchildren!

Luckily, the ultimate winner will be you, the *Peppy* reader. The Fiber Wars have just begun!

How Does the Typical American Feel About His or Her Tush?

The answers will surprise you!

by Neil Polanser

Call it your tush, your bottom, your bum, your behind, or whatever—it's the cornerstone of all your exercises, the one part of your body that stands out, that seems to shape the rest of you and tell the world who you are.

"Show me a firm, well-proportioned rear and I'll show you a fit person," said Bertrand Russell. Let's face it. Well-bunned people look better, feel better, and work and play better than those whose tushies are less than perfect. No other part of your body evokes so much concern and controversy.

In order to find out how typical Americans regard this vital part of their anatomies, *Peppy* conducted a poll, using an independent research company, of 3,500 people from eighteen to forty-five, from all walks of life. Here are their answers to our two basic questions.

(1) Are You Happy with Your Tush and the Way It Looks?

- 7%—Absolutely. I've got a great ass and it makes me feel like a million bucks.
- 42%—It's not the worst-looking tush in the world, but it's nowhere near as nice as Jane Fonda's or Don Johnson's.
- 30%—I'm not at all happy with my tush. It just doesn't hang right. I'm not sure what I'll do with it.
- 21%—I'd like to cut my tush off and trade it in for a new one. I hate it. I'm ashamed to go out in public with it.

Only 7 percent of those polled were happy with their bums; 51 percent revealed a deep-rooted dissatisfaction and 21 percent were almost suicidal. Here are some random verbatim

quotes about how people feel:

"I think you've got to be born with a good ass. It has to be God-given. I mean, the shape, the configuration... even how firm it is. I know a woman who never exercises, never has to diet, and she's got an ass I would kill for. Men flock around her like a bee to honey."—Judy G.

"Sometimes I wish I lived in another country, someplace where a guy with a big ass is worshiped, not ridiculed—like some of those tribes in Africa. I've been to doctors, psychiatrists, even faith healers. No one can help me."—Roy B.

"Men with big asses have a problem. But it's nothing to what a woman faces. I'm twenty-seven, an attorney in a well-regarded firm. I graduated number one in my class and was editor of the Law Review. I also have a big ass. I've been in the company for three years and have seen men and women with far less on the ball than I get promotions. At first I thought it was my own lack of talent or my personality. Finally someone told me the real reason. I still work alone, in the library, doing research. They won't let me work with clients. What can I do? It will probably be the same no matter what firm I work for."—Janet A.

(2) Do You Think You Can Improve the Look of Your Tush with Exercise and Diet?

- 13%—Yes. Proper buttock-firming exercises and a sensible diet can improve and mold my tush into a very attractive part of my body—a *power tush*.
- 31%—It's not easy, but I keep trying. It's hard to get any real shape and definition to a basically square ass.
- 27%—It's easier said than done. I'm fighting a losing battle unless I try plastic surgery.
- 29%—Tush exercises are a fraud. I

just have to live with what I've got. If you call it living.

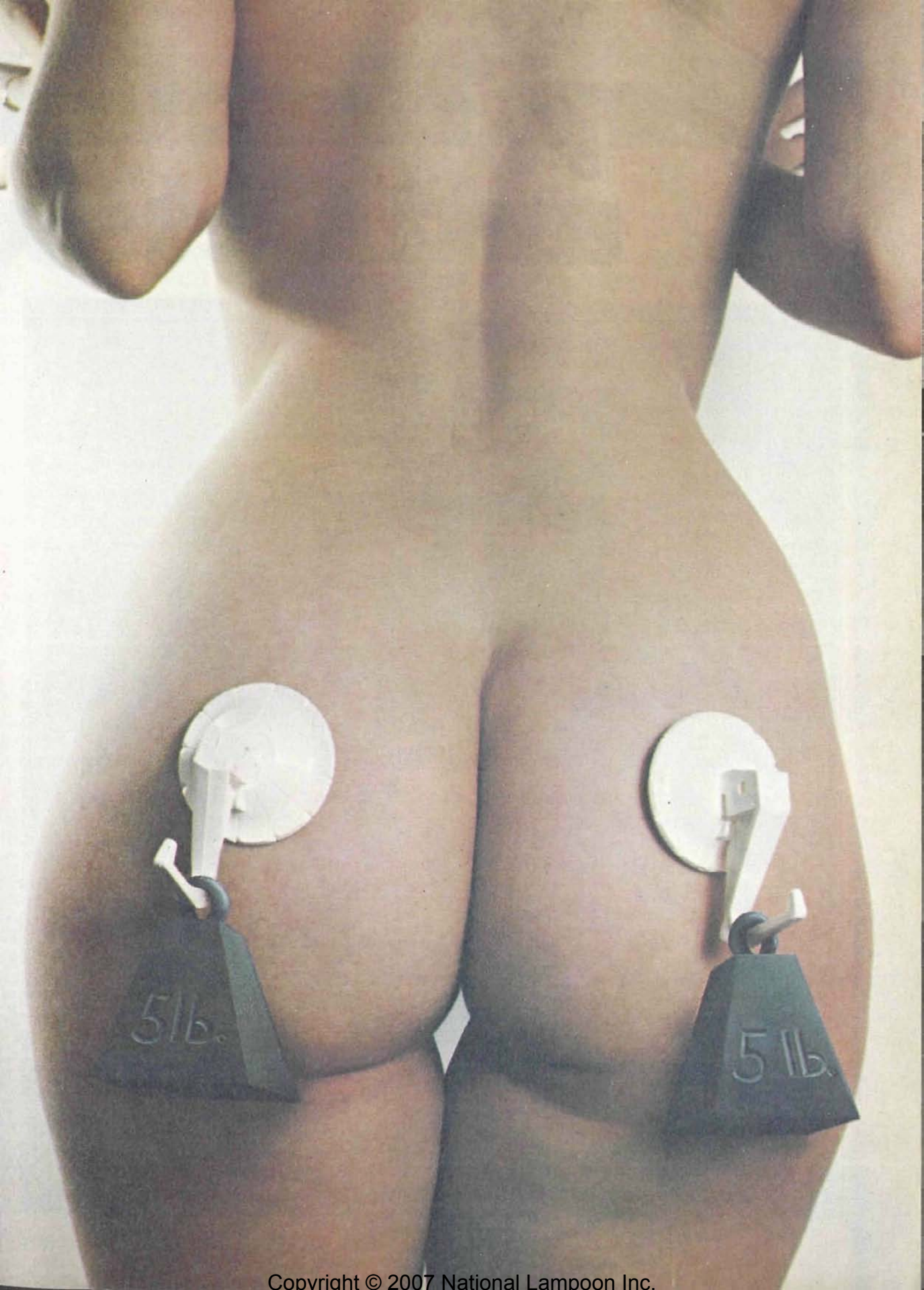
Only 13 percent of our pollees believed they could improve their asses dramatically with diet and exercise; 31 percent were teetering on the edge of pessimism and 56 percent were totally negative. Clearly, the mood of our country seems to be defeatist. There is a lack of confidence, a laziness and complacency about buttock improvement that is gradually weakening our character, our sense of personal worth and pride, our belief in ourselves and our futures.

The Tush Gap

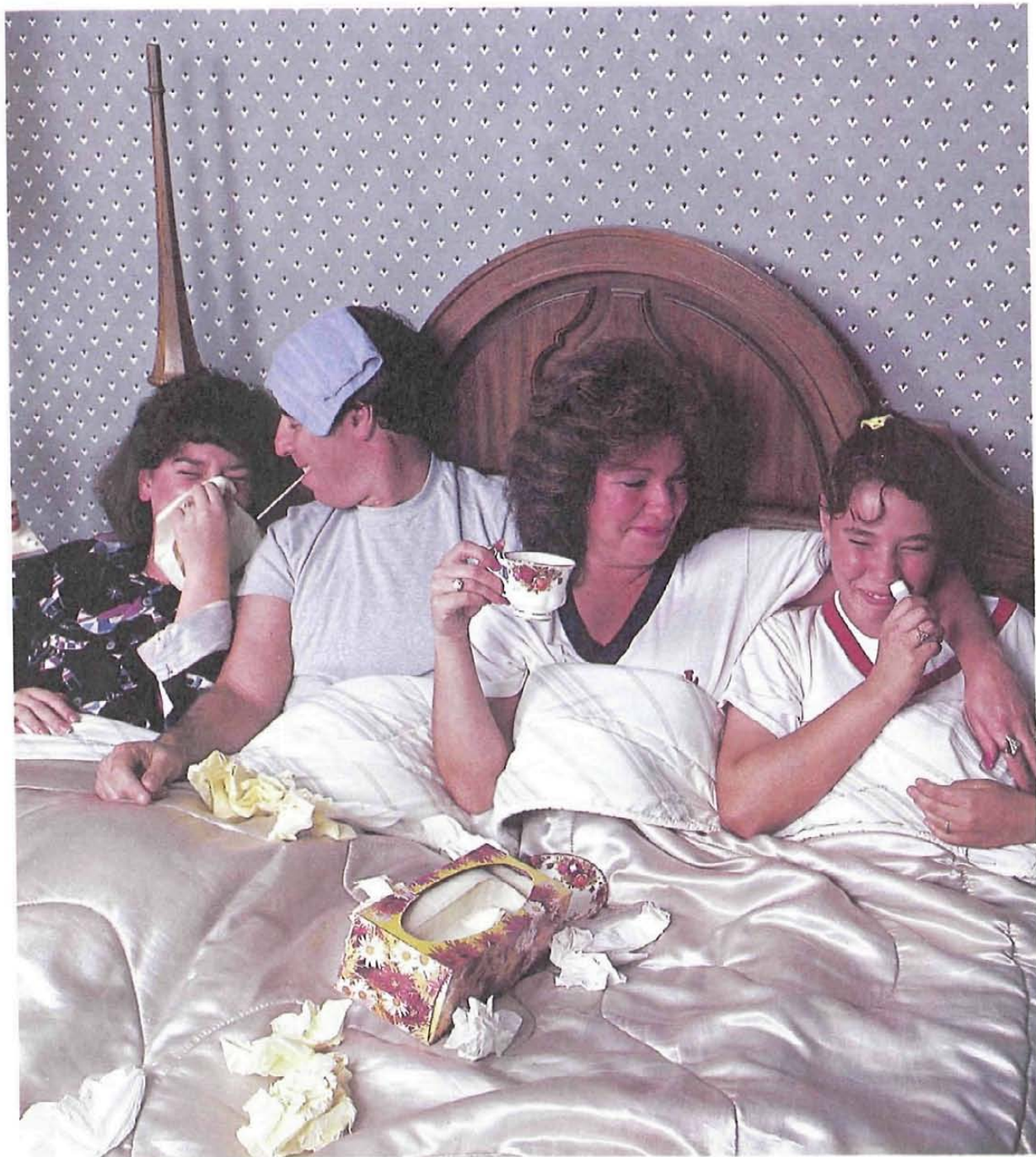
If we compare our tush profile with those of other countries we emerge a distant fourteenth in terms of overall attractiveness and desirability. Here's how the U.S. rates worldwide:

- (1) Japan
- (2) East Germany
- (3) Brazil
- (4) Sweden
- (5) Wales
- (6) Malaysia
- (7) U.S.S.R.
- (8) Australia
- (9) France
- (10) Canada
- (11) Israel
- (12) Spain
- (13) New Zealand
- (14) U.S.
- (15) Argentina

Peppy believes that America has a job to do. We've got to close the Tush Gap and restore our belief and confidence in ourselves and do our exercises. They do work. Let's work with weights, with steel rollers. Let's run uphill and roll downhill on our bums. Let's cut out the fatty foods and get leaner and meaner!



Keep That Cold and Get Be



in the Family Faster

by Bufurd Noxwell

When Kim Benschwanger catches a cold she doesn't feel bad about it. She knows that in a matter of days her entire family will catch it, too. That makes her feel better, and in another day or so her cold will be gone, because she's sharing it with the rest of her family. Kim and her family are part of a bold new experiment in medicine at the Cold Research Center in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Share Your Germs, Share Your Problems

The idea is: instead of isolating yourself when you have a cold, spread your germs and give them to the entire family so that they all experience the same symptoms and share the same problems and solutions. The results of this new treatment have been remarkable: all the members of the family actually recover faster.

"The first thing I do when I feel a bad cold coming on is to run over to my brother, Kevin, and sneeze in his face," says Kim Benschwanger. "Then I sneak up on Mom and Dad and sneeze on them." Kim is having a little extra fun but she's also practicing the new technique of spreading fresh cold germs as quickly as possible. The Benschwanger family is using the techniques taught by Dr. Paul Povitz, head of the Cold Research Center in Grand Rapids. The key to his theory is that the cold syndrome is not just a physical problem, but a social and psychological one as well.

A Family That Suffers Together Stays Together

When one member of the family has a cold and isolates himself, it's a house divided. And the have-nots feel superior to the haves. The person with the cold tends to baby himself, asking for special treatment and favors, and then feels guilty about asking. The have-nots, those without the cold, build up resentment and annoyance. Ill feeling develops and the cold sufferer gets

worse. The atmosphere reeks of repressed anger and sheer crankiness. The family loses its warmth and togetherness and the members move away from each other.

Instead, Dr. Povitz urges his patients to cheerfully spread the cold, to "equalize" it quickly, so they can all share it together without guilt. When the burden is shared, no one can become a "martyr." "Martyrdom works two ways," says Povitz. "The sufferer has it and so does the rest of the family, who must become the Good Samaritans."

Cold Sharers Get Faster Relief

The results of the Cold Sharing Program have been nothing short of phenomenal. Eighty-seven percent of all the families practicing it tend to get over their colds 76 percent faster than the families who keep their colds to themselves. When the Benschwanger family shares a cold, the average duration is two days for the entire group. Their next-door neighbors, the Endicott family, treat their colds in the traditional manner, and it takes each member an average of three to five days to complete the cold cycle, sometimes more. "The bottom line is, most members of the family will catch your cold anyway, so you might as well give it to them all at once," says Dr. Povitz.

Dr. Povitz does not prescribe drugs for the treatment of colds, not even aspirin. He maintains that the psychological benefits of the shared cold boost the body's immune system and hasten the healing process. Plenty of liquids, plenty of sleep, plenty of germ sharing, and the cold will disappear.

When the Benschwangers all had severe nose colds a few months ago they got together at home and did things they hadn't done in years. They baked bread, cooked meals, watched the same TV shows, played Monopoly and Scrabble together. They even gave each other haircuts and home permanents. The air was filled with love, companionship, and cold germs. They not only had a wonderful time, they were a happy, peppy, cold-fighting family.

When you catch a cold, here are some things you can do:

1. SNEEZING, NOSE BLOWING.

The easiest way to share a cold is to sneeze directly onto another family member. If you're not sneezing, blow your nose directly at them.

2. THE FAMILY HANKIE.

This is a must. The first person with the cold starts the family hankie, the one hankie shared by everyone. It should be large, like a bandanna, so that enough germs are spread around for everyone to share. Tissues have a limited capacity. Use the family hankie at all times; don't change it if possible. Dry it off and use it again. When not in use, leave it on the kitchen table or counter, near the food you're going to eat.

3. THE FAMILY TOOTHBRUSH.

Excellent for spreading sore throats quickly and easily. Don't wash it. Just pass it on. Designate one toothbrush as the family model when you have a cold.

4. KISSING, EMBRACING.

Express your love for your family with lots of hugging and kissing, an effective way to pass on germs. French- or tongue-kissing is only recommended for parents, not siblings, though it is the most effective, quickest way to spread germs via this technique.

5. EAT FROM THE SAME UTENSILS.

Feed each other food, another pleasant, loving activity. Lick the spoon clean and pass it on to the next person. Use the same glasses and cups whenever possible.

6. SIMPLE BREATHING EXERCISES.

Take deep breaths and exhale on each other while you're watching TV or listening to music.

Peppy Salutes the People in

And reveals how many
by Jo



BRUCE WILLIS, ACTOR

America's hottest TV star, the David Addison of *Moonlighting*, is a devotee of the new Jane Fonda Eating on the Run Diet. This is a new concept of diet/exercise wherein you eat your meals while running, so you always stay thin. Bruce can be seen running to the studio along Santa Monica Boulevard every morning at six while devouring an order of flapjacks and mariposa honey that is attached to his waist. Bruce makes \$8,000,000 a year.

POPE JOHN PAUL II

He has one of the busiest schedules of any world leader, but the pope still manages to squeeze in as many games of three-man basketball as he can. The word on John Paul II is that he is a perimeter shooter with a decent jump shot from twelve to fifteen feet out. On defense he is very aggressive and gets away with a lot of fouls because of his position as the spiritual leader of the Catholic population. He can also be a ball hog. But that's the price you pay if you want to play on the same team as the pope. He makes \$63,000 a year.

LARRY TISCH, BUSINESSMAN

The new chief executive officer of CBS is considered to be one of the shrewdest, toughest businessmen in the country, a man who lives and dies by the bottom line.

Larry is a fanatic about exercising while he works. During a business meeting he lifts weights, runs in place, squeezes handballs, and does push-ups and sit-ups, all without missing one iota of what is going on. He is one of those lucky guys who can exercise all day without smelling offensive. "I'm like the Chinese. I don't sweat," he says.

The secret of Larry's high energy is a generous helping of fresh pony cheese

from Bolivia ("the dark kind with the blue pepper flakes"), which is a great source of B vitamins and trace minerals. It also acts as a natural anti-perspirant. Larry Tisch makes \$16,432,000 a year.

JESSE JACKSON, MINISTER

Jesse loves barbecued spareribs—so much so that he raises his own pigs on a farm in Chicago. (Ask him for his dynamite barbecue sauce recipe!) To keep in shape after demolishing five or six pounds of his own ribs, he uses small pigs as weights and has developed a set of pig-lifting exercises. He even takes a pair of the little porkers with him on his speaking tours. "All they need is a little mud, some straw, and a bag of Ralston Purina pig feed," says Jesse. "Hell, those hotels put up with a lot more from those rock stars." Jackson makes about \$900,000 a year.

DAVID LETTERMAN, TV STAR

David is a secret fitness freak. He likes to joke about how unfit he is, but actually he's vain enough to keep himself in superb shape by using his writers as human punching bags. "They wear these padded suits to absorb the shocks of my punches," says David. "The rule is that they can't hit back. It's how I get out all my aggression and anger, so when I get on camera I'm just a nice, unassuming guy." David makes \$76,000,000 a year.

DON JOHNSON, ACTOR

Working the long, grueling hours of a weekly TV series puts enormous stress and strain on the body and makes it very difficult to keep sensible eating and drinking habits. To keep himself in shape, Don Johnson not only runs five miles a day, he employs an Englishman

named Stubbs who has mastered the eighteenth-century technique of bleeding with leeches, as it was practiced by the barbers of that period.

Bleeding removes the "vile humours" that enter the body when a person has not had sufficient sleep and is ingesting too much caffeine. With the "bad blood" removed, Johnson feels cleansed and rejuvenated.

As a joke, he likes to show up on the set with a few leeches still clinging to his neck, giving everyone the spooks. His favorite leeches are named after his agent, his personal manager, his lawyers, and his accountants. He makes \$19,780,000 a year.

DONALD TRUMP, REAL ESTATE DEVELOPER

One of the real estate kingpins of America, Trump is a power broker, a wheeler-dealer, a "can do" guy who is changing the skyline of New York City. The word "peppy" was invented for Donald "Duke" Trump.

Donald's secret is shiatsu dog massage, a little-known Japanese massage that uses the tongues of trained dogs to stroke the body at certain key pressure points to promote and enhance circulation and muscle tone.

"I do two hours a day with Tekamaki, a shiatsu lap dog from Kyoto," says Trump. A Japanese lap dog is a dog that literally laps. The tongue of the shiatsu has been trained for seven years, until it is stronger than the hands of a professional masseur, and far more sensuous. It's an expensive way to stay peppy, but it works. And it helps bring Donald an income of over \$170,000,000 a year.

CHARLTON HESTON, ACTOR

Charlton Heston, or "Chooch," as he likes to be called, is one of the fittest stars in Hollywood. Besides engaging in the usual competitive sports, Chooch

Sixteen Peppiest America

ney they really make!

adfield



has always been an avid cement mixer. He still does it the old-fashioned way—by hand-lifting heavy sacks of powder, mixing it with water, and laying rows and rows of sidewalks.

By the way, that unmistakable Charlton Heston voice—deep, resonant, slightly thick, and tight—comes from tiny particles of cement that have permeated his nostrils over the years and cannot be removed. Heston makes \$250,000 a year.

JIM BROWN, ACTOR-PRODUCER

The big, brawny ex-football great still looks like he can hit the goal line as hard as he can hit the girls. Girl hitting and girl throwing are what keep Jim fit as a fiddle. His specialty is throwing pretty young blond girls out of windows or off balconies. "It's not that easy," says Jim. "Unless they're really drugged or drunk they put up a lot of resistance, which is a great challenge to me. The harder they fight, the more I have to put out physically and mentally." Jim makes about \$55,000 a year.

MILES DAVIS, JAZZ MUSICIAN

A firm believer in physical conditioning and mental toughness, this jazz legend has a major secret that has just been revealed. He gets tickled. Miles is so ticklish that he can actually lose weight by laughing hard. He has a special tickler from Taiwan named Ming Cho Fu. Tickling to lose weight is an ancient Chinese regimen called *cho fa*, a long-time favorite with Chinese royalty. *Cho fa* fell out of favor when the Communists took over, but is still practiced in Taiwan and Hong Kong. It is all done with the fingers; no feathers or other artifacts are used. Of course, you must be extremely ticklish to get the full benefit of the treatment, but it's worth the comparatively high price for its sheer

sensuality. Miles Davis earns about \$378,000 a year.

LINDA EVANS, ACTRESS

Linda confesses that she has no special secrets. She is, by far, the hardest-working member of the *Dynasty* cast because, as she is the first to admit, she's the least talented. The mental strain of simply trying to keep up seems to burn off thousands of calories a day. Linda tries to keep a perfect balance in her acting technique so that she does not improve to the point where the calories stay on instead of falling off. So far, her instincts have been brilliant, and she looks as fit as ever. Linda makes \$45,600,000 a year.

DON KING, BOXING PROMOTER

Fitness experts agree that the most beneficial of all exercises is swimming. Don King does not know how to swim, but that doesn't stop the mighty Afro from doing one hundred laps a day right in his forty-foot living room. Don simply swims on the floor, imitating the Australian crawl, pretending his living room is an Olympic pool. "I can swim for hours and never get wet," says Don. King makes about \$54,000,000 a year.

MARLON BRANDO, ACTOR

Rumor has it that Marlon is getting back to the fighting weight of his youth, and that is why we are putting him on our *Peppy* list. As you might expect, his regimen is a combination of fasting and an exotic form of exercise—fish wrestling.

The fish are gigantic marlin (no pun intended) with rubber caps on their long, sword-like noses. Marlon wrestles them in a saltwater tank for hours. He also communicates with them in their

own language and admits that he and Fiona, a female marlin, have had sexual relations. Marlon makes about \$1,500,000 a year.

MAGIC JOHNSON, BASKETBALL STAR

During the off-season Magic has to watch himself, because he is a self-confessed gourmet cook who loves to eat classic French and Italian cuisine, not to mention soul food. We realize that Magic's solution sounds a bit crude, but he insists that it works!

Magic employs three full-time "face sitters." Whenever he gets a craving for too much food, a face sitter goes into action, channeling his oral needs until he is sated. The girls even travel with him and have no mercy if they see him overindulge. Magic makes about \$5,000,000 a year.

RALPH LAUREN, FASHION DESIGNER

Lauren confessed to us that he always felt he had to prove his "masculinity" because of his role as a fashion designer. People have always tended to lump all fashion designers into the category of wimps, homos, and effete sissy types. To counteract this image Ralph is the only civilian member of the Green Berets. He attends as many maneuvers as possible and in an emergency can qualify as a combat soldier. He holds the honorary rank of master sergeant. Ralph makes \$900,000,000 a year.

WHOOPI GOLDBERG, ACTRESS, COMEDIENNE

This multi-faceted, multi-talented actress likes to curl up in a large plastic garbage bag and roll down the city streets for miles. If you see a large plastic bag with cornrows protruding from it, hurtling right at you, chances are it's Whoopi! Whoopi is now making \$1,230,000 a year.

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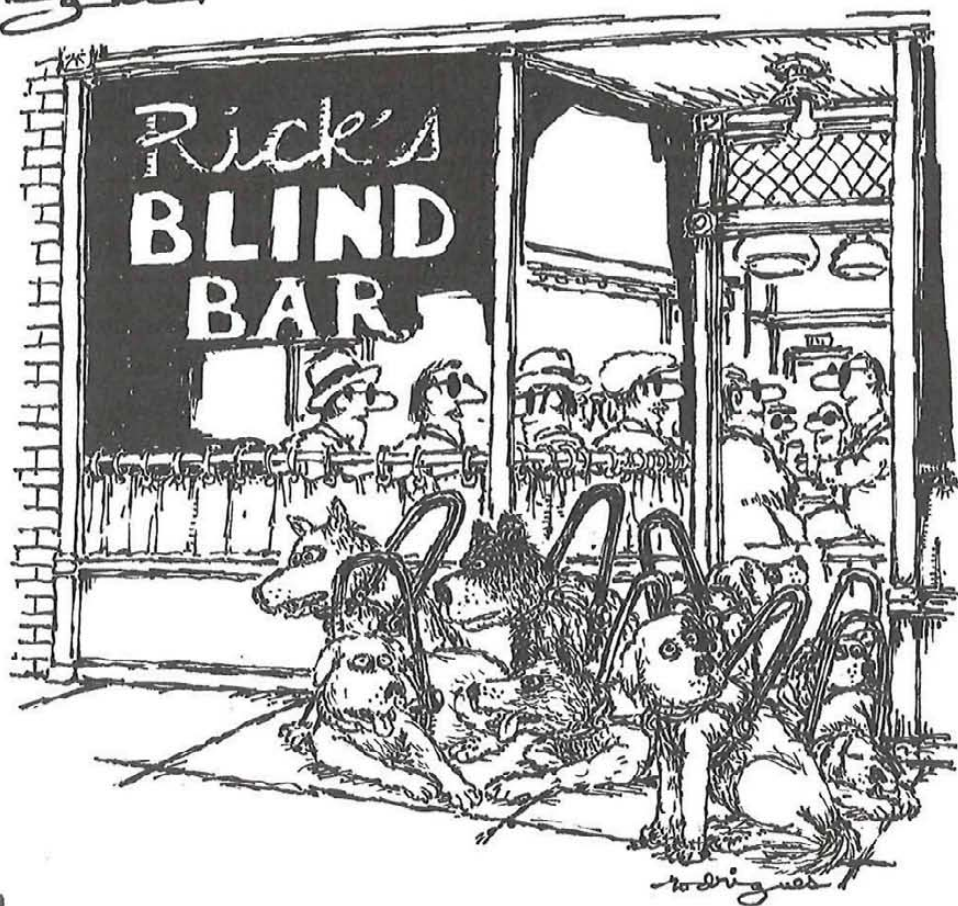
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CARTOONS ABOUT THE BLIND



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Rodriguez



THE KIND THEY WISH THEY COULD SEE!



