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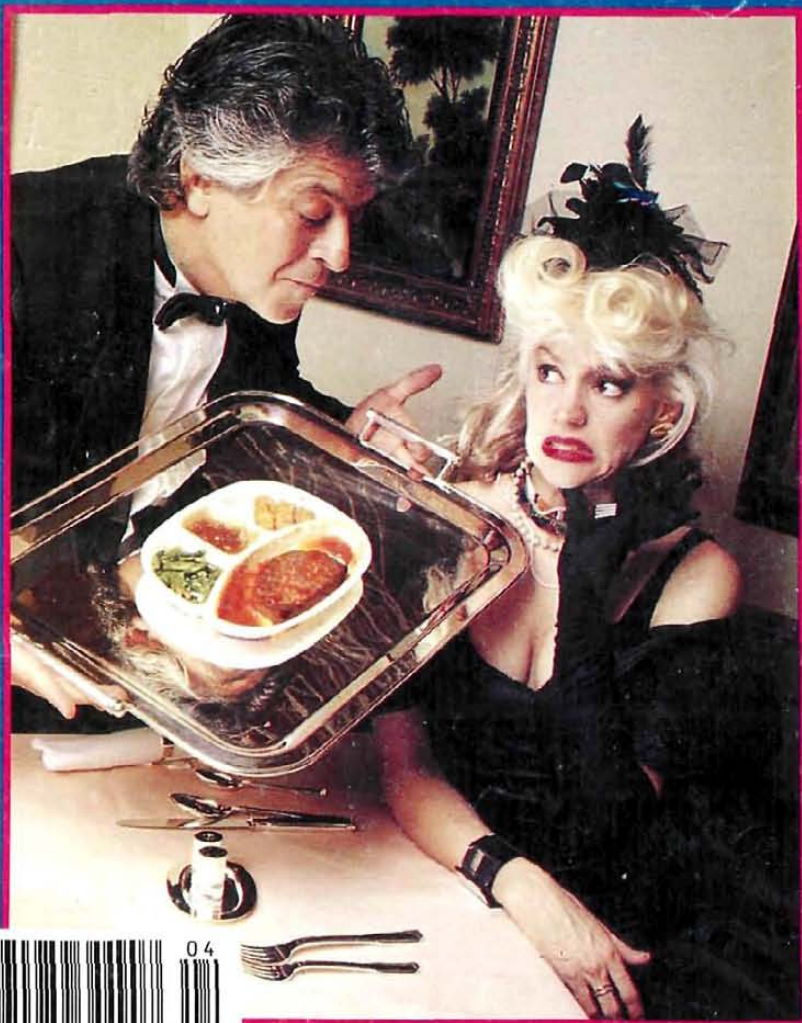
NATIONAL LAMPPOON

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

April 1989 \$3.95

A Salute to MODERN MEDIOCRITY

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THE READIN'S
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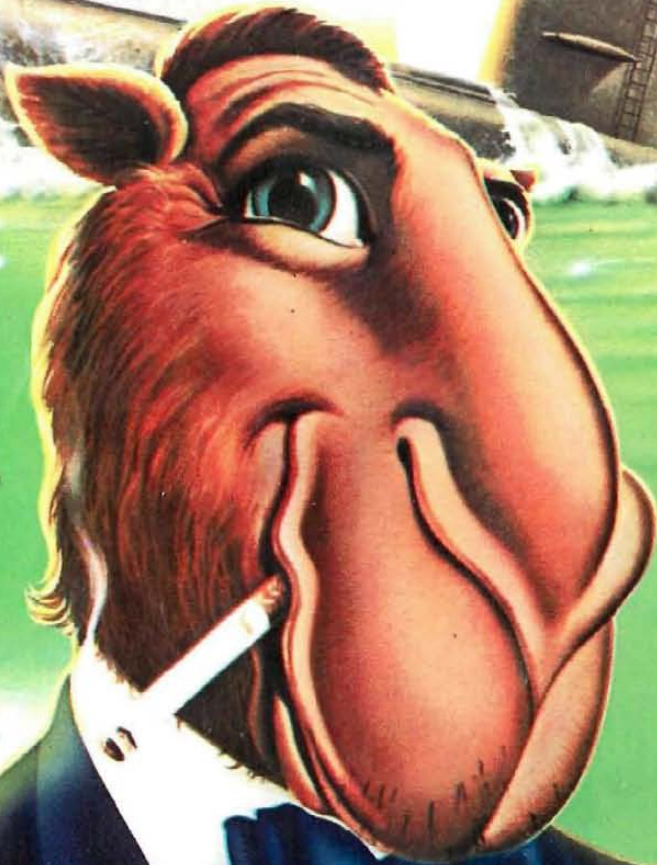
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The **Honeymooners**

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EDITORIAL

A Guest Editorial from the Vice President of the United States

To begin with, let me just say, *MAD* magazine has always been a favorite. . .

To begin with, let me just say, *National Lampoon* has always been a favorite of mine. And when the executive editor, Mousy Slopoke, asked me, as my first official act in office, to author the editorial, I said, "Excuse me?" because instead of pushing the speaker button on my phone, I had pushed the mute button instead. But then, after I figured everything out, a week later, I said sure, especially seeing as how I'm not allowed outside where humans might see me and I'm not allowed in any of the meetings with the other fellas. They say it's just because they don't like me. I think it's because of that stupid Silly Putty incident. Boy, was everyone peeved. You see, I was playing with my Silly Putty at the president's desk (yes, I know I'm not allowed to play there!) when I saw these great color pictures of some lasers. And I thought,

WOW! I bet these lasers would reproduce swelly (is "swelly" a word?) on my Silly Putty. So I tried it and it did. That night, at a state dinner, I showed it to everyone. They were all impressed. In fact, the East German ambassador asked if he could play with my Silly Putty. Of course I said sure, because it's always fun to share. But then, what with me spilling my milk all over Marilyn, I guess I forgot to get it back. Anyway, everyone was *très* upset.

Okay, Mousy sent me a list of what's in the issue. Let's see what we have here.

We have an ad. That looks very nice.

We have a contents page. Great! Contents pages are my favorite part of any magazine, because I'm one of those people who love lists. I'm a list person. I make lists of everything: the names of my family members, the acting credits of Ken Berry, what's in my desk. . . Hey, there's an idea. Let's see what's in my desk. Hmm, I have

a pencil. I can use that to make a list with. Oh, look, my lunch—an Indiana Whiz Baloney, my favorite! Yum! An Indiana Whiz Baloney is like a Philadelphia cheese steak but better for you. You take a nice fillet of baloney, place it on a slab of white bread, and spread a carpet of Cheez Whiz on it. Then place it in a toaster oven. Eat with a glass of milk and a large smile.

What else is in my desk? . . . A file that says TOP SECRET. Hmm. . . I'll just throw out these papers and keep the file to put my lists in.

Back to the issue. We have an editorial. Never read 'em myself. It's all words. I like pictures. I guess that's why I like this Stick Figure piece in this issue so much. It's a retrospective of stick figure art through the ages, so you know you're gonna get the best darn stick figures they could muster up.

Oh, look, there's a twelve-page Mediocrity section. And I'm the star! Well,

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howdy-do! Finally, some recognition. After years of writers foaming at the mouth over the Pyramids or the Grand Canyon or even crying at the sight of famine and war, it's nice to see someone focusing on those subjects that are important to folks like you and me, such as Winnebagos and 16" x 14" coolers.

Uh-oh, the Indiana Whiz Baloney oozed all over my desk and papers. I'll just lick this up. . . . OOOOWWWWWW. . . . Just stapled my tongue. I'm all right. I'll just put some Scotch tape on it, it'll stop bleeding soon. Geez, this tastes terrible. Someone oughta invent cherry-flavored Scotch tape so if you're ever in the position of having to put Scotch tape in your mouth, it won't taste so. . . so. . . mediocre.

Here's an article called "Who Screwed Roger Rarebit." Now, why would anyone do that? I love rabbits, especially in a thick mushroom gravy. I hunt rabbits, not with rifles, but with my hands. I strangle them. It's much more manly that way. What I do is, I place an Indiana Whiz Baloney on the ground, then, when a rabbit's adorable little nose twitches as the smell tickles its nostrils in expectation of a cheesy delight, that's when I jump out from behind a tree, grab it by the neck, and choke the life out of it. Of course, I usually let it have a few bites before crushing its tiny esophagus, 'cause the Indiana Whiz Baloney is so tasty. And, after all, it's the rabbit's last meal. Marilyn says I'm a softy. I say, what's right is right.

What's this—"The Olde Sandusky Lard Barn." It's a cheese catalog! Any Cheez Whiz logs? No? Well, then, this isn't much of a cheese catalog, is it?! You just can't go around calling yourself a cheese catalog and not have Cheez Whiz logs. You'll go out of business in two days!

