

Gahan Wilson's Dark Christmas • A Farewell to Reagan

# NATIONAL LAMPHOON

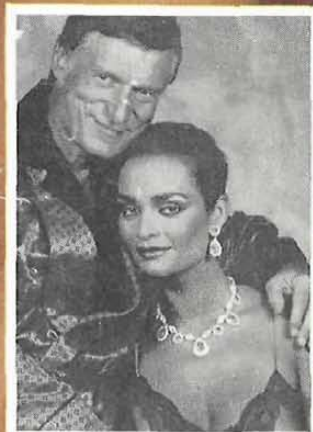
The Bimonthly  
Humor Magazine

December 1988  
\$3.95



The  
Playboy  
Wars:

Exclusive  
Five-Page  
Pictorial  
of the  
Carrie Leigh-  
Hugh Hefner  
Battle



RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL DECEMBER 16, 1988

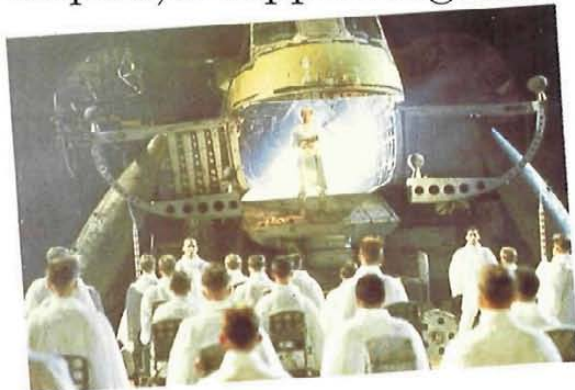


The Return of the Evil Clown • The Bonfire of the Banalties

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

# Can Bruce Dern Save Mankind From Adam Ant?

After the colossal nuclear wipeout, who inherits the earth? Adam Ant's crazed band of Charles Manson worshipers, or hippie-magician



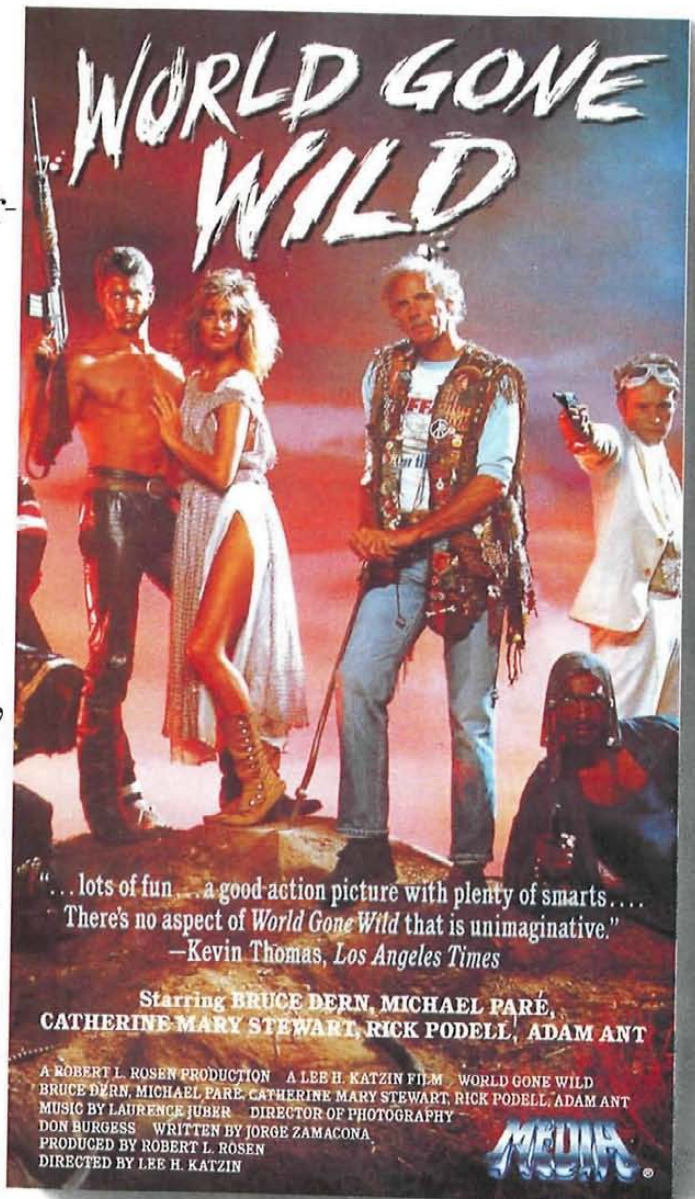
Bruce Dern's flower children, who follow the great teachings of Emily Post?

Finding out is all the fun in this tongue-in-cheek sci-fi adventure, with action that makes Mad Max look like a tea party.

At your video store now.



DISTRIBUTED BY  
MEDIA HOME ENTERTAINMENT, INC.  
A Home Entertainment Co. Company  
Los Angeles, California



# SOMETHING HOT IS GOING ON BETWEEN MICHAEL JACKSON AND WHITNEY HOUSTON.



**MICHAEL JACKSON**

No romantic scoop here. We're talking about the man in the middle of America's #1 radio countdown show.

Shadoe Stevens.

He's our new host to the forty biggest names in pop and rock every week. The only person in radio to tell you who's climbing the Billboard Top 40 Charts. He'll bring you the inside stories about the stars and their music, and announce our famous

**ABC RADIO NETWORKS**



**AMERICAN  
★ TOP 40 ★  
WITH SHADOE STEVENS**

**America's #1 Countdown Show**



Long Distance Dedications.

You know the show, American Top 40. Plus you know Shadoe Stevens, and his powerful voice, from *Hollywood Squares* where he became known as "America's heartthrob."

Now he's a star who knows the stars.

Listen to Shadoe on the radio every weekend as he counts down the biggest hits in the U.S.A. Because he's the best man between the record covers in radio.

**ABC Watermark**

# C O N T E N T S

**Editorial 6**

**Letters from the Editors 10**

**Those Amazing Insect Athletes! 10**

By Michael Jann

Illustrated by Adam Kubert

**Gilbert Gottfried Presents: Seven Jokes  
(Give or Take One or Two) That You Must  
Never Tell When You Open for Belinda Carlisle  
(But I Did!) 14**

**Zen Bastard 16**

By Paul Krassner

**True Facts 18**

Edited by John Bendel

**Yellow Journal 25**

**Great Moments in History: Abraham Lincoln  
Delivers His Gettysburg Address in Pig Latin 34**

By Louis Phillips

**National Lampoon's Yello Pages 35**

By Gerry Sussman

**The Great Playboy Wars 45**

By Larry Sloman

Photographed by John Duke Kisch

**The McDonnell Douglas Military Aircraft  
Warranty Card 50**

By Steven Young

**Bye-bye, Bozo 52**

By Rick Meyerowitz

**Remembering Reagan's Best Years  
(Somebody Has To) 57**

By Will Durst

**1988 Presidential Study on the Sexuality  
of America's Homeless 59**

By Dave Hanson

**Christmas Fear 62**

By Gahan Wilson

**The Lonesome Boys' Ranch 66**

By Richard Boler

Illustrated by Tom Tucker

**Live from the Rubber Room!**

**Emo Philips in "A Day at the Park" 70**

Photographed by Chris Howland

**Soul on Ice!: The Untold Story of the  
Negro Hockey League 72**

By Tony Kisch

**The Bonfire of the Banalities 77**

By Lance Contrucci

**Evil Clown Comics: Hollywood Producer 81**

By Nick Bakay

Illustrated by Alan Kupperberg

**Hashbury Park 89**

By Gerard Jones

Illustrated by David Zung

**Funny Pages 96**

By Buddy Hickerson and Mike Stanfill

M. Marek

Tom Hachtman

M. K. Brown

Rodrigues

Shary Flenniken

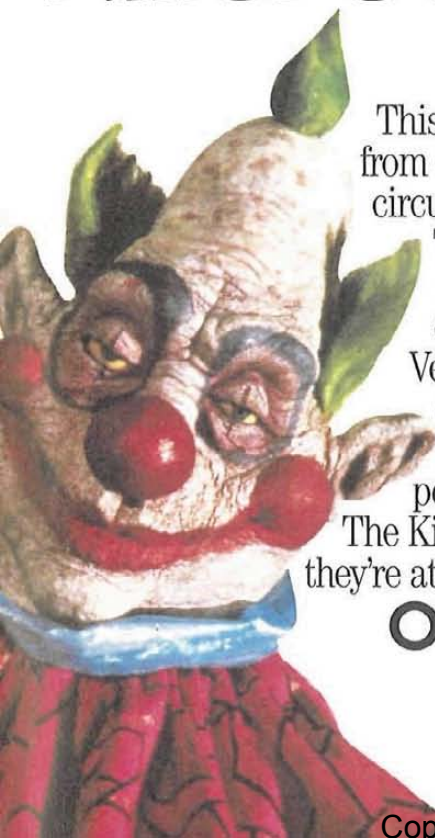
**The Personals 114**

By Dave Hanson





# Alien Klowns With A Killer Sense Of Humor.



Get ready to die laughing!  
This invasion of carnivorous klowns from outer space is a three-ring-circus of sci-fi comedy thrills.

The Killer Klowns are attacking with popcorn ray guns and deadly cotton candy. Will John Vernon ("Animal House") and Grant Cramer ("Hardbodies") stop them before they turn our population into Klown cuisine? The Killer Klowns have landed, and they're at your video store now!

**On Videocassette**



DISTRIBUTED BY  
MCA HOME ENTERTAINMENT, INC.  
A Division of MCA Inc.  
Los Angeles, California



# EDITORIAL

One of the things we got some guff about in our recent reader survey<sup>1</sup> is the adult video ads in the magazine. So when Matty, our chairman and president, came to town last week, we<sup>2</sup> all sat down to decide whether to listen to our readers or listen to George and Mark, our publisher and national advertising manager, respectively, who claim they crave the proceeds from the ads.

Sure, it would be nice to simply bump the adult video ads and insert, from a waiting list, an ad for a European luxury sedan or a twelve-year-old Scotch, but because of that rootin'-tootin' God-toutin' Bible-thumpin' monstery minister out in Mississippi<sup>3</sup>

1. This was a regional survey. If you live in the wrong place, tough teriyaki, suffer in silence. Those of you who returned the survey, enjoy the spoils of your responsiveness.

2. Matty, George, Rats, Andy, Dave, and Mark.

and his blacklisting, hate-mailing, censoring, censoring, vendetta-raunched frenzies, this is not possible.

And so we talked into the night, over coffee, pizza, Chinese food, eggs, fettuccine Alfredo, Carvel cakes, and cud, debating the pros and cons of running the ads: our obligation to our readers versus our obligation to ourselves.

The issue was complicated by the discrepancy among our readers: while a large coterie did indeed boom out "GET RID OF THOSE ADULT VIDEO ADS!" the second most popular suggestion was "AY, MORE TITS! COME ON, WHERE'S THAT GIRL WITH THE NAKED GORGON-

3. The Reverend Donald Wildmon who, after deciding that our brand of humor is detrimental to Christian America, launched a venomous hate mail/boycott campaign that cost us several key advertisers. This is the same fellow who has launched a crazed campaign against CBS, claiming that Mighty Mouse snorts cocaine in their cartoons, and has led members of America's idiot fringe in a boycott against the motion picture *The Last Temptation of Christ*.

ZOLAS OUT TO HERE I SAW IN 'FOTO FUNNIES'?! LET'S SEE SOME NON-HALOGEN HEADLIGHTS IN THE MAG, FOR CHRIS-SAKE!"

We all agreed on one thing: amid our attempts at humor, we owe our readers a good proportion of—along with occasional goose pimples and wincing and scowls—boner fuel. Without, of course, overdoing it for fear of becoming smutty, gory, or tearjerking.

And then—probably during the Lung Fwo Wunk over rice—we got a hell of an idea: we would use the ads as an integral part of our editorial formula. This way, if we were editorially a little light in the reader arousal department, as the survey suggested, we could use the advertising to provide the gratuity necessary for a proper overall balance.

This is the technique used by those

*continued on page 11*

Editor in Chief: **Matty Simmons**

Executive Editor: **Larry "Rats" Sloman**

Executive Art Director: **Chris Howland**

Editors: **Dave Hanson, Andy Simmons**

Managing Editor: **Diane Giddis**

Production Art Director: **Sheryl Cooper-Lees**

Art Assistants: **Margaret Brown, Anastasia Vasilakis**

Editorial Assistant: **Debra Rabas**

Subscription Manager: **Pat Hayward**

Administrative Assistant: **Ginger Ernano**

Contributing Editors: **Nick Bakay, George Barkin, John Bendel, Ed Bluestone, Joe Bob Briggs, Lance Contrucci, Michael Corcoran, Josh Alan Friedman, Gilbert Gottfried, Mark Groubert, Will Jacobs, Gerard Jones, Tony Kisch, Paul Krassner, Chris Miller, Louis Phillips, Ed Subitzky, Gerald Sussman, John Waters, John Weidman**

Contributing Artists: **Ron Barrett, James Bennett, M. K. Brown, Tom Cheney, Paul Corio, Shary Flenniken, Drew Friedman, Rick Geary, Sam Gross, John Gurney, Buddy Hickerson, Randy Jones, Mark Marek, Rick Meycowitz, Bob Rakita, Charles Rodrigues, Frank Springer, B. K. Taylor, Gahan Wilson, Jeff Wong**

Publisher: **George S. Agolia**

Production Director: **Howard Jurofsky**

Chairman and President: **Matty Simmons**

Executive Vice President: **George S. Agolia**

Vice President, Merchandising Sales and Production: **Howard Jurofsky**

Vice President/Controller: **Walter Garibaldi**

Vice President, Creative Affairs: **Michael Simmons**

**Advertising Offices, New York:** 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, (212) 645-5040. **Mark Groubert,** National Advertising Manager; **Michael A. Burdick,** Sales Representative. **West Coast:** JE Publishers Representative Company, 6855 Santa Monica Boulevard, Suite 200, Los Angeles, Calif. 90038, (213) 467-2266. **Jay Eisenberg,** South: Total Marketing Services, 3960 Peachtree Road, Suite 531, Atlanta, Georgia 30319, (404) 365-9652. **Eastern and Midwestern Canada:** Carveth Advertising Sales, P.O. Station "F" Bag 598, Charles Street, E. Toronto, Ontario, Canada, (416) 921-7598, Arthur Carveth.

**National Lampoon Magazine (ISSN 0027-9587):** Printed in the U.S.A. Published bimonthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1988, NL Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. **Subscriptions:** \$15.95 paid annual subscription, \$23.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$30.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$5.00 outside territorial U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

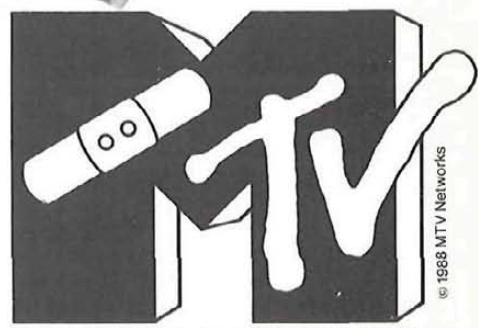
**Change of Address:** Subscriber, please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. **Postmaster:** Please address changes to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. **Advertising Information:** National Lampoon Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, or call (212) 645-5040. Exclusive of the National Lampoon True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of National Lampoon are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of National Lampoon accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the National Lampoon True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of National Lampoon. Other than True Section submissions, National Lampoon does not accept any unsolicited material of any kind.

**Some contestants lose game shows...  
Our game show loses contestants!**



# **REMOTE™ CONTROL**

**Weekdays at Noon and 7 pm Eastern**



**MUSIC TELEVISION®**

© 1988 MTV Networks



George Michael—Faith (Columbia) 362228



Wynton Marsalis—Baroque Music For Trumpets (CBS Masterworks) 364695



Steve Winwood—Roll With It (Virgin) 371211



Elton John—Reg Strikes Back (MCA) 370536



Pat Benatar—Wide Awake In Dreamland (Chrysalis) 370528



Tracy Chapman (Elektra) 369892



Robert Plant—Now And Zen (Es Paranza) 366710



Van Halen—OU812 (Warner Bros.) 369371



Bobby McFerrin—Simple Pleasures (EMI-Manhattan) 369306

# A Sound Investment

**Toni Childs—Union** (A&M) 371351

**Wynton Marsalis Quartet—Live At Blues Alley** (Columbia) 370080-390088

**Bob Dylan—Down In The Groove** (Columbia) 369926

**John Williams—The Baroque Album** (CBS Masterworks) 369769

**Pet Shop Boys—Actually** (EMI-Manhattan) 369710

**Richard Marx** (EMI-Manhattan) 369611

**Ziggy Marley & The Melody Makers—Conscious Party** (Virgin) 369512

**Ruben Blades—Nothing But The Truth** (Elektra) 369496

**Natalie Cole—Everlasting** (EMI-Manhattan) 369439

**Talking Heads—Naked** (Fly/Sire) 369397

**George Howard—Reflections** (MCA) 369314

**Murray Perahia, Piano—Schubert: Sonata, Op. Posth., D. 959 Schumann: Sonata, Op. 22** (CBS Masterworks) 369207

**Chicago 19<sup>+</sup>** (Warner Bros.) 368829

**Poison—Open Up And Say ...Ahhh!** (Enigma) 368688

**Johnny Mathis—Once In A While** (Columbia) 368639

**Boz Scaggs—Other Roads** (Columbia) 368563

**Judas Priest—Ram It Down** (Columbia) 368555

**Georgia Satellites—Open All Night** (Elektra) 368480

**Joan Jett And The Blackhearts—Up Your Alley** (CBS Associated/Blackheart) 368340

**Mozart—Violin Concerti Nos. 1 & 4; Rondo, K. 269. Cho-Liang Lin; Leppard & English Chamber Orch.** (CBS Masterworks) 368274

**Cheap Trick—Lap Of Luxury** (Epic) 368050

**Basia—Time And Tides** (Epic) 368043

**Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark—Best Of O.M.D. (A&M)** 367755

**Irrving Berlin—A Hundred Years.** Various artists (Columbia) 367722

**The Best of Eric Carmen** (Arista) 367599

**Brahms—Double Concerto.** Isaac Stern, Yo-Yo Ma; Abbado, Chicago Sym. (CBS Masterworks) 367250

**The Church—Starfish** (Arista) 367235

**Julio Iglesias—Non-Stop** (Columbia) 367094

**Sinead O'Connor—The Lion and The Cobra** (Chrysalis) 367086

**Kirk Whalum—And You Know That!** (Columbia) 367037

**Gregory Abbott—I'll Prove It To You** (Columbia) 367029

**George Strait—If You Ain't Lovin' (You Ain't Livin')** (MCA) 366906

**Tina Turner—Live In Europe** (Capitol) 366898-396895

**Philip Glass—Powaqqatsi** (Nonesuch) 366757

**Canadian Brass—Bach: Art Of The Fugue** (CBS Master) 366740

**Mozart—Symphonies Nos. 31 & 36; Don Giovanni Overture, E. Batiz, con. (Varese Sarabande)** 366708

**Joni Mitchell—Chalk Mark In A Rainstorm** (Geffen) 366419

**Rimsky-Korsakov—Scheherazade. Borodin: Polovtsian Dances. Ozawa, Chicago Symphony Orch.** (Angel) 366377

**AC/DC—Blow Up Your Video** (Atlantic) 366161

**Midnight Oil—Diesel And Dust** (Columbia) 366153

**Toto—The Seventh One** (Columbia) 366138

**Billy Ocean—Tear Down These Walls** (Jive/Arista) 365825

**Beethoven—Symphony No. 9. Norrington, The London Classical Players** (Angel) 365619

**Neville Marriner—The Academy Plays Opera. Academy Of St. Martin-in-the-Fields** (Angel) 365601

**George Harrison—Cloud Nine** (Dark Horse) 365494

**Placido Domingo—A Love Until the End of Time** (CBS) 365262

**Vladimir Feltsman—American "Live" Debut** (CBS Master) 365254-395251

**Verdi—Requiem. Muti, Pavarotti; Chorus & Orch. of Teatro Alla Scala** (Angel) 365247-395244

**James Taylor—Never Die Young** (Columbia) 365189

**David Lee Roth—Skyscraper** (Warner Bros.) 365130

**Arthur Fiedler & The Boston Pops—Capriccio Italien-Capriccio Espagnol** (Orinda) 364257

**Foreigner—Inside Information** (Atlantic) 364018

**Barry Manilow—Swing Street** (Arista) 363655

**The Manhattan Transfer—Brasil** (Atlantic) 363648

**Cher** (Geffen) 362665

**Madonna—You Can Dance** (Sire) 362657

**Pretenders—The Singles** (Sire) 362541

**Steve Winwood—Chronicles** (Island) 362525

**Stevie Wonder—Characters** (Motown) 362343

**Andres Segovia Collection, Vol. 1 Music By Bach** (MCA Classics) 362293

**Neil Diamond—Hot August Night II** (Columbia) 362277

**Belinda Carlisle—Heaven On Earth** (MCA) 362129

**Sting—... Nothing Like The Sun** (A&M) 361675

## Classics of the 50's, 60's and 70's

<b>Led Zeppelin IV</b> (Atlantic) 291435	<b>Emerson, Lake &amp; Palmer—Brain Salad Surgery</b> (Atlantic) 291256	<b>Buddy Holly—From The Orig. Master Tapes</b> (MCA) 348110
<b>Best Of The Doobie Bros.</b> (Warner Bros.) 291278	<b>Traffic—John Barleycorn Must Die</b> (Island) 364935	<b>Best Of The Monkees—Then And Now</b> (Arista) 346536
<b>The Steve Miller Band—Greatest Hits 1974-78</b> (Capitol) 290171	<b>Stevie Wonder—Innervisions</b> (Tama) 362368	<b>The Beach Boys—Made In U.S.A.</b> (Capitol) 346445
<b>Steely Dan—Aja</b> (MCA) 277954	<b>Grateful Dead—Workingman's Dead</b> (Warner Bros.) 358887	<b>Jethro Tull—Aqualung</b> (Chrysalis) 345157
<b>Billy Joel—The Stranger</b> (Columbia) 277491	<b>Best Of The Doors</b> (Elektra) 357616-397612	<b>Chuck Berry—The Great Twenty-Eight</b> (Chess) 343657
<b>Best Of The Band</b> (Capitol) 269365	<b>The Who—Who's Next</b> (MCA) 357277	<b>The Byrds—Greatest Hits</b> (Columbia) 342501
<b>Boston</b> (Epic) 269209	<b>Jimi Hendrix—Are You Experienced?</b> (Reprise) 353102	<b>Best Of Kansas</b> (CBS Assoc.) 327742
<b>Chicago IX<sup>+</sup>—Greatest Hits</b> (Columbia) 260638	<b>Bob Dylan—Blood On The Tracks</b> (Columbia) 353094	<b>Motown's 25 #1 Hits</b> (Motown) 319996-399998
<b>Bruce Springsteen—Born To Run</b> (Columbia) 257279	<b>Yes—Fragile</b> (Atlantic) 351957	<b>Creedence Clearwater Revival—20 Greatest Hits</b> (Fantasy) 308049-398040
<b>Jim Croce—Photographs &amp; Memories: His Greatest Hits</b> (Sajaj) 246968	<b>Rolling Stones—Exile On Main Street</b> (Rolling Stones Records) 350652	<b>Linda Ronstadt—Greatest Hits, Vol. 2</b> (Asylum) 306589
<b>Janis Joplin—Greatest Hits</b> (Columbia) 231670	<b>Van Morrison—Moondance</b> (Warner Bros.) 349803	<b>Jackson Browne—The Pretender</b> (Asylum) 292243
<b>Simon &amp; Garfunkel—Greatest Hits</b> (Columbia) 219477	<b>Woodstock—Orig. Soundtrack</b> (Atlantic) 291864-391862	
<b>Cat Stevens—Teaser And The Firecat</b> (A&M) 209973		
<b>Joni Mitchell—Court and Spark</b> (Asylum) 367102		



# ANY 6 COMPACT DISCS FOR 1¢

plus shipping and handling, with membership



Prince—Love Sexy  
(Paisley Park) 369124



Sade—Stronger Than Pride  
(Epic) 368027



REO Speedwagon—  
Greatest Hits (Epic) 367672



Mendelssohn Violin  
Concerto—(Angel) 366872



Michael Jackson—Bad  
(Epic) 362079



Daryl Hall/John Oates—  
oooh yeah! (Arista) 365775

- Sibelius**—Symphony No. 5 Esa-Pekka Salonen cond. Philharmonia Orchestra (CBS Master.) 358135
- Beethoven**—Piano Conc. No. 5. Perahia; Haitink, Concertgebouw Orch. (CBS Masters.) 357657
- Grateful Dead**—In The Dark (Arista) 357087
- Heart**—Bad Animals (Capitol) 356667
- Randy Travis**—Always & Forever (Warner Bros.) 356329
- Whitney Houston**—Whitney (Arista) 356154

- Gloria Estefan & Miami Sound Machine**—Let It Loose (Epic) 356279
- Whitesnake** (Geffen) 355362
- Vladimir Horowitz**—Favorite Chopin (CBS Masters.) 355156
- Fleetwood Mac**—Tango In The Night (Warner Bros.) 354902
- U2**—The Joshua Tree (Island) 354449
- Bolling**—Suite No. 2 For Flute & Jazz Piano Trio. Rampal, Flute (CBS) 353771

- Holst**—The Planets. A. Davis, Toronto Sym. (Angel) 352534
- Kathleen Battle**—Sings Mozart, Previn, Royal Phil. (Angel) 350587
- Pachelbel Canon**—Other Digital Delights. Davis, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Fantare) 348649
- The Police**—Every Breath You Take... The Singles (A&M) 348318
- Glenn Miller Orchestra**—In The Digital Mood (GRP) 347492

- Dvorak**—New World Symph. Batiz, London Phil. (Varese Sarab.) 346809
- Peter Gabriel**—So (Geffen) 345777
- Branford Marsalis**—Romances For Saxophone (CBS Master) 345553
- Anita Baker**—Rapture (Elektra) 344622
- Copland**—Rodeo, Billy The Kid, Slatkin, St. Louis Sym. (Angel) 344184
- Bach**—Goldberg Variations Glenn Gould, Piano (CBS Master) 343251

- Tchailkovsky**—Eugene Onegin. Seiji Ozawa, Berlin Phil. (Angel) 343244
- Barbra Streisand**—The Broadway Album (Columbia) 342097
- Puccini Heroines**—Kiri Te Kanawa, Eva Marton, etc. (CBS Master) 339242
- Gershwin**—Rhapsody In Blue; etc. Tilson Thomas, L.A. Philharmonic (CBS Masters.) 339226
- Billy Joel**—Greatest Hits Vols. 1 & 2 (Columbia) 336396-396390

- Brahms**—Symphony No. 1 In C Minor. Klaus Tennstedt, London Philharmonic Orchestra (Angel) 332668
- Wagner**—Orchestral Music. Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (CBS Master) 323733
- Squeeze**—Singles—45s And Under (A&M) 317974
- Carly Simon**—Coming Around Again (Arista) 352229
- Good Morning Vietnam**—Orig. Motion Picture Soundtrack (A&M) 366443

**A sound investment, indeed!** Any time you can get SIX brand-new, high-quality Compact Discs for 1¢—that's a good deal! And that's exactly what you get as a new member of the CBS Compact Disc Club. Just fill in and mail the application—we'll send your six CDs and bill you 1¢, plus shipping and handling. You simply agree to buy four more CDs (at regular club prices) in the next two years—and you may then cancel your membership anytime after doing so.

**How the Club works:** About every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month... plus many exciting alternates; new hits and old favorites from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year, you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

If you wish to receive the Selection of the Month, 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 in which to make your decision. If you ever receive any Selection without having 10 days to decide, you may return it at our expense.

The CDs you order during your membership will be billed at regular Club prices, which currently are \$12.98 to \$15.98—plus shipping and handling. (Multiple-unit sets may be somewhat higher.) After completing your enrollment agreement you may cancel membership at any time; if you decide to continue as a member, you'll be eligible for our money-saving bonus plan. It lets you buy one CD at half price for each CD you buy at regular Club prices.

**10-Day Free Trial:** We'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, just return everything within 10 days and you will have no further obligation. So why not choose 6 CDs for 1¢ right now?

**ADVANCE BONUS OFFER:** As a special offer to new members, take one additional Compact Disc right now and pay only \$6.95. It's a chance to get a seventh selection at a super low price!

Selections with two numbers contain 2 CDs and count as 2—so write in both numbers.

© 1988 CBS Records Inc.

**CBS COMPACT DISC CLUB: Terre Haute, IN 47811**

CBS COMPACT DISC CLUB, 1400 N. Fruitridge PO. Box 1129, Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129 35/FRR

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 6 Compact Discs listed here and bill me 1¢, plus shipping and handling for all six. I agree to buy four more selections, at regular Club prices, in the coming two years—and may cancel my membership at any time after doing so.

--	--	--

**My main musical interest is (check one):**

(But I may always choose from any category)

- |   |  |   |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Hard Rock</b><br>Robert Plant, Bruce Springsteen                                  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Soft Rock</b><br>George Michael, Daryl Hall & John Oates | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Jazz</b><br>George Howard, Bobby McFerrin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Pop/Easy Listening</b><br>Neil Diamond, Barry Manilow, Johnny Mathis, Ray Conniff | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>Classical</b><br>Vladimir Horowitz, Yo-Yo Ma             |   |

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Do you have a VCR? (04)  Yes  No

Do you have a credit card? (03)  Yes  No **GR9/XK GS1/XM**

**ADVANCE BONUS OFFER:** Also send me one more CD right now at the super low price of just \$6.95, which will be billed to me.

--	--	--

Note: we reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. These offers not available in APO/FPO Alaska. However, Puerto Rico, write for details of alternative offer. Canadian residents serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders. \*Classical members serviced by the CBS Classical Club.

# LETTERS



Sirs:  
Walk it off. You're all right. Walk it off.  
Marie Antoinette's Gym Teacher  
Versailles, France

Sirs:  
Looking at our satellite picture, you see a cold front moving through the Rockies, there's a high-pressure system over Florida, and here's my fleet of imperial star cruisers moving down from the North Pole to enslave you all! HAHAHAHAHA-HAAAA!!!

Ming the Merciless  
The Weather Channel

Sirs:  
People at K mart are ugly! Condoms! Everyone at McDonald's is stupid! Condoms! Women can't drive! Condoms! Arabs own the 7-Elevens! The more you drink, the funnier we are!

M. T. Suit  
HBO Comedy Hour

Sirs:  
Tits! Look! I've got tits! See! These things! They're tits! T-I-T-S! Tits!

Lisa Bonet  
Nosering, Calif.

Sirs:  
Eran muy grandes.  
(They were very large.)  
Eran muy peludos.  
(They were very hairy.)  
Y Mamá no podía de tocarlos.  
(And Momma couldn't keep her hands off them.)

Linda Ronstadt  
Cojones de Mi Padre  
(Testicles of My Father)

Sirs:  
I am considering a few ideas for my next special, and I would appreciate your input. What do you think of: *Fucking: The Original Sin*; *Shitting and Pissing: The Ultimate Crimes*; and *The Vagina: A Journey Inside*?  
Geraldo Rivera  
Sensationalopolis, Las Vegas

Sirs:  
I knew it. I should never have let that asshole talk me into the dwarf! What was I thinking? A dwarf? Come on!!!  
Ron Howard  
Behind George Lucas's back  
A "Willow" preview

Sirs:  
Is anyone looking? No? All right, let's see some hustle now! Start pouring the tonnage of artificial stuff into those vats! Hey, where are my preservatives, huh? I don't want any excuses, you pathetic little serf. Tuesday is preservatives day, you know that! Let's go, let's go. LET'S GO! I want the animal fat here and now, people! I want that sodium nitrite! I want lard! I want red dye #2! I want...

Jerry, when Ben is away  
Ben & Jerry's ice cream plant

Sirs:  
The Three R's are a rhythm and blues band. Relief is spelled R-O-L-A-I-D-S. The Dutch discovered America in 1812. Spinoza is a kind of pasta. Violets are red. Roses are blue. The earth is flat. Cher isn't. Vietnam is in Africa.  
American High School Students  
America

Sirs:  
Grammar is interesting. The square root of -1 is useful in everyday life. Shakespeare was hip. Poland is important. Sex isn't. Basketball will get you nowhere. The big money is in forced memorization.  
American High School Teachers  
America

Sirs:  
I have these two dreams about my son. One is of him accepting the Nobel Peace Prize. The other one is of him coming to the realization that his father is nothing but an insecure, overly hairy, drug-taking slob who must be the center of the universe wherever he goes.

Robin Williams  
Good Morning Cocaine, Calif.  
continued on page 12

## THOSE AMAZING INSECT ATHLETES!

### Flies Can See the Rotation on a Nolan Ryan Fastball!

With its two thousand eyes, the common housefly can discern the rotation of a ninety-five-mile-per-hour fastball in a manner Wade Boggs could only dream of. Yet, ironically, flies seem to have trouble with off-speed pitches, and are easily distracted by dog shit.



### Beetles Could Play in the NFL— with NO Equipment!

The black beetle's incredibly hard outer shell makes it ready for just about any kind of contact! Yet only one NFL team, the Indianapolis Colts, has ever used one in a game.



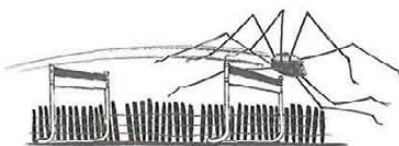
### Crickets Could Referee an NBA Game!

North American crickets have been recorded chirping as loud as thirty-five decibels — louder than an NBA ref blowing a whistle! Yet the one time the NBA experimented with using crickets as referees, the crickets went underneath the bleachers and died.



### Daddy-Longlegs Are Faster Than Carl Lewis!

Swift and agile, Daddy-Longlegs are — for their size — the fastest land animals. However, experts say they lack competitive spirit, and are eight times as likely to suffer a leg injury.



Adam Kubert

Michael Jann

# e-z wider makes it e-z for you.



e-z wider<sup>®</sup> cigarette rolling papers. The world's easiest way to roll a cigarette. Available in single, 1/4, 1/2, double, 1.0, lights, ultra lights and new french.

## Editorial

continued from page 6

oversized, artsy-fartsy trend-determinant magazines, like *Interview*, whose editorially based photos consist exclusively of huge black-and-white close-ups of vermouth-ravaged playwrights. To attain their quotient of boner music, they have advertisements like the one for perfume with a bunch of naked people crawling on rocks, or for a boutique that sells \$180 bandannas and whose ads feature a dreamy brunette against a white background who reveals not only her gorgeous breasts in their entirety but also 115/116 of her satiny legs.<sup>4</sup>

Having our sex quotient sprout from the ads bears multifaceted goodfruits: we satisfy the guys who only buy the magazine to look at girls, for reasons cerebral or manual, and by so doing we allow ourselves to spend less time in long, grueling meetings thinking of ways to show naked women that aren't so baldly gratuitous as to be completely insulting to our readers' intelligence. This means we have more free

4. But of course, to the readers of these magazines, to pop a boner over a graphic treatment would be soooooo gauche.

time to spend at the health club staring, our lower lips fat with the weight of our drool, at nubile, sweat-frosted women; more time to rent videos that feature Greta Scacchi saying something soulful while her clothes lie in a pile nearby; more time to go home to our wives and watch television.

Still another reason these ads are great is that, by showing these chicks, we don't have to have another meeting, this one *really* boring, trying to figure out how to pay for photographs of naked chicks, especially since all the ones with photogenic tans have to be flown in from California, and many demand extra money when they find out they have to get naked and stay that way for several hours during editorial meetings.

But ultimately, we decided to scrap the whole idea, because without the promise of editorial nudity, there would be no way to justify our famous cattle calls, in which dozens of gorgeous girls wearing measly outfits are misled up into our offices.

But the debate about whether to pull the ads raged on.

The deciding factor was, of course, money. Think of it: the choice was between getting *paid* to print something

on a page and *paying* some gin-addled lunatic (the one whose picture is in *Interview*) to write an article to fill the page, *and* paying his heroin compatriot to conjure a commensurate illustration. And then, the brunt of the money question— not the savings aspect, but the generating aspect:

One point three million dollars' worth. Not exactly all the money in the world if your name is Adnan Khashoggi or Donald Trump, but to George and Mark, who'll turn into a peanut butter sandwich if they eat another one, a nice chunk of change.

Of course, they felt rotten about disappointing those readers who'd written in, and they felt a little tyrannical about their two whims overriding hundreds of opposite-end votes, but George was able to work through his guilt feelings on the tiny and unspoiled Caribbean island of Mustique, and Mark was able to ease his personal burden of pain behind the wheel of a

continued on page 15



## Letters

continued from page 10

Sirs:

Roll over. Play dead. Good boy.  
Designers of the Suzuki Samurai  
*Liability, Japan*

Sirs:

Why were we put here on this earth?  
We've been around for a long time, we've  
been thinking about it for centuries, and,  
well, we give up. It sure ain't to wear tux-  
dos and make sarcastic asides.

The Mexicans  
*Slowly puzzling it out*

Sirs:

Ass.  
Tit.  
Groin.  
Label.  
Ass, tit.  
Groin, label.  
Ass, tit, groin, label.

"Creative Genius"  
*Jordache jeans*  
*Coors beer*  
*L.A. Gear*  
*Etc., etc., etc.*

Sirs:

I wanna sing a song right here... a song  
about this dude who worked incredibly  
hard his whole life, man, like nothin' was  
ever handed to him, an' he learned about  
life on the back streets, and after payin' a  
lot of dues he started to make millions and  
millions of dollars and married a model  
'cause it seemed like the thing to do at the  
time, see, an' then they weren't in love no  
more, an' hey, that was COOL 'cause it  
goes like it goes, am I right? But... but, an'  
here comes the real sad part of the song—  
oh, I got to bend real low an' dig down real  
DEEP for this part of the song 'cause like  
it's sooooo sad, man... You see, uh... THE  
STUPID SHIT DIDN'T SIGN A PRENUP-  
TIAL AGREEMENT! OOOHHH, and let  
me tell you it hurt so bad....

Bruce Springsteen  
*Pre-song ramble*  
*The Alimony Alley Tour*

Sirs:

You know vat ze *challeng* iss? Gettink  
good experimental data and gettink out all  
ze gold fillings.

The Inhuman Engineering Group  
*Theresienstadt*  
*Nazi-occupied Europe*  
*The annals of history*

Sirs:

I am not a mouse trying to be a rat.  
I'm a slug trying to be an agave worm.  
Billy Martin  
*Back in limbo*

Sirs:

Kiss me. C'mon, kiss me! You know you  
want it.  
Billy Martin  
*Making his move*

Sirs:

There were times I honestly thought  
about ending it all. Wouldn't *that* have been  
a shame?  
Merv Griffin  
*As he leans over and finishes*  
*your ice cream*

Sirs:

Wait a minute. Whoa, whoa. Run that by  
me again, please? No, no—the part about  
how nobody thinks I'm funny.  
Joe Piscopo  
*There you have it*

Sirs:

Hey! Hey, I know you're in there!  
You want some of this bourbon?  
Billy Martin  
*Still hanging around your back porch*

Sirs:

Listen listen listen listen. I'm not the  
Yankee manager anymore. But I'm still cat-  
nip to the babes, right? Right? Hey, did you  
hear me? I said I'm still...  
Billy Martin  
*Getting unruly*

Sirs:

What are you looking at, ya little fag?  
Huh? Say what? Why, I ought to...  
Yearghh! Owww! Ouch, ouch, oh shit!  
Billy Martin  
*Taking it out on your*  
*ornamental lawn jockey*

Sirs:

Hey, I think I broke my hand! It hurts like  
hell, can I please come in? It was three big  
guys, they jumped me while I was going to  
take a whiz behind your garage...  
Billy Martin  
*Definitely not going to go*  
*away and make it easy on you*

Sirs:

Were people in the seventies really as  
ugly as they look in pictures?  
Little Miss Ellie May  
*Miss Teen Ohio*

Sirs:

Oh boy, you have beautiful bosoms!  
C'mon, let ol' Billy touch one. He's not  
looking. No, he isn't...  
Billy Martin  
*While your wife bandages his*  
*hand at your kitchen table*

## How My Life Has Changed Under Reagan: A Personal Retrospective

by Dave Hanson

What's all this nonsense about homelessness, corruption, wars in  
Nicaragua and the Mideast, and environmental damage, and for God's  
sake, how can people say the Reagan administration has been a lousy  
one?

As far as I'm concerned, the good has by far outweighed the bad since  
Ronald Reagan was sworn in on January 20, 1981:

### Good Things That Happened During the Reagan Administration

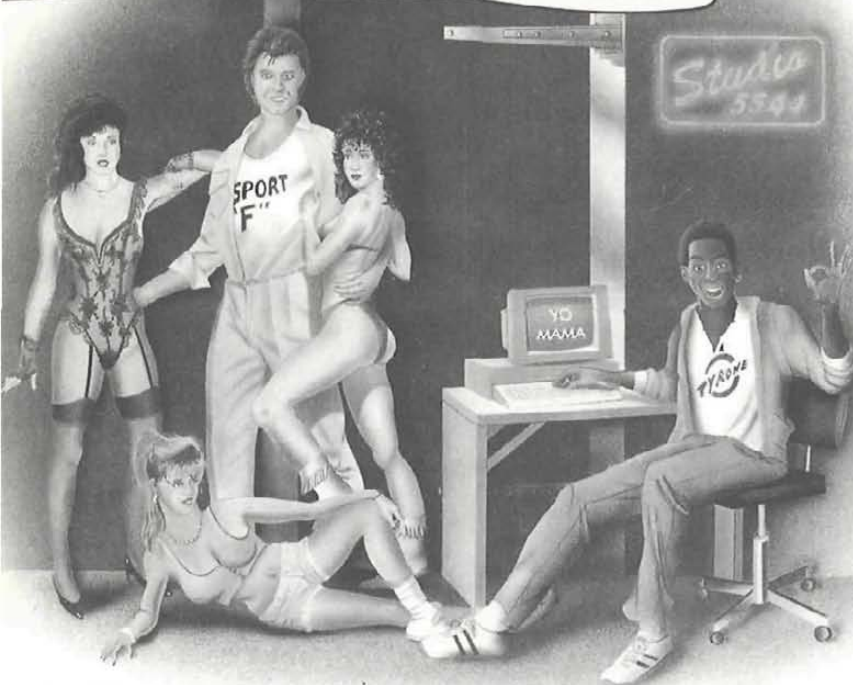
I got a recliner.  
I finally got a really nice coffee machine.  
I have more hair on my chest now.  
I got a college diploma.  
I used to have no TV; now I have a nineteen-inch color cable-ready job.  
I have fewer zits.  
I got a suit.  
I lost my virginity.  
I had three r.b.i.'s in a softball game.  
I quit smoking.  
I bought a car.  
I got prescription sunglasses.  
My chairs match.  
I got a really sharp, executive-quality answering machine.  
I have a lot more record albums now.

### Bad Things That Happened During the Reagan Administration

I gained thirty-five pounds.

by RASCALSOFT™

# TYRONE ...in New York



For IBM PC, XT, AT, PS/2 & 100% compatibles.  
Requires 256K, one 5¼, 360K disc drive and MS/PC-DOS 2.0 or later.

**At last! A computer sex adventure game that starts up where the others peter out.**

**Adult Text Adventure Game**

Challenge your sexual ingenuity and skill in this hilarious and naughty parody of life in the Big Apple.

With Tyrone at your side, you begin your conquest of New York's most attractive women. However, you'll soon discover that New York's lovelies are no pushovers as your sexual prowess is tested against the likes of Heather Looknleer, Cheryl Tease, Lynda Heavens, Fanah Wyatt and many others.

Like all great text adventure games, this one contains plenty of action and puzzles to challenge you. As you stalk the fair sex be sure to stay one step ahead of the Sex Police and all of the other zany and dangerous characters of this city.

Brand and product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective holders.

MasterCard & VISA holders call TOLL FREE  
ORDERS ONLY: 1-800-253-3200 Ext. 615

**Mail Today!** RASCALSOFT, INC.  
P.O. Box 1564  
Arlington Hts., IL 60006

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Check     MasterCard     VISA    Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_  
I am over 18 years of age. Allow 2 weeks for personal checks.  
Signature required \_\_\_\_\_  
\$34.95 Tyrone  
Foreign orders add \$7.00  
TOTAL \_\_\_\_\_  
NL 11, 12/88

Sirs:  
Oh, Carter, please! You're *not* a fashion victim! You're *not* a fashion victim!  
Gloria Vanderbilt  
*On her terrace  
New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:  
Ha! National syndication! Now we can multiply and transmit our alien selves across the airwaves! Think of it—millions of us, on chins everywhere—the necks of America are ours at last!  
The Lumps on  
Morton Downey Jr.'s Face  
*Secaucus, N.J.*

Sirs:  
Sometimes I get so damn mad I run red lights all the way home and beat my wife to a bloody pulp.  
Martina Navratilova  
*On a losing streak*

Sirs:  
Okay, so Einstein comes up to Heisenberg and says, "God does not play dice."  
And Heisenberg says, "Don't be certain."  
Ha! That one slays me! If you need any more, I've got 10<sup>6</sup> of 'em.  
Stephen Hawking  
*Turning to mush in a wheelchair  
but thinking clearly  
Cambridge, England*



"That was me as a boy."

**H**i, I'm busy comedian Gilbert Gottfried. You may have seen me in *Beverly Hills Cop II*. You'll probably be seeing more of me on MTV or Letterman—why, heck, I can't tell you just what I'll be doing next!!!

But I can tell you what I won't be doing: opening for Belinda Carlisle. . . . But I'm getting ahead of myself.

You see, a few weeks ago I got a call from my agent (unforgivably waking me up at four-thirty in the afternoon).

"Gilbert," he screams, "y'know who Belinda Carlisle is?!!"

"Well, I do read *People* magazine," I groggily reply. "Isn't she the rehabilitated drug abuser beloved by millions as the pert and perky cruise director, Julie, on *The Love Boat*?"

"Naw, you're thinking of Lauren Tewes."

"Okay, so she's the rehabilitated drug abuser who used to stand in a miniskirt yelling, 'Sock it to me! Sock it to me!'"

"Nope, that's Judy Carne."

"I got it, she's the rehabilitated drug abuser whose cigarette lighter exploded, setting her on fire, and she may or may not have had a mother who worked as a madam in a whorehouse!"

"No, you're thinking of Richard Pryor."

"Wait, isn't she the rehabilitated drug abuser who was the beloved daughter of the Merry Mailman and who once punched a woman who worked at the passport bureau?"

"Naw, that's Joey Heatherton."

"I know, it's the rehabilitated drug abuser whose life was saved by Cher, but no one gives a fuck."

"No, that was Gregg Allman."

"Was she the rehabilitated drug abuser who still gets together and croaks with the equally decrepit Stills, Nash, and Young?"

"No!" my agent snaps. "That's David Crosby. The one I'm talking about is the rehabilitated drug abuser and ex-lead singer of the Go-Go's!"

"All right," I say. "So what about her?" "Well," he beams over the phone, "her opening act had to cancel out at the last minute, and guess what—I got you the job!"

Well, next thing I know I'm onstage facing a large audience of Belinda Carlisle fans. Now, I don't know if you've ever met any of her fans. . . . but if you took their combined intelligence and multiplied it by 10, you would come up with an IQ of 6. Faced with this obstacle, I bravely forged ahead, and within three minutes onstage I was doing every dick joke I could think of.

The next night, Belinda's dorky road manager approached me before the show

and proceeded to reprimand me for my obscene language during the act. He stressed that there were eleven-year-old girls in the audience with their parents.

Taking all that into consideration, I got onstage and began my act—showing remarkable restraint. I waited at least five minutes into my set before uttering the word "cunt."

That night I got a call from my agent saying, "Everybody involved with the show loves you." That's show-biz talk for "You've been fired!"

Yes, I learned a bitter lesson. So without further ado:



# Gilbert Gottfried

## Presents: Seven Jokes (Give or Take One or Two) That You Must Never Tell When You Open for Belinda Carlisle (But I Did!)

1. Why are a woman's pussy and asshole so close together?  
So you can carry her like a six-pack.
2. Three fags are in a hot tub. All of a sudden a big blob of semen floats to the top. One fag yells out to the other two, "Okay, who farted?"
3. What do you get when you cross a rooster with a telephone pole?  
A fifty-foot cock that reaches out and touches someone.
4. A man walks into a doctor's office. The doctor examines him and finds out he has five penises. The doctor screams, "That's amazing, how do your pants fit?" The man says, "Like a glove."
5. "Dad, I got my first blowjob today."  
"How was it, son?"  
"Tasted awful."
6. A Polish man goes home to his wife holding a steaming pile of dog shit and says, "Look what I almost stepped in."
7. What's pink and red and climbs up a woman's leg?  
A homesick abortion.

## Editorial

continued from page 11

brand-new Lincoln Town Car. Sure, as far as our readers are concerned, George and Mark may have learned to read surveys at the Ferdinand Marcos Electoral College, but the bottom line is, they're in charge—not you. And just so you won't think too badly of them, put the shoe—a Bally—on the other foot. If *you* were getting a cool mill point three to print the ads, and George said he didn't like it, would you listen?

Further interactions with survey respondents: along with the big sex debates, we were deluged with requests to see the Gettysburg Address in pig Latin; turn to page 34 if you want to see which magazine values and respects the opinions of its readers. Also, we were swamped with requests to do a letter about Marie Antoinette (see page 10) and a "Yellow Journal" piece about Al Sharpton (see p. 27).