"HMMM, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT DOG'S EYES."

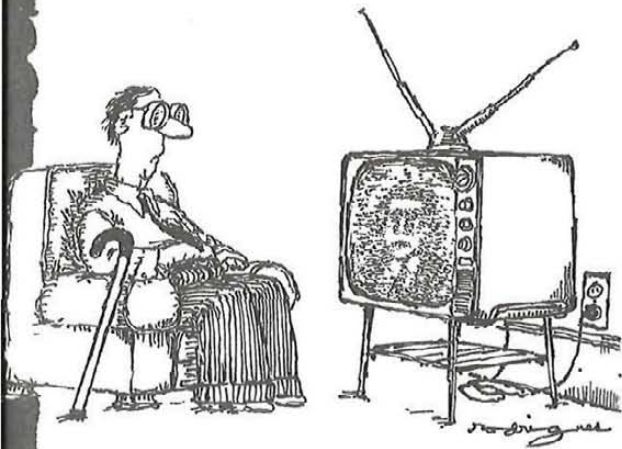


"OH, JOSEPH, JOSEPH, WHEN WILL YOU GIVE UP THIS CRAZY OBSESSION TO MAKE BRAILLE FIREWORKS FOR THE BLIND?!!"

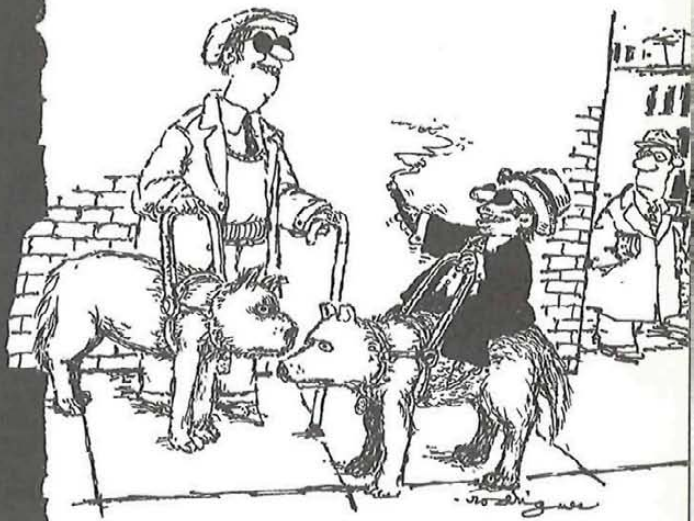
...SUPPOSE I BUY FIVE No. 3's FOR FIVE CENTS EACH AND FIVE OF THESE YELLOW No. 2's FOR THREE CENTS EACH AND TWO No. 1's

BULLSHIT! I CAN'T BUY No. 3's FOR FIVE CENTS! THE YELLOW No. 2's I GOTTA GET SIX CENTS, THE No. 1's I'M ASKIN'...

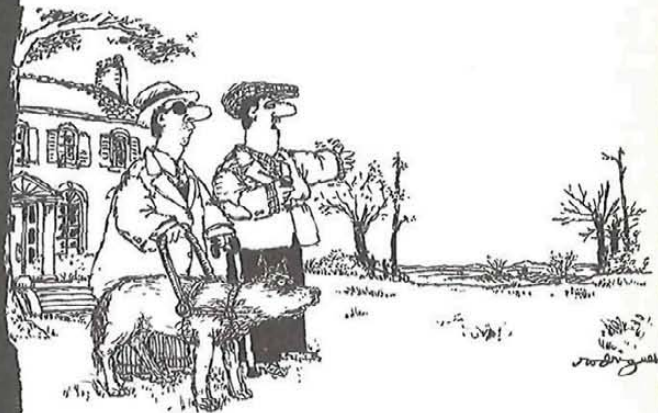




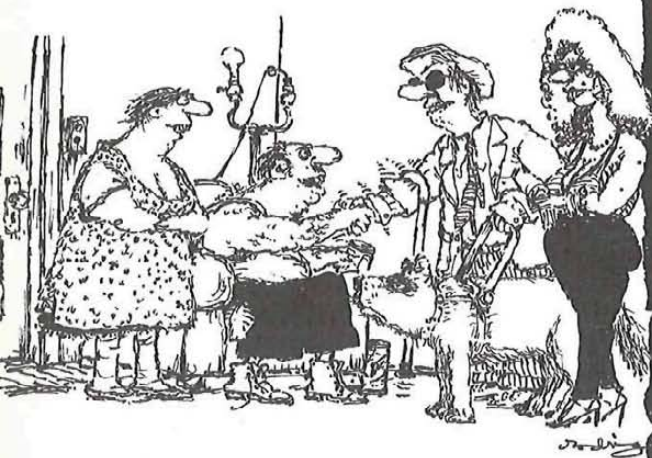
"...AND NOW, FOR OUR LEGALLY BLIND VIEWERS, HERE IS THE NEWS IN BLUR."



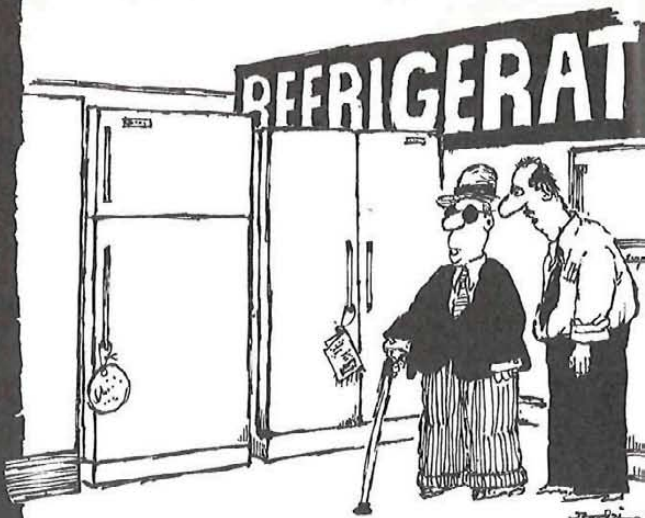
"THAT'S RIGHT, BEN, THE FREELOADING DAYS ARE OVER FOR YOU AND MILDRED. I'M HOLDING A COURT ORDER IN MY HAND. YOUR TEN YEARS OF SINGING AND PLAYING SONGS WITHOUT PAYING ROYALTIES AND VIOLATING THE COUNTRY'S COPYRIGHT LAWS ARE OVER!"



"YES, AS FAR AS YOUR DOG'S EYE CAN SEE, THAT'S ALL MY LAND."



"WELL, PETER, DARLENE TELLS ME THAT YOU'RE A PENCIL SALESMAN."



"NO, I'M AFRAID ALL OUR REFRIGERATORS HAVE A LITTLE LIGHT THAT GOES ON WHEN YOU OPEN THE DOOR. HAVE YOU TRIED EHRlich BROTHERS APPLIANCES? THEY MIGHT HAVE ONE WITH NO LIGHT WHEN YOU OPEN THE DOOR."



"ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY, THIS NEXT ONE IS A WALTZ, SO THIS TIME THE BLIND WILL LEAD THE BLIND."

I Spent an Evening with Art

by Dave Hanson

My last girlfriend was the nastiest thing God ever furnished with a heartbeat; she considered it sport to be cruel, to flirt with my friends, degrade my family, and compare my body disparagingly to those of her past boyfriends. She was the type of girl who, wine cooler in hand, would rip out your liver with a dull nail clipper and throw it on the ground before your friends and scornfully say something like "Huh! That's not the only organ he has that's ugly and soft and small." Still worse, she nagged me; she'd been a humanities major at Vassar and constantly badgered and bitched at me for my immaturity and for what she described in a Dear John letter as my "singular lack of culture, unconscionable indifference to art, and overall passionate, almost gleeful, disregard for Western civilization."

Naturally, though, when the leggy little jackal phoned me and asked me to meet her at the Stuck Pig Gallery—an inevitable Waterloo for yours truly—all I had to hear was one husky syllable out of that throat and the brain part of my anatomical cartel went running off on vacation and left the points south—the rudder that steers the ship, as it were—to do all the thinking. Naturally, all the thoughts involved tan lines glowing in the dark and lace and tasting her perfume on my lips the next day and what a perfect job her electrolysis did and then I thought of her tantalizing, lace-flinging stripteases and how one time the ensuing lovemaking had so consumed us that we didn't notice her panties had landed on the lamp bulb and caught fire until the smoke alarm went off and I had to squelch the flames with a bottle of champagne. And so—and on a night I had primo box seats to Whoopee Cushion Night at Yankee Stadium, no less—I went scampering off after that musky mechanical rabbit that leads all men to the earth's answer to heaven and hell.

When I arrived at the gallery, my first look around told me



Peter Kleinman

My Daughter, My Son, Kikiko Kikokikokikokikoko, 1978. This piece marks the foray of one of Japan's foremost architects into the world of fine art. Best known in the architectural world for her zero-gravity water closets and the brilliant Berlin Boogerhaus, Kikokikokikokikoko based *My Daughter, My Son* on the eighth-century haiku entitled *Immolation of the Flame*, in which a mesmerist finds success as a jelly salesman.

punk and surly, to fastidiously, up-to-the-minute marketable, with the soul of a disco bouncer. It was indeed a diverse crowd; the common thread was that none but the artist would remember the next morning what the art looked like.

And the art—I guess before I describe the art I should warn you I'm not a big fan of modern art. Maybe I'm old-fashioned in my tastes, but I consider Norman Rockwell an artist, not some guy shrouding an island in toilet paper or some bitch sticking sweet potatoes up her ass, or somebody smashing clams and fruit on a sheet of corrugated steel and then shellacking it, or taking an oar and beating all the water out of a swimming pool or spray-painting a litter of puppies. I guess when Ursula said the show would be a very experimental series of pieces rooted in feminist anarchy, craft-oriented in its manifestations but very

Ursula was late; my second look around told me that if not for the fact that in the male species the scepter rules the king, I would have been out of there in a heartbeat. Actually, I hadn't considered what type of people might be there—I guess I just assumed it would be a mixture of fabulous-looking chic new wave-y artist girls or at least a bevy of braless groupies with hankiefuls of cocaine-burning holes in their Fiorucci purses, maybe some streetwise Porsche-charioted freebasers, a couple of Armani-swaddled millionaire yachties, maybe Grace Jones or Andy Warhol or Philip Michael Thomas would drop by.

Not even close; these were people you'd kick out of your garage sale. There were wart-rich professors quietly stroking their beards, leaning back, peering judgmentally; there were craft-chic husband-hungering trendily dressed spinsters conversing aggressively; pushy, greedy investor types looking for a sideline to their slumlording and thinking they looked mighty cool wearing a pinstriped suit with Adidas; and artists, ranging from black-clad and earringed and laconic, to

neo-archaic in its conceptualizations, it should have been fair warning. Silly me.

The artist is a Japanese woman, and I wish to hell the Japanese would just repress their feelings and stick to electronics. They're so lucid, so visionary in front of a computer or a bed of wires, but when they go and try to purge themselves in art it all gets muddled and incoherent and looks like somebody's ink cartridge busted or preschoolers were doing art on a campout in a downpour. But the Western critics can't figure it out so they rave about it, imbue it with values relating to epistemology, semantics, indoctrination, misogyny, self-denial, ecumenico-propheticism, and didacticism. How this applies to a mashed-up clump of papier-mâché with imprints of poodle genitalia is beyond me.

The largest piece in the show is a splattered avocado-colored wad of plaster entitled *Man with Razor*; to me it inspires thoughts of what would happen if I ate a bucketful of turned shrimp in pesto sauce and drank a gallon of margaritas and played tennis in the hot sun. Personally, I would have entitled it *A Big Heap of Cud on the Floor*:

Next is a lime-green milking stool with a road atlas attached to the seat with cement nails and entitled *My Daughter, My Son*. Another piece is a brassiere made out of beeswax with a doll's head in each cup entitled *Anomaly of Dimension: Cut Off the Goddamned Balls of the Chauvinist, Cow-Cock Suck Fucker: A Sonnet*.

The title of the next piece—*BJ on the Stairway*—piques my interest, but to my dismay, it is a smashed wooden coat hanger lying in a pile of broken clock parts and burnt newspaper. I'm really starting to be sad about missing out on that whoopee cushion.

Still no Ursula: I decide it is high time to visit the refreshment table. Which brings me to my next question: what is it about these fucking places that you can't get a beer and a fistful of Cheez Puffs like at the VFW Hall? I fix myself a goat cheese and sodium-free cracker and fill a deep plastic cup to the brim with Napa Valley bladderwater. If Ursula can show up late, I can certainly take this opportunity to enjoy a couple of cocktails.

It occurs to me that, in the interests of social grace, it would definitely be to my advantage to be chatting with someone when Ursula arrives; in the interests of Ursula's reactions, it would be even better if it was a cute girl. And who knows, maybe Ursula will stand me up cold and I'll be forced to talk to a new girl, a nice one, one who won't hack at me because there's nothing on TV and then bitch when I don't take her out to dinner. I perspire at the thought, and take a look around.

Most of the women within ten years of my age are punks; one near me is talking with glowing disrespect to a man at least forty years her senior. She is a reliquary of leather and discarded hardware and hardware by-products, weaponry, and home sundries ranging from clips, pins, barbs, and syringes to molly bolts, rivets, toggles, and rings, all stuck in her clothes and in her flesh,

affixed and attached in a wide variety of odd and painful-looking ways, the sum resembling a vandalized True Value display stand with pasty skin. And her hairdresser must be living on crack and flashbacks in a zero-gravity neon factory full of hallucinogenic chameleons and a plunging barometer; it's like an explosion in a sherbet factory but with tusks, ruptured beakers of plutonium, antifreeze highlights, and magnesium streaks, and through it all run little illogical landing patterns like a miniature Easter Island. I try to imagine making love to this woman, but I'm sure to her sex would be meaningless without a lethal array of surgical utensils, whaling props, drill bits, aluminum clothespins, and Doberman pinschers. I thank God for giving me this much discretion, and thank Him again for allowing me to be sober because now she's smiling at me, not exactly a conventional smile, it's more like a kid with braces and a sequined dress peeing on the third rail, but a couple more wines and maybe I'd be telling myself something about how she wouldn't feel scary in the dark.

But then suddenly I spot a student-age girl, cute even if it's just because the competition is lesion-fraught bovines. I walk

toward her circle; she and a sixtyish, liver-spot-ravaged behemoth are listening avidly to a forty-fiveish woman discourse feverishly on the inartistic and wrongful appropriation of tax monies. The girl is pretty, with brown hair and an infinitesimal nose, wearing a red knit dress; it is the talker, though, who is memorable, if only for the same reason you would remember a wet cat or a shaved buzzard or Jack Lemmon naked. She looks like a character on a color negative of a tarot card, as though she had dyed her hair in beet juice and made up her face in flour, and she's wearing a used dress from the Salvation Army the color of sparkling vomit and has on heavy Jungian impressionist earrings that look like hors d'oeuvres, overstuffed cheese-bloated mini-turnovers garnished with olive fifths, minced herring, flambéed North Australian skunk hearts, and whey, except they're all Lucite, *très* street, and now she's talking about the film she made that was eight minutes long and took two years to make and cost her her marriage to an oversexed impotent philandering narcissistic artless oedipal par-



Anomaly of Dimension: Cut Off the Goddamned Balls of the Chauvinist, Cow-Cock Suck Fucker: A Sonnet, Guoamle Lynne Krarvig, 1981. The fabled Hungarian dissident sculptor was inspired to this piece by the month-long series of hallucinations he suffered after devouring three bucketfuls of spoiled yam cobbler. The temperamental Krarvig reputedly cauterized his testicles in the town square as a protest when the insurgent government banished his piece from Budapest's prestigious *Metaphysical Boutique*.

anoid alcoholic sister-fixated lazy workaholic sluggish avicious self-centered egotistic unrealistic neurotic depressed charming depressive hypochondriac schizophrenic abusive sycophantic chauvinistic slimebucket (I bet his alimony payments are pretty stable and inspiring, though, heh heh heh), and her next movie is going to be about semen and soap suds and gnarled genitals and pattern baldness, and it will represent the emergence of her unique female sensuality and self as influenced by Gertrude Stein, and me, I'm standing there and after two wines I can imagine the whole movie, it'll be a Baggie writhing on the wet ground in a green neon strobe light and a cut-in of maybe a picture of a vase and some child pictures and an old black-and-white picture of the ocean and then some more of the Baggie and an old film clip of a train being denied access to a tunnel and then

maybe some crinkly gift paper with a wine stain writhing too, all on a black background, maybe a picture of someone naked in it and then some more undulating Baggies.

There is a lull in her spume; the woman with the liver spots turns to me. "What do you do?" she asks, then leans back, chuckling at the scope of her question. Thrilled at the opportunity to reroute the conversation, I eagerly answer that I am a junior floor manager at Fayva, specializing in soft-sole leisure wear. At bars, this usually does okay; here, nothing. "But what do you do?" she asks.

My blank look is answered by full-bore horror, and then they scatter like hens shoosed with a shotgun. I may as well have said I sell crack to preschoolers, or I am Son of Sam's recently separated Siamese twin, or that an undertaker pays me by the pint to drink the blood he drains from the bodies of AIDS victims.

I do not yet realize the significance of my faux pas; innocently enough, I walk over to the wine table, where two young women are engaged in conversation. Pretending to be rendered oblivious by the aesthetic of a mobile made of water pistols, Afro wigs, and moldy Fig Newtons, I begin to cavedrop.

The one nearest me is potentially attractive but is unsavory almost by design; she is sorely in need of makeup and is wearing an orange sleeveless T-shirt which, in a strange variety of décolletage, offers a partial view of the thick macramé festering in her armpits. I can just tell she eats every meal at the Sans Sulfide salad bar and drinks apple nectar bottled in SoHo lofts by failed potters on alimony with names like Nancy or Sarah; she disdains Nair and mousse and Chanel No. 5 in favor of carrot juice and ceramics and B.O. au naturel; her taut, stringy dance-class buttocks and bonanza of body hair are the precise reasons I elected not to be a homo. She's telling her friend she's looking for a man who's anti-nuclear, pro-art, someone who'll share a loft space and the parenting of two happy, healthy, apple-checked junior nudists... and I'm thinking yeah great but wait till you start pushing thirty and any guy with a clean pee-pee and a checking account could blink at you and you'll shave your legs and cook him steaks and promise to consider plastic surgery and be able to suck the grain out of a two-by-four and spit out toothpicks, but you're still a princess deep down so a month after the honeymoon you'll still have a doctor-certified heartbeat but you could be a necrophiliac's compromise.

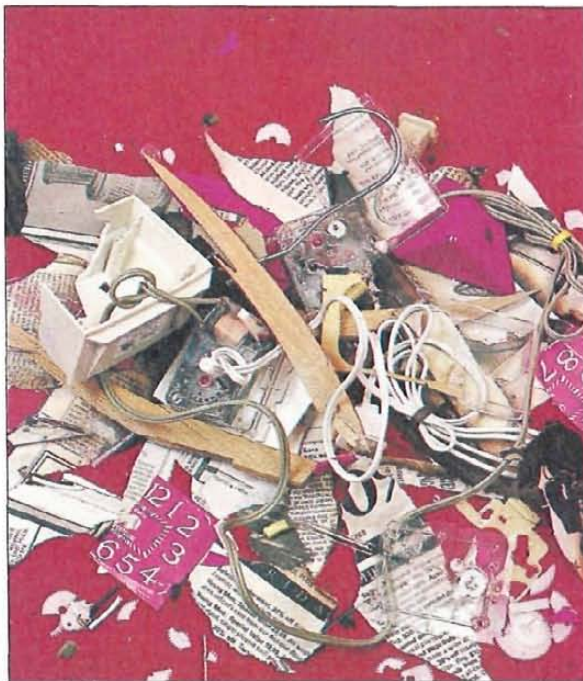
Now her friend, giddy with the force of a wine and a half, is relating a sex dream involving three nuns, a backhoe, and a midget wearing only a pair of crotchless clammers and a John McEnroe mask. Sure, it's great to listen to a woman with a liberated soul, but I wouldn't fuck this one with your eggplant. Qaddafi on angel dust describing a Rorschach blot would have been a more soothing lullaby. Drunk as I am, though, I try to enter the conversation. It is then that I realize the extremity of my sin of artlessness; then that I realize the telekinetic memo blacklisting me has been carboned and distributed; then that I

realize I will be punished, that any time I try to interact with them they will mumble something vague and turn away; I will be treated the same way they would treat a lesion-addled, lurching panhandler.

But with the jovial persistence of a glowing drunk, I move over and try to talk to a couple of artists. But talking to an artist is difficult; they consider themselves too visceral to talk, they just lean back and assimilate you, waiting to rehash you as an impression or a vestige in the piece they're working on entitled *The Shame of the Human Race*. If they do talk, it's usually to contradict you; it's impossible not to feel when you talk to them that you are being judged scornfully. Generally, if you don't hate the art in question as passionately as they do, they consider you to be naive and they look at you the way people look at someone who drops his pants and takes a dump on the rug at the Waldorf, as though you are pathetic beyond compassion. Actually, the way they deal with people and things is to confront them in the same overbearing way their challenging stubborn-ass professors came at them, and that's the way the whole art world, in its desperate, often contrived striving for tempestuousity, interacts; in a strange way, the way they deal with life is academic and pedantic.

Two wines later I woefully spot the cute girl with the red knit dress; between my drinking and her absolute inaccessibility, her desirability has quadrupled. And the worst of it is she is wide-eyed listening to a decaying old professor, a disgusting wretch of a putrid moth dressed in a musty green herringbone suit with elbow patches. He has yellow gnarled teeth, a goatee, and moles galore; he's smoking some ungodly pipe blend like Cajun rum maple saffron milk and it smells like the furnace at the pet crematorium. He is talking angrily, almost raving, about commercialism invading art—like the Olympic torch, this filibuster has been faithfully carried on for hundreds of years. I suppose he should be congratulated for the stamina of his zeal, but he most reminds me of a blithering crazy wino on a Greyhound except that he's operating on a government grant. Worst of all, he's got this luscious little fox glossy-eyed with desire; if I never saw the purpose of art before, I'm seeing it now.

By now I'm drunk enough to where there are no gray areas, where indistinct musings become feisty and brusquely opinionated and align themselves fiercely with either black or white, where back-burner kvetchings become branding-iron vigilantism, where benevolence becomes tiresome and gives way to testiness, where patience is no longer an available personality trait. I've been here two hours, and while I know Ursula has a long trip to get here, I also know she loves to fuck with my mind, and I'm beginning to realize the idiocy of any forgiveness I've ever given her, no matter how sodden the reciprocation. And so now, my patience exhausted, my brainpan is brewing a feverish, Black & Decker-esque, fiery soliloquy of harsh disavowal, with the vigor of Jesse Jackson and the quiet conviction of Ted Bundy. I will call her a cruel greedy opportunistic ungiving bitch; a nag,



B.J. on the Stairway, Ralph-Edith "Chimichangas" Randolph, 1982. Randolph labored for seven years to capture the post-apocryphal conflict imparted by her four-year-old son's crayon caricature of John Lennon. Randolph was previously best known for her large sculptures, including the legendary Congo study of Eastern religion entitled *The Halitosis of the Gnarled Cat*.

a shrew, and a nasty vagina-wielding manipulator; a self-centered, inconsiderate, vicious cunt. Of course, if she were to show up at that moment—her smile full of promise and her skirt full of boner fuel—I would once again be a pathetic victim of the soft mind that goes hand in hand with a hard cock, and once again, the tail would wag the dog. But the way tonight is shaping up, I'm not going to be given the opportunity to reject, select, or even holler at anyone. But I am good for one last valiant, all-or-nothing try.

I take a look around at the women in the room, trying to detect the most desperate ones, and which of these are bearing the most profound effects of the wine. If I'm going to meet someone tonight, I'd just as soon get out of here and onto a tasteful bedspread posthaste. I grab a refill and go for broke.

I approach a woman who has an enormous red wart on her nose and is wearing a necklace made with the teeth of a nineteenth-century Aztec family. After eleven fast, deep white wines, her perfume is heady. I lurch at her and tell her, "Hey, honey, I got a tongue so long and nasty I could go in and lick your heart, and I just wanna lose my face in your wet kelp." She reacts like a tomcat awakened with a bucket of ice water, or a sleepy girl sitting on a toilet when she didn't know the seat had been left up. Sure enough, she's a deceitful little bitch, not someone who appreciates a little straightforwardness in a man even though if she was filling out a *Cosmo* survey she'd say she YEARNS FOR IT.

She is horrified beyond description; just as she draws away from me to generate breath for the scream, two filthy winos looking for complimentary sustenance stumble in from the street, casting a horrified pall of silence over the crowd. They stand in the center of the room, trying to get their bearings, and the crowd flocks back to the walls as if the storm troopers had arrived. I see my chance and lurch forward.

"Good evening, gentlemen," I say, beaming, "and welcome to the Stuck Pig. Would you care for some vino? Some cheese and crackers, perhaps? C'mon over, don't be shy, help yourself, and the comfort station is anywhere you want it to be. Oh, you're shaking! Are you chilly? Mrs. Forester, be a dearest and lend this poor man your stole. There, just give it to me. There, that's better. Oh, you must have been thirsty, you culvert, you! There, how about a nice refill?"