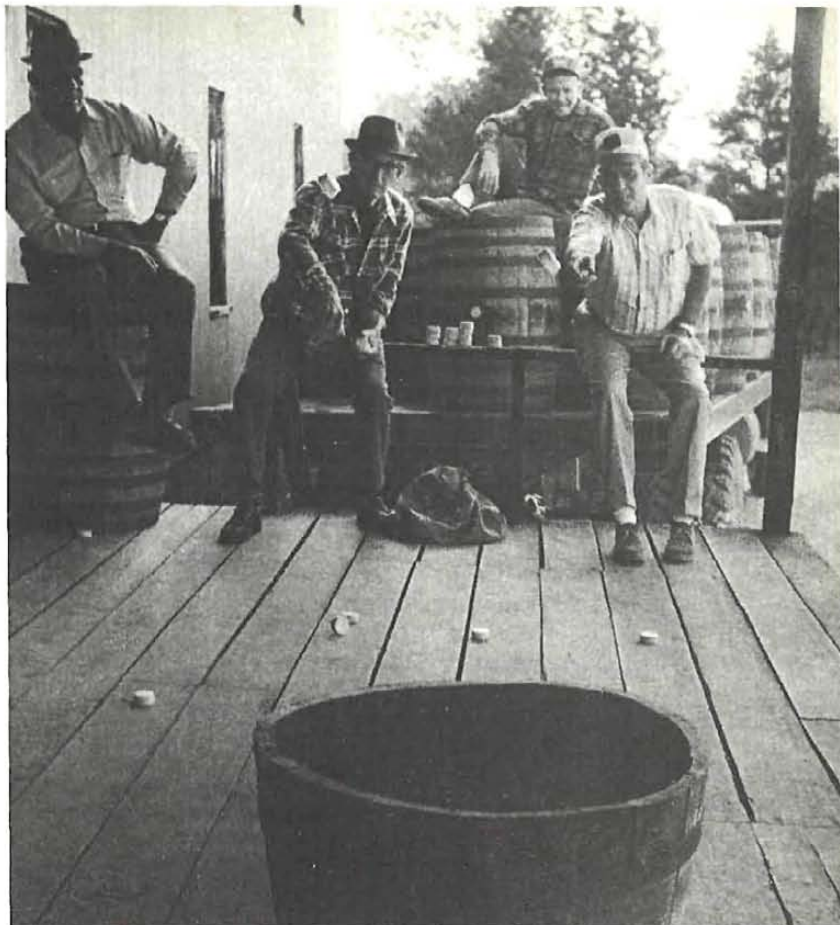
What the heck is this—"How to Enjoy the Depression of the Nineties." That's dangerous talk. Besides, we're in charge now and nothing like that will ever happen. I know, because Mr. Sununu told me, and he's an important man. I know he's important because every time he comes into the room I'm told to "get the hell out." Sununu—what a funny name. I sometimes call him Mr. Funnyname. He, in turn, sometimes wraps his arms around my neck until I pass out.

Ooops, the cheese from my Indiana Whiz Baloney just dripped into the electric pencil sharpener and shorted it out. Let me just take a second to put out the flames here. This is one of the dangers of an Indiana Whiz Baloney. It's a free-spirited sandwich, one that doesn't cotton well to being manhandled until it's well past your tonsils.

Back to the issue. Here's something called "The Assassination of St. Geraldo." Why don't they go after a real doodyhead—like Rather—and leave the true journalists alone!

Oh, my. . . now I did it. The flames are really spreading now. I ought to call someone. But first I'll stick my sandwich into the

continued on page 15



They're having Jack Daniel's bung-pitching tournaments throughout the country these days. Look for one in a tavern near you.

PITCHING BARREL BUNGS is a favorite game in Jack Daniel's Hollow. But it's only one of the unusual things we do.

We make whiskey with limestone water that springs from far underground. We burn 4-foot strips of hard maple in an open-air rick yard to get charcoal. And we mellow our whiskey through vats of this charcoal before aging begins. Nobody does any of these unusual things better than Jack Daniel's. And, we'll wager nobody can top our barrelmen at pitching bungs.

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NATIONAL LAMPOON 7

LETTERS



Sirs:
 Say it! Say it, bitch!
 Oh, ahhhhhh!
 Talk to me, you wanton morsel!
 Oh dear God, I've never had it like this!
 I'm on the brink, for God's sake, SAY
 IT! YOU'RE SOAKING IN IT!
 Ahhhrgggghh!
 YOU'RE SOAKING IN IT!!!
 Yes! Yes! Ahhhh.
 Madge the Manicurist,
 Giving the Maytag Man What He Wants

Sirs:
 I suppose the most gratifying aspect of the lava lamp is that it never repeats itself. I shall never cease to be amazed by the myriad of shapes, tones, and moods it presents to me every day.

Prince Charles
Discussing another pastime which he prefers to spending time with his wife

Sirs:
 Sure, it started as a rash, but sheesh! I mean, what the hell do you call this? Huh? What do you call this, Mr. Smart Guy? Huh? Cat got your tongue? I'm waiting for Mr. Wiseacre here to sum the whole problem up with one of his smart-guy cracks.

Tip O'Neill
Confronting you about the things you think about when you look closely at his nose

Sirs:
 Now here's an item that I must admit I've been looking forward to telling you about all night. It's a great gift idea for the people you love the most. YES, it has the cubic zirconia; YES, it has the adorable baby-blue elephant string quartet; YES, it even has a quartz digital readout, but the most exciting thing about this item, Lot #33459, is that it also wipes clean with one swipe of this handy semi-chamois rag embossed with the adorable likeness of everyone's favorite clown, Red Skelton! But HOLD ON, because that's only the beginning of the value of this incredible product...

The Hypnotic Drone of the
 Home Shopping Network After You
 Have Stumbled Home at 4:00 A.M.

Sirs:
 ... Real mother-of-pearl handles that keep you from spilling the precious liquids that no doubt you'll be storing right here in this quaint storage pouch in the pink kangaroo's pouch. ...

4:30 A.M.

Sirs:
 ... Turn the Little Drummer Boy upside down... and PRESTO! You've got yourself an industrial-strength beef garrote! Now I know what you're thinking: what about spillage, right? Well, that's what Gertrude the Washerwoman is for! Yes, this hand-carved pottery mug with the face of a broken-down German washerwoman will gladly hold any of the blood and gore you're sure to have after the garrote has done its work!

5:00 A.M.

Sirs:
 Now normally this FANTASTIC item sells for the retail price of ninety-five dollars and fifty cents, but tonight on the Home Shopping Club... for our first fifteen callers... I'm prepared to offer this product... Lot #33459... for the incredible HSC price of... FIFTY-NINE CENTS!!! Yes, that's right. ...

5:30 A.M.

Sirs:
 All right, let's move on to our second item this morning. You might think it's a great value as a combination video trolley/snakebite kit, but wait...

Please Tell Me You're Asleep By Now

Sirs:
 Hrrnnnn! ... Oh Jesus, hunnnh. ... Grrraaarghhh! ... Come on! ... Ohhhhhh, urrrlgh. ... Sweet Mother of ... Phewwww....

Eagles Coach Buddy Ryan
On the throne

Sirs:
 Huge buttole fishcake leviathan! Stupid pranny fart asshole... Cow man with breasts... Odor of wrestling locker room mixed with death urine... Hairy anus warthog doodoo brain... LINEMAN! ...

Lightning-Fast Excerpt from
 Frank Gifford's Inner Monologue
 While Dan Dierdorf Is Speaking
 ABC

Sirs:
 Now honey, Mother is going to get ready for bed. What does that mean? Well, for starters, we have to get used to seeing her without her wig. Oh... now don't run away, don't... don't cry! Oh dear, I think we've frightened her...

Loni Anderson & Burt Reynolds
Learning to love their adopted child

continued on page 10



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Easy Listening/Pop Barry Manilow, Barbra Streisand, Johnny Mathis, Roy Conniff

Classical Vladimir Horowitz, Yo-Yo Ma

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Letters

continued from page 8

New York NeighborHos

Some years ago, a downtown sector of Manhattan was given the nickname SoHo (it is located SOuth of HOuston Street). With its newfound identity, that area soon became a real-estate-boom region, and has become one of Manhattan's most prestigious and affluent locations. Canny realtors, hoping to create an equally catchy identity for the area just north of there, christened that parcel NoHo, with excellent results. So why not give all New York neighborhoods similar names?

AREA	PROPOSED NAME
Park Avenue	DoughHo
FDR Drive	SlowHo
Garment District	SewHo
Theater District	ShowHo
Club District	SnowHo
Christopher Street	MoHo
Wall Street	BromoHo
South Bronx	WoeHo
Upper East Side	FauxHo
Midtown	TowHo
Harlem	BroHo, or FroHo
Lincoln Center	PianissimoHo / ToeHo
Holland Tunnel	To and FroHo
Greenwich Village	HipHo, or BoHo
St. Nicholas Avenue	HoHoHo
The Bowery	SkidHo
West Side	GrowHo
Times Square	TiredOldHo
Orchard Street	SchmoHo
Hudson River	EauHo, or FlowHo
Fulton Fish Market	CoHo
Columbia University	KnowHo
Chinatown	AhSoHo
Staten Island	So-SoHo
Brighton Beach	IvanHo

Dave Hanson & Diane Giddis

Sirs:
*As I gaze upon this cracked and flaking visage,
 Bold in age and uncertain in structure,
 My muse does wander back to a time when this
 Boy-man did go aroaming through
 endless fields of bounty,
 A whisper of mirth escaping as the hay-
 strand licked my calf,
 Oh, you callow pony!
 For now I fear that I grow old. . . .*

John Davidson
*An unpublished stanza
 Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:
 If you stretched my cheeks in opposite directions with metal clamps chained to the bumpers of two tractors gently placed in fourth gear, my question is: would I still be so wonderfully amusing and popular?

Joe Isuzu
A very foolish man

Sirs:
 Because I heard it—no, actually it was more like tasting a color as it splintered on my consciousness—through the Moby Grape Vine.

The California Mushrooms
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:
 The data I used was available at any public library! Fuck the Pentagon! The material was *not* classified!

Gil Plywood
*Inventor of the
 suction-cup Garfield*

Sirs:
 Oh shecet, Miguel, Juan, Flaco. . . burn the fields, hide the books, it's, it's. . . Dan Quayle.

The Colombians
Drug Czar Us, Colombia

Sirs:
 Nothing comes between me and Calvin.
 A. Protestant
White, America

Sirs:
 Why no, the Johnsons haven't lived here for—ohhh, I'd say close to four years now. . . .

A Bit Player
An old movie

Sirs:
 Mothah! Fathah! I want you to meet Bahbrahhh! She's a wondahful girhhhhh!
 A Supporting Player
An old movie

Sirs:
 They're not just any men, they're men of the carnival! And a finer bunch you'll never meet, Joe! This is a place where a secret is safe and a woman is a thing more precious than a good horsewhip. . . .