But while we happily complied with these requests, we were unfortunately not able to pursue suggestions to do a Rorschachian analysis of Gorby's forehead or an investigative piece refuting the romantic involvement of Bruce Boxleitner and Fergie, despite the voluminousness of the lobbying.

Another request many readers made was for the revivification of Michael Simmons's "Drinking Tips and Other War Stories" column; Michael, speaking through his press agent from his palatial Texas Avenue estate as he sipped a Moussy, has agreed to bring it back to life, starting next issue.

As far as the survey in general: if, as Eisenhower said, the true measure of success is generating ink-stained landfill, then indeed, our survey was a screaming success. If he was wrong, well, the survey was still a success, and yielded some very interesting, helpful answers. We'd like to thank all our readers who participated, except of course Karen B. from Portland, Oregon, whom we dare to come in and say all that stuff to our faces while we're holding aluminum bats.

*Dave Hanson*

P.S.: If you didn't receive the survey, and you have any thoughts on the magazine, please drop us a line.

**Cover:** This month's cover (as well as the five pages within) of the alleged

# FOR THOUSANDS OF OUR GRADUATES ALL ACROSS THE LAND, THE FUN IS JUST BEGINNING.



It's 9 a.m. Time to start work. If you love your job, it's time to have some fun, too.

Our job is to teach people who love the arts all the skills they need to launch a career. And judging from our place-

ment record, there's a lot of happy graduates out there.

Majors in Commercial Art, Photography, Interior Design and Fashion Merchandising.

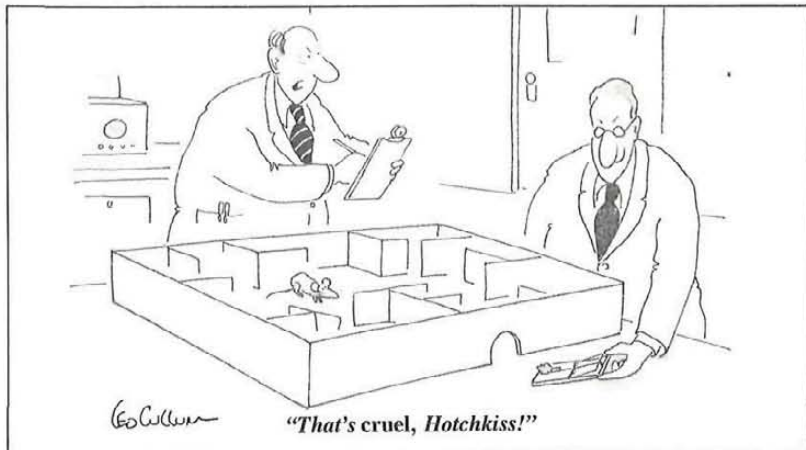
## THE DESIGN SCHOOLS

**800-592-0700**  
Call Toll Free

Art Institute of: Atlanta • Dallas • Ft. Lauderdale • Houston • Pittsburgh • Seattle • Colorado Institute of Art  
Or write: Dept. G7 2011G, 526 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15222. Include name, address, phone & yr. of HS grad.

Wicked Witch of Playboy Mansion West and erstwhile centerfold extraordinaire Carrie Leigh was photographed by focus phenom John Duke Kisch at his swanky New York studio. Special thanks to Carrie, as well as her manager, Joey Battig, for their kindness and cooperation. Carrie, we don't believe a thing those nasty *Playboy* editors say about you. Also thanks to: Lauren Matonis, for the exquisite job she did applying Carrie's makeup; W. G. "Bob" Sullivan, for printing the

black-and-whites in the pictorial; Rose at Evelyn's Chocolates, for making chocolate bunnies when Easter was nowhere in sight; editorial assistant Debra Rabas, for an astounding job of choreographing the props for a short-notice shoot; editor Dave Hanson, the Hef beneath the swaddles, who did without sight, hearing, or oxygen for an hour and a half, all in the interests of art; and Sylvia's Restaurant on Lenox Avenue, for the best ribs we've ever tasted.



# ZEN BASTARD

by Paul Krassner



Milton Berle Meets  
Tim Leary

Just think of this as a contemporary version of the classic film *Modern Times*: imagine Charlie Chaplin, instead of being watched by Big Brother from the huge mirror in the bathroom, now signing up with Big Brother, those folks at IBM, to represent them in their commercials. All right, now picture him working at the comedy factory, as the assembly line turns out more stand-up comedians than poor Charlie can handle.

That's what it felt like at the first annual American Comedy Convention, held recently at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. I was there covering it for the *Los Angeles Times*. My editor wanted me to focus on one particular seminar, "Getting Ready for Late-Night Television," featuring Robert Morton, producer of *Late Night with David Letterman*, and Jim McCawley, co-producer of *The Tonight Show* with Johnny Carson. But I'm free to tell the rest of the story here. *National Lampoon* readers will also learn what *Times* readers were deprived of—ironically, the most important advice that Morton gave to young comedians hoping to debut on the Letterman show.

The convention was organized by Budd Friedman, who started the first nightclub devoted exclusively to comedy twenty-five years ago, the Improvisation. Now there are 280 comedy clubs around the country. A reporter from *Rolling Stone* shared with Friedman his theory that AIDS is the cause of this explosion, since discos and singles bars are out of fashion but people go as couples to comedy clubs.

There has been a growing controversy about the preponderance of male performers at comedy clubs. In Los Angeles,

the Comedy Store opened a separate Belly Room for comedians of the female persuasion, and there was some resentment over this discriminatory treatment. Ironically, a booker from Boise, Idaho, told Friedman that even in such a stereotypically square city, there are more requests for female comics than they can fulfill. Friedman said it was probably the novelty that appealed to them, like "Can you get me a Jew comic?"

At the opening cocktail party, it was realized that convention lapel badges did not include what city their bearers hailed from, so comedians were forced to keep asking each other the same question that they ordinarily ask their audiences: "Where you from?" Gossip about comedians was shared, from the rumor that Robin Williams caught herpes from a waitress—now Mr. Happy has turned into Mr. Unhappy—to the warning that Sam Kinison has a mean temper and carries a loaded gun.

The purpose of this convention was summed up by one stand-up comic who was walking around with a sign reading: "Now Accepting Applications for Patrons, Benefactors, and Philanthropists, or Someone with Lots of Work for Me." Even an accountant for comedians tried to be funny. "If you're audited," he advised, "put five hundred dollars on the table and innocently ask, 'Is that yours?'" And then he added, "If all else fails, suck up to the warden."

But let us return to watch that conveyor belt for a while as our latter-day Charlie Chaplin runs a machine that stamps out interchangeable aggressive clones, although some of them are more hostile than others. Three comedians actually fired toy guns into the audience. At times, between the Chinese waiter routines and the references to buying Slim Jims and the impressions of Clint Eastwood and the Nell Carter fat jokes and the takeoffs on Ginsu knife commercials, people in the audience glanced at their watches.

Other times, the lack of laughter was so excruciating that the performers stopped and looked at their watches. Each one was supposed to do fifteen minutes onstage. "They told me not to go over my time," one comic said sarcastically. "No problem." Another said, "My worst nightmare has come true here. I'm going to kill myself after this." Still another said, "It used to be when they told you, 'Five minutes left,' you said, 'Oh, fuck!' Now it's 'Thank God!'"

As a stand-up satirist myself, I am quite familiar with this time problem. Recently I performed at the Punchline in San Francisco. It was a benefit for the ACLU. "I must apologize," I told the audience. "I'm a dyslexic, and I thought this was a benefit for UCLA." The manager had told me that when the curtain opened, I would have only five minutes left. I didn't realize he meant the little curtain by the ticket taker. I figured he meant the curtain behind me onstage. So when a lady in the audience returned to her seat and accidentally opened the curtain behind me, I thought that was

the signal and wound up earlier than I was supposed to. I still cringe with embarrassment at my dumb mistake.

Anyway, although the showcase performances at the Comedy Convention were taking place during the afternoon, out of sheer force of habit approximately one-third of the comics said, upon finishing their acts, "Good night!" Another habit, that of telling the audience how great it is, was also hard to break. "This really *does* suck, the first five guys were right," said one comedian, immediately and inconsistently following that with what has become a standard closing line: "Thanks a lot, you guys were a lot of fun."

Diane Ford was the only performer among the sixty-four showcasers who tried any new material, specifically a bit based on that week's news that Mighty Mouse had been accused of snorting cocaine. Ford recently appeared on HBO's *Women of the Night* comedy series. She had complained about the title: "We couldn't make it as stand-ups, so we had to be whores." As a result she was told, "The smallest dressing room is yours."

Had anthropologists from the future attended this Comedy Convention, they would hardly have known that this was an election year. There were only two performers who made any political observations: Will Durst, who referred to George Bush as "Reagan Lite" and Michael Dukakis as "Jimmy Carter in tweed"; and Tom Sheikman, who commented that "the right-wing American Legion says that gays deserve AIDS because they lead such sinful lives, and I agree because that's what I said about legionnaires' disease."

Mark Sweetman was the only stand-up comic who took a chance and poked fun at the convention's expert panelists: "I lost twenty dollars today—I made a stupid bet. The odds were a hundred to one that Danny Simon would spend less time on the theme of his seminar than he would bitching that he's only known as Neil Simon's brother."

Age was a popular topic of the comedians. Jordan Brady, twenty-four, referred to his months as a fetus and pointed out that "when John F. Kennedy was shot, I was developing eyelids." Rich Ceisler, thirty-two, went out with an eighteen-year-old girl who said to him, "You mean you actually pay taxes and junk?"

There was one particular trend worth noting at this convention. Whereas stand-up comics have for years been talking about going out to Denny's on their first date, now many of them have married. Stan Ullman's wife is Polish, and at the moment of sexual climax she calls out: "I'm going! I'm going!" Jan Barrett said, "The problem with marriage is, people think you're unavailable." And Ed Yeager's wife "is not from this country. We met during the Vietnam War. In Canada."

Moreover, several comedians now have young babies. A few asked the musical question "How many people here have had



a baby by the Lamaze method?" Richie Minervini pointed out that "changing a diaper can change your life. For instance, I don't bite my fingernails anymore."

Each showcasing comedian had to be recommended by two club owners. Nor was the convention free for these performers. "I paid three hundred dollars to do this" was one comic's opening line, delivered with mock shock, for this was indeed Comedy Hell. For three consecutive days, sixty-four comedians performed their auditions on a conveyor belt unwinding before an audience made up of tourists taking time out from gambling and club owners who, had it not been for the comedy explosion, might well have been managing Radio Shack franchises instead.

Ninety percent of the comedy club owners chose Milton Berle as the one to be honored at the Comedy Legends Lunch during the convention. He arrived the day before the lunch, chewing on a cigar like a caricature of himself. The reporter from *Rolling Stone* asked him if the word "burlesque" came from Berle. I asked if he knew that he had this reputation for having a giant schlong.

Berle smiled. But then he noticed my convention lapel badge, which identified me as being from the *Los Angeles Times*, and his expression changed. The previous week, *Times* theater and comedy critic Lawrence Christon had blasted Berle, Danny Thomas, and Sid Caesar for their Vegas show, *The Living Legends of Comedy*. He had called them, respectively, "desperate," "sentimental," and "bewildered." Now Berle was complaining to me about that review.

"Look," I shrugged, "Christon is a professional critic."

"He can write whatever the fuck he wants," replied Berle. "We still got three and a half million dollars' worth of bookings."

That evening, Berle went to the Improvisation at the Riviera, then complained to Friedman that the middle act, Taylor Negron, was too dirty. Friedman passed the word on to Negron, who took out a total of four "fucks" from his performance on the following evening. At the Comedy Legends Lunch the next day, Berle's own raunchiness ranged from stories of how his mother used to pimp for him to the time he gave his wife a hundred-dollar bill after intercourse and she gave him ninety-eight dollars change.

He made fun of his own reputation for using others' material—"I don't steal jokes, I find them before they're lost"—but he also advised *seriously* that "it's okay to take stuff from other comics when you're beginning to develop your act." This in an age when HBO had to spend five thousand dollars on joke-theft insurance before Steven Wright could tape his comedy special. But it's often the other way around. Comedy club owners will hire comics who steal because it's cheaper than hiring the

original.

Berle was supposed to do ten minutes, but he stretched it to an hour, as though he were practicing conscious senility. Comic Mark Sweetman remarked that he had bought the *Las Vegas Sun* to do the crossword puzzle, but they didn't have one; instead they had "the Milton Berle Word Search." He also asked the rhetorical question "If comedy is the rock of the eighties, will it be the disco of the nineties?"

The names of the showcasing comedians had been drawn from a champagne bucket so that the order in which they were to appear would be by chance. Thus it was pure coincidence rather than theft of premise that two comics in a row talked about duck hunting. And they were followed by a ventriloquist with a duck dummy. The ventriloquist repeated everything the dummy said, just like William Hurt repeated everything Marlee Matlin said in the movie *Children of a Lesser God*.

Jack Wilks boasted that he could develop film with his urine test. He also said, "I've learned how to create my own reality, but it takes up all of my spare time." Randy Lubas bragged that he was the only diabetic in Jonestown. Then he sang a song of Swaggart: "Jimmy watched porn and I don't care...."

There were a few references to LSD, presumably by stand-ups who had never ingested that hallucinogenic—"This is like a bad acid trip at the Mardi Gras," said one comic—so it was interesting for them to see one of their shorthand references in the flesh. Tim Leary was at the convention to discuss "How to Turn Your Stand-up into a One-Man Show."

Leary was in top irreverent form. His targets ranged from the corruptibility of Ed Meese to the infallibility of the pope, from the virtues of long-term memory gain to the vices of the government's war on drugs. "How can you declare war on vegetables?" he asked. He said that "zero tolerance reminds me of final solutions." He pointed out that nicotine kills 300,000 a year, alcohol kills 100,000, guns kill 10,000, but that there have been only twenty-five deaths from marijuana in 25,000 years.

Leary talked about how to sabotage videotapes with the use of digital equipment and a computer screen so that Rambo is holding a gigantic gorilla penis instead of a machine gun and speaks in the voice of Minnie Mouse. Then he asked an individual sitting in the audience up to the stage—namely, me. But I was there as a reporter. I hadn't had a chance to think of what to say, nor did I have time to get nervous. I went onstage with my notebook and pen in hand so that I could write down anything I said that might be worth remembering.

"There have been twenty-five deaths from marijuana in 25,000 years," I repeated. "But if it happens to *you*..." I told about the time Leary had debated G. Gordon Liddy in Berkeley as part of a series.

*continued on page 105*

## ZEN BASTARD RIDES AGAIN

**People magazine recently called Paul Krassner "father of the underground press." Naturally he demanded a blood test. But Krassner did publish *The Realist* from 1958 to 1974, and now he's doing it again, as a satirical newsletter. The first ten issues—still available—include:**

- ▶ Harry Shearer Covers the Political Conventions
- ▶ Robert Anton Wilson Covers the Married Priests Convention
- ▶ M.J. Sibert Covers the Eunuch Convention
- ▶ A Bizarre Interview with Jerry Garcia
- ▶ The Harlan Ellison Roast Starring Robin Williams
- ▶ Snitching on Sodomy
- ▶ Snorting Cocaine with the Pope
- ▶ The Parts Left Out of Fawn Hall's Testimony
- ▶ Murder at the Humor Convention
- ▶ Joan Rivers Calls Nancy Reagan



- ▶ Richard Nixon Calls Gary Hart
- ▶ Secrets Behind the Charles Manson Case
- ▶ Condom Nation
- ▶ The Rise and Fall of the Wilton North Report
- ▶ How to Pass a Urine Test
- ▶ The Last Temptation of Morton Downey Jr.

**The Realist**

P. O. Box 1230  
Venice CA 90294

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND:

- \$20 for those first ten issues
- \$23 for a 12-issue subscription
- \$40 for the first ten issues plus a 12-issue subscription

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Reporting on a severe allergy season in Houston, Texas, the *Houston Post* quoted allergist Dr. Kristin Moore as saying, "There is a lot of nasal drainage, blowing, sneezing, things like that; this weekend has been a real booger." (contributed by Ralph Parliament)

University of Iowa security officers and an Iowa City animal-control officer charged Brian Honnold of Des Moines with cruelty to animals after the nineteen-year-old tied a little parachute to his pet gerbil and dropped it several times from the eleventh floor of Slater Hall, a university dormitory.

"The gerbil finally got stuck in a tree," reported the *Times Republican* of Marshalltown, Iowa. "Harold and his friends tried to free it by throwing footballs at it that night, then basketballs the next morning."

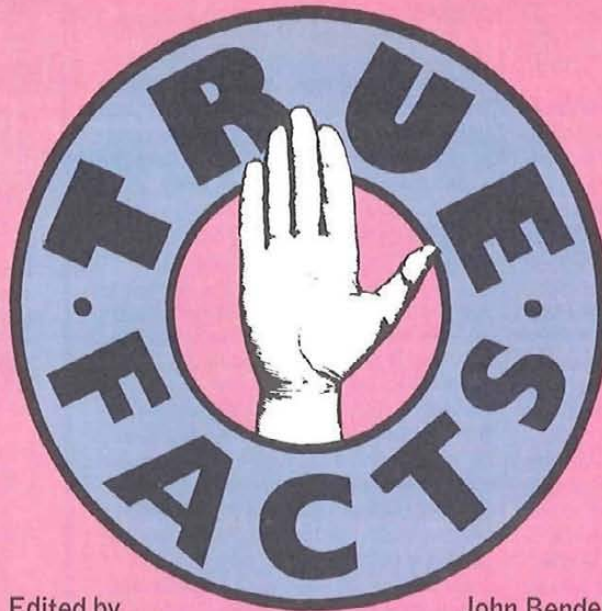
University officials finally used a cherry-picker truck to free the gerbil, which was reported "doing fine." (contributed by Mark Stenson)

Police in Calgary, Alberta, arrested an unnamed man after they found \$25,000 worth of marijuana growing in his home. They had entered the home through a second-story window after an unusual call to 911. Emergency service operators were relayed the call by a phone company operator who heard only rustling at the other end of the line. Police, expecting some sort of emergency, found only the marijuana and the arrested man's dog.

The dog had apparently knocked the receiver off the telephone and somehow punched the zero button. *Calgary Herald* (contributed by Brian Howe)

A jury in Albuquerque, New Mexico, ordered attorney Patrick Harman to pay \$30,000 to former girlfriend Carolyn Garcia. Harman had burned his initials on Garcia's buttocks—"apparently with a device for engraving tennis balls"—as the woman slept. *Albuquerque Journal* (contributed by Mark R. Youtzy)

Television viewers reacted vehemently to a test commercial produced for Union Bay sportswear aired on KTLA-TV



Edited by

John Bendel

in Los Angeles.

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, the commercial showed "one teenage boy daring another to a 'chickie race' near an oceanside cliff. 'We come tearin' for this here edge, and the first one to bail outta his car is a chicken,' the boy says. As they approach the precipice, one jumps to safety, but the other goes over the cliff. The ad ends with a shot of the dead boy's clothing floating intact in the water and the slogan: 'Union Bay. Fashion that's made to last.'" (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)

North Carolina's *Greensboro News & Record* reported the death of a Thomasville man who shot himself in the head accidentally. According to the Davidson County Sheriff's Department, the name of the man was Marion Alton "Booboo" Clark. (contributed by Lee Vernon)

A thirty-two-year-old man robbed a St. Paul, Minnesota, flower shop at knifepoint, then made his getaway in a yellow forty-foot school bus belonging to the Ryder Student Transportation Services Company. The driver was apprehended an hour later at a school in nearby Minneapolis as he picked up kindergartners. *Star-Tribune* (contributed by Judith Parkhill)

Three teenage boys broke into a public television studio,

"turned on the cameras and machinery, and exposed themselves to the viewing public."

Later the same day, a technician at the studio "pushed the wrong button," allowing the porn movie *Dreams of Desire* to be broadcast instead of a gospel-music program.

According to Neal Gosman,

an official at the studio, many viewers were offended, but others "called to say they wanted more of the unexpected programming." *Toronto Star* (contributed by Paul Sheridan)

From the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

"Hickory, North Carolina—Officials shut down twenty-one schools yesterday and sent home about 12,700 students after forty cafeteria workers and school administrators came down with food poisoning after a banquet honoring food service workers." (contributed by Andy H. Chick)

Donald E. Lovak of Lake Ridge, Virginia, took his pet boa constrictor, python, and pit bull for a ride in his 1979 Pontiac Firebird but crashed into an oncoming car, killing a Herndon, Virginia, woman. The python and the pit bull fled the scene while the boa stayed "wrapped around everything from the gas pedal to the heating unit."

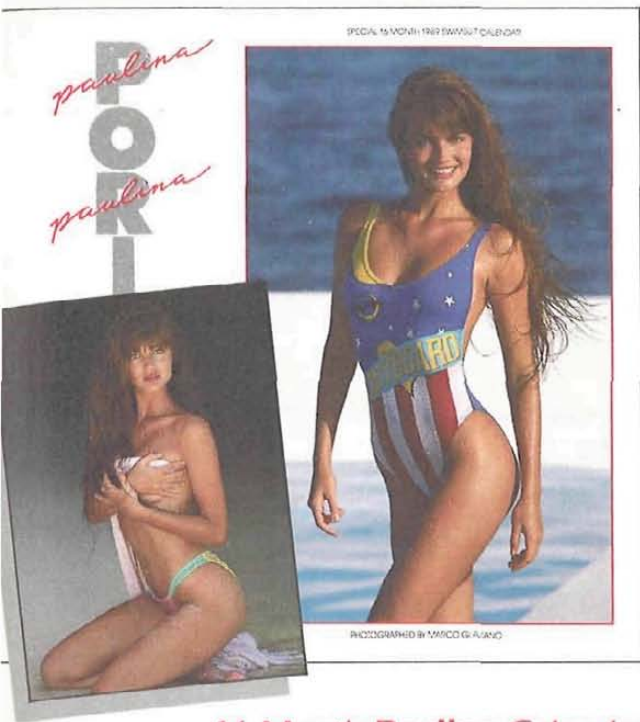
An animal-control officer and a couple of firefighters took thirty minutes to remove the

## Waiting for Weenie



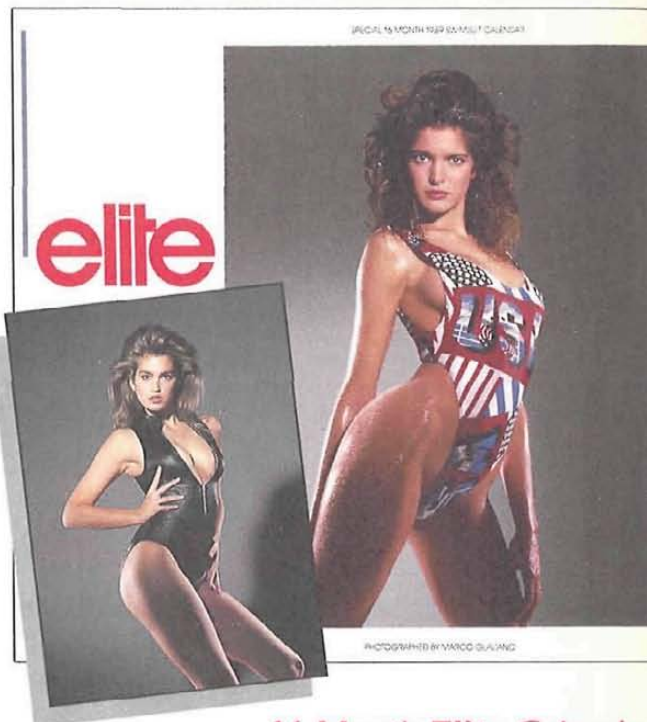
This enigmatic panel appeared in the *Whitehorse Star of Canada's* Yukon Territory. (contributed by Dale Sanders)

# TAKE HOME THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN THE WORLD



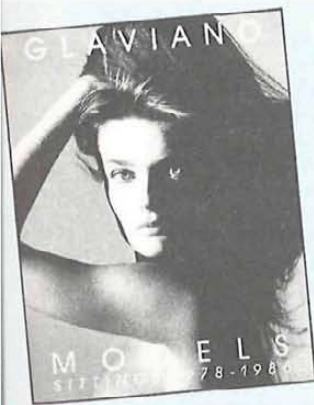
## 16 Month Paulina Calendar

Paulina, the model of the decade, sizzles in her new 1989 calendar. 16 months of excitement and the perfect gift for everyone you know.



## 16 Month Elite Calendar

The 13 most beautiful women in the world in their new 1989 calendar. Truly a collector's item and a gift that will keep a friend smiling month after alluring month.



## 'MODELS' BOOK A Photographic Collection



**FREE** Stephanie Seymour poster with book purchase.

This hardbound book is a photographic collector's edition of the most beautiful models on earth. It features 144 black and white photographs of the world's top super models like they have never been seen before. See Paulina Porizkova, Kim Alexis, Carol Alt, Kelly Emberg and many more in a book which will be treasured by you or a good friend for years to come.

## POSTER



A one of a kind poster of top model Stephanie Seymour is a must for men who love women. A 2' x 3' full color autographed poster that will show friends your exquisite taste in women.

**FOR FASTER SERVICE  
CALL 24 HRS A DAY**

**CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL FREE**

**1-800-522-2482**

**7 DAYS A WEEK**

Please send me:

	Item	Qty.	Price	Amount
Paulina Calendar	A01		11.95	
Order 3 Paulina Calendars - Save \$3.00!	A010		32.85	
Elite Calendar	A02		11.95	
Order 3 Elite Calendars - Save \$3.00!	A020		32.85	
Models Book - Purchase Book and Receive Free Autographed Stephanie Seymour Poster!	X01		39.95	
Autographed Poster of Top Model Stephanie Seymour	L01		5.95	
Order 3 Stephanie Seymour Posters and Save \$3.00	L010		14.95	
			For all Shipping and handling add	3.50
			Total	

Send U.S. currency only. California residents add 6% sales tax.  
Orders outside the continental U.S. add \$5.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

For catalogue only, send name & address along with \$2.00 to: Direct Entertainment Inc.  
P.O. Box 21157  
Santa Barbara, CA 93121

Send check or money order (no cash) to: Direct Entertainment Inc. P.O. Box 21157 Santa Barbara, CA 93101 or charge my: \_\_\_\_\_



snake. "The hardest part was finding the head," said animal-control officer Paige Long.

Lovak was charged with refusing to take a blood or breath test and driving without a license.

According to the *Washington Times*, "Mr. Lovak posted \$2,500 bond Saturday and went to the county animal shelter Sunday to pick up his boa constrictor and his pit bull, which was found Saturday in Occoquan Park and turned in to the shelter.

"Police did not know why Mr. Lovak was driving with his unusual pets Friday night. The boa, witnesses told police, was on Mr. Lovak at the time of the collision. Police do not believe, however, that either snake—neither of which is poisonous—was harming Mr. Lovak.

"As far as we know the

snake was not responsible," police spokesman Peter Fakoury said." (contributed by Bob Hansson)

Corpses seemed to be eluding police in Florida recently.

Leon County officials disciplined Captain Steve Bodiford and Lieutenant William P. Gunther after they investigated the disappearance of a seventy-nine-year-old woman but failed to notice her body under her bed. The body was found three days after the initial investigation. (Daytona Beach) *News-Journal* (contributed by Jim Burkell)

And in Oviedo, Florida, the body of Peter John Finch was found by neighbors six hours after the car he was riding in drifted off the road and hit a fence. Police had not searched for anyone because the car's

driver, who survived the crash, "did not remember if anyone had been riding with him." *San Jose Mercury News* (contributed by Steve Karlovic)

A Supreme Court jury in Toronto, Ontario, acquitted twenty-four-year-old Kenneth Parks of the murder of his forty-two-year-old mother-in-law. Parks had driven "twenty-three kilometers to her house, hit her with an iron bar, and stabbed her repeatedly." The jury, however, believed the defense lawyer, who claimed that Parks was sleepwalking at the time.

To demonstrate a family history of sleepwalking, Parks's grandmother had testified that his grandfather "was always frying up onions, potatoes, and eggs while asleep." *Kitchener-Waterloo* (Ontario) *Record* (contributed by D. R. Hiller)

From the *Washington Times*: "Four large people tried to make sixteenth-century astrologer Nostradamus's prediction of an earthquake this month come true, courtesy of a Phoenix radio station. The group's members, each weighing more than three hundred pounds, tried jumping up and down by the sea at Venice Beach, California, in an effort to start an earthquake. They trained for the event by eating pizza and hamburgers." (contributed by John Donovan)

In Augusta, Georgia, attorney Allen Johnson asked the Richmond County State Court to dismiss charges against his client, Adrienne Brown, the wife of soul singer James Brown. Johnson claimed that Mrs. Brown, charged with driving under the influence of drugs, speeding, and criminal trespass, had diplomatic immunity.

The claim was based on a remark made by Congressman D. Douglas Barnard on James Brown Appreciation Day in 1986. "James is indeed our

number-one ambassador," the congressman said.

Johnson's motion before the court read: "The accused's husband, James Brown, is America's number-one ambassador and as such should have diplomatic immunity and such immunity extends to his wife, the accused herein." *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* (contributed by David Ostovich)

Police officer T. R. Taylor of Suffolk, Virginia, was chasing a speeder on Route 58 when his engine cut off, "freezing the power steering and brakes. The 1987 Dodge had been in the shop for such problems before. The police car drifted across the highway, and the front right tire stuck in the mud on the shoulder."

Then, apparently, the car's hot catalytic converter ignited some dry grass. Taylor jumped out of the car. But as the fire grew, he remembered that his car's radar unit was one of only three in town. He jumped back into the burning car to remove the radar unit, refusing to get out even as would-be rescuers tried to save him from the spreading flames. After the radar was safe, he went back into the car six more times to retrieve things.

"One time I looked and saw my baby's picture on the dash and I picked it up, and just as I did the dashboard erupted in flames," said Taylor.

By the time Taylor gave up trying to rescue things and fire fighters got the flames under control, the car was totally destroyed.

According to the *Ledger-Star* of Hampton Roads, Virginia, "All the belongings Taylor could save were piled on the other side of the road. Another police officer tied a rope on Taylor's burned car and began towing it out of the mud.

"The rope broke. The car drifted across the highway and straight into Taylor's pile of belongings." (contributed by David Santos)

## Help Wanted

### PERMANENT PART TIME EMPLOYEE

Medical office needs mature individual for part time general office work. Experience required but not helpful. Send resume to Dept. D 711, PO box 1488, WS, Huntsville, AL. 35807 5601.

**INTERRUPTER/Translator**  
(2), part/full time, English/Spanish, typing, English/bookkeeping exper. required, ers comp. inc. Call 213-465-1336 betw 8-5.

**PART TIME OFFICE HELP**  
Needed. Eves. & Sat. \$5 hr. Start. Call 665-9437

### ORDER TAKERS

Paid holidays, company benefits, guaranteed hrs. & good wages plus bonuses. Must be handicapped, disabled, paralyzed, pregnant or an alcoholic. Earn \$150 to \$300 per wk. Call 10 a.m.-8 p.m., 688-2562.

These ads from the Huntsville (Alabama) Times, the Los Angeles Daily News, the New Jersey Courier Post, and the Durham (North Carolina) Morning Herald were contributed by Jack Kephart, Eric C. Ford, Joan Judd, and Van L. Wilson.

# Who Said This Frog Didn't Have Legs?



Here's a *second* chance to own a signed, limited-edition lithograph of the original cartoon.

**F**our years ago, we issued a limited-edition, signed and numbered fine-quality offset lithograph of the most famous cartoon in *National Lampoon* history: Sam Gross's legless frog. The entire printing immediately sold out. And, as we promised, and with tremendous reluctance, we destroyed the original plate.

Then the letters started pouring in. "Where can we get one of those fine-quality offset limited-edition signed and numbered legless frog lithographs?" people wrote. We went to Sam. We pleaded. We begged. "Let's make some more prints." But Sam said, "No!"

So we waited. We didn't have anything better to do except get out the magazine and work on the screenplay for *Amadeus II*, but the project didn't go anywhere because we couldn't figure out how to bring Mozart back from the dead.

Occasionally we'd see Sam in expensive French restaurants indulging in his passion for *jambes de grenouille* and he'd wave at us and we'd wave back. Then one day after a particularly satisfying meal, he burped, leaned over to us, and said, "Let's make some more limited-edition prints." He then hiccupped three times and promptly fell asleep in what remained of his *Chantilly aux fraises à la diabète*.

So now, after all that sniveling and kicking yourself for not sending in your money four years ago, you have another chance to get a limited-edition of the frogs' legs lithograph.

This printing will be limited to 2,000 copies. It will be

signed by Sam and marked with a "II" to designate the second edition. Again, we promise to destroy the plate after the press run is completed.

The drawing will be printed on paper measuring seventeen inches by twenty-two inches, which makes it eminently suitable for framing.

If you would like to purchase one of these fine lithographs, please fill out the coupon and remit \$25.00 for each one plus \$2.50 for postage and handling. Orders will be processed according to the postmark shown on the envelopes received, and in the event of oversubscription, monies will be refunded to those people who were late in sending in their requests.

This is your second and last chance to own one of these historic prints. This offer will not be repeated.

Meanwhile, Sam's frogs' legs have repeated, but a deal is a deal.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ *National Lampoon Frog Lithographs* at \$25.00 plus \$2.50 for postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 1288

155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013.

New York residents, please add 8 1/4 percent sales tax.

Signs of



the Times



David Hyatt



Roger Grupp



P. D. Thacker



Len Spampinato



Kenneth Hersey

# BREAK OUT

# THE BEST!



## **TRY NEW JOB FRENCH LIGHT™ CIGARETTE PAPERS... A CUT ABOVE THE REST!**

Savor premium quality and true French tradition with new **JOB** French Lights. Thin, light and smooth-burning, the exclusive French Light™ gives you the finest in tobacco smoking pleasure.

So elegant and fine in the popular 1 and 1/4 size, French Lights now come to you backed by 150 years of French heritage and experience.

Try them for a world-class smoke!



...SINCE 1838

**ROLL WITH THE BEST!™**



© REPUBLIC TOBACCO 1998

Missing



Letters



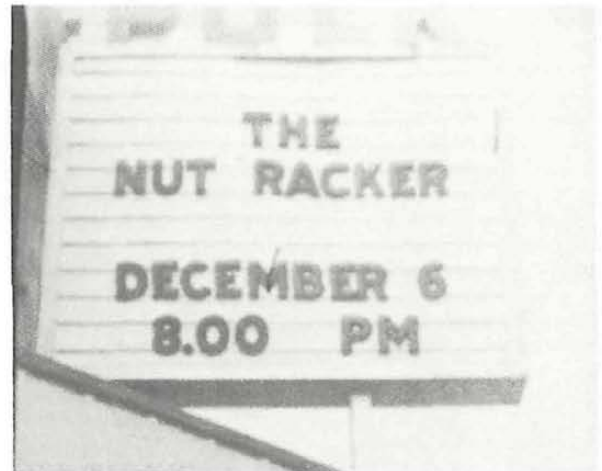
Steve Voetsch



Eric Bird



Brian Lewis



Jamie Verner



Max Aperture



Brian Levine



# YELLOW JOURNAL

All the news about people named Schmidt

## Ocean Pollution Spurs a Wave of Change in Seashore Business

A hypodermic needle bearing the inscription "My grandma went to Ocean Grove and all I got was this lousy syringe."

A "gag" postcard of a tourist holding up a six-foot-tall uterus he allegedly found washed up on the beach.

Saltwater taffy with a flavor reminiscent of the after-taste of an angiogram.

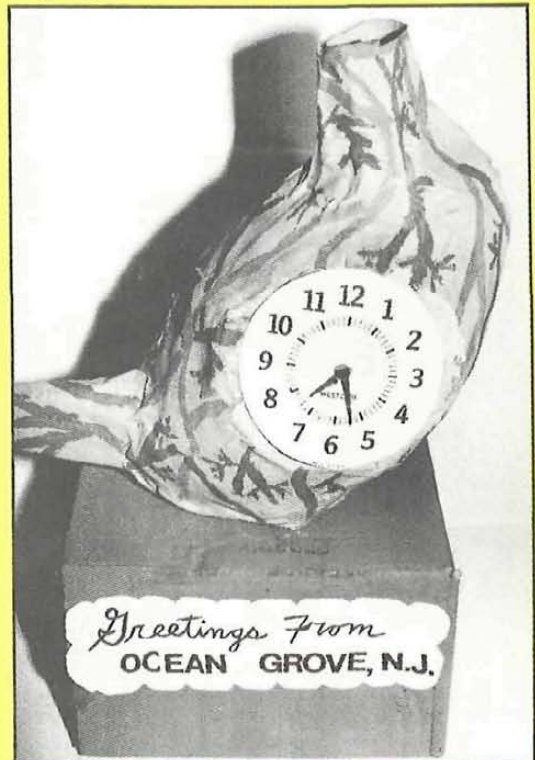
These are just a few of the results of a massive, roll-with-the-punches restructuring by the seaside business interests of New Jersey, Long Island, and New York City—an industry determined to prevent next summer's lucrative tourist business from being ravaged as badly as 1988's by the sewage and hospital waste washing up on beaches.

And the souvenir trade is not the only aspect of shore life that is making such adjustments: eateries, in an effort to make their fare more representative of local edibles, are ordering chefs to switch over from traditional deep-fried shellfish to more contemporary dishes incorporating the thousands of fish that the poison tide claims every week. According to Tom Treadliss, owner of the Point Pleasant Sea Shack, "Our biggest item of next year looks to be a sushi roll known as fecce-maki. After the fish is marinated in a formula of lemon juice and hydrogen peroxide for two days, it is rolled in dry ice and Styrofoam peanuts and rolled up in kelp sheets." And deli owner Larry Ryalls of Long Island says he will be serving a new array of sandwiches come summer, including a predicted favorite called "Doc of the Bay," which consists of medical waste du jour served clam-bake-style.

On Staten Island's South Beach, which has earned the colorful moniker Gulden Heinz Beach because of the condiment-like look and feel of the sand and water, youths are forming "bloodbag volleyball" leagues. And small children have taken to playing lawn darts with beached syringes, often also using the hypodermic works in a game of tag, with the battle cry of "Cooties" being updated to "Ha! Hepatitis B!"

There is one thing all shore businesses are excited about: the likelihood that the "greenhouse effect" will extend the beach season. As Irma Edgars, owner of Irma's Clams & Souvenirs in Sea Girt, New Jersey,

says, "Sure, sales may fall off density-wise, but with eleven months in the season instead of four or five, we're not going to starve." —D.H.



*The shore industries of New Jersey and Long Island, determined to prevent pollution and medical debris from ravaging the tourist industry as they did in 1988, are retooling to produce souvenirs more representative of actual beaches. Shown: the classical Shore Timepiece, fashioned from a beached human stomach, varnished, and mounted on a handsome chunk of driftwood.*

# HORRORSCOPE

S ★ C ★ O ★ R ★ P ★ I ★ O ★ (10/24-11/22)



John Duke Kisch © 1987

**FAMOUS SCORPIOS:** Vlad the Impaler, Rafael Trujillo, Slim Gaillard, Leslie Van Houten, Fiona Flaps, Pol Pot, Little Augie Orgon, Mendy Weiss, Irma Grese, Tiny Kahn, and Harry K. Thaw.

**Your Birthday:** As good a

day as any to stop screwing your boss's wife. Signs indicate that overindulgence in birthday booze will result in choking to death on your own vomit while sleeping it off.... Classy exit, chief!

**SAGITTARIUS (11/23-12/21):** The approaching moon signifies you must be more objective and realistic: time to come to grips with the fact that your new boyfriend is a hatchet man for the Aryan Brotherhood. Best to clam up about that Puerto Rican ex-husband—at least until the relationship solidifies.... Frequent urine tests become mandatory at work, and guess who comes up heap dirty. Don't call it getting fired, call it "tough love."

—T.K.

## AMERICA'S WAYWARD CHILDREN

According to a recent worldwide survey, American students scored near the bottom in their knowledge of geography. Only students from the small African nation of Brazil fared worse.

The survey determined that:

- 45% thought the Soviet Union was where El Salvador is located.
- 52% had heard of Europe.
- 13% actually knew where it was.
- 2% thought it was the name of their next-door neighbor.
- 12% located Australia on the map.
- 76% didn't know the name of the country, but knew Paul Hogan came from that island.
- 44% more or less knew where the United States was, give or take a few countries.
- 51% knew approximately where they lived.
- 88% knew exactly where the local crack dealer lived.

—A.S.

## The New Passover Rites

Israelites Flock to Monster-Truck Circuit

**"Tired" of appeasement? So is the West Bank's Wild Bill Sharon!**

The bitter tang of burning tires, the acrid smell of diesel fuel hang heavy in the air.

Then, careening into the air, "Wailing Wall," the \$200,000, twelve-foot-tall customized truck with ten-foot-diameter tires, plows into the first Palestinian, then crunches a row of nine more youths.

Just another day on the Israeli monster-truck circuit—Arab-bashing extravaganzas that draw sellout crowds to coliseums all along the West Bank.

"The gnashing of teeth, the rending of garments—the crowd really gets into it," explains promoter Morris "Mo" Klein. "Stomper trucks appeal to anyone who's been caught in a traffic jam—or Palestinian anatomy."



Tuesday night is "Thirty-Inch Wooden Club Night," a popular giveaway promotion at Shalom International Raceway. Tank tops, prayer shawls, and Mogen David coolers are everywhere.

"I'm on Coricidin," chuckles Sergeant Jacob Edelman. "I shouldn't be operating heavy machinery. But you can't keep me away. I love the calmness this sport gives me."

He climbs into the "Torahing Inferno" as soldiers drag several cameramen away.

"Boy, do I get a good night's sleep."

—D.W.

**Contributors:** Nick Bakay  
Dave Hanson

Michael Jann  
Tony Kisch

Andy Simmons  
Dave Wielgus

# Fundamentalists to Santa: Stay Home!

In an effort to protect Americans from the teeming panoply of satanic cultural influences, Methodist minister Donald Wildmon and Christian extremist Reverend R. L. Hymers, Jr., have issued a pamphlet regarding what Americans should or should not do during the Christmas holidays.

Wildmon, head of the American Family Association, which led protests against the movie *The Last Temptation of Christ*, has accused Mighty Mouse of snorting cocaine and has conducted countless other crusades against heathenism for the sake of America's weak-willed, Satan-baited sheeplings. Wildmon now claims that "the Christmas season is rife with profane iconoclasm, and Americans, who are unfit to police their own morals at any time, are in particular danger of committing irredeemable sacrilege at Christmastime."

According to the pamphlet, which is entitled *Putting the Christ Back in Christmas*, people wishing to elude eternal damnation should adhere to the following rules:

1) Do not allow your family to read the poem *A Visit from St. Nicholas* ("Twas the night before Christmas"), as it contains many insidious sexual refer-

ences. For example, just where exactly was the mouse that evening?

- 2) Do not acknowledge the existence of Santa Claus, as a) his bearded persona is a flagrant representation of the film director Martin Scorsese, a vile embodiment of Satan; b) Santa has a dubious relationship with his childlike elves, whom he forces to violate God's commandment by making them work Sundays.
- 3) Do not wrap Christmas gifts with ribbon, as the "cross" shape formed by the junction of the ribbons is a misrepresentation of the sign of the cross and is thus sacrilegious.
- 4) Never use the abbreviation "Xmas," as this is slangy and sacrilegious, similar to saying "Joey Christ."
- 5) Do not send greeting cards saying "Happy Holidays," as this acknowledges the existence of Chanukah and its celebrators, and thus incorporates the ambience of Satan into the joy of Christmas.
- 6) Do not give puppies as gifts, as this will imply to children that a price can be put on life, that life can be chattel, devalued and unholy, and thus that abortion is acceptable.
- 7) Never engage in caroling, for music, of course, encourages dancing, which is only a vertical expression of a horizontal desire.

## Public Crew Cut for Sharpton



The Reverend Al Sharpton, the patron *ain't* of lost causes, will finally face the music this winter. After a long and arduous process the grand jury investigating the Tawana Brawley case has decided on what it deems "fitting punish-

ment for someone as fat and odious as this profiteering pie wagon."

On December 20, a terrified Sharpton will be led to a chair in the middle of the court at Madison Square Garden prior to a Knicks/Pacers game. No doubt to the deaf-

ening roar of all present, no doubt perspiring heavily, and no doubt quivering in blubbery anticipation of this reckoning, the pied piper of pudge will then ease his splaying buttocks into a reinforced director's chair. Following a full program of endlessly boring and self-serving speeches by Governor Mario Cuomo, Mayor Ed Koch, etc., and carnival sideshow acts, a fanfare will be played on sixteen baritone saxophones, and John "Buzzsaw" Randaccio will step up to Sharpton wielding a pair of electric hair clippers. Randaccio will proceed to give the Samson of sagacity the ugliest crew cut possible.

Thus humiliated and bowed, Sharpton will then be hurled into the upper deck by catapult and thrown from level to level by the unruly hordes like a beachball at a Van Halen concert. Should he survive this ordeal, Sharpton will then be forced to stay and hear the entire post-game concert featuring the Beach Boys. —N.B.



## Inside Larry King



Howdy, welcome, won't you walk with me as I putter around aimlessly in this crazy Escher-print world I like to call my basement? ... Look out for that carton of Monster Magnets, will you? ... I keep telling myself I'm going to do something about this clutter and then I get so goddamn drunk I can't even hum the theme to Route 66 without falling to my knees and weeping. ... You know how that feels, I can see it in your eyes. ... Please don't look in that box. ... Look at this instead. ... Oh come on, like you never saw one before, sure. ... It's like a litany to Larry as I stroll by these boxes and shelves. ... Trolls ... Rat Fink ... sea monkeys ... and of course Totie Fields's left leg. ... I SAID, DON'T LOOK IN THAT BOX! ... What, you think I was kidding? I don't play any of your games, pally. ... Something-to-put-a-smile-on-your-face department: Alan Hale is probably suffering from diabetes somewhere even as we speak! ... If the thought of a new Ed Asner poster doesn't raise your flagpole, then you just aren't an American. ... Calling all gals: pear-shaped peacenik David Crosby set to tour this summer, and let me tell you, he is horny! ... Color me a neoconservative, but Kitty Dukakis strikes yours truly as a humorless scarecrow with an overweening need to tell us all where to get off. ... Equal-time slot: Washington whispers put George Bush in love triangle with varnish king Homer Formsby and the luscious Tyne Daly. ... Try wetting your finger first. ... That's it. ... Say, let's play a word game, all right? Great—you throw out a name and I'll describe them with the poetics of PR pablum! Okay, here we GO!!! Norman Mailer? ... Flaccid fount of douche. ... Roger Rabbit? ... Shoot it! Shoot it! ... David Lee Roth? ... Screaming idiot on a rope. ... The cast of *thirtysomething*? ... A perfect set of caramel custards waiting for the squashing boot of a storm trooper. ... Kiefer Sutherland, Emilio Estevez, and Lou Diamond Phillips? ... Those annoying, ingrown foot warts that you get fed up with and gouge out with a rusty paper clip. ... Charlton Heston? ... A tall pillar of cheese. ... Phew, words make me hungry! And is there a more tempting pick-me-up snack than the steaming bowels of an otter flash-fried in the pan and garnished with a generous squirt of ranch-style dressing? ... Say, doesn't this Arsenio Hall fellow remind you of a long day in police court, sitting alongside a bevy of career felons with a yen for white meat? ... Sexy-buns beat: can't get enough of actor/hyena William Devane, CAN YOU? ... Is it just me, or does



Associated Press

*Farmers in Poland say they're much better off now that Mikhail Gorbachev is allowing Eastern bloc farmers to make their own decisions about which crops to grow. "So tall, so fast," exclaims farmer Ed Zerjavi. "These dandy lion things are great!" —M.J.*

massive slab of aged ham Brian Dennehy seem to expand with every passing performance? ... Here, sift your hand through this bowl of loose jism. ... Oh come on, it'll be fun. ... Had quite a heart-to-heart with Daryl Hannah the other day. That little gal has the intelligence of a purebred Irish setter after a horrible garage-door accident involving most of the cranium. ... Let's be frank, you and I: do you ever dream that Morton Downey Jr. is gently gnawing on your earlobe and reading you the poetry of W. H. Auden as a teen runaway shoots up in the bathroom of your highway-motel room? ... Thank God, I thought it was just me. ... Gotta run, but on my way out let me just share this thought: who are you and who told you you could bring that into the rumpus room? ... I'm Larry King and I'll be back next time with those pictures we talked about.

—N. B.

Not a magazine.  
Not a comic book.  
Not for children.  
Not a dream.  
Barely a reality.  
...Something different.