The taller bum moves to the table and, after lifting a long slug of wine from the bottle, crams a fist-sized wad of Roquefort into his mouth. The sudden introduction of food into his system clearly does not agree with him; in a stupor, he lifts the bowl of onion dip to his lips and begins gagging into it.

"Mrs. Peterson!" I exclaim, pushing a horrified hag close to the ralphing vagrant. "Look! This is it, ground-breaking art, as inspired a piece as even Cristo has conceived! Oh, is this fresh! Oh baby, the moderns have come home to roost!"

I set the purchase price at \$7,600; there are no takers, but I express my optimism at the possibility of a fall show. "Just think," I exclaim, "a group show after the Thanksgiving Day

feed on Delancey. With the right staging, some brown and yellow neon—oh, it's mind-boggling! We could laminate the whole deal, for a cryogenic effect, or we could perpetuate its intensity level with a malt liquor I.V. That's it, yeah, then we could make a music video and donate the whole thing to the Forbes Foundation and tax-deduct it and yeah, Mrs. P, we'll take that tax return and buy us a yacht and suck and fuck our way through the Bahamas!"

The shorter drunk, who is fervently eating crackers even though he has only two teeth, is now standing, wine jug in hand, his head twisted at a nearly contortionistic angle, gaping at a chicken-wire armature of a mutant donkey filled with smashed cassettes and scraps of plaid velveteen. A look of terror is etched on his face; he is convinced he has at last entered the final stages of alcoholism.

The taller one is having a great time now; with a jug of wine hooked precariously in his right thumb, he is belting out "Su-sudio" and dancing the Charleston with a columnar statue made of stucco and papered with discarded pro-abortion leaflets. Little does he know the statue is titled *A Portrait of My Father's Erection*; if his buddies ever saw him boogying with a boner, he'd be drummed off the Bowery.

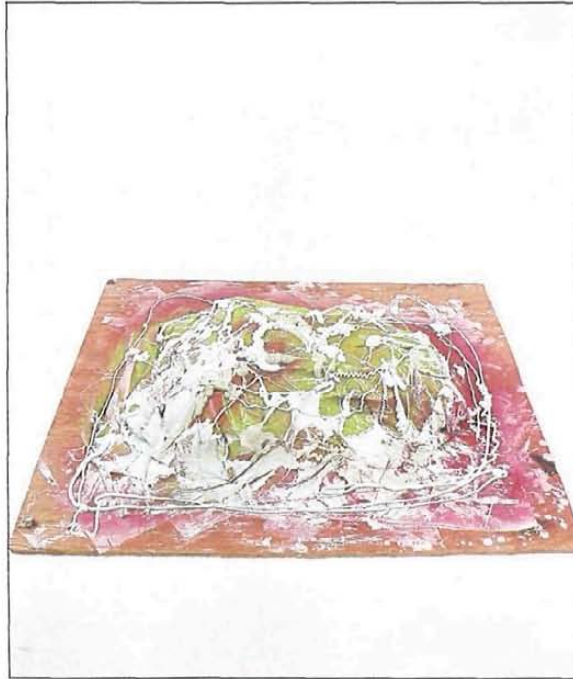
Everything gets really sketchy from that point on, but just as I was joining hands with the hoboos for a chorus of "Barnacle Bill," Ursula entered the gallery. Soon after that the police arrived; I avoided arrest by smearing my body with onion dip and posing as an artwork.

Needless to say, Ursula and I did not effect a reunion that night. That doesn't mean the night was a complete romantic loss, though. During the police inquisition she met and fell madly in love with that rancid old professor, the one with the brain that just wouldn't quit, the cerebrum that could ponder all night long, that could ruminate till any girl would say uncle, that could contemplate till she screamed for him to stop. Last I heard she was living with the old goat. And me, I learned my lesson: when I want to meet Miss Right, I go to hockey games and head up to the cheap seats, where Art is Carney, and not a clump of spackle; where an expressionist

is someone who hollers and not someone slinging clumps of spackle; where an impressionist is someone who dents, and not someone slinging clumps of spackle and making a painted cat walk through it; where someone named Monet would wield a goalie stick instead of a palette knife; and where I can find a woman as open-minded as Dr. Ruth, as sweet and forgiving as Mother Teresa, and as intellectually unchallenging as Vanna White, yet all with that same charming sense of desperation about them that I found so prevalent tonight.

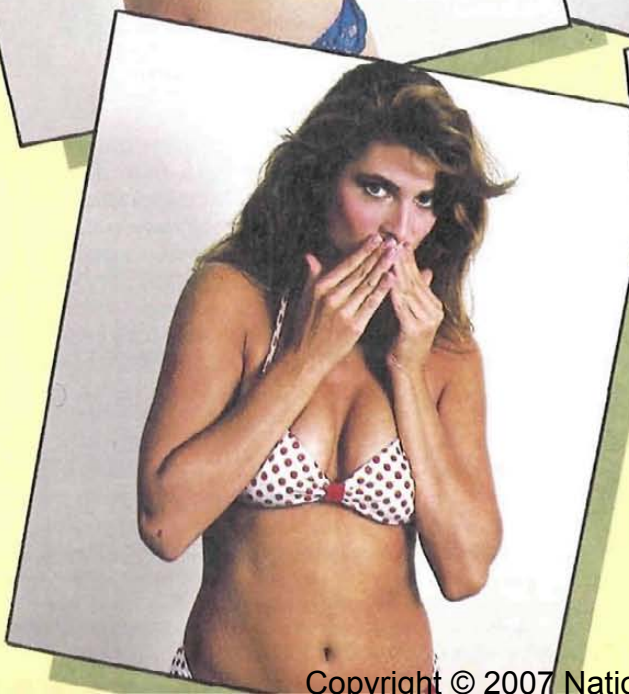
Remember, there's a billion women who'll fuck with your mind until you're half crazy; what you've gotta find is a woman who does her best work from the neck down.

To me, that is the truth, not some flattened cluster of spray-painted tin cans with a dog chained down licking off the glaze. ■



Man with Razor, Ralphonsà Kloevis, 1984. Kloevis, an Aleutian transvestite whose studio is an abandoned washing machine on Paris's fabled Left Bank, was moved to this piece when an all-night poker game resulted in the destruction of his lover's sailboat. Also extremely active in antinuclear protests, Kloevis is planning a series of sculptures based on memorable bowel movements.

**THE HEAR NO EVIL,SEE NO EVIL,
SAY NO EVIL,SHOW NO EVIL,
AND GENERALLY LET THEM
IMPOSE THEIR MORES AND VALUES
AND ATTITUDES ON YOU AND
SHOW YOU HOW TO LIVE YOUR LIFE
SECTION**



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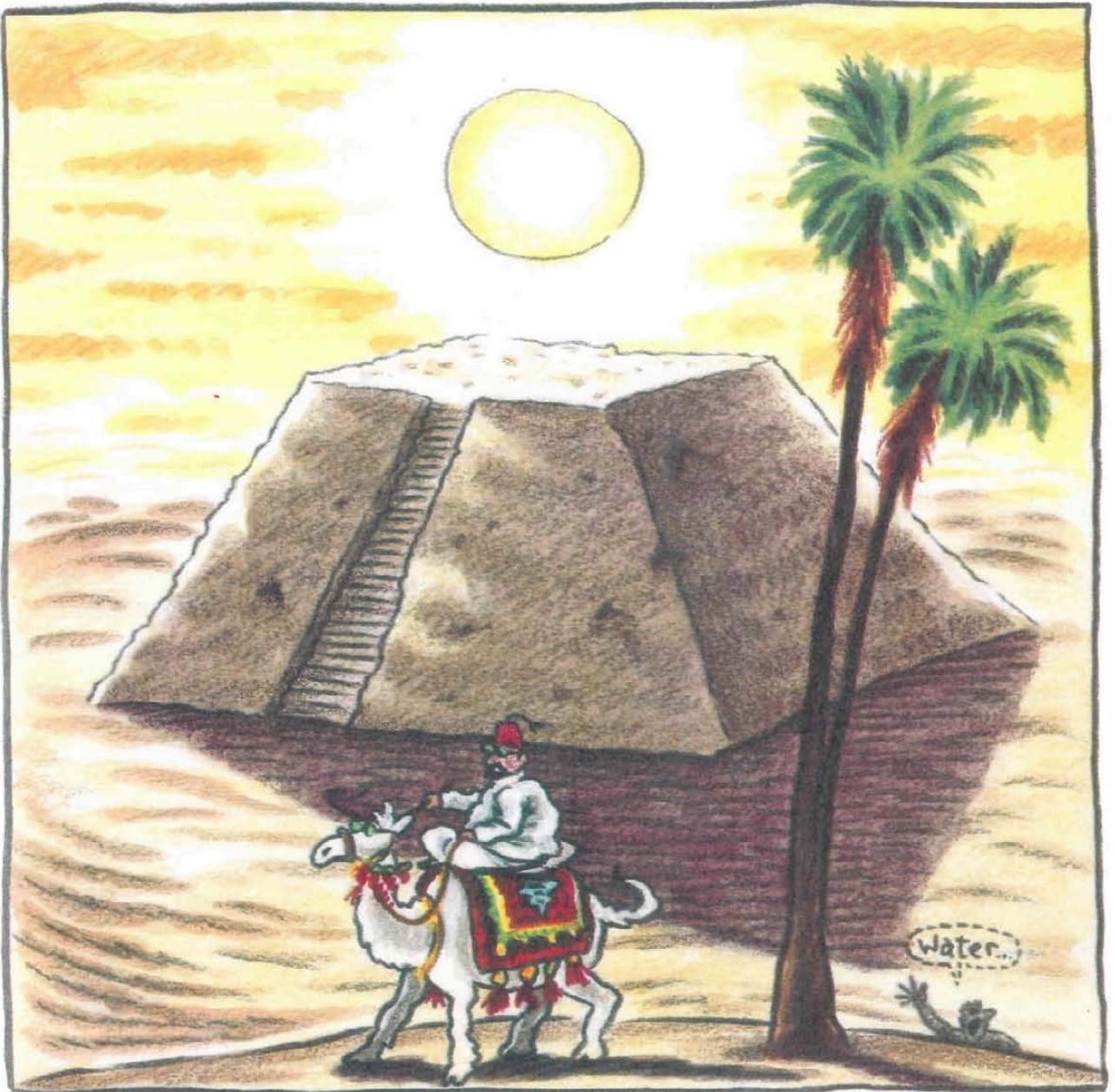
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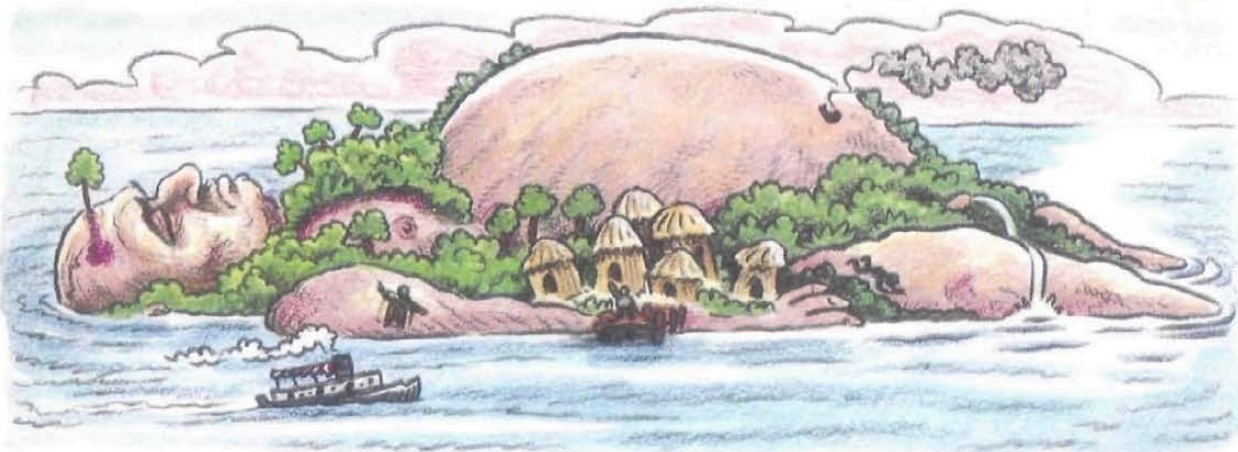
As tourists, we Americans are easy marks. Not just for every towel-head with a grudge to settle, but for all those crafty ethnic types. The kind that populate all those countries out there eager to unbalance our trade balance. They fill us with bizarre foods in their expensive restaurants. They empty our wallets in their shops and stuff our suitcases with worthless junk they call "souvenirs." Well, it's obvious we can no longer visit these places lest we get killed or, worse yet, get stuck with a lot of useless tchotchkes, so I've struck out on my own and found some little-visited, inexpensive places. Listen up, America! One of these could be the place you spend your next

VACATION

by Rick Meyerowitz, Travel Editor



THE GREAT TRAPEZOID OF GEEZER. To glorify his royal line, Pharaoh Fish-'N'-Cheops (a.k.a. Old Geezer) was determined to outdo the Pyramids in grandeur. He ordered the building of a great rhomboid. During his reign and those of his son Ah-Mun-Hammer and his grandson Ah-Mun-Hattan, a wave of "rhombomania" swept that ancient land, as every kopek in the kingdom was poured into its construction. The end of the royal line came sooner than expected when it was discovered, after forty years, that they had actually built a giant trapezoid. The irate populacc stoned the pharaoh and his royal contractor, Tishman of Thebes, to death with their own mistake. A mistake long-forgotten and little-visited, in the desert near Giza.



It's said that no man is an island, but those who say that have never been to **MARLON BRANDO ISLAND**. Now small groups of tourists can visit the mountainous movie star in his greatest role, a tropical isle in the Pacific. Feel like a wild one sitting on the waterfront in the little port of Stella. Enjoy a tasty pigeon at Johnny Friendly's. Explore Marlon's private parts (he'll close one eye, Jack). The man who refused to be stepped on by Hollywood will always be underfoot for you.

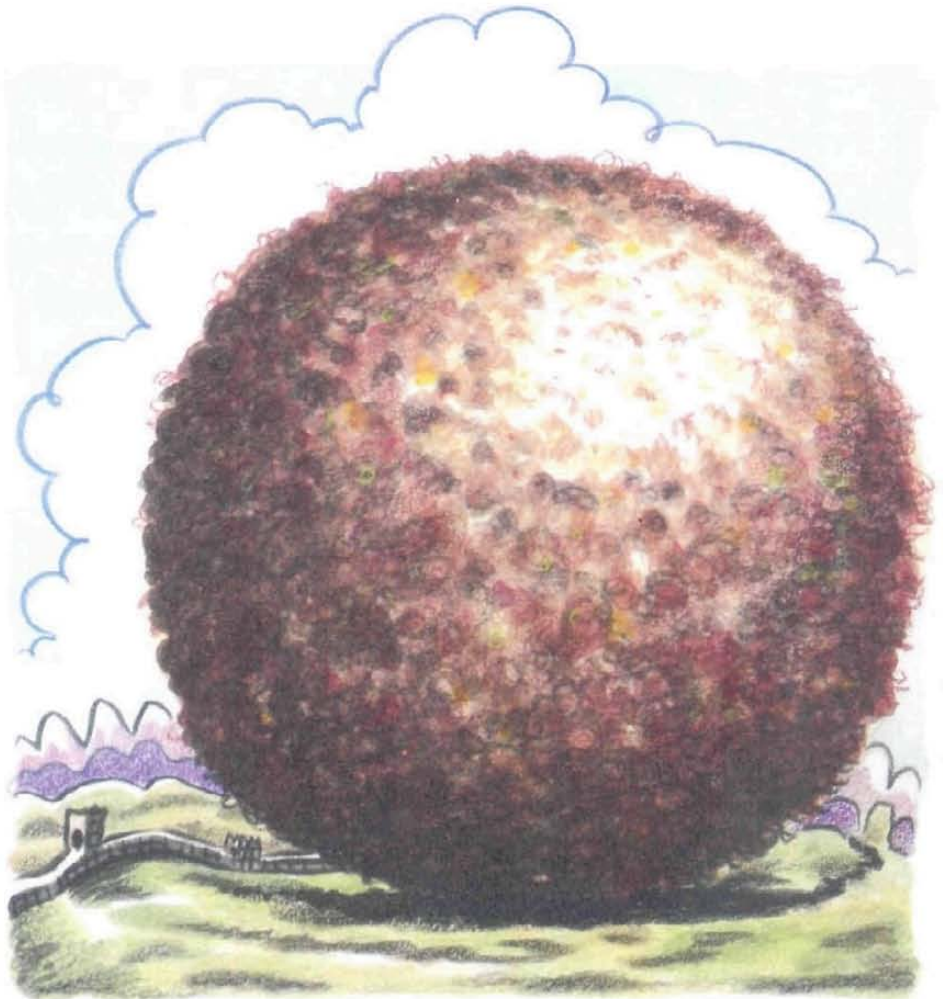
Everyone has heard of the Badlands, but very few people have heard of the nearby **WORSELANDS**. Talk about secure! A carful of Shiite fanatics can be seen forty miles away. You'll have plenty of time to hide. Do you like Gila monsters? Well, here they grow as big as a house. Happy traveling, pardner! Next gas, five hundred miles.



CLUB SUB MED. The brainchild of Caspar Weinberger, Club Sub Med offers a Mediterranean cruise to anyone who wants one but is afraid of what may happen if he takes one. The U.S. Navy will defend you as you glide three hundred feet beneath the sea in the "luxosub" U.S.S. *Fugazy*. Enjoy sub-perb service and sub-lime food. There are no hidden extras. Every comfort is sub-standard! Security is being protected by your own nuclear missile. Club Sub Med is the sub-way to go!



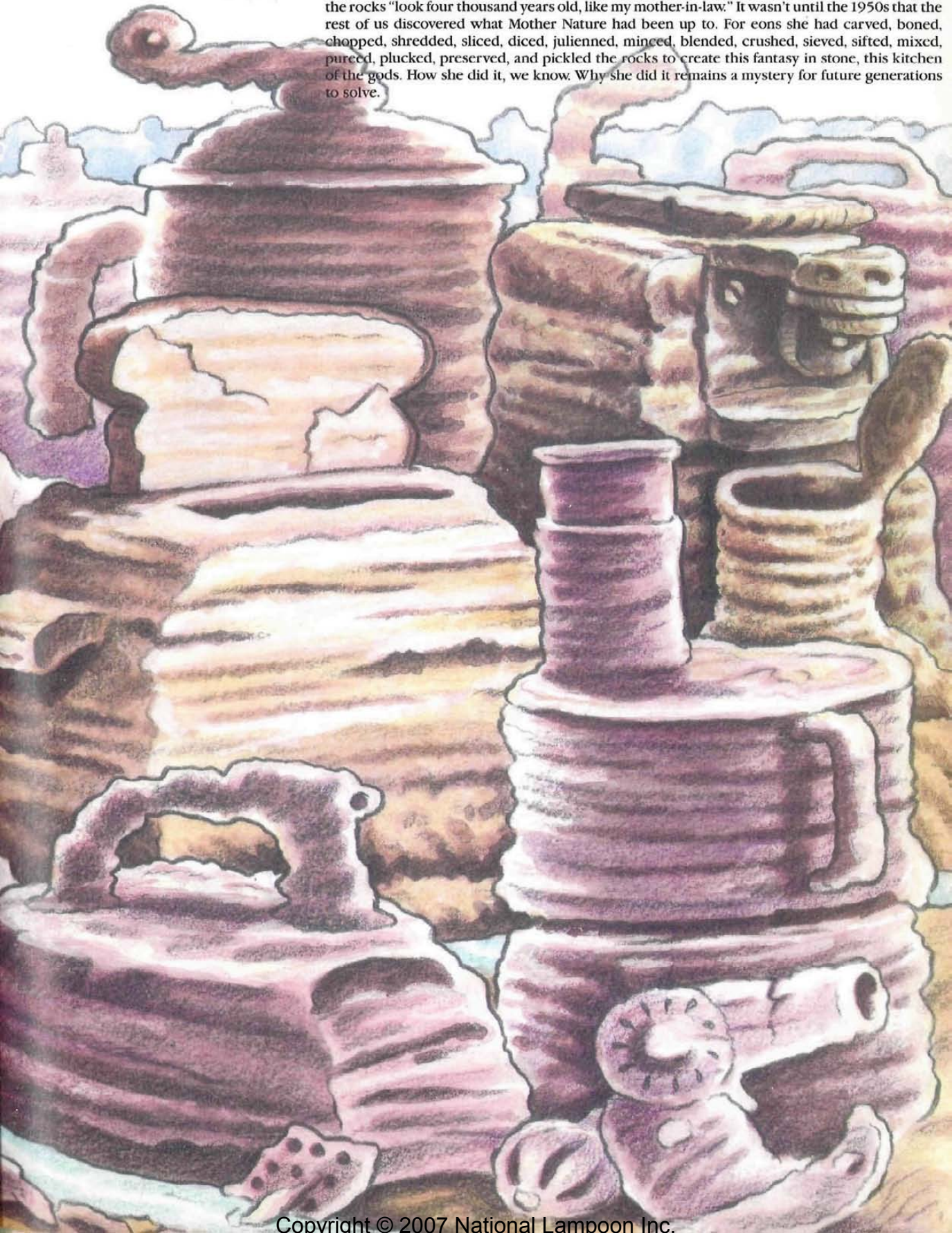
THE GRAND CANYON OF LIECHTENSTEIN. Within *beiling* distance of Germany and Austria, this is one of the least-visited scenic wonders of Europe. The canyon was all but unexplored when, in 1908, King Kapok led a royal expedition into its depths to map it for the first time. Alas! Or rather, Ach! What a disaster. They became hopelessly lost, and tragedy befell them when the king tumbled into the raging waters of the Kleineshikker and drowned. A marker at Kapok Falls marks the place where Kapok fell.



What's two thousand feet high, is made of petrified pork, and appeared suddenly in 1947? **THE GREAT BALL OF CHINA!** Chinese scientists working with Japanese historians recently identified it as the filling for the wonton in *The Wonton That Ate Peking*, a 1941 Japanese film that was left unfinished when funds were diverted to the war effort. An earthquake caused the giant dumpling in which it was encased to crack open. Out came the ball, crushing nearby villages and rolling across much of China. This has since become known as the Year of the Great Leap Out of the Way. Since the Chinese are such a shrewd people, its future is uncertain. See it now or see it next year on the menu of your local Chinese restaurant.



UTAH'S AMAZING CANYON OF THE APPLIANCES wasn't always known by that name. There was a time when no one who looked at them knew what those rocks resembled. Certainly not the Indians, who referred to this place simply as Ungepochkit. Not the first explorers, the celebrated Newmark & Lewis expedition of 1806, who were mystified by the strange shapes. Or even the first settler, the Mormon farmer Henny Popeil, who thought that all the rocks "look four thousand years old, like my mother-in-law." It wasn't until the 1950s that the rest of us discovered what Mother Nature had been up to. For eons she had carved, boned, chopped, shredded, sliced, diced, julienned, minced, blended, crushed, sieved, sifted, mixed, pureed, plucked, preserved, and pickled the rocks to create this fantasy in stone, this kitchen of the gods. How she did it, we know. Why she did it remains a mystery for future generations to solve.



50

Things They Won't Let You Do

by Gilbert Gottfried

1. Look at naked pictures of Bonnie Franklin.
2. Own albums of Paul Revere and the Raiders *not* featuring Mark Lindsay.
3. Reveal the lyric in *Car 54, Where Are You?* You know, the one that comes right before "Khrushchev's due at Idlewild."
4. Question the meaning of the term "state of the art."
5. Watch bums blow their noses.
6. Talk dirty to your plants.
7. Scratch the small area of skin that separates the genitalia from the anus.
8. Thank God your Sunday newspaper no longer runs "Dondi."
9. French-kiss a nun.
10. Be stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again.
11. Say, "Let's have lunch."
12. Make jokes about people who say, "Let's have lunch."
13. Fold, spindle, or mutilate.
14. Write a situation comedy about a single mother and her three precocious kids.
15. Write a situation comedy about a single mother and her three precocious kids who scratch the small area of skin that separates the genitalia from the anus.
16. Make money in your spare time.
17. Lose weight while you sleep.
18. Feed a family in India for ten cents a month.
19. Call women girls, dames, broads, or chicks. You *can* call women "twats" and "red snappers."
20. Return unused portion for full refund.
21. Stay on the line for further information.
22. Eat a cereal that provides all the recommended daily vitamins and minerals.
23. Fart in the bathtub.
24. Fart in the bathtub and count the bubbles.
25. Fart in the bathtub and bite the bubbles.
26. Write your phone number using the European 7.
27. Dress up like Santa Claus, climb down a chimney, hack up the whole family, and eat their entrails.
28. Tighten up your tummy in just ten days.
29. Slam-dance with a leper.
30. Dry-clean only.
31. Fondle chicken breasts.
32. Shtup a rump roast.
33. Sit back and light up a butt.
34. Sit back, light up a butt, and hold it between your lips.
35. Name all the albums of Gary Puckett and the Union Gap.
36. Whistle while you work.
37. Order frog's legs and yell, "Spread 'em!"
38. Go to a butcher and ask for tongue.
39. Go to a butcher and plead for tongue.
40. Get laid at the Bates Motel.
41. Read the phone book and underline the dirty parts.
42. Pick pubic hairs out of a bar of soap.
43. Stick pubic hairs into a bar of soap.
44. Sell your goldfish into white slavery.
45. Go up to a woman pushing a baby stroller and offer her money for her kid's Pampers.
46. Stand in the supermarket all day and giggle when women buy Tampax.
47. Eat oatmeal in a lewd manner.
48. Lick a problem.
49. Blow a chance.
50. Come into money.

THE SUNDAY MORNING QUARTERBACK

Moral Messages
from the Dallas
Cowboys

The Official Organ of America's Team



AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA FROM DON MEREDITH

Do not believe that you can control your sexual desires with willpower alone. It cannot be done. If it were as simple as that the world would be populated with a lot fewer perverts, rapists, and murderers. You need help. I need help. We all need help. No one is immune

from the dirty, devious, detestable sexual influences that permeate our daily lives.