The Hero's Best Friend
An old movie

Sirs:
 It's tough to be a latchkey adult.
 Gary Coleman
Between jobs

Sirs:
 Oh my God! It. . . it has his eyes, his lips, his. . . FACE!

Christie Brinkley
*Taking a close look at her daughter
 before passing out*

Sirs:
 I have now decided to devote my considerable talents to the world of film. May God have mercy on your souls.

Phil Collins
Sitting at his desk

Sirs:
 God only knows
 How I feel about me.

Brian Wilson
Lobotomy, Calif.



Letters

continued from page 10

Sirs:
Remember that commandment about having no gods before Him? Boy, He sure does! I'm in deep shit now!

Joseph Campbell
Purgatory

Sirs:
And it's *really* racist to trash disjointed movies that run about an hour too long.

Spike Lee
Box Office Daze

Sirs:
This letter is poorly written. Certainly the wonderful, talented, beautiful, sensitive, and black Whoopi Goldberg deserves a better letter than this shameful waste of this immensely gifted black performer's talent.

A. White
Critic

Sirs:
Eat me.
Eat me.

The Doublemint Twins
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:
Yeah, I listened to the heartbeat of America. So did my mechanic. He charged me two thousand dollars for a fuckin' transplanted engine!

Another Chevrolet Owner
Heartland, U.S.A.

Oh Jesus Christ, could I kick myself! Oh shit, how stupid could I be? Oh fuck, god-damnit!

The Guy Who Turned Down
Christina Onassis's Marriage
Proposal Last Year Because
She Was Too Fat

Sirs:
Ah, there's nothing like it... the feel of riding into the crisp breeze, the feel of the freedom... the sound of the wind whistling through the gap in your teeth, the feel of the curb running through your hair... Aaaaugggh...

Gary Busey
ICU

Well, "Courage" sure smooched the pool. How does "Don't worry, be happy" trike you?

Dan Rather
Thesaurus in hand

Sirs:
I tell you, Brent, all season long we've played with injuries, we've had some close calls, some tough calls, but our guys never quit, giving 150 percent every second of every game, and today it really showed, I'm telling you... We've got one heck of a team, I tell you... The other guys, now you've got to give them credit too, the other guys played us tough, I mean they were driving late in the third, and I tell you, they gave us one heck of a scare, but we weren't going to let down 'cause we decided before the game that we wanted to win... we wanted to win...

Every Coach Who Has Ever Won
the Big Game
*(Interviewed afterward by
Brent Musburger)*

Sirs:
Well, Brent, I'm not going to make excuses, but we were outplayed today... It's a basic rule of the game that you've got to outscore your opponent to win, and uh, today we just forgot that rule... We made some mistakes early in the game... Uh... we tried some different things on defense that didn't... uh... go as we expected and they kept the momentum going... We made a lot of improvements this year over last, and our guys have nothing to be ashamed of... We'll look at the game films tomorrow and make the necessary changes to be back here and WIN it next year...

Every Coach Who Has Ever Lost
the Big Game
*(Interviewed afterward by
Brent Musburger)*

Sirs:
Wait! I'm not sure. Is John Cougar Mel-lencamp from a small town?

Jack Stephens
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Leave the thirty-seven pots of coffee.
And leave me alone.

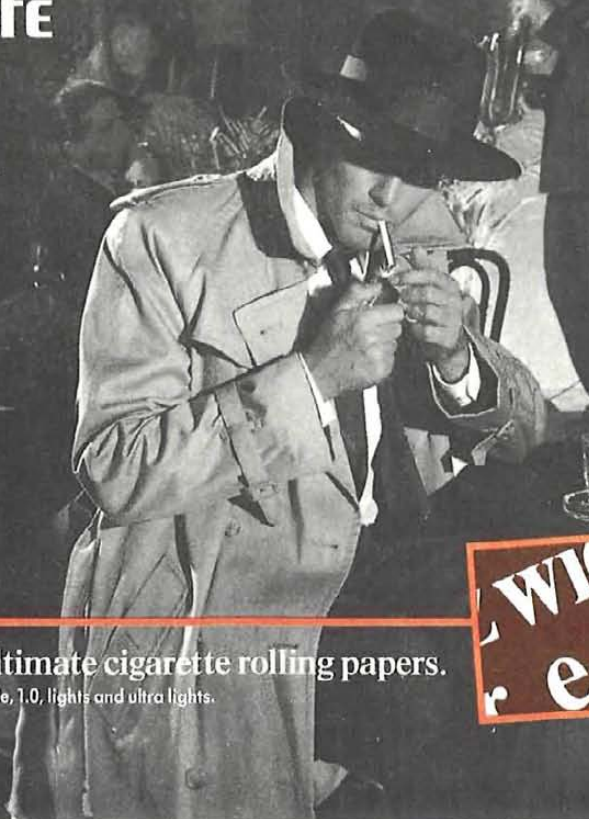
David Lynch
Breakfast

Sirs:
*So foul and fair a day I have not seen
With invigorating skies favoring no
man's dreams.
The melancholy eve and stringent
moon
Doth break spasmodic to an impetuous
noon.
Oh, the vehemence, the RAGE of tur-
bulent skies
Sequesters the languor of our lives!
Will the Rampaging Heavens VOUCH-
SAFE FORSAKE?!*
...periodically, with temperatures
lower near the lake...

Unemployed Actor Sir Laurence Olivier
in His Debut on the Weather Channel



THE FRENCH side of life

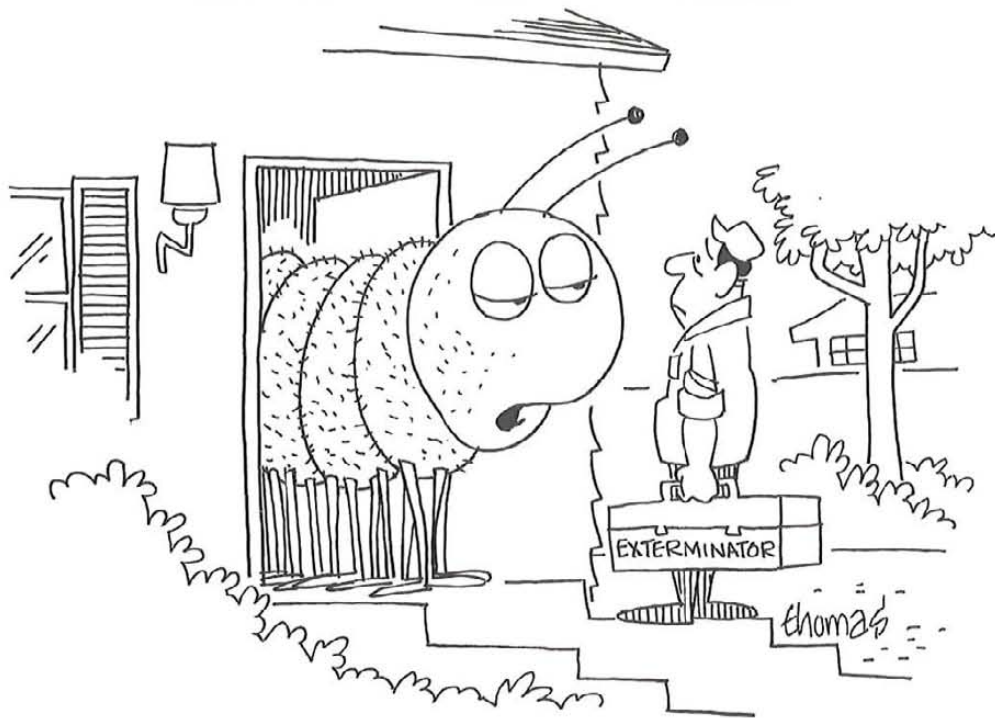


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"Mrs. Jones has changed her mind."

DRINKING TIPS

AND OTHER WAR STORIES



by Michael Simmons

You'll notice that I've taken the "Drinking Tips and Other..." out of the title of this column. I'm de-emphasizing the purely hedonistic side of my personality. I've quit drinking (again) and am weary of retelling the same story over and over. I'm taking a pill called Antabuse

which prevents the alcoholic from drinking by scaring the shit out of him or her. One lousy Tequila Sunrise and the Antabused individual will vomit, shake, and twitch like Ethel Rosenberg if she hadn't been firmly strapped into the electric chair. Antabuse is what did in the late, great rock loon Keith Moon when rock 'n' roll's greatest drummer mixed it with a fifth of Scotch.

I dig it. You take one in the morning and you don't even have the option of Happy Hour. I like to think of my daily dose as Alcoholics Anonymous in pill form. Unlike A.A., you're spared the torture of sitting for hours listening to people complain about their parents, spouses, jobs, kids, and selves. You can hear the same stuff at a tavern, only there are fewer rules and you don't have to hold hands and pray. As my friend Donald Wheeler once told me, "The best thing about being in a bar versus an A.A. meeting is that you get the facts as they happen and not as an afterthought."

It's been three and a half months and I'm cruising without boozing. The irony is that I feel more comfortable with my sobriety than the people around me. Many folk feel nervous about ordering a cocktail before dinner. "Is it going to bother you," they sheepishly inquire, "if I have a daiquiri with my tacos?" While I appreciate their concern, I usually inform them that for all I care they can tie off and mainline grain alcohol. I explain that while my feelings do not reflect those of all recovering ferment

fiends, my addictions have little to do with the vices of others.