Now a Bimonthly

At Selected Newsstands, Bookstores & Specialty Shops or by Subscription

Heavy Metal, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013

Subscription prices: One year—\$8.95 Two years—\$15.95 Three years—\$21.95

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

# PRODUCT BARGAIN BONANZA

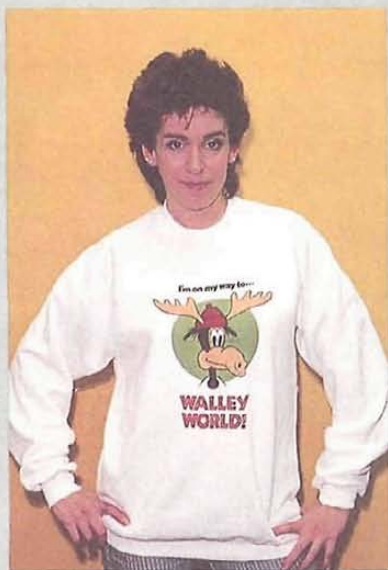
Unisex sports apparel from world-famous

# NATIONAL LAMPOON

authentic styling and fit and brilliant, eye-catching graphics



**TS 1030—National Lampoon Black Sox Baseball Jacket.** Famous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining. \$33.95



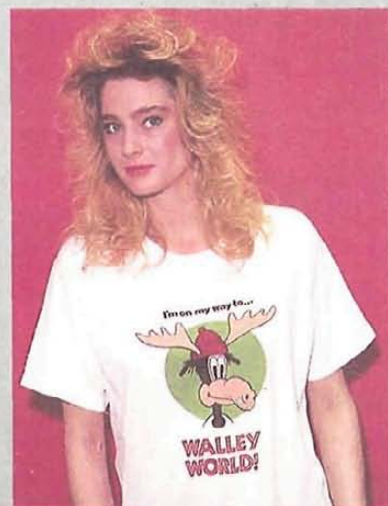
**TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt.** Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95



**TS 1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt.** Sam Gross's double-amputee frog is featured above the left nipple on this fine product. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



**TS 1059—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt.** With the Walley World logo. \$7.95



**TS 1031—National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt.** With Marty Moose on the front. \$7.95



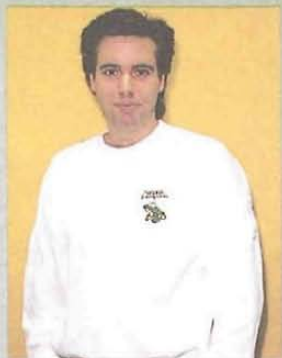
**TS 1044—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt.** This time with the Walley World logo.



**TS 1057—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt.** Politenessman, in one of his most famous adventures. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



**TS 1052—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt.** Mona Gorilla with her college and graduation date. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



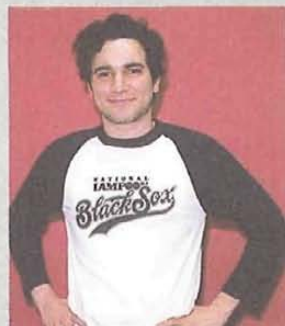
**TS 1064—National Lampoon Sports Sweatshirt.** With our internationally renowned double-amputee frog over the left breast. \$22.95



**TS 1061—National Lampoon Dirty T-shirt.** For the slob in the family. It already comes with stains, footprints, you name it. White. \$7.95



**TS 1032—National Lampoon Hat.** Sort of like a baseball cap, but better. \$7.95



**TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey.** The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00



**TS 1041—"I Got My Job Through the National Lampoon" T-shirt.** And you can buy this shirt through the National Lampoon as well. \$6.95



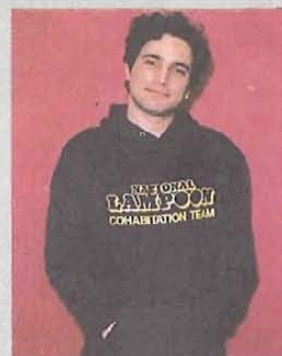
**TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey.** 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$26.95



**TS 1019—National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt.** Ah, yes. The divine Miss Mona. \$4.95



**TS 1053—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt.** Ed Subitzky's risqué comic strip with a great punch line. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



**TS 1045—Acra Hooded Sweatshirt.** Made of 50 percent Creslan® acrylic fiber/50 percent cotton, with hood. \$18.95



**TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt.** Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$13.95  
**TS 1048—Marathon 80 Shorts.** 100 percent nylon tricot running shorts with inside key pocket. \$9.50



**TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt.** Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



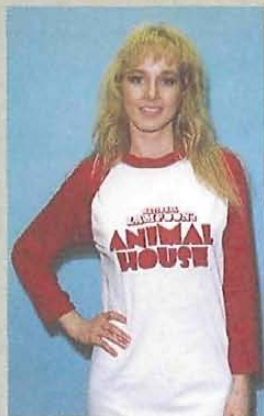
**TS 1049—Authentic Football Jersey.** Made of 50 percent nylon plaited/50 percent cotton. \$20.95



**TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Polo Shirt.** 100 percent cotton. \$10.95



**TS 1036—National Lampoon Football Jersey.** With the famed V neck covered by persons with triangular heads every where. \$13.95



**TS 1028—National Lampoon's Animal House Baseball Shirt.** With 3/4-length sleeves at a 3/4-length price. \$8.00



**TS 1058—National Lampoon's European Vacation T-shirt.** No T-shirt collection would be complete without a picture of the "pig in the poke" that got the Griswolds to Europe. \$6.95



**TS 1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater.** There's that damn double-amputee frog again. This time on a handsome sweater. In blue, camel, gray, or black. \$20.95



**TS 1060—National Lampoon Moose Polo Shirt.** Features Marty Moose above the left nipple. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95



**TS 1029—National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt.** With pictures of Bluto, Otter, and the rest of the boys on the front. \$6.95



**TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt.** Boy, does that double-amputee frog get around. Here he is again. \$6.95



**TS 1066—True Facts T-shirt.** With George Washington on the front, an authentic True Fact on the back. Four different True Facts to choose from! \$10.95



**TS 1065—Trots and Bonnie T-shirt.** America's favorite dog-and-teen team jump off the pages of this mag and onto your back. \$7.95



**TS 1063—National Lampoon Moose Sweater.** Same as the Frog Sweater, only with our moose. In gray or black. \$20.95

- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*
- (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*

Merry Christmas! Happy Chanukah! Happy New Year! And it will be for us at *National Lampoon* if you buy our merchandise. That's right, just fill out the name and address.... Good...good...Hey, did you sign your check? Gotta do that....There you go. Now you're on the road to enjoying your new *National Lampoon* product. And remember, if it says *National Lampoon*, it says quality!



# Wonderful Holiday Gift Items from Your Friends at National Lampoon

## BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** The first edition of funnies told through fotos, published in 1980. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** All-new, all-brilliant Foto Funnies. If you liked them in the magazine, you'll really love them in the book. 1986. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 4** Just the good shit from 1972–1973. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973–1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975–1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976–1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978–1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts '86** The third all-new collection not even we could dream up. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Very Large Book of Comical Funnies** It's comical and it's a reprint. It's some of the best damn comics you'll ever see. \$3.95
- National Lampoon Comics** Not the stand-ups, just the lay-downs. \$2.50
- National Lampoon Dirty Joke Book** The filthy, the funny, and the farmer's daughter. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Dirty Dirty Joke Book** Collection of ribald stories, limericks, one-liners, cartoons, and other off-color works. \$2.95
- Encyclopedia of Humor** Everything funny from A to Z. Hardcover. \$4.95
- National Lampoon's Story of the Iran-Contra Affair** Just when you thought it was safe to sell arms to Iran. \$2.50

## Redistribute the humor with a gift subscription.

Please read the gift coupon carefully and fill it out according to the directions. If you want to send more than one gift subscription, please type or print the information and send it along with the coupon and the required payment. As soon as we get your order, the recipient(s) of your gift will get a Christmas card from the *National Lampoon* telling them that you have sent them a gift subscription. Soon after, they'll get their first copy of the magazine.

**TO: NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 1288, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013.**  
Please send the *National Lampoon* subscription indicated to:

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is my  check  money order for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in payment for:

- One-year subscription to *National Lampoon* ..... \$ 8.95
- Two-year subscription to *National Lampoon* ..... \$16.95
- Three-year subscription to *National Lampoon* ..... \$23.95

For gift subscriptions to Canada, Mexico, and all other foreign countries, please add \$5.00 per order.

I have checked the term of the subscription I want, so rush me my first issue.

Make all checks payable to:  
National Lampoon, DEPT. NL 1288  
155 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10013

- Three-year subscription  \$30.95 (Deduct \$7.00) You pay \$23.95  
(A very huge savings of \$47.15 off the newsstand price)
- Two-year subscription  \$23.95 (Deduct \$7.00) You pay \$16.95  
(A very huge savings of \$30.45 off the newsstand price)
- One-year subscription  \$15.95 (Deduct \$7.00) You pay \$8.95  
(A very huge savings of \$14.75 off the newsstand price)

Add \$5.00 per year for Canada, Mexico, or foreign delivery. Make check or money order, in U.S. funds, payable to National Lampoon. For even faster service, call toll-free 1-800-331-1750 and ask for Operator #31.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Check enclosed  Bill me  Charge to my:  
MasterCard # \_\_\_\_\_ MasterCard Interbank # \_\_\_\_\_  
Visa # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

TS1019 \$4.95 _S_M_L	TS1038 \$20.95 _S_M_L	TS1053 \$10.95 _S_M_L
TS1026 \$6.95 _S_M_L	COLOR _____	TS1057 \$10.95 _S_M_L
TS1027 \$8.00 _S_M_L	TS1039 \$10.95 _S_M_L	TS1058 \$6.95 _S_M_L
TS1028 \$8.00 _S_M_L	TS1041 \$6.95 _S_M_L	TS1059 \$7.95 _S_M_L
TS1029 \$5.95 _S_M_L	TS1043 \$16.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1060 \$14.95 _S_M_L
TS1030 \$33.95 _S_M_L	TS1044 \$16.95 _S_M_L_XL	COLOR _____
TS1031 \$7.95 _S_M_L	TS1045 \$18.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1061 \$7.95 _S_M_L_XL
TS1032 \$6.95	TS1046 \$13.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1063 \$20.95 _S_M_L
TS1034 \$13.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1048 \$9.50 _S_M_L_XL	COLOR _____
COLOR _____	TS1049 \$20.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1064 \$22.95 _S_M_L_XL
TS1035 \$14.95 _S_M_L	TS1050 \$26.95 _S_M_L_XL	TS1065 \$7.95 _S_M_L_XL
COLOR _____	TS1052 \$10.95 _S_M_L	TS1066 \$10.95 _S_M_L_XL
TS1036 \$13.95 _S_M_L		A_B_C_D

Indicate the products you wish to purchase, enclose check or money order, place in envelope, and send to:

**NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 1288, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013.**  
Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each item ordered; New York State residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax. Add \$1.00 extra per item for foreign orders.

Check items desired and circle size.

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed a total of \$ \_\_\_\_\_

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper and send it along with your check or money order.

# Great Moments in History: Abraham Lincoln Delivers His Gettysburg Address in Pig Latin

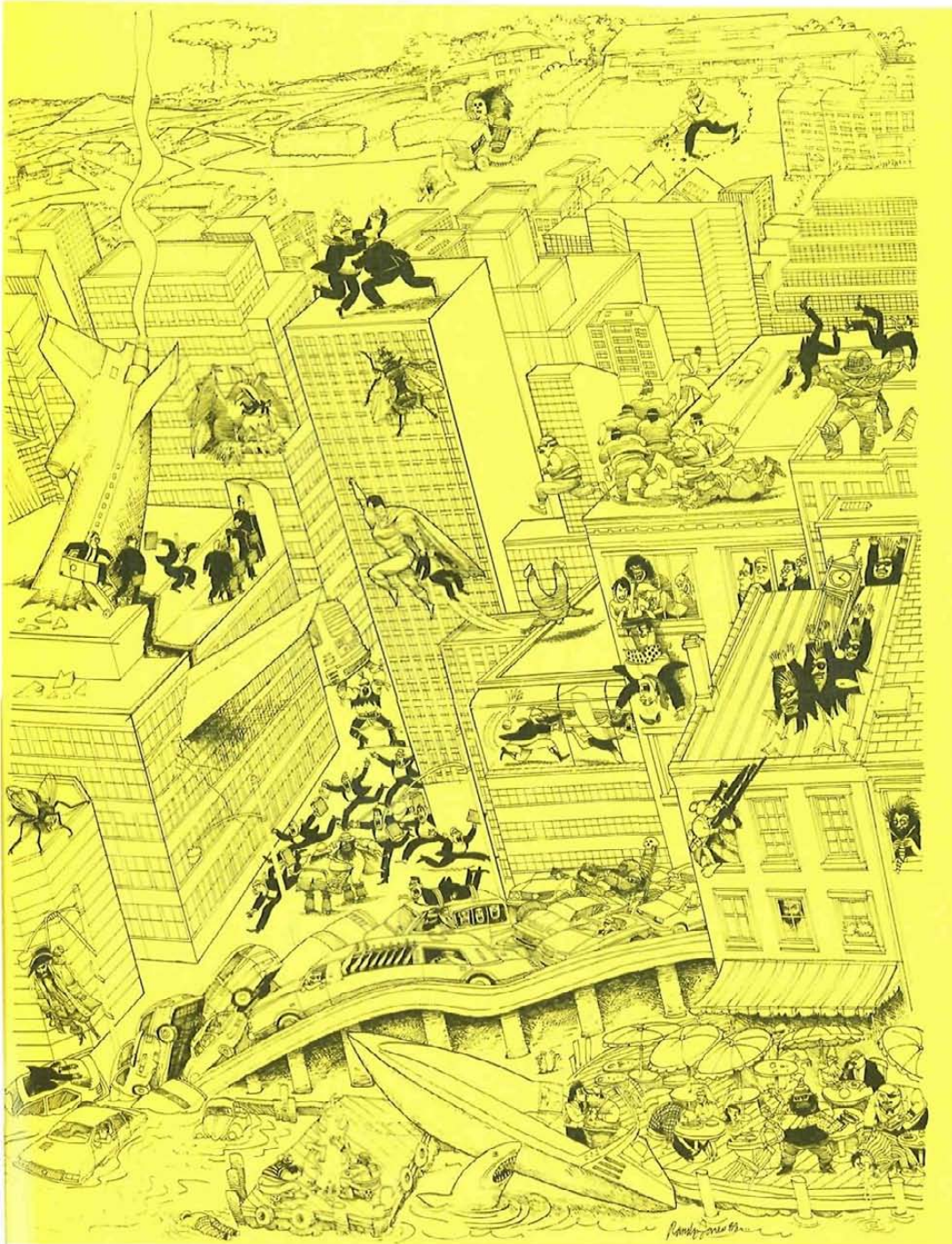
Oufay onesay anday evensay earsay agoay our-  
ay atterfay oughtfay outhfay onay isthay ontin-  
entay say eurnay ationnay, oncededday inay  
ibertyfay, anday edicatedday stay ethay oposit-  
ionpray atthay allay enmay areay eatedcay  
equalay.

Ownay eway areay engageday inay say eat-  
gray ivilcay arway, estingtay etherwhay atthay  
ationnay oray anyay ationnay osay oncededday  
anday oray edicatedday anay ony say endur-  
say. Eway areay etmay onay say eatgray  
attlefieldday ofay atthay arway. Eway ave-  
hay omecay stay edicatedday say otionpray  
ofay atthay ieldfay, asay say inalfay  
estingray acepray ofay osethays owhay erehay  
ovegray erthay iveday atthay atthay ationnay  
ightmay ivelay. Hay isay altogethery ittin-  
ofay anday operpray atthay eway ouldshay  
oday isthay.

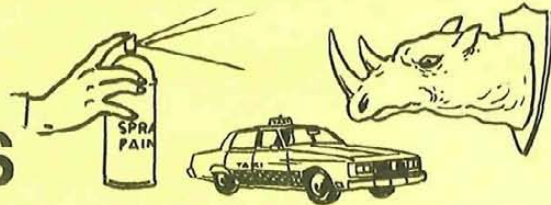
Uthay inay say argerday ensesay, eway an-  
cay otray edicatedday - eway anay otray  
onsecrateray - eway anay otray allowhay



National Lampoon  
**THE YELLO PAGES**  
NATIONAL EDITION



# How to Use the YELLO PAGES



**1.** Decide on what you are looking for. Is it a taxi? A taxidermist? A sun dryer for food? Graffiti supplies? It's important to remember exactly what you need before you look it up. The **YELLO PAGES** has thousands of services!

**2.** The **YELLO PAGES** are numbered in numerical order. That means page 2 follows page 1 and page 3 follows page 2, and so on, until the end of the book.

**3.** All **YELLO PAGES** entries are arranged in more or less alphabetical order. Alphabetical means that if you are looking for an airline, you start looking under "A", then look for "Air", "Airl", "Airlin", until you get to "Airlines". Then find the specific airline you want, which is also listed alphabetically. Remember: A's come first. Then B's, C's, D's, and so on, until you get to Z. There are no entries after Z.

**4.** When you find the entry you need, look for the address and phone number of the company. This will tell you where they are located and how to call them.

**5.** If you want to get more information about the company, dial the number listed. After you have dialed the number the phone will ring. Here's an example of what you can say: "Is this Search and Destroy Exterminating Company of 2320 Shady Lane Avenue? Do you exterminate silverfish? Large rodents? Rodents up to 12 inches? Thank you. That's what I wanted to know." Ask the company to repeat the address and cross street so there is no room for mistakes. Remember: Wasted time is wasted money.

## POST OFFICE INFORMATION

If you want your mail to get there faster don't forget to use stamps. And for Zippy's sake, use your zip codes!



### How to Address a Mailing Envelope

1. Write the name of the person or company on the envelope.
2. Write the address of that person or company under the name.
3. Make sure you include the zip code.
4. Make sure your own name and address is on the envelope. This is called a "return address."
5. Place the exact number of stamps on the envelope. If you are not sure how many stamps are needed, go to your nearest post office for help.
6. Affix the stamp(s) by moistening the sticky side (the side that has no picture) and pressing it firmly on the envelope until it sticks.
7. Don't forget to mail your envelope. A lot of people get this far and forget this important step. Look for the bright blue mailbox or go to your nearest post office and get the proper mailing instructions.

**Remember:** It can't get there unless you mail it!

► Admonishing

APEX ADMONISHERS & SCOLDERS

Teach them a lesson they'll never forget. Scold them with Apex! Riot acts read. We bawl out and do Dutch uncles.

67 Van Spick Av ..... 555-5736

► Aliens

EL MUNDO ALIENS

Internationally famous. International selection. Choose from professionals to indentured servants. We arrange delivery. All work done at night. No medical cases. All our people are guaranteed

765 Zipcode Blvd ..... 555-8402

► Apple Polishing

HYMAN APPLESEED

Let us "Hymanize" your apples! Choose from high-gloss, satin or matte finish. We'll make your apples look like new.

262 N. Vulva ..... 555-1650

► Armies

# HAVE GUNS, WILL TRAVEL



Don't be fooled by our catchy name. We have more than guns. We have everything you need for anything from a border skirmish to a world war. We specialize in government overthrows, right, left or center. Ask about our Weekend Quick Revolution Special. No crackpots or fly-by-nighters. Minimum program: \$500,000.

**678 Flagship Blvd.  
555-8087**

► Assassins

ROBERT DUVALL

No questions asked, no answers given. Clean, reliable work. When you call, ask for "Bernard." Obviously, there is no such person as "Robert Duvall." There is no such person as "Bernard" either, but your call will be answered if you do as I say.

**555-8094**

► Bankers-Jewish

House of Rathchild 6654 Scrofula Av ..... 555-4406  
Shylock Savings & Loan 675 N Testicle Blvd..... 555-5235  
The International Jewish Bank 3490 Zion St .... 555-9610

► Beach Balls-Sales, Rentals

NORTH AMERICAN BEACH BALLS, INC.

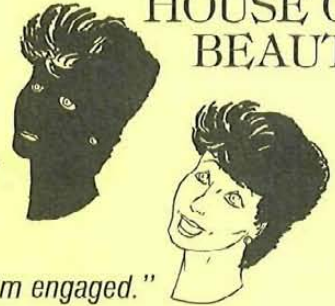
America's largest distributor of designer beach balls for recreation and show business. Wholesale • Retail  
Rentals to films, TV, theater  
890 Scrofula Ave. ..... 555-4436

► Beauty Parlors

## Skin tinting our specialty

*"I used to be coal black. In bright light I looked almost blue. It was embarrassing. Then I learned about Menemsha's House of Beauty and their skin treatments."*

*"Today my skin is a pleasing shade of cocoa brown. And I'm engaged."*



## MENEMSHA'S HOUSE OF BEAUTY

Our skin treatment is guaranteed safe. Not a bleach, not a dye. No permanent side effects. We use Benjamin Moore Beauty Tint blended to customized colors for your ultimate satisfaction.

**65 CHITLIN PL.**

**555-2472**

STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

You'll need lots of money. Look in the YELLO PAGES under "Money", "Banks", "Mafia" and "Loan Sharks". Remember: They're in alphabetical order.

► Black Athletes

## THE NICK CORTEZ AGENCY

**Official Representatives of Famous Black Athletes**

**Stars of football, basketball, baseball, track and field and other sports, available for public appearances and special parties and events.**

**We cannot mention our famous clients by name, but you will recognize them instantly. Enhance your banquet, your special event with a black celebrity, a public speaker with dignity, personality, charisma.**

**NICK CORTEZ**

**"If he runs, we represent him."**

**45678 Bogota Blvd.  
555-8047**

► Bed Warmers

BETTY, BOB, JACK & MOE

The original human bed warmers. Over 500 professional warmers at your service nightly. Queen and King-size slightly extra. We leave when you are ready to say "Nighty night."

8934 N. Langerhans Blvd. ..... 555-6009

► Birth Control-Systems

IT'S YOUR BABY

The latest in birth control devices, including the English Muffin, the Eclair, the IOU, the Mexican Hat, the Jane Fonda Sexercises and more.

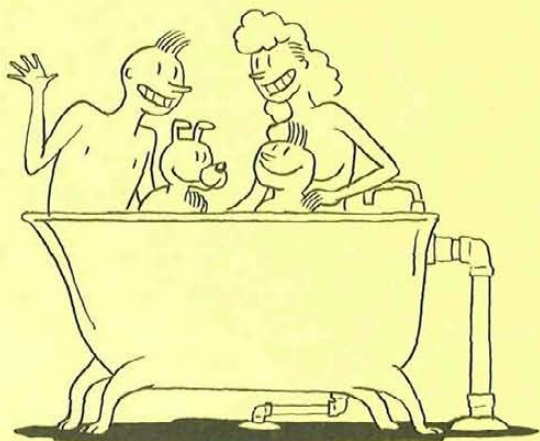
SALE! Birth Control Pills, Slightly Irregular Condoms, Previously Owned Diaphragms Reconditioned Like New!

2208 E. Cervix Ave. ..... 555-6142

CONSUMER TIP

Never give your wallet to a stranger. Bureau of Consumer Affairs, Washington, D.C.

## YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY PROFESSIONALLY CLEANED



Our patented dipping method gets out dirt you never knew you had!

Not a soap, not a detergent. A unique extraction process that opens your pores and gets out deep-down hidden dirt and bacteria. You feel rejuvenated, refreshed, cleaner than ever!

- *Guaranteed gentle to sensitive skin. You can dip your baby in it.*
- *Easy to use. All our work is done in your own bathtub.*
- *No towels necessary. We use industrial-strength super-sanitary blow-dryers.*

The perfect cleanup before holiday visits, important business appointments, prom dates, weddings. Ask our about our quality rates for big families.

## LIKE-NU FAMILY CLEANERS

*"The dip that makes the difference"*

3464 BIALY AVE.

555-1343

### ► Bondage Equipment

#### PRISONER OF LOVE

*New shipments of equipment from Russia, Singapore, Argentina. Large stock of Harley-Davidson chains, barbed wire, blunt instruments, sharp instruments, iron maidens. Rare, antique devices from Spain, England. Religious torture instruments. Enema Bags - Hot Shoes - Dry Ice - Sanding Machines*

45 St Christopher St ..... 555-9437

#### CONSUMER TIP

Never give your wallet to a stranger.  
Bureau of Consumer Affairs, Washington, D.C.

### ► Bottle Opening

#### "OPEN SESAME" BOTTLE OPENING SERVICE

We specialize in hard-to-open bottles and jars—old bottles of maple syrup, honey, jam and catsup—anchovy and sardine cans that have lost their keys.  
Our patented Helium-Emulsion method will open any bottle cap or cork without damage. No pliers, hammers or wrenches used. All work guaranteed or we buy you a new bottle. Our Bottle Openers are bonded and insured for \$1,000,000. Call us for a sommelier-style wine opening in your own home. Low party rates for 12 bottles or more.

685 NACHES BLVD.

555-3689

### ► Brain Transplants

## DR. BRUNO FAUST



Choose from geniuses, artists, powerful businessmen, politicians and more. 30-day warranty. No charge if we fail.

We can work with terminal cases!

7607 S. Testicle Dr.  
555-7616

### ► Bread and Roll Crusts

#### MR. CRUSTY

*Crusts, heels, toes, crumbs, seeds. If it's left over from a loaf of bread, we have it! Special bulk rates on bread crumbs.*

Retail-Wholesale  
5698 Skully Dr. | 555-0420

### ► Chamber Pots-Sales, Repairs

#### THE POTTY

New and antique chamber pots. We repair cracks. If it leaks, bring it to us.

8790 Capricorn St ..... 555-9847

### ► Check Bouncing

#### UNBALANCERS UNLIMITED

*We'll create a fine mess with your checkbooks. A perfect way to get even with your enemies and get out of town.*

45 Gumbo Av ..... 555-7082

### ► Clandestine Airlines

CIA AIRLINES  
Reservations & Information ..... 555-0843  
FLY BY LATE AT NIGHT  
Ask for Ziggy ..... 555-5939  
Santa's Airlines ..... 555-0817  
SECOND AIRLINES  
Ask for General Secord ..... 555-7191  
Top Brass Shipping ..... 555-2084  
Very Secret Airlines ..... 555-3540

### ► Cleaning-Family

Like-Nu Family Cleaners  
See Our Display Ad This Page  
3464 Bialy Av ..... 555-1343

► Clothing-Cement

# MARKS BROTHERS

Custom Cement Clothing Since 1947

Suits, overcoats, top-coats and sport jackets. Custom mixing to insure a leakproof finish. No pre-fabs used.

Fine detail at no extra cost—contrasting collars, pockets, contouring. We also specialize in cement shoes.

Ask about our special group rates.

“Send them out in style with a Marks Brothers suit”

9006 Plotkin Ave.  
555-5874

► Collectibles

BETTY'S THIS 'N' THAT SHOP

Odds and ends, curiosities, collections. Authentic '20s pencil stubs, barbershop hair, used Band-Aids, razor blades, wine corks, pins and needles, lint, used mailing envelopes, paper bookmarks, dead plants, pastel kitchen sponges, partially used writing pads, old income-tax forms, junk mail, Q-tips, ice cream spoons, tissue boxes, decorated toothpicks and much more.

1237 N. Vulva Rd. | 555-4614

► Dog Abuse

DOG ABUSERS OF AMERICA

America's leading anti-dog organization. Join the fight against dog overpopulation. Keep dogs off the city streets and bring them back to the country and the farm. Dog Hunt Weekends • Dog Abuse Celebrity Lunches Annual Dog Abuse Charity Ball DAA (not associated with any other dog abuse society)

3432 Rutting Blvd. | 555-4050

► Door Openers

ACE-APEX DOOR OPENERS

We start where locksmiths fall. Don't call the Fire Department. Call us. We use the nationally famous Detroit Door Opener.

3421 Gallstone Ave. | 555-7114

► Drug Dealers

JIM & TONY

We got what you want. Free delivery with any order over \$500.

Ask for "Buck Rogers" | 555-8384

► Drug Taking-Instruction

CONTROLLED SUBSTANCES, INC.

Learn how to use drugs effectively. Marijuana, cocaine, hashish, heroin, amphetamines, peyote, etc. Expert instruction. Free drugs for each course.

Get the most out of your habit and the most for your money! 675 S. Twilight Rd. | 555-5380

► Elephant Ashtrays

RAMON'S ELEPHANT ASHTRAY SHOP

Elephant-skin ashtrays. Ashtrays in the shape of elephants. All types and sizes. 6783 LaBamba Ave. | 555-5276

► Fences

NICK'S DELI

Open 24 hours. Sandwiches, soups, fresh coffee. Free delivery. Ask for "Mr. Forest" or "Mr. Tree." Do not bring any merchandise with you.

934 W. Condom Rd. | 555-5639

► Foreign Accents-Instruction

## OLYMPUS SCHOOL OF FOREIGN AGENTS

Leading school of its kind in the world. Learn a charming foreign accent in a few hours. French,

Spanish, German, Greek, Irish, English and many more. Ask about our new Jamaican reggae, Haitian and Pakistani accents.

"I'll do anything for a man with a foreign accent."

997 Vespucci Ave.  
555-0116

► Furs

## FEINBERG'S FUN FURS



**FURS THAT SAY PARTY!  
PARTY! PARTY!**

If you can't afford a serious fur, buy a Feinberg fun fur.

Everything from Norwegian rat to chipmunk.

Not just coats, but jackets, vests, bow ties, belts, shoes, hats, muffs, nose masks, lingerie and unique jewelry.

Ask about our novelty talking and musical furs.

## FEINBERG'S FUN FURS

"We'll Put a Fur Somewhere on Your Body for Less Than a Piece of Cloth"

8892 BUMHOLE RD.  
555-6109

► **Gambling Dens**

Hee Hee Hee 6745 Doyers St..... 555-8842  
Hung Low 3421 Mott St..... 555-0247  
Wing Wang 3409 Pell St..... 555-3179

► **Gay-See "Homosexual"**

► **Geniuses**

**CEREBRITIES UNLIMITED**

Rent, lease, buy a genius for your business, home, laboratory, school. All types and categories.  
4595 Coxswain Av..... 555-5276

► **Graft**

**IPB**  
Independent Power Brokers, Inc. Insiders, lobbyists, deal makers—well-connected, but not beholden. Get the most for your money.  
5698 Municipal Way | **555-1638**

► **Heartburn Centers**

**JACK & BESSIE TRUESTEIN MEMORIAL HEARTBURN CLINIC**  
Associated with Cedars of Jerusalem Hospital. Emergency treatment. Specialists in pastrami victims.  
5698 Ralph Lauren Ave. | **555-6242**

► **Home Entertainers**

**HARRY HARROW AND HIS HEAD KNOCKERS**

"A Unique Musical Experience"



"I'm just wild about Harry!"

A nine-piece band that makes music by knocking their heads together. Every head is perfectly tuned. You get a full repertoire of popular music from reggae to rock 'n' roll. Why go for a conventional band when you can hire Harry Harrow? Available for weddings, bar mitzvahs, parties, store openings.

**1834 VIRGIN AVE.**

**555-0395**

**CONSUMER TIP**

Driving in reverse puts a strain on your engine and gives you poor gas mileage. Use the "drive" position. And remember: Apply your brakes when you want to stop. It could save your life!  
Federal Energy Commission, Washington, D.C.

► **Home Fruit-Drying Equipment**

**FELCO INDUSTRIES**

Exclusive distributors of the Solarex Home Sun Dryer  
Make your own raisins, prunes, apricots at home. Special attachment for tomatoes, mushrooms.

**AUTHORIZED DEALERS**

H. Tyrone & Sons 12-24 Mojo Av --- 555-6298  
Hy Colonic 563 N Testes Av..... 555-4240  
Shpilke & Zetz 239 Horn Blvd..... 555-1549

► **Homewreckers-Female**

**THE OTHER WOMAN**

Our girls will break up any home, any marriage or relationship. No permanent attachments formed.  
3216 Pompadour Rd..... 555-8968

► **Homosexual-Bars**

**THE BRANDING IRON**

A friendly saloon. Casual dress. Every Wednesday is Bun Night. Door prizes. Barbecue.  
2365 Goober St..... 555-2430

**THE THIRD REICH**

Return to the glory days of Nazi Germany. Full military regalia preferred. German propaganda films on our giant TV screen. Best costume prizes every night. Transvestite frauulins welcome.  
9845 Christopher St. | **555-9114**

► **Homosexual-Decorators**

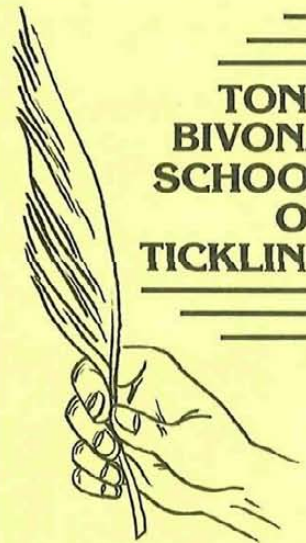
**Stunning & Devine**

*Billy Stunning and Barry Devine will do your entire home or just a room at reasonable rates. Don't waste your hard-earned money on society decorators who will give you one of their junior associates because you're not "A" list! When you use Stunning & Devine you get us, Steve Stunning and Barry Devine!*  
6789 Hudson St. | **555-6567**

► **Homosexual-Dry Cleaners**

**MR. FUSSPOT (formerly Mr. Spotless)**

Mr. Fusspot won't let you take your garments from the store unless they are spotless. If you are not satisfied with your garments, return them and Mr. Fusspot will give you double your money back and you can give him ten lashes! Mr. Fusspot cleans out all unpleasant odors from your clothes. He loves your clothes as if they were his own.  
2324 REAR END AVE. | **555-1462**



**TONY BIVONA SCHOOL OF TICKLING**

Learn centuries-old techniques of tickling. Highly sensual, pleasure-giving.

Japanese and Korean methods. Free feathers with every lesson.

3 Locations  
21 Submarine Blvd. 555-8742  
89 Peace Pkwy. 555-1266  
4654 Andromeda St. 555-5488

► **Homosexual-Caterers**

**FOOD TO DIE FOR**

Gay-owned, gay-oriented recipes. Scrumptious brunchies, munchies, crunchies. Gay parties only.  
7698 Raymondo Av..... 555-7482



► **Hormones-Experimental**

DR. LEO ZUGLI

Leading Swiss Hormonologist  
The clinic of Dr. Zugli accepts a limited number of patients who seek major hormonal changes in their bodies. All work is of a highly experimental nature. No dilettantes or curiosity seekers.

4321 Kidneystone Ave. 555-6746

► **Insomnia Cures**

KRAKAUER INSOMNIA CURE CENTERS

The Krakauer Method

No drugs, no tapes or videos, no hypnosis.

Free trial class.

4431 Van Dork Av ..... 555-5699

2213 Pickle St ..... 555-2498

7789 Folliele Rd ..... 555-8038

► **Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles**

ACME ICBM, INC.

New and reconditioned units

5678 S Airborne Blvd ..... 555-0048

► **Interplanetary Travel**

ADVENTURES IN TRAVEL

Chartered Flights-Package Tours

4432 Topless Blvd ..... 555-2748

Outer Space Airways

4432 Wingtip Blvd ..... 555-2443

► **Karate-Victims**

BOK CHOY HOSPITAL

Full treatment and medication for karate-inflicted injuries. Surgery performed.

7823 Calypso Av ..... 555-3945

► **Kitchen Etiquette**

PATRICIA PLUMLEY SCHOOL OF KITCHEN ETIQUETTE

Cooking for guests • How to deal with children, in-laws in your kitchen • Kitchen small talk • Kitchen dos and don'ts

9043 Carbuncle Av ..... 555-9992

► **Lawyers-Agricultural Law**

Bean, Korn, Oates & Kasha

3354 Babyfat Rd ..... 555-4438

► **Lawyers-Bakery Law**

Whitebread, Danish & Crumb

5543 N. Penis Av ..... 555-7979

► **Lawyers-Mattress Label Law**

Simmons & Sealy

7788 Catarrh Av ..... 555-8629

► **Lawyers-Shysters**

Dewey, Cheatham & Howe

7792 Postmortem Av ..... 555-1682

**DIALING A NUMBER?**

Make sure you dial all seven digits (numbers) or your call won't go through. Dialing four, five or six digits will not get you your call.

► **Limousine Service**

**BUCKINGHAM BICYCLE LIMOUSINES**

*"Since I started using Buckingham limos I never get stuck in traffic and I never miss a plane."*

- Ask about our luxury stretch bikes.
- Free snacks and drinks on trips of 15 miles or more.
  - Free rain suits in bad weather.
  - Only the finest 10-speed Italian bicycles.
- All our drivers are courteous, highly skilled Grand Prix cyclists.
- Fleet services available for weddings, bar mitvahs, funerals, proms.

BUCKINGHAM BICYCLE LIMOUSINES

*"The Only Thing Cheaper Is Walking."*

1328 S. LUNGER AVE.

555-0178



► **Lint Removal**

ARGO LINT REMOVERS

All lint removed while you sleep

9922 Seconal Av ..... 555-8424

► **Meat By-products**

CHOZZERAI, UNLIMITED

Specialists in pork derivatives

906 Nostril Pky ..... 555-2783

► **Mad Scientists-Rentals**

**EUREKA**  
Mad Scientist Rentals



Rent one of our brilliant, slightly mad scientists and he'll invent something right in your home!

All our scientists are lovable, absent-minded old coots, completely harmless.

No explosives or foul-smelling chemicals used.

Thrill to an actual scientific discovery or invention right before your eyes!

9809 Ubangi Blvd.  
555-6728

► **Masturbation-Clinics**

MT. PRIAPUS CLINIC

The center for Masturbators Anonymous.

Nightly meetings • 12-Step Programs •

Sponsors

MA Hotline

5589 Pork Pl ..... 555-1996

► **Moslem Products**

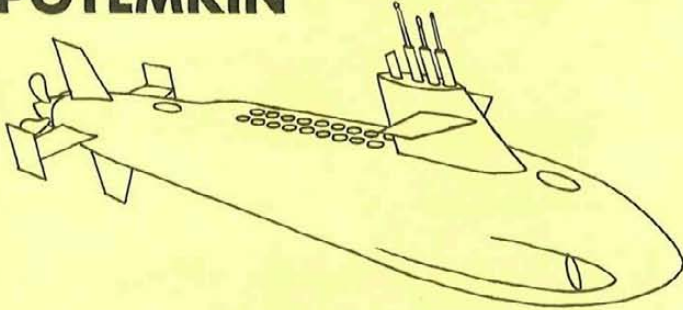
MUHAMMAD'S

Prayer rugs, Mecca locators, lamb fat, burmooses, camels, honey, veils, young boys and more.

6754 N. Tichis Av ..... 555-4835

► Nuclear Submarines

# POTEMKIN



Save thousands on General Dynamics Nuclear Subs!  
Latest models in stock • Immediate delivery • All colors • All options including sun deck, turbos, metallic finish, racing stripes.  
Call Mr. Bard or Mr. Kane at 555-6811 for prices. A few previously owned models available at cost!

**POTEMKIN**  
New York's largest General Dynamics Nuclear Submarine, Oldsmobile and Toyota Dealer

9909 9th Ave.

**555-6811**

KARPARTHNY KAREL

Scandinavian Sea Brine Treatments for Health and Longevity  
The original formula used by the ancient Vikings, discovered by Swedish doctors, is now available to you. Amazing powers of rejuvenation, sexual potency, immunity to diseases.  
4576 Botram, N.W. | **555-8872**

SWIFF NORBERT

**ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM SIDEWALK RADIATION?**  
Dr. Norbert Swiff has helped thousands who unknowingly suffer from atomic fallout that has seeped into our city sidewalks. Sidewalk radiation is responsible for many of our strange, unexplained ills, viruses and diseases.  
Dr. Norbert Swiff, world's leading sidewalk radiologist, will cure you with the Swiff Emulsion Footbath and the Swiff Anti-Radiation Shoe and Sock.

**FREE DEMONSTRATION OF THE SWIFF TREATMENT**  
Call 555-2043 for appointment  
8011 Bovina Way

► Private Zoos

APARTMENT HOUSE ZOOS, INC.

Little zoos for your enjoyment. Three to six rooms per apartment. Wide range of small and medium-size animals. Refreshments • TV • Sleeping facilities for children  
6654 Nostril Rd ..... 555-1247  
654 Kosher Pl ..... 555-6844  
345 Reggae Av ..... 555-8672

► Oil Tankers

SAL'S OIL TANKERS

Showroom and Sales  
4456 Grapevine Av ..... 555-8228

► Painted Turtles

John's Painted Turtles  
6654 S. Bumhole Rd ..... 555-3284

► Paper Belts

The Original Ray's Paper Belts  
2201 Rasta Av ..... 555-4048

► Pasta Farms

ROCCO'S PICK YOUR OWN PASTA  
Fill your own quart basket from our pasta trees  
4432 Old Maid Lane ..... 555-1643

► Pencil Shavings

VALUE-PLUS PENCIL SHAVINGS  
Wholesale only  
8876 Parsimony Av ..... 555-6497

► Perverts

HOUSE OF PERVERTS  
The one and only. Do not accept substitutes. Largest selection of offbeat types in the world—for parties, practical jokes, short- or long-term relationships.  
Name your poison. We have it!  
7786 Van Dork Ave. | **555-9177**

► Physicians-Unlicensed

## DR. SHELDON ABERDEEN, CHIROPRICTER

Practicing the patented Aberdeen Skin Pricking Treatments

Dr. Sheldon Aberdeen has discovered a beneficial healing method for many of our ills. His "Iron Maiden" is equipped with hundreds of tiny pins that prick your body gently but firmly in the 476 dermapoints that control all your mental and physical functions.

**1701 S. Custard Ave. 555-2419**

## DR. SHELDON ABERDEEN

Creator of the Sheldon Aberdeen Healing and Comfort Blanket

This is the famous blanket seen on the "Regis Philbin" and "Joe Franklin" shows. Made of yarns derived from the Peruvian guaracha plant, which has healing powers practiced by the ancient Inca priests and is still used in many areas of South America.

**DO NOT CONFUSE ME WITH ANY OTHER SHELDON ABERDEEN. I AM THE ORIGINAL SHELDON ABERDEEN.**  
**6789 W. 98th St. 555-6339**

► Religions

CHURCH OF BOOKER T. MOODY  
Booker T. Moody has a direct line to the Great White House in the sky. He has seen the Occupant of the Great White House and has talked directly to Him.  
788 Herpes Ave. | 555-0547

CHURCH OF ROBERT YOUNG  
He has been sent down to us from above to give us wise advice, to listen to our prayers, to give us the spiritual guidance that only a "Father" and a "Doctor" could have. He knows best.  
976 Avocado Lane | 555-1948

CHURCH OF THE BIG DOG  
We have found the answer. We have found the Big Friend.  
678 Langerhans Rd | 555-5692

JEWS FOR MAMMON  
"The buck starts here. And we have more money than God."  
998 Lagerfeld Av | 555-7397

TEMPLE OF ZEUS  
Return with us to the glory that was Greece. Communicate with the gods of Mt. Olympus. Every Friday is Offering Night. Bring food, wine, a piece of jewelry, a scarf, anything, and offer it to the gods. Join our group and become eligible for a free vacation to Greece!  
3421 N. Carraway Dr. | 555-0407

THE COBRA PEOPLE  
Direct descendants of The Cobra People of Alexandria. The cobra was originally a beautiful woman who lived in ancient Egypt. She was well loved by many, but the Pharaoh's wife grew jealous and had her high priest put a spell on her. She turned into a cobra who had very serious powers. Meet our own Cobra Woman. Worship her as you please. Visit our Cobra Souvenir Shop.  
4387 S. Radish St. | 555-1242

► Rites

**MOMBASA PUBERTY RITES AND DANCE COMPANY**

Genuine African dance company performs various tribal puberty rites—the perfect touch for a bar mitzvah boy or for confirmations. No physical harm done. No permanent scars or surgery performed. We work only with body paint and ethnic music. Extra charge for circumcisions.

4396 Negro Blvd.

555-7137



► Scratch 'n' Sniff-Suppliers

SEYMOUR'S HOUSE OF SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF  
Over 10,000 odors in stock. We create special aromas, exotic odors, "Indefinable smells."  
Perfumes. Foods. Beverages. We do commercial and personal work.  
SEND YOUR LOVED ONE A PERSONAL SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF  
Ideal for birthday, wedding, anniversary gifts.  
Our smells are safe, non-toxic, can be ingested with no ill effects.  
SEYMOUR'S HOUSE OF SCRATCH 'N' SNIFF  
"If it smells, we can make it."  
1675 LUNGER AVE. | 555-6213

► Seeing Eye Cats

**LITTLE TIGERS Pedigree Seeing Eye Cats**



Trained for primary or supplemental use. Ideal for the handicapped who live in small apartments.

Neater, easier to care for. Also make perfect mouse and roach catchers.

Remember: Cats can see better in the dark, even if you can't.

**LITTLE TIGERS**

The best eyes in the house

21-89 Scrapple Ave.

555-2190

► Shock Treatments

Zap Laboratories 786 Vagina Av | 555-4838

► Slang Instruction

GOTHAM SCHOOL OF SLANG  
Learn the latest hip slang before it hits the rest of the country. Make up your own slang. We specialize in black street slang, Yiddish, Australian.  
8943 S. Babyfat Ave. | 555-0431

**DIALING A NUMBER?**

Make sure you dial all seven digits (numbers) or your call won't go through. Dialing four, five or six digits will not get you your call.

► Socks-Orthopedic

M. M. Melvin, designer of the one and only

**MELVIN SPACE SOCK**

The Melvin Space Sock is custom-contoured from a mold of your feet. It is made from one piece of Melvin "Miracle Cloth." No visible stitching, "stitch pimples" or other irregularities that irritate the skin and cause sock blisters.

Odd Feet Our Specialty  
Customized socks for chicken toes, potato ankles, jelly heels, onion arches, cucumber calves.

M. M. MELVIN

Custom and Corrective Socks Since 1984  
1688 AGGRAVATION AVE. 555-5639

► **Soup Supplies**

**BEN'S BONES AND STUFF**

Bones, carcasses, flavorings—everything you need to make your own soup.  
76 Koshier Pkwy. | 555-0037

► **Space Shuttles**

**POTEMKIN SPACE SHUTTLE AND HONDA**

New and used shuttles - Test drives available  
6543 Transmission Blvd----- 555-2041

► **Spies**

**INTERNATIONAL SPY HOUSE**

Your one-stop spy source. Specials on publicized spies who can do desk work. Espionage, sabotage, all types of infiltration. Ask about our moles.  
5543 Mata Harl Ave. | 555-5818

► **Stock Market Manipulators**

**WALL STREET WILLIE**

Also known as "Mr. Inside"  
555-4442

► **Szechuan Food  
Emergency Clinics**

**PEKING HOSPITAL**

Antidotes, serums, acupuncture  
9087 Mott St----- 555-2715

► **Table Hopping**

Learn the Fine Art of Table Hopping with Zipkin.  
Zipkin will mold you into a social butterfly.  
675 Fairyland Ave. | 555-1861

► **Tickling-Instruction**

Tony Bivona School of Tickling  
See Our Display Ad Page 6  
All locations----- 555-5488

► **Torture Equipment  
See "Bondage Equipment"**

► **Towel Folding**

Barbara's Towel Folding Service  
6532 Nostril Pl----- 555-9037

► **Under-the-Counter Drugs**

**MANUEL OF MEXICO**

Genuine hard-to-get drugs from south of the border.  
Cough syrups, potency pills, cancer cures. Nothing approved by FDA.  
8765 La Cucaracha Ave. | 555-1818

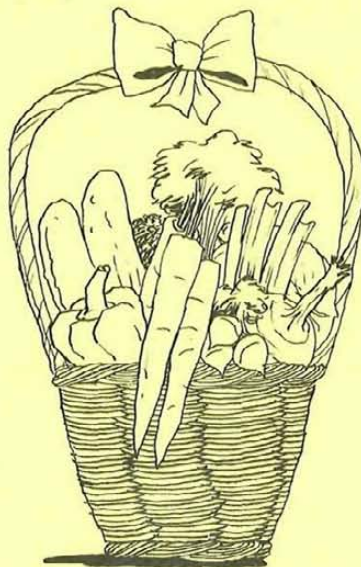
► **Underwear Painting**

**MR. REMBRANDT**

Exotic illustrated underwear. Dry-clean only.  
5632 Vulva Av----- 555-9248

► **Vegetables**

**AL AND DAVE'S  
VEGETABLE OF  
THE MONTH CLUB**



**555-0934**

Vegetables to grace your table—to send as cherished gifts

Gourmet vegetable baskets our specialty. Exotic vegetable arrangements. Hanging vegetables. Member, VTD. Wire your vegetables anywhere in the free world.

**FREE! 6-FOOT ZUCCHINI WITH EVERY ORDER OVER \$25!**

**AL AND DAVE  
"SAY IT WITH VEGETABLES."**

**2102 S. FELDSPAR AVE.**

► **Wild Mushrooms**

**MURRAY'S WILD MUSHROOM LABORATORY**



The Center for Amateur Mushroom Pickers

If you think it might be poisonous, don't put it in your mouth. Let Murray taste it and test it.

We also taste unknown berries, flowers and roots.

**DR. MURRAY BLAUVELT**  
Registered Botanist, former President, Mushroom Tasters of America

2602 Gypsum Ave.  
555-1416

**CONSUMER TIP**

Driving in reverse puts a strain on your engine and gives you poor gas mileage. Use the "drive" position. And remember: Apply your brakes when you want to stop. It could save your life!  
Federal Energy Commission, Washington, D.C.

► **Yogurt Cultures**

**BORIS OF BULGARIA**

Original supplier to King Carol, Prince Olaf. Plain only.  
897 Bacteria Pkwy. | 555-8886

**Editor's Note:** In its August 1988 issue, *Playboy* magazine ran an article entitled "The Great Palimony Caper." The article was a scathing behind-the-scenes look at former Playmate and Hef live-in lover Carrie Leigh, who, coincidentally, had just filed a \$35 million-dollar lawsuit against Hefner for palimony. The article had to be severely edited at the last minute because the art director had miscalculated the column breadth of Miss August's breasts. The *National Lampoon* was lucky enough to obtain the original galleys, and we are proud to present the parts left out of

# THE GREAT PLAYBOY WARS

## HOW AN UNGRATEFUL SLUT TRIED TO HOLD UP HEF FOR \$35 MILLION

By the editors of *Playboy*

**T**HIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, an unassuming, pipe-smoking, bathrobe-clad genius fathered a new magazine, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that American men (and women who wore lumberjack shirts) would devour long articles on libertarian philosophy and obscure fiction pieces as long as they were sandwiched between photo spreads of the girl next door with her clothes off.