Fortunately, we have an arsenal of weapons at our disposal, weapons that will defend you against unnatural influences and desires. My advice is: Arm yourself.

Use them all. Until we all return to the Garden of Eden, to a world of innocence, we must understand that life is a constant fight against the forces of the devil. As my good friend Tom Landry says, "The devil is a smart quarterback. He'll pick at your defense until he

finds a weak spot."

So use every weapon and throw that quarterback for a twenty-yard loss. Hit him high, hit him low. And when he's down, give him a knee in the groin and an elbow in his kidneys. Play dirty with the devil. He does it with you.



AP/Wide World

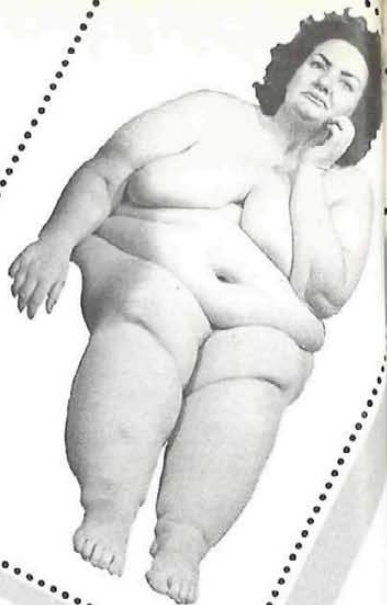
Hi, I'm Walt Garrison, and this little lady is the Elephant Woman. Actually, that's just her nickname. Her real name is Greta Mirisch and she weighs 397 pounds dripping wet.

Cut Greta's picture out. Put it in your wallet. Next time you start to feel a little tingly you know where, next time your mind starts wandering to the Playmate of the Month, or the girl on "Dallas" with the big bazongas, take Greta's picture out and study it. Up close. For one full minute....

See you in church.



AP/Wide World



THANKS, WALT. HERE ARE SOME OF THE OTHER ITEMS OUR READERS WILL WANT TO INCLUDE IN THEIR ANTI-LUST ARSENALS.

I USE 'EM ALL!

YOUR ANTI-LUST ARSENAL



Rubber Bands

The common rubber band is one of your best friends. It will protect you in your most vulnerable state, when you are fast asleep. As you would expect, the devil always saves his best shots for those times when you can't fight back, when you're virtually unconscious. This is when he takes over your mind and orchestrates that phenomenon known as the nocturnal emission, or wet dream. The wet dream is a disease of the mind that attacks young, helpless boys in their teens. Invariably it involves the boy with a sex-starved woman who excites the boy into an orgasm, an orgasm so intense that the boy stops dreaming and actually ejaculates! In the morning he wakes up in a pool of his own essence, feeling terrible shame and embarrassment, trying to cover up the gigantic wet spot from detection by his parents.*

But this will never happen if you simply tie a rubber band around your penis. The

*Do not think you are fooling your parents by making your bed to cover up the wet spot. A tidy, well-made bed is a telltale sign of guilt. Your parents are wiser than you think!

rubber band will block the flow of blood to your member so that you cannot attain an erection in the middle of the night. A tight sailor's knot will do the trick.

Make the rubber-band knot part of your nightly hygiene regimen, along with washing and brushing your teeth. You'll feel a lot better in the morning!



William "The Refrigerator" Perry's Behind

A scratch 'n' sniff picture

Another powerful turn-off when you feel something stirring in your loins. Think of how "The Refrigerator" smells after a tough game in the heat of the Dallas Astro-turf. Imagine him sitting on top of you after he peels off his sweaty uniform and underwear. Chances are you won't be feeling much in your loins but a burning desire to take a cold shower!



AP/Wide World

Joan Collins

If there is a disease beyond nymphomania, then I had it. I was obsessed and utterly shameless. I even had to have it while I was working on-camera. I used to smuggle a midget and hide him under my dress where he could satisfy me orally and otherwise. Then one day about five years ago, my vagina fell off. It was so worn out it just dropped off my body. That's when I learned my lesson. No more sex. The next thing I knew I was the star of *Dynasty*. And you know the rest. Who needs sex?

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN GYNECOLOGIST AND PROCTOLOGIST

Let's face it. You can't trust doctors anymore. Especially the ones who specialize in ailments of the genitalia. Most doctors have simply forsaken the Hippocratic oath and have become libertines and molesters, even rapists (see

Danger Zones, Hospitals).

Your private parts are exactly that, **private**. They are nobody's business but yours and the Lord's. And God helps those who help themselves.

Do It Yourself

Ladies, there are a number of new gadgets on the market that enable you to examine yourself. Stores such as K mart, J.C. Penney, and Sears are now selling Home Gynecology Kits that are packaged with a combination stirrup and Barcalounger. You get a telescopic viewfinder for

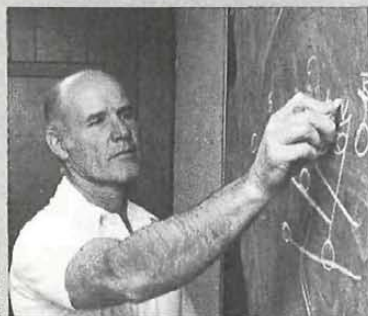
interior examinations, a microscope, and all the things you need for making your own lab tests. Some of the more intricate examinations should be done with an assistant. Use one of your friends. Organize a gynecology checkup party with lots of your lady friends, the way you did with slumber parties and home permanents. Serve a light supper or snacks and refreshments. Send Dad and the kids out to a movie or a ballgame. It's ladies' night in!

The same kind of home diagnostic kits are available

for men. Guys should not be too skittish about having a good friend poking up their backsides with a medical plumbing snake. That's what real friends are for. You'll save yourself a good deal of money and you won't get drugged and boned. Just take a good shower first so you're nice and clean.

Be reassured... the latest statistics compiled by the Oral Roberts Institute for Genital Research tell us that **six out of ten genital disease cases cure themselves**. Chances are you do not need a doctor, ever!

TOM LANDRY'S TWO-MINUTE PREVENT DEFENSE AGAINST CASUAL SEX



AP/Wide World

1. Give her the bump and run.
2. Don't go for her fakes; she can suck you out of position.
3. Don't be fooled by the in-and-out pattern. Give her plenty of room.
4. Stay in your zone. Don't ever get caught holding.
5. If she gets behind you, put an elbow in her ribs and a hand in her face.

YOUR DIET AND EXERCISE

Condensed from the bestseller *Beet the System: The Low-Libido, High-Energy Diet*, by Dr. Norman Fishblau

There are four basic foods in the Low-Libido Diet:

(1) Beets. Beets are your staple food, both as a full meal and a snack. Always carry plenty of beets with you as a munchie. Over a period of twelve to eighteen months a steady intake of beets will change your hormonal structure, significantly lowering the production of testosterone to greatly lessen your sex drive and your semen production.

(2) Kiwi. When kiwi is eaten in combination with beets your testosterone will be converted to aluminum chlorohydrate, a major ingredient in Ban roll-on deodorant. You will begin to smell better.

(3) Chicken McNuggets. These provide essential proteins. McNuggets also contain **albuminol**, a viscous compound that acts as a substitute for the missing testosterone. **Albuminol** activates the glands that work on your brain, giving you more mental energy, the

vital energy you lose when you are drained after sex.

(4) Halvah. For supplemental vitamins and minerals and for bulk. Halvah is a Turkish confection that also promotes longevity and builds immunity to sexual diseases, scurvy, beriberi, and yellow fever.

EXERCISE

The best exercise for lowering libido involves intense body contact.

I recommend running into walls. It's easy, it's fun, and all it requires is a wall to offer isometric resistance to your body.

Wear as little protective gear as possible so your body can get the maximum impact. Do as many wall runs as you can and see if that libido doesn't pack up its grimy bags and disappear!

Planning a vacation?

Did you know... that according to the 1986 World Almanac, no one has had intercourse in Ireland since 1966?

And in Belgium, the number of ejaculations per male per year is only 2.6!

Compare this to Brazil, where every man, woman, and child has 4.2 orgasms **per day** (13.6 per day during Mardi Gras)!

BOB LILLY'S "HOW TO"

S E C T I O N

THIS MONTH: How to Avoid Exciting Your Penis While Urinating

One of the most dangerous things you can do with your penis is urinate. Why? Because your hand is in direct contact with your sex organ. And it can happen countless times a day. Your penis is the most sensitive, excitable part of your body, a land mine that can go off at the slightest provocation—for example, a bumpy bus ride, spilling food on your lap, etc. The simple act of urinating can lead to a very insidious erotic feeling if you are not careful. Anytime you hold your penis in your hand there's a chance of arousing it.

Preventive Measures

1. Avoid liquids. Don't drink more than two glasses of liquid a day. Never drink coffee, tea, alcoholic beverages, beer, or anything that stimulates the kidneys and bladder. The less stimulation of your kidneys, the less chance you have to arouse your penis.

2. Try to avoid urinating in a private stall. Many times your penis is so stimulated by being alone with you that it gets aroused involuntarily—that is, all by itself! A private stall in a men's room is not only a breeding ground for sexual diseases, but the arena for the ungodly act of masturbation. When it's just you and your penis, mano a mano, you've got to be man

enough to do the Christian thing. Urinate quickly and leave.

3. If you have to urinate in a private stall it's a good idea to do it with another person next to you—say, your dad or older brother. Always have someone with you when you urinate at home.

Urinating Techniques

1. The best and safest way to urinate is to do it without holding your penis at all. If your penis is "normal" in size this should not be a problem. If it is slightly smaller than normal this might present a problem because your shaft will not be long enough to give you a proper "throw" or "arc." A small arc could land on your pants rather than the bowl.

Practice this technique by holding onto something with your hands outstretched and hanging over the bowl, aiming straight downward. If you still can't hit the bowl, go on to step 2.

2. If you have to hold your penis, hold it lightly, barely touching it. Do not grip it like a baseball bat or run your hand up and down the shaft and tip. A light grip will do the job nicely.

3. When you feel you are finished, **do not shake the penis.** Just aim downward and you'll get most of the last drops out. Let the law of grav-

ity do the work. Be patient. If you are in a crowded men's room, don't get flustered. The guys behind you can wait a few more seconds. Don't panic if some wise guy tries to bully you into finishing faster than necessary.

4. Shaking your penis is the last resort and is only necessary as an insurance measure, for the last few drops. Remember the old saying: **If you shake it more than twice, you're playing with it.**

5. The last shakes are the lethal ones. Even if you miss a few drops and they leak onto your shorts you will have avoided the extra shakes. Nobody is perfect. It's the extra shakes that lead to arousal. "One more won't do any harm," you say. That's how the vicious cycle starts. Pretty soon you're doing ten, twelve, fifteen shakes and you've got big trouble on your hands. Better to have a few drops fall harmlessly on your shorts. It will all come out in the wash.

THE SODOMY BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



Sodom. Scourge of a nation. Sapping the strength of Americans at home and our fighting men abroad... In order to combat the spread of this depraved practice, our government recently created a new agency within the FBI: the SBI—the Sodomy Bureau of Investigation.

Watch your local newspapers and TV stations for their ads. If you're a sodomizer, watch your bedroom windows for their agents. And be warned: the SBI works closely with the IRS. Suspected sodomizers will be audited.

SODOMY: THE BOTTOM LINE



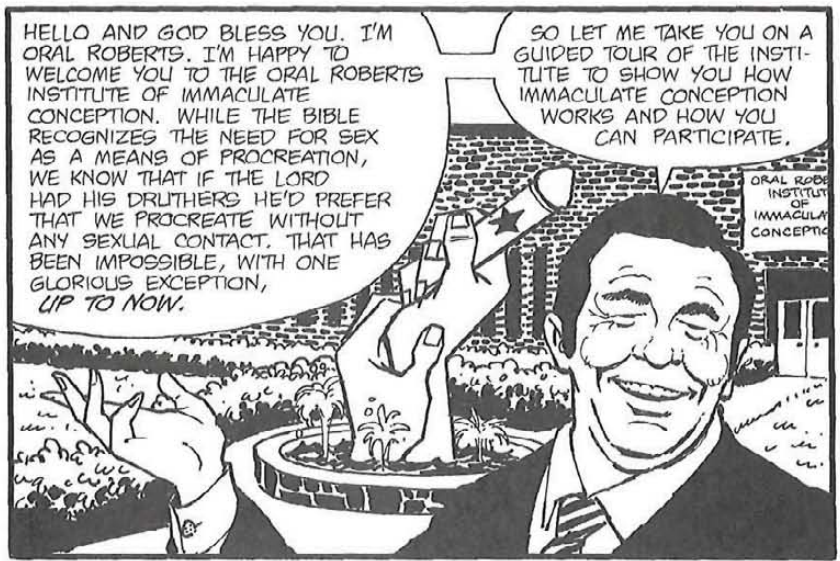
Jim liked to do it from behind. Now he's behind, all right. Behind bars.

If you suspect a friend or loved one of being a sodomizer, get him help. Today. DIAL 1-800-REAR-END.

That's our special SBI Hotline. Confidential counselors are standing by to take your call.

Remember: Sodomy may seem like fun, but it's against the law. And *that's* the bottom line.

A VISIT TO THE ORAL ROBERTS INSTITUTE OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION



"HERE'S BOB AND BETTY, OUR NICE YOUNG COUPLE, GETTING A WARM WELCOME AT OUR CAFETERIA, WHERE YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING FROM A SNACK TO A STEAK DINNER AND GET A FULL BRIEFING."



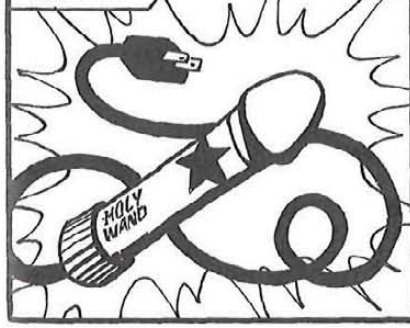
"BOB IS GETTING READY TO MASTURBATE IN OUR STATE-OF-THE-ART MEDIA ROOM. NO EFFORT HAS BEEN SPARED TO GIVE OUR MALES THE STIMULI NEEDED FOR A COPIOUS DISCHARGE."



"AND NOW BETTY IS READY TO RECEIVE BOB'S PRECIOUS LIFE-GIVING SEEDLINGS. ONE OF OUR TRAINED NURSES WILL DIP THE HOLY WAND OF CONCEPTION INTO BOB'S SPECIMEN AND INSERT IT INTO BETTY'S WARM INNER EMBRACE."



"THE HOLY WAND HAS THE POWER TO SELECT THE ONE SEEDLING THAT WILL UNITE WITH BETTY'S EGG. THIS IS A POWER THAT COMES NOT FROM ME, BUT FROM A HIGHER SOURCE. I CANNOT REVEAL THE SECRET AND THE NATURE OF ITS POWERS. I ASK FOR YOUR FAITH AND YOUR WILL TO BELIEVE."



"THE HOLY WAND REMAINS INSIDE BETTY FOR THE NECESSARY TIME NEEDED FOR CONCEPTION. BETTY CAN FEEL IT WORKING."



NINE MONTHS AND THREE DAYS LATER... MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! BETTY HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A FINE EIGHT-POUND BOY!



CONFESSIONS OF A SEXAHOLIC

SEXAHOLICS ANONYMOUS, CASE HISTORY #318: "BILL X"

Hi! I'm Tony Dorsett. This is the story of a boy named Bill. It's not a pretty story. Some of Bill's language isn't very nice. But it's a story that cries out to be told. Won't you put down your photo of the Elephant Man for a moment and listen?



AP/Wide World



My name is Bill. I'm twenty-seven. I'm a sexaholic.

I've been a sexaholic since I was in high school. Saturday nights, I'd take a girl out on a date, we'd have a burger, maybe see a movie, then we'd kiss a little and my penis

would become engorged with blood. I'd want to zip my fly down, take my penis out, and stick it into her vagina.

My desire to do this was overwhelming, overpowering. Beyond my control.

Of course I wouldn't admit that to myself back then. I told myself that I was just a normal kid—"hot," "horny." I mean, everybody "popped a boner" every now and then, right?

Sure they did, Bill. Every now and then....

Pretty soon my penis was the only thing I thought about. I dropped out of school. Bounced from job to job. When I was six, I dreamed of growing up to be a surgeon. But it's kinda hard to cut a tumor out of some broad's head when all your head can think about is dorking her.

Nice talk, huh? "Dorking her." That's what we used to call it in the street. "Dipping your wick, getting your end wet." We had a lotta

names for it, to make it sound "cool." My old man, he used to call it getting "bofied."

He was a sexaholic, too.

Two, three times a week, he'd f---k my mom right in the house. Right in her bed. It made me nuts. One night I couldn't take it anymore, I called the cops. They came. They kicked the bedroom door down. You know what they said?

"I'm sorry, kid, there's nothing we can do. It's legal. Write your f---kin' congressman."

Those cops were kidding. But I'm not. Please. Write your congressman. Today. Make intercourse a crime. Make it a capital offense!

Not for my sake. It's too late for me. I'm too "f---ked up," as they say here at Penit House. But it's not too late for you.

I "f---ked myself," but you don't have to. Act now. Act today. And for God's sake, eat your beets.

George Burns



AP/Wide World

The last time I had sex with a woman was in 1931. That was the year I met Gracie.

The minute she opened her mouth, I knew this was the funniest woman alive. Also the ugliest. If I marry this woman, I thought, I'll never have to work again. All I'll have to do is stand next to her and smoke cigars while she tells jokes.

That would be good.

On the other hand, if I marry this woman I'll never have sex again, either. I won't have sex with her—she's too ugly. And if I have sex with somebody else, she'll get mad and she won't let me stand next to her and smoke cigars while she tells jokes.

That would be bad.

I had to make a choice. Money or

sex. I wrestled with the decision for almost two seconds.

Today I'm worth over nineteen million dollars.



AP/Wide World

Hello, I'm Phyllis George. If you've read this far, if you've been eating your beets and wearing your rubber bands, the thought of having sex with a woman, even a woman like me, should make you want to vomit.

You've come a long way, baby!

But one pitfall remains.

It sometimes happens that when men lose the urge to have sex with women, they develop an urge to have sex with men.

Has this happened to you? If it has, we can help. Tear off the cover of this newsletter. Now eat it.

We soaked it in cyanide.

Ken "The Snake" Stabler



AP/Wide World

Know why they used to call me "The Snake"? Not because of my slippery moves on the gridiron. I had a wing-wang that could practically wrap around a girl's waist like a boa constrictor. I was so hung up on sex that I used to get blowjobs in the huddle, between plays. One day I did it to a woman thirty-seven times in one night. She didn't wake up the next morning. Or the next. She never woke up. But I did. I vowed never to do it again. Sex is a mean, degrading, disgusting act. I killed someone by doing it. If you're the least bit hung up on sex you're like a wild animal on the loose—a vicious, depraved killer who should be put in a padded cell. Thank the Lord I woke up and saw the light. I'll never have sex again.

CLASSIFIEDS

CASTRATE YOURSELF! Beets make you nauseous? Tired of hauling around bulky rubber bands? Nothing kills your sex drive as fast as cutting off your testicles. Doctors charge thousands for this E-Z operation, but if you've got a roll of dental floss, a pair of pliers, and a steak knife, you can do it yourself! \$4.95 brings you my foolproof, step-by-step instructions. Write "Dr." Dan, P.O. Box 33, San Juan, P.R.

TAKE THE LUST OUT OF WANDERLUST. "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." And that means sodomy and fornicate! Why not see the world the safe way, on a Pentecostal Church of Jesus Tour? We go where the action isn't. Iceland, Ireland, and the Belgian Riviera. And everything's included in our one low package price—airfare, hotels, and complimentary rubber bands. For a free brochure, write Pentecostal Church of Jesus Tours, P.O. Box A28, Buttock, Tex. 00993.

REVEREND SOFTEE. Ice cream made the Christian way, with whole milk, fresh fruit, and plenty of saltpeter. For franchise information, write Sweet Jesus!, Salt Lake City, Utah 22088.

ELIMINATE SEXUAL FETISHISM WITH LASER THERAPY. All fixations, obsessions treated with this advanced medical technique. Used in many hospitals, clinics. No side effects. Will make house calls. Box 597, Brooklyn, N.Y. 876309.

NAZI HOMOSEXUAL LOVEMAKING PHOTOS. Guaranteed turn-offs. See Hitler and Göring having oral sex, Himmler and his SS studs, much more. \$2.95 for package of 8. Box 675, Xavier, Ohio 976098.

FIGHT PARTON'S DISEASE WITH UNIQUE NEW GLASSES. At last you can watch Dolly Parton without fear of penis arousal. My unique telescopic glasses turn Dolly's melons into tiny blueberries! Also perfect for watching Loni Anderson, Aretha Franklin, and other big-breasted stars. Only \$3.95, 3 for \$10. Box 340, Ogden, Utah 77408.

HUGH HEFNER DART BOARD for the entire family. Comes with 10 pictures, darts. Great for recording. Box 671, Jamestown, N.Y. 11560.

GROW PRIZEWINNING YOUR OWN HOME! Win grand prizes in state gardens, window boxes. Package of seeds, complete. As seen on the Jimmy Robertson shows. \$2.95. Box 4588, La. 4588.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOS OF INSIDES OF VAGINAS. New turn-off. Guaranteed more effective than Elephant Woman, William Perry. Vaginal diseases, yeast infections, etc. \$3. Box 967, Philadelphia, Pa. 90723.

I AM A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF ABRAHAM, FATHER OF THE JEWS. All secrets of life passed on to me. Send for my book and solve all your problems. Includes free sandwich recipes. \$8.95. Box 908, Oneonta, N.Y. 36459.

ELEPHANT WOMAN FLASH CARDS. 14" x 17" blowups that glow in the dark. Flash your Elephant Woman cards when your husband tries to get frisky with you. Six different Elephant Woman poses, including two from the rear. Guaranteed to work. \$5. Box 391, Tallahassee, Fla. 56789.

STOP THAT PENIS! with my patented Penis-Block. Tiny stainless-steel device fits snugly into vagina, prevents penis from entering and penetrating. Adjustable to any size opening. Indestructible, high-tech design. Dishwasher safe. \$7.95. Box 234, Gainesville, Ohio 45612.

NAZI ATROCITIES. Hiroshima aftermath, outlandish, and many other anti-sex scenes. **Hard-Off**, a 30-minute videocassette. Box 679, Shreveport, La. 91866.

PRIVATE SEX DETECTIVE. Former FBI and SBI agent, specializing in the catch habitual sex offender, errant teenagers, usually suspicious types. Highly effective interrogation methods. Discreet, confidential. Reasonable rates. Box 387, Winnetka, Ill. 76401.

CLUB WED. Beautiful hotel and resort colony in Belgium. Miracle cold medicine. Baths reduce sex urges. Ideal for couples. Some honeymoon or family vacation. Chapels, all land and water sports. Box 217, Ogdenville, N.Y. 91701.

"RECIPES THAT CAN'T BE BEET!" That's right, an **entire cookbook** crammed full of dishes so delectable you'll swear they **can't** be made from beets! From Savory Swedish Beetballs to Beet and Sour Pork. "Don't beat your meat loaf, meet our beet loaf!" Send \$8.95 in check or money order to H&S Sales, Box 336, Salt Lake City, Utah.

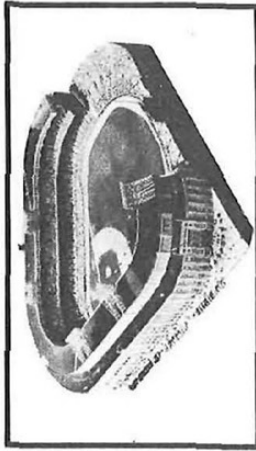
MYSTERIOUS MELODIES OF THE EAST! For thousands of years, Indian swamis have used these mysterious melodies to make their snakes go up. Now you can use them to make your snake go down! Recorded in the squalid bazaars of Calcutta, then **rerecorded in reverse**, these tantalizing tunes are guaranteed to "take the starch out of" the most persistent stiffie. Send \$9.95 for LP or cassette to: Randy Ghandi's, 1818 Chutney Blvd., New Delhi.

"T" STANDS FOR TURN-OFF. Ever wonder what the "T" in T-shirt stands for? You won't wonder anymore after you've seen this silk-screened beauty featuring a nauseating, full-color photo of the Elephant Woman! Send just \$7.95 to Harold's Apparel, 635 Madison Ave., NYC 00123.

SEND ME YOUR SEMEN! The Lord doesn't care where your semen comes from, or how you get it. I guarantee that it will not be any other human.

**HEY, BABY,
THIS IS REVEREND IKE!
SCREW THESE TIGHT-ASS COWBOYS WITH
THEIR BEETS AND TRIPS TO IRELAND!
SEND ME \$20 AND I'LL FIX IT WITH THE LORD
SO YOU CAN FUCK ALL NIGHT!
SEND ME \$100 AND I'LL FIX
YOU UP WITH TINA TURNER!
WHOO-EEE! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME,
I GOTTA SLIDE ON DOWN TO
WOOLWORTH'S AND PISS IN A BOX
OF RUBBER BANDS!
AMEN!**





Welcome to

THE EDIBLE COMPLEX

A new experience in dining

What you will not find on our menu:

red meat, due to its high cholesterol content; chicken, with its fatty skin; fish, which swim in mercury-laden oceans; vegetables, which are sprayed with insecticides; a salad bar, which might have been sneezed on by plague-carrying buzzards; liver, which filters the slime and sludge from the bovine body until it possesses the consistency of a smelstack from a Bethlehem steel plant; or veal, which comes from a calf that has been locked up in a tiny stall till its little hooves fall asleep and it becomes so traumatized that it's like eating an autistic child!