I have no great regrets. I've since realized that the women who left me because I drank too much weren't so hot to begin with and the friends I made through drinking have remained my friends in my sobriety. The joke at my hangout Marylou's is that Simmons spends more time in the bar since he quit drinking than before. I can't help it. I love—and I mean love—barrooms. I still like to raise hell. The difference when you raise hell on club soda is that you can tell when you're about to cross the boundary of acceptable behavior. But I thrive on the manic energy that a raucous bar full of hard-drinking edge dwellers gives off. I felt that way when I was a kid, rushing the stage at a Doors concert in 1969 and getting billy-clubbed by an overzealous security brute. I felt that way when I flew in a Huey helicopter at Fort Ord in Monterey, California, in 1980 while researching a movie about the Army. I feel that way now when I run on a treadmill at the gym and hit the three-mile mark.

Edge dwelling isn't for everyone, and neither is every form of substance-abuse treatment. You do what's right for you. And don't let them tell you that their way is the only way. Whoever "they" are.

The Sober Edge Dweller's Guide to Things That Are As Much Fun As Drinking

1. Not going to work even if you don't have a hangover as an excuse.
2. Hanging out in ladies' rooms. It's a great place to meet dames.
3. Staying up for three days without the benefit of stimulants.
4. Listening to any records by Steve Earle or John Hiatt. Perfect music for edge dwellers.
5. Dieting. You can get really high from starving.
6. Helping stop a brawl between two drunks who are bigger than you in a bar you've never been in before.
7. Defending a woman's honor, at the risk of fisticuffs, against the same two large drunks described above.
8. Making love without a condom.
9. Falling off a barstool for lack of anything better to do.
10. Ordering the most expensive cognac in the bar and then "accidentally" knocking it over.
11. Giving the bartender a hundred-dollar tip for two club sodas.
12. Using Tabasco sauce as an after-shave.
13. Watching your friends getting looped to the point of incoherence, knowing full well that they will suffer from wretched hangovers the next day and you will feel pretty damn good. ■



"So, would anyone in the group care to respond to what Leonard has just shared with us?"

Editorial

continued from page 7

flame and toast it a little.

"Duke's Diner." This is a feature about Michael Dukakis running a diner. Dukakis. I know that name. Gee, is this what happened to him? So devastated he had to open a diner? That's sad. That's so sad. That's so so sad. That's so so so sad. That's so so so so sad. So so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so sad tee-hee.

Oh, well. I better be going. It's getting pretty hot in here and, as that great Republican Harry Truman once said to a chicken he was flicking, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of your office."

So see you next issue, when I'll be writing my very own personal column with no help from anyone (except with spelling) called "What I Did Today."

Until then, this is your vice president saying,

This is your vice president.

Cover: This month's cover is graced by the anything-but-mediocre Phoebe Legere. For those of you non-East Coasters who may not be familiar yet with Miss Legere, believe me—you'll bury your Day-Glo socks and crosses the minute you get a taste of her sultry hip combination of class and song. Miss Legere is a New York-area performance artist/musician who is a classically trained pianist and accordion player blessed with a four-and-a-half-octave vocal range. Her solo performances combine all her God-given talents, vivacious looks, and a provocative wardrobe (Phoebe designed the bluebird-of-happiness hat and dress in which she appears on the cover—it's part of her Cole Porterwear collection) into a steamy mix of jazz, blues, and ragtime highlighted by Phoebe's own captivating persona. For those of you with a more upbeat taste, Phoebe's rock band, Blond Fox, has an album out on her own label. For those of you who have never seen Miss Legere perform, we strongly suggest that you catch her in the film *Mondo New York* and the upcoming *Toxic Avenger II*, which will be coming to a theater near you this spring.

The classy-looking waiter on the cover is also a star in his own right—Tommy Baratta, owner of the legendary Marylou's restaurant. Once again we're indebted to Tommy and his cordial staff, especially Ray Garcia, John McHugh, and Eddie Rivera, for their patience and aid in setting up our shoot.

A round of applause for our photographer, George Bogart, and his sea of strobes. He masterfully captured not only our two principal stars but also the lovely orange sauce that coagulated around the meat loaf. A hand also to Janine McMahon, who did a

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.

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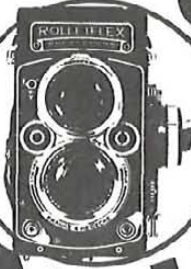
fabulous job on Phoebe's hair and makeup.

And a final thanks to you, America, for being the melting pot of mediocrity that you are. Thanks for having the audacity to call croissants "crass-aunts," for having the ingenuity to invent Velveeta, Dip in a Chip, and acid-washed jeans; thank you for having the foresight and taste to make the Brady Bunch Ten-Year Reunion Christmas

Special possible; thank you for covering your chests with slogans like "DO IT IN THE RAW," "TENNIS PLAYERS DO IT WITH STROKES," "LIFE IS A BITCH," "I'M A BITCH," and "DISCO SUCKS," and yet somehow still being able to retain the sophistication necessary to realize the undeniable pleasure of sitting in the can reading the *National Lampoon*.



FOTO FUNNIES



I'VE GOTTA BE HONEST WITH YOU. I'VE NEVER LIKED FOTO FUNNIES. I JUST DON'T FIND THEM FUNNY.

YOU A HOMO OR SOMETHING, ANDY?

IF THE READERS WANT MORE NUDDITY, IT'S OUR JOB TO GIVE IT TO THEM.

AND MY JOB TO PHOTOGRAPH IT.

THERE'S NO DENYING IT. THE READERS WANT US TO BRING BACK FOTO FUNNIES.

IF THE ELASTIC ON THE MODELS' UNDERWEAR LEAVES ANY OF THOSE UGLY, VERY UNPHOTOGENIC RED LINES, I GET TO MASSAGE THEM OUT.



DAVE AND RATSO JUST WANNA DO IT 'CAUSE THEY'RE MARRIED AND THIS IS THEIR FIRST CHANCE TO SEE A DIFFERENT WOMAN NAKED IN YEARS.

ANDY'S AFRAID TO DO IT BECAUSE IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE HE'S SEEN A WOMAN NAKED HE'D PROBABLY HAVE A HEART ATTACK.

CHRIS, BOOK THE MODELS.



NO PROBLEM. IF THE CLASPS ON THEIR BRAS JAM, I'LL BRING THE 3-IN-ONE OIL AND MY LOCKSMITH'S TOUCH.



THAT NIGHT ...

YOU JUST BETTER THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS YOUR MAGAZINE ISN'T DOING THOSE CRASS FOTO FUNNIES ANYMORE. THEY WERE BALDLY EXPLOITATIVE IN THEIR VULGAR DEPICTION OF WOMEN AS BRAINLESS OBJECTS CREATED BY GOD ONLY FOR MALE SEXUAL TRIFLINGS.

THOSE PIECES FOSTER THE KIND OF BARBARIC SENTIMENT AGAINST WOMEN THAT ENCOURAGES MEN TO TREAT THEM LIKE SPITTOONS.

YOU KNOW, ON SECOND THOUGHT, I THINK FOTO FUNNIES ARE BALDLY EXPLOITATIVE IN THEIR VULGAR DEPICTION OF WOMEN AS BRAINLESS OBJECTS CREATED BY GOD ONLY FOR MALE SEXUAL TRIFLINGS.



THE NEXT MORNING ...

OKAY, BAMBI, TAKE OFF YOUR TOP AND LET'S GET TO WORK.

WHAT MUSEUM IS THIS GOING TO BE IN AGAIN? WILL I GET TO MEET NORMAN ROCKWELL?

THE CEDAR RAPIDS MUSEUM OF ART. TAKE OFF YOUR BRA, TOO.

WE ALREADY PAID THE MODELS.



RATSO'S RIGHT. THOSE PIECES FOSTER THE KIND OF BARBARIC SENTIMENT AGAINST WOMEN THAT ENCOURAGES MEN TO TREAT THEM LIKE SPITTOONS.



WHAT ABOUT NORMAN ROCKWELL?!

THAT'LL LEAVE US TWO BLANK PAGES! MATTY'LL GO APESHIT!

WHAT WILL DAVE AND RATSO DECIDE?
WILL MATTY GO APESHIT?
WILL BAMBI GET TO MEET NORMAN ROCKWELL?

WILL BAMBI SHOW HER TITS?
WILL DAVE AND RATSO GET TO SEE THEM?
TURN TO PAGE 98 TO FIND OUT!

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Police charged Csaba Goczan with stealing a garden-hose connector from his neighbor's home in Calgary, Alberta. A search of Goczan's home turned up 109 garden hoses, 316 sprinklers, 108 shovels, 148 extension cords, and four lawn mowers. *Vancouver Sun* (contributed by Marc Erickson)

A plan to widen a road in Germantown, Tennessee, was opposed by John Shepherd of the Germantown Planning Commission. Shepherd told a public meeting a wider road was not needed because residents of the Memphis suburb were more intelligent and thus able to deal with narrower streets.

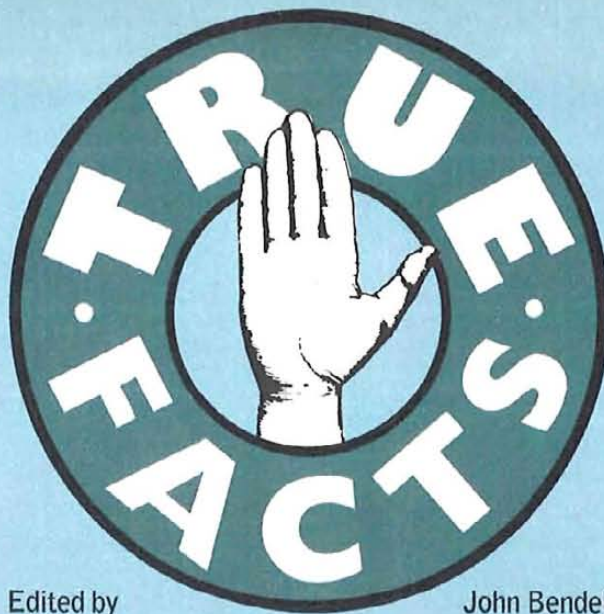
"Out here, the people are more educated," said Shepherd, "so they should be better drivers, so you can handle more cars out here than in some other areas. You've got better drivers, more intellectual and more intelligent people driving. They'll have less wrecks, unless they're drunk."