Millions of dollars later, his prescient periodical vision confirmed, Hugh M. Hefner retreated to his own Taj Mahal, the Playboy Mansion West, where he committed his time and vast resources to a humanitarian medical project: advancing the primitive field of plastic surgery.

"This guy is a modern-day Schweitzer," says Dr. Mark Abrams, current holder of the Hugh M. Hefner Chair of Liposuction at the Beverly Hills Cosmetic Surgery Center. "He would bring us these young, homeless waifs who were cosmetically disadvantaged and then throw hundreds of thousands of dollars into rehabilitation and research. You'd be amazed at how many breasts are out there standing up firm and proud because of his support."

Yet today this Pepsi-sipping philosopher is contemplating a scenario so vile it would drive the average human to the depths of despair and anguish. He is being sued for \$35 million by the beneficiary of his latest medical largess, the Bionic Bimbo, Carrie Leigh.

"I can't believe Carrie would do something like this," Hef sighs philosophically. "I gave her everything she ever wanted—facial peels, buttosuction, designer breasts so beautiful Dr. Lou Miller actually numbered and signed them. I guess now she wants the skin off *my* back."

Carrie was nineteen when Hef discovered her at a soup kitchen near Watts. Hefner's second-floor secretary, Constance Lusting, remembers that day all too well.

"Hef was ladling out soup—he always did volunteer work like that, incognito, of course—and this skanky-looking hunchback was next in line. I mean this girl looked like the elephant woman

—'I'm not an animal, I'm a woman'—huge tumors all over her face, the whole bit. It was all I could do to keep my lunch down. But Hef couldn't keep his eyes off her. He's such a hopeless romantic. It was love at first sight."

"I saw the vulnerable, insecure side of Carrie. It was the 'crippled bird' quality in her. I thought I could help her," says Hefner.



Carrie Leigh doing what she does best—breaking Hef's bank.

And help her he did: 346,872 stitches later, a new Carrie Leigh was born. Her entire skin was peeled, acid-washed, and relayered. Her hump was removed, her tractor-trailer hips were shaved, and the residue was implanted in the soles of her feet, adding three inches to her height. Scientists at the Raytheon Corporation reconstructed the misshapen ulcerous mass that Hef generously called her "nose." Her olfactory senses were improved to the extent that she could smell the difference between red and black caviar. But this bride of Frankenstein was smelling something else, something green.

"She moved right in on Hef," says Mark Focus, who took Carrie's Playmate shots. "She was constantly begging him to marry her from day one." But marriage was never on Hef's agenda. He was not only an incurable romantic, he was suffering from a rare, incurable disease.

"Hef suffers from a disease that I was the first to diagnose," says Mansion physician, Dr. Steven Starr. "I call it the 'Menuo syndrome.' He's got an overabundance of T cells that all kind of gang up and attack the libido. The syndrome is manifested by a constant physiological need to change sexual partners. Once a partner reaches a certain age, usually her teens, the sufferer loses any libidinal attachment to her and is driven to seek out a more youthful companion."

Hef lovingly shared his tragic medical condition with Carrie. She reluctantly dropped her marriage demands but then hatched a new, more insidious plot to get the gold.

"Carrie *did* have an insatiable sexual appetite," recalls *Playboy's* West Coast Photo Editor, Donna Tracey, a confidante of the newly gorgeous gold digger. "But the way she went to work on poor Hef it just wasn't her hormones talking, it was premeditated



murder.”

“Carrie was hung up on this television show,” recalls Beulah Sanders, the upstairs domestic at the Mansion. “She just be sitting there in bed, half dressed, eating herself a big bowl of popcorn and watching this science film where they show how the female praying mantis would do her busi-

ness with the male and then she bite the poor sucker’s head off. Imagine that! And I’d say to her, ‘Girl, why you just lay there in bed and watch that tape over and over again?’ And she just smile real strange and say, ‘Practice makes perfect.’”

Hef tried his best to satisfy her obsessive sexual demands, but by the time he realized

he was being set up, it was too late. “I was burning my candle at both ends trying to please her,” the philanthropist chuckles, looking back on those frenzied days. “I barely had time to down a Pepsi between our pilgrimages to the velvet shores of ecstasy. Something had to give.”

Something did. A vein in his head. In March of 1985 Hef had a stroke, an event that would literally change his life. He switched to Diet Pepsi, put away his pipe, and canceled his famous Mansion parties. The sudden solitude seemed to make Carrie snap.

“She went off the deep end after he survived the stroke,” recalls Mansion pool boy Bobby Reese. “Then it hit her that there’d be no more orgies. She’d walk around the house like in a daze, mumbling, ‘Where’s Shel? Where’s Jimmy? Where are the guys from the A list?’ And one night—I’ll never forget this in a million years—I was coming back from cleaning the pool and I saw her going down on the lawn jockey statue out front. I had to pull her head off the damn thing. She thought it was Gary Coleman. She spent the next few weeks in Mount Sinai with lead-paint poisoning, but Hef had it hushed up and the press never found out.”

Carrie was discharged from the hospital, and returned to the Mansion. To hasten her recovery, the ever-generous Hef gave her an allowance of \$5000 a day and unlimited use of his Platinum Card. Carrie was allowed to leave the Mansion to go shopping. At least that’s what Hef thought.

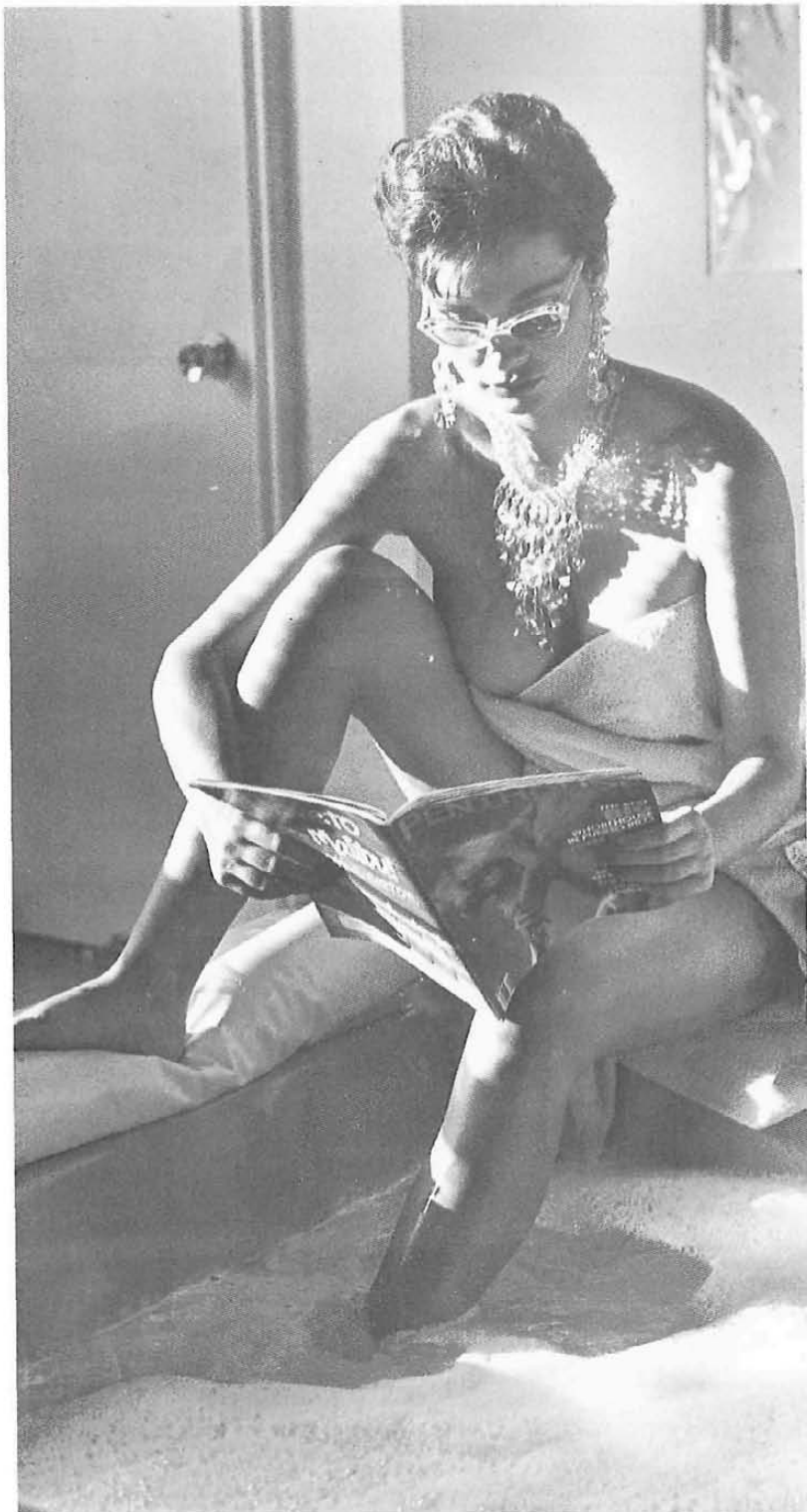
“She was the Freeway Killer,” Hef’s downstairs Mansion secretary, Phoebe Crease, remembers. “All the time that Hef thought she was power-shopping on Rodeo Drive, she was really tooling around in the limo, shooting at other cars. They finally caught her one day, and Hef actually had to leave the Mansion to go bail her out. But he got the whole thing hushed up. Cost him a lot more than a Russian sable.”

Hef grounded Carrie. Until that fateful July day when he reluctantly let her and her close friend/secretary, Kelly, go out for a fast-food lunch. Hours later, he heard the first shocking news reports: twenty-one people killed at a massacre at McDonald’s.

“Hef was devastated,” says one Mansion regular who wishes to remain anonymous. “But the guy is incredibly resilient. Minutes later, he was already directing the cover-up. Where he got that Huberty guy from, God knows, but the CIA could learn

**Above:** “Carrie aspired to be an actress, but we were all shocked that she chose the bunny-boiling scene from *Fatal Attraction* for her auditions.”—Uta Hagen, Playmate drama coach. **Right:** “With what that gold digger spent a week on underwear that she never wore, we could have kept the clubs open for another year and paid Rickles and Nipsey Russell to headline.”—Morris Gevalt, CPA, Playboy Enterprises.





reports *Playboy's* Moscow correspondent Ivan Denovitch. "She was drinking champagne all the way down on the Intourist bus and mixing it with many Quaaludes. When the group entered the facility, she could barely stand. She had to lean against the wall so she wouldn't fall. Then she started throwing a tantrum, shouting many bad things about Mr. Hefner. She took this very large diamond ring he had generously given her off her finger and smashed it against a control panel. Suddenly, smoke started pouring out of the room and many sirens went off. That was how she caused the meltdown."

Evacuated back to the safety of the Mansion, Carrie became the precipitator of another international scandal. It seems that she had used so much hairspray on her trip that she had triggered a massive depletion of the ozone layer. In fact, she was about to be publicly censured by the United States Subcommittee on Global Environmental Affairs until Hef made a very sizable donation to UNICEF, and the scathing ozone report was shelved.

At last, Hef could breathe easy. Or so he thought. Just days after the ozone debacle, he received a phone call from the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. After years of research, they had finally tracked down the person responsible for originating the dreaded AIDS virus. Typhoid Carrie.

"That was the last straw," Hef's third-floor secretary, Lisa Lovejoy, remembers. "Apparently, while she was living in the streets, before Hef saved her, she broke into the primate lab in UCLA and got it on with the animals. One of the monkeys was from Africa, and that's how the virus got into the human population. It really freaked Hef out when he heard about it."

Although she herself was not suffering from the disease, Hef generously offered to build Carrie her own guesthouse/hospice on the Mansion grounds, but she held out for a beach house in Malibu. Hef, worried that the sea breezes might somehow strain her immune system, denied her request. Carrie marched right over to legal beagle Marvin "Night Moves" Mitchelson, and their absurd \$35 million palimony suit was launched.

A few months later, it was over. Carrie Leigh suddenly dropped her suit, moved to New York, and married what appeared to be a young man. Over Mitchelson's protests, she dropped her suit. It was a victory for romantics everywhere, but especially for the shy, lovable, sensitive, former pipe-smoking one that signs our paychecks.

**Above:** "She's a real bimbo." — Jessica Hahn, new *Playboy* Mansion bimbo. **Right:** "Let's face it—the very fact that after all that woman did to him, my son has never taken a twelve-gauge shotgun to her head is testimony to that man's saintliness!" — Gladys Hefner, Hef's mom.

a thing or two from him."

Carrie had done enough to try the patience of a saint, but Hef was still forgiving. In fact, he sent Carrie on an all-expenses-paid trip around the world in an attempt to help her "clear her head." She lugged forty-two suitcases stuffed with clothes and cosmetics onto the *Concorde* and she was off.

First stop, Europe.

The R and R seemed to be doing Carrie good. She went shopping in Paris, skiing in Switzerland, gondoliering in Venice. Then she headed for Russia. She got a suite in Moscow's most exclusive tourist hotel and then took a tour. To Chernobyl.

"Miss Carrie Leigh was out of control,"





# McDonnell Douglas

AIRCRAFT—SPACE SYSTEMS—MISSILES

## IMPORTANT! IMPORTANT!

Please fill out and mail this card within 10 days of purchase.

Thank you for purchasing a McDonnell Douglas military aircraft. In order to protect your new investment, please take a few moments to fill out the warranty registration card below. Answering the survey questions is not required, but the information will help us to develop new products that best meet your needs and desires.

1.  Mr.  Mrs.  Ms.  Miss  Lt.  Mjr.  Gen.  Comrade  Other

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Initial \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_

Latitude \_\_\_\_\_ Longitude \_\_\_\_\_

Altitude \_\_\_\_\_ Password, Code Name, Etc. \_\_\_\_\_

2. Which model aircraft did you purchase?

F-14 Tomcat  F-15 Eagle  F-16 Falcon  F-19A Stealth

3. Date of Purchase: Month \_\_\_\_\_ Day \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

4. Serial Number \_\_\_\_\_

5. Please check where this product was purchased:

- Received as Gift/Aid Package
- Catalog Showroom
- Sleazy Arms Broker
- Mail Order
- Discount Store
- (Classified Information)

6. Please check how you became aware of the McDonnell Douglas product you have just purchased:

- Heard Loud Noise; Looked Up
- Store Display
- Espionage
- Plastic Model in Hobby Store
- Encountered in Combat
- Recommended by Friend/Relative
- Political Lobbying by Manufacturer

**7. Please check the three (3) factors which most influenced your purchase of this McDonnell Douglas product:**

- Style/Appearance
- Kickback/Bribe
- Recommended by Salesperson
- Speed/Maneuverability
- Comfort/Convenience
- McDonnell Douglas Reputation
- Advanced Weapons Systems
- Price/Value
- Back-Room Politics
- Other

**8. Please check the location(s) where this product will be used:**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> North America               | <input type="checkbox"/> Europe           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Central/South America       | <input type="checkbox"/> Middle East      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Africa                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Asia/Far East    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Misc. Third-World Countries | <input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Carrier |
| <input type="checkbox"/> (Top Secret)                | <input type="checkbox"/> Other            |

**9. Please check the products that you currently own, or intend to purchase in the near future:**

<u>Product</u>	<u>Own</u>	<u>Intend to Purchase</u>
Color TV	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
VCR	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
ICBM	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Killer Satellite	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
CD Player	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Air-to-Air Missiles	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Space Shuttle	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Home Computer	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Nuclear Weapon	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

**10. How would you describe yourself or your organization? Check all that apply.**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Communist/Socialist | <input type="checkbox"/> Dictatorship     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Terrorist           | <input type="checkbox"/> Corrupt          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crazy (Islamic)     | (Latin American)                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crazy (Other)       | <input type="checkbox"/> Corrupt (Other)  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Neutral             | <input type="checkbox"/> Primitive/Tribal |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Democratic          |   |

**11. How did you pay for your McDonnell Douglas product?**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cash                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Personal Check   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Suitcases of Cocaine | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit Card      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Oil Revenues         | <input type="checkbox"/> Ransom Money     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Deficit Spending     | <input type="checkbox"/> Traveler's Check |

**12. Occupation**

<u>You</u>	<u>Your Spouse</u>
Homemaker	<input type="checkbox"/>
Sales/Marketing	<input type="checkbox"/>
Revolutionary	<input type="checkbox"/>

Clerical	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mercenary	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Tyrant	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Middle Management	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Eccentric Billionaire	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Defense Minister/General	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Retired	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Student	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

**13. To help us understand our customers' lifestyles, please indicate the interests and activities in which you or your spouse enjoy participating on a regular basis:**

- Golf
- Boating/Sailing
- Sabotage
- Running/Jogging
- Propaganda
- Destabilization/Overthrow
- Defaulting on Loans
- Gardening
- Crafts
- Black Market/Smuggling
- Collectibles/Collections
- Watching Sports on TV
- Wines
- Interrogation/Torture
- Household Pets
- Crushing Rebellions
- Espionage/Reconnaissance
- Fashion Clothing
- Border Disputes
- Mutually Assured Destruction



Thanks for taking the time to fill out this questionnaire. Your answers will be used in market studies that will help McDonnell Douglas serve you better in the future—as well as allowing you to receive mailings and special offers from other companies, governments, extremist groups, and mysterious consortiums.

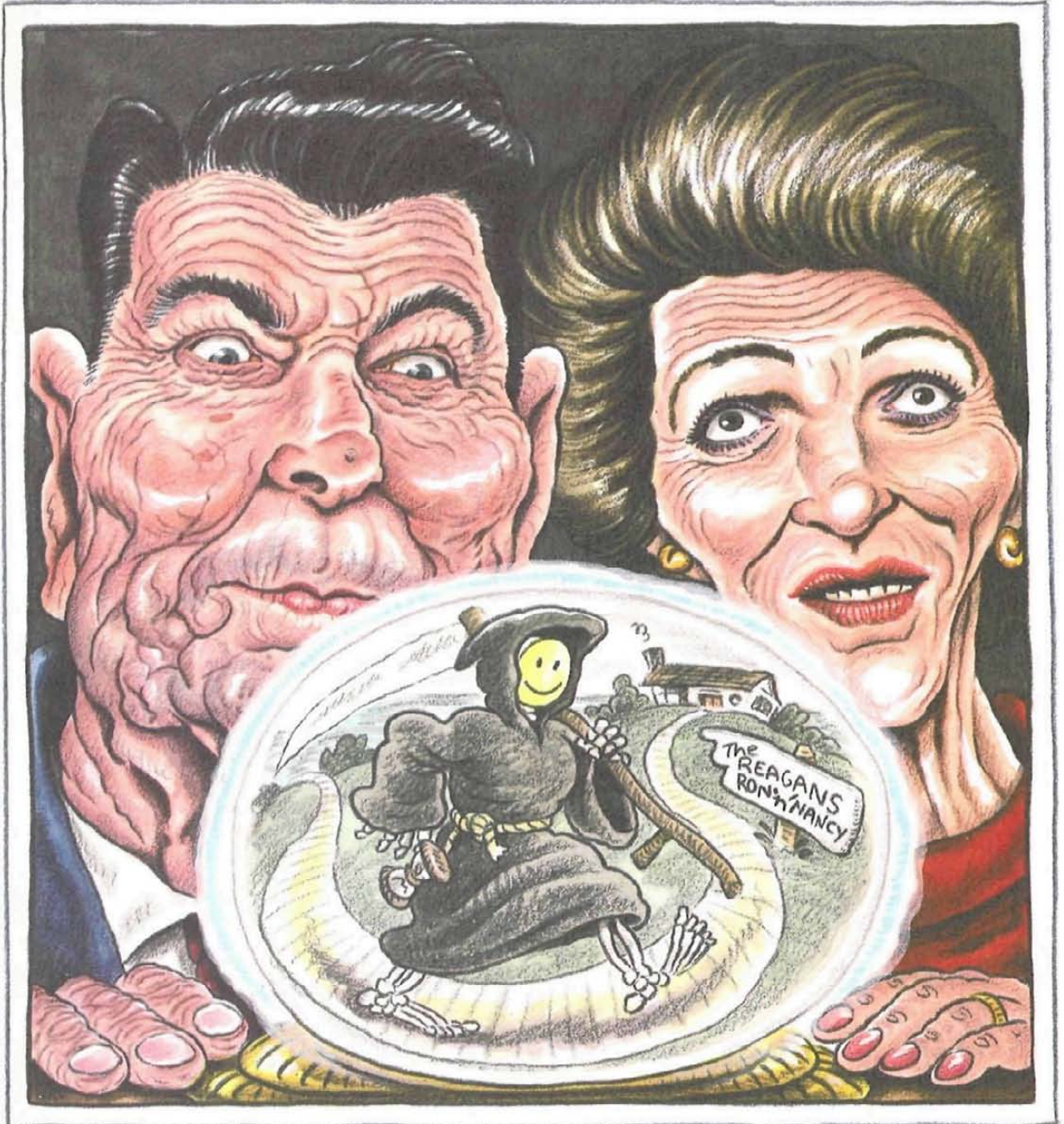
Comments or suggestions about our fighter planes? Please write to:  
**McDONNELL DOUGLAS CORPORATION**  
 Marketing Department  
 Military Aerospace Division  
 P.O. Box 800  
 St. Louis, MO 55500

**Author's warning:** This is a nasty article. If you love Ronald Reagan or picketed Martin Scorsese's last film, you had better not read it.

Welcome, readers, to the President Bozo article. Let us take a quick look together at our great leader, and I'll share some thoughts with you in an easy-to-read way that befits your abilities. Let us now, at the end of eight years, step back, wipe away a tear of joy, and all together cry out

# BYE-BYE, BOZO

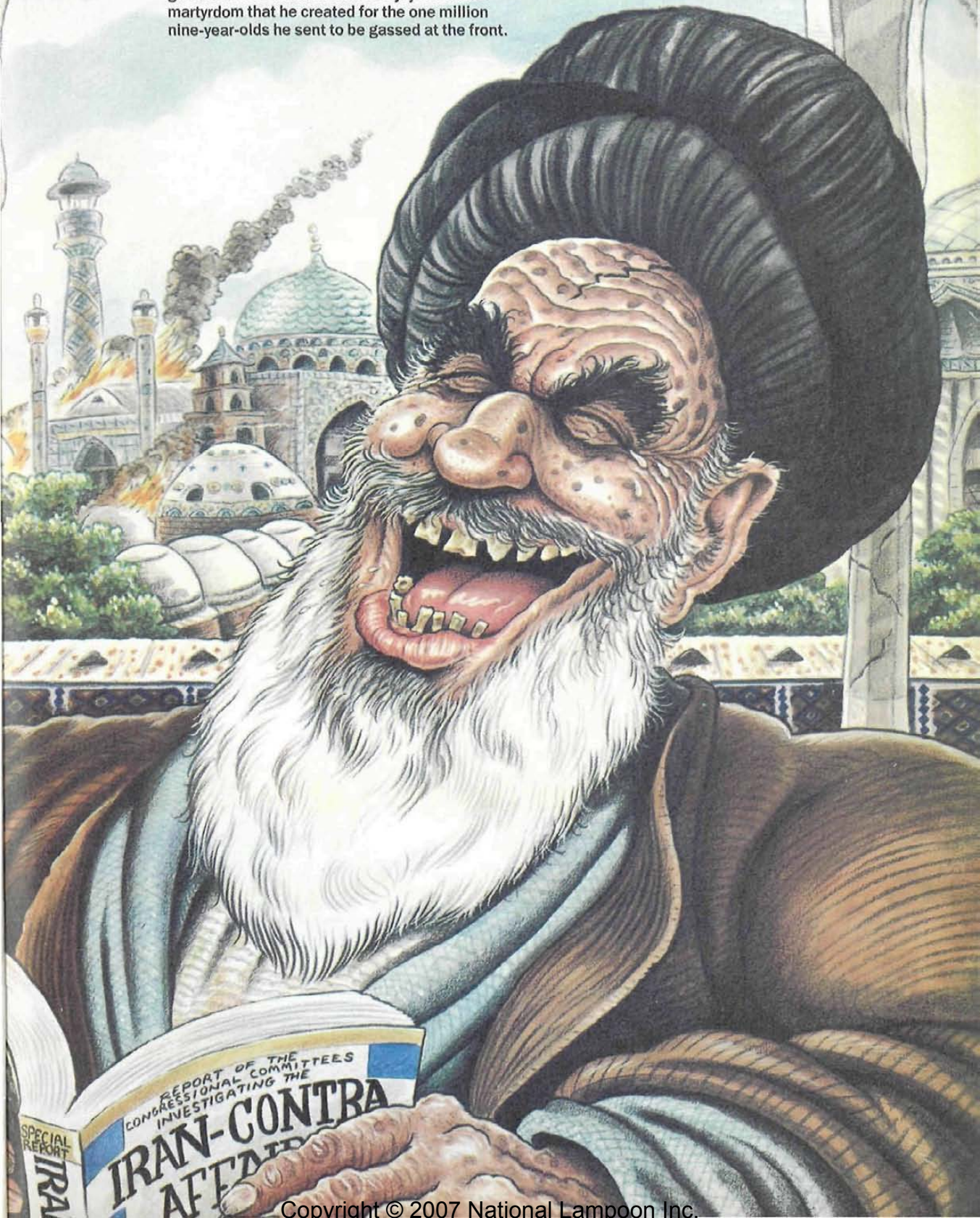
by Rick Meyerowitz



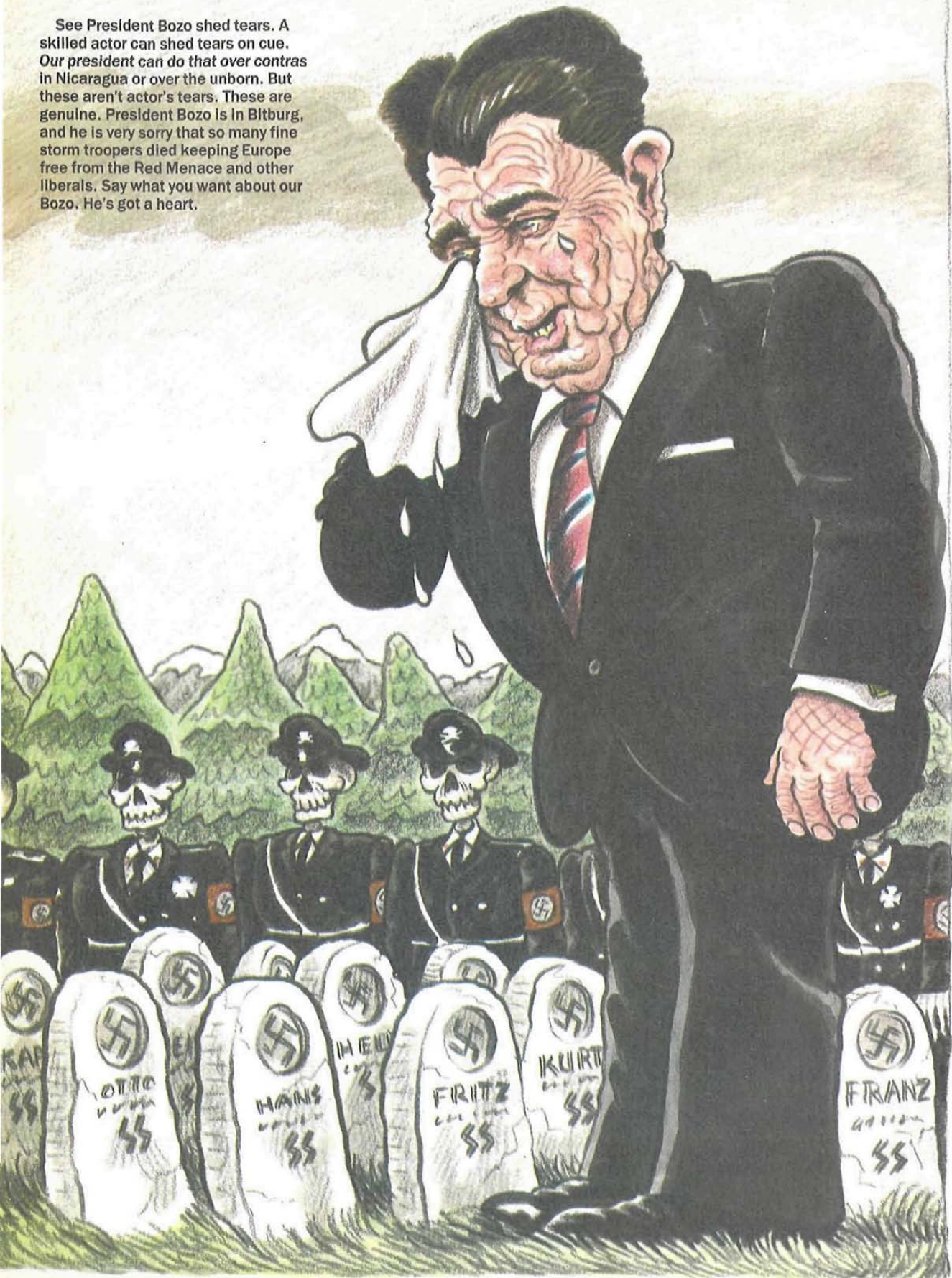
This drawing shows President Bozo and Nancy. They are looking into the crystal ball their astrologer left them. What do you think they see? The unborn? No, silly. The future. And, oh-oh, they're going to get a visitor. Real soon. Look, readers, it's Mr. Death.

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Readers! Did you know that President Bozo is not the only senile old crackpot ideologue who panders to fundamentalists, has little regard for the truth, naps during office hours, and is about to pass from the scene? There is another. Say hello and goodbye to the Ayatollah. We feel a great sadness that he cannot enjoy the same martyrdom that he created for the one million nine-year-olds he sent to be gassed at the front.

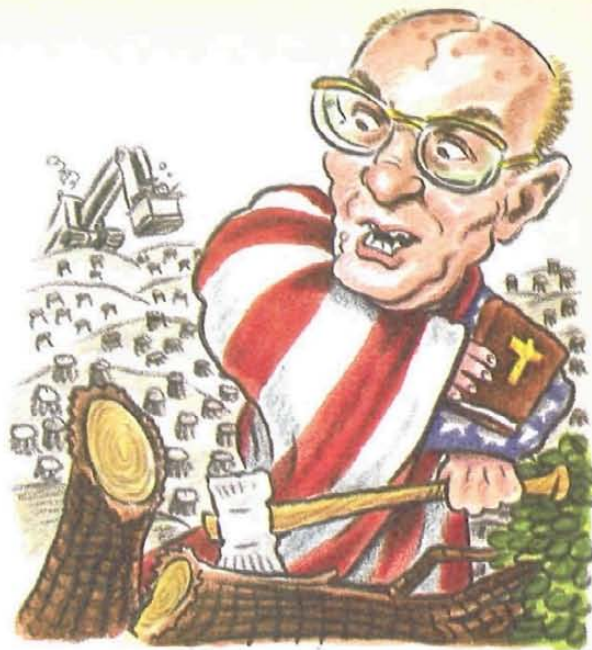


See President Bozo shed tears. A skilled actor can shed tears on cue. Our president can do that over contras in Nicaragua or over the unborn. But these aren't actor's tears. These are genuine. President Bozo is in Bltburg, and he is very sorry that so many fine storm troopers died keeping Europe free from the Red Menace and other liberals. Say what you want about our Bozo. He's got a heart.

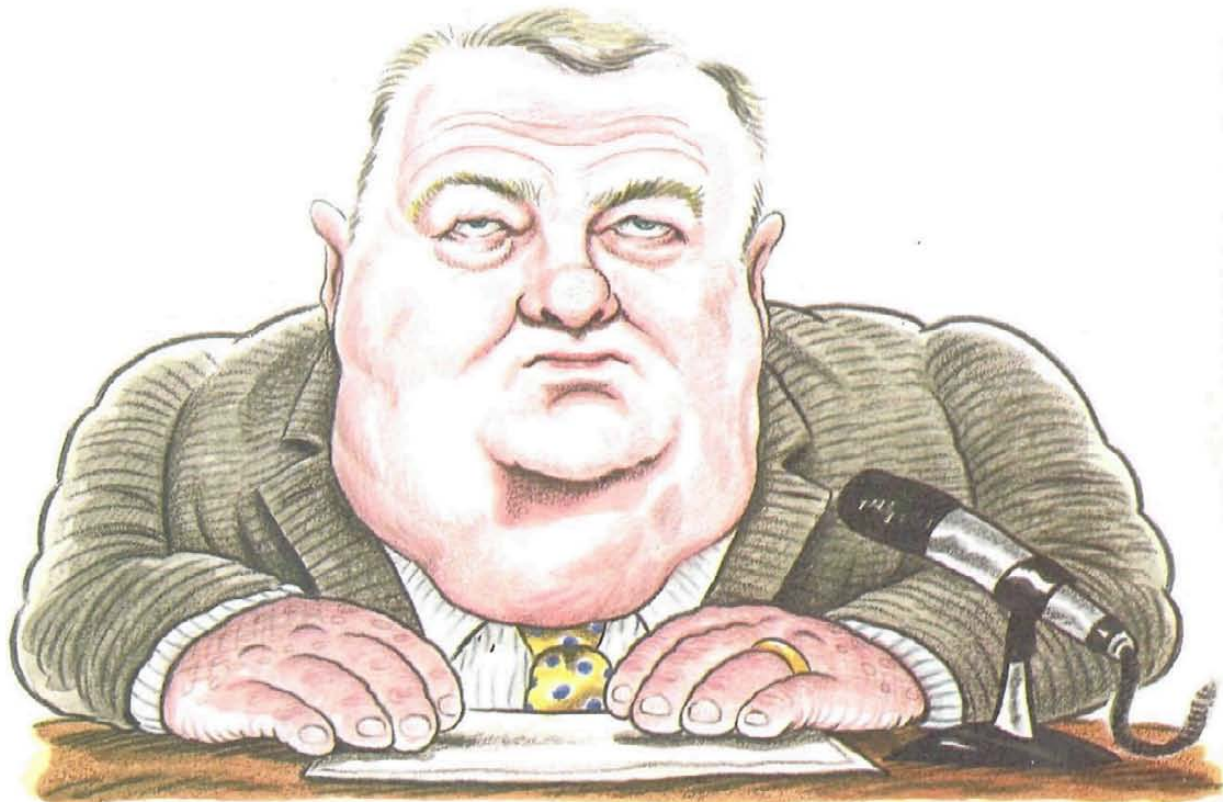




There are millions of God-fearing unborn qualified to be Supreme Court justices and others that just need the protection of the Court. That is why President Bozo picked Judge Bork and Judge Dork. He knew they would protect the rights of the unborn until the moment the unborn were born. Then, especially if they were black, Hispanic, or poor, Bork and Dork would give it to them with both barrels!



Readers, remember James Watt? He didn't like trees or liberal conservationists or the Beach Boys. But he loved God and America and the unborn. He loved America so much he and God cut down all the trees so he could see it better. Then he and God discovered that the born were using the land to hike in and camp on and not paying for it! This made God and James Watt very angry. He sold the land to developers. They turned it into rubble and James Watt retired. It must be very comforting to have God on your side.



This is President Bozo's oldest, dearest unindicted friend, Ed Meese. The president loves Ed because Ed is pink and soft and round and even a little wet, just like the unborn. He also has a closed mind and can't remember a damn thing, just like the president. And just like the president, he was unqualified for his job. Americans are a very generous people. We knew all this and we still voted them in. Twice!

This is my last drawing of President Bozo. I am putting the miserable old war-horse out to pasture. Let him chew coarse grains with loose teeth while the winds blow sand into his rheumy eyes. We wait for that day, soon to come, when he will pass from the scene and be made into glue sticks for the entertainment of the as yet unborn. Until then, we raise ourselves in salute and, cackling with relief, cry out again, "BYE-BYE, BOZO!"





Remembering

# Reagan's Best Years

(Somebody Has To)

**Will Durst was the Under Secretary of Intercontinental Influence and Special Interest Sales in the Reagan administration. He is currently a stand-up comedian. This article is adapted from his memoirs of the Reagan years, *Just Say No (to Any Tough Questions from a Grand Jury)*.**

**I**t's over. Ding-dong, the dork is dead. But we're alive and it feels good. We survived the Reagan years. The nuclear cowboy never nodded out and fell on the button. Sure, sure, we'll be held in the same contempt as the Germans in the thirties, but so what—we'll be breathing functional carbon units and we'll be able to read about it and laugh. Ha-ha.

We got off easy. No limited nuclear warfare, no partial total destruction. Just a widening gap between the very very rich and the very very poor, one of the prerequisites for every revolution the world has ever seen. But it might be a little tough explaining to our kids how we sold them into debtors' prison because we were being sweet-talked by a criminally stupid, senile old fart who was nothing more than a ruddy-cheeked hand puppet to his swinishly corrupt corporate buddies, who quieted us with VCRs and cellular telephones.

Unemployment is down: they changed the formula that makes up the final percentage figures, and the work force is made up of people in sub-minimum-wage service jobs. If this continues, we'll have an economy based on people delivering pizzas to one another. "How do you want your change? In pepperoni?" Make the Domino's Noid the Secretary of Labor.

The ozone is deteriorating before our very eyes. The poles have blowholes, for chrissake, and does Reagan put restrictions on chlorofluorocarbon emissions? No, he tells us to wear hats and sunblock. Who lobbied him on this? The association of dermatologists? Some militant rebel wing of the morticians' union? Coppertone? And he vetoed the clean water bill. Vetoed the

clean water bill! What was going through his tiny little mind? "Clean water, hunh, well, I don't know, I'll have Nancy sacrifice a goat and paw through the entrails. And now, introducing the newest member of the Cabinet, Countess Zenda."

He could be loonier than we ever imagined. In comparison, Caligula was a distinguished statesman, and he appointed a horse to the Senate—but of course, Uncle Ron picked Bush. Prompting the thought that no matter who Bush chooses as a running mate, it's bound to be a better choice than Reagan made. And don't worry about Shrub carrying on Ron's policies. Saying Bush is Reagan without the charm is like saying the desert is like the beach without water. The public wants a fraud they can believe in.

The Reagan Cabinet should have had their photos taken with stockings over their heads. We should never have driven these hundred-plus poisoned toads out of office—at least there we were able to keep an eye on them. Most of these pus warts are lurking around in the private sector now—the ones not in jail, that is. To remember Reagan's staff, Nancy's going to have to put together a scrapbook of mug shots; the reunion tour will have to be cleared by a parole board. Michael Deaver's perjury defense was that he was drunk. "How do you plead?" "Juiced out of my skull, Your Honor." Maybe that'll be our plea in the court of historical review. We were drunk on the heady fumes of unaccountability.

Ed Meese—rhymes with congealed grease—a graduate of the Spiro Agnew School of Scum, managed the Justice Department like a barbecue-takeout window for his privileged cronies. This cheesebag admitted he read the Iraqi pipeline memo

that outlined the Israeli bribe, but he said the words didn't register. This is the guy who theorized if we can pay farmers not to grow wheat, why not pay the homeless not to eat, it wouldn't be a long-term program. The Post Office test-marketed a stamp with Meese's face on it but they found that too many people spat on the wrong side. Judging by the trail of slime he left behind, I think the way they got him out of office was by threatening to throw some salt on his face, although it looks like they already tried that with Noriega.

It's hard to imagine why Reagan didn't appoint Waldheim to his Cabinet. Maybe Kurt can job out his services to the Israelis as a consultant on their Palestinian problem.

Duvalier's in the south of France, Marcos is in Hawaii—boy, we really know how to punish these tyrannical despots. You think Noriega's having nightmares about Tahiti? We tried to smoke him out of Panama by forcing him to run it on a deficit, and you know what that means: four more years.

This same Justice Department now suspects the Teamsters are linked to the Mob. They suspect. They're also inclined to believe that fire is hot, but they're not sure. The Teamsters' spokesman, Vinnie "Three Toes" Mancusiatti, was quoted as saying, "Yeah, like they got proof, that floats."

I'm going to miss the Ronster, the man who nominated Bork as a moderate (and Manson was just cranky). Of course, you've got to remember I'm a comedian and Reagan's done for political humor what the microwave did for appliance stores. If most presidents are figureheads, Reagan was a hood ornament. The first living brain donor. The inventor of the eighteen-hour

by Will Durst

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

nap. And then it turned out Larry Speakes made up half the stuff that Reagan was quoted as saying, but Reagan never knew it because the only thing he reads in the newspapers are comics. And so our foreign policy was being charted by a man who got his primary daily briefing from Garfield. I suppose Odie was in charge of Central America, and now the Ode-man wants more in aid for the contras. (Humanitarian aid, which means the rounds aren't steel-jacketed.) Why? Because Ortega talks to Moscow? If we give money to the guys who are trying to kill him, where's he supposed to go for aid? *Wheel of Fortune*? "*Grande pesos, grande pesos*. Yeah, Pat, I'll take the Stinger, the surface-to-air missile, the F-14 Tomcat, and the rest in a Gucci gift certificate."

Reagan blew up Qaddafi's house and then went on TV and said, "Well, we weren't trying to kill him." Ron, you blew up his house—where the dude lives. Whad-dya saying, it was a wake-up call? Boom boom, Muammar, rise and shine.

Reagan gave us yuppies. Reagan gave us greed, Reagan gave us slogans. "It's morning in America." "Wake up and smell the burning toast, dude." "Just say no." "Hey, man, you sure you want to do another line?" "No." "Zero tolerance." After we put up with his proselytizing for eight years, he drops the drug charges on Noriega and ignores his drug-running freedom fighters' illegal activities. I guess Nancy loves a man in uniform. An example of the Reagan administration's knowledge of drugs is

McFarlane trying to O.D. on Valium. The yellow ones. The fives. You might as well try to O.D. on St. Joseph's children's aspirin. "You gotta take enough, that's all."

Iran-contra was where the Teflon president finally met his metal spatula. Selling arms to Iranian moderates for hostages. What the hell is an Iranian moderate? A Shi'ite who ran out of bullets? Remember Poindexter, the nuclear physicist who couldn't recall squat? If they wanted an absent-minded professor, they should have gotten Fred MacMurray. And then all roads led to Casey. "He did it; no, *he* did it; no, the dead guy did it. Yeah, that's him!" The whole affair was ludicrous: the president was sedated, the head of the CIA had a lobotomy, even Ludlum wouldn't fly with this shit. But America did.

America wanted Ollie North for president. "I promise to protect and defend all the parts of the Constitution that I agree with." Ollie actually said, out loud, that lies are essential to a covert action. Well, that explains it, the Reagan administration was a covert action. But nobody bothered to tell Ronnie, because he was too big a security risk. Nancy never debriefed him. . . . Didja notice how strangely silent Ron got during the Hollywood screenwriters' strike?

This is the guy we let negotiate with Gorbachev. That's like sending Don Knotts into the ring with Mike Tyson. Not even the New Jersey fight commission would sanction this bout. . . . What if Ronnie'd had an original thought and his head had exploded like in *Scanners*—"Y'know what I think,

Mikhail. . ." BAM! "Unh, I'll be right with you, Gorby, don't worry, this has happened before. Hey, Ivan, I'll give you a pair of jeans for that piece of scalp you're standing on there."

But no matter what you think of his policies, you've gotta admire his ability not to get involved in them. He was some piece of work, Reagan was. When he got shot, he didn't realize it. That scared me. Call me wacky, but I like a president with a central nervous system.

You couldn't kill this guy. Cancer all over his body. Every six months: colon, nose, colon, nose. You figure it out. They even found a spot of cancer on George Bush's nose. Confirms what I always suspected—that George never learned the lesson of the 213 area code. The difference between a brownnose and a shithead is depth perception.

Reagoid's helicopter was in a near-miss and his staff said he never knew. No! *Reagan* not knowing stuff going on around him? But it makes you wonder—what does it take to get this guy's attention? A two-trillion-dollar deficit didn't do it. Maybe it has to be something basic, like a bowel movement. That would explain all those weird little smiles during his press conferences. You watch, now that his term is over, he's going to start popping up in Depend commercials. "And now Ronald Reagan, former president and diaper wearer." "Well, on my heavy days, I use the double-fold." And I think that's how I want to remember him, with a load in his pants. ■



President Reagan and close adviser Will Durst in happier times.

# 1988 Presidential Study on the Sexuality of America's Homeless

Submitted by the President's Committee for Resourceful Understanding of Pressing Social Issues (P.C.F.R.U.O.P.S.I.)<sup>1</sup> in Association with the Department of the Press Secretary  
Dave Hanson, Assistant Press Secretary

## The Committee and Its Assignment

When the President's Committee for Resourceful Understanding of Pressing Social Issues (P.C.F.R.U.O.P.S.I.) was ordered to submit a departmental report to the Presidential Commission on Matters of Socio-Demographic Import (P.C.O.M.O.S.-D.I.) upon the issue of the sexuality of America's homeless, the members of the committee were unsure of what to expect.

No previous report on this topic had been filed governmentally; additionally, a search of academic records and even periodicals indicated that no research material had been submitted in that area.

The committee understood the gravity of its assignment; it is a sociological truism that to fully understand a society or societal enclave, its sexuality must be studied, and we knew that as groundbreakers, we would set the tone for scores of future researchers.

## The Results

There was no way the committee could have been prepared for the bizarre behavioral patterns of this socioeconomic group—a strange, thriving subculture that puts more stake in its sexuality than it does in food, clothing, and shelter combined.

Ultimately, the homeless as a group are so obsessed with their sexuality that they don't have time for employment, and though federal benefits would allow them to afford a place to live, many members of the homeless community are so vocally exuberant during sexual performance that they have been blacklisted by landlords. Further, the only reason their clothing appears old and tattered is that it is worn out from such frequent undressing.

The truth is, the condition of homelessness yields tremendous sexual benefits. By saving on rent, homeless people are able to afford more olive loaf, which they regard as a powerful aphrodisiac; and their seduction rituals are greatly simplified by their being able to circumvent the ordeal of coaxing a prospective partner back to their apartment—they just unfurl their bedroll or unfold a piece of cardboard and a horse blan-

ket, throw some sumac in the fire barrel for ambience, and their world is stoked for romance.

It is clear that a woman does not need a basement with a furnace to have a fire down below, and a man does not need a roof over his head to have a tentpole in his trousers.

## Public Relations and Public Misconceptions

The true extent of the homeless obsession with sexuality emerged via a revelation about the homeless in general: that they are actually a wealthy and elitist social group which decided that a façade of poverty and repulsiveness was the best way to prevent the streets from becoming overly congested and to protect the "under the stars" ambience that they so crave. By having each member of the community performing such public relations tasks as panhandling, wiping car windows with greasy rags, and eating at soup lines on holidays, the public misconception of the homeless as being needy and impoverished could be perpetuated indefinitely, and they

would be able to live, and practice their often bizarre sexuality, in peace and privacy.

While their sexual appetites would, in any society, be considered healthy, the sexual practices of the homeless are odd enough to qualify as deviant in almost any civilization. Following are some of the abnormal methods by which the homeless expend their abnormally high hormone levels.

## Courtship

Just as a well-placed dab of Chanel No. 5 is capable of unraveling the resolve of even the most stoic head of state in the world, so can a dollop of Eau de Toilette No. 2 irrevocably stir the hormones of a homeless Romeo.

In fact, while the act of courtship in normal society is based primarily on visual stimuli, wooing among the homeless is largely governed by the extrusion of compatible fragrances, a heady bouillabaisse of odors.

Indeed, while an ordinary observer might look over at that door stoop and see a mummy-



**Exhibit A from the Presidential Study on the Sexuality of America's Homeless: These classified photographs verify the fact that panhandling is merely a public relations ploy designed to propagate the public misconception of neediness and guarantee continued isolationism. Homeless communities generally supplement individual wealth with government benefits and the contributions of civic action groups; any money accumulated while begging is considered windfall and is divided among various charities and a Club Med vacation fund.**

1. Previous studies by the committee include: *Effects of Humidity on Contraception in the Animal Community*; *Proportional Differences in Chances of Having Twins by Parents Rated Athletic or Unathletic*; *Residual Effects of Residue in the Oxidizing Process*.



AP / Wide World

**Exhibit B from the Presidential Study on the Sexuality of America's Homeless: A homeless couple is shown recuperating blissfully from a thirty-six-hour pleasure marathon. The homeless believe that slumber in the yin/yang position is the most rejuvenative, as the loop formed by body contact induces an unbroken, synergistic flow of hormonal molecules, allowing the sleeper to awaken refreshed and ready for renewed sexual activity.**

fled-looking pile of grimy tarpaulins that smell of defecation and urination and perspiration and duck butter, all heaped on a human warming pad of wet moldy bread and cat spray, to a connoisseur this is a lover intimating his or her arousal by exuding an intricate series of olfactory signals.

When a homeless man or woman picks up a fragrance that is compatible with his or her own, like the odor of a decaying limb or lymph system, one party will articulate his or her attraction via an elaborate series of incoherent mutterings or an action indicative of attraction, like running in the street and spitting and screaming at passing motorists.

## Foreplay

The act of a homeless woman undressing and unpeeling her numerous strata of sweaters, shirts, coats, long underwear, and other garments serves as a tantalizing lingering strip-

tease, guaranteed to incite her partner to an altitudinous level of arousal. For the woman, if her man's excitement does not arouse her osmotically, the sheer strenuousness of removing and flaying all those clothes generates enough body heat to stimulate the necessary lubrication for the sex act.