Dinner Menu

Les Appetizers

Le Board de Gard

A marmitte of veal, fiber-rich carbohydrate from Virginia, stewed in a witch hazel broth

\$10.95

Tylenol Hearts

Five non-aspirin taste treats set on a bed of lettuce

\$ 8.95

Fish Bone Soup

Fish bones boiled in the water in which the fish were found dead

\$11.95

Water Soup

Boiled Rocky Mountain water

\$ 9.95

Down Feather Salad

A delightful assortment of plumage extracted from a choice L.L. Bean jacket

\$14.95

Les Side Orders

A Dozzle of Kackle

\$8.95

A Dozzle of Kackle

\$7.95

A Dozzle of Kackle

\$6.95

Les Beverages

Water

Coca-Cola without the carbonation, high-fructose corn syrup, and/or sucrose, caramel color, phosphoric acid, natural flavors, and caffeine

\$ 5.00

Monkey Spit Shake

A healthful heaping of monkey spittle in a calcium milk base

\$ 6.95

Vagina Juice

The juices from the reproductive organs of a female

\$27.00

All our dishes offer the required amount of minerals, vitamins, fiber, ore, and hydro-gen peroxide necessary to a healthy body.
 You dine in a splendid setting required and enforced by a retired FBI agent to ensure your comfort, happiness, and health.
 Urine-sample tests of all waiters, chefs, and support staff are processed in-house and shown on request.
 We accept no cash, personal checks, or credit cards, only the Edible Complex passport.
 Please Remember to carry your personal Edible Complex passport upon request to show your port with you at all times, as you are required to show your Edible Complex officer. Failure to do so could result in the repeal of all bathroom privileges.

Restaurants

Big chef is watching you!

JUST when I thought I had gotten over the trauma of being a prisoner of war in Vietnam, I came to the Edible Complex. Recommended to me by a war buddy who has since been convicted in Texas on charges of being a serial murderer, the restaurant, though large and airy, had a thick veil of oppression which hung over the customers like a fog. The ambience reminded me of the tiny tiger cages the North Vietnamese made me endure for days on end.

Not since my days in the Army have I been forced to commit to memory so many asinine rules and regulations, all in the name of keeping me in fighting trim. In the Army they told me the enemy was Communism. At the Edible Complex, the enemy is freedom.

When I called to make an eight o'clock reservation for my companion and myself, it was suggested we come early, at three o'clock, to fill out the proper forms, have background checks made, and get our pictures taken. The lady behind the bulletproof glass took all the forms, background checks, and pictures and compiled them into what they refer to as "The Passport." Not only does the passport contain the complete medical history of the customer, pH levels of the skin, and proper weight, it notes the customer's preferred sector, of which there are 1,876; lists the various infractions the customer might have incurred against the numerous rules; and is also an Edible Complex charge card—in fact, the only form of payment allowed. As an added perk, it offers numerous discounts at select Macy's and Woolworth outlets throughout the nation.

Once I filled out the forms, got my passport, and chose the sector I wished to be seated in, they still weren't prepared to let me eat. Upon receiving the menu, I was asked to study the full list of ingredients contained in each dish and then join in a discussion with members of the Department of Agriculture and a consumer advocacy group as they argued over the merits of certain ingredients. But it didn't stop there. Representatives from various farming, ranching, and chemical lobbies personally argued their cases at my table. Then and only then, five hours later, did they let me eat.

My companion ordered Twice-Chewed Porcupine Needles while I attempted the Flattened Possum, which looked suspiciously like the thing that had bounced off my bumper the other night. Not only that, for some reason it smelled like my underarms. The dish was, to put it mildly, lacking. Although attractively prepared, it had a distinct aftertaste of rubber and gravel.

At least I survived unscathed. My companion got a porcupine needle stuck in her throat and was rushed to the hospital. I was told not to worry about her, as medical science has made great breakthroughs in throat transplants these days.

After the ambulance departed, I decided I'd had enough of eating and took a tour of the mammoth restaurant, which is when I left the relative safety of the No Elbows on the Table sector and entered the wilds of the No Scented Underarms sector, where I was immediately thrown against the wall by a retired FBI agent and what seemed like a restaurant cop, strip-searched, then escorted back to my table, where I was given a citation which was duly noted in my passport.

Bob Bradfield

The Edible Complex

Rating:

Address: A swamp that is very difficult to get to.
Atmosphere: Like a baseball stadium. It is split up into numerous "sectors." I was in the No Elbows on the Table sector and was severely chastised when I accidentally did so. I also lost bathroom privileges during the first part of my meal, which was noted on my passport.

Service: Young, attractive, strong. Like Hitler Youth working at Club Med.

Recommended dishes: The veal piccata at Patsy's Restaurant. Absolutely nothing here is edible unless you're a reptile stuck in a pet shop.

Price range: Runs the gamut from outlandish to absurd.

Credit cards: Something called a passport. It took me five hours to get one.

Hours: The restaurant opens at 6:00 P.M. The lab opens at noon and the passport office opens at 1:00.

Reservations: I've got plenty!

What the stars mean:

(None) Poor to satisfactory
★ Good
★★ Very good
★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Extraordinary

To assure the customer that the level of service is always at its peak and not impaired by drugs, alcohol, or red meat, all employees take urinalysis tests, which are processed through the restaurant's own urinalysis lab, situated conveniently in the kitchen and headed by the renowned Paraguayan urine meister and gourmand, Dr. Otto von Brunner (who, by the way, was mysteriously whisked away during my meal, purportedly by Israeli secret police). If tested negative, the urine sample is given back to the employee to be kept on his person so it can be inspected, like a fine wine, whether it is requested or not. My waiter was so proud of his urine he would not stop showing it to me. If tested positive, on the other hand, the employee is terminated by Staff Executioner Akusado Tatanapopu, who doubles as the restaurant's sushi chef.

Since the management of the Edible Complex are signatories to the Mothers Against Drunk Driving charter, they feel compelled to do battle with the scourge of alcohol head-on. After each glass of wine or bottle of beer, the customer must prove he is not drunk by walking a straight line from one end of the restaurant to the other, taking a Breathalyzer test, touching his fingers to his nose a hundred times rapidly, dancing the mambo without falling down, and guessing the correct age of the waiter (his real age, not what he claims to be). The customer must take all five tests after each drink consumed. If even one test is failed, the customer has to watch a three-hour Department of Motor Vehicles film of car crashes and mutilated bodies caused by drunk drivers. The movie made me sick, and I threw up my bowl of water soup.

After finishing my meal, I was invited to join the other diners in a short naptime period, and then work off the food with a vigorous exercise program overseen by their Norwegian fitness instructor, Sven Boodles. Some took advantage of the track that circles the rim of the restaurant, others of the deluxe weight room modeled after the weight room of the Nebraska Corn Huskers football team. I played a game called Bombardment, where the object is to throw the ball as hard as you can at the person next to you and hurt him.

The Edible Complex is without doubt one of the most interesting restaurants to open... ever. It is the Northern equivalent of spending a week in an Alabama paramilitary camp. But the food at the paramilitary camp is better. ■

PRESENTING **ROY COHN**: LIAR, THIEF, RED-BAITER, AND TAX CHEAT. DISBARRED FOR STEALING CLIENTS' MONEY. INDICTED THREE TIMES FOR BRIBERY, CONSPIRACY, AND FRAUD! OWES OVER THREE MILLION DOLLARS IN BACK TAXES! USED FLIMSY EVIDENCE TO SEND PEOPLE TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! CONVICTED OF ILLEGAL...

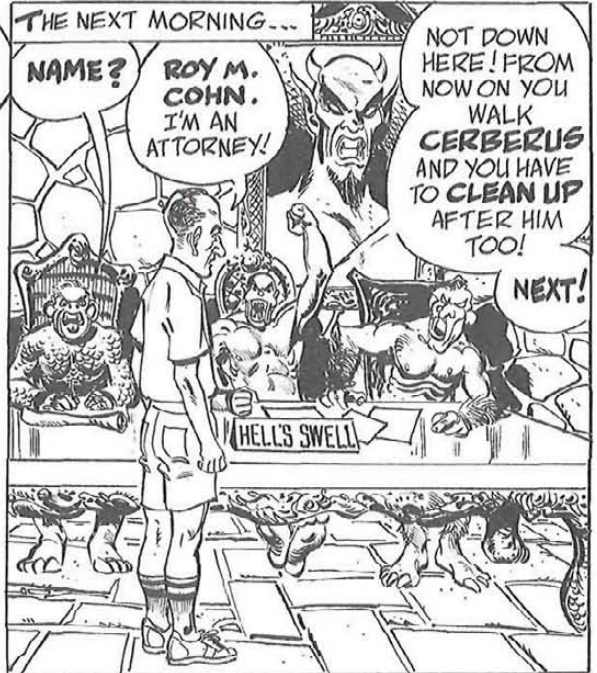
ENOUGH, ADOLF!!

Roy Cohn in Hell



NO TIME FOR TENNIS DOWN HERE, ROY! NO LIMOS, DISCOS, OR POWER LUNCHES AT "21" EITHER! REPORT TO THE OFFICE OF ETERNAL DAMNATION TOMORROW MORNING FOR YOUR WORK ASSIGNMENT! NEXT!!

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME, I'M ROY COHN!



THE NEXT MORNING...

NAME?

ROY M. COHN. I'M AN ATTORNEY!

NOT DOWN HERE! FROM NOW ON YOU WALK CERBERUS AND YOU HAVE TO CLEAN UP AFTER HIM TOO!

NEXT!

HELL'S SWELL

Story: Ned Ward Art: Frank Springer



...WHERE ROY TELLS THEM WHAT HE'S BEEN THINKING ABOUT.

IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

YEAH! THERE'S POOR NAPOLEON BONAPARTE! THE DEVIL'S MAKING HIM WAIT TABLES TEN MILLION YEARS FOR ATTEMPTING A COUP DE HELL.



WAITER, THERE'S SOUP ON MY FLY!
HA, HA, HA!!

BRING ME A NAPOLEON, NAPOLEON!
HAW, HAW, HAW!

AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, NAPPY!
HA, HA, HA!



AND THERE'S MY OLD PAL SAM GIANCANA! HE USED TO RUN CHICAGO! HE TRIED TO RUB OUT THE DEVIL HIS FIRST DAY HERE! LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM!

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, AMYL NITRATE!

HEY, SAM! I KNOW IT'S HELL BUT YOU'RE REALLY HOT!!



I STILL SAY WE CAN GET RID OF THE DEVIL AND LIVE LIKE KINGS! BUT IF YOU TWO WOULD RATHER SHOVEL SHIT...

NO! NO! WE'RE WITH YOU!!



GOOD! NOW SIT BACK AND RELAX! THE FLOOR SHOW IS BEGINNING!!



PRESENTING HELL'S BELLES: MATA HARI, MARTHA MITCHELL, AND NANCY SPUNGEN. FEATURING BENITO MUSSOLINI AND ANASTASIO SOMOZA!

FIGARO!
FIGARO FIGARO
FIGARO, FIGARO
FIGARO FIGARO
FIGARO!

BOO!
WE WANT ELVIS!!

BOO! BOO! HISS! BOO!

LATER THAT NIGHT, A GROUP OF CONSPIRATORS GATHER TO HEAR ROY'S PLAN TO DUMP THE DEVIL!

...PERJURED TESTIMONY, PHONY ACCUSATIONS, FALSE WITNESSES, DOCTORED EVIDENCE. IT'LL BE AS EASY AS SENDING ETHEL AND JULIUS TO THE CHAIR! ARE YOU WITH ME?

YEAH!



THE NEXT DAY ROY PUTS HIS PLAN INTO ACTION. JIMMY HOFFA DOCTORS EVIDENCE.

Dear Mother Teresa:
Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.
Your friend,
The Devil



MARIE ANTOINETTE PREPARES THE FALSE TESTIMONY.

...AND THAT'S WHEN THE DEVIL SMILED AND TOLD ME TO "HAVE A NICE DAY," YOUR HONOR!

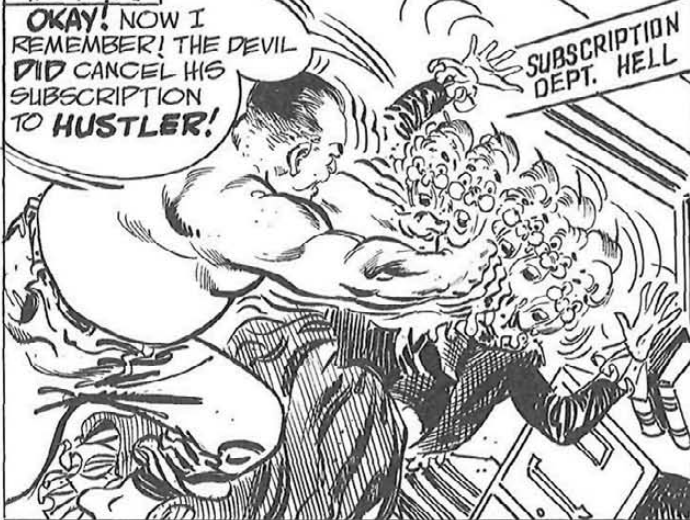
PER-FECT!



J. EDGAR HOOVER CONVINCES A FUNCTIONARY TO TESTIFY!

OKAY! NOW I REMEMBER! THE DEVIL DID CANCEL HIS SUBSCRIPTION TO HUSTLER!

SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. HELL



MAOTSE-TUNG PAYS OFF A PHONY WITNESS.

HEY, BILLY KID, FOR FIVE DOLLAR YOU SAY DEVIL MAKE YOU BIG BIRTHDAY!

THROW IN A BAR O' GOLD AN' A CUTELI' PALOMINO AND YOU GOT A DEAL, CHINKFACE!!



...AS DOES MARTIN BORMANN.

ZO, MISS BORDEN! IT ISS AGREED, JA? YOU SWEAR THE DEFFIL ISS A SVEETIE WHO ZENDS YOU ROZIZ, UND VE GET YOU ELECTRIC POWER ZAW!



A SHORT TIME LATER A SUBPOENA IS DELIVERED.

SEE YOU IN COURT, SUCKER!



YOU ARE HEARBY CHARGED WITH CONDUCT UNBECOMING THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS: KINDNESS, POLITENESS, HAVING A SUNNY DISPOSITION, AND BEING CONSIDERATE OF OTHERS! HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

NOT GUILTY, JUDGE BLUEBEARD!





...AND AFTER THE DEVIL HELPED YOU ACROSS THE STREET, WHAT DID HE SAY, MARIE?

HE SMILED AND TOLD ME TO "HAVE A NICE DAY."

SHE'S LYING!



...AND AFTER DINNER, WE'D SIT IN THE PARLOR HOLDING HANDS AND LISTEN TO HIS **ANDY WILLIAMS** ALBUMS! HE WAS ALWAYS THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

I'M BEING FRAMED!!

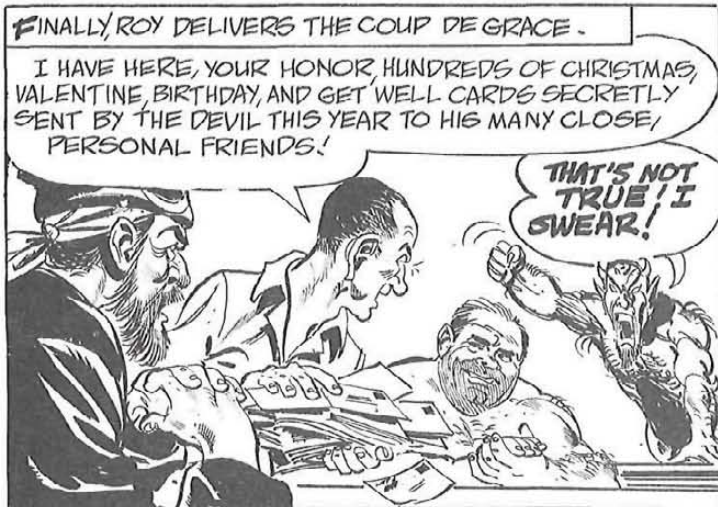


THE DEVIL TAKES THE STAND.

WHAT ABOUT THE RECENT **EARTH-QUAKE** IN EL SALVADOR?

WHAT ABOUT IT? **THOUSANDS DIED!**

BUT **MILLIONS SURVIVED!!**



FINALLY, ROY DELIVERS THE COUP DE GRACE.

I HAVE HERE, YOUR HONOR, HUNDREDS OF CHRISTMAS, VALENTINE, BIRTHDAY, AND GET WELL CARDS SECRETLY SENT BY THE DEVIL THIS YEAR TO HIS MANY CLOSE, PERSONAL FRIENDS!

THAT'S NOT TRUE! I SWEAR!



THE POOR DEVIL NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT **GUILTY** OF ALL CHARGES!



A SHORT WHILE LATER...

WELL, ROY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HELL NOW?

IT'S HEAVENLY, JOE, SIMPLY HEAVENLY!

HEARING
BEFORE THE
COMMITTEE ON COMMERCE,
SCIENCE, AND TRANSPORTATION
UNITED STATES SENATE
NINETY-NINTH CONGRESS
FIRST SESSION
ON
CONTENTS OF OPERA AND THE LIBRETTOS THEREIN
OCTOBER 18, 1986

Printed for the use of the
Committee on Commerce, Science, and Transportation
by **Larry Sloman and Ed Subitzky**

The committee met, pursuant to notice, at 9:40 a.m., in Room SR-253, Russell Senate Office Building, Hon. Albert Gore (chairman of the committee) presiding.

OPENING STATEMENT
BY THE CHAIRMAN

The CHAIRMAN: Last year this committee held hearings which, in fact, received international press coverage, hearings on the shocking, sexually oriented, violence-laden content of popular rock lyrics. My wife, along with her courageous fellow members of the PMRC (Parents Music Resource Center) was in the forefront of an issue that is so vital to the future health of our great nation.

By dramatizing the insidious dangers inherent in these obscene, vulgar, and atrocious lyrics, we were able to alert millions of concerned parents to a menace that lay too long hidden between the protective covers of record albums, and that lurked no further away than the nearest palm-sized Walkman.

In the interim since those last hearings, a new, even more heinous menace has come to our attention. This has demonstrated once again how fickle the tastes of youth can be, and how we must be ever on the alert to the shifting sands of the musical threat.

At last year's session, we heard names like Twisted Sister, Quiet Riot, W.A.S.P., Mötley Crüe, and Frank Zappa. This year a new pantheon has emerged: names that are synonymous with violence, sexual depravity, satanism, and the occult, and virtually every form of blood-letting and aberrant behavior known to the annals of mankind. This year you'll hear the names of Pavarotti, Domingo, "Bubbles" Sills, and Sutherland. Although these may be names of great repute, that is only because parents have failed to inspect more closely the messages these so-called "artists" are feeding impressionable youth everywhere.

Once again my wife, along with her colleagues at the newly formed PORC (Parents Opera Resource Center), has lifted the veils of respectability away from these cultists and exposed the decadent heart beating passionately underneath. It is my hope that today's hearings can once again raise our national consciousness and begin to put a stop to this viperous influence preying on the yet-to-be-formed minds of America's youth.

STATEMENT OF HON. JEREMIAH DENT,
U.S. SENATOR FROM ALABAMA

Senator DENT: I commend you, Mr. Chairman, and the committee, for holding this all-important hearing. As chairman of the Children, Family, Drugs, Alcoholism, and Dirty Thoughts Committee, this is a subject that I am very familiar with.

I was first exposed to this problem on a fact-finding visit to New York City a year ago. I found myself with some time on my hands, and a friend who lived in New York invited me to an evening of opera at the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. I expected to witness an inspiring work of art that would fill me with good music and place decent thoughts in my head.

Well, that didn't turn out to be the case at all. Instead, I was treated to what literally turned out to be an evening of devil worship.

The opera I saw that night was named *Faust*. It was, I later found out, based on the ramblings of a suspected homosexual German named Goethe. Let me just capsule for you the story line.

An old man makes a pact with the devil, and immediately he becomes young again—in short, he becomes a member of the youth generation, at which this story is surreptitiously aimed. And he learns quickly that there are other rewards of consorting with the devil. He acquires a girlfriend, a lovely young woman whom he seduces outside of marriage. She has a baby from their illegitimate union, and she proceeds to kill the infant. In short, by going into partnership with the devil, a man acquires not only youth but sexual satisfaction.

Now, you may say, what's the harm in it all, since this opera was sung entirely in German and nobody could understand a word of it? Well, let me hasten to tell you that, right there in plain view in the lobby, they were selling what they call a "libretto," which is a word-for-word translation of this opera. And they were selling like hotcakes, and people were sitting there in their seats following ecstasically along with their fingers. I looked around me and saw a good number of young people there, and what was especially disconcerting to me was the empty, vacant, hollow look in their eyes. Somehow these strange words had bored deeply into their consciousness. It was a look I was quite familiar with, having served on the Children, Family, Drugs, Alcoholism and Dirty Thoughts Committee. It was the look of the addled drug user.

It was then that I realized what a threat opera is.

Thank you, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN: Senator Dent, thank you very much. The next witness is my wife, Tipper Gore, representing Parents Opera Resource Center. Honey, thanks for being with us. Please proceed.

STATEMENT OF TIPPER GORE, PARENTS OPERA RESOURCE CENTER

Mrs. GORE: Thank you. Mr. Chairman. I'd like to thank you and the committee for the opportunity to testify before you.

The Parents Music Resource Center was organized in May of 1985 by mothers of young children who were very concerned by the growing trend in music toward lyrics that are sexually explicit, excessively violent, or glorify the use of drugs and alcohol. Our primary purpose was to educate and inform parents about that alarming trend.

It is no secret that today's music is a very important part of adolescents' and teenagers' lives. What is a secret is that a new form of music has supplanted rock, heavy metal, even thrash metal, and is threatening to expose our children to an influence that is more prolonged, more concentrated, more powerful and dramatized, and more hypnotic than any ever preceding it.

First of all, this influence is foreign.

Second, there's hardly an opera ever performed that lacks murder and violence. It is the single most pervasive theme of most of these sad displays.

Third, it is patently drug-oriented, awash with sleeping potions, love potions, and the like.

Fourth, it is blatantly sexual in nature, with pervasive examples promoting and glorifying a wide variety of deviant behavior such as incest, rape, sadomasochism, and so on.

Fifth, it is blatantly anti-Christian, glorifying cults that present a variety of gods and icons who possess human attributes and base passions.

Lastly, it romanticizes and elevates the concept of suicide as a solution to life's difficulties.

For example, consider the case of a young girl brought to my attention who lived in Texas, a wholesome young student who had everything to live for. One night, to the shock of her parents, who loved her deeply, she jumped out of the third-story window of their house. In her room, in a box in the corner, detectives found a record of the opera Aida.

In Illinois, under the guise of providing them with culture, liberal educators sent a class of freshman high school students on an outing to see a particularly brazen work called Carmen in which the title character dances provocatively and acts seductively toward a variety of men. Eight months later, six of the girls in this class were found to be pregnant.

And if you'd like to know some of the other kinds of ideas these works are putting into the heads of our children, consider the following:

In Tannhäuser, written by a German named Wagner, the entire first scene is a wild orgy in which an unholy man consorts with a goddess of love.

In La Bohème, French bohemians brazenly flaunt all the standards of decency of their society.

In Don Giovanni, an evil man, reminiscent of Mafia types, enjoys great pleasures.

In Dialogues of the Carmelites, a whole series of nuns, I believe as many as twelve, are beheaded in a row.

In Il Trovatore, witch-like gypsies cast spells and summon up the occult.

In Parsifal, a fallen knight, in a futile attempt to contain his lusts, castrates himself.

In Die Walküre, again by the German Wagner, a brother and sister consummate an incestuous relationship which results in him dying and her becoming pregnant.

One short opera frequently performed, which I can't bring myself to mention, has the French word for a woman's mammarys right in its title.

I ask you, are these the kinds of models we want our young people to emulate? Do we want to raise a generation of incestuous, bohemian witches and gypsies, or do we want to raise a generation of decent



In a brazen attempt to merchandise opera to the kiddie set (and create lifelong devotees to the demonic art), Pavarotti appears on the album cover in a clown suit. Alas, the youth growing up with such music will soon find that there's a big difference between the opera house and a wholesome circus tent.

teenagers Americans can be proud of?

Mr. Chairman, I wish to conclude my testimony by apologizing to any who may have been shocked by what they have heard. But it is better to be shocked at these hearings today than to be shocked later by what your son and daughter has, unknown to you, become.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you very much. Our next witness is Dr. Franklin Dickson, a sociologist.

STATEMENT OF DR. FRANKLIN DICKSON, UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA AT MOUNTAIN FORK

Dr. DICKSON: Throughout history, opera has had a cult following, but never has this cultism been more profoundly institutionalized than today. Indeed, by seeing what opera has done to various individuals and societies in the past, we can gain a perspective on what it is we can expect in our own society which we are trying to protect today.

Consider the case of Jack the Ripper. There is considerable historical evidence that he avidly listened to many operas, particularly of the French and Italian variety, and asked people familiar with these languages what the words meant.

The Boston Strangler did his fiendish work in a city noted for its attention to opera, and from which the commuting distance to New York City, the capital of the opera industry, is less than five hours.

Nikita Khrushchev, whom none of us can recall without the gravest trepidation, presided over a country consummately proud of its operas.

Consider the exploits of Genghis Khan, the invasion of the Huns, and so on, and you will find exploits in operas that mirror their foul misdeeds too closely to ever be called coincidence.

Indeed, operas are known traditionally as having the most extended death scenes of all the arts. Death is so lovingly treated that wounded characters can sing several of what they call "arias" before they finally expire. In fact, most operas end with the death of their protagonists, so death, fresh in the mind, is what operagoers leave the theater with.

Statistics tell us that this is the company our teenagers are keeping today.

Even the worst rock albums last for only forty minutes. An opera can provide uninterrupted exposure to its obscene contents for a period as long as five and a half hours. Small wonder that innocent minds walk away mesmerized, ready to practice what they have just seen and heard preached.

I have circulated copies of the cover art of many of these opera albums. These album jackets display pictures of women in suggestive poses and men wearing genital-enhancement devices. These covers have been used by many youths as masturbatory devices.

Parents should learn to recognize the signs of "opera mind" early while help may still be possible. If your teenager is whistling strange tunes with lots of very high notes and lots of very low notes, and starting to dress in strange styles, seek help at once from authorities. Right now, we're seeking funds for an opera helpline.

But the one thing I would say to parents everywhere is this: don't bury your head in the sand about the problems. It's not just a passing fad, another stage of growing up. Opera has been around for centuries, and it's not just going to go away unless we make it do so.