Shepherd also claimed that a wider road would allow "undesirables" into Germantown. (Memphis) *Commercial Appeal* (contributed by Phillip Shirley)

Penis News: In Marin County, California, the Marin Arts Council granted \$3,000 to filmmaker Jo Menell for his proposed documentary on penises and what women think of them. According to the *Marin Independent Journal*, the film, meant to "demystify" the penis, will show still shots of assorted penises. The soundtrack will consist of women discussing the penis. The \$3,000 grant was approved by a three-person jury and endorsed by the entire Marin Arts Council. The film is called *Dick*.

More Penis News: The body of an eighty-ton blue whale washed ashore on a Fort Funston beach outside San Francisco and quickly became a tourist attraction. According to the *San Jose Mercury News*, while authorities considered ways to dispose of the seventy-four-foot-long carcass, "a knife-wielding man was reported plundering part of the whale's seven-foot penis."

U.S. Park Ranger Steve Gazzano told reporters that rangers who arrived too late to stop the man roped off the whale and posted guards.



Edited by

John Bendel

"What would you do with a whale penis if you got it home anyway?" asked a TV cameraman.

"Hey, this is San Francisco," Gazzano said. "I don't know."

Even More Penis News: This item appeared in the *Jerusalem Post* under the headline "Penis Shrinker Attacked":

"Abidjan—Police had to rescue a traditional medicine man from a mob of angry fishermen who claimed he had used magic powers to reduce the size of their penises by two-thirds, press reports said yesterday. After the police prevented the two dozen fishermen from lynching him, the irate victims showed incredulous law-enforcement officers their appendages and accused the medicine man of being responsible for the shrinkage. The latter admitted to being responsible and confessed he had approached his victims with offers to restore their members to their former size—for a fee." (contributors: Steve Karlovic, Dan Carson, and Donna K. Smiley-Auborn)

From the *Pantagraph* of Bloomington, Illinois:

"A woman's desire for a hot sandwich led to her setting her shoes on fire in downtown Bloomington yesterday.

"The woman was charged with unlawful burning within city limits after the incident at 2:24 A.M. yesterday at Washington and Lee streets, police reports said.

"The woman, who lists an ad-

dress on Bloomington's near east side, called police to report the shoe fire. It was extinguished by the responding officer with a large stick. She told police she wanted a hot barbecue sandwich and apparently decided to use her shoes as a source of heat." (contributed by Brian F. Dierking)

Forty-five-year-old Judith East of San Diego, California, was arrested for hiring an undercover police officer to kill her husband. Meanwhile, East's daughter, Venise Morris, twenty-seven, of La Mesa was arrested for hiring the same undercover

detective to kill her husband. Each woman was unaware of what the other was doing. Both were estranged from their husbands.

Mrs. Morris agreed to pay \$5,000 for the murder of her husband, Michael, while Mrs. East promised \$10,000 for the killing of her husband, Mark. Both women were arrested in San Diego. *Boston Globe* (contributed by Paul Pickard)

Six police cruisers sustained almost \$10,000 worth of damage when police climbed on top of the vehicles to get a better view of a wet T-shirt contest involving female officers. The annual picnic, sponsored by the Connecticut State Police Union, hosted state troopers from Connecticut and seven surrounding states at Mountainside Park near Hartford. While the union offered to pay for the damages, it has denied knowledge of or involvement in the event.

"We had arm wrestling and a road race," said union president Robert Kowalczyk. "There was baseball, but that [wet T-shirt contest] would not have been a sanctioned event."

Nevertheless, a trooper who asked not to be identified said the contest was inspired by an out-of-state officer after a day of beer drinking. "The out-of-state officer used the park's public-address system to speak glowingly of the female officers of his department and challenged all

Young Butterhead



The following caption accompanied this photo in the Duluth News-Tribune: "Marie Louise Dick, eighteen, of Bingham Lake was crowned Princess Kay of the Milky Way at the Minnesota state fairgrounds Wednesday night. One of her first duties as the official goodwill ambassador for the dairy industry will be to sit in a cooler at the state fair for seven hours while her head is sculpted in a sixty-eight-pound block of butter." (contributed by Rick Jackson)

"Say It Ain't So, Joe!"

It's so, kid. Now you too can dress like one of the internationally disgraced members of the National Lampoon Black Sox team. Don't be the ninth man out. Order today!



PA7947-3

Andy "Sock 'Em" Simmons wears our fabulous satinesque jacket with real cotton lining. \$33.95 and it's yours.



PD8569-7

Dave "Hit Man" Hanson sports an official *National Lampoon Black Sox* T-shirt. Only \$8.00, cheap.



PM4624-6

Mark "The Snake" Groubert models our brand-new, 100 percent heavyweight-cotton original Old Timer Black Sox jersey. It's as heavy as the hearts of the White Sox fans in 1919, and it even comes with a number on the back. For you, \$59.95.



PJ9352-9

"Shirtless" Joe Jurofsky covers his bald spot with the authentic Black Sox hat. Only \$7.95 and you can take it home.

Be like the pros! Step up to the plate in *National Lampoon Official Black Sox Team* sportswear and strike out in style.

Okay, I want to be a member of the Black Sox team. Please send me the following items as soon as humanly possible.

- Satinesque jackets at \$33.95 each. ___ S ___ M ___ L
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- Old Timer Black Sox jerseys at \$59.95 each. ___ S ___ M ___ L ___ XL
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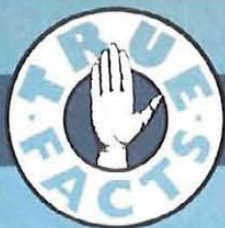
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comes to match their physiques, the witness said." *Kitchener-Waterloo* (Ontario) *Record* (contributed by D. R. Hiller)

Superior Court Judge George G. Grover performed a wedding ceremony in Riverside, California, for Linda Sue Jones and William Dobbs, described as a "longtime family friend."

The bride wore a jail uniform, however, since the day before the wedding Judge Grover had sentenced her to twenty years in prison. Jones had been convicted on three counts of attempted murder for trying to kill her two previous husbands.

"I don't really want to discuss it," said Judge Grover. "Her getting married really isn't an issue in the case at all. People get married every day."

Deputy District Attorney Diane Harrison thought otherwise. "It's like Henry VIII," said the prosecutor, "but she's up to number three." *Sacramento Bee* (contributed by John Keith)

Edward Ludwick and an unidentified friend were charged with littering, criminal damage, and driving while intoxicated

during an incident in Mansfield, Ohio, involving the 1977 station wagon Ludwick had been loaned while his car was being repaired. He drove the loaner car through neighborhoods, "tearing up lawns, plowing over garbage cans, and scattering litter set out for collection."

The joyride came to a sudden halt, however, when Ludwick plowed into eight garbage bags which were hiding a four-ton boulder. After hitting the boulder, the station wagon flipped onto its roof and skidded down the street. No one was hurt.

"You heard them come around the corner and the next thing you heard was 'Crash,'" said Charlene Heiser, on whose lawn the boulder was located. "I guess it was kind of a surprise for the poor boys." *News Journal* (contributed by Dan Wiegand)

Three employees showed up for work unaware that their employer, Bojangles Famous Chicken 'N Biscuits in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, had gone out of business the previous day. Audry M. Hampton, Quincy C. Neal, and Loraine Jackson

broke into the restaurant and reopened it for business.

"The deep fryers were going, the grill was going, and the soda machine was going," said Officer James Gaughan of the Fort Lauderdale police. "How many people break into a business to go to work?"

The three were charged with burglary and grand larceny. *Sun-Sentinel* (contributed by Michael Brett-Williams)

From the *Killeen* (Texas) *Daily Herald*:

"Earl Nottingham of Temple was presented a free Centel cellular phone recently for winning the company's essay contest. . . . The contest challenged area residents to write, in fifty words or less, why they didn't need a cellular telephone." (contributed by Glen Griffin)

A Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, man, Neil Posa, led Maryland police on a fifteen-minute, high-speed chase along Interstate 70 from Howard County into Baltimore, then back again, at speeds of up to a hundred miles per hour. It took three county cars and a state cruiser to

finally stop the car. Police could find no reason for Posa to flee, said police spokesman Sergeant Angus Park, noting that there was no sign of liquor, drugs, or any criminal activity.

According to Sergeant Park, Posa claimed that without his knowledge "someone had put racing gas in his car and that's why it was going so fast." *Baltimore Evening Sun* (contributed by Ray Modern)

Wayne John Kennedy of Etobicoke, Ontario, was found guilty of robbing a neighborhood bank in part because of the holdup note he passed the bank teller. Kennedy's note declared, "This is a up."

Prosecutor Faye McWatt said that when police asked Kennedy to write "This is a holdup," he wrote "This is a up" ten times in a row. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Robert L. Theoret)

A candidate for the council in Teresina, Brazil, Deusdedit Nunes dos Santos, campaigned by passing out women's panties emblazoned with his nickname, Garrincha. According to the *Vancouver Sun*, "Women in the poverty-stricken region fight for the panties, screaming as they shove each other out of the way."

"I'm sure those who wear my presents will remember my name," Nunes was reported as saying. (contributed by Ross Copllick)

Attention, contributors! We now send each contributor the sensational new "True Facts" T-shirt for every submission used, as well as a credit. For every photo used, we'll send each contributor a T-shirt plus ten dollars in genuine American currency—and, of course, a credit. Make sure to include the shirt size you want (S-M-L-XL) with every group of True Facts or True Facts photos sent us. Send your contributions to

True Facts
National Lampoon
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Word Zoos

KARATE—KITCHEN 180

MORTICIANS—MOTELS 175

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228 PNEUMATIC—POULTRY

345 WASHING—WATER

341 VETERINARIANS—VIDEO

"My brother Frank and I went through some local phone books," wrote contributor David W. Felker of Scranton, Pennsylvania, "and we found what we call Phone Book Phunnies."