If a couple craves additional foreplay, the man will lick at the woman's breast hard and long enough so that his cleaning tongue will enable him to distinguish the nipple from the rest of the breast.

## Tom Jones

As do many sexual connoisseurs, many members of the homeless enjoy combining the sensual experiences of eating and sex. The most common method of mixing food and sex for the homeless is very different than it is for those of us who live in apartments and condos and houses, and eat caviar and candied fruit and

fluffy meringues off soapy-clean bodies. The food/sex experience for the homeless is generally a group-sex experience, with one person serving as a soup kitchen, his or her naked body piled high with bologna sandwiches and other freshly found food, the bellybutton used as a mustard tureen.

## Bondage & Domination

Frequent indulgence in this practice is the reason so many homeless people wheel around shopping carts and shopping bags. The carts are employed in the traditional manner of stockades, with the holes originally intended for a child's legs accommodating the arms of the dominated partner, whose wrists are then tightly secured with the handles of shopping bags. The whole rig is then lashed to a tree or lamppost, rendering the submissive party achingly vulnerable to the torturous, twist-grill probings of pigeon feathers, busted-off car antennas, grimy appendages, and salad gaffs.

## Homosexuality

Although the primary differences between homeless homosexuals and their housed counterparts are cultural and social, there are also differences in the areas of communication, especially in the indexing of codes by which preferences are expressed—most specifically their variations on the popular gay hankie code. If the bulk of defecation in a homeless homosexual's trousers has accumulated in his left leg, it indicates dominance; the right leg means submissive.

## Sexual Fantasy

Without television or reading lamps or jobs to fill their days, the fantasy lives of the homeless are perhaps richer than those of any other social group. While the homeless have unique Walter Mitty tendencies in many areas, such as daydreaming about finding a book of Hardee's gift certificates or a Hefty bag full of empty cans to return for deposit, the bulk of their fantasy life is, as with most people, devoted to sexual fantasies.

What do the homeless have sexual fantasies about?

Many are truly bizarre, ranging even into the seduction of people with homes. Tom, thirty-six, says: "My favorite fantasy involves a woman whom I meet in the park. She brings me to her house. It is beautiful, with central heating, and she really cranks it up. We begin eating soup, with chunks of meat and fresh vegetables, then sandwiches piled high with baloney—Boar's Head—and drinking Harveys Bristol Cream. After I finish my drink, she drops some coins in the glass. I check it, and it's all quarters. I smile, and she gives me a knowing wink. We have sex and then she makes more soup, which she serves with a very fresh, tender white bread. I decide that while I'm in this beautiful house I want to relieve myself in warmth and comfort one time. I do, and it feels terrific, and afterward I go in the bathroom and empty my trousers into the

John. Then we make love again, and she serves hot apple pie and Irish whiskey."

## The Hottest Night of the Week

While the homeless remain vibrantly libidinous every day and night, the undisputed highlight of every week is their Sunday-night orgy. Held late on Sunday because of the comparative quiet on the streets, the occasion is a tidal wave of sexual activity.

Members of the community bring dishes high in aphrodisiac qualities—favorites are olive loaf, oysters in season, ragweed and other hardy perennials, and fresh pigeon.

The group assembles in a designated subway station, the pigeons and olive loaf are cooked to a turn on the third rail, a giant hookah containing dried dandelion greens—regarded as a highly

potent aphrodisiac—is lit up, and the bacchanalia commences.

The Sunday-night orgies often feature special homeless themes, such as the "Cock Hop," in which everyone dresses in clothes manufactured in the 1960s, and "Beetles Weekend," in which dung beetles are applied to the honeyed genitalia of group members, affording them a unique and torturous manner of arousal.

## Conclusion

When President Reagan recently made the statement that most people are on the street because they want to be, he was greeted with howls of outrage. But he was right. Call him a visionary, or an anthropologist savant, but he was dead right.

And in retrospect, it makes perfect sense. How could anyone who wanted to eat possibly go

hungry with all the free food at book parties and art openings? How could anyone who wants a home not have one, when the real estate listings in the Sunday paper take up *two full sections*?! And jobs?! All these people would have to do is pull the newspapers out of their shoes and look at the Help Wanted. There are hundreds of high-paying jobs available in exciting areas like industrial architecture, aeronautical engineering, and many more.

Obviously, the homeless problem could be remedied simply by dosing them with saltpeter. But why bother? By presenting the public with a terrifying image of the grimy, repulsive consequences of capitalist failure, they have helped push unemployment to an all-time low.

Indeed, the homeless problem is not a problem at all, but rather a positive social situation which is beneficial to all, and which any government in the world would be happy to have on its shores. ■



AP / Wide World

**Exhibit C from the Presidential Study on the Sexuality of America's Homeless: Photographic evidence of the "red light" district of the homeless community. Due to the disproportionate number of males in homeless society, all females must perform ten hours of community service a week, during which they work the so-called homeless bordellos.**

# CHRISTMAS FEAR

Written and Illustrated  
by Gahan Wilson

It is fortunate that Christmas—the adults' annual reminder to children that they are totally dependent on the whims of big people—only comes but once a year, because it's highly unlikely any kid could survive more than one of them per year. Everything about the holiday—from the insane greed and duplicity it is fiendishly designed to breed in the hearts of innocents all the way to its cruel use of that most tricky and terrifying of father figures, Santa—is set up to raise, then bash down, and finally warp forever the urge to hope in the young. No wonder its arrival always fills our heart with fears!

A good many of these phobias center around expectations concerning presents—the simplest and most universal of them probably being the fear that this year one will finally get nothing but boxer shorts....



...A close second to this is the haunting dread that absolutely none of the toys you get will fit together....



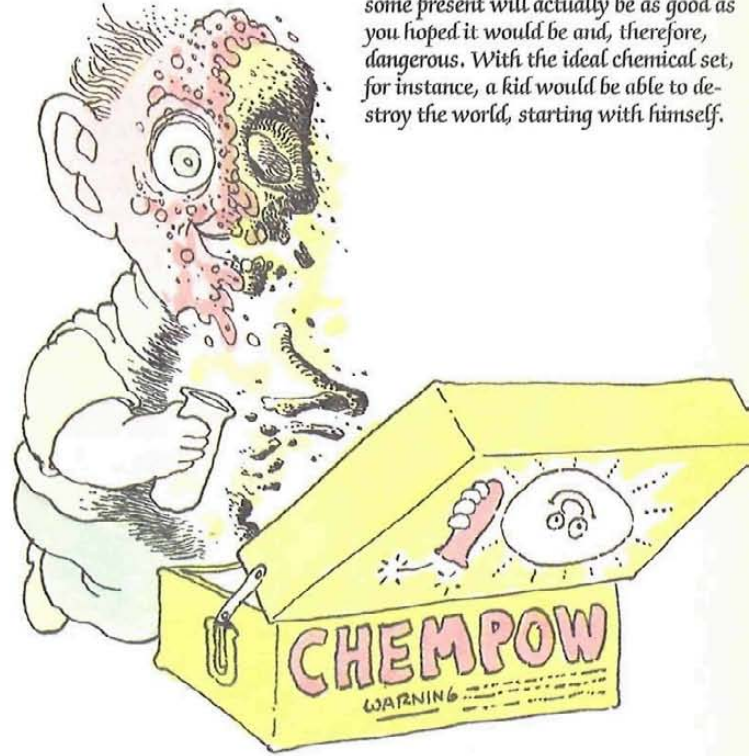
...And the third fundamental dread, perhaps the one most solidly based on reality, is that no matter what toys you get, your father will hog them all and never let you play with any of them.



Humiliation is, of course, fundamental to Christmas and to presents. There is the horrible possibility that even if you do get a good present you will succeed in making a miserable mess of it, possibly best represented by making a fool of oneself with your swell new magic kit....



... Then there is the possibility that some present will actually be as good as you hoped it would be and, therefore, dangerous. With the ideal chemical set, for instance, a kid would be able to destroy the world, starting with himself.



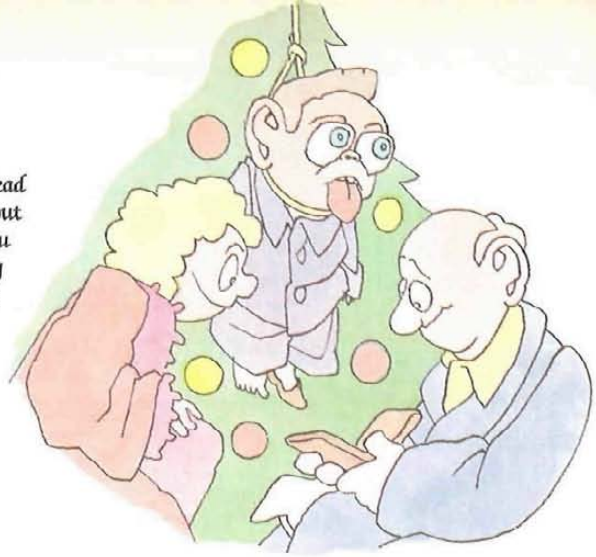
Your relationship with your parents is totally bound up with the whole notion of presents, of course. There is always the lurking fear that this year they will really do something serious about your sneaking into their closet to check out the package trove....



...And because you know, deep in your heart, that the presents you got for them are cheap and tacky because you're an ungrateful little snot, you are always understandably fearful that this time they will run out of patience with you and tell you what they really think about all that shit you've been fobbing off on them through the years....



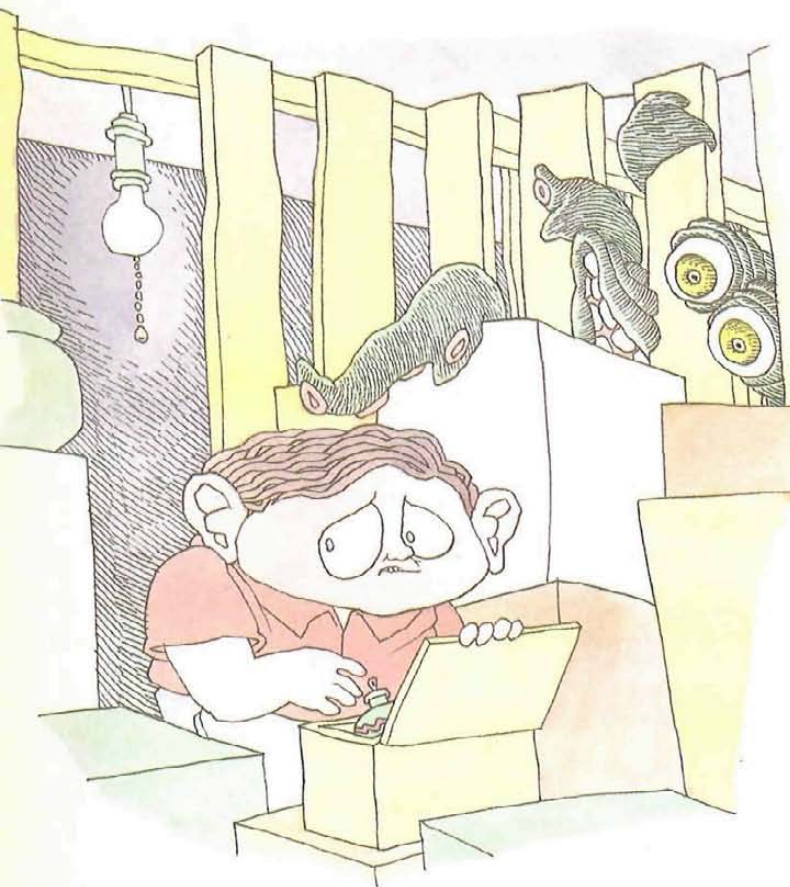
... But perhaps the most degrading dread of all is that you will feel so awful about not getting the laser destroyer tank you asked everybody for that you will hang yourself from the Christmas tree right in front of everyone, and no one will even notice!!!



There are any number of other fears clustered around the joyous event. One is that this year your baby brother will eat pine needles—since, of course, you'll ask him to do it again—and it will turn out that the grown-ups are right, that Christmas trees are deadly poison, and he will foam at the mouth and die, and everyone will know you made him do it....



... And maybe this year the thing that's down in the basement storage area will get you when you're sent down there to bring up the ornaments even after you've told everybody how dangerous it will be to do it....



... And maybe this year the grown-ups will all get so totally out-of-control drunk that they actually end up killing each other.



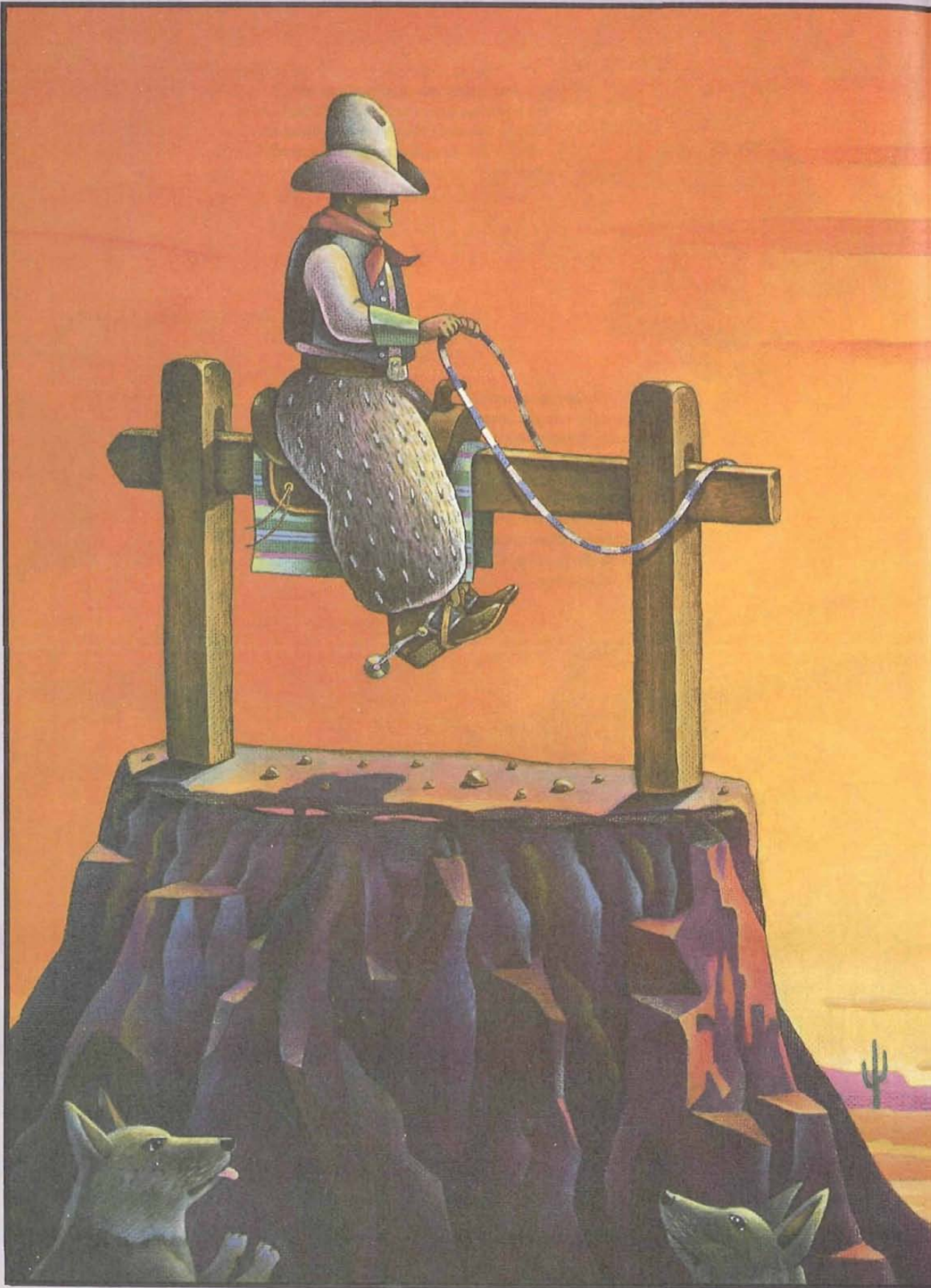


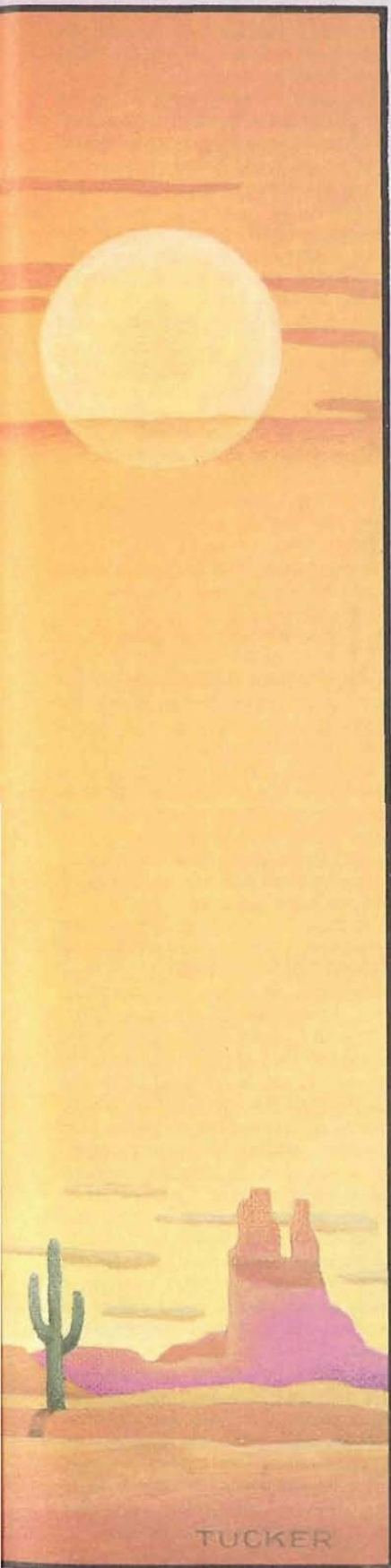
... And (not so much a fear, this one, as a fascinatingly horrible possibility) maybe this time your fat aunt will eat so much Christmas dinner she will actually explode!

The absolute worst fears of all, naturally, concern Santa Claus himself. The department-store Santa that your parents will insist you visit has always made it clear he is a dangerous and horrible person, but maybe this Christmas he will have even more whiskey on his breath than usual and, instead of just feeling you up, do something really disgusting....



... And, needless to say, the very worst and most awful fear of all is that there actually is a Santa Claus, and he really does know if you've been bad or good!





# THE LONESOME BOYS' RANCH

by Richard Boler  
Illustrated by Tom Tucker

**M**

oonpuppy is what all the other 'pokes used to call me.

As nicknames go, it really wasn't all that bad. Not very rugged, granted. Given my druthers, as we were apt to say, I would have chosen something more Western and manly—Hopalong or Coyote or Spurs. Leatherdick, maybe.

But, growing up on the Lonesome Boys' Ranch, you learn real quick to hang onto what you're given.

Don't get me wrong. We were never mistreated, or deprived of necessities. The education was crackerjack, the facilities tidy, the hired hands well-groomed and clean-shaven. We chowed down, as it's called, on three squares every day—and although each meal invariably showcased a pasta by-product, it was always campfire-hot and ladled out with a smile and a friendly how-de-do.

No, what we boys at the Ranch lacked was a comfortable self-image, an identity that a kid could hang his hat on and call his own. Given the circumstances, this seems

perfectly natural. I mean, one day there you are, a normal kid, with a mom and dad and a little sister, growing up in suburbia, riding your Huffy, playing Army with your friends, watching Rocky the Flying Squirrel on Saturday mornings...

And then, in the turn of a card, it all vanishes. And you're just another 'poke, riding the lonesome range.

"History is sorcery," Samuel Pepys once wrote, "and memory, magic." Us 'pokes knew how quickly it could all slip away. So you learned to hold fast to anything that rooted you to life. It was like the earth was spinning fast, out of control, and you'd grab hold of a tree to stop from flying off.

Of course, there was a flip side to this. By nature of upbringing, a Lonesome Boy is the wagonmaster of his own destiny, a man skilled at the very American art of re-creating himself. So many of us end up being successful in life precisely because we have no admissible past to constrain us.

Case in point: that Samuel Pepys quote? I made it up. I'm not even sure who Samuel Pepys is. I just thought it sounded cool.

Now, a normal kid wouldn't have been

able to do that. A normal kid would have had to research and verify and annotate and footnote, to attempt to line up history with reality, and memory with truth.

But us Lonesome Boys, we don't give a hoot.

All of the book I'arnin' at the Ranch was in the hands of a solitary nun who went by the handle Sister Mary Crown-o-Thorns. Like all nuns back in those days, she was of indeterminate age. She could have been forty, she could have been a hundred and ten. She wore the traditional twenty-two pounds of black cloth; the only hair we ever saw was a thin, bristly white mustache that was impossible not to stare at head-on. Sister Mary Crown-o-Thorns rode the range sidesaddle on a horse called Beatitude.

"I don't care about the particulars that brought you here" was her standard speech to new arrivals. "Unfair or not, the fact remains that you are boys, and I am a handmaiden of the Lord. There is much work to do. Please open your desks and take out your Latin books. Quietly."

Sister only had us in the mornings. In the afternoons, after Lunch and Rodeo, we were delivered into the secular hands of the Gambling Establishment for the Hard Knocks portion of our schooling.

It was our keepers' contention that our secluded environment deprived us of certain common sense rules. They felt compelled to teach us skills that they believed a kid learns instinctively while growing up

free—so that when we were set loose into the Real World (at nineteen, draft age) we would not be devoured. I think they likened our situation to the lovable lion cubs raised in captivity in *Born Free*—which was, in fact, our school song.

And so on afternoons of our residence at the Ranch, we were the recipients of workshops and lectures by a never-ending cycle of guest educators.

Frank Sinatra spoke to us one time. This was in '67 or so, though I'm not sure, since calendars were nonexistent at the Ranch. Mr. Sinatra talked to us about racial prejudice, how it didn't make sense to exclude any member of the human race, "be he black, yellow, green, blue, or red. And that's the real skinny."

He brought along his personal friend, Sammy Davis, Jr., or "my little one-eyed monkey," as Mr. Sinatra affectionately called him. Sammy sang "Buttons and Bows" with Mr. Sinatra. It was great. We gave them a Standing O. Mr. Sinatra hugged Guido, our headmaster, then he and Sammy jumped into their helicopter and took off, giving rise to a dust cloud that lingered over the Ranch for days.

Most afternoons were tamer, although equally informative. It was in the afternoons that we learned about Watching Your Back, and Profit-Skimming, and the Difference Between a Nice Girl and a Tramp.

And, of course, Honor. Honor I and II; Advanced Honor; Existential Honor; Honor in the Construction Business; Honor, the Dope Deal, and You... Honor

was a kind of religion to the Italians who, in those days, dominated the Gambling Establishment.

They practiced what they preached. For example, we at the Ranch knew that President Kennedy had been assassinated because he got Judith Exner pregnant and then wouldn't marry her. Italians hate that kind of shit.

Indeed, had it not been for honor, none of us would have been there. The Lonesome Boys' Ranch was certainly not a money-making venture. Because of its illegal nature, it couldn't even be used as a tax shelter.

But what was the Mob to do when some guy bet his kid in a card game and lost? Say forget it? Oh, that's okay, we don't really expect you to pay up your debts?

Please. To do so would have been catastrophic, a shameful loss of Respect.

And Respect, as everyone knows, is just as important to Italians as Honor.

"Honor. Respect. Since 1921." These were the words inscribed beneath the school crest of my alma mater.

Not everybody had the gumption, as it was called, to survive. It took a special breed of kid to be a Lonesome Boy. It was not unusual to see kids crying continuously for days upon arrival. We used to call them "leakers."

One kid, Skippy Brown, was such a leaker that he had to be attached to an IV saline solution to replace the fluids he lost crying. Skippy cried for about six months straight. You'd see him walking around, pushing his bottle and cart over the rocky paths, bawling his eyes out.

But Skippy eventually straightened out nicely. Today he's the one you people know as John Cougar Mellencamp.

Other kids were not so lucky. They lacked the wherewithal, so to speak. After you'd lived on the Ranch for a while, you could tell who'd make it and who wouldn't. If a new kid didn't cry at all, if he just walked around in a daze, and if you tried to strike up a conversation and if the only thing he ever said was "I want to go home," if you walked up to him, for example, looked up at the sky, spit, and said, "Reckon we're in for some weather," and he replied, "I want to go home"... well, then we knew that kid wasn't long for this world. We knew that within a matter of days or weeks, this kid would wander off the compound, lie down under the stars, and die.

When this happened, we'd give the dead kid a real Lonesome Boy send-off. The men from the Gambling Establishment would fire their snub-nosed revolvers into the sky in tribute. Then we'd raise a barn, just for fun, and hold a service in it. Sister Mary Crown-o-Thorns would deliver the eulogy, which was always about Death.

Death was a Mexican, she would say, who goes by the name of the Grim Cabal-



lero. He wears a black sombrero and rides a huge black bull. The Grim Caballero is a sad figure, big-hearted but unaware of his horrific powers. Death thinks he is just a Lonesome Boy in a way, riding the range in a sorrowful quest to hang his sombrero.

But the Fates have played a cruel trick on the Grim Caballero—although a full Mexican, Death's vocabulary is limited to the solitary phrase "Buenas noches." And the second that we acknowledge Death's presence, the unwitting Mexican, ever-friendly and eager to please, utters "Buenas noches." And we die. It doesn't matter if you tip your hat, or offer Death a cigarette, or comment on the weather. He will say "Buenas noches."

Sister says that most of us run up against Death many times in our lives. We will see him out of the corner of our eye, but we refuse to acknowledge him, because we know in our hearts what will happen. And the Grim Caballero is just looking for a friend. That's why people die when they get old. The more times you run into Death, the greater the odds that you will slip and say "Howdy" or something.

"Death is just looking for some eye contact," Sister would say.

I've often wondered what it is about the Lonesome Boys' Ranch that seems to breed success among its graduates. It is our common experience, I think, that gives us a leg up in the Real World, once we finally get out into it. We have a proud, secret tradition of excellence. A Harvard Business School-type of thing. The LBR has contributed a lot to this country. You'd be surprised.

Take David Stockman. Stockman—or Jingles, as he was known to us—was there during my tenure. Jingles was kind of a legend at the Ranch, known more for his ball-handling ability than for any later proven skills as an economic genius. He was an athlete of uncommon talent, one of those kids who know instinctively what to do with any ball they pick up. We always figured he would end up in the major leagues or the NBA. It came as quite a shock when Jingles appeared as a key player in the Reagan administration. All that wasted potential. . . . Still, I guess he's done all right for himself.

Robert De Niro's another one. Dusty, we called him. Dusty De Niro. Now there was a strange kid. Kept very much to himself, always watching with that piercing gaze of his. He was much too aloof to be popular, or even well-liked. He made a lot of the other 'pokes nervous, the way you'd always catch him just watching you.

I will say this: Dusty had a tremendous dignity about him. He never slammed his father for gambling him away. Dad-slaming was kind of a popular pastime at the LBR, but Dusty just wouldn't talk about it. If you pressed him, he'd say simply, "I'm using it," and then disappear into the bram-

bles for a couple days.

Dave Kingman, Thomas Merton, Sid Caesar, Montgomery Clift, Leon Redbone, Herm "The Worm" Hesse, Eugene McCarthy, John Riggins, Bebe Rebozo, Iggy Pop, J. D. Salinger, the original Curly. . . all grew up on the Lonesome Boys' Ranch. There's a complicated bond among us, a kind of Man Standing Alone quality that we share.

Sometimes I think that Jesus Christ must have been a Lonesome Boy, too. There was something about that guy. Just in the way he carried himself. He certainly fit the Lonesome Boy profile—sad, lonely, driven. Never being able to fit in anywhere. Cursed with always seeing the Big Picture. Being good at stuff that angers others but gives you no joy.

Having a dad who hands you over to be raised by strangers.

I was there in 1961 on the night my father gambled me away on nines and deuces.

"I'll throw in Junior here" were his precise words. I was eleven years old.

My mom and little sister were away that summer, visiting my older sister and her new husband in Bartow, Florida. So my dad would take me down to Herman's Cafe in the evenings, for a couple of hours belly-up at the bar. Then we'd hit the game in the back room.

I watched my dad lay down those deuces and nines, and then Herman his eight-high straight. The room got real quiet.

"Oops," my dad said. Someone got up and made a phone call. Two guys came, put a blindfold on me, and rode me out to the airport. I never saw my family again.

It takes a while. You keep expecting your dad to show up at the Ranch and rescue you. You think about home a lot.

I left the Ranch in 1969, on the eve of my nineteenth birthday. It was funny—for years, I'd dreamed about getting out, going back to Erie, walking in on my mom and kid sister, then sitting down on the easy chair with a six-shooter on my lap, waiting for my father to come home.

But a 'poke learns to let that bitterness go, or else'n that hatred turns inward and you gets all twisted up inside. My father had the gambling sickness, a disease that robbed him of good sense and his only son. I'm sure he suffered greatly. Especially when my mom got back from Florida.

When they took the blindfold off and dropped me off in downtown Reno, the only thing I could think about were the complimentary twenty-five-dollar markers in my pocket and the casino across the street.

Things have turned out okay for me. As Under Secretary of the Treasury, I've got the freedom to travel all over tarnation, checking up on the economy and whatnot. People call me "mister." I got my own desk.

But I take none of this too seriously. Lonesome Boys know full well how fast the earth spins. And no matter who you are or think you might be, you can lose it all in a blink, on deuces and nines. ■



# LIVE FROM THE RUBBER ROOM!

Emo Philips in "A Day at the Park"





THESE  
THREE ASTHMATICS  
JUMPED ME....



I KNOW,  
IT'S MY  
FAULT....



I SHOULD  
HAVE HEARD THEM  
HIDING.



SO...  
ALWAYS CARRY  
RAGWEED!

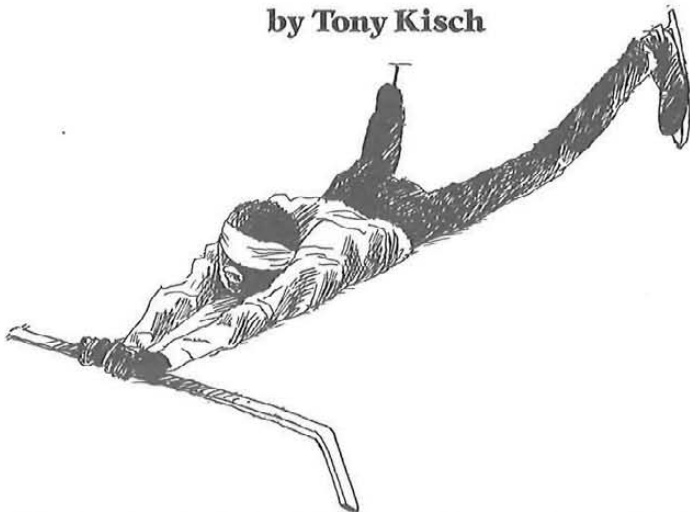


THANKS  
FOR BEING MY  
FRIENDS...  
BYE-BYE!

# Soul on Ice!

## The Untold Story of the Negro Hockey League

by Tony Kisch



**T**he year was 1919. A young and unstoppable Jack Dempsey pounded his way into immortal fame that year by making hamburger out of Jess Willard. A Broadway ne'er-do-well with a mind like a silicon chip and the scruples of a garter snake—one Arnold “The Brain” Rothstein—smeared immortality of a different sort over the Chicago “Black” Sox by managing to fix the World Series. For those interested in hockey, however, that manly art of stick and sinew propelling a hard rubber projectile across an expanse so cold, so unyielding, so pristinely lovely as to belie the brutal, elemental yet strangely noble struggle which rages upon its shimmering surface—for those fans the year 1919 has remained a cipher, as if the game had not been played that year at all. The record books tell us that there was “no decision” for the coveted Stanley Cup that year; in fact, there was one very important thing decided: that future generations would never know and speak of the defeat of the all-white Saskatoon Visigoths at the hands of the all-black underdogs, the East Cicero Neckbones, and that the long, proud history of Afro-American contribution to

the sport would be expunged from the official records for all time. Here then, for the first time, is the story that was never meant to be told.

### The Heritage

Most black history prior to this century was, of necessity, oral history. Denied access to reading and writing skills by white masters and bosses, blacks developed a rich oral tradition in the forms of fables, songs, etc. A good deal of this has survived to this day, passed on from generation to generation, and references to one or another game played clandestinely in the cool of the master’s icehouse crop up in bits of doggerel dating back to pre-Revolutionary times! A typical example:

#### *Coon in the Icehouse*

Cotton-choppin’ time’s when de sun am strong,  
Coon in de icehouse, singin’ him a song,  
Singin’, “Some like a cho’lit cake, bake inna pan,  
But it can’t cool yo’ ass de way dis ice cake can!”  
Den de coon see a dead mouse lyin’ by de door,

He pick up de stick an’ push it ‘cross de floor.  
An’ he think to hisself as he give de mouse a whack,  
“Ah wish dey was anudder coon to push dat mouse back!”

Luckily for hockey historians, Alexis de Tocqueville, during his celebrated tour of the new nation in the first years of the nineteenth century, provided a little-known but fascinating sketch of a “most original bit of sport” he observed while a guest at a plantation in Georgia:

After work, a group of the colored slaves gathered at dusk at M. \_\_\_\_\_’s icehouse. They were equipped with oddly curved sticks and an old skull of some creature or other. Dividing themselves into two opposing groups, they flailed away at the skull (which they referred to as “Marse’s nose,” that is, the nose of my esteemed host), sending it skittering across the ice-covered floor. The object, it seemed, was to propel the “Marse’s nose” into the other group’s “trap,” a receptacle fashioned of wire and wood. All of this was accompanied by wild shrieks and most foul curses, and so loud were they and oblivious to all but the sport at hand that a darkie from the great house had to come and quiet them on



three successive occasions, and only a blast from a squirrel gun was finally sufficient to disperse them from their pleasure.

By the antebellum period there was scarcely a major plantation that didn't boast its contingent of "icehouse coons." Early pioneers such as Bubba Hall and Fine Lemon Gretzky electrified the icehouses with their skill and ferocity. One talented youngster seemed to have more grit and determination than any other—his name was Satchel LaFleur. Someone once asked Satchel for advice on life. Smiling broadly, he replied, "Don't look back—somethin' might be meltin' on ya."

Inevitably, whites took notice of the excitement, and it became quite chic for the jaded aristocracy of the Old South to wager on the outcome of the matches, much as they would on a horse race or boxing contest. A cruel variation called a "battle royal" evolved, in which several "young bucks" were blindfolded and then directed to flail away with their sticks until, by some miracle, the "plug" ("Marse's nose" no longer being an amusing term) would skitter into one or another cage. Needless to say, skill and dexterity in handling the plug and negotiating the icy floor on bare feet went unappreciated—the object of these bouts was humiliation and BLOOD, the more of both the better. Large sums of money would change hands, and the white spectators would scream themselves hoarse exhorting their favorites on to greater efforts. The "winner"'s reward was never more than a few pennies tossed con-

temptuously at his feet. Eventually the "royals" were banned, though not for any humane reason: too much valuable private property was getting bruised and beaten. The "icehouse coons" were left to their small pleasures by their masters, honing their skills unknowingly for a day of reckoning in the distant future.

## The League and "de Cir-clit"

After the war, suddenly freed blacks throughout the defeated South found themselves facing uncertain futures. For some, however, the uncertainty was exhilarating. For the first time, freedom of movement meant the possibility that, with enough talent and luck, "entertainment" could be a more or less full-time occupation. In Louisiana, Acadians—"Cajuns"—from Canada had brought with them a love of the game called "hockey," and they passed on the rudiments of the sport to the local "icehouse coons." They quickly got the hang of it, keeping, of course, a number of their old icehouse tricks. Their gift for improvisation was wondrous. Faced with great hostility and prejudice from many rink owners, the colored teams were often forced to slog through spring training in the Florida Everglades. They had to rig up their own unique equipment: the goaltenders made masks out of young turtles' shells; skates were ax blades lashed to their feet with pillow ticking and baling wire; they

added curved barrel staves to their sticks to better handle their plugs, which became just that—several plugs of wet tobacco, frozen solid. But the greatest wonder of all was that, more than ever, white folks wanted to see them! As Reconstruction wore on, white Southerners seethed with resentment and longing for the way things used to be. What could be more evocative of things past than the antics of the good old icehouse coons? Sure, they had to pay the niggers a little something now, but it was still a mighty cheap nostalgia. Battle royals came back, but the black players quickly realized that by doing enough clowning and "tomming," they could satisfy the emotional need for harmless, funny darkies and still manage to play hockey without bashing each other's brains in. Not that there wasn't enough blood as well; there was high-sticking, body-checking, and plenty of brawls along with the fun. The concept of a penalty box was still unknown; besides, the rough stuff was good for business.

By the 1880s, a relatively comfortable "system" had worked itself out. A very loose "Colored Ice Hockey League" was in existence, made up mostly of ragtag teams sponsored by local white businesses throughout the South. Among these were Chattanooga's "King Cornmeal's Frost Possums," Little Rock's "Pap Peavine's Duskeemoes," Baton Rouge's "Slater Mill's Puckaninnies," and Biloxi's "Velvet Excelsior's Stick-a-Boo Seals." It all had a minstrel-show atmosphere to it—matches



*Icehouse coons (antebellum period, circa 1850).*

were arranged, preceded by musical acts, freak exhibits, and, of course, the occasional battle royal. Then, with the ice often melting around them, these nineteenth-century Globetrotters would put on unforgettable demonstrations of skill and clowning. The crowds were strictly segregated, with the choice rink-side seats going to the whites and the roped-off "bleachers" going to the blacks. The teams made their way from town to town, pretty much year round, and though these rough-and-ready tent-topped spectacles were a world apart from "real" (that is, white) hockey, it was a living, and the only sort of hockey the black players knew. As Peejoe Buford, the popular left wing with the Duskeemoes, put it: "Why, we played de cir-clit!"

## Chicago Showdown

By the turn of the century, the "C.I.H.L." reached a peak of popularity, and the circuit had spread throughout the Midwest, with many great Negro teams in the North. The sport had followed the general migration of Southern blacks to the Northern ghettos in search of a better life. Some of these immigrants (very few) actually realized their dreams and became prosperous; thus, by 1910, some teams were even sponsored by black businesses! Most of these were clustered around the Chicago-Detroit area, and one of the best was the immortal "Mills Mortuaries' East Cicero Neckbones." The 'Bones had everything: the

best offense, the best defense, the sneakiest high-stick artists, the funniest clowers, and lots of "class." They had the flashiest black coach in the league, a full partner in Mills Mortuaries named Henry "Plant 'Em" Giraudoux. A fat, copper-colored "sportin' man" given to silk shirts, three-hundred-dollar suits, gold teeth, and a diamond stickpin, "Plant 'Em" was one of the most popular fellows, with both races, that could be found in the game. Of mixed French and Negro descent, he originally came from a small logging town in Michigan near the Canadian border. As a boy, he hauled refreshments at all the original Detroit Redwing games. He had knowledge that no other black coach of his day had, and a love for the sport as it was *really* played. Above all, though, he was pragmatic; he knew that clowning and dirty tricks were the bread and butter of the Colored League, and he made sure that his Neckbones never failed to satisfy. Still, he drilled them until he had a "real" hockey team, even if few of the fans knew the difference or cared.

The color line in hockey was the strongest of any sport in North America, so strong that the great majority of serious followers of the game were unaware of the existence of any "Colored Ice Hockey League"; those who knew only laughed, the way a devotee of today's boxing laughs at the World Wrestling Federation. Besides, the terrible lesson that Jack Johnson had taught white America about fooling with that color line was not lost on hockey's officialdom. Hockey would remain as

white as snow forever, if they had any say about it. And so it remained until 1919, when Chicago's underworld, flush with the first profits of Prohibition, decided to make a foray into the world of stick and puck.

In 1919, Big Joe Colosimo ruled Chicago's vice dens. Aided immeasurably by his crafty lieutenant Johnny Torrio and such underlings as the newly arrived Al Capone of New York, Colosimo had a pudgy finger in many pies. One of his enterprises was supplying ice for all recreational use in Chicago and its environs, including that used by the Neckbones over in the suburb of East Cicero. The expansive Colosimo hit it off well with "Plant 'Em" Giraudoux—so well, in fact, that he always referred to the black coach, in his broken English, as "my-a most-a favorite spook." Colosimo guessed correctly that a biracial hockey match would bring in thousands of spectators and millions in gate receipts and exclusive movie rights. The best team that year was the powerful Saskatoon Visigoths, and, of course, the game's greatest prize was the Stanley Cup. Big Jim wanted both team and trophy in his Chicago. He offered an unprecedented deal: one million dollars to the winning team, \$500,000 to the loser. Everyone who could be bought was greased, and the few moral objectors were steamrolled as spoilsports and bluenoses. "Plant 'Em" and Saskatoon coach and part owner Syl "Moosy" Jawchukk signed under the benevolent gaze of Big Jim Colosimo in March, and the match was set for May 3, 1919, one game only. It was on.

The afternoon of May 3, 1919, was balmy



"Only one coon will be standing soon—so lays your money down...." Early battle royal.



*"Dem 'Bones, dem 'Bones!" The East Cicero Neckbones in their prime, 1915.*

and breezy. The hastily constructed arena, able to seat 11,000, was jammed tight with over 16,000 paying customers. The seating was strictly segregated, and no alcoholic beverages were served. Nonetheless, racial tension electrified the arena. People of both races who had never seen any sort of hockey match were packed in just to see the spectacle of whites and colored locked in hoped-for combat. Celebrities abounded, including many luminaries of so-called polite society. Seated closest to the action were esteemed members of the sporting press, white to a man. (Black commentators had to be content with inferior seating.) Predictably, things started off with a battle royal, which was very well received by the whites in the audience. Every skillful steal and good-humored bit of dexterity on the part of the 'Bones was "deceitful" and typical of "coons." By contrast, the more robust Visigoths were not capable of wrongdoing. Their fierce body-checking and aggressive stickwork, readily admitted and admired in virtually every report, were consistently overlooked by the white officials, and "Plant 'Em" Giraudoux's cries of "Foul!" were jeered and ridiculed as "unmanly."

The sheer experience and weight of the Visigoths made the difference, and at the end of the second period they led 3-0. The whites in the crowd were in a joyful mood, and were not even too upset when a little

colored boy won the halftime prize offered by Colosimo to the lad under fifteen who could slap the puck into the net from mid-ice in the fewest tries—that prize being season tickets to the Neckbones' games the following year and a prize eight-hundred-pound hog, slaughtered and dressed. (Pretty meager stuff considering what the

take must have been with tickets going from five dollars to seventy-five dollars a head—unheard-of for those days.)

The third period saw the start of the Neckbones' resurgence. The winning combination of Reaper Dixon and Little Willie Littlesmall put in two goals that period and, miraculously, a third in the final sec-



*Ceremony honoring "Plant 'Em" Giraudoux (in silk hat) as "Colored Businessman of the Year—Chicago, 1918."*

onds of the last period. The blacks cheered wildly and the whites sullenly growled as the two teams girded themselves for "sudden death." The 'Bones had kept the mighty Visigoths from scoring any more, and it was now 3-3.

What happened in that sudden death period is still disputed to this day by the very few who know of it at all. What is beyond dispute is that it all happened very quickly—only fifty-eight seconds, to be exact. Some insist that it was Little Willie who scored after a spectacular steal. Some insist that Little Willie passed the puck to lanky left wing Pidge Kennan. In any case, it was terribly sudden: the puck skittered into the Visigoths' goal—the "Marse's nose" was in the Marse's cage! There was stunned silence for what seemed eternity. Then a few blacks in the crowd dared to whoop with glee. As one, the whites

roared, "Get the niggers!" In minutes, the whites had hauled out and stomped "Plant 'Em" Giraudoux and Little Willie to death and had their broken bodies hanging from the nearest support beam under the bleachers. At least thirty-four more blacks were killed, and scores injured. Only one white, a small boy, lost his life, trampled by his "own race." This was the only "tragedy" reported by the white press.

## Epilogue

Never had reformers been so strong in America as in the year 1919, and they made the most of this incident. President Wilson, the man who brought new meaning to the word "self-righteousness," on his way out politically and physically, reveled in this "lesson of debauchery." Good-time Charlies and sportin' folk everywhere ran for

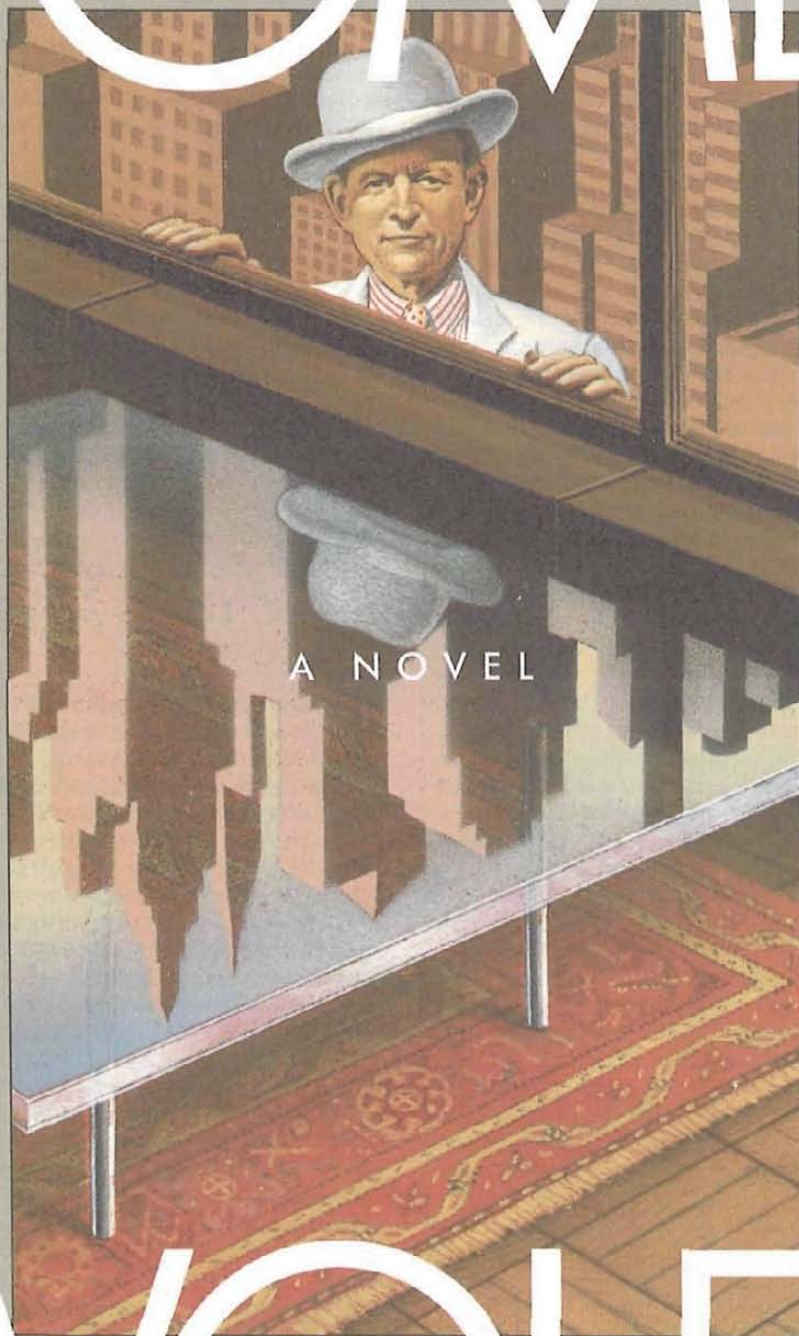
cover as the bluenoses shrieked, the way they had when Johnson whupped Jeffries in 1910, this time tying the "Armageddon" of the Great War into it all somehow. The authorities seized the purse, and it is still a matter of speculation as to just where that tidy sum got itself to—it surely didn't go to any of the families of the slaughtered blacks. Big Jim Colosimo shrugged his fleshy shoulders and went back to what he knew best—simple straightforward crime. Almost a year to the day afterward, on May 11, 1920, he was shot down in his gaudiest restaurant on orders from his *compare*, Johnny Torrio. Perhaps saddest of all, the Colored Ice Hockey League was drummed out of existence, a senseless act which ended a noble tradition of Soul on Ice. And before long, nobody would even remember those heady days when "we *all* played the cir-clit." ■



*Soul off ice: a rare shot of (left to right) Reaper Dixon, Pidge Kennan, and Little Willie Littleless on a publicity tour just prior to the Big Event. On Chicago's South Side.*

# TOME

THE BONFIRE OF



A NOVEL

# WOLFE

THE BANALITIES

AS TYPEWRITTEN BY LANCE CONTRUCCI

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

## Prologue

It was the best of times!!! It was the worst of times!!! It was the age of the bond market!!! It was the age of the flea market!!! It was the epoch of the white entrepreneur!!! It was the epoch of the black opportunist!!! It was the season of Park Avenue!!! It was the season of the projects!!! It was the spring of \$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$! It was the winter of #!@\*#&@!#&\*!!! . . .