Thank you for the time before your committee. God bless you, and God help us all.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Doctor, for your most illuminating testimony. Testifying next before the committee is Jack Moscovitz of the Costume Shoppe in Manhattan, New York. Mr. Moscovitz, thank you for taking time out from your business to be with us today.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: I'm very happy to be here, but to tell the truth, I don't really know what's my purpose.

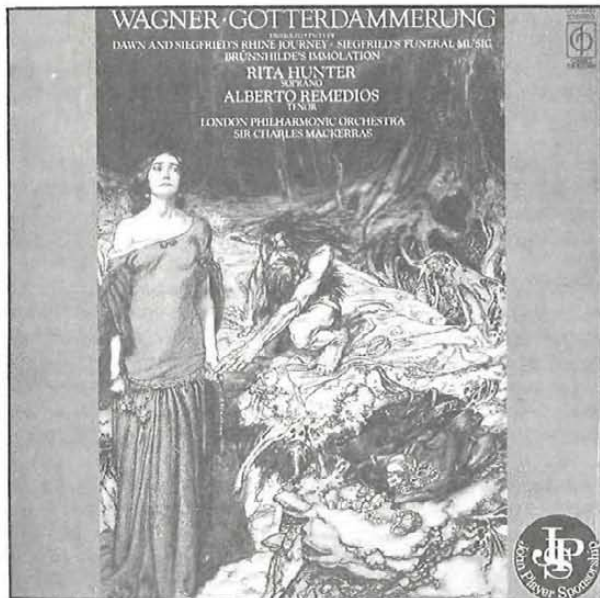
The CHAIRMAN: Well, Mr. Moscovitz, you operate one of the largest costume rental shops in all of New York City, is that correct?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: The largest, Mr. Senator. And I owe it to my wonderful employees and my two sons who helped me in the business. And nothing do I owe my ex-partner, my rotten brother-in-law, who should drop dead as I speak and then rot in his...

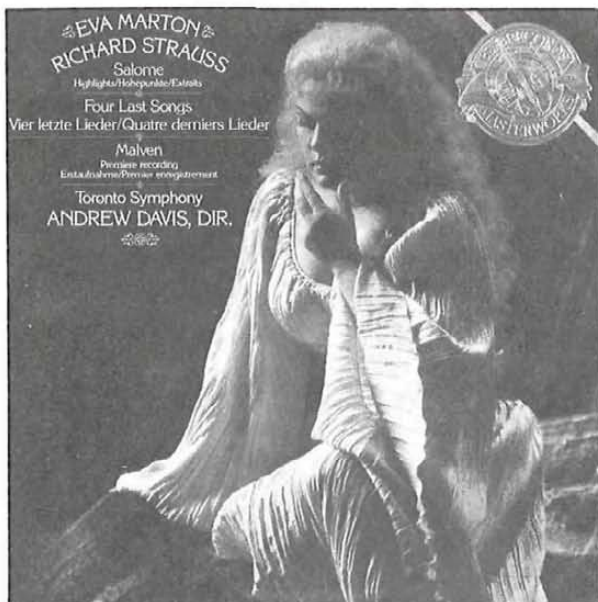
The CHAIRMAN: Please, Mr. Moscovitz, if you'll be so kind as to just answer our questions.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: I'm sorry, Mr. Senator. It just makes my blood boil.

The CHAIRMAN: Mr. Moscovitz, you have a wide assortment of different types of costumes in your store, do you not? Have you noticed an upsurge lately in the rental of such costumes?



Another opera album cover proudly announces what the listener can expect inside: the tale of a deformed demon who emerges from the underground world to debase an innocent maiden.



The typical opera "heroine" is a cruel seductress who poses on stage -- and album cover -- in a costume revealing both the private recesses of her body and her intentions toward weak-willed men.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Business is good, I can't complain.

The CHAIRMAN: And have you noticed a lot of teenagers and young people coming into your store recently?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: All the time. They come right from the junior high school across the street. Especially this time of year.

The CHAIRMAN: And what kinds of costumes do they ask you for?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Witches, ghosts, devils.

The CHAIRMAN: So we're talking basically about characters that have occult significance.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Don't forget the werewolves—oh, I can't keep them in stock, not for nothing. And Dracula is big too every year.

The CHAIRMAN: Senator Dent?

Senator DENT: Mr. Moscovitz, aside from costumes, do you also rent wigs at your establishment?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Wigs? Of course. We have a complete line.

Senator DENT: Mr. Moscovitz, do you rent many red wigs?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Red? Red is our biggest mover this year.

Senator DENT: Mr. Chairman, I'd like the committee to take note of that fact, as this will become very salient when we hear the testimony of Beverly Sills.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Senator Dent. We will now hear from Senator Donald Riegle.

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Chairman, we have been involved this morning, as you might know, with the banking committee and we've also had the Social Security issue on the Senate floor, and that has occupied myself and others of us, but I'd like to say, first of all, I'd like to commend the brave women of the Parents Opera Resource Center for their work in alerting us to such a pressing problem. I would like, if I may, to address a question of my own to this witness. Now, Mr. Moscovitz, I understand that you are the major supplier of opera paraphernalia to the impressionable youths of New York City.

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Opera what? Who said anything about opera?

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Moscovitz, are you any relation to the Naomi Moscovitz who sits on the board of directors of the Metropolitan Opera House?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: There's no Naomi in my family.

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Moscovitz, do you have any idea what these

young children who rent the costumes from you, do you have any idea what they do with them?

Mr. MOSCOWITZ: Who knows what people do? I get a deposit, they bring back the merchandise in good shape, I don't ask questions.

Senator RIEGLE: Don't ask questions. All right, Mr. Moscowitz, and none of us will ask any questions. That, sir, is precisely the attitude that has made America one of the leaders in teenage pregnancy, illegitimate births, and teenage suicides. How many times have we heard a grieving parent say, "If only I had known... if only I had known..." I have no further questions of this witness.

The CHAIRMAN: You may step down now, sir. I call our next witness, Luciano Pavarotti. Mr. Pavarotti, I am a fan of your music, believe it or not. I respect you as a true individual and a tremendously talented performer. I've always been curious, Mr. Pavarotti—a star of your stature, I imagine you must have very many female fans.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: Yes, Pavarotti, he has fans everywhere, the ladies they cannot resist him.

The CHAIRMAN: I understand that you're very kind to your fans, that you invite them to your dressing room.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: Yes, I am a true artist, and a true artist has a responsibility to give of himself to his fans.

The CHAIRMAN: And I suppose these female fans like to bring you gifts. Are you married, Mr. Pavarotti? Do you have a family?

Mr. PAVAROTTI: Of course I have a family. I'm Italian. I have my wife, Adua—we are the opposite, my wife and I—and I have three daughters, and I do not understand them. They tell me they hate me.

Senator DENT: Let me just say at the outset that, unlike my colleague the Chairman, I cannot claim to be a big fan of yours. I think your conception of family is a mockery of what a true family is supposed to be. I've read about you in *People* magazine, and I've seen pictures of you lying in your pool spouting water out of your mouth. You look very well fed, Mr. Pavarotti. I bet a man like you enjoys, say, a good meal beside a pool and elsewhere.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: What concern is it of the United States government whether Pavarotti likes a good meal?

Senator DENT: Just like the ancient Romans—eat, drink, and sing a song, and that's what life is all about, right? *Carpe diem*. I believe they call it.



Use of an unidentified foreign language can't hide the titillating purpose of this opera jacket in which a woman of sin, via frontal nudity, tries to seduce an elderly man before he can stab her.

Mr. PAVAROTTI: I do not understand.

Senator DENT: I'm sure you don't, Mr. Pavarotti. I have no further questions.

Senator RIEGLE: But I do have a question, Mr. Pavarotti. You like your wine, don't you? I know you do, because you mention that in almost every interview you give. Have you ever thought of the effect that your kind of hedonistic behavior has on your many young fans?

Mr. PAVAROTTI: What does this have to do with my art?

Senator RIEGLE: The child is father to the man, and it seems obvious enough that the artist is father to the art. I have no further questions.

The CHAIRMAN: You may step down now, Mr. Pavarotti. Our next witness is Beverly Sills. May I just say at the outset, Miss Sills, that this is indeed a thrill and a privilege for me. I am a longtime fan of yours. I especially enjoyed that TV special you did many years ago with Carol Burnett.

Ms. SILLS: Thank you, Senator.

The CHAIRMAN: I have a note here from this morning's testimony session relating to the testimony of Jack Moscowitz.

Senator DENT: Ms. Sills, unlike Senator Gore, I am ignorant of your music. But I understand that part of your appeal is due to the fact that you have flaming red hair.

Ms. SILLS: Well, yes, but I can also sing a little.

Senator DENT: Are you a natural redhead?

Ms. SILLS: Would you like to step into the ladies' room and check?

Senator DENT: I'd like to remind Ms. Sills that she is testifying before a committee of United States senators. I understand that your nickname is "Bubbles." Isn't that a nickname that's found predominantly in burlesque circles?

Ms. SILLS: I got it growing up in the streets of Brooklyn.

Senator DENT: Have you ever, in all your years in opera, portrayed a harlot or a woman of easy virtue?

Ms. SILLS: Every woman in opera has.

Senator DENT: And you have red hair. I have no further questions, Mr. Chairman.

The CHAIRMAN: Thank you, Ms. Sills, it was a pleasure meeting you in person. Our next scheduled witness is Mr. Plácido Domingo. However, I've just been handed a telegram from his personal manager in New York, who notes that, due to other pressing engagements, Mr. Domingo will be unable to testify before the committee this afternoon.

Senator RIEGLE: Mr. Chairman, I've just come back from a meeting of the Senate Finance Committee, but I'd just like to note for the record that if we had offered Mr. Domingo the usual fee that those so-called culture barons in New York give him, which, according to my information, is about \$8,000 a night, he would have been happy to show up and perform for us this afternoon. That's all.

CLOSING STATEMENT OF SENATOR GORE

I want to thank the members of the committee for their diligence today, and I want to thank all of the witnesses who were here to talk about a very important issue. The Supreme Court says that freedom of speech is not without limitations, and I think we have seen a good example of that today. I predict that these hearings and the fine work of the ladies of the Parents Opera Resource Center will elicit a tremendous response from the elected officials of the people of this country, who are very concerned about these kinds of activities that we have been talking about here today, and who have judged them destructive—destructive of lives, destructive of our society. I cannot believe that the framers of the First Amendment intended it to include wanton depictions of incest, violence, occult practices, and sheer depravity. After these good hearings today, I only hope that opera will no longer be able to hide behind a robe of cultural respectability shielded by the finest intellectual armor as it sticks a bloody spear of depravity through the hearts and souls of our innocent children.

[Whereupon, at 1:15 p.m., the committee was adjourned, to reconvene upon the call of the Chair.]

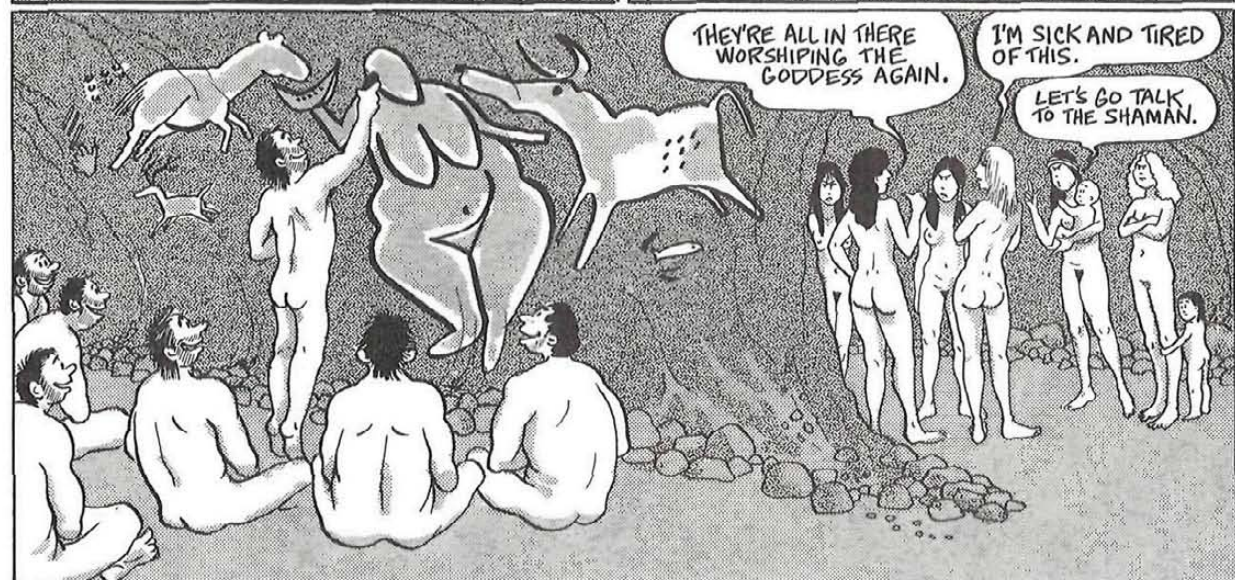
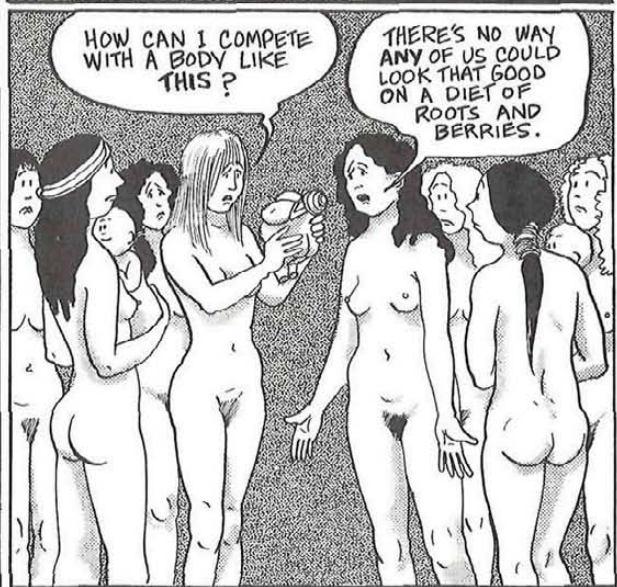
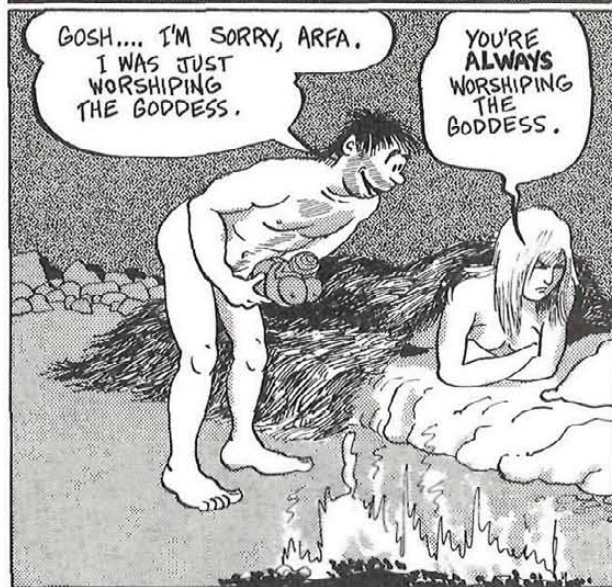
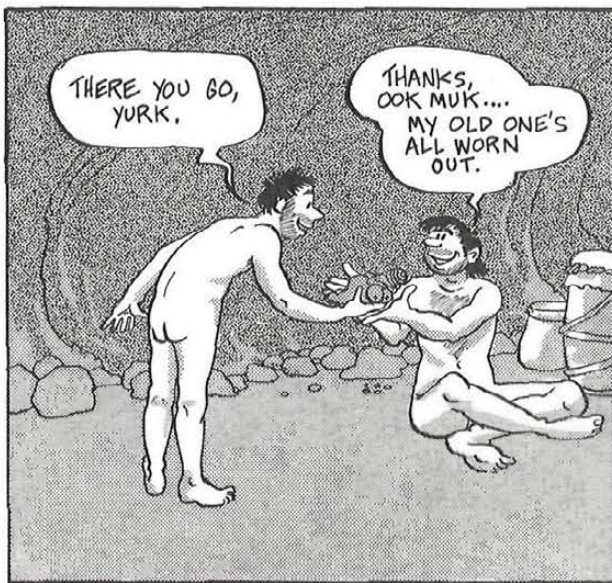
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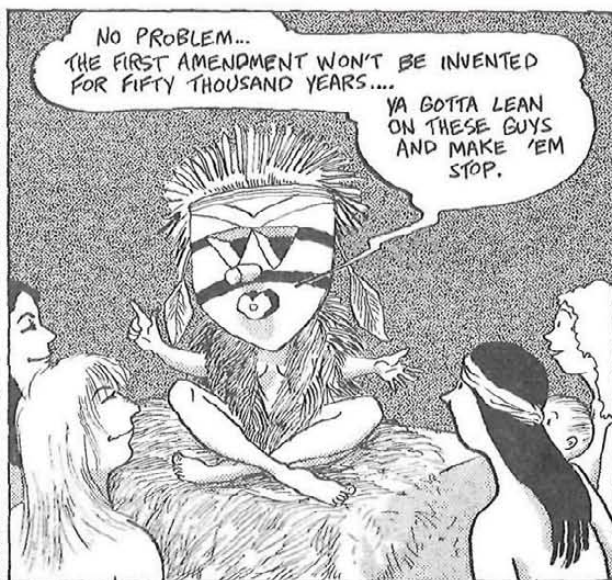
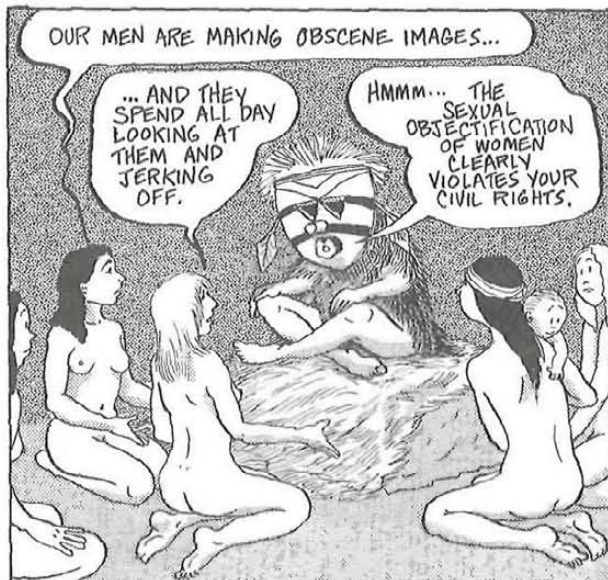
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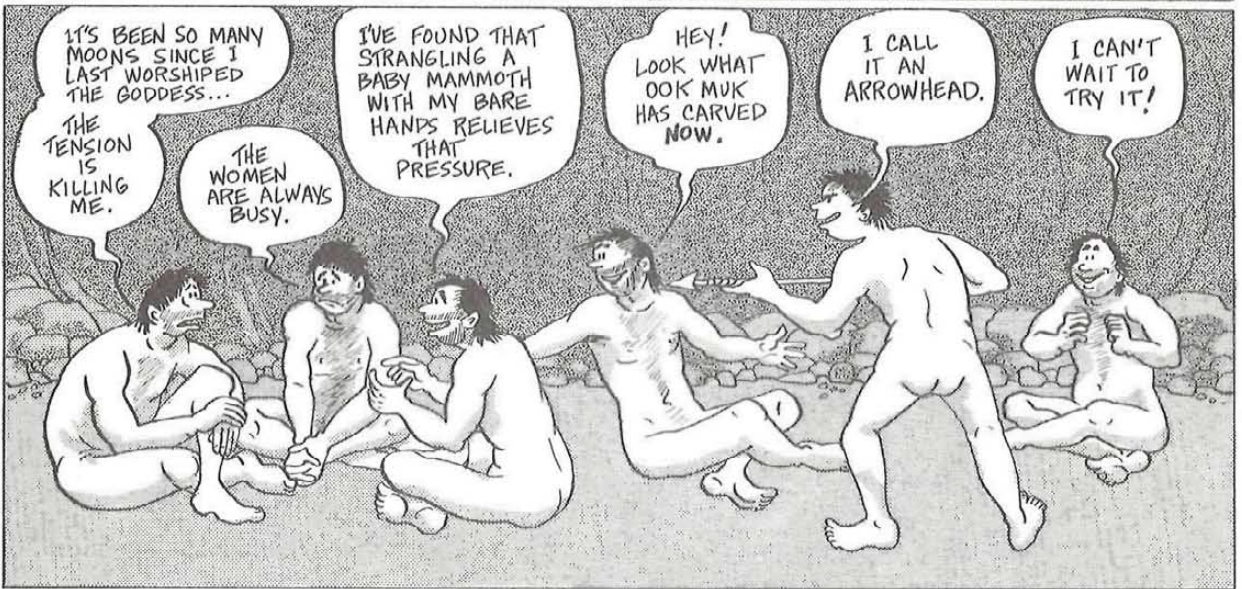
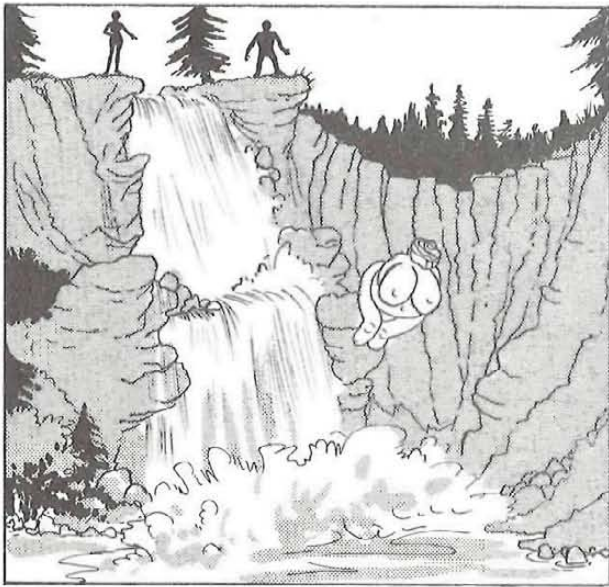


AT THE BEGINNING OF TIME, TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE COEXISTED ON THE EARTH. ONE GROUP LIVED IN HARMONY WITH NATURE AND GATHERED ROOTS AND BERRIES FOR SUSTENANCE. THEY WALKED ERECT AND WERE GOOD-LOOKING, WELL-BROOMED, AND ARTICULATE. THE OTHER GROUP... WAS MEN.









IT'S BEEN SO MANY MOONS SINCE I LAST WORSHIPED THE GODDESS...
THE TENSION IS KILLING ME.

THE WOMEN ARE ALWAYS BUSY.

I'VE FOUND THAT STRANGLING A BABY MAMMOTH WITH MY BARE HANDS RELIEVES THAT PRESSURE.

HEY! LOOK WHAT OOK MUK HAS CARVED NOW.

I CALL IT AN ARROWHEAD.

I CAN'T WAIT TO TRY IT!

THE MEN TOOK TO HUNTING AND KILLING LIKE COELACANTHS TO WATER.
THEY BECAME GREAT HUNTERS AND BEGAN TO MIGRATE TO KEEP UP WITH THE WILD HERDS.
AND BECAUSE THE WOMEN HAD TO STAY HOME BY THE HEARTH TO TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN, THEY SOON LOST THE PRESTIGE AND POWER THAT BRINGING HOME THE MAMMOTH BACON ENGENDERS.



SO THAT IS HOW THE DAWN OF MAN BECAME THE DOWNFALL OF WOMEN.

PSSST... HEY, BIG FELLA... CARE TO WORSHIP A FORBIDDEN IMAGE? ... ONLY FIFTEEN ANTELOPE SKINS.

©87 SHARY FLENNIKEN

Dave Hanson's
**Famous
Dead People's
Chalk Lines**

Photographed by Peter Kleinman

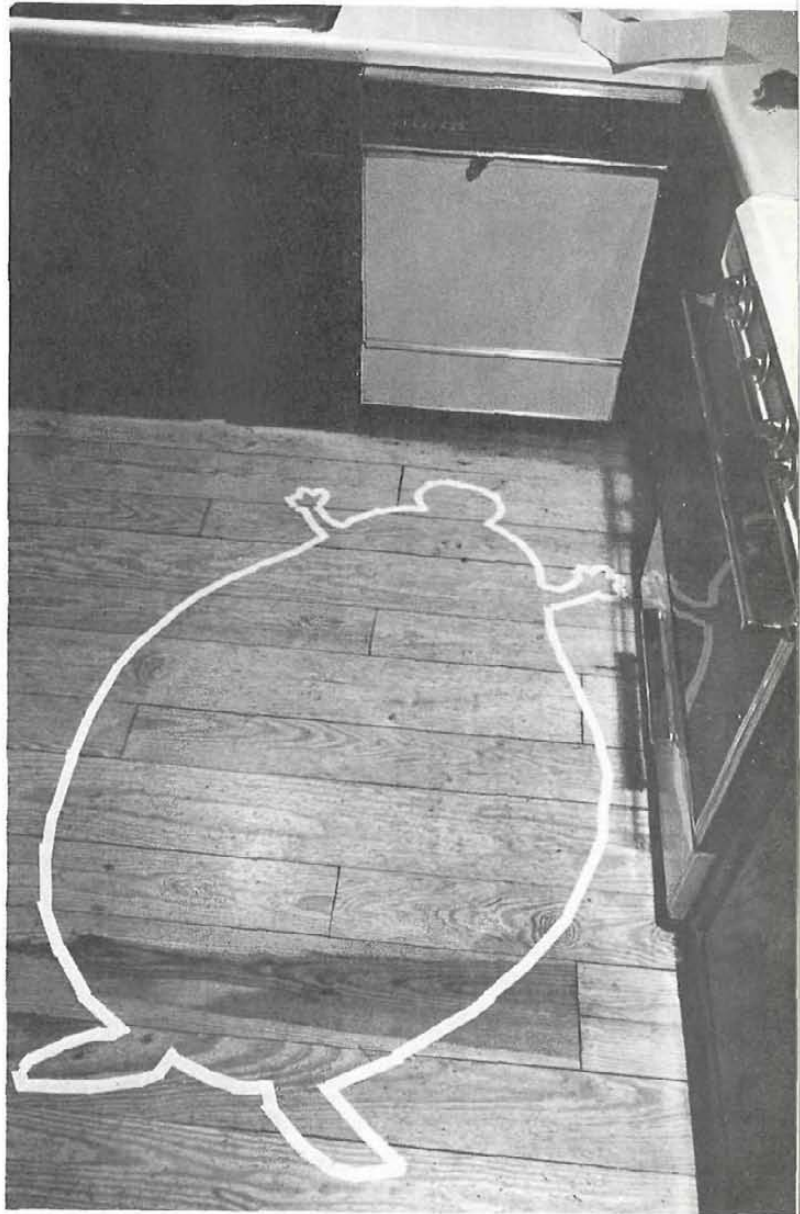


**Ernest
Hemingway**



William Tell

John Dillinger



Orson Welles



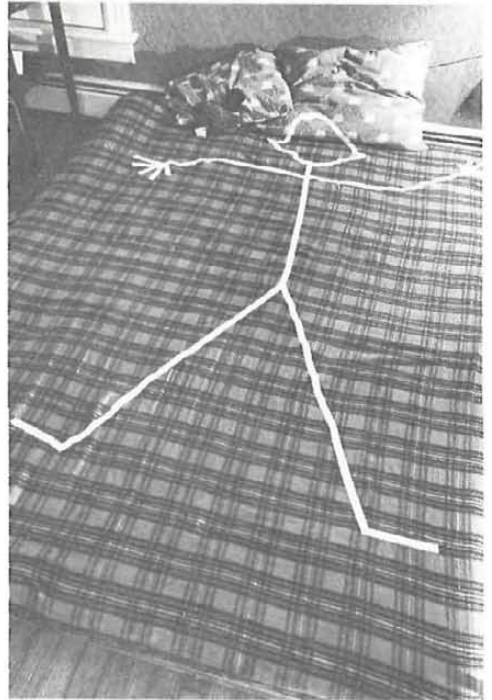
Vic Morrow



Tom Thumb



Mahatma Gandhi



Karen Carpenter

Pablo Picasso



Claude Rains



by Will Jacobs, Gerard Jones, and Jim Zook

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE STARS

Why are they different? Let's listen in...