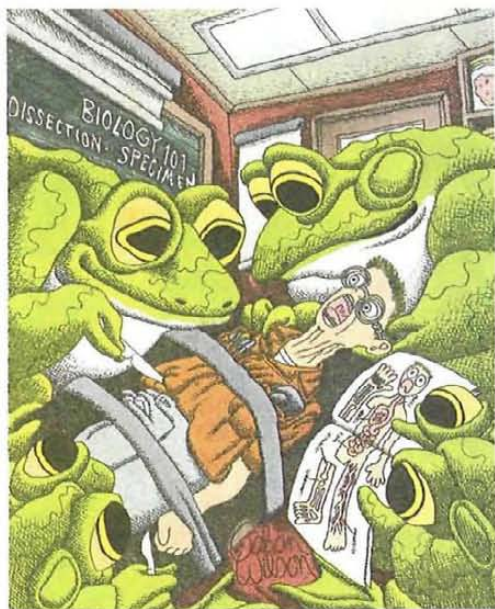
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YES! Please send my personalized lithograph right away. I'm enclosing \$19.95 (Canadian residents add \$2.00) plus \$2.50 postage and handling, or \$22.45 for each print I've ordered.

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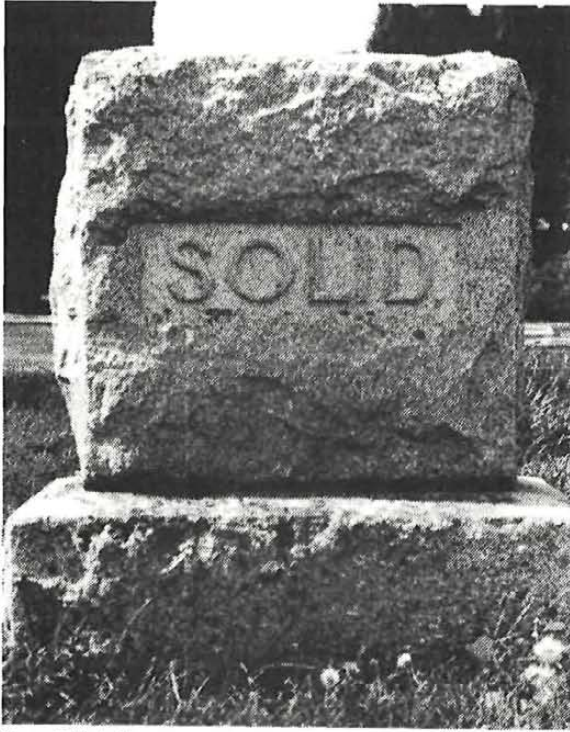
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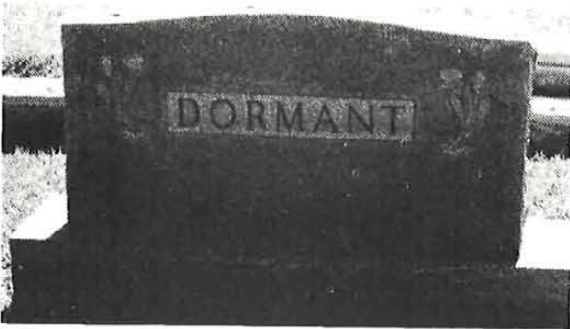
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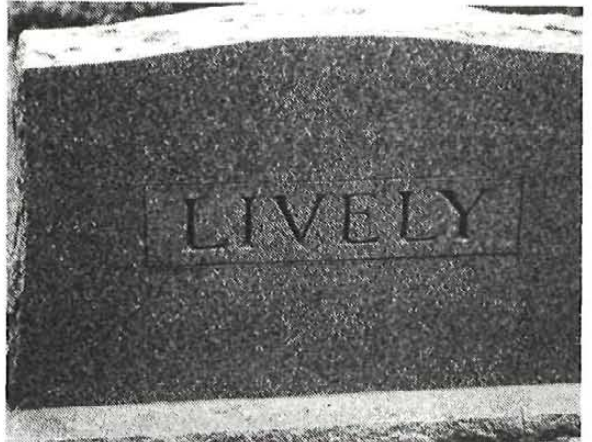
Clarence B. Moriwaki



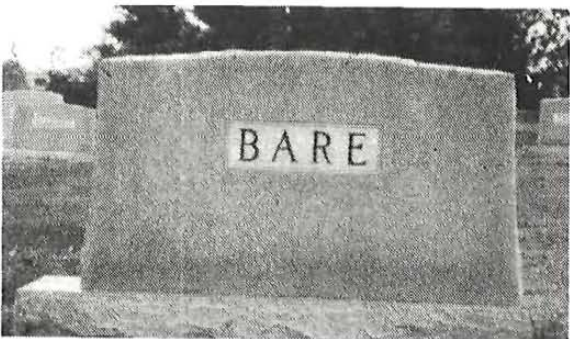
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		M 504



Burger-King

Tammy Gross King, daughter of Sandra and John King Jr., Pittsfield, Maine, became the bride of Jeffrey and Craig Burger, son of Robert and Rose-Marie Burger, Route 2, New Boston, on Oct. 3 in the Shawmut Inn. The Rev. Leonard Rocklin officiated.



JEFFERY AND TAMMY BURGER
Rock Island (Illinois) Argus
contributed by Mike Tate

Remington-Steele

DARTMOUTH — Donna Lynn Steele and Peter H. Remington were wed Sept. 19 at Smith Mills Christian Congregational Church, North Dartmouth, by the Rev. Earl W. Miller Jr. A reception followed at the Officers Club in Newport, R.I.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Steele of North Dartmouth. She graduated from City of Rhode Island and Swain School of Design. She is a registered nurse.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Helen Remington of Barrington, R.I. He is a construction worker and graduated from Barrington High School and Swain School of Design. He attended Marquette University.

Maid of honor was Susan Jane Steele, the bride's sister. Best man was Lt. Paul Remington, the groom's brother.

Junior ushers were Jeffrey Wayne Steele, the bride's nephew, Matthew Travers and Marc Lanoue, nephews of the bridegroom.

Following a honeymoon at Myrtle Beach, S.C., the couple reside in New Hampshire.

Mrs. Peter H. Remington
Travers and Marc Lanoue, nephews of the bridegroom.
Following a honeymoon at Myrtle Beach, S.C., the couple reside in New Hampshire.



James, Bond

Mr. and Mrs. Lynwood DeKalb James of Fort Deposit, Ala., announce the engagement of their daughter, Kimberly Kaye, to Arthur Gernt Bond Jr., son of Auburn, Ala., son of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Gernt Bond.



Miss Kimberly Kaye James

The wedding will be Nov. 5.

The bride-elect is the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John H. Frazer and the late Mr. and Mrs. Greene B. James.

A graduate of Fort Deposit Academy, she at-

source unknown
contributed by Patrick Martin



Carroll - Burnett

Miss Prescilla Gay Carroll and Mr. Riley Louis Burnett, Jr. were united in marriage on Saturday, July 23, 1988 at seven o'clock in the evening at The Woodlands United Methodist Church. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Edmund W. Robb III. The reception followed at The Woodlands Inn Country Club Ballroom.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Preston H. Carroll of The Woodlands. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Riley L. Burnett, Sr. of Dayton.

The mother of honor was Elizabeth Larnh, sister

Houston Post
contributed by B. N. Peikert

Burt/Reynolds



MRS. RICHARD E. BURT JR.
... Wendy A. Reynolds

source unknown
contributed by Brian O'Mahony

Snow and John White

Snow-White

Carol L. Snow of Atkinson, N.H., and Stephen A. Snow of Kingston, N.H., announce the engagement of their daughter, Lisa A. Snow of Atkinson, N.H., to John M. White, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. White, Rosemont Street, Haverhill, Mass. Snow is a 1982 graduate of Haverhill High School and a 1984 graduate of Haverhill Beauty Institute. She is executive secretary for All In One Insulation, Inc. Her fiancé is a 1980 graduate of Whittier Regional Vocational Technical High School. He is a carpenter with DMS Build.

Gazette
contributed by W. R. Benjamin



TRUE FACTS REPORTER

Edited
by John Bendel

Tabloid Writer's Notebook

by Richard Dominick

When I first got the call from Council Bluffs, Iowa, I was sure the whole thing was just another hoax or something, some lunatic bored with "Prince Albert in the can" telephone gags. After all, three-month-old babies don't talk, and if they did, I doubt they'd be chatting up a storm in John Wayne's voice. Still, I'm paid to listen, and paid well, so I put my size tens on the desk, bummed a Kool 100 from my secretary, Francine, and told the hysterical gal on the other end of the line to fire away.

"My baby's John Wayne," she began.

"How's that?"

"I gave birth three months ago and I think my boy is the reincarnation of John Wayne."

I asked her how she happened to come to that conclusion.

"Because he sounds just like John Wayne."



"You mean he drools? Little babies don't talk, lady."

"This one does. He asks me and my husband if we've seen *True Grit* and if we thought he deserved the Oscar."

"Anything else?"

"He keeps asking us if we've seen any Mexicans."

"Mexicans?"

"Yes. He thinks he's at the Alamo."

I told her to put the kid on the telephone. A minute or so later, I heard the Duke's voice.

"Yes?" the three-month-old Duke said. "What can I do for you?"

"I just wanted to tell you I thought you were great in *Sands of Iwo Jima*," I said.

"Yeah, I was great in that, but Forrest Tucker sucked."