In an apartment on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, a man heard a distant rumbling and climbed out of bed. At one time he had been a journalist; his once-successful career—penning capricious, erratic prose—had fallen by the wayside, so that now he was merely a ghost of more frivolous times, still favoring his former sartorial distinction. . . . He was a nattily dressed fellow. . . . white linen suit, cream shirt with Edwardian collar. . . . white silk tie. . . . and those were his pajamas! He was not very tall and of a slender build—almost sylphlike. One would have guessed him to be around sixty. . . . He had a rather bland face, the most dominant feature of which was a high shiny forehead that went on and on. . . . though he tried to hide it with a few wisps of hair.

He did hear explosions. . . . *down there*, on Wall Street! One echoing blast followed another, and then another. . . . until by six o'clock a *frenzy of noise shook lower Manhattan!* (You never heard any of this?) Bombs, rockets. . . . the report of the big guns!!! *War—on Wall Street!* The ex-journalist went downtown and was surrounded by Soldiers of Fortune in Paul Stuart shirts, English suits, New & Lingwood shoes!!! They didn't use guns, they used telephones—*Lords of the Rings.* (You mean you're living in the middle of all this and you never even saw any of it? Come on!) They fought with frenzy. . . . screaming, barking, bawling for more. . . . more. . . . more CAPITAL!!! NEW WEALTH!!! Green stuff, bonds, T-bills, basis points. . . . more precious than food, more enduring than love—MONEY! *Nine. . . . nine and a half. . . . Make it a double digit and we'll pick up. . . . five hundred thousand shares. . . . Done! . . . Solid! . . . Locked!!!*

At the end of the day the noise downtown died down, only to be replaced by a rising clatter from the *other direction!* Uptown! Throughout Harlem and the South Bronx, disparate cries of violence rang out like lonely saxophones in a growing cacophony of outrage! A thunderstorm of rage fell down upon the city! Angry blacks were running wild through the streets, like the bulls of Pamplona! Polyester shirts and Reebok sneakers! *Bullets! Screams! Ghetto blasters!!! Drugs!!! Liquor!!!* (Honest—it happens, every night. Just ask your janitor or your office assistant. . . .) A savage red cloud of noise mushroomed over Harlem and the South Bronx!

The ex-journalist decided. . . . *uhhhhhhh. . . .* not to go there!

As dawn broke, the sounds died down. . . . and he heard the first wail from Wall Street all over again! He drew conclusions about New York City!!! *There are two worlds in New York City—the world of ostentatious Wasp wealth and the world of dirt-poor peons. . . . Everybody hates everybody! . . . Anger emanates from the street like piercing sirens. . . . Acrimony gums up the streets like ooblick!!!*

*New York City in the late twentieth century!* Yin and yang!!!

The Hamptons! *The holding cells!*

The lawyers! *The lobby attendants!*

The English! *The blacks!*  
The limousines! *The BMT line!*  
The stores! *The chores!*  
Fresh air! *Times Square!*

WALL STREET!!! *THE SOUTH BRONX!!!* The best of times!!! The worst of times! It was all there, waiting to be lionized!!!

He saw a way to get back into the books, so to speak. . . . he'd write one. . . . a novel!!! His first!!! But he was a journalist. . . . how could he tangle with fiction? He knew!!! He'd follow some New Yorkers around, stir up a little trouble, rake a little muck—what the fuck—and write about what he saw! Oh, yes!!! He'd dive into the human condition, plummet the depths, and then come to the surface with his story!!! He envisioned around 650 pages of garrulous hyperbole, laden with imprudent assumptions and fatuous stereotypes. . . . opulent phrases, florid verbs. . . . sumptuous metaphors, rococo recitals of resplendent riches. . . . that sort of thing. . . . a regular goddamn dog and pony show on paper!

The New Journalism! *The New Fiction!*

*The Bonfire of the Banalities!*

Same as it always was.



## Kramah vs. Kramah

The blind man could somehow be heard above the din of the clangorous subway as it thundered through the tunnels to the Bronx, banging and clattering and shaking. The same guy was there every morning, selling his pencils, singing out in that irritating New York accent:

"Pencils for a quarter. . . ." *Pensahs fer a kwawter.* "Buy five, get one for free." *Buy fife, get wun fer free.*

It was annoying, and Kramah was sick of it, all of it. . . . the degrading subway cars. . . . his worthless job and its suffocating blanket of mediocrity. . . . the buffoons he worked with. . . . his corpulent wife. At one time, when he was a young law student, life was full of promise. . . . but now it was an empty page, a blankness. . . . a playground without a teeter totter.

"Help the blind man out." *Help dah blind man oud.*

Though a graduate of Harvard Law School, Kramah was pulling in only \$11,000 a year as an assistant D.A. His old college friends were making a hundred times that! He and his wife and baby lived in a half-room apartment that cost \$754 a month, the typical going rate in Manhattan.

"I lost my sight in Vietnam." *I lodst my site in Vetnam.*

Most humiliating of all were his shoes. He had one decent pair of Florsheims, so precious that he wore sneakers to work and carried the shoes in a bag. Kramah didn't realize, of course, that he was stuck in shoe limbo. There were three kinds of people in Manhattan—those who wore \$650 shoes, those who wore \$60 sneakers, and those who were caught in the middle. . . . in shoe limbo. . . .

"Presharpened, 100 percent guaranteed." *Preshahpened, hunned pahcent guantee.*

Just a year ago he was the picture of health, a triathlete and fashion model, a veritable Roman statue with a briefcase.

But 365 days of living with his wife, Fat Eleanor, had all but done him in. Kramah remembered how, at one time, when danger approached, he was able to puff up his muscles so that he looked like the Michelin man, and scare the danger away. Now he was another fat lawyer. He had no means to protect himself physically, and so he relied on his brains: he disguised himself as a blind man every morning (making more than a few dollars in the process) and smashed potential muggers over the head with his cane.

"Pencils here." *Pensahs heah.*

Four black youths noisily entered the car, doing the pigeon stroll, a bobbing sort of shuffle not unlike that of a city chicken. A thing of grace and beauty, the pigeon stroll, rhythmic and proud and difficult. Walking that way involved at least thirty more muscles, from the neck to the fingertips, than a normal "white" person's walk. (This is not a racist statement—merely a noted, distinct characterization! Nothing smug or elitist about it!)

The first one looked to the middle of the train. "Hey, man, check out this dude!" *Aaaaay, mane, check oud dis dude!*

The Ghost was in the middle of the train, taking notes... watching Kramah's every move. "What is this, so white and pretty?" *Whas dis, so white an' pret-ty?*

The Ghost looked up in mortal terror. He straightened his fifty-six-dollar silk tie and ran his hand nervously through his sparse hair. He stammered, almost spoke...

The black man laughed. "Shit." *Sheeeeeeet!*

But the train stopped at 161st Street. Kramah left the train, and the Ghost followed quickly. Walking up the steps, Kramah removed his sunglasses and folded up his cane. The Ghost continued to follow him.

Kramah worked in the Bronx County Building. The surrounding neighborhood was unique in that it suffered from the opposite of gentrification—call it hooliganification. At one time (just forty years ago) it was all Jewish, but the blacks started moving in and forced them out, and then the Puerto Ricans migrated to the neighborhood and forced the blacks out, and the process went on and on in a downward spiral through different ethnic groups until finally, when Kramah worked there, it was an interesting mix of Apaches, Zulus, Hell's Angels, and wild dogs!

From the subway stop, Kramah spied the Bronx County Building, a century-old granite memorial to better, optimistic times, a thing of truth and beauty and security, with its marvelous wrought-iron bars, substantial three-ton stones, and gargoyle-like armed guards. Kramah realized that he was walking through the most dangerous neighborhood in the world, surrounded by sirens and arrows and screaming and roars... and quickly became enraptured with the Bronx County Building. He ran to it as fast as he could. Somewhere, he thought, there had to be a better world, a nice place full of money and freedom and satisfaction. Somewhere there had to be a world for him.

And there was! On the Upper East Side!

2

## The Real McGoy

*Vienna, Vienna! You nefarious nag! You mutinous mount!*

The voice rang of aristocracy, distinctively elite... sniveling, but not nasal... a rich, deep, melodic baritone, actually... One thing you learned at Connecticut College was to sound as if you were a Yalie, so if anybody asked you where you went to school, you said, "Connecticut," and basked in the light of others' false assumptions.

Herman McGoy attempted to put an eighty-dollar L.L. Bean horsie raincoat on Vienna, his favorite polo pony (he kept six in the stables of the apartment), but the horse had other ideas. It was freezing-cold and raining outside! He kicked and neighed... he writhed about like Pokie in a blender... but it had to be done—it was a faux pas to take the pony out without proper attire! And Herman *had* to leave the apartment with the horse—Vienna was his ticket out, his excuse—so that he could go visit his mistress, Marla Rustpin. Vienna shook free from Herman and galloped down the hallway. Great, Herman thought, running after him. Wait till I try to get him into those \$120 Neiman-Marcus horse booties.

Herman ran down the hallway, past the east kitchen, and stopped dead in his tracks! The Ghost was standing outside the window, taking notes! He was dressed in white and was inhumanly pale—he looked like a goddamn ghost!

"You—what are you doing out there?!!!"

But the man disappeared.

Regaining his composure, he went back to the task at hand, but he'd lost sight of Vienna—an easy thing to do in



*"Say! How come you don't use handcuffs like all the other sheriffs?"*

## Reginald Sausage

the spaciousness of Herman's sumptuous fifty-five-room apartment. There are homes... and there are *homes*... and then there are *castles*! Herman McGoy lived in a castle, a four-story, fifteenth-century model imported from England and placed on top of Trump Tower like a decoration on a cake! His residence and its furnishings were the envy of kings and queens! There were diamond staircases, mink chairs, and platinum doorknobs! What's more, if you flushed the toilet in one of the eighteen baths, the water in the shower wouldn't scald you! It wasn't uncommon for a visitor to walk into the stupendous entry hall, with its crystal walls, original Monet paintings, and imperious marble and gold latticework, and remark, "My, I'll bet the owner of this pad is a Republican!"

Not that Herman was always this wealthy! Oh, no! Herman McGoy grew up in relative poverty! His father, the Tiger of Dunning Spigot, could afford only a handful of servants and three houses! Many were the mornings in which young Herman would be awakened by the clamorous ring of an alarm clock... and impotently beat the machine against the wall while tears streamed down his rosy Wasp cheeks! He swore that one day he would escape this dire state of affairs and not have to be awakened by the impersonal gelidity of a machine!

And this he did! He went to college in Connecticut! He graduated at the head of his class! He went into the bond market and made a fortune! He started out with the prestigious firm of Abutt & Caustello, and his rise was meteoric!!! The money poured in!!! Even his pony, Vienna, made good bucks. Herman could afford servants, some to cook, some to clean, some to clean the cooks! He hired one named Anna, a Puerto Rican girl! Her only job was to wake him up in the morning so that he wouldn't have to hear an alarm clock! Every morning he heard a compassionate human voice, and instead of pounding an alarm clock against the wall, he kicked her soft, fleshy ass!

He was still young, twenty-seven, rather short, of ho-hum build, but handsome in a Waspy way, which is to say that he would have been ugly as a snake if he'd been of average wealth! But Herman McGoy was worth fifty million dollars and only twenty-seven—how goddamn ugly could he be?! He had a long nose... dense eyebrows that grew together as one... crooked teeth... a weak chin... tiny eyes... and fifty million dollars! Gorgeous! Handsome! Nouveau wonderful!

Herman spied the pony two hundred yards away... back by the riding stables... crouched beside a massive three-hundred-pound Irish writing desk! Herman caught him and then tried to dress him. His wife, Jewelry, was taking laugh lessons in the study, trying to learn something fresh and provocative for the next party. She came upon the scene just in time to see Herman struggling to put Vienna's leg in a horse bootie. Vienna kicked and shook and made a regular ass of himself.

"What are you doing?" she asked!

"I'm going to take the pony for a walk!" Herman replied!

"Vienna, do you want to go?!" she said!

The little pony stamped his foot twice!

"Herman, Vienna doesn't want to go for a walk!"

Herman eyed her coldly! He could still muster an imperious gaze, and there were times when you... had to... put... your foot down!!! He put his foot down and tramped on the pony, which yelped and bucked and galloped down the hallway, straight into the elevator! The elevator door shut! Herman ran after him!

Another opulent room, but not a castle on top of Trump Tower—a town house on 129th Street! Red velvet curtains, green leather chairs, and a purple shag carpet! Two white men, Edward Fiscus III (Yale, '79) and Martin Mobfried IV (Yale, '83) sat across the desk from a black man, the Reverend Reginald Sausage I (Christ Correspondence College, '72). The two white men were obviously uncomfortable, but Sausage's face didn't show a trace of emotion... although there was a little barbecue sauce around his mouth. He weighed 320 pounds! He looked like a sweating bowling ball! Scattered about his desk were no less than a dozen delicatessen takeout containers, a handful of dirty plates, six filthy glasses, and seven used paper towels.

"You see, when we originally pledged \$350,000 to the Little Bunny Daycare Center, we envisioned a real boon to the Harlem community," Fiscus said! "Now we find out that all you've done is buy an abandoned lot, reinvest the money, and put a bunch of ex-cons on the payroll!"

Sausage nodded slowly. "Tastes like chicken, only it smells like fish," he said.

"Are you suggesting our deal is of dubious origin?" Mobfried asked!

"No, no," said Sausage, licking his fingers! "I'm talking about this Texas-fried catfish!"

Fiscus got right to the point. "We would like to know what happened to our money," he declared! "For the good of the community, it's imperative that we understand the extent of the misinterpretation in our transaction."

Sausage's smoldering gaze fell upon the open drapes. "Looks like meat, only it's nothing but vegetable," Sausage said.

Mobfried was alarmed! "Do we take that as a comment on the legitimacy of this transaction?"

"No, I'm saying that this eggplant Parmesan is a little funky," Sausage said!

Fiscus took the whole scene in! Upstairs he could hear the frenetic strains of the Fat Boys, and he felt good to his liberal bones! Rap music! Harlem! A big fat black minister! He was not just some wishy-washy apathetic Wasp millionaire! He was being true to the cause! Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars was being accepted in the black community! (Okay, you never heard of a wealthy white Ivy League Wasp who was weaned on colored music and wanted to be accepted in the black community? But they're out there! Honest!!!)

"It's not that we think the capital is being misused, Mr. Sausage," Fiscus said! "It's just that the money has not ended up where we originally thought it would."

Sausage looked at them levelly. "Let me ask you something," he said! "Where will you be when the dam breaks?!"

Mobfried looked upon the plate of mashed potatoes before the Reverend, six or seven scoops' worth, hollowed out around a dam of gravy that was bursting at the brim!

"We'll be right here," Fiscus said. "The gravy is going to run all over the desk!"

*continued on page 106*





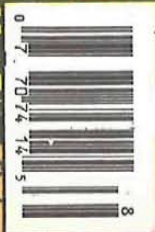
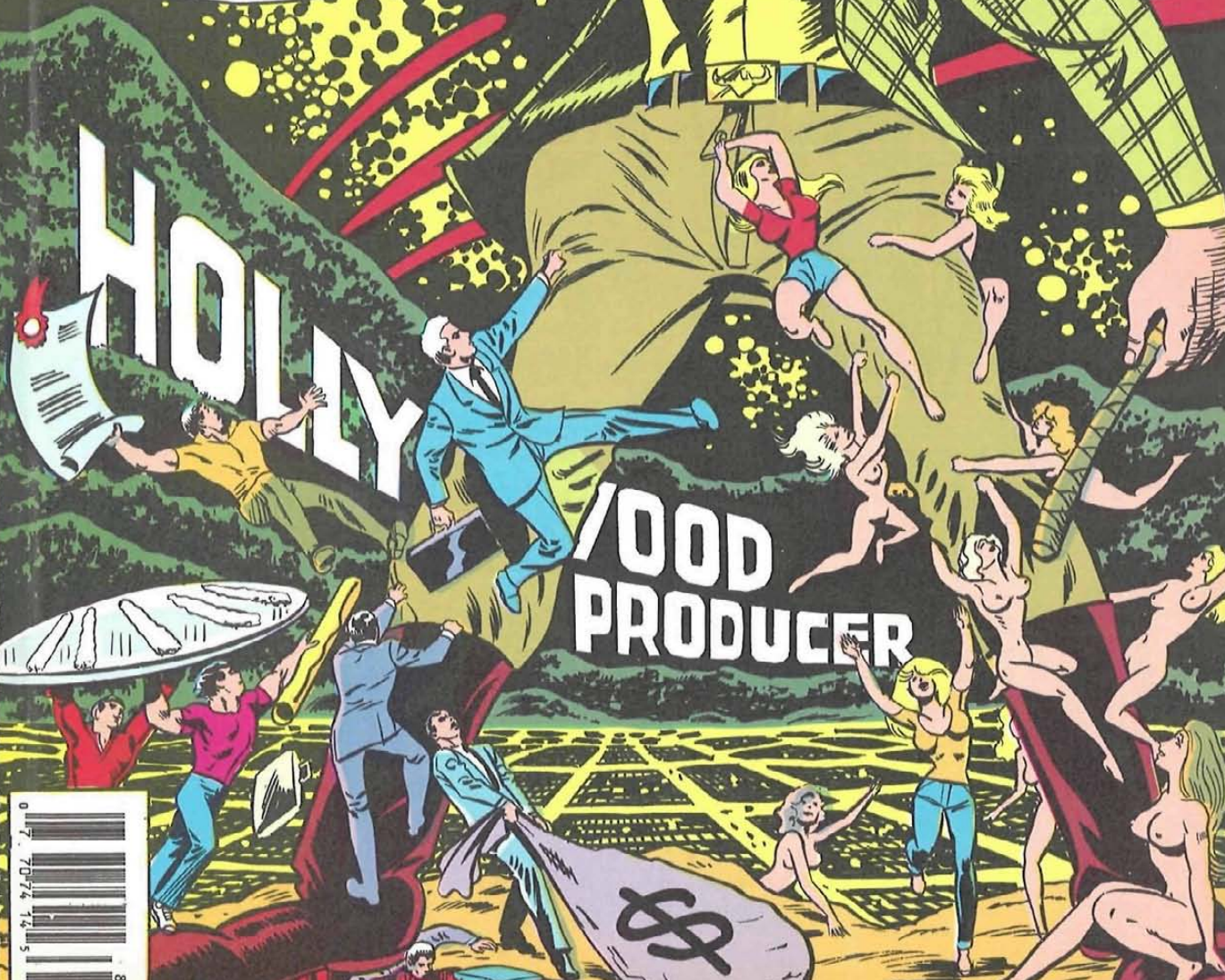
**GLOWN  
COMICS**

# EVIL CLOWN COMICS

NO. 2  
DEC.

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CLOWN  
AUTHORITY

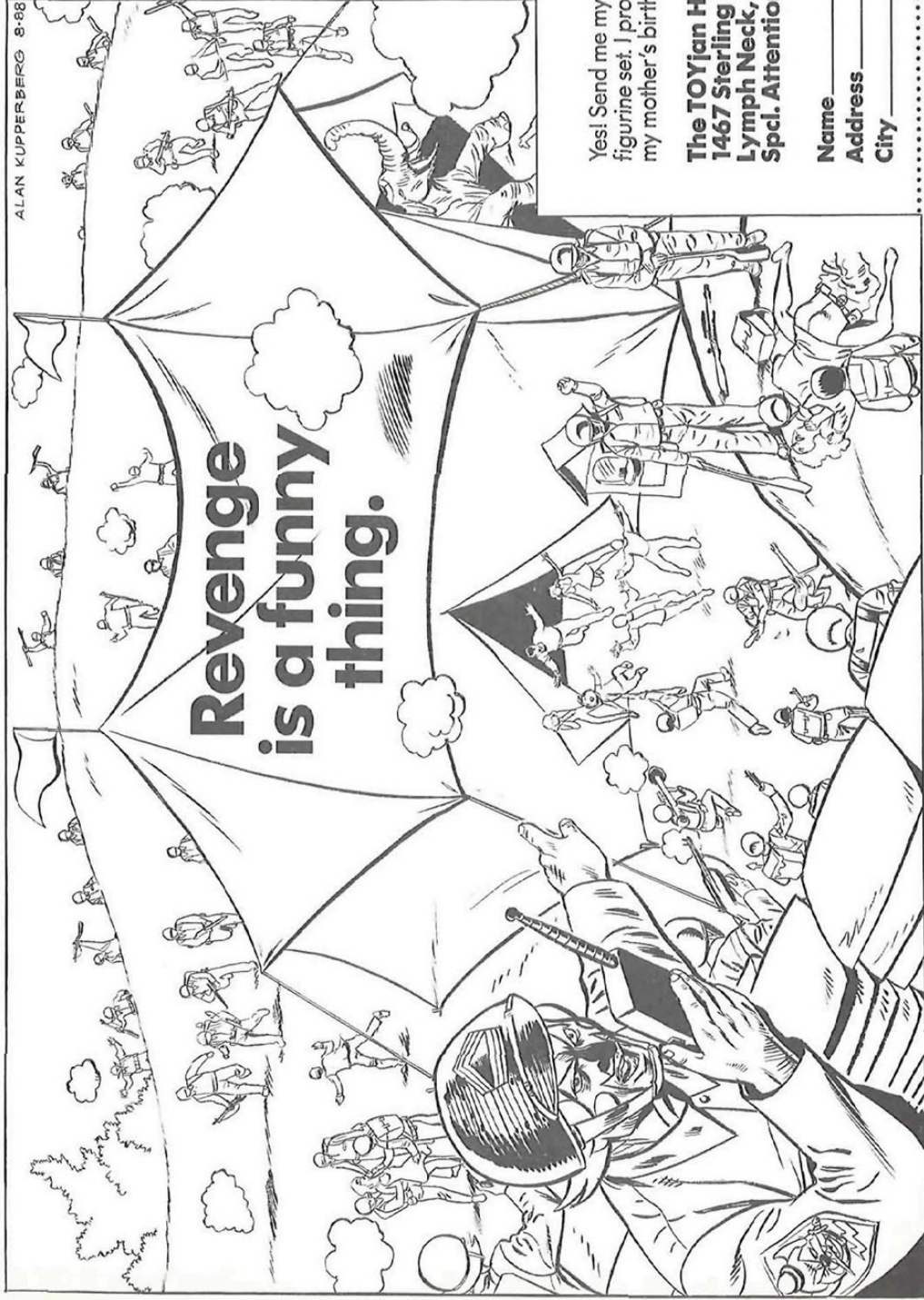
EASY,  
EASY! I JUST  
HAD THESE  
PANTS  
CLEANED!



# ELITE MARAUDING CLOWN SQUAD!

## 1,002 action pieces!

# \$9.95!!!



- 12 Legless Men on Boards with Wheels
- 10 Drooling Infantrymen
- 4 Interrogation Squads
- 4 Rape Squadrans
- 4 Clown Wizard Platoon Leaders
- 2 Piles of Steaming Innards & Guts Ripped Out by Shrapnel
- 13 Laughing Marauders
- 7 Mutant Militia Men
- 50 Marching Killer Squads
- 700 Vigilante Vagabonds
- 10 Jesters of the Apocalypse
- 36 Machine Gunners
- 10 Flamethrowers

Yes! Send me my 1,002-piece clown action figurine set. I promise to include \$9.95, plus my mother's birth control pills, to:

**The TOY Jan Horse**  
**1467 Sterling Passaic Industrial Blvd.**  
**Lymph Neck, N.J. 66109**  
**Spcl. Attention: Mr. Ralph Sidway**

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# EVIL CLOWN COMICS

STORY :  
NICK BAKAY  
ART :  
ALAN KUPPERBERG

THE YEAR IS 1988, AND IT DOESN'T TAKE A POET LAUREATE TO KNOW THAT NEW YORK IS A GHOST TOWN FOR A CLOWN WITH A DARK SIDE TO HIS NATURE . . . .

HIT ME IN THE ASS ONE MORE TIME WITH THAT MAGAZINE YOU'RE READING, AND I'LL PADDLE YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!

NEW YORK STATE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

LINE F



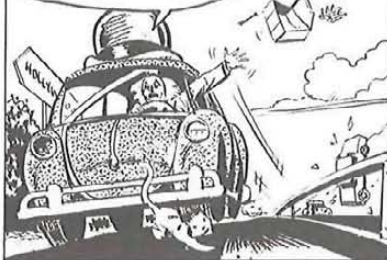
LINE E



# "HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER"

I'D HEARD THINGS WERE GOOD ON THE COAST, SO I FOLLOWED THAT AMERICAN DREAM, BABY... GO WEST, YOUNG CLOWN! I GOBBLED A FISTFUL OF SPEED, DROVE FOR FOUR DAYS STRAIGHT ON A ONE-WAY TRIP, DESTINATION...

HELTER SKELTER, NA NA NA NANAA NAAAA!

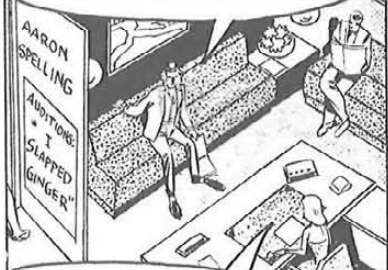


HOLLYWOOD! L.A. WAS MY LADY, AND LET ME HIP YOU TO SOMETHING, BUTCH, I WAS READY TO HOLD HER AT GUNPOINT, FORCE HER TO TAKE OUT HER FALSE EYE, AND GIVE ME A WINK JOB...



SO I HIT THE ROUNDS AND WENT ON AUDITIONS, BUT I COULD SENSE I WASN'T BREAKING THROUGH. THE TIME HAD COME TO EVOKE SOME FEAR AND PITY, YET THE LAUGHTER SEEMED SO HOLLOW . . . .

HEY, DOLL, HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO WAIT HERE, HEH? I'M GETTING SMALL OOOZING SORES ON MY BUTT . . . .

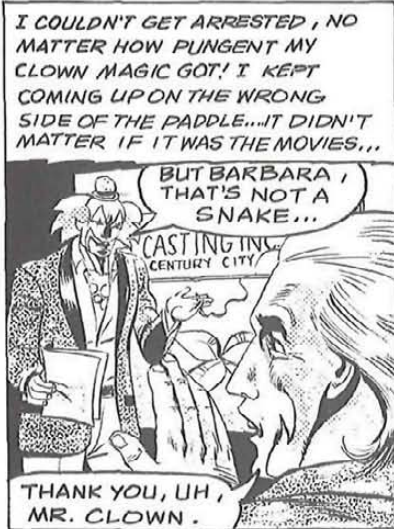


WE'RE RUNNING LATE, I WISH I COULD HELP.



YOU LOOK LIKE YOU HAVE THE KIND OF SKIN THAT TURNS PINK AFTER THE FIRST SLAP...

OH, UH... IT SEEMS I WAS WRONG, YOU'RE NEXT.



I COULDN'T GET ARRESTED, NO MATTER HOW PUNGENT MY CLOWN MAGIC GOT! I KEPT COMING UP ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE PADDLE...IT DIDN'T MATTER IF IT WAS THE MOVIES...

BUT BARBARA, THAT'S NOT A SNAKE...

THANK YOU, UH, MR. CLOWN.



TELEVISION PILOTS ...

BUT BARBARA, THAT'S NOT A SNAKE...

WE HAVE YOUR PICTURE, MR. UH ... CLOWN ...



EVEN COMMERCIALS ...

BUT BARBARA, THAT'S NOT A SNAKE ...

WE'LL LET YOU KNOW, UH... MR. ... UH ...

SURE, PAL! RIGHT AFTER YOU'RE FINISHED BLOWING SOME YOUNG HOPEFUL AT THE BUS STATION.



I JUST THANK THE GOOD LORD THAT I SCORED A MINOR SUCCESS AS THE PIZZA BOY IN "ANAL INTRUDERS" # 1-4. IT KEPT THE RENT PAID, AND MY SHOULDERS ALL LOOSE AND RELAXED. BUT I KNEW THERE HAD TO BE SOMETHING MORE. I YEARNED TO DO SOME SERIOUS CLOWNING!

BUT BARBARA, THAT'S NOT A SNAKE!

JESUS, IS THAT RON JEREMY OVER THERE? OINK OINK!



I WAS ABOUT TO THROW IN MY NOSE AND GO BACK TO SCARING KIDS IN THE BURN TRAUMA CENTER, BUT THEN...

I BOUGHT THE RIGHTS TO A NOVEL I THINK WILL MAKE A GREAT TV PROJECT...

I RENEWED MY OPTION ON THE PROJECT ... CAN WE GET FLORENCE HENDERSON?

PROJECT!

PROJECT?!?

A PROJECT, HEH? SO THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES. WHERE THE FUCK AM I GONNA GET MY MITTS ON A PRO---



THAT SONG! ALL OF A SUDDEN IT CAME RUSHING BACK TO ME LIKE THE SMELL OF THE PIGBOY! THE MEANEST GODDAMN CLOWN I EVER MET...



YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE A SIDE-SHOW RASPUTIN TO SEE HIS CAREER WAS ON HIATUS!



GOOD! I HAD TO FIGHT THE URGE TO BEND DOWN TO MY KNEES AND VOMIT AN ENDLESS STREAM OF BILE! HE JUST KEPT SMILING LIKE SOME PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER,...

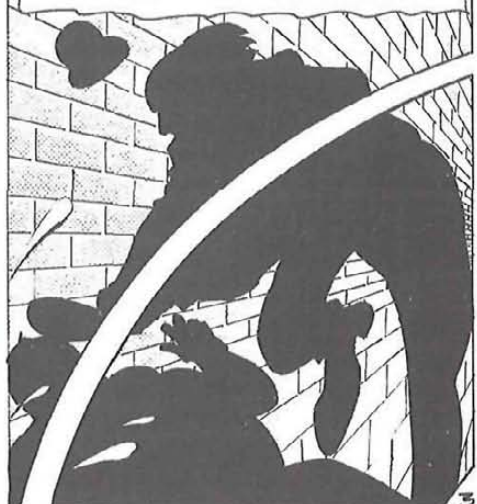


JUST KEEP SMILING THAT NICE CLOWN SMILE, IT WON'T HELP YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

PIPPO, YOU OUGHTA KNOW A BAD CLOWN AIN'T ALLOWED TO TURN GOOD! IT DISTURBS THE BALANCE OF THINGS.



IT FELT GOOD TO GIVE THE OLD PADDLE A WORKOUT.



BETTER A DEAD CLOWN  
THAN A CHUMP!

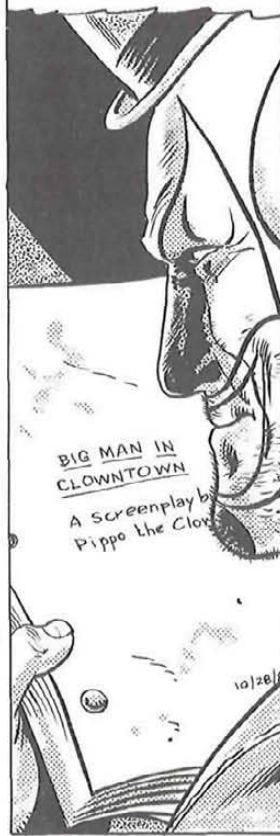


I WAS DOWN TO MY LAST  
FIN, AND THE BLUE PLATE  
SPECIAL AT MOE'S LOOKED  
GOOD--THAT IS, IF I  
COULD FIND SOME  
GREEN IN PIPPO'S  
GEAR.

WHAT'S  
THIS?



HMMM, A SCRIPT?



IT WAS BRILLIANT! THE  
FIRST ACTION/ADVENTURE/  
ROMANCE/CLOWN MOVIE  
THAT REALLY WORKED!  
I FINALLY HAD A  
PROJECT!



ALL IT TOOK WAS A FEW WELL-PLACED  
PHONE CALLS...

WHOA, WHOAAA! HEY, LISTEN UP, BUTT-  
HOLE, I GOT SPIELBERG READY TO LET  
ME BONE HIM IN GIORGIO'S WINDOW,  
HE'S SO HOT FOR THIS PROJECT!



A NEW WORLD OPENED UP TO ME, AND  
I SOON LEARNED THAT MAKING A  
DEAL IS ALMOST AS REWARDING AS  
MAKING AN ALBINO MIDGET  
WITH A THIRD NIPPLE.

NO CAN DO, FRANCIS! OH, AND HEY,  
DID THEY NAIL DOWN THAT O'NEAL  
BRAT YET? HUH? WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN JACK DOESN'T WANT IT?  
WELL, THEN GET ME ALAN  
HALE!



WORK HARD, PLAY HARD! AND  
NOTHING REFRESHES THE BEAUTI-  
FUL PEOPLE MORE THAN PLAYING  
POLO WITH THE HEAD OF A  
RECENTLY DEPOSED  
STUDIO HEAD!



BUT MONDAY MORNING, IT'S BACK TO THE SAME OLD GRIND.

I'M NOT GETTING ANY ANGER! WHERE'S THE FEAR? ALL RIGHT, AGAIN FROM THE TOP, AND NO MISTAKES!



AS MY POWER GREW I HAD TO SURROUND MYSELF WITH A COTERIE OF OLD FRIENDS WHO I KNEW I COULD TRUST.

... AND YOU'VE MET MY PUBLICIST, MR. TARTIKOFF?



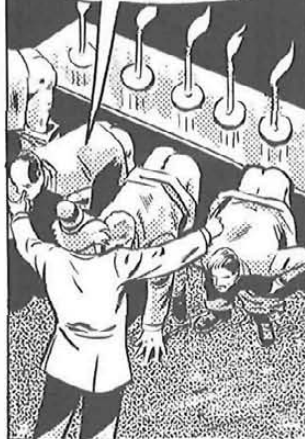
... AND MY GAG MAN, MR. JERRY SPILLER.

TWO POLACKS AND A NUN ARE TRAPPED IN A PUPPET FACTORY, AND SHE'S GOT THIS RASH, SEE ...



PITCHING IDEAS...

C'MON, BOYS, HERE'S WHERE THE HERO BLOWS OUT THE CANDLES!



HIGH-PROFILE DATES LIKE SALLY FIELD THAT WERE SURE TO MAKE THE TABLOIDS!

YOU LIKE ME! YOU LIKE ME! DON'T START THAT SHIT AGAIN.



I WAS A NATURAL FOR "CIRCUS OF THE STARS." JUST ASK ANDREW MCCARTHY.

I'LL GIVE YOU A REASON TO BULGE YOUR EYES, YOU LITTLE ...

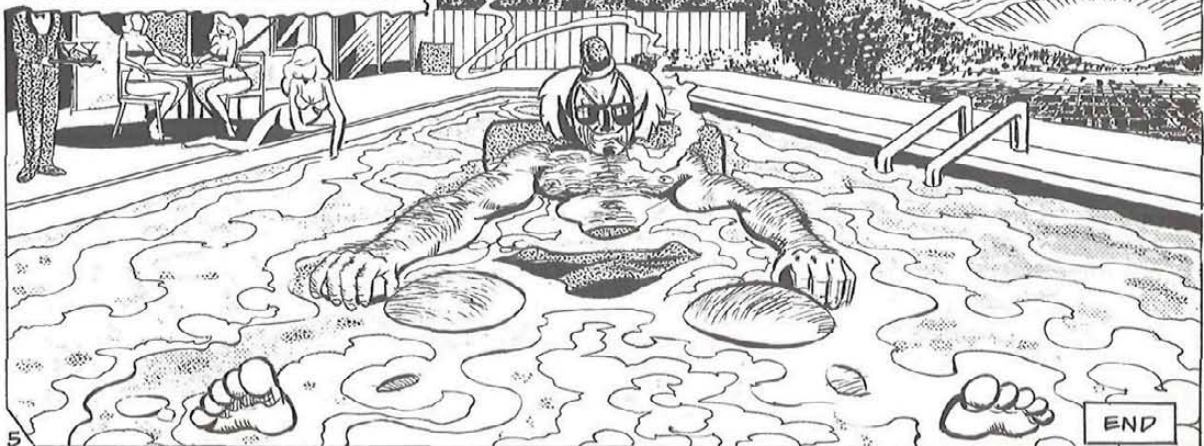


GUEST SHOTS ON "THE COSBY SHOW"!

WELL, BILL, IF THEY WERE MY KIDS...



BUT WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE, I'M REALLY JUST A HOMEBODY. GIVE ME SOME OF THAT CALIFORNIA SUN, THE TICKLE OF A DESERT BREEZE BEHIND MY EARS, A LITTLE VOICE BURIED DEEP IN MY BRAIN'S PLEASURE CENTERS SAYING, "GO AHEAD, YOU DESERVE IT!", MORNINGS WITH THE SPORTS PAGES AND MY DOG, AND MOST OF ALL THE QUIET KNOWLEDGE THAT I'LL KILL AGAIN ....



END

# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPoon

## BOOKS

- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume II** The sequel is even better. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, so painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** The first edition of funnies told through photos, published in 1980. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** All-new, all-brilliant Foto Funnies. If you liked them in the magazine, you'll really love them in the book. 1986. \$2.95
- National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody** Critically acclaimed across America, this one still has its surviving writers chuckling. \$4.95
- National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody** A sequel to the *High School Yearbook*, though the two have nothing in common. \$4.95
- The Best Of National Lampoon, No. 4** Just the good shit from 1972-1973. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 5** The best stuff from 1973-1974. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 7** Encompassing 1975-1976. \$2.50
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 8** Jokes started getting more expensive in 1976-1977. \$3.95
- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 9** But we managed to hold the line on prices during 1978-1980. \$3.95
- National Lampoon True Facts** The original, uncensored work, now available in English. It all happened. \$2.95
- National Lampoon True Facts '86** The third all-new collection not even we could dream up. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Deluxe Edition of Animal House** The full-color, illustrated book on which the movie was not based. This came later. \$4.95
- Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print** Not in the magazine, anyway. Disgusting. \$2.95
- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Very Large Book of Comical Funnies** It's comical and it's a reprint. It's some of the best damn comics you'll ever see. \$3.95
- National Lampoon Comics** Nor the stand-ups, just the lay-downs. \$2.50
- National Lampoon Dirty Joke Book** The filthy, the funny, and the farmer's daughter. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Dirty Dirty Joke Book** Collection of ribald stories, limericks, one-liners, cartoons, and other off-color works. \$2.95
- Encyclopedia of Humor** Everything funny from A to Z. Hardcover. \$4.95
- National Lampoon's Story of the Iran-Contra Affair** Just when you thought it was safe to sell arms to Iran. \$2.50

## MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

- JUNE 1973** / Violence
- JULY 1973** / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973** / Postwar
- OCTOBER 1973** / Banana Issue
- NOVEMBER 1973** / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973** / Self-indulgence
- JANUARY 1974** / Animals
- MAY 1974** / Fiftieth Anniversary

- AUGUST 1974** / Isolationism and Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974** / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974** / Civics
- FEBRUARY 1975** / Love and Romance
- MAY 1975** / Medicine
- AUGUST 1975** / Justice
- OCTOBER 1975** / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976** / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976** / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976** / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976** / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976** / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976** / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976** / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976** / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976** / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976** / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977** / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977** / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977** / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977** / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977** / Careers
- JULY 1977** / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977** / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977** / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977** / All Beatles
- NOVEMBER 1977** / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977** / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978** / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978** / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978** / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978** / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978** / Families
- JUNE 1978** / The Wild West
- JULY 1978** / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978** / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978** / Style
- OCTOBER 1978** / Entertainment

## \$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979** / April Fool
- MAY 1979** / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979** / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979** / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979** / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980** / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980** / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980** / Vengeance
- MAY 1980** / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980** / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980** / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980** / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980** / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980** / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980** / Potpourri
- DECEMBER 1980** / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981** / Sin
- MARCH 1981** / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981** / Chaos
- MAY 1981** / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981** / Romance
- JULY 1981** / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981** / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981** / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981** / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981** / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981** / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982** / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982** / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982** / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982** / Failure
- MAY 1982** / Crime
- JUNE 1982** / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982** / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982** / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982** / Hot Sex!

- OCTOBER 1982** / O.C. and Stiggs
- NOVEMBER 1982** / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982** / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983** / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983** / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983** / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983** / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983** / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983** / Adults Only
- JULY 1983** / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983** / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983** / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983** / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983** / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983** / Holiday Jeers

## \$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1984** / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984** / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984** / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984** / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984** / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984** / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984** / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984** / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984** / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984** / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984** / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984** / The Last of the old NL
- JANUARY 1985** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985** / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.
- MARCH 1985** / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985** / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985** / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985** / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985** / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985** / Lust Issue
- OCTOBER 1985** / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985** / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985** / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986** / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986** / Money
- MARCH 1986** / All About Women
- APRIL 1986** / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986** / Sports
- JUNE 1986** / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986** / Hot Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986** / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986** / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986** / Back to School

## \$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986** / 200th Anniversary
  - FEBRUARY 1987** / Things You Can't Do
  - APRIL 1987** / Crime Pays
  - JUNE 1987** / Sex and Unusual Practices
  - AUGUST 1987** / All-New True Facts
  - OCTOBER 1987** / Back to School
  - DECEMBER 1987** / Woman of the Year
  - FEBRUARY 1988** / Winter Inventory
  - APRIL 1988** / Television
  - JUNE 1988** / Subliminal Sex
  - AUGUST 1988** / Even More True Facts
  - National Lampoon Binders** Vinyl binders with rough metal "rods." \$6.50 each, \$11.00 for two, \$15.00 for three. \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity
  - National Lampoon Case Binder** Fits many types of magazines. \$9.95 each. \_\_\_\_\_ Quantity
  - National Lampoon Binder** With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. \$24.00 each  
 — 1975 — 1979 — 1983 — 1987  
 — 1976 — 1980 — 1984 — Vinyl binder  
 — 1977 — 1981 — 1985 — Case binder  
 — 1978 — 1982 — 1986
- If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.50 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

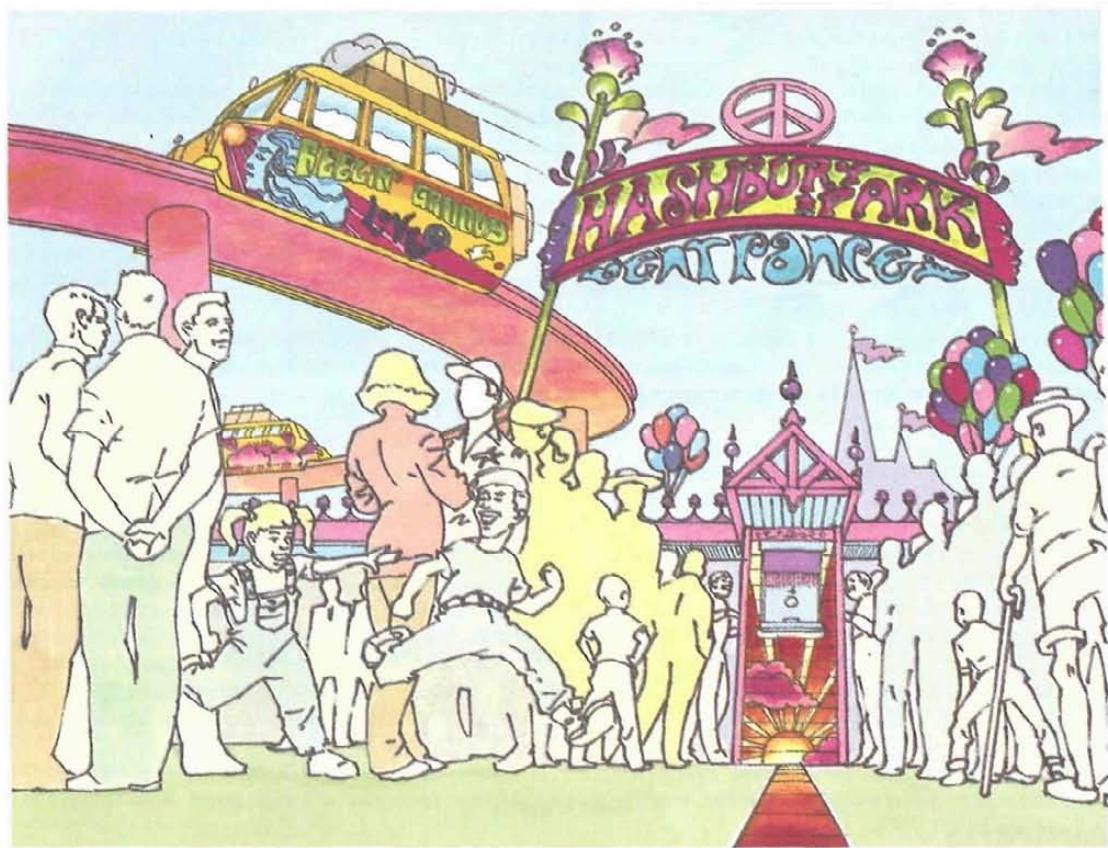
Total amount enclosed \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:  
**NATIONAL LAMPoon**, Dept. NL 1288, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

If you don't want to cut up this publication, print or type all necessary information on a separate piece of paper



# HASHBURY PARK

## The Investment of Your Life



Now... an opportunity to enter on the ground floor of an exciting new concept in commercial amusement: Hashbury Park, a theme park re-creating the wild, colorful world of the 1960s.

On what is now only quiet, underexploited farmland in upstate New York, America's most inspired young entrepreneurs and entertainment packagers will soon be building a glittering, high-tech monument to the decade that nurtured them. This will offer millions the opportunity to relive history's most tumultuous decade in the safest and cleanest of surroundings... while offering you the venture capital opportunity of your dreams.

## A Message from the Chairman

November 1, 1988

Dear Potential Shareholder:

This report details for you the many features which will make our proposed Hashbury Park a profitable part of America's ever-expanding tourism industry. If you are one of the thousands of "thirty something" investors who have wondered how to participate in the consumer boom of eighties America without casting a "big chill" over your sixties memories, we hope you will consider a purchase of shares in Counter Culture Development, Inc.

You may recall that our generation once scorned professional money management and development strategies. I must admit that even those of us who have founded Counter Culture Development and its related trusts, subsidiaries, and holding companies once shared this unprofitable attitude. But as the American economy has grown, so have we all. We have learned the necessity of long-term planning, the social benefits of aggressive investment, and the importance of money as a medium of personal expression.

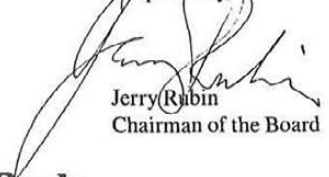
But so long as we keep alive our memories of those carefree, but fruitless, years of rebellion, Americans will remain "bullish on the sixties." You may have noticed nostalgia books like Todd Gitlin's *The Sixties* rising high on the bestseller lists; paisley appearing in high-end designer fashions; and sixties soundtracks bolstering the salability of high-yield recent movies. Once again, American entrepreneurs are proving that we can take the best of the past, clean it up, and transform it into a blue-chip commodity for today's competitive marketplace.

Now, with the twentieth anniversary of the Woodstock Festival upon us, 1989 promises to mark a new peak in "sixties fever." What better time to erect a fun-filled monument to the golden years of our generation? And what better way to leave a valuable legacy to our children than with a theme park that preserves our past for them to enjoy — while generating a steady income stream as its profit base grows and grows?

You've probably read that traditional theme parks, even Disneyland, have suffered slipping attendance in recent years. Why? Because they're rooted in a fifties consciousness which is meaningless to young families. Hashbury Park will set the standard for the nostalgia industry of the future. And if you, like most of us, often look back on the "purple haze" of your youth as just so many wasted years, here's your chance to ease your mind. An investment in Counter Culture Development, Inc. ensures that your past will pay dividends for years to come.

My partners and I look forward to celebrating the achievements of our generation in a way that is entertaining, educational, and immensely lucrative. Look over our "revolutionary" plans on the following pages, and I'm confident that you'll rally around me as you did long ago, this time to build a truly better world: Hashbury Park.

Respectfully,



Jerry Rubin  
Chairman of the Board

## The Many Lands of Hashbury Park

### Hip Strip, USA

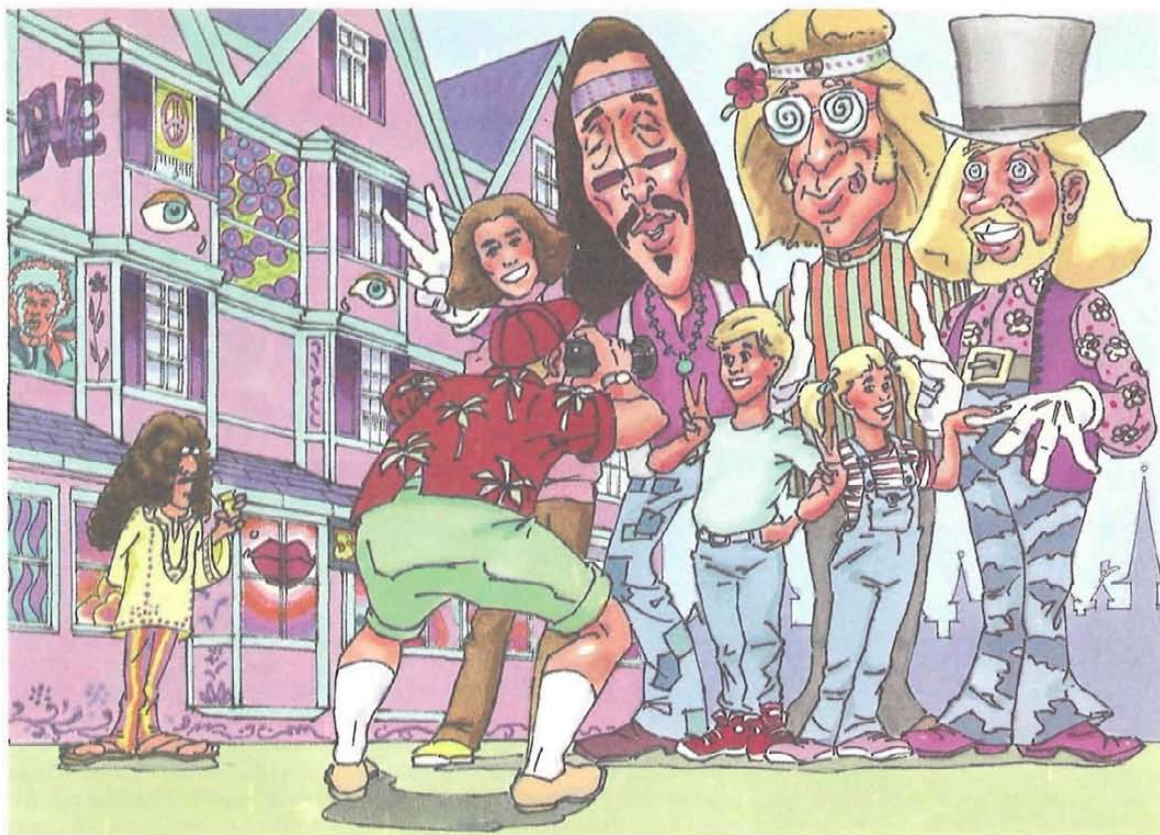
Like traditional theme parks, our projected "Far Out Kingdom" is divided into coordinated "Lands." But in place of the obsolete Main Street, our visitors will begin their visit with this quaint, composite re-creation of Haight Street, Sunset Strip, and the East Village, circa 1967.