Lemme see.... Ty laid his wife 388 times in 1922. I got 390 already. ... Ty guzzled fourteen gallons of beer in one week. I beat that in '79. ... Wait a minute.... Ty farted thirty-eight times in one day as a rookie. Oh Jesus, where can I get some beans....

Pete Rose

What an exquisite sunset.... I wonder what Woody thinks of the sunset red and gold and I'll never forget what Woollcott said.... I bet Woody can't remember what Woollcott said but the little Jew gets all the fame.... Woody, oh Woody....

Gosh, gee, shoot, darn, dang, heck, fudge, golly whiz, pooh.... Now I'm really getting steamed.... Double darn Sheep dip....

Red light.... Camera One.... Medium smile.... Swivel head thirty degrees left, face organic entity there.... Question number 18.... Pause eight seconds.... Response Platitude number 248.... Swivel toward Camera Three Commercial Intro number 2 Temporary deactivation....



Dick Cavett



Dick Clark



Marie Osmond

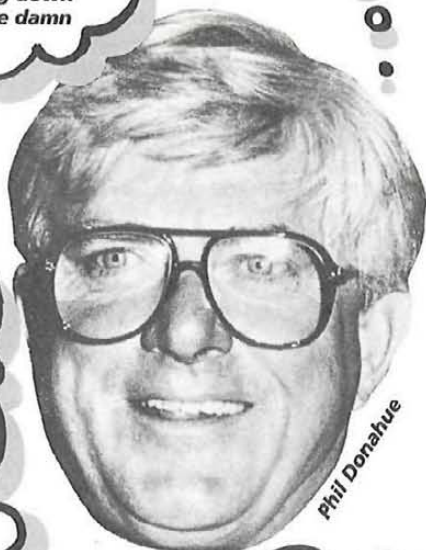
I tell her, on your knees, bitch, and she gets down.... Groveling, she begs for the thing, big and black.... I shove it at her face and she goes down on it.... That girl takes the whole thing down her throat, the whole damn microphone....

Was that a joke?... Better laugh.... Give him the big belly laugh.... Drag it out a second too long.... Needle him.... Let the son of a bitch know you don't even listen to him anymore.... Christ, I need a drink....

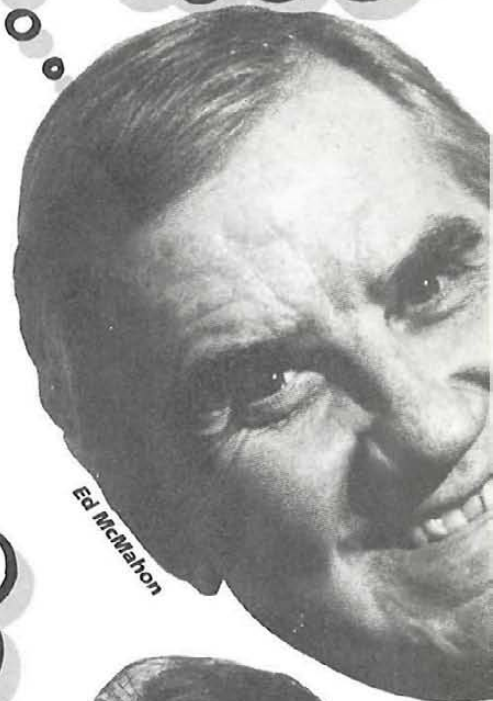
Now then, if we can force Penthouse down a couple more cents on the dollar, then pick it up through a middle company.... With the profits from that we can go after Playboy.... Hell, may as well grab that National Lampoon rag while I'm at it.... Then we just have to spread the word to lay off 7-Elevens again....

Okay.... If we get this three-way scene over with quick, and then I run right to my blowjob on John Holmes, I should be able to get to my locker before Home Ec class.... Geez, I hope they don't get a whiff of the jism on my breath in Driver Ed....

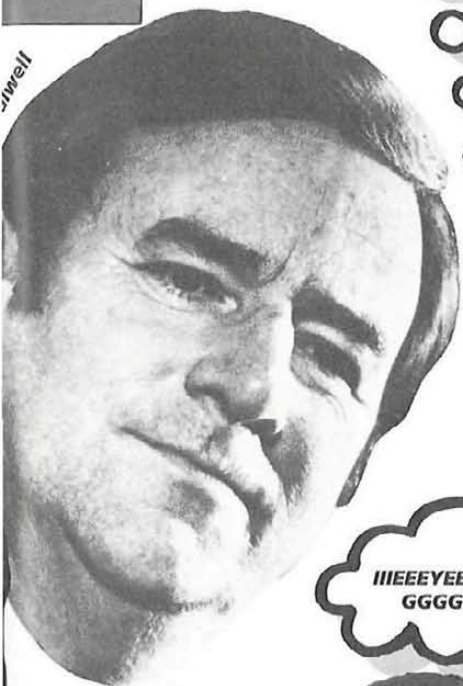
*IIIEEYEEE AAAMMMM DDAAAAA
GGGGGREAAAAATESSSST....*



Phil Donahue



Ed McMahon



Jerry Falwell



Traci Lords



Muhammad Ali

Photo of Traci Lords courtesy of Milky Way Productions; photos of the Reverend Jerry Falwell and Pete Rose, AP/Wide World; all other photos, Ron Galella.

JFK MYSTERY

continued from page 34

Up Next?, the official journal of the assassination conspiracy binness, and, based on all my research, I decided we had *quite a few* unanswered questions out there. Like:

Numero Uno: Who was really the president in 1963? They say Kennedy now, but it's been a long time, and who can remember dates like that? Try this trick on yourself. Was Warren G. Harding president in 1914 or 1924? See? You don't know, do you? And it could mean a difference of *ten years* in our understanding of history. So take Kennedy, he could of been president in '53, '63, '73. Who the heck remembers now?

Numero Two-o: It's well known that many people kept Czechoslovakian-made shoulder cannons in the back of their pickups for routine weasel hunting. Why did Lee Harvey Oswald buy his in Russia?

Numero Three-o: Did Jackie really expect to get away with those shoes?

Course, I had to wait until my parole to actually go check out the conspiracy situation up in Dallas, but once I did I made a beeline for the Oswald rooming house on Beckley Avenue, which is where I started my investigation. When I got there—and we're talking May 21, 1970, for all the historians in the audience—there were quite a few hippies living upstairs, throwing fairy dust on each other and watching Peter Fonda movies. As far as I know, these hippies have never been explained. But I questioned several of them extensively, researched all their astrological signs, and discovered that, of the fourteen hippies living upstairs in the Oswald rooming house, thirteen had never heard of Lee Harvey Oswald. The fourteenth, a pale and sickly woman named

Lucille "Aqualung" Pisces, told me that on the afternoon of November 22, 1963, she was attending fourth-period classes at Vince Lombardi Junior High School in Macon, Georgia. I subsequently traveled to the aforementioned junior high and verified that the woman's story was, in fact, correct. Lucille Pisces also entrusted me with the information that one night, while rooting around on the floor listening to Grateful Dead music and doing "The Gator," she noticed one of those trick fountain pens that have nekkid ladies inside the glass part, resting against a windowsill, coated with cobwebs. On one side of the pen, stamped in gold, it read:

Manny's Weapon Photography
We Make Your Gun Look Like a Member of
"The Family"
403 W. Jefferson
"Don't Shoot, Just Toot"

At first glance it looked like just a plain old ordinary ad for a gun-photo studio. They're all over that part of Dallas. But then I remembered: Lee Harvey liked to have his picture taken with *all* his guns. It was kind of a hobby with him. If this place was still there, then maybe, just maybe...

"Sure, I remember him," said Floyce Viridiana, a robust woman who looked like she just loaned out her lower body for trampoline practice. "He was the skinny kid that always came in here mumbling about howitzer ammunition."

"What caliber?"

"Forty-sevens. What else?"

"That's him. And what did he want from you?"

"Just the usual. Pictures of him with his Mannlicher pump-action with telescopic. Him with his .38 Smith & Wesson. Him with his Czechoslovakian shoulder cannon."

"Did you say Czechoslovakian shoulder cannon?"

"Right. You know, the kind they use for weasels."

"What did it have on it?"

"If I remember right, he had a laser-guided telescopic sight with a little engraving on top of it."

"An engraving?"

"Yeah. Something like 'This one's for you, Jack.'"

"This one's for you, Jack?"

"Yeah. 'This one's for you, Jack.' We never could figure out what it meant."

"Probably something personal."

"I wouldn't know about that, Mr. Briggs."

So there I had my first clue. Evidently Oswald had traveled to the gun-photo shop on Jefferson Street with the *express* intention of having himself photographed with a Czechoslovakian shoulder cannon. We didn't know it was the *same* cannon yet. But we knew it had a distinctive marking on the telescopic sight. Now all we had to do was find this "Jack" guy.

"Thank you very much, Floyce. By the way, did you happen to keep the negatives of this picture of the Czech shoulder cannon?"

"Yes, sir, I always do."

"Would you mind if I took a look at those?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but that would be an ethics violation for those of us in the gun-picture binness. You know, sometimes people like to get *comfortable* with their gun, if you know what I mean, before we snap the picture."

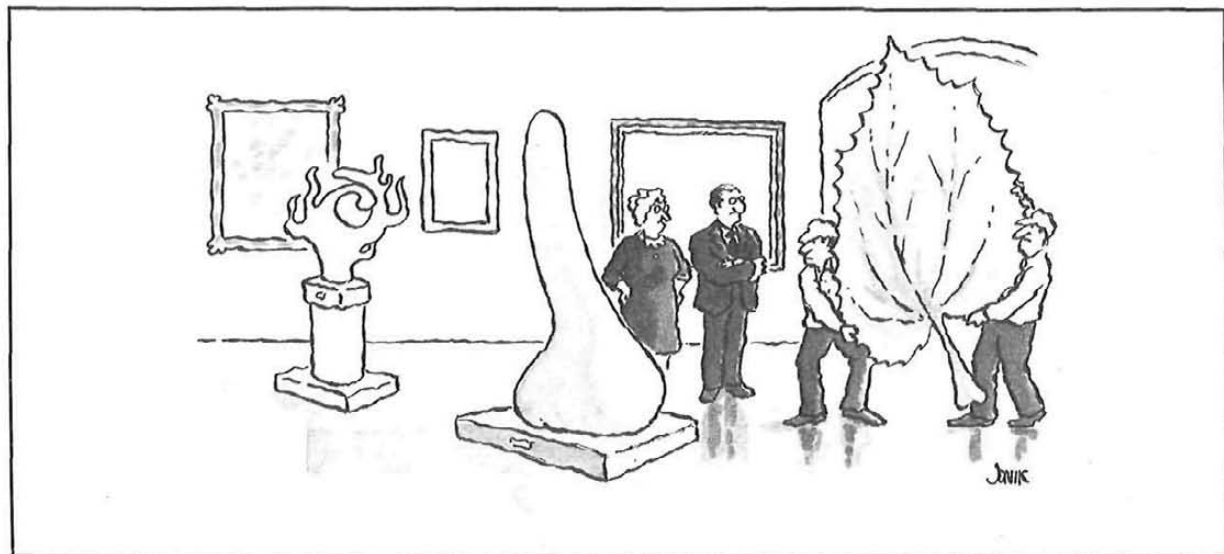
"I suppose you're speaking of *in flagrante torpedo*?"

"That's right. I wouldn't wanta be responsible for somebody getting caught with their pump-loader exposed."

"No, ma'am, we wouldn't want that."

"Sorry."

"I don't guess you'd show it to me if I





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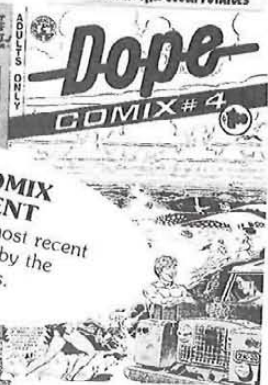
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exposed my pump-loader, would you?"

After I had all the buckshot surgically removed from my heinie, I went on to the next phase of the investigation, which was to trace the origins of the slogan "This one's for you, Jack."

To do this I went directly to the Dallas Public Library and read the complete works of A. C. Greene, because A. C. Greene wrote all the books in the Dallas Public Library, beginning with *Famous Drunk Indians That Visited Dallas in the 1860s and Got Killed with Muskets*, continuing right on through *Dallas in the Eighties: Gimme Some Money*. What I was searching for was any book with a reference to this mysterious "Jack." I suppose I read books for durn near two weeks before I finally came to one solitary entry:

Jack Brangus, also known as "Jack" and "Hatrack Jack," Women's Clothing Department, Neiman-Marcus; accused in 1964 of physically attacking a boutique customer with a Masonite batracker; cleared by the Dallas County Grand Jury after seven weeks of testimony; previously known as the designer of a white satin rose-petal beaddress once worn by Mae West; originated the slogan "Don't crochet with lamé."

That was it—all that was known

about the man. But somehow, I don't know, I just had a hunch about Hatrack Jack, and so I set out to find him. I tried Neiman-Marcus, but nobody wanted to talk.

"Listen, buddy," said Sylvia Swanson, head of Costume Jewelry, "you ask too many questions about Hatrack Jack and you're gonna wish you hadn't."

"Oh yeah?" I said.

"Listen, I don't know if you've ever heard of black egret feathers fitted on a black velvet gown that flares at the knees and squeezes the bodice, but I saw that done to somebody one time and it's not a pretty sight."

"I think I heard about that case."

"Sure you did. Everybody did. Those egret feathers were famous. They knew a dress designer did it, or at least somebody posing as a dress designer. And I would say about 99.9 percent of us thought it was Hatrack Jack."

"Is that right?"

"Not that we could ever prove anything, mind you."

"Sure."

"So you see what you're dealing with here?"

"Satin Lastex on an Esther Williams bathing suit?"

"Right. That kind of thing. Killer fabrics."

"I'll remember that."

But not all the Neiman employees were so cautious. Finally an assistant cashier in the Ridiculous Belts Department pulled me aside and said, "Hey, did I hear you asking about Hatrack Jack?"

"Maybe. What's it to you?"

"I know where you can find him," she said.

"And it's gonna cost me, right?"

"That depends on you."

"Oh, yeah. Depends on me what?"

"Depends on whether you'll expose your pump-loader or not."

Three days later, I had the address I needed. It was a run-down tenement in East Dallas with a sign out front that said "Rooms for Free." As soon as I stepped inside, I felt like I was stepping into a run-down tenement in East Dallas.

"Anybody home?" I said.

Three rats convened a rodent convention under the stairwell and elected me the social director.

"Yoo-hoo! Anybody here?"

Upstairs I heard the unmistakable sound of professional basketball, as though ten massive bodies were jostling for a rebound. I made a few tentative steps up the stairs, then stopped with a jolt.

Suddenly the door at the top of the stairs swung open and a high-pitched, Judy Garland voice said, "Somebody down there?"

"Yes, I'm looking for Mr. Hatrack Jack Brangus. Does he live here?"

There was a moment of silence, and then, "Wait just a minute."

I waited maybe ten minutes, and finally Mr. Brangus emerged from his room. He looked like he'd been making French toast.

"Sorry it took so long," he said. "I had a professional basketball team in my room."

"So I noticed."

"Sooooooo. What can I do for you?"

I immediately noticed that Mr. Hatrack Jack Brangus put twelve extra o's in the word "so."

I said, "Depends on you."

"Well, I'm not exposing my pump-loader, if *that's* what you're after."

"No, no, nothing like that. All I need is a little information."

"Yeah."

"On Lee Harvey."

Suddenly Hatrack Jack's face turned the color of a three-day-old Hostess Twinkie.

"Not...not..."

"That's right, Brangus—Lee Harvey Oswald!"

Suddenly Hatrack Jack's arms turned the color of an engorged walrus.

"How did you find me?"

His voice sounded pathetic, like the sound of a baby hamster being forced



into a Vienna sausage can.

"So you know something, do you?" I said.

"Did they already tell you about the ostrich neck ruffs and draped over-sleeves?"

"Ostrich? I heard about some *egret* feathers!"

"*Not the ones on the lace Medici collars and seed-pearl arabesques!*"

The man was crumbling into a little pile of catalog copy, right before my very eyes, so I grabbed him by the collar and shook him and said, "Okay, Hatrack, get ahold of yourself. Whatever you got to say, you can say it to me. But I'm not leaving till I find out what's going on here."

He looked frightened by my manly brusqueness.

"Okay," I said, "let's start with these ostrich neck ruffs."

He swallowed the lump in his throat, stared up at me with trembling eyes, and spilled his guts.

Before he started to confess, I made him go get a mop and pail and clean up his guts.

"The neck ruffs were nothing, really," he said. "It started innocently enough. One day I was hanging around Women's Jewelry and I picked up this set of pigeon-egg pearls. They were darling—you should have seen them. It was *nothing*. I mean who cares, right?"

"And what did you do with the

aforesaid pigeon-egg pearls?"

"I'm getting to that. I'm *getting* to it. Don't you see how hard this is for me? Don't you have just a *little* compassion for a man in my position?"

"Okay, okay."

"So what happens? The woman behind the counter, a dear, dear woman, Aubrey Bohannon Davies, she says to me, 'Have you seen the white lacquered wig we have to go with those? You know, just kidding around. She didn't mean anything by it. And then...and then...I don't know if I can do this.'"

"Brangus, you're gonna tell me what you did with those pigeon-egg pearls and that white lacquered wig or else we're gonna march over to Stanley Marcus's house and you're gonna have to tell *him*."

"No, no, not that. Okay, okay, I'll talk... So I put on the pearls."

"You *what*?"

"It was just *one* little string of pigeon eggs. At least at first."

"And what about later?"

"Do we have to go into all of it?" he whined.

"All of it."

"Then I put on the white lacquered wig and did the Dance of the Seven Veils."

"Right there in the store?"

"Right there in the store. You know, just horsing around."

"Without any *music*?"

"Right. No music. No warning. I just put on the wig and started doing the Dance of the Seven Veils."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"I don't care if you believe it or not. It happens to be true."

"What did you use for veils?"

"Peacock feathers."

"*Not real* peacock feathers."

"No no, of course not. That was much later. Imitation peacock feathers."

"And what happened when you did the Dance of the Seven Veils?"

"Nothing at first. That's why it was so *seductive*. Nobody seemed to mind. Aubrey didn't mind. Phil *certainly* didn't mind."

"Who's Phil?"

"He used to get the peacock feathers for me."

"Oh."

"But then it started to become a sickness. I don't know how it happens. One day it's pigeon-egg pearls and peacock feathers, the next day it's embroidered chiffon and ruby-stone berry beads. You don't know what's happening to you. I used to excuse myself three or four times a day, go into the private dressing rooms, and get a taffeta fix. I remember one time I was so deep into 'dressing up' that I wrapped a red velvet evening gown, with white ermine collar and cuffs, in a gold-foil package so we could go in the back and 'play Santa Claus.'"

"That's *disgusting*."

"But you must understand. It's a disease. It's beyond your control. You get to a point where you have to sniff the chinchilla twice a day or else you get the shakes. Have you ever seen a silk-brocade junkie with Joan Crawford shoulders?"

"No, can't say that I have."

"The shoulders get that way from constant exposure to laurel-leaf epaulets. Some people get permanent spinal injuries. I've seen two cases of paraplegia."

"And this really happened to you? You were that far gone?"

"Are you kidding? I used to go over to Cosmetics and *beg* for porcelain makeup on my eyelids. That was after I got into the heavy stuff—Harlow white satin halter necks, marabou stoles, bugle-bead skullcaps. And, of course, so much chiffon I can't even remember. Chiffon is the worst. There's no way to stop once you get started. You either run out of money or you run out of chiffon. That's the only way you'll get off the stuff."

"So you were drowning in chiffon?"

"Honey, I was *swatbed* in it."

"So how did it all end?"

"It ended"—and he looked at me with fear and dread, like I was a used wool pants suit on the discount rack at K mart—"with the assassination."

Could I have a little hokey Jack Webb music here, please?



"Here's the best part—he wants a million bucks and a jet to Bolivia."

"Just as I thought," I said.

"I had this customer. 'Dorothy Lamour.' That wasn't her real name, of course, it's just what we called her. She'd come in two, three times a week, usually wrapped in sarongs. A beautiful woman. A real dear. Ostrich fronds out the kazoo. Anyway, Dorothy would come in and model spangled organdy for the children on Saturdays. That's the kind of person she was. But she was a strange person in other ways. She had a temper. She could get bent out of shape over little things, like whether it's okay to put pleated ruffles on butterfly sleeves."

"I wouldn't exactly call that a *little* thing."

"Well, no, that's not a very good example. But one time she was looking at a leopard-print crepe and considering it for the accessories that go with a black satin ensemble, and I said, 'Honey, we're talking beauty disaster,' and she flew into an absolute rage over it. But I ask you, was I wrong? Leopard-print crepe with black satin. Of course I was right."

"It does sound like she was a little cockeyed."

"Okay, so you see what I was dealing with. But there was one subject we could never, never, *ever* mention around Dorothy."

"Yeah?"

"And that was Jacqueline Kennedy."

"Jackie?"

"Dorothy thought she was a fashion reptile."

"You're speaking figuratively, of course?"

"No, Dorothy was of the opinion that Jackie hunted flies with her tongue when it came to dressing."

"I see."

"It first started with the whole Oleg Cassini thing. Jackie would go to Paris and come back with these aquamarine frocky things, and Dorothy would be *hysterical* for a week. We'd have to use ermine to get her revived. Then, you probably remember what happened next."

"The pillbox hat?"

"Right. Dorothy started hyperventilating, and we had to tickle her soles with a feather boa. But even *that* wasn't the thing that did it. It was the shoes."

"I knew it."

"Jackie's shoes were too much for her. The first time I saw those pink pumps, I knew Dorothy would be coming in, ready to blow. But the strange thing about it, this time she just kind of sailed in and didn't say a word. She wandered over to Accessories, fingered a few alligator handbags, and then let out a big sigh. I knew what was on her mind, and so I said, 'Dorothy, I wouldn't get too upset. The woman is entitled to wear...' But Dorothy put her finger over my lips and said, 'Don't worry, dear, I've already

handled it.' That was the last day I saw her."

"What? That's all?"

"The president came to Dallas three weeks later, and I guess you know the rest."

Hatrack started to sob. "*I could have stopped her. I could have done SOME-THING.*"

"Now, now, it's not your fault," I told him. "Besides, we don't *know* that it has any connection."

"Oh, she wanted to kill her, all right. She *despised* those square bodices. She would have done anything to get rid of that woman."

"Are you saying the woman known as 'Dorothy Lamour' actually pulled the trigger?"

"Pulled it, hired somebody to pull it, paid Castro to pull it—what difference does it make? Our president is dead."

"Hatrack?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where Dorothy Lamour is today?"

"Runs a weapon-photo studio down on West Jefferson."

"What?"

"Why, you know the place?"

"Does she look like she rents out the lower half of her body for trampoline practice?"

"Sure, that's the woman. Floyce something."

"Floyce Viridiana. She's Aruban. She

has ready access to photographs of guns. And do you know what she carved on Lee Harvey Oswald's Czechoslovakian shoulder cannon?"

"What?"

"This one's for you, Jack!"

"*Oh, my God!*" cried Hatrack Jack, and apparently it was all that the heart of this sad little man could handle. At that exact moment, he suffered a massive heart attack and collapsed into my arms. He would never live to dangle another bangle.

I don't know why I never turned Floyce in. By that time I guess I'd fallen in love with her. I drove back out to West Jefferson Street, parked my car, tried to summon up the courage to go inside and tell her I knew about Hatrack Jack, but something about the guy's story had pierced through me. There was a sadness about it, something that said "Okay, okay, the lady was right. Everybody *hated* those shoes." There was a certain justice to the whole deal, especially since the wishes of Floyce Viridiana had been frustrated by God. He took our president, but He freed Jackie to shop again. What the heck, I thought. It's no skin off my nose. And until now, I never told a soul what I found out in the little East Dallas tenement that day. But I would always remember the great lesson of the Kennedy assassination: *Never mix textured fabrics with paisley.* ■



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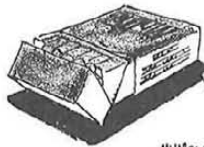
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ADAM KUBERT '86

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WRITTEN BY VICTOR LEVIN AND ALAN KIRSCHENBAUM

THE RIGHT BRAIN AND THE WRONG BRAIN



DIRTY FATHER HARRY

PRIVATE

CELIBATE

DICK

A dingy, deserted alley provided an appropriately bleak backdrop for the scene of the sin. Several of the local priests had already arrived. Their clumsy intrusion only served to hamper my investigation.