Needless to say, I was hooked. I told Francine to book me a flight. I'll keep you informed.

Here's what else is on my desk for the upcoming month:

Marilyn Q. called from her mobile trailer in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, to tell me she was having an affair with a UFO alien. She



even has the six-fingered scratches on her back to prove it.

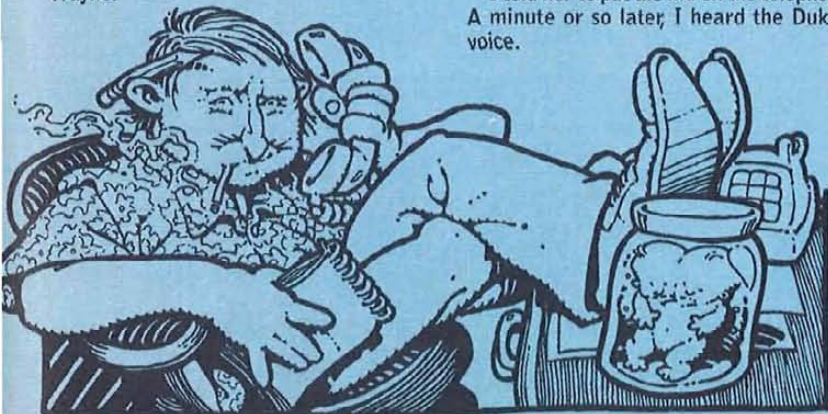
"He smells very nice," she told me. "Like limes."

"Why don't you call the *Toronto Star*?" I asked.

"I did. They wanted me to send them a videotape of him in my bedroom first."

"Did you make the videotape?"

"I tried, but he kept hiding under the covers."



TRUE FACTS
REPORTER

I was starting to bite at the bait. "When can I meet him?"

"Any Thursday night. He usually parks his spaceship behind my woodshed at around nine at night."

If I can get the *Sun* to pick up the expenses on this one, including meals and bar tab, I'll be there. Stay tuned.

Meanwhile, I'll be heading out to Elizabeth, New Jersey, later this month to meet with an elderly woman who claims her dead husband has been reincarnated in her Scottish terrier.

"Has there been any change in him since he's come back as a dog?"

"No," she told me. "He still beats me at pinochle every night."

"Does he seem to remember anybody else? Maybe some old friends of his?"

"He doesn't have any old friends," she told me. "They're all dead. The only people he talks to besides me are his grandchildren."

I took a drag off my cigarette and asked, "What does he tell them?"

"To go to college so they won't have to work in a factory."

Reincarnation seems to be a big theme this month. There's also a man in Brunswick, Maine, whose wife returned in the body of his parrot.

"I just wanted somebody to witness this before I kill the parrot," he said. "All it does is nag at me day and night. It's like she never dropped dead."

If all this weren't strange enough, there's a toaster in Chicago, Illinois, that happens to be possessed by the devil.

"What does the devil sound like?" I asked the terrified housewife caller.

"He has a shrilly voice," she answered. After a long pause, she added, "He sounds like Eli Wallach."

"What does the devil say to you?"

"Every night," she admitted, "the



toaster tells me and my husband to go to hell."

"Where does the voice come from?"

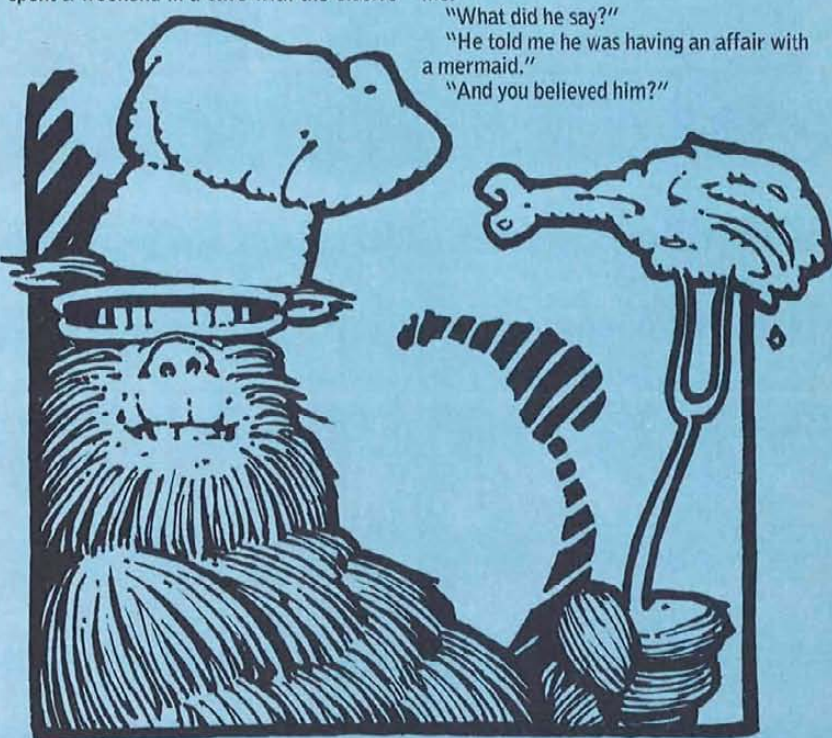
"From the slot that says 'One slice only.'"

I had to ask. "If your toaster is possessed by the devil, why don't you just get rid of it?"

"Because it makes terrific toast."

Silly me. I should have known.

Now for the big news this month. Bigfoot is not only a peaceful creature, but he's also a great cook. Says a Canadian explorer who spent a weekend in a cave with the elusive



creature, "We sat around and smiled at each other. We tried communicating with words, but we couldn't understand each other. Bigfoot was either speaking in a strange language or just grunting. I couldn't really tell. Later on that night, Bigfoot took out a slab of deer meat and threw it on the fire, seasoned it with dried kelp, and made me a delicious dinner."

"How were his table manners?" I asked over the telephone.

"Fine. He always wiped his fur when juice dripped on his pelt."

"Do you have any proof of your encounter with Bigfoot?"

"Yes," the explorer said. "I have a photograph of me sitting by the fire."

"But where's Bigfoot?"

"He took the picture."

I asked him to send along the photograph.

This way I'll know to hide if I see him coming.

Think Julianne Phillips is having marital problems with her man? Well, how about the woman who called me from Halifax, Nova Scotia? It seems her husband decided to take off with a mermaid.

"I first became suspicious when he'd come home late at night and his breath smelled of fish. He hates eating fish, so I knew something was up. Finally he told me."

"What did he say?"

"He told me he was having an affair with a mermaid."

"And you believed him?"

"Why not? He's never lied to me before."

She went on to tell me that he started not coming home for days on end.

"When he did manage to make it home he had dried scales all over his underwear."

Eventually her husband walked out and never returned. It's been five months now.

"How do you know he just didn't drown one afternoon?"

"I got a letter last week. He asked me to leave his snorkel out on the back porch."

I think this is one trip I just might pass up.

And finally, a friend of mine on the *National Enquirer* threw me this tip:

"There's a pregnant lady in L.A."

"So what?"

"Elvis's ghost is the father."

Needless to say, I gave the gal a buzz.

"How do you know it was Elvis's ghost?" I asked.

"It was definitely a ghost because I could see right through him."

"But how do you know it was Elvis?"

"The whole time he was raping me he was singing 'Viva Las Vegas.'"

Serves me right for asking.

Richard Dominick is an investigative reporter for the weekly tabloids National Examiner and the Sun, and a frequent talk-show guest.

The Last Taboo

Our enlightened society seems to feel that farts—and, to an extent, some spontaneous giggling about them—are beyond our control and can thus be ignored, if not actually forgiven. Discussing farts, however, is a willful matter of individual volition. It is simply not done (except, of course, in a mature forum such as this).

Veteran reporter Ron DeLacy, for example, is in trouble because he wrote about the farting that took place in a California courtroom. In April of 1988, DeLacy filed a byline story in his paper, the *Modesto Bee*. It read in part:

A defense attorney said Wednesday he will appeal his client's conviction, charging among other things that the prosecutor disrupted the four-week trial by repeatedly passing gas.

"It was disgusting," said Clark Head, a Calaveras County lawyer who represented burglary defendant Gary Davenport of Long Barn. . .

Head said he was considering basing the appeal, in part, on "misconduct" by Tuolumne County Assistant District Attorney Ned Lowenbach.

"He farted about one hundred times," Head said. "He even lifted his leg several times."

Head said he went on the record to protest the tactic after Lowenbach passed gas during the defense's closing argument.

"The closing argument is supposed to

be sort of sacred," Head said. "It's like the defendant's last chance, and you aren't supposed to interrupt it. Certainly not by farting and making the jury laugh. . . . I have been through fifty jury trials, and I have never seen anything like this."

The story came to DeLacy's attention in Sonora, California, where the farting incidents were the talk of the courthouse. In a routine call to Clark Head, defense attorney in the case of *People v. Davenport*, DeLacy expected to get perfunctory quotes about the burglary case. Instead, Head broke society's unspoken gag rule, accusing the assistant D.A. of farting for effect.

In what in retrospect seems like an outbreak of social innocence at the *Modesto Bee*, DeLacy filed the story complete with the use of the word "fart," and his editors let it run. Some people were amused, some weren't.

While the *Modesto Bee* ran the story as written, sister papers in Sacramento and Fresno didn't run it at all. "The *San Jose Mercury News* ran it on page one," said DeLacy, "but they didn't use the word 'fart.'"

Soon DeLacy learned that Tuolumne County District Attorney Eric DuTemple would no longer speak to him. The D.A. apparently felt it more appropriate to punish DeLacy, the guy who'd written about the farts, than his employee Lowenbach, the guy who'd let them rip in a courtroom.

"Until that story ran, he [DuTemple] was one of the most accessible public officials I'd ever run across," said DeLacy. "He denies the farting story is the reason he won't talk to me, but I don't think that's true. It's a case of retaliatory discrimination."