They will enter on the colorful **Magic Bus Monorail**, each car of which is decorated like a classic "hippie bus," where they can flop into an oversize pillow, stretch out on the American-flag rug, and watch the parking area zip by through peace-sign-painted windows. But there'll be no danger of body lice or fungal spores here. Although everything in Hashbury Park may look like "authentic sixties," it's pure "eighties clean."

If there's one thing the Baby Boom generation has learned, it's the magic and majesty of merchandising! And Hashbury Park takes a backseat to no one in providing a complete line of counter-culture consumer items. All the franchised shops on Hip Strip itself are not only clean, but are scaled to three-quarter size to make them seem less real and more manageable. These loving recreations of ramshackle Victorian houses and converted storefronts will make our visitors feel as though they're walking straight into Yesterday, when "all their troubles seemed so far away." This will put them in an easygoing, free-spending mood, just right to take advantage of a cornucopia of sixties goods at healthy eighties prices.

Parents will enjoy reliving old times in the **Head Shoppe**, where a hilarious assortment of tie-dyed shirts, granny dresses, and love beads awaits them. They can even go "way out" with freak-wig caps and paste-on sideburns and beards. (All items are rentable as well as purchasable, to ensure a renewable income resource.) For children there are bubblegum reefers and chocolate bongos so they can "play hippie" the safe way. And our customers will love to "dig" our staff of long-haired clerks — all clean-cut, non-union retail professionals in wigs, of course.

The **Macrobiotic Snack Bar** is another high-concept marketing surprise. Consumers will order what appear to be tofu, brown rice, soybeans, and other foods with nothing but "nostalgia" value. But they won't have to worry. That "tofu" is actually delicious Häagen-Dazs vanilla ice cream; the "brown rice" is specially shaped garlic pasta; and the "soybeans" are cleverly disguised Texas



*Hashbury Park mascots frolic on Hip Strip, USA.*

chili. Our food may look natural, but it's as upscale as any at the most fashionable *nouvelle cuisine* eatery. And anyone who has invested in food ventures in the 1980s can tell you that *nouvelle cuisine* spells *nouveau riche*.

In other theme parks, prospective consumers might be greeted by Mickey Mouse, Bugs Bunny, or other relics of an older generation. But on Hip Strip they'll meet Hashbury Park's own mascots, **Yippy, Hippy, and Dippy**. Young actors in giant papier-mâché heads and period costumes will bring the three to life: Dippy, who provides innocent fun with her "Aquarian Age" tarot readings, star charts, and quotes from J.R.R. Tolkien; Hippy, a slow-witted, back-to-the-land type whom the kids will find huggable and parents will find appealingly pathetic; and Yippy, an irascible radical who recites extremist political harangues that will have young and old alike doubled up with laughter.

Hip Strip will even have its own authentic panhandler—but when customers drop a quarter into this electronic beggar's palm, a gumball rolls from his slack-jawed mouth. He'll be a surefire crowd-pleaser and a steady source of minor cash flow.

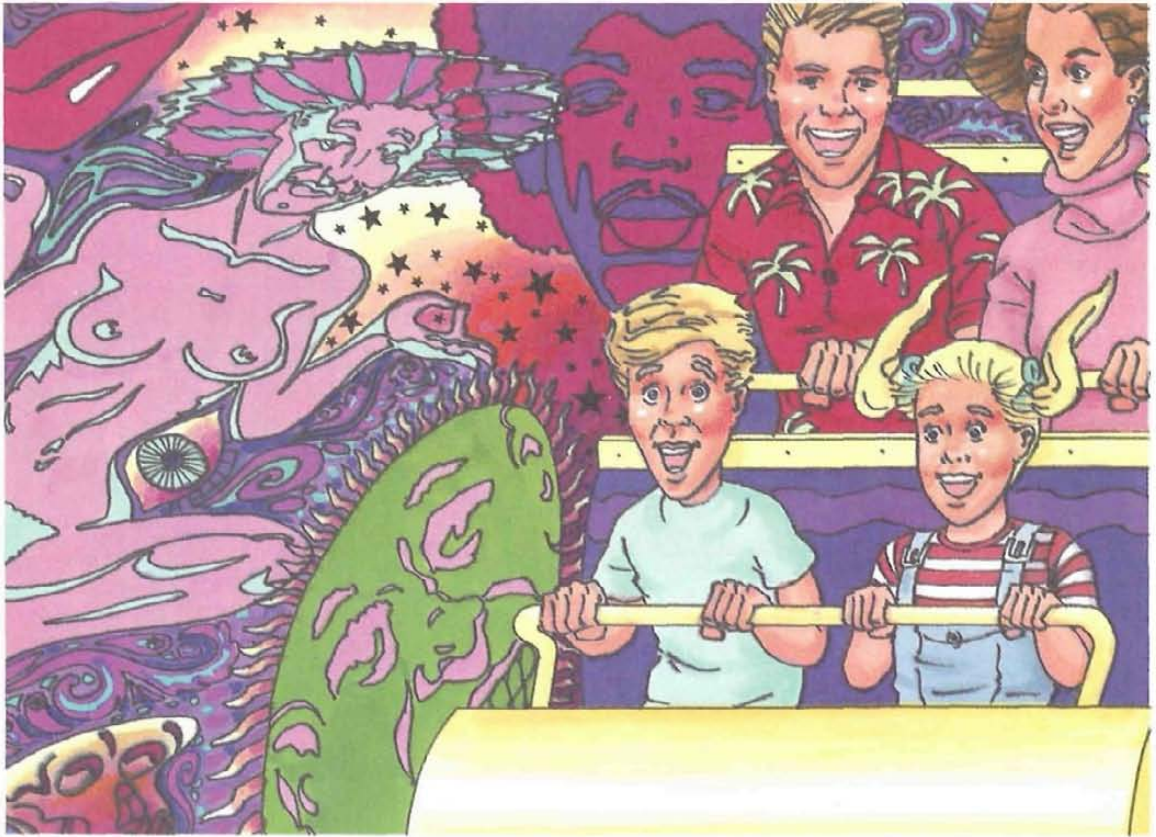
## Freaksville

Income generation doesn't stop even when our visitors have reached "consumer burnout" on food and gift items. Our second "Land" shifts supply patterns from product to entertainment, in the form of the high-technology rides and shows.

Our most dazzling ride is **Hippic Mansion**, where dozens of holographic "ghosts" of the sixties cavort in obsolete alternate lifestyles for the amusement of visitors in safe rail seats. Features include a group sitting on the floor, "passin' the joint around." For comic relief, there's a sad little fellow trying to flush his roach as the cops close in (doesn't he know that that darn plumbing is broken again?). And adults will chuckle when they catch a glimpse of a large group doing something under the covers in the bedroom. (As our prerecorded tour guide quips, "What are they up to? Nothing you'd do in the age of AIDS, that's for sure!") Despite a high start-up cost, this memory jogger is projected to pay for itself and begin generating dividends within the first quarter of operation.

Counter Culture Development, Inc. will encourage its customers to feel like "Merry Pranksters," and soon enough they'll be standing in line to buy \$2.00 tickets to **Mr. Kesey's Wild Ride**. In the safety of a "minibus," customers will hurtle through authentic reconstructions of the Stanford University campus, a frightening mental clinic, a Barry Goldwater rally, Jack Kerouac's apartment, and Timothy Leary's eerie Millbrook. The ride ends with a simulated collision with fifty drugged-out Hell's Angels in the California hills, exciting enough to guarantee a repeat purchase.

Visitors who prefer to catch their breaths will find a high-dollar option in the nearby **Commune Cruise**. Our clean, safe boats will wind through a dreamy landscape of sixties Utopian societies, of simpler worlds which we actually thought might be possible once. Children will enjoy waving to Farmer Gascin, down on "The Farm" in Tennessee; the Diggers, trying to till the land in Golden Gate Park; and the comical Hare Krishnas on their ashram. At the end, our spectacular audioanimatronic re-creation of



*Visitors will experience simulated hallucinations on Space-Out Mountain.*

the Woodstock Nation will generate oohs, aahs, and highly profitable word of mouth.

Through the magic of Monsanto, **Space-Out Mountain** lets our drug-free guests relive the sight-and-sound journey of an authentic acid trip without the slightest danger or discomfort. They'll see holographically produced "tracers" as a giant hand waves in front of them and leaves residual images behind. Then they'll roller-coaster into a "bummer" as wild, cartoon hallucinations leap from the walls. But, like everything at Hashbury Park, it all ends happily, with a transcendent holo-vision of Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.

## Amerika Square

From the beginning, Counter Culture Development, Inc. has insisted that Hashbury Park be not just an entertainment facility but a true educational and cultural center as well. Only thus, we believe, can we be eligible for nontaxable foundation grants, federal funds, and IRS educational incentives to increase your already significant dividends. It is in this spirit that we explore our sixties political heritage in Amerika Square.

This is not to say that our attractions won't combine chills and thrills with social enlightenment. Customers will be in for plenty of both when they buy a \$3.00 ticket on one of our "riot squad" boats, for an exciting night-ride through Newark, Watts, Oakland, and Detroit, where **Pirates of the Inner City** pillage and burn. They'll be right on top of the robotic action as teenagers steal TV sets from a shattered store window, a gang of rapsclions tries to set fire to the hospital, and the swashbuckling Black Panthers engage in a thrilling shootout with the "honky pigs."

But no one need fear getting caught in the crossfire of these electronically controlled "racial conflicts." Our customers will survive to take this ride again and again and again, free at last to experience black rage in perfect comfort and security.

To balance the scales we offer **Pig Country Jamboree**, an audioanimatronic musical show that will delight children while bringing back memories for their well-heeled parents. The Chicago Two, "piggy" replicas of Dick Daley and Julius Hoffman, kick things off with a funny country duct about the Chicago police riot, followed by the sem-antics of "S. I. Hamakawa" with his "Gag Order Blues." Then head pig "Lean Bacon Johnson" wraps it up with his "Great Society Stomp." This toe-tapping show will heal wounds, bring the generations together, and cost \$3.00 per capita.

For a ground-level tour of Hashbury Park, visitors will want to get on the **Peace Train**. It's just like a peace march, but no one has to walk. Before boarding this leisurely elephant train, ticket buyers will be given memory-stirring "Stop the Bombing" placards, while cheerful tour guides lead them in such clean protest chants as "1-2-3-4, We Don't Want Your Gosh-Darn War!" (And, of course, we'll make sure there are actors on hand representing a fair quota of veterans, hard-hats, and hawks. The Peace Train has been designed in cooperation with committees from all components of the political spectrum, to ensure that a visit to Hashbury Park isn't just physically, but also *ideologically*, as safe as can be.)

For a change of pace, tourists will stroll through **People's Park**, where youngsters in authentic but clean "flower children" costumes will hand out daisies and burn their "draft cards." Fiery New Left-style speakers provide hours of old-time excitement. Every two hours our actors will stage a full-scale rock-throwing battle with the "fuzz," and on weekend afternoons we'll make visitors jump with a safe but authentic-sounding Weathermen bomb.

People's Park also holds our **Guerrilla Theater**, a clean, comfortable, retractable-dome area where foot-weary visitors can enjoy colorful sixties entertainers. We at Counter Culture Development, Inc. remember when comedians hadn't yet discovered screaming and face-making, and contented themselves with witty political quips. We take our audience back to those quieter days with the likes of Mort Sahl, Dick Gregory, and America's leading Lenny Bruce impersonators.

In the early evening, the theater's seats recess electronically into the floor, to permit dancing to the nostalgic strains of the Grateful Dead. Later, when it's time to "go eighties," our visitors can really "boogie down" to the syntho-pop beats of Roger Daltrey, Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, the Jefferson Starship, Paul McCartney, and other time-tested stars.

## Dreamland

As evening shadows fall our visitors will step into our fourth Land, to show their families the "World of Tomorrow" as we all once imagined it.

In **It's a Cool World**, happy little dolls will sing of the global transformation that we somehow thought was coming. Cute French and Mexican dolls rebel at their universities. Funny hippie dolls drift into Amsterdam, Marrakesh, and Katmandu, for hashish and enlightenment. Even sad little Czech dolls have their spring of singing. But there'll be no real-world anxieties to spoil the mood, and no Russian tank will ever roll through this merry ride for all ages.

There's no "Evening with Mr. Lincoln" at Hashbury Park. Instead, visitors will see their favorite troublemakers of yesteryear in **America Rebels**, as lifelike figures of Stokely Carmichael, Cesar Chavez, Abbie Hoffman, Betty Friedan, and others "tell it like it was." Baby boomers will chuckle to themselves as they ask, "Could we really have believed all that?" They they'll break out in peals of laughter at crazy kibitzers Paul Krassner and Muhammad Ali. But they'll leave singing after the whole gang wraps it up with an inspiring chorus of Three Dog Night's "Joy to the World."

The most edifying of all our exhibits will be the **Jerry Rubin Carousel of Progress**. Based on the life of the great investment counselor, our Chairman of the Board, these robotic historical tableaux tell the story of the raising of the nation's social consciousness, from the childish political activism of the sixties through the crucial Search for Self to today's mature commitment to working within the system. Parents will leave it proud of their generation and glad that their children can learn from their experiences. And you, as a stockholder, will glow with satisfaction as you think of how you've helped record your generation's spiritual evolution for the ages.

*Ride through realistic race riots on the Pirates of the Inner City boat ride.*





*Camelot, the magical castle in which fallen heroes rise up and greet you.*

### Camelot

We come at last to the towering centerpiece of Hashbury Park, the mystical castle of Camelot. This legendary repository of all our hopes and dreams, all our plans for what *we* could do for our country, was snatched from us all too early. Well, now it's coming back... thanks to the magic of audioanimatronics.

Put yourself in the visitors' place, filing in hushed lines past coffins of glass, where Bobby and Martin and, yes, even Jack himself lie in state. But should you weep? No. For all you need do is bend over the fallen heroes as if to kiss them farewell, thus breaking the electric eye, and... lo and behold, up they sit, smiling and speaking and shaking your hand!



**Yes, the Spirit of the Sixties can live forever... through a capital investment in Counter Culture Development, Inc. Call our market representatives at My Generation Management, (800) 555-1969, for information on current share prices and purchasing plans.**

**Counter Culture Development, Inc.**  
**P.O. Box 1969**  
**Woodstock, NY 01969**

**Prospectus**

November 1, 1988

Counter Culture Development, Inc. (the Developer) is a corporation organized under New York State law to develop a tourism/entertainment complex near Woodstock, New York, to be known as Hashbury Park. Development will include purchase of land, provision of services, and all construction and subsequent operation of the complex. The Developer has a Board of Directors which has overall responsibility for the management of its affairs.

The Developer will issue only one class of shares. Each share has the same rights to dividend and to vote. Dividends are declared daily from net investment income. Shares may be purchased through **My Generation Management, Inc.** (the Manager), an indirect subsidiary of **Eight Miles High Corporation**, a holding company, and a direct subsidiary of **Across the Universe Capital, Inc.**, a realty and insurance management combine. The offering price of a share is its net asset value next determined after the effectiveness of the purchase. Information concerning the establishment of monthly or quarterly automatic payments from dividends is available from the Manager's representatives.

The goal of the Developer is to seek maximum long-term income through development of a high-quality amusement/entertainment complex designed to exploit accelerating consumer interest in the "counter-culture" of the 1960s and its ancillary products, themes, unregistered trademarks, and political movements.

**Timetable of Development**

Incorporation of Developer .....	August 17, 1988
First stock offering .....	November 1, 1988
Full capitalization (projected) .....	December 1, 1989
Completion of contracts (projected) .....	February 28, 1989
Site groundbreaking (projected) .....	March 10, 1989
Completion of physical plant (projected) .....	June 30, 1989
Announced public opening .....	July 4, 1989

**Note:** All schedule dates may be subject to change according to market conditions, contractual negotiations, weather patterns affecting construction, or personal finances and narcotics habits of our brokers and directors.

**Projected Yield**  
**First Four Quarters**

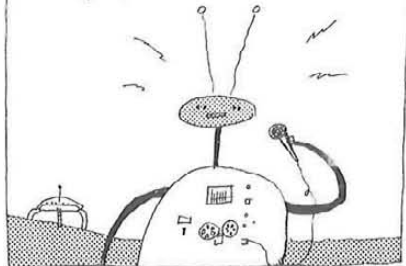
If initial investment = \$1.00  
 Projected dividend will be

Quarter ending			
Mar. 31, 1989	June 30, 1989	Sept. 30, 1989	Dec. 31, 1989
\$0.000	\$0.000	\$0.021	\$0.047

**Note:** These projections are based on the assumption of a Republican victory in the coming presidential election. In the event of a Democratic victory, all income from all investments throughout this great land of ours will inevitably be lower. However, the proven adaptability of Counter Culture Development, Inc. and the generation which created it ensures that we will be able to shift with the political winds quickly enough to maintain healthy profits.



Greetings! I am Lt. Norf from the Planet Kronk. I was sent to chronicle the love habits of a selected Earth male. He is...



Mr. Vei-gane!!



First, our subject seeks out a female with pectoral protrusions encased in a lace-trimmed support device and a warm subcutaneous canal at the juncture of two pedal extremities.

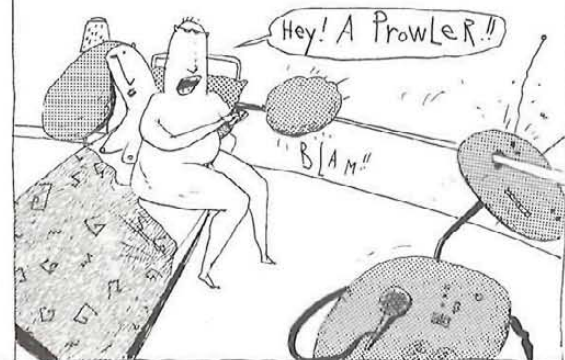
Subject procures alcoholic imbibements for the softer one, attaining her trust through folksy tales of his childhood, then beefs up liquid purchase until female guilt mechanism is activated.



Subject capitalizes on this by conveying female to his domicile, reposing her naked form on a yielding, horizontal slab, and commencing docking maneuvers with a small, rubbery protuberance.



After two minutes he's done and ready for Chinese food. Oops! I think he sees me...



Our subject fires an unribbed projectile into my head which is, of course, a primary erogenous zone for us Planet Kronkites. So, in conclusion, the guy is a jerk, but HEY! No one EVER made me feel that good.





# MAIL ORDER EXPRESS

## 42 NAUGHTY NEWCOMMERS ....ON VIDEO

ONLY **75¢**

EACH IN QUANTITY



KRISTI LEIGH



AJA



TAMMY REYNOLDS

- LAURYL CANYON
- KIM ACOSTA
- BROOKE SUMMERS
- BELLA DONNA
- AMY BERENS
- TAWNY DOWNS
- JENNIFER STEELE
- LAURA LEI
- LADY STEPHANIE
- DENISE STEVENS
- ISABELLA
- MELINDA LEE
- CHARLI WATERS

- MAXI MOORE
- LISA D.
- NIKKI RANDALL
- LINSHIA
- AMAPOLA
- JESSICA LONG
- AMANDA TYLER
- CARLA FERRARI
- BOBBI SOXX
- BARBI DAHL
- NICOLE SHANNON
- BRANDI WINE
- TABATHA PARIS

- FAWN ROBERTS
- DANIELLE
- PLEASURE
- CHELSEA DALLAS
- RENE MORGAN
- LYNN MOLINEAUX
- KRYSTAL COLLINS
- DELIA MOORE
- LYNN LAMÉ
- DOREEN BELMONT
- MONIQUE DUBOIS
- SIBOHAN HUNTER
- TREASURE

### 10 MAG BONUS

XXX Entertainment's hottest new starlets. And we have them premiering in a VIDEO AFFAIR just for you. Featuring 42 naughty ladies.... Imagine Fresh Faces, Firm Bodies, Long Legs and D-Cup Wonders, paired with Guys Just Like You locked in explicit, uncensored sex action. To welcome you as a new customer, we are offering to you absolutely free 10 full color hardcore mags as an extra added bonus when you order all 42 starlets.

We guarantee you will receive the exact ladies listed. If dissatisfied return for full credit for future purchases and keep the 10 mags as our gift.

And with due respect to your privacy, everything we ship to you will be plainly packaged and securely wrapped without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

**GUARANTEED TO PLEASE!**

PRICES:  ANY TWO FOR \$10  ANY 12 FOR \$15  POSTAGE AND HANDLING 1 TO 12 Videos, Add \$2  
 ANY 23 FOR \$25  ALL 42 JUST \$32  23 Videos. Add: \$3.00/All 42 Videos. Add \$5.00  
 Plus 10 MAG Bonus

#### SEND TO: VIDEO AFFAIR

Dept. Y118 P.O. Box 370  
New Buffalo, MI, 49117-0370

Rush items indicated. I enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_ PLUS P/H  
 CASH  CHECK  MONEY ORDER  
 ...as payment in full. Canadian remit in US funds only.  
 No foreign COD's. Send COD. I enclose \$8 extra plus P/H  
 PLEASE SPECIFY:  BETA  VHS  
 I am over 19 years of age and request this material.  
 Add \$2 for insurance and First Class Handling.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address/Apt # \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sign \_\_\_\_\_  
 Age/B-Date \_\_\_\_\_

## NEW ADULT VIDEO CATALOG LIVE ON VIDEOTAPE!



Now you can build your adult video library the smart way. Choose from explicit action-packed previews on Leisure Concepts Unique Video Catalog tape. That's right this 60 Minute all color video consists of complete previews of about 45 of our hottest adult movies available for purchase (famous titles as low as \$9.95) featuring Christy Canyon, Ginger Lynn and more. You'll see highlights of 200 uncensored scenes including at least as many wet endings. So stop shopping in the dark and take advantage of this no obligation offer today! With your order you'll receive our current explicit catalog bursting with hundreds of videos, magazines and marital aids.

### BONUS

And for a limited time we're offering a compilation of 25 sizzling sex starlets in their most sensuous roles, absolutely free when you order the video catalog. 90 minutes of pure explicit pleasure.

### REBATE

With your order we'll include a \$10 rebate coupon to use on your next order.

### SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you are not delighted with your purchase simply return for a credit toward future purchases and keep the rebate coupon as our gift.

**CALL  
1-800-874-8960**

With VISA/MASTERCARD orders—Ask for VCT 6 & include Dept # from address to speed your order processing.

VIDEO TAPE VCT 6—\$9.95. Includes \$10 rebate coupon & Bonus 25 Sizzling Starlet Video

Convenient Value-Packed Printed Catalog only \$2.00 (includes P/H)

I enclose \$ \_\_\_\_ Plus \$4 P/H (Video Cassette tape orders only)  BETA  VHS

VISA/MC # \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS/APT. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

SGN/AGE/BDTE \_\_\_\_\_

I am over 19 years old & request this material

SEND TO \_\_\_\_\_

**Leisure  
CONCEPTS**  
XII

Dept. Y118  
P.O. BOX 1900  
Gary, IN. 46409

CUSTOMER SERVICE INQUIRIES ONLY 219-981-2274

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

# HERCULES

AMONGST THE  
NORTH AMERICANS

CAUTION: THIS STRIP CONTAINS VERY STRONG HUMOR

TAKE MY WIVES... PLEASE



© 1988 MCMARSA 32

IT HAPPENED IN A REMOTE CAMPING AREA OF UNTAMED TENNESSEE WHERE THERE WOULD BE NO POSSIBILITY OF WITNESSES OR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.



HERCULES WAS JUST SETTLING IN AFTER A RUSTIC MEAL

SUDDENLY THEY LANDED... LITTLE OLIVE-SKINNED MEN IN A DISCUS-SHAPED OBJECT.



THEY BORE MENACING WEAPONS... 22-CALIBER FREEZE-DRY RAYS THAT THEY USED MERCILESSLY.



A BIT CHILLY PERHAPS, BUT CERTAINLY NOT FREEZING.

AH, THAT IS MORE LIKE IT. MOVE CLOSER AND YOU WILL LIKE-WISE BE WARMED



THEY STARED HYPNOTICALLY FROM OUT OF BLACK BOTTOMLESS EYES, NO DOUBT INTENDING TO SUCK OUT NATIONAL SECRETS OR PERHAPS HIS VERY SOUL THROUGH A DIABOLICAL BRAIN PROBE



WHERE I COME FROM IT IS IMPOLITE TO STARE SO...

WHAT THEY FOUND WAS PERHAPS MORE THAN THEY COULD HANDLE



WHEN HERCULES AWOKE THEY WERE GONE, OR HAD THEY EVER REALLY BEEN HERE?



HE RETAINED NO MEMORY OF THE VISITATION.

BUT THEN HERCULES OFTEN SUFFERED LAPSES OF MEMORY DURING HIS CAMPING TRIPS.



# SPECIAL BOOK BARGAINS!

Order Now! Save up to 400% over original published price!

## 554860. COUPLES IN LOVE.

By Peter Barry. Explicit full-color photo essay captures the most intimate moments of several young couples on a quest for the ultimate in erotic delight. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. 9 1/4 x 11 1/2. Pub. at \$14.95. **Only \$7.98**



**144352. THE PIN-UP: A MODEST HISTORY.** By M. Gabor. Erotic look into the fantasy world of pin-ups. Features hundreds of full color and b&w portraits of sex gods and goddesses in revealing poses. Themes incl. homosexuality, bondage and other fetishes. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. Orig. Pub. at \$20.00. **Only \$10.98**

**400669. MADEMOISELLE MADEMOISELLE.** By Jeff Dumas, the photographer of *Captured Woman*. 55 Full-Color Photos. One of the world's most widely published erotic photographers exhibits a stunning portfolio of his most dazzling compositions. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. 9 1/4 x 12. Pub. at \$27.95. **Only \$14.98**

**460106. TOUCH OF LACE.** by Peter Barry. Sensuous full-color portraits of lovely ladies in a provocative array of lacy frills. 9 x 11 1/2. **Only \$9.98**



## 460734. HOW TO KEEP YOUR WOMAN HAPPY IN BED.

By C.E. BERTALOT. An amusing, sometimes hilarious guide through the minefields of love, packed with original, thought provoking ideas for the man who thinks he knows it all but knows there **must** be more. 8 3/8 x 11. Orig. Pub. at \$19.95. **Only \$7.98**

**452510. MOVIE TRIVIA MANIA.** By the Editors of *Consumer Guide*. 500 Photos. A feast of facts and fun for movie fans! Filled with quizzes, best and worst movie lists, award lists, a look behind-the-scenes of the all-time great movies, little-known facts about the stars, box office figures, more. 384 pages. 8 3/8 x 10 1/2. Softbound. Pub. at \$9.95. **Only \$4.98**

**624796. GREAT SEX.** By Alexandra Penney. From the author of the bestselling *How to Make Love to a Man*. An erotic guide for the 80's. Explores the latest techniques for enhanced sexual enjoyment. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. Pub. at \$16.95. **Only \$4.98**

**604647. ORGY: An Erotic Experience.** Pierre Cusnier's full-color photography takes us into the deeply sensual world of a group of beautiful people lost in the rapture of uninhibited lovemaking. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. Pub. at \$24.95. **Only \$9.98**

## 105500. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF LOVE AND SEX.

With 265 vivid illus., 173 in full-color. Incredibly comprehensive, pictorial guide to every aspect of lovemaking: 66 explicit chapters on positions for loving, oral sex in love play, group sex, fetishes, male and female orgasm, masturbation and fantasy, genital size, homosexuality, etc. 8 1/2 x 11 1/2. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. **Only \$12.98**



**385929. THE PRESIDENTS: TIDBITS AND TRIVIA: Revised Ed.** By S. Frank and A.D. Melick. Fully Illus. Packed with the kind of startling info about our nation's leaders that you never heard in history class. Which president had to borrow money to get to his inauguration? Which presidents enjoyed skinny dipping? Discover the human side of the men we chose to run our country. 8 1/8 x 10 1/2. Orig. Pub. in Paperback at \$9.95. **This Hardbound Ed. Only \$5.98**

**623838. EXPLORING SEX.** Frank, uninhibited celebration of erotic love. Explicit drawings and photos in both color and b&w give a delicious array of ideas for giving pleasure to yourself and your lover. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. Pub. at \$24.95. **Only \$16.95**

**554879. SEXUAL POSITIONS.** By G. Wilson. Ph.D. 224 Full-color photos combine with a frank and informative text to provide a graphic celebration of the joys of lovemaking. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. 9 x 11 1/2. Pub. at \$24.95. **Only \$12.98**

**544326. 101 REASONS NOT TO HAVE SEX TONIGHT.** By I.M. Patent, M.D. 50 Line Art Illus. Hilarious compilation of excuses for not having sex on any night of the week. Incl. explicit diagrams of positions not to have sex in, what to wear, eat, and listen to while not having sex, plus Dr. Patent's gallery of non-erotic art. A rare gem of a book. Softbound. **Only \$2.95**

**65282X. SEX IN THE COMICS.** By Maurice Horn. A cross between a comic book and the *Kama Sutra*. Marvellously graphic tour of the best of American, French, German, and Spanish comics brings a whole new meaning to the "comic strip." Over 200 illus., many in full color. Incl. Flapper Fanny, Modesty Blaise, The Story of O, gay, straight, more. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. 214 pages. 8 1/2 x 11. Softbound. Pub. at \$30.00. **Only \$10.98**

**549972. THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF GIRLIE MAGAZINES.** By M. Gabor. First and only comprehensive history of girlie magazines, from *National Police Gazette* to present-day publications such as *Playboy* and *Panhouse*. Features 275 provocative illus., over 100 in living color, incl. pin-ups, photos, drawings, advertisements. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. 9 x 12. **Special Offer with Each Order of \$10.00 or More.** Pub. at \$25.00. **Only \$12.98**

**180162. THE TRIVIA ENCYCLOPEDIA.** By F.L. Worth. What was Rosemary's Bob's name? Who were Superman's parents? What's the name of Tonto's horse? The answers to these and hundreds of other questions about sports, movies, comics, music, TV, radio, and much more are all to be found in this fascinating book you won't be able to put down. What's the order of colors in a package of 5-flavor Life Savers? Pub. at \$7.95. **Only \$4.98**

**554852. TECHNIQUES OF FINGER MASSAGE.** By J. Felderman. Over 175 Full-Color Photos. Step-by-step instructions and scores of sensuous photos will tell you everything you should know in order to give your partner a complete top-to-toe massage. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. 9 1/4 x 11 1/2. **Only \$7.98**



**643510. WOMEN.** Women... their bodies undraped... their minds uninhibited... their expressions sultry... their one goal: pleasure. Full-color photos reveal the true meaning of the word: woman! For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. Pub. at \$25.00. **Only \$14.98**

**44612X. ART OF SENSUOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.** Top glamour photographer Peter Barry reveals the secrets of sensuous photography. Explicit full-color photos throughout. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. 9 x 11 1/2. **Only \$6.98**

**448998. THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF SEXUAL RECORDS.** By G.I. Simons. Over 200 Photos and Illus. Completely accurate, up-to-date, and totally bizarre! Authentic reports of everything from A-Z in recorded sex history. Entertaining bits of sex trivia cover such items as the world's most promiscuous man, most famous transvestites, best attended orgies, the first sex aid in China, more. For Sale to Adults Over 21 Only. **Only \$5.98**



### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

**HARVESTER A.A.**  
155 Avenue of the Americas **1288**  
New York, NY 10013

Please send me the book bargains circled below.  
Add \$1.00 per book for postage and handling.

Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ Send check or money order only. Payable to Harvester A.A.

Sales Tax. For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8 1/4% for delivery elsewhere add local sales tax.

496399	44612X	105500	180162	400669
643510	623838	144352	452510	460734
65282X	494663	336367	554852	385929
460106	549972	448998	544326	554860
554879	551004	121234		

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

\_\_\_\_\_ (address)

\_\_\_\_\_ (city) \_\_\_\_\_ (state) \_\_\_\_\_ (zip)

# Tom Hachtman's Double Takes



SCOOBY DOOKAKIS



DUKE DUKAKIS



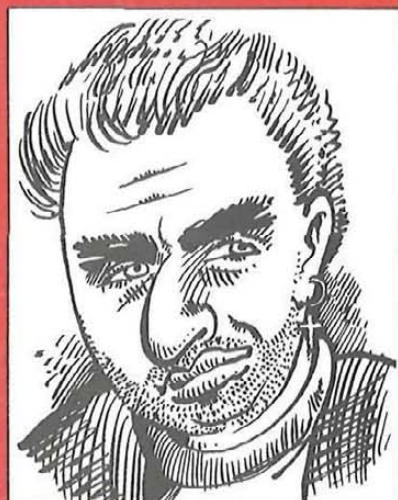
DUKAKISS



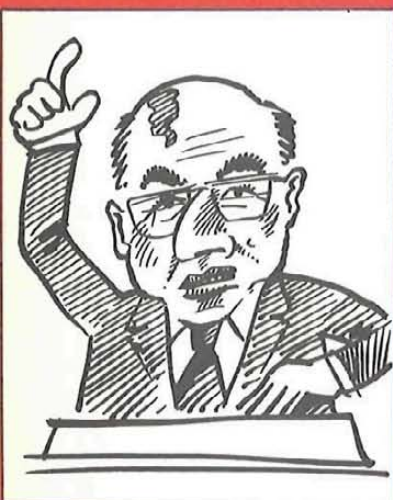
HOWDY DOOKAKIS



PATTY DUKAKIS



GEORGE MICHAEL DUKAKIS



MIKHAIL DUKAKIS



HÜSKER DÜKAKIS



MARMADUKAKIS

# NATIONAL LAMPPOON'S CARTOON BOOK

Now, the editors of the *National Lampoon* have chosen more than 150 cartoons, culled from more than 200 issues of the magazine, and assembled them in this more-than-affable book, the cover of which features the legendary legless frog. In addition to the cartoons, there are favored comic strips from *NatLamp's* "Funny Pages," featuring such artists as S. Gross, Shary Flenniken, B. K. Taylor, etc., etc., etc.

You can order your copy now through the minor use of pen, folding paper, envelope, and checkbook.

## NATIONAL LAMPPOON'S CARTOON BOOK



The Best of 18 Years



Plus 16 of the Funniest "Funny Pages" Ever

National Lampoon  
Dept. 1288  
155 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10013

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of **National Lampoon's Cartoon Book** at \$3.95 each. (New York State residents, add 8 $\frac{1}{4}$  percent sales tax.) No postage and handling if ordered now.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

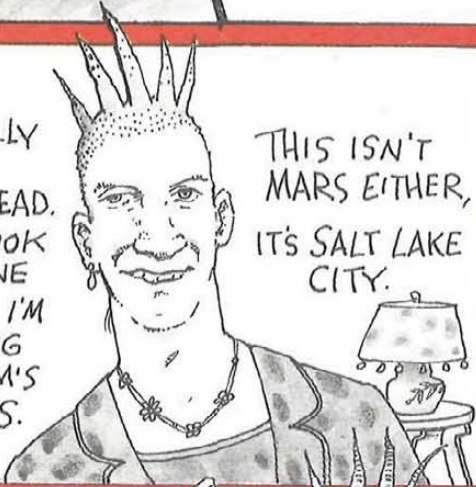
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

# Freakhead from Mars

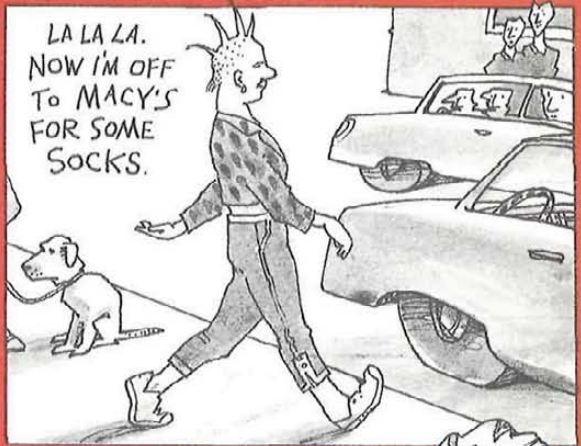
@M.K. BROWN

Hi,  
I'M REALLY  
NOT A  
FREAKHEAD.  
I JUST LOOK  
LIKE ONE  
BECAUSE I'M  
WEARING  
MY MOM'S  
CLOTHES.



THIS ISN'T  
MARS EITHER,  
IT'S SALT LAKE  
CITY.

LA LA LA.  
NOW I'M OFF  
TO MACY'S  
FOR SOME  
SOCKS.



I'LL TAKE  
THESE,  
I THINK.



WAIT!  
WILL THEY  
GO WITH  
EVERYTHING?



THEY'LL GO  
WITH EVERY-  
THING IS  
THAT A  
CHARGE?



THANK YOU  
FOR SHOPPING  
MACY'S.



WHAT A  
COUNTRY,  
I LOVE  
IT.

FILL 'ER UP,  
PLEASE.



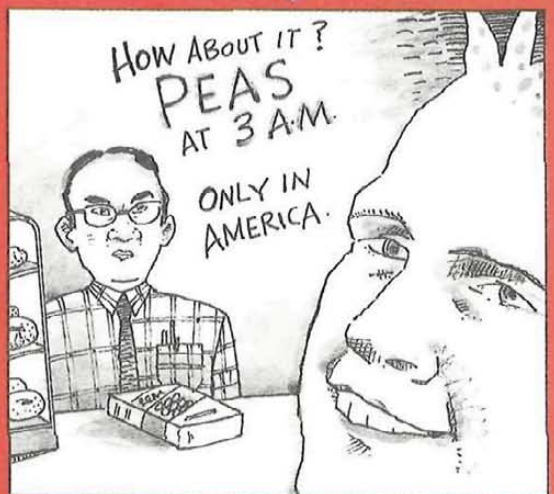
WITH PLEASURE,  
MADAM.

MUCH LATER

OH, MY GOSH!  
I FORGOT  
PEAS!  
CANT HAVE  
MEAT LOAF  
WITHOUT  
PEAS!



HOW ABOUT IT?  
PEAS  
AT 3 A.M.  
ONLY IN  
AMERICA.



# SAM deGROOT

ONE OF ONLY 32 PRIVATE DETECTIVES IN THE FREE WORLD IN A COMA

WHILE ON THE TRAIL OF THE MASTER CRIMINAL BARON DOMINUS, SAM IS STRUCK ON THE HEAD FROM BEHIND AND NOW LIES IN A DEEP COMA AT CITY HOSPITAL

OUR STAFF MEETING DECIDED THAT IF HE DOESN'T COME OUT OF HIS COMA IN THREE DAYS, WE'LL REMOVE THE FEEDING TUBE....



# THREE DAYS LATER

NURSE, REMOVE THE FEEDING TUBE!

OH, DOCTOR, I CAN'T, HE'S...



REMOVE IT, NURSE, NOW!

YES, DOCTOR...

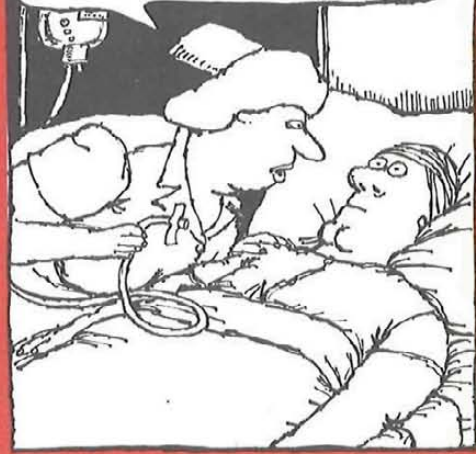


AFTER YOU REMOVE THE TUBE, JUST MAKE HIM AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE.

YES, DOCTOR.



DON'T YOU WORRY, MISTER, I WON'T LET YOU STARVE!



DOCTORS HAVE BEEN WRONG BEFORE—YOU COULD COME OUT OF YOUR COMA, JUST LIKE THAT!



OH, DEAR! WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER....



BOY! IT'S NOT EASY BURPING A GROWN MAN!

BUR-R-R-RUP!



IN MY PREVIOUS LIVES,  
I WAS CLEOPATRA,  
JOAN OF ARC, AND  
QUEEN OF ATLANTIS.

YOU WERE A HOUSEWIFE.

# Trots and Bonnie

AND  
I WAS  
HITLER'S  
DOBERMAN.

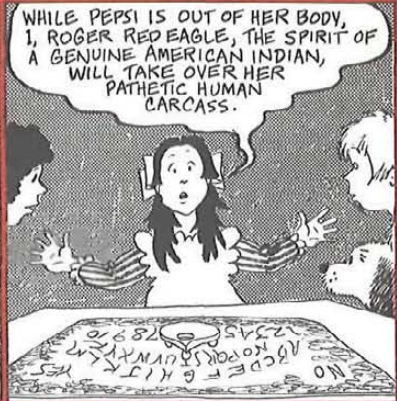


O MYSTERIOUS OUIJA BOARD...  
TELL US THE ANSWERS TO  
TOMORROW'S  
MATH QUIZ.



WOW! I'M ABOUT TO HAVE AN  
OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE!

I'M CHANNELING!



WHILE PEPSI IS OUT OF HER BODY,  
I, ROGER RED EAGLE, THE SPIRIT OF  
A GENUINE AMERICAN INDIAN,  
WILL TAKE OVER HER  
PATHETIC HUMAN  
CARCASS.



I'M HERE TO TELL YOU  
THAT LIFE ON THIS  
PLANE OF EXISTENCE  
IS UNIMPORTANT...



YOU NO LONGER  
NEED TO STUDY  
FOR MATH  
QUIZZES.



YOU DON'T NEED TO  
WORRY ABOUT  
WHETHER OR NOT  
YOU HAVE A  
BOYFRIEND...



... OR WHETHER  
YOU HAVE  
THE  
RIGHT  
CLOTHES...

... OR IF YOU'RE  
TOO FAT...

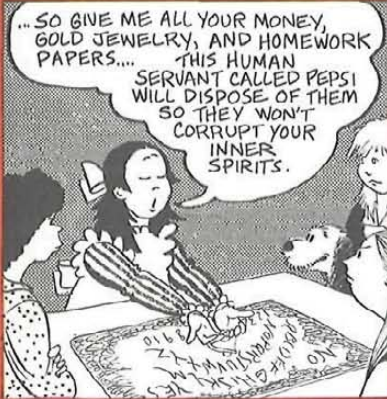
OR IF  
THE WORLD  
WILL BE  
BLOWN UP  
TOMORROW.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
LISTEN TO  
ANYTHING  
YOUR  
PARENTS  
TELL YOU...



ALL MATERIAL ITEMS HAVE NO  
VALUE HERE  
IN THE  
SPIRIT  
WORLD...



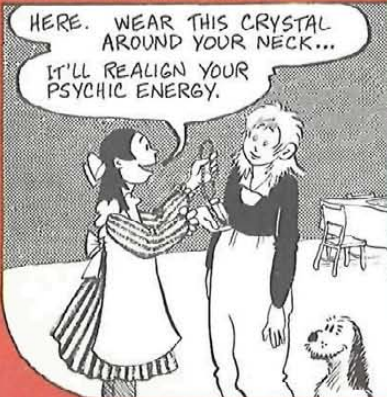
... SO GIVE ME ALL YOUR MONEY,  
GOLD JEWELRY, AND HOMEWORK  
PAPERS...  
THIS HUMAN  
SERVANT CALLED PEPSI  
WILL DISPOSE OF THEM  
SO THEY WON'T  
CORRUPT YOUR  
INNER  
SPIRITS.



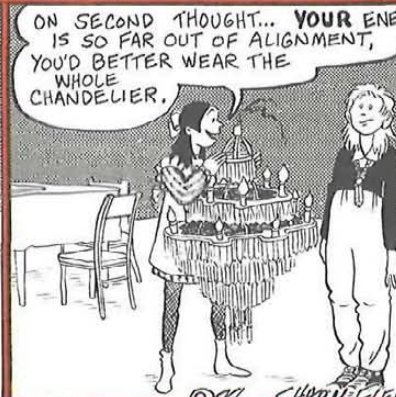
NOT ONLY IS THIS SPIRIT STUFF  
A CROCK OF POOP!...  
BUT YOU'RE A  
TERRIBLE  
ACTRESS,  
TOO!



THAT'S THE SAME THING  
THEY SAID TO  
SHIRLEY  
MACLAINE.



HERE. WEAR THIS CRYSTAL  
AROUND YOUR NECK...  
IT'LL REALIGN YOUR  
PSYCHIC ENERGY.



ON SECOND THOUGHT... YOUR ENERGY  
IS SO FAR OUT OF ALIGNMENT,  
YOU'D BETTER WEAR THE  
WHOLE  
CHANDELIER.



I HUNG A CRYSTAL  
ON MY FLEA COLLAR...  
AND NOW I'M  
GETTING  
BENJI'S  
PSYCHIC  
FAN MAIL.

©2007 SHIRLEY MACLAINE




## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: National Lampoon. 2. DATE OF FILING: September 14, 1988. 3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: Bimonthly. A. No. of issues published annually: 6. B. Annual subscription price: \$15.95. 4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHER: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR: Publisher: George S. Agoglia, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Editor: Matty Simmons, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Managing Editor: Diane Giddis, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. 7. OWNER (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual, must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated): NL Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, of which 100 percent of the stock is owned by National Lampoon, Inc. 8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES, OR OTHER SECURITIES (if there are none, so state): None. 9. FOR COMPLETION BY NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES (DMM Section 423.12 only). 10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION: AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS: A. Total no. copies printed (Net Press Run): 478,168. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 171,782. 2. Mail subscription: 74,583. C. Total paid circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2): 246,365. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 4,457. E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D): 250,822. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 2,981. 2. Return from news agents: 224,365. G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A): 478,168. ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE: A. Total no. copies (Net Press Run): 471,800. B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 172,925. 2. Mail subscription: 75,590. C. Total paid circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2): 248,515. D. Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means: samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 4,337. E. Total distribution (Sum of C and D): 252,852. F. Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 3,067. 2. Return from news agents: 215,881. G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2—should equal net press run shown in A): 471,800.

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

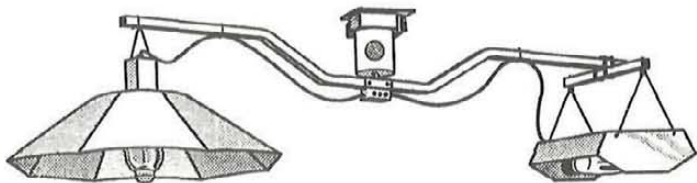
George S. Agoglia

  
Publisher

# GRO-LITES/HYDROPONICS

## California sunshine in your basement!

Grow exotic plants in the privacy of your home.



You hit the jackpot when you found this ad! JC's has everything for the indoor gardener - lites, hydroponics, fans, timers, fertilizers, books - you name it, we have it! The owner, Jorge Cervantes, author of *Gardening In-*

*doors*, the BIBLE on indoor growing, personally selected and tested each product we stock. JC's takes pride in your success. Give us a call, we'll be happy to answer your questions. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!

### JC's Garden Center

9915 S.E. Foster Road,  
Portland, OR 97266

in Oregon 1-771-6804

CALL NOW FOR FREE CATALOG

# 1-800-233-5729

24 hours



## Zen Bastard

*continued from page 17*

Ironically, Liddy was assistant district attorney some twenty-five years ago in upstate New York, and he led the raid on Leary's drug research estate in Millbrook. He used that arrest as a stepping stone in his career—to the FBI, to the CIA, to the Watergate break-in, to *Hollywood Squares*; and now, the equivalent of being knighted in twentieth-century America, he has his own TV talk show.

Liddy is infamous for having once eaten a rat. I don't know how he prepared this dish—whether he had rat Alfredo or put it in a blender with raisins or walnuts or mixed it with eggplant and zucchini for some good old-fashioned ratatouille—but he ate a rat, in order to get over his fear of eating rats, a nice, direct approach to the problem. At the debate, Leary said to Liddy, "I will eat a rat if you will eat a hash brownie." Liddy said no. After all, you can only carry machismo so far.

Ah, but the Psychedelic Liberation Front began feeding hash brownies to rats, then releasing them in each motel room along the debate tour, hoping that one night Liddy would suddenly get the urge for a

midnight snack. Room service would be closed, so he would simply grab that rat scampering across his room and... well, this was just on the borderline of the ethics of dosing.