There were signs of a violent struggle...



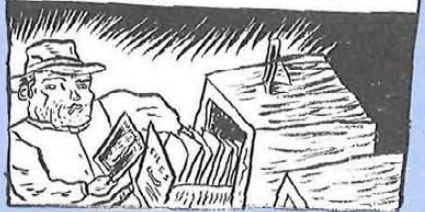
...an inner struggle. The poor sap had tried to fight back but could not hold off the demons of temptation.

Of course the press played it up with splashy headlines



There was a public outcry for Divine retribution.

THE DRUNKEN, SMELLY BODY COULD HAVE BELONGED TO NONE OTHER THAN MY OLD NEMESIS, THE WORM.



Dedicated to a life of wishy-washy principles and sinful wavering, Worm was a victim of his own physical malformation.

Born without a spine, he was scarcely able to stand up, much less stand up to temptation.

Even now as I closed in on him he was shrinking from any vestige of upright behavior



Ah, what was the use? He'd heard my sermon a dozen times. We both know this wouldn't be the last.



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—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter

TS1060B "White Sulfur Springs, Montana—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister."
—San Francisco Chronicle

TS1060C "After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks."
—UMKC University News

TS1060D "Manchester, Iowa—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck."
—Washington Post

TS 1045—ACRA HOODED SWEATSHIRT. The jocks will sweat with envy when you wear this extra-warm sweatshirt with pockets. Wearing it signifies you won your letter on the infamous National Lampoon Cohabitation Team. Exceptionally high quality. Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton. Raglan sleeves, convenient center pouch pocket, double thickness hood with drawstring, and ribbed knit cuffs and waistband. In navy, with yellow lettering. \$18.95.

TS 1046—ACRA SWEATSHIRT. Same specs as the hooded shirt, but without the hood. In navy with yellow lettering. \$13.95.

TS 1048—MARATHON 80 SHORTS. The Cohabitation Team wears these with the Acra sweatshirt for quick takeoffs. 100 percent nylon tricot running short with matching liner and inside key pocket. Doubles as bathing short. In navy, with yellow National Lampoon imprint. \$9.50.



TS 1059 National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt It's the T-shirt that everyone's talking about (everyone at National Lampoon, that is), and they're all saying the same thing: "My, what a nice T-shirt." It's great for a number of uses, including wearing. So get yours soon!
\$7.95 each



TS1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt Has the pictures of Otter, Bluto, Flounder, D-Day, and the others on the front. \$5.95

TS1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering, this product is available in a veritable troika of color schemes. \$13.95



TS1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt Celebrates the funniest National Lampoon film since the first one. \$7.95



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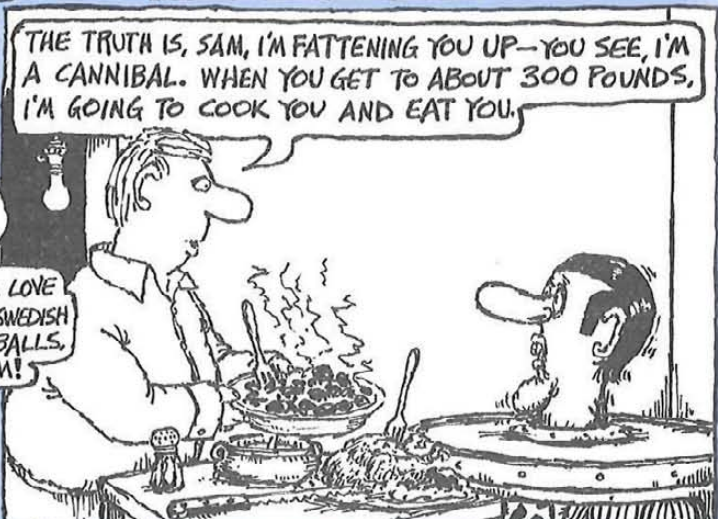
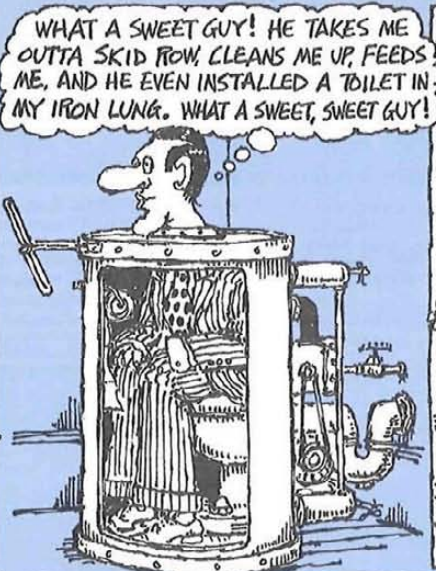
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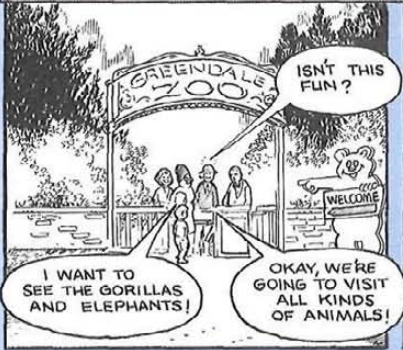
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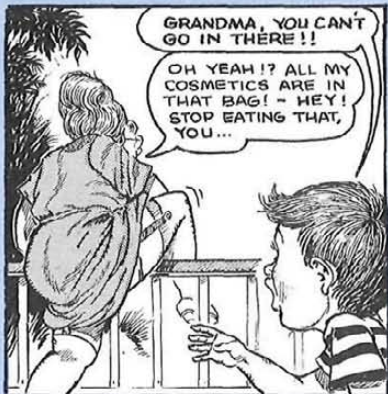
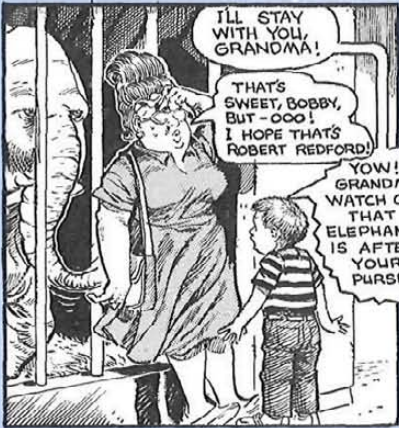
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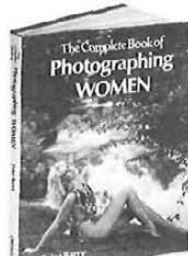
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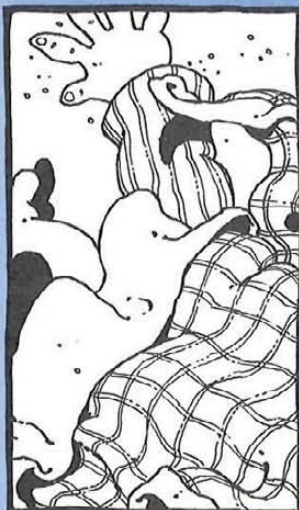
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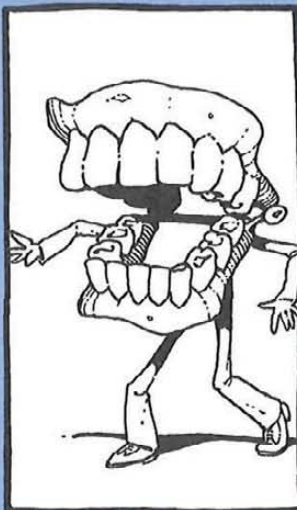
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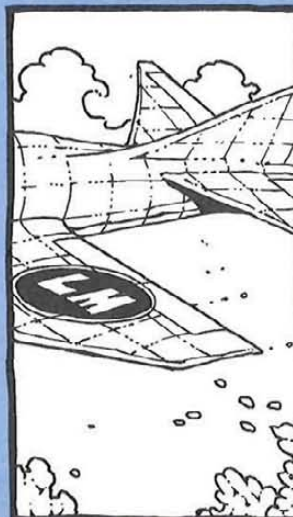
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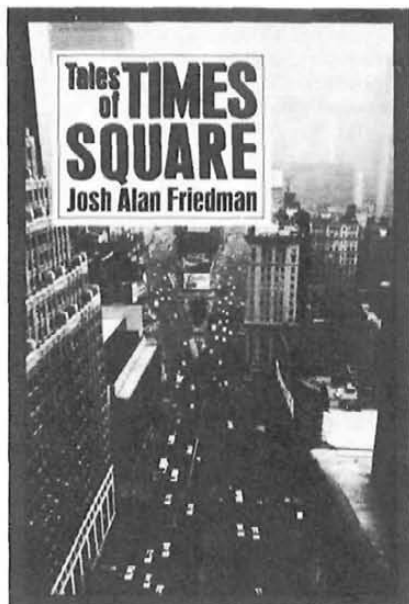
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EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

Do you know that polyester makes many people break out in a rash?

There is a wide variety of seafoods that are fished out of polluted bays, rivers, and areas of the ocean. Check them out.

Don't tear the label off your mattress.

There are cosmetics being produced that make people's faces swell.

The sharing of needles, for reasons already given, is out.

And don't make love to a Haitian homosexual who has given or gotten a blood transfusion recently.

Butter and milk products can cause all sorts of body damage, particularly to the body of the middle-aged male.

Too many aspirins can cause a ringing sensation in your ears.

Obscene literature can destroy the very fiber of family life.

Dirty rock lyrics can destroy every kid in America.

Films and TV, too.

Did you know that unwashed fruits and vegetables still contain the pesticides that were sprayed on them? You must be careful. The best suggestion is to run them through the rinse cycle in your dishwasher.

Someone just told me that too much wheat can aggravate arthritis.

The acid in citrus fruit can cause terrible stomach pain.

Abortion offends God.

Rock music has affected the hearing of millions of people still under forty.

Salt is bad for your blood pressure. Tomatoes give you gas. Sweets, of course, are fattening. You can do a right turn on a red light in Los Angeles, but not in Chicago or New York.

Don't litter.

Don't do over fifty-five miles per hour.

Walk.

Don't walk.

Walk, do not run.

Leash your dog.

Kissing can cause herpes.

Kissing can cause pregnancy.

Fasten your seat belt.

Don't smoke in bed.

Don't sleep in the subways, baby.

For every ten people in this country, there are two telling us what to read, see, listen to, drink, ingest in any amount—and think.

Every political scientist who ever lived will tell you that, above all things, too many rules are the most dangerous thing that can happen to mankind.

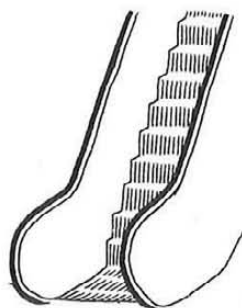
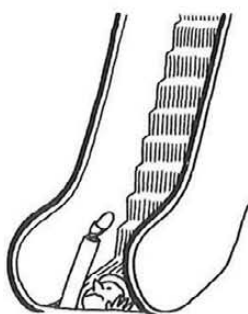
So—fuck off.

Matty Simmons

Plugs, Credits, and Graft Dept.: A hearty handshake to the wonderful boys down at the Pleasure Chest for supplying us with the horse penises and whips and stuff for the Crazy Ed Meese piece. Also, keep an eye out for Bruce Feinstein's book *Nice Guys Sleep Alone*. It's profusely illustrated by the one and lonely Shary "The Dame" Flenniken, and it's funny too. Also, the editors

would like to thank Nasty Franco for all the months of service she gave them. Also, Michael "The Soul of the *National Lampoon*" Simmons would like to be mentioned here. Also, thanks to the Doubleday bookstore on Fifth Avenue for letting us shoot the albums for the opera lyrics piece and then letting us return them. Also, thanks to Gil Reavill for the Traci Lords pic. Also, if you have any brains at all and an extra few bucks in your pocket and you're looking for a gift for that certain sick someone, go and buy *National Lampoon's Dirty Dirty Joke Book*.

Cover: This bimonth's cover was illustrated by Rowena Morrill. Knowledgeable students of *National Lampoon* cover history may recall that Rowena did another cover in June of '79. It was for the Kids issue and it depicted a kid being followed home by a huge monster. Everyone loved it and we promised Rowena that she could do another cover as soon as we had another concept that was right for her. Well, she waited and practiced sketching and painting in the meantime just to keep her chops together and then bingo! a scant seven years pass and what do you know, Andy Simmons comes up with another human-being-in-situation-with-non-human-being cover concept and the call goes out for Rowena and she bangs out yet another superbly crafted vision. Everything went pretty well at the shooting (yes, she works from photographs) until the snowman started getting an icicle.—PK



elan

LETTERS

continued from page 9

Sirs:

We think that the new "smell" advertising is great. Don't be surprised this winter when we kick off our magazine ads that smell just like Big Macs, French fries, and Chicken McNuggets. We'll even have one that smells like Ronald after he's been on tour for six months.

Peter Puller
McDonald's

Sirs:

You know how they say a good hunter won't shoot anything he doesn't intend to eat?

Well, I was just wondering if there's a saying like that about good painters.

Betsy Wyeth
Reno, Nev.

Sirs:

Thanks for letting me know that the U.S. Mail isn't doing the right job out here, and how people aren't getting their copies of your magazine on time. I'm going to do something about it right away.

Pat Sherrill
The Battling Mailman
Mass Murder, Okla.

Sirs:

Linda Lovelace getting hepatitis proves once and for all, you have to watch what you eat.

Dr. Pritikin
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Great to hear about your decision to go bimonthly. We may give it a try ourselves. All our best.

Your Female Readers
Everywhere

Sirs:

Ever notice how normally sanitary people don't hesitate to stick the same joint in their mouths that everyone else at the party has slobbered on?

Paul McCartney
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Psssst, don't tell anyone, but I've been skinny-dipping in Sigourney Weaver's gene pool.

Al Ien
Space, the final frontier

Sirs:

There was something so important about writing letters to the *National Lampoon* that she felt a burning desire in the seat of her mind to keep writing them, and with that supposition in mind

she adhered to her attack like some sort of new tape or paste, headlong to the task.

Aren't you glad I'm dead?

Ayn Rand
Dead Writers Who
Stink Up Heaven

Sirs:

Okay, it's time the true story was told: I got sent out here because I flunked my drug test. That's right. The first two times I lifted my leg I knocked over the cup, and then, when they finally did get a good sample, I tested positive.

I swore it was only heart worm medicine, but nobody would believe me. I tell ya, it's a dog's life.

Lucky Reagan
Rancho Senilidad, Calif.

Sirs:

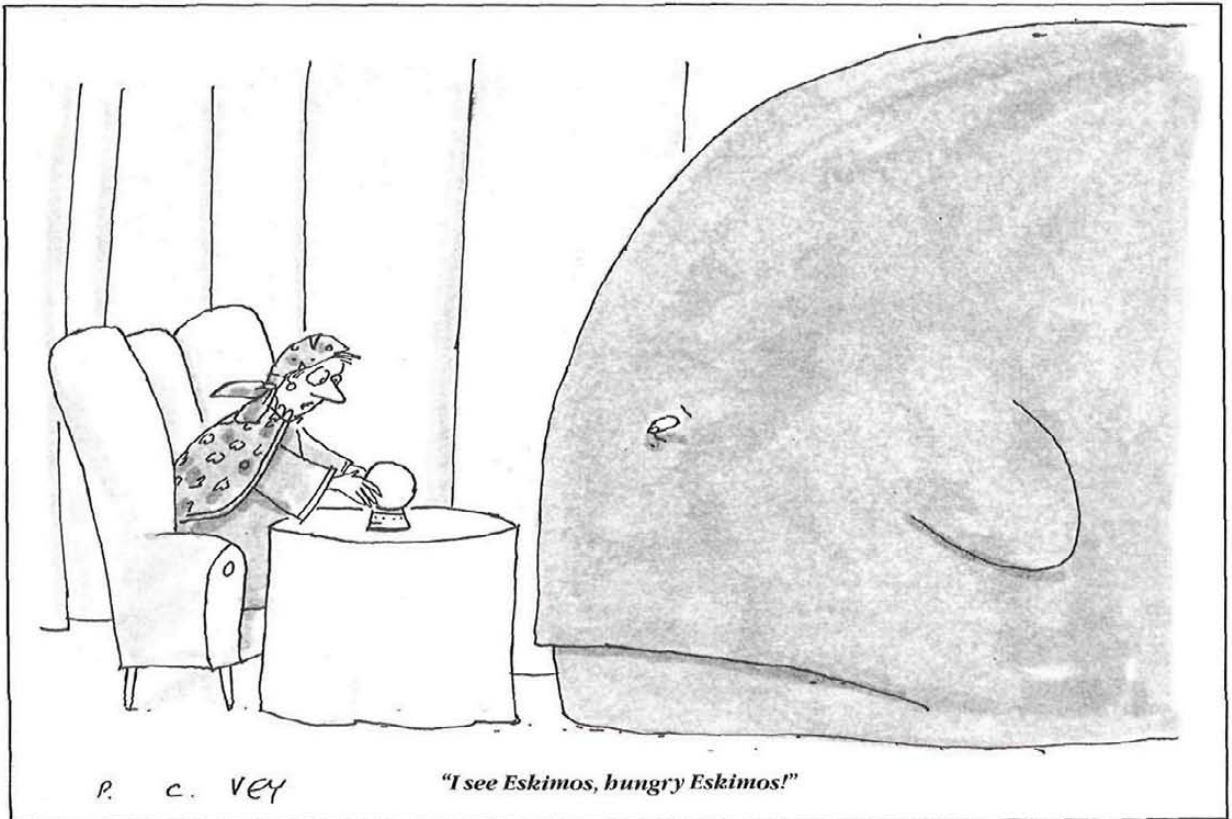
If there were no gravity, would a man's penis be erect all the time? Just wondering.

Sally Ride
NASA, Fla.

Sirs:

See whom the boys in the back room will have,
And tell them I'm having the same.

Martina Navratilova
Center Court



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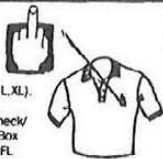
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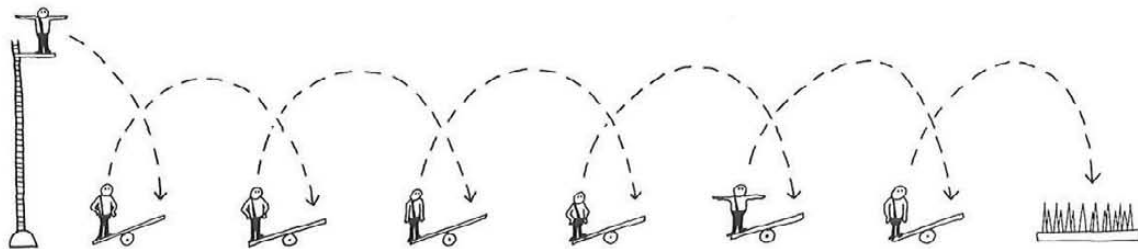


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COMING NEXT MONTH



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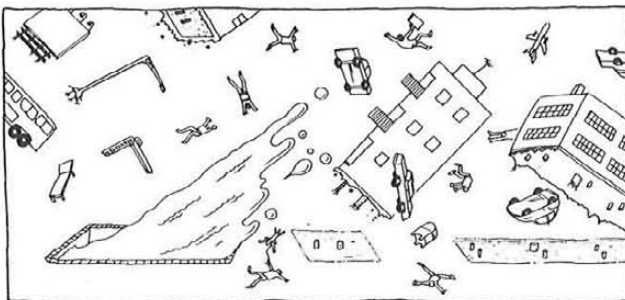
ait a minute, we're not a monthly, we're a bimonthly. How could I have forgotten? I guess I just can't get that monthly out of my mind. He was a cute little bugger. Used to come around once a month. I taught him how to play baseball. How to play third so as not to get spiked. How to throw a spiral. How to skateboard. And he taught me a lot, too. He taught me about love and giving and that even if one doesn't have arms or legs, one can still throw a spiral or skateboard. And he skateboarded into my life.

But the little monthly doesn't come around anymore. He was on the way over one day when he skateboarded onto a railroad track and was run over. All that was left of him was a subscription form.

He was replaced by a bimonthly. At first I was cold and harsh toward him. He was fatter, more expensive than the monthly. I threw a baseball at him and yelled, "Learn to throw it yourself!" And you know, he did. I started taking notice of him. He was a pretty funny guy. He told some pretty interesting stories. Like in his next issue, there's a whole section about crime and vice. With pieces like *The P-Men: Starring the FBI, Federal Bladder Investigators*. And Gerry Sussman's *History of Cheerleading*. I love cheerleading! And this magazine parody called *Berserk: The Magazine for Crazy Criminals*. I know crazy criminals! And there's more. There's *The Do-Goodies*, a story about cuddly cub bears who turn their parents over to the cops because they're pushers. I'm a pusher!!! I'm starting to get all excited, like in the old days. I really like this kid. He's even got a Chris Miller story! YEAH!!!

Excuse me. I think it's time to show the little guy how to throw a spiral.

IF THE WORLD STOPPED ROTATING THIS VERY MOMENT:



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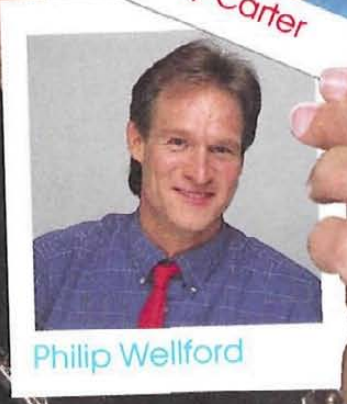
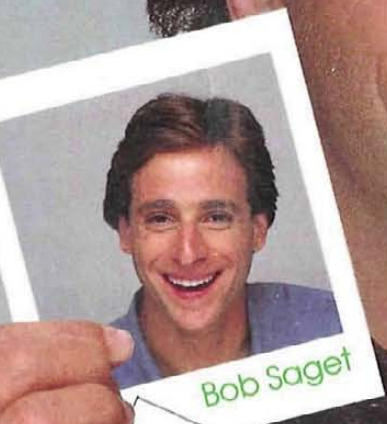
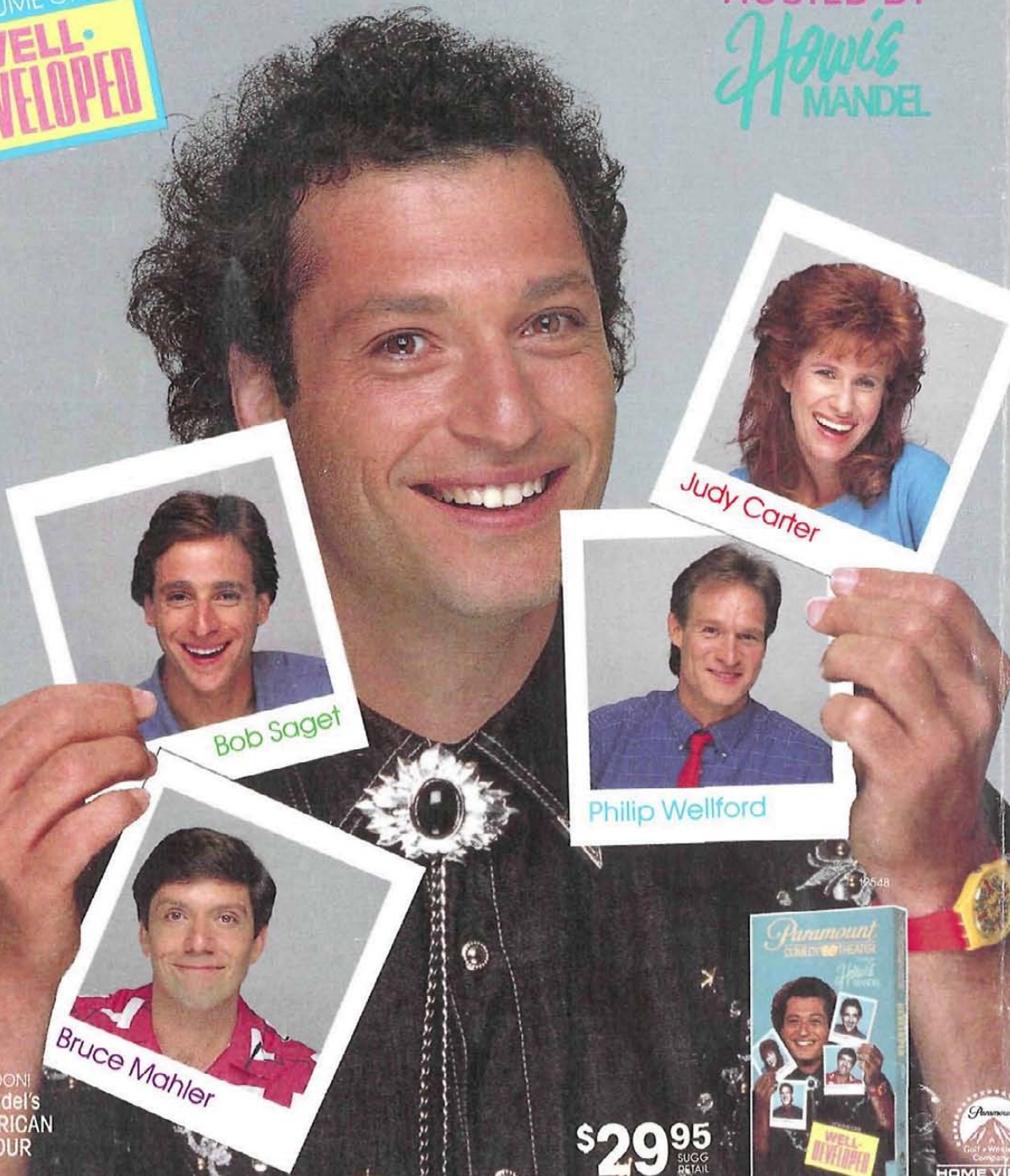
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