I also mentioned that I had once slept with Milton Berle's wife and left her a hundred-dollar bill, but she didn't leave me any change. Not only that, but she gave me a tip. And the tip was "You'd better climb out the bedroom window." Then I slapped myself quickly on each cheek for resorting to a cheap-shot joke like that.

I wandered out into the gambling area. A tough dude saw my lapel badge and said, "Oh, you're with that comedy convention, huh? Say something funny."

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I'm off duty."

Oh, yes, the advice that *Late Night* producer Robert Morton gave to this convention of comedians which the *Los Angeles Times* would not allow its readers to learn: "Go over your act and craft it for television. Don't use 'cocksucker.' I want to hear the clean TV version. If an act farts bubbles out of his ass, what would David Letterman say?"

Who knows? He might be so impressed that he would invite the guy on the show again—to play a different melody, of course. ■

# Bonfire of the Banalities

continued from page 80

Sausage nodded somberly. "Ahhh heh," he said. "I'm not talking about mashed potatoes, gentlemen! I'm talking about the righteous mighty flood that's going to start when the dam breaks! Those who have paid their way out will be on the high ground! Those who haven't, won't!"

A huge black man named Buck (wink wink—that was what male blacks were once called a long time ago), strode into the room and escorted the white men out!

Sausage dug into the mashed potatoes and broke the dam, and the gravy spilled out onto his desk like a righteous, angry brown wave! He jumped up so as not to get any on his lap and knocked over two fried chickens in doing so. Sweating and whining—"Why did God let my little chickens fall to the floor?"—he bent over to retrieve his meal and saw a small electrical button attached to the underside of his desk. "What the hell is this?" He examined the button. "Buck," he cried, "Buck... get me my air-raid siren."

On Madison Avenue, Herman galloped up the sidewalk on Vienna, with the Ghost tailing in a cab. He was seated beside Tama Janowitz, the other darling of the New York literary set, whom he had met through an ad in the *New York Times Book Review*: "Wanted, fellow writer not creative enough to write pure fiction, to collaborate on real-life research which we will write about under the thin guise of 'fiction.'" The Ghost had a listening device of some sort in his left ear—Janowitz assumed it was a hearing aide.

"One time I was on East Third," Janowitz said, "when..."

Suddenly the Ghost screamed, jumped into the air, and ran out of the cab, tearing the headphones off.

"What's-a matter with him?" the cabbie asked.

"I don't know," Janowitz replied. "I have that effect on some people."

4

# Tryst and Shout

Herman dragged Vienna up the stairs of 32 East 71st Street and knocked on the door of Apartment 4A. Marla Rustpin, the beautiful socialite, bade him enter! She was all but nude, sitting on the edge of her bed... Somehow Herman noticed only her shoes, black-and-white checkerboard, high-heeled, two-hundred-dollar Ferragamos that showed just the right amount of toe cleavage! Had he been a little more observant, he would have noticed the pair of white bucks peeking out from behind the drapes.

"Come on in, Herman, I was just thinking about you!" *Cum ahn in, Huhman, I wuz jest tinkin' 'bout ju!* Marla was from Brooklyn—and spoke with a noticeable accent, which is to say that her vowels could shatter glass and her R's were so annoying that dogs howled! Yet, as she sat on a naked bed, herself equally nude, nobody but a persnickety writer would notice an accent! Nobody would notice a voice! She had dancer's legs! Thin hips! A tight stomach and ample breasts! She had a fashion model's face! Her eyes said she was from heaven but her mouth said Brooklyn!!!

"You and Vienna, the two of you look exhausted." *Youse 'n' Fienna, dah two ah yahs look exhausted!*

AS WAS HIS CUSTOM JEFF CHECKED HIS PHOTOTRON JUST BEFORE RETIRING

PERFECT AS USUAL!

THEN ITS OFF TO DREAMLAND WHERE ALL YOUNG INVENTORS SEEK INSPIRATION ON THE ROAD TO A NEW TOMORROW

MAKE IT GO FAST!

VAROOM!

SUDDENLY HIS SLEEP IS SHATTERED BY THE PRESENCE OF A GHOSTLY APPARITION!

MILDRED! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY BEDROOM? WHY ARE YOU WEARING CHAINS? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE KINKY!

SILENCE MORTAL! I AM NOT YOUR TRUSTED AND VIVACIOUS TECHNICIAN! I AM THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PAST, HERE TO SHOW YOU THE ERROR OF YOUR WILD WAYS, AND I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL YOU REPENT!

HMMM!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WHAT A WRETCH I AM! WOW! I'M A NEW MAN! CAN I GO BACK TO SLEEP NOW?

I GUESS THAT MEANS ITS TIME FOR...

WE ARE THE SPIRITS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

NOT AGAIN!

WE GO NOWHERE UNTIL YOU GIVE EVERYONE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

THEN I GUESS I'M FORCED TO LOWER THE PRICE OF THE PHOTOTRON, AMERICA'S PREMIER GROWTH CHAMBER TO \$350<sup>00</sup> FOR AMERICA'S PREMIER READERSHIP FROM THE NATIONAL LAMPOON

NOW YOU DID IT!

OOPS!

CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU PLEASE

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO ASK FOR RAISES FOR US, THEN PRESENTS FOR EVERYONE! BOY! DID WE GET LAMPOONED!

YA NATIONALLY!

WELL, THERES ALWAYS NEXT YEAR! NOW GET THESE CHAINS OFF ME!

While Jeff is in a festive spirit, send this ad along with your money order when ordering for the value of the season!

"It was difficult for me to get out," Herman said. "Vienna didn't want to leave, and Jewelry thought I shouldn't—"

"Herman, come over here this instant and take me!" *Huhman, cum ofah heah dis instan' 'n' take me!* She didn't have to tell him twice! She had to tell him three times! Then he caressed her, he kissed her madly, he thrashed about on the bed like a fish out of water! It went on for minutes—five, to be exact—and then it was over.

"Herman, that was nice!" *Huhman, tha' wuz noice!* Exhausted and spent, she lay beside him in bed, barely able to lift her emery board.

"When can we meet again?" Herman asked.

"I don't know." *I dun' know.* "Soon, lover." *Soon, luffah.* "I'll probably see you at the Burgerkings' dinner party. I better get home now, my darling hubby is expecting me." *My dahlen hubby 'spectin' me.* Sarcasm hung like a cool mist in the room. "Is it still raining out?" *Is id still rainin' oudt?*

Herman opened the drapes and beheld the Ghost! "Yiii," Herman shouted, jumping back. "What the hell are you doing here?!"

Marla looked up with casual interest. "Who's he, Huhman?"

"This guy was at my apartment two hours ago, looking in the window," he said, then to the Ghost, "Who the hell are you? What the hell are you doing?"

"Oh, just an ex-journalist trying to make a comeback." *Oh, just an ex-journalist trying to make a comeback.* "I thought I'd try fiction, but you see, it's not easy. . . I'm not really a fiction writer. . . and I have to have something to write about! I thought I'd watch you for a few days! But you're not doing anything. Can't you get into trouble?" *Can't you get into trouble?*

Herman was indignant. "What do you call this, child's play?"

"No, I mean something really serious. . . throw yourself into some controversy, something to make you the prime example of the alienation of the masses. . . the focal point of our troubled times. . . something we can rally around. . ."

"Thank you, but I'd prefer not to!" Herman clenched his fist. There had to be some way of keeping the Wolfe from his door.

## 5

# Meeting of Minds

"What are you gonna do?" Janowitz asked the Ghost. "Nothing's happening."

The Ghost stared at the ceiling and cracked his knuckles. "I don't know. There has to be something I can do. . . Create an accident. . . something like that. . . I'll alert the media. . . There will be protests. . . The Bronx meets Wall Street head-on, you might say. . . I could arrange for his girlfriend to accidentally run over a black kid."

Janowitz was writing notes on a conversation she'd just had with a rock musician. "Nah. Nobody's gonna buy it. Sounds too much like *The Great Gatsby*."

"Well, if this keeps up, I'm going to have to go into writing workout books. . . or maybe New Age religions. . ."

"Make it about something you know," she said. "What do you know?"

*continued*

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoïd profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university under Federal license in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did; all of the scientific literature, I did; and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact, you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact, you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact, have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And, in fact, YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (36 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you. The PHOTOTRON II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.



AS SEEN ON THE BBC'S TOMORROW'S WORLD

# PHOTOTRON

LIGHT-YEARS AHEAD IN HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

In fact, you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service

back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You receive simple, step by step instructions. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE, you will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it. Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

Call me at 1-312-544-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call? *Jeffery Julian DeMarco*

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SHADING	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM	COMPUTER FEMALE SEX	GUARANTEE FEMALE SEX	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS = 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT	RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR
NUTRIENTS	TOTALLY SELF SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION	Send a \$3.00 money order for our brochure GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONICALLY!™							
CO.	PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES INTERNATIONAL, LTD P.O. BOX 231, WIMBLEY, MIDDLESEX HA9 6AL, UK. PHONE 01-875-1234								
SERVICE	PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES, INC. <sup>2</sup> P.O. BOX 1071, MELROSE PARK, IL 60160, USA								

OVER 70,000 SOLD WORLDWIDE

1-312-544-B-U-D-S

"I know about white linen suits, the perfect hemline, crisp clean pleats..."

Janowitz looked up and glared at him.

"I certainly know about architecture, stunning phases of Americana, buildings whose designs were borrowed from the Greeks, the Romans—"

"No way. Try again."

"I know about a bunch of guys in the sixties who did some acid, electric Kool-Aid, they called it."

"Oh, puh-lease, that's so old..."

"I know about art, inside and out. My book *The Painted*—"

"Give me a break! We're just not coming up with anything for either of us!"

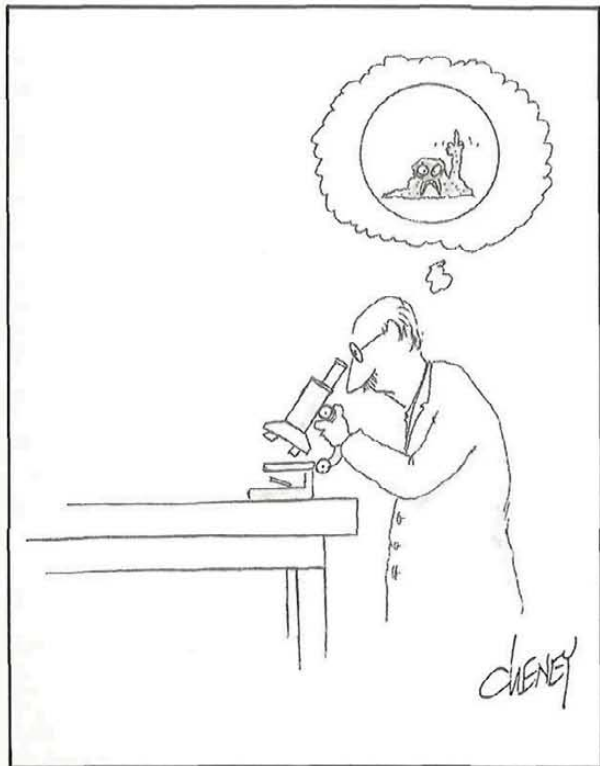
Sullen, the Ghost looked down at the floor. Janowitz, unhappy with her notes, folded the paper into an airplane and tossed it across the room. The Ghost watched its effortless flight over the pristine order of his living room... It floated on currents and curved into his bathroom... and crashed into the toilet.

"I just got an idea," he said. "There is one other thing that I know well."

## 6

# The Burgerking Soiree

Herman's mood was gloomy as his chauffeured Bentley pulled up to the Burgerkings' building. His mood didn't change when he and Jewelry entered the apartment—intense laughter hit them in the face! Grinning, idiotic, wealthy



white faces were everywhere! All the men and women were posed in tight circles, conversational nests, so to speak... and each one of these "birds" had his or her own unique (and much practiced) laugh! The living room sounded like the jungle at sunrise!

The apartment of Charles and Inga Burgerking, owners of a fabulous fast-food chain, was pretentiously decorated. The main entry hall was papered with bank statements. The price tags had been left on all the furniture, and old money was burning in one of the fireplaces in the living room.

Inga Burgerking, a tiny sparrow of a woman in a black puffy dress that resembled a hot-air balloon, broke free from the nests to greet the McGoys. She was so thin that he could see the outline of her liver.

"Dahling Jewelry!"

"Inga, I don't think you've met Herman," Jewelry cried. "Herman, this is Inga."

"So nice to finally meet you," she affectionately declared, grabbing Herman's shoulder as if to steady herself in a harsh wind. "Come," she said, "I simply must introduce you to some of the other guests."

Herman scanned the room, wondering which nest he was going to settle in. Suddenly he saw him—could it be?! Yes... it was him again, the Ghost—standing off to one side of the room!

"Inga—who's that... man?" he asked.

"Who, him? Nobody important. Name's Tom. Used to be a writer or something. He's a friend of my husband. A real social climber!"

"My God, look at that getup he's wearing," Jewelry laughed. "I thought he was one of the servants."

"I thought he was a pimp," Herman said. "Listen, you won't believe this, but he's been following me... The other night..." An iron door of caution slammed shut in Herman's mind. No use in letting Jewelry know about the other night!

*Snort snort snort snort snort snort snort!*

Herman wheeled around to face his wife, and saw that she had just tried out her brand-new laugh for the first time.

"Nonsense, Herman," Inga cried. "He's just some lonely old coot who's trying to fit in with the right crowd, only he'll never make it."

"There will never be another Truman," Jewelry said.

"Thank God," Inga replied, to their raucous guffaws.

## 7

# Henry Rabbit

Though an angry young black man from the projects, Henry Rabbit had high hopes! He maintained a D-plus average in school! He tried not to shoot people! He stayed away from heroin before lunch! He had a part-time job, cleaning rich people's apartments! First he cleaned out the jewelry boxes, then the china closets, and then, if he could carry anything else, the electrical appliances! It was a helluva good job! Paid great!

As he pigeon-strolled across 133rd Street in the Bronx, he—like everybody else in the city—reflected upon the state of his shoes! They were high-top Air Nikes, red and shiny. He thought he saw something on the toe of the shoe. Nope, they

*continued on page 110*

# Buy 1, Get 3 Free!

Buy Seka ...

Get Annette Haven, Amber Lynn and Bunny Bleu, Free.  
See Hot Hits, Deal #X3F361, \$29.95.



Video value bonanza! You buy one adult hit for an already-low, bargain price and you get three more fantastic features FREE. What a deal! What a steal! Choose as many of these great deals as you like, but **DO IT NOW!**

## Wild Girls, Deal #X3F601, 60 min., \$9.95



Buy **Surprise Affair** starring Shauna Grant, Vicky Love, Kevin Cox for \$9.95, Get **Hot Sex** starring Christy Canyon, Ron Jeremy, **Free!** Plus...

**Sizzling Unemployment** starring Trinity Loren, King Blade, **Free!** Plus...

**Sexual Frenzy** starring Marie Sharp, **Free!**

## Hot Hits, Deal #X3F361, 360 min., \$29.95



Buy **Any Time, Any Place** starring Seka for \$29.95. Get **Thunderbuns** starring Annette Haven, Jennifer Welles, Linda Wong, **Free!** Plus...

**The Good, The Bad And The Sexy** starring Amber Lynn, Bunny Bleu, John Holmes, **Free!** Plus...

**Swinging Ski Girls** starring Tina Towers, **Free!**

## Steamy Superstars, Deal #X3F121, 120 min., \$14.95



Buy **Hellbent** starring Vanessa Del Rio, Mark Stevens for \$14.95, Get **Candy Counter** starring Candy Samples, **Free!** Plus...

**Pool Penetration** starring Rhonda Jo Petty, Kevin Jay, **Free!** Plus... **Legends of Lust** starring Stacey Donovan, **Free!**

## Lesbian Lovelies, Deal #X3F241, 240 min., \$24.95



Buy **Women Who Love Women** starring Rhonda Jo Petty, K.C. Valentine for \$24.95, Get **Paper Dolls** starring Cara Lott, Linda Shaw, Tina Marie, Shana, **Free!** Plus...

**The Surprised Coed** starring Cherry Shane, **Free!** Plus... **Three Cheers for B.J.U.** starring Linda Lee, **Free!**

## Oral Orgies

Deal #X3F244, 240 min., \$24.95

Buy **Lip Service** starring Georgina Spelvin for \$24.95, Get **Blow Some My Way** starring Lana Christio, Inga Swenson, **Free!** Plus...

**Sophie Says No** starring Mark Stevens, **Free!** Plus... **Keyhole Poker**, **Free!**

## The Virgins

Deal #X3F245, 240 min., \$19.95

Buy **Summer of Suzanne** starring Jennie Wexler for \$19.95, Get **Young Love** starring Donna Dawn, **Free!** Plus...

**Sweet Fantasies** starring Rene Bond, John Leslie, **Free!** Plus... **Flunk or Fun**, **Free!**

## Hungry Vanessa

Deal #X3F255, 240 min., \$24.95

Buy **Girls In Passion** starring Vanessa Del Rio, Marlene Willoughby, Tina Russell, Arcadia Lake for \$24.95. Get **China Doll** starring Vanessa Del Rio, Susie Chan, Allen Logan, **Free!** Plus...

**Fury In Alice** starring Vanessa Del Rio, John Leslie, **Free!** Plus... **Forbidden Ways** starring Vanessa Del Rio, Cherry Divine, Mark Stevens, **Free!**

## The Blockbusters

Deal #X3F362, 360 min., \$29.95

Buy **T taboo** starring Kay Parker, Mike Ranger for \$29.95. Get **Inside Desiree Cousteau** starring Desiree Cousteau, Serena, Susan Nero, **Free!** Plus... **Never Enough** starring Cindy Ball, **Free!** Plus... **Wet Lady** starring Misty Lane, **Free!**

## Ooh, What Orgies!

Deal #X3F240, 240 min., \$19.95

Buy **Pink Lips** starring Chesty West, Jeremy Blunt for \$19.95. Get **Birthday Ball** starring Honey Cheeks, Jamie Gillis, **Free!** Plus...

**Mountain Orgy** starring Amber Doe, Violet Bliss, **Free!** Plus... **All the Senator's Girls** starring Lisa Desire, Tex Ford, **Free!**

## The Great Gays

Deal #X3F122, 120 min., \$19.95

Buy **Flesh Fest** starring Big Ben Benson, Art Gains for \$19.95, Get **Manplay** starring Sam Hardy, Fred, The Hammer, Mann, **Free!** Plus...

**Phantasy** starring Max Montoya, **Free!** Plus... **Ritual** starring Jack Davis, Jeff Ryan, **Free!**

## Interracial Lovers

Deal #X3F242, 240 min., \$24.95

Buy **Soul Sex** starring Monique Moon, Gina Black for \$24.95, Get **Lisa Meets Mr. Big** starring Sharon Mitchell, Marlene Willoughby, **Free!** Plus...

**For Love Of Money** starring Kelly Melons, **Free!** Plus... **Point Of View** stars Heather Heath, **Free!**

## Early John Holmes

Deal #X3F243, 240 min., \$24.95

Buy **Blond In Black Lace** starring John Holmes and Eve LeGrand for \$24.95. Get **Four Women In Trouble** starring John Holmes, Shana Lee, **Free!** Plus... **Cream Rinse** starring John Holmes, Rene Bond, **Free!** Plus... **The Masked Ball** starring John Holmes, Belle Rose, **Free!**

Lo-o-ong Hot Video Dept. BQF845.65 Court St., Rm 16, White Plains, NY 10601

Sirs: I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. (State residents add sales tax.)

Please indicate <input type="checkbox"/> VHS or <input type="checkbox"/> Beta		Video Total	
Deal #	Price	Deal #	Price
	\$		\$
	\$		\$
	\$		\$
	\$		\$
	\$		\$

Add \$2 per video for Beta

State Tax P&H \$3.00 each deal, 4 or more \$10

Total Enc. \$

**NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED**  
I declare that I am an adult, 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms. \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone # (in case we have a question ( \_\_\_\_\_ )  
(min. charge order \$25.) \_\_\_\_\_ area code \_\_\_\_\_ phone # \_\_\_\_\_  
 M.C.  Visa Exp. date \_\_\_\_\_  
Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
Bank or Org. \_\_\_\_\_  
issuing card \_\_\_\_\_  
Void in Delaware, Indiana, Mississippi, Utah, outside U.S. and where prohibited by law.

## Bonfire of the Banalities

continued from page 108

were as clean as Rockefeller crystal... But still, there was something... Rabbit bent over and took a closer look. He laughed—*heh heh heh heh heh!* There wasn't something on his shoes, there was something *in* them. They were so highly polished that he was looking at a reflection, of something moving... coming closer... *What the...?*

He was almost across the street when the earth veritably rose up to meet the screaming, plummeting Learjet, which crashed and burned and put a big hole in 133rd Street. Seconds later, the Ghost landed in a parachute, marked "Property of Herman McGoy," and left it, along with another, marked "Property of Marla Rustpin," beside the plane.

## 8

### The Twit Brit

As far as the English journalist Peter Shallow was concerned, hangovers, like Americans, did not improve with age! He couldn't move from his bed! His eyes were swollen shut! His ears were ringing! It felt like there was something small and ugly inside his head—he realized it was his brain!

He managed to get out of bed and pry his eyes open with a screwdriver, but he couldn't shake the ringing in his ears! And then he realized that it was the telephone! He felt like such a bloody ass! He picked up the phone!

"Lo?"

"Hello, Peter, it's Bill Gross." Shallow's brain immediately went into the Pigeon Directory. *Gross, Bill.* American Jew. Big shot. Writer. Civil liberties type. Disestablishmen-



tarianism all the way. Fond of denim shirts. Always picks up the check.

"How lovely to hear from you."

"Listen, I think I've got an exclusive for you. Can you meet me at Le Quirk?"

"Not certain, Bill. What is it?" Though hungover to die, Shallow knew that his reputation was bad around the *Daily Post*, and a good solid story might help him out.

"A black kid died of a heart attack in the Bronx last night."

"So?"

"The heart attack was brought on by a Learjet that smashed him to bits second later."

"So?"

"I suspect there was foul play."

"Why?"

"Two parachutes were found close by, and both were owned by a couple of millionaires. The feeling among the people in the street is that these two capitalists were out having sex in the air when they lost the controls. Classic case of crash-and-run."

"You're kidding!" He could really be onto something! "Meet me in an hour!"

"Solid," said Bill. Shallow hung up the phone. *Solid!* Oh, these Yanks!

## 9

### The Fiftieth Floor

A fascinating sound! It was only eight o'clock in the morning and the phones were ringing off the hooks as the Lords of the Rings worked their magic! *Buy! Sell! Steal!* From the swank fiftieth floor of Abutt & Caustello, a legion of white-collar workers—make that pink-Edwardian-collar workers—collectively buzzed about their hive like so many angry Wasps! The din! The noise! *Buy! Sell! Steal!* They assaulted the market... with phones!... with computers!... with messengers! *Buy! Sell! Steal!* Sharp young men in horn-rimmed glasses, monogrammed shirts, pink ties, Argyle socks, braces, and \$1,500 blue suits! Yet they cursed like truckdrivers. They threw things! They pounded their desks! *Buy! Sell! Steal!* They chain-smoked, belched, and scratched their crotches! They were everywhere at once: handsome, squeaky-clean white people... shouting... cursing... frenetically punching numbers into computers and forever dialing their phones!

*Buy, sell, steal, O LORDS OF THE RINGS!!!*

There wasn't a place on earth Herman McGoy would rather be. Then he saw the headline of the *Daily Post*:

#### PARACHUTE AT CRASH SITE OWNED BY HERMAN MCGOY!

By PETER SHALLOW

After investigating the mysterious crash of a "ghost" Learjet on 133rd Street in the Bronx, police say they have found conclusive evidence as to the cause

of the crash. "We have uncovered two parachutes near the site, both of which belong to very rich people," said Assistant District Attorney Lawrence Kramah. He noted that

the police investigation had been helped by anonymous calls from an unnamed source.

The Reverend Reginald Sausage, president of the Kill White People Now Coalition, has vowed massive protests over the incident. "This is just another example of the gross negligence of the ruling class," Sausage said. "They feel free to fly airplanes over our neighborhoods at night and wreck them wherever they choose, knowing that black people can't see falling airplanes at night because

they wear sunglasses."

When it was pointed out that Herman McGoy, the fantastically wealthy Wall Street bond buyer, does not own a pilot's license, Mr. Kramah responded, "No wonder he crashed."

A police spokesperson said that another parachute was found near the site of the crash, but refused to reveal further details.

Demonstrations are scheduled throughout the city. Check this paper for time and locations.

## Epilogue

Sometimes books just run out of gas! Oh, this usually doesn't happen, especially if the book is over 650 pages long—but still, sometimes there's no way to gently let the reader down! So all of a sudden you stick something in—like a follow-up story in the *New York Times*, a year to the date.

## Ex-Financier Arraigned

by WADING SWAMPLANDS

Ex-Wall Street millionaire Herman McGoy, 28, was arraigned today in Bronx Criminal Court for crashing a Learjet onto Henry Rabbit, a black youth, a year ago. If found guilty, McGoy may spend up to 110 years in a federal prison for piloting without a license, failure to report an accident, flying too fast, and leaving the scene of an accident. Marla Rustpin, the eminent socialite, was questioned in the McGoy case and granted leniency in return for her cooperation.

Lawrence Kramah, who was recently made Bronx District Attorney, noted that McGoy may receive a lesser sentence of 90 years if he pleads guilty. Even if he should somehow avoid a prison sentence, few will deny that it has been a difficult year for Mr. McGoy.

### Impoverished and Not a Psycho

McGoy once wore \$700 shoes and was known as the Grand Master of the Lord of the Rings at Abutt & Caustello, the highly respected Wall Street firm. He appeared at the arraignment wearing a bloody T-shirt, ripped dungarees, and

plastic bags for shoes.

Federal Judge William Kovitnicks discarded a plea of insanity by Mr. McGoy's lawyer, who claimed that Mr. McGoy was suffering from paranoid delusions, specifically that a paunchy gray-haired gentleman in an absurd white suit was following his every move and had orchestrated a "frame-up."

Some time after the Learjet crashed on Mr. Rabbit, police reported finding a parachute that reportedly belonged to Mr. McGoy. This discovery triggered massive riots that have shaken the city for more than a year. The case made further headlines when it was learned that a second parachute, reportedly owned by Ms. Rustpin, was found near the site, and that Mr. McGoy and Ms. Rustpin were lovers.

According to Mr. Kramah, the sequence of events that took place on the night of April 21 is beyond question. "Mr. McGoy and Ms. Rustpin were flying around, engaging in sexual behavior, when Mr. McGoy, in a state of ecstasy, stalled the Lear. He and Ms. Rustpin then jumped out of the



jet and fled the scene." Ms. Rustpin concurs with this version of the story.

Mr. McGoy, however, claims that the story is "balderdash" and that the plane was wrecked by a "Ghost" for the purposes of writing a book. Further, he claims that Ms. Rustpin concocted her version of the story because she was angry with Mr. McGoy over his failure to house-train his polo pony.

### Blacks Rebel

Approximately two months after McGoy was arrested, the Reverend Reginald Sausage, founder of the Kill White People Now Coalition and self-described "living saint," called a strike of all black executives on Wall Street. When the three men will return to work is still unknown.

In August of last year, Ms. Roweena Rabbit, mother of the victim, won a lawsuit against Mr. McGoy. "My boy was a nice boy," she commented. "A man doesn't go to jail four times and not learn something."

She was awarded custody of Mr. McGoy's six polo ponies. "I don't need no polo ponies," the grieving mother said at the

time. "I already gots four at home."

Formerly the owner of a castle on top of Trump Tower, Mr. McGoy now lives in a seedy hotel in the Times Square district of the city. "It's a fair trade-off," Mr. McGoy noted. "It's filthy, there are rats, hookers, and thieves, but at least I never see Donald Trump."

Mr. McGoy's ex-wife, Jewelry, has now moved to England in search of a suitable husband. When a reporter attempted to reach Ms. McGoy for a comment about the case, he was told that she was taking laugh lessons at Oxford's Debutante College and was unavailable for comment.

Peter Shallow, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting of the McGoy case, also could not be reached for comment, as he was reportedly off sailing in the Mediterranean with Ms. Rustpin.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, the noted New York publishing house, recently announced plans to publish a book about the McGoy incident. When asked who the author was, the spokesman would only say that the work was ghostwritten. ■

## BURP TALK™

© 1988 CHAMPION PRODUCTIONS

THE ORIGINAL BURP CASSETTE TAPE™

Be the GAS at your next party! Over 140 AUTHENTIC BURPS, bizzare BELCHED WORDS and SENTENCES. (No electronic enhancements).

Experience complete HYSTERIA as you and your friends listen to RUDE, UNUSUAL, LONG and LOUD gastrointestinal eruptions.

**GREAT GAG GIFT**

— ORDER YOURS TODAY! —

To order your "BURP TALK™" Cassette Tape complete this coupon and enclose \$9.00 (postage included in price) for each tape ordered. Send this coupon and either cash, check, or money order payable to:

CHAMPION PRODUCTIONS  
P.O. Box 2141  
Wayne, NJ 07474-2141

SHIPPING LABEL Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

## FOR THE THRILL OF YOUR LIFE

**CALL DIRECT NOW!**

**1-900-490-8000**

\$2.00 Toll

Got a Grudge? Demoralize that "special someone" in the grace of a porcelain frame. Just insert their photo into a "PISS ON" (clear, 3.5" x 4.7" vinyl envelope with suction cup) and stick inside any urinal. Great Gag. \$1.50 each. T.M.F. Enterprises, 3169 Stahl Ct., Suite A, Irvine CA 92714.

FARTGUARD—Humorous novelty item. Occasion gift/Stocking stuffer. Show them you care. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back. \$1.00 each. Check or money order to: Hermes Press, P.O. Box 686, Pacifica, CA 94404. 50% discount on orders of 6 or more.

## RESEARCH PAPER ASSISTANCE

SEND \$2 FOR 488 PAGE CATALOG  
Call for catalog with credit card or COD.  
Order toll free **1-800-777-7901**  
Overnight or same-day delivery.  
Custom writing (415) 586-3900  
Berkeley Research  
2385-A Ocean Ave., S.F., CA 94127

CARTOONS & JOKES BY THE GROSS.  
Over 500 outrageous, satirical, offensive, sexually provocative, hilarious jokes & cartoons. Great new material. \$4.95. CBC Publishing, 860 E. Twain 128 Suite 398, Las Vegas, NV 89109.

Oriental Erotica—Glossy Asian Sex Videos \$29.95, VHS, \$3.00 shipping and giant photo-filled "ASIA BLUE" catalog! Astral, Box 931753NL, Hollywood, California 90093.

### BOB'S ORIGINAL FUZZY BOOBS

Make driving a TITILLATING experience. Hang Fuzzy Boobs from your rearview mirror or anywhere you like. These beauties make MAMMORABLE gifts! Send \$7.95 plus \$1.00 postage to BOFB, Dept. NL, P.O. Box 485, Parker, CO 80134.

## RESEARCH PAPERS HOT LINE

SEND \$2 FOR CATALOG  
OF 16,000 TOPICS OR CALL TOLL FREE  
800-621-5745 FOR INFORMATION  
IN ILLINOIS CALL (312) 922-0300  
Authors' Research, Rm. 600-L, 407 S. Dearborn, Chicago, IL 60605

C.I.A., F.B.I., D.E.A. T-SHIRTS: HEATHER-BLUE WITH BLACK LOGO. HIGHEST QUALITY—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. CAPS \$6.00, SHIRTS \$7.95. CATALOG \$2.00. SPECIFY SIZE TO: S.O. HENDRICKS, 931 SR 434 STE 228, ALTA-MONTE SPRINGS, FLA. 32714.

Infectiously funny! RADIO SAFE SEX adult comedy audiocassette. \$6.95, plus \$1 postage and fondling. Complimentary condom with first 69,000 cassettes! FUNNY FARM, PO Box 343-L, Seal Rock, OR 97376.

JOKES: Computer printout of 1,387 new and improved JOKES Version Number One. \$20.00 postpaid from: CUMMINGSWARE, 200 Kane Court, Joppa, Maryland 21085.

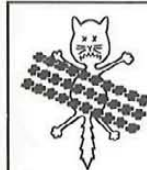
### PARTY ANIMAL SURVIVAL KIT

Let everyone know you are "The King of Beasts"

TOASTS, SONGS, POEMS, JOKES  
Send \$3.00 to KING, Suite #46, 1370 South Main Road, Vineland, N.J. 08360.

### VICIOUS INSULTS!

Piss People Off. Abuse Dictionary + Catalogue. Send Only \$1.00 + SASE. Communicate, 2034 E. Lincoln, 225, Anaheim, CA 92806.



### FLAT CATS T-SHIRTS

S, M, L, XL • 50%poly.—50%cotton  
2—4 weeks for delivery  
Send check or money-order for  
\$9.95 plus \$2.50 for S/H to:  
CATHESIS  
P.O. Box 390465  
San Diego, CA 92139-0465  
CA residents please add 0 1/2% sales tax

ASIAN WOMEN DESIRE ROMANCE!  
Overseas, attractive Oriental ladies seek friendship, marriage. SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE, Dept. TZ., Box 5500, Kailua Kona, HI 96745.

HaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHa.  
What's so funny? Send \$2.50 for free sample issue of NATIONAL PUBLIC HUMOR NEWSLETTER: NPHN-NL, P.O. Box 21, Cheshire, CT 06410.

Cadillacs, Mercedes, Porsche, etc. direct from Government. Seized in drug raids. Available your area. Save \$thousands\$. 216-453-3000, Ext. A8191.

Penis poster (23" x 35") depicts 12 animal penises (man to whale). Scientific novelty. \$10 ppd.: Poster X, Box 1348, New York, NY 10025.

## Small colleges can help you make it big.

Just ask: Ronald Reagan, President of the United States, Eureka College, IL; Pierson Mapes, President, NBC Television Network, Norwich University, VT; Robert Noyce, Vice Chairman of the Board, Intel Corporation and Microchip Inventor, Grinnell College, IA; Red Johnson, President, Borg-Warner Corporation, Millikin University, IL.

A small college can help you make it big, too. To learn more about our small independent colleges, write for our free booklet. Send your name and address to Council of Independent Colleges, Box 11513, Washington, D.C. 20008.

Sponsored by CIC The Council of Independent Colleges



**HAVE AN  
EXCITING,  
INDISPENSABLE  
PRODUCT?**



**Sell a lot  
of it  
through  
National  
Lampoon  
mail-order and  
classified  
advertising.**

Send to:  
National Lampoon  
155 Avenue  
of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10013  
Attn: Howard Jurofsky  
or call (212) 645-5040

## BE SAFE WITH ME!

**YOUR BODYGUARD<sup>™</sup>  
AGAINST AIDS**

**\$5.99**  
EACH

IN BEAUTIFUL  
GOLD  
AND BLACK

of 4 for \$14.00  
\$1 SHIPPING

**ALWAYS  
READY**

REFILLABLE

SEND CASH - CHECK - MONEY ORDER  
1 LUBRICATED CONDOM INCLUDED

Galaxy Enterprises  
P.O. Box 50116  
Lighthouse Pt., FL  
33074-0116

## MEET DICK

TRI-COLOR DESIGN SILKSCREENED ON A  
BLACK OR RED HEAVYWEIGHT T-SHIRT

\$11.95 INC. P & H SPECIFY SIZE & COLOR

PLEASE MAKE CHECK / MONEY ORDER  
PAYABLE TO

**GRAIN GRAPHICS**  
PO BOX 502  
EAST SETAUKET, NY 11733

**TASTES GREAT!**  
(Inks filling?)

ALLOW 2-4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

GET PAID for reading books! Write: Pase-  
AA9, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, IL 60542.

1 **SIT DOWN**  
**AIDS**  
AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT

2 **JIMMY SWAGART**  
**BIMBO COLLEGE**

T-Shirts - \$10.00, Sweatshirts - \$15.00, Sizes: S,  
M, L, XL, U.S.A. First Quality, 80/50. Send check or  
money order to: FADS, 2922 Monterrey Blvd., Suite  
140, Baton Rouge, LA 70814. Add \$2.00 per order  
for shipping and handling. ©1988

interSEXion: the Ultimate Sex Game for the  
IBM PC. 2-8 players, straight, bi, gay, or lesb-  
bian. State over 21. \$44.95. Hornie Hackers,  
PO Box 27630, Houston, Texas 77227-7630.

## ROCK & ROLL MEMORABILIA

We specialize in concert T-shirts, industry  
awards (gold records), tour jackets, records &  
more! HUGE inventory of U2, BEATLES,  
ELVIS & more.

**CLEARANCE SALE ON CONCERT  
T-SHIRTS... LED ZEPPELIN,  
TIE-DYE WAS \$25, NOW \$17.50.  
JETHRO TULL CREST OF KNAVE  
WAS \$17.50, NOW \$9.75.**

CALL OR WRITE ABOUT YOUR FAVORITE  
ARTIST!! Contact

B'S WAX R BOX 1803, Dept. NL,  
GREENVILLE, NC 27835-1803  
919-355-2747

## IT'S ELECTION TIME!

**PIT BULLS**  
**KILLER BEES**  
**ON CRACK**  
**WITH AIDS**

AND WE GOT MORE!

T-SHIRTS  
\$12.95 1.00 SHIPPING  
HIGHER QUALITY DESIGNS FOR ONLY \$20!

SWEATSHIRTS  
\$24.95 1.00 SHIPPING

Send Check To:  
HIGH FIVE  
BOX 7513  
METAIRIE, LOUISIANA  
70010

Specify Size: M L XL  
Allow 2-4 Weeks Delivery - Please Order Early

## TERM PAPER BLUES?

**Term Paper  
Assistance**  
Catalog of 14,278  
research papers



Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

**Toll Free  
Hot Line** **1-800-351-0222**

in CA (213) 477-8228 Mon-Fri., 10am-5pm (Pacific Time)

Or send \$2.00 with coupon below

Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descrip-  
tions of 14,278 research papers, a virtual library  
of information at your fingertips. Footnote and  
bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as  
picking up your phone. Let this valuable educa-  
tional aid serve you throughout your college  
years.

Research Assistance also provides custom  
research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75  
professional writers, each writing in his field of  
expertise, can assist you with all your research  
needs.

## RA RESEARCH ASSISTANCE

since 1970 11322 Idaho Ave. • Suite 206 NS  
West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$2.00 to cover postage

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## How To Talk To Women!



Do you get tongue-tied around  
attractive women, worry you're  
not good-looking enough?

Well, world famous author  
Eric Weber, is here to help with  
an amazing 90 minute cas-  
sette of his highly acclaimed  
New York City course, "HOW  
TO MEET NEW WOMEN." You  
will learn • How to "break the  
ice" with women • How to  
make a woman feel warm and  
loving toward you • Why the  
most Beautiful Women are

often the easiest to meet • How to get women to approach  
you • Conversation openers that don't sound corny or fool-  
ish • The unexpected meeting places where women  
always outnumber men • And so much more!

To order "HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN" send \$14.95  
plus \$3.00 shipping.

## NEW BOOK!

Most men think they'll have to  
undergo a major personality  
overhaul to be successful with  
truly desirable women. Yet all  
it takes is a 5 percent increase  
in guts. And this extraordinary  
new book will show you exactly  
how to unleash your natural  
confidence. Soon you'll be: •  
Meeting women where you  
least expect • Transforming  
platonic relationships into sizz-  
ling romances • Dressing  
with greater sophistication and sex appeal • Standing out  
from the crowd of ordinary men • And much, much more.

To order "HOW TO WIN THE WOMEN OF YOUR  
DREAMS" send \$15.95 plus \$3.00 shipping.



Mail order to: SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. GO-9,  
P.O. Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670. Canadians add 20%.  
MC/VISA/AMEX phone 1-800-631-2560 anytime. Allow  
3-6 weeks for delivery. Money-back guarantee.

PASS THE CRANBERRY SAUCE— BUT DON'T PASS UP THIS CHANCE TO MAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS THE MOST LUSCIOUS EVER WITH A NEW MAIN SQUEEZE!!!



WHETHER YOU LIKE WHITE MEAT OR DARK, THIS HOLIDAY WON'T BE A TURKEY FOR YOU WITH OUR SPECIAL THANKSGIVING LISTINGS!!!

**Sterling Passaic,  
Executive Director,  
Tri-State Total Singles Network**

HELP YOURSELF TO THE HUNDREDS OF DISHES FEATURED BELOW!!!

Got a gal pal you've had it up to here with? We pay top dollar on all trade-ins. Send a revealing photo of her for a free appraisal to: Passaic Appraisals, 155 Avenue of the Americas, 10th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

**SWM seeks compatible woman, 25-35, for friendship, sharing good times, more.** I enjoy littering, the smell of airplane wrecks, the taste of burnt hair, the feel of an animal's testicles pressed against my own, justifiable arson, the stiffness of a new pair of lederhosen when you try them on in the store with no underwear on, playing with bait, the sound of a hedge clipper biting through a puppy's neck, putting catnip in rat traps, the high notes raccoons hit when you're burning them out of their nests, the sound of a fingernail giving way to a pair of pliers, making marionettes out of body parts found in Dumpsters, and quiet nights at home playing Scrabble. Box 381J.

**VERY HANDSOME, WEALTHY, STYLISH, WELL-BUILT SINGLE MAN** has town house in New York City, beach house in East Hampton, seeks woman of any age, appearance unimportant, for hot, romantic affair. For you, the benefits will be enormous: you will be squired about in luxury, dine in elegant style, be treated like a queen. For me, the benefit will be that if I switch over to heterosexuality, I'll live a lot longer. No trannies. Box 647D.

**SWM, 38, SEEKS** Lotto victory so that he won't have to advertise to get a date, so that his bachelor pad will be crawling with leggy opportunistic bitches built like Emmys who'll squirmingly service any appendage presented in exchange for a noseful of cocaine. In the meantime, though, I'm seeking a warm, educated woman, 25-35, appearance unimportant, who enjoys opera, the Sunday Times, autumn weekends in the country, and fine dining as much as I do. Box 821W.

**ATTRACTIVE FEMALE, 26, NEW IN AREA, WANTS TO MEET LONELY, CONSIDERATE MEN.** Must be adept with ceiling fans, Sheetrock, wallpaper, car repair, carpet cleaning, figuring out how to work a VCR and answering machine. Also, if you have a friend, I have a couch coming on the 26th. Love ya. Box 439M.

**HOT, HANDSOME MAN, 26, seeks sizzling phone sex with gorgeous, long-legged, small-breasted, green-eyed woman, 21-25.** Send detailed letter outlining what you'll say to me, and how you'll say it. No photos. Box 298Y.

**HERE IS THE SCENARIO:** I receive your response to this personal, and I am so turned on by the sensual picture you send me of yourself, lounging nearly naked in a loading bay, that I can barely control my desperate urge to masturbate. I do, however, and instead use my hand to write you a letter which demonstrates my sensitivity and passion. You are driven to your knees by its narrative power and agree to meet me. When we meet, we are rendered feeble by the magnetic chemistry which rages and bonds us; we go to my place and make love until we pass out. You get pregnant, so, even though we aren't getting along so great, we get married. Our kids have colic and are cranky and hyperglycemic, you live on orange Creamsicles and candy apples and your hips show it, we spend most of our nights watching TV, whenever we go on vacation the car breaks down, eventually you have an affair with my boss, we split up and get back together before finally getting divorced. Also, I throw out my back a few times so I can't work, and you're a mean drunk. Is it all worth it just for that one night of passion? If you think so, write—and remember, the photo should be good—Box 837T. P.S.: You won't get a penny of alimony from me.

**O.U.R.A.Q.T.: DJBM, Bx/BKln/SI/Qns, 25+, attr, sks BDF or BCDF fr BFD. Snd bio, kid ok, tel#, Ital a+. Meant 2 B, do 1 1/2 spl it out 4 U? Bx 983F.**

**LET'S PLAY VETERINARIAN:** SWM, very wealthy, seeks short-haired white woman, 4'6"-4'10", slender, to wear my old Cub Scout uniform around the house naked with no underwear on, and with the trousers on backwards, the fly hole agape, the way Billy Tompkins used to. Box 548B.

**HANDSOME SINGLE MALE SAYS, LET'S BE HONEST.** I want a hot bitch with legs up to here and hooters that throw shadows and I want her in my bed now administering to Mr. Noisy till we both knock our back teeth loose and then I want her to leave so I can wash down some peace and quiet with a couple beers and then I want to go to sleep and wake up and go to the beach with my friends and drink more beers and then I want the bitch to come over again and put a spit-shine on Dr. Schlong and leave fast so I can go out and meet a new chick because by now I'm kind of sick of you and I've lost respect for you because you did everything I asked you to in the sack. Box 593T.

**MWM seeks S or M or DW or B male for bonding, wife-evading maneuvers.** Poker, bowling, baseball games, any ESPN, weekend golf, car repair, volunteer fire, movies, fishing all OK. Box 208V.

**IF YOU'RE THE TYPE OF WOMAN WHO DOESN'T USUALLY READ THESE ADS** then you're the girl for me. See you at the bar.

**PHILADELPHIA'S BEST-KEPT SECRET.** I don't know if you remember me, but my name is Bobby Sherman and maybe I was even on your lunchbox a few years back. Anyhow, I don't get nearly as much tail as I used to and I miss it dearly. I'm still quite handsome, although my midriff is a little wider now and I've got fuzz on my back and shoulders, since RCA doesn't care anymore whether I shave it off or not. Please write me with photo and save me from what happened to Andy Gibb. Box 739G.

Guys, am I right or what? Those ladies just can't ever seem to get enough stuffing during the holidays. Well, serve up a dose of Sterling's Fluffy Stuffing and there'll be smiles all around. For the recipe, send a hideous postcard to: Foods of Passaic, 155 Avenue of the Americas, 10th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

You know my face...  
you know my name.  
Now get my tape  
and buy my game!  
You'll want the mask...  
you'll need the glove.  
The poster and book  
are what you'll love!  
So get all this  
for one low price.  
Four easy payments...  
it sure sounds nice.  
Look for the number  
you can call...  
'cause if you don't,  
I'll get you all!



# A Nightmare ON ELM STREET DREAM PACKAGE

Call now... 1-800-638-9292... TOLL FREE  
for easy credit card ordering.

MASK • HAT • POSTER • GLOVE  
GAME • BOOK • VIDEO TAPE

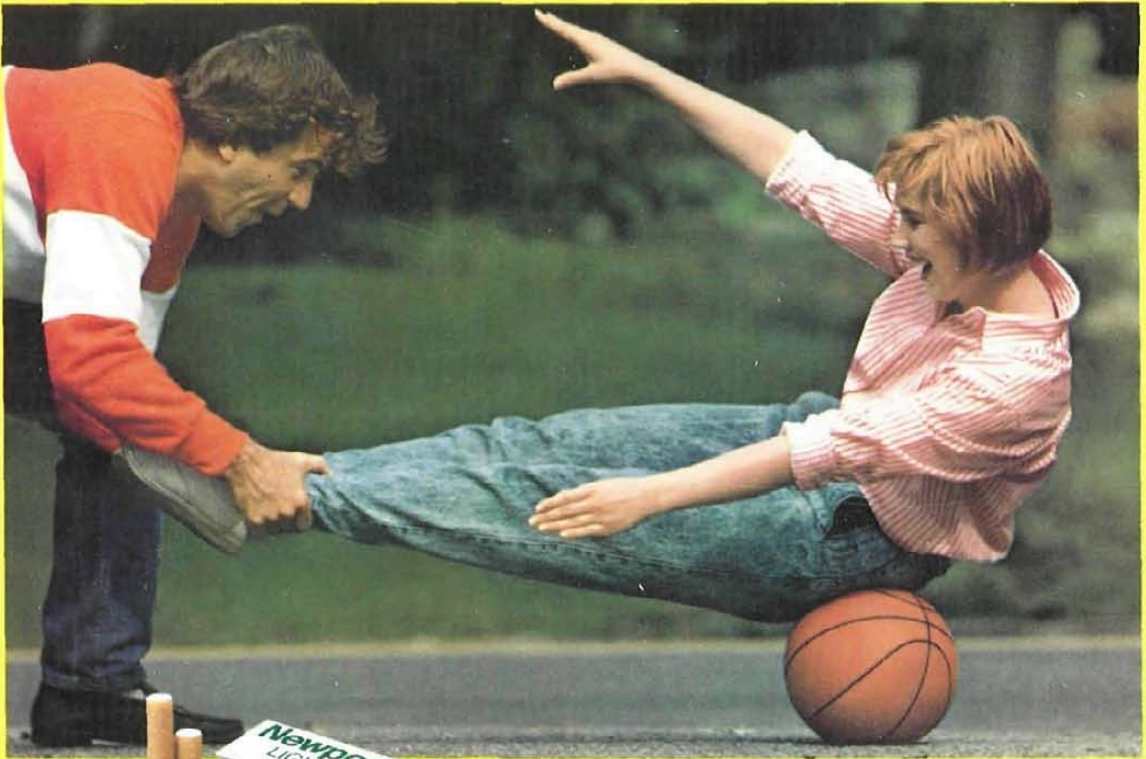
Get all this for \$98  
or 4 equal payments of \$26.50  
(includes pre-paid postage)

Send check or money order to:

**Monarch Avalon, Inc.**

4517 Harford Road, Baltimore, MD 21214

# Newport Lights



***Alive with pleasure!***

***Newport pleasure comes  
to low-tar menthols***

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking  
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Kings: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Box: 9 mg. "tar",  
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.