Being frozen out by the D.A. puts DeLacy at a competitive disadvantage with other reporters, so the *Modesto Bee* is in "legal

contact" with the prosecutor. "The whole thing could wind up in court," said DeLacy.

This writer wanted to ask if DuTemple is willing to face a fart-related lawsuit, but the Tuolumne County D.A. didn't return phone calls.

Neither did defense attorney Clark Head, who may have reconsidered the charges he leveled in DeLacy's article.

"Farts weren't mentioned in Head's request for a new trial," said DeLacy, adding that the stage is now set for appeal to a higher court, where the farting issue could reemerge.

Meanwhile, DeLacy puts the best face on the fart-story fallout.

"In all the years I've been writing, I've never gotten a reaction like I got to that story," said DeLacy. "I've been getting calls for almost six months now, from lawyers and district attorneys all over the country. People like the Oklahoma District Attorney's Council published [the story] verbatim, and it keeps going on. The latest call I got was from a lawyer in Connecticut."

DeLacy has also written and recorded a song loosely based on his now-famous article. It's called "Odor in the Court."

In the chorus, the judge declares a brief recess, exclaiming:

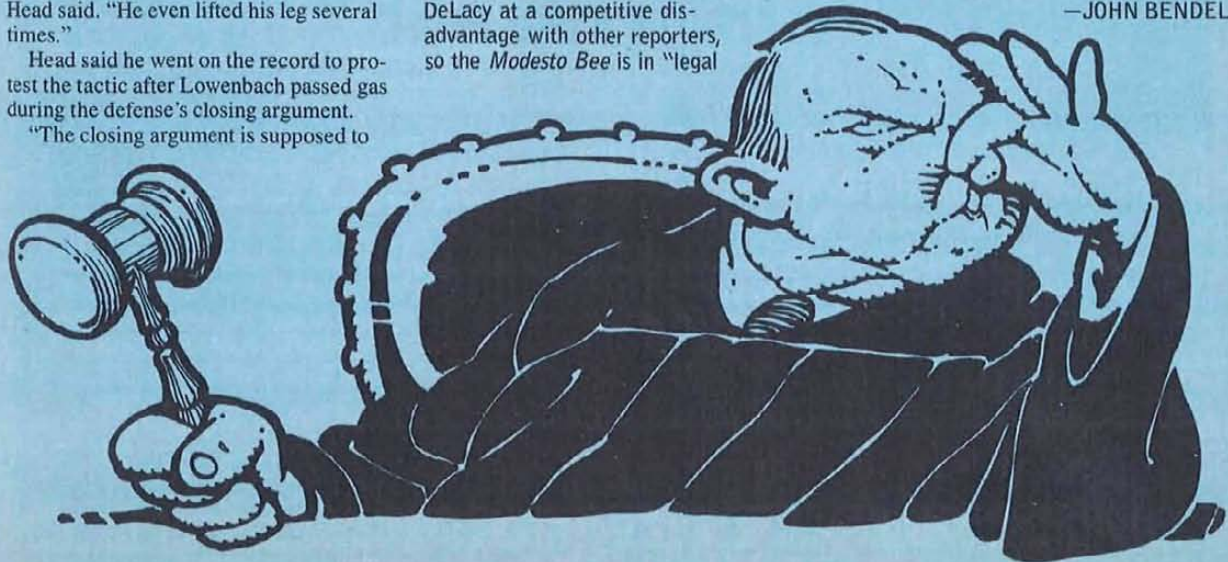
**Somebody's guilty and it wasn't me,
 And my temper's runnin' short.
 I'ma goin' ta where I can get some
 air.**

There's a hooter in the court.

(Available on a two-sided cassette, four dollars, Ron DeLacy, Box 15, Columbia, CA 95310. The flip side is a slightly outdated ditty called "Nixon in '88.")

Nowhere in "Odor in the Court," by the way, will you hear the word "fart."

—JOHN BENDEL



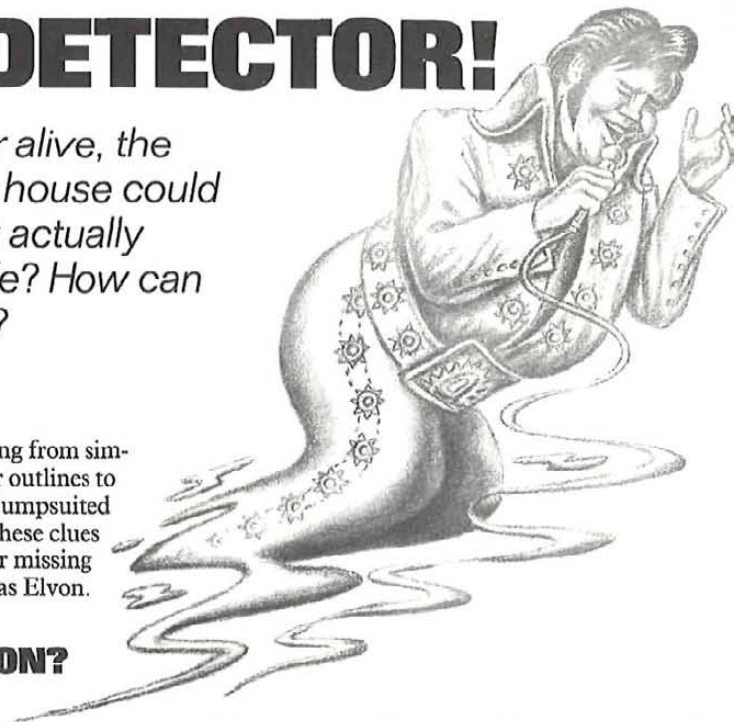
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Whether he is dead or alive, the presence of Elvis in your house could prove startling, if not actually nauseating. Are you safe? How can you be sure?

THE ELVIS DETECTOR!

The presence of Elvis could take the form of anything from simple bathroom odors to life-size sweating refrigerator outlines to leftovers congealing into the image of his sequined jumpsuited corpulent glory. The ability to determine whether these clues indicate the presence of Elvis (or simply that of your missing schnauzer) requires testing for the invisible nerve gas Elvon.



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- ❖ Do celebrity doctors schedule your bowel movements for you?
- ❖ Do you feel instinctively drawn to architectural chaos?
- ❖ Are you wearing shiny trousers?
- ❖ Do you have a midriff pullulating with chicken drippings?
- ❖ Would you rather watch a Wolfgang Puck video than a Traci Lords video?
- ❖ Do human maggots biograph you?
- ❖ Is your uncombed hair hologrammatic?

HAVE YOU EVER EXPERIENCED:

- ❖ Gravitation to Vegas following rapid weight gain?
- ❖ Tragic undergarment sweat-through?
- ❖ Fathering 3,600 illegitimate children?
- ❖ A sump pump clogged with red-eye gravy?
- ❖ An ex-wife who parlayed your name into a show-biz career?
- ❖ A genetic tendency toward Scientology?

If you answered yes to any of these questions, you may already have been exposed to Elvon. You need the Elvis Detector! It costs little more than an average pepperoni, yet can save thousands in pharmacy bills, funeral expenses, and other related costs of inbreeding.

Don't delay! Order your Elvis Detector today, before it's too late!



Sign me up! I am enclosing \$44.99 or its equivalent in candied yams.

Send to: StarSense, 155 Avenue of the Americas, 10th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

NAME _____ AGE _____
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If you are one of those who claim to have already detected the presence of Elvis in your household without using the Elvis Detector, please have a licensed physician sew your face shut.

Coming soon from StarSense:

Dead Celebrity Detection Kits to aid you in your quest for:
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YELLOW JOURNAL

All our news comes complete with sentences and words. Some assembly required.

NOTHING TAXING ABOUT BUSH

In accordance with his campaign pledge not to impose any new taxes, President George Bush has hit upon a new stratagem for raising revenue: a form of user fee known as an "ishkabibble," a term no one has heard before that avoids the stigma of the word "taxes."

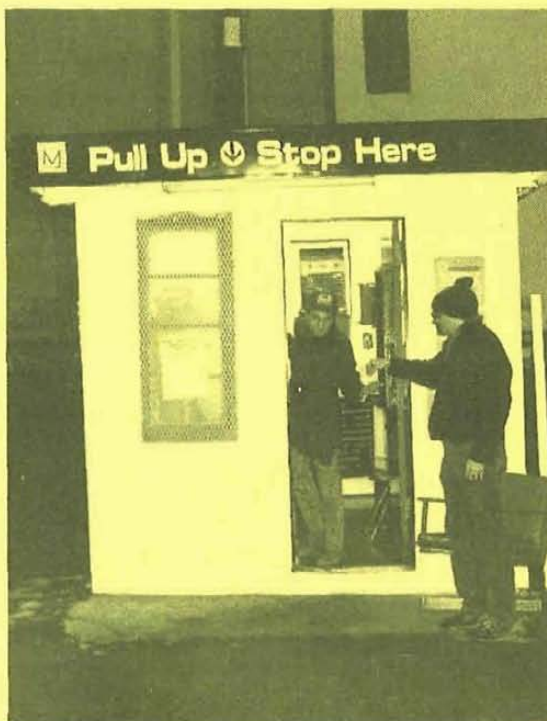
"By the time they figure out what an 'ishkabibble' is," says Office of Management and Budget chief Richard Darman, "we'll be out of office."

Here is a list of ishkabibbles the president plans to include in his next budget:

Public Schools Ishkabibbles: Students will have to pay a fee for each class they take as well as for good grades received. For example, a student who graduates from high school will have to pay a higher fee than a student who drops out after junior high. Likewise, a student who gets a grade of "A" will have to pay a higher fee, or ishkabibble, than a student who achieves a grade of "C," since the "A" student has obviously taken much more advantage of the school's facilities than the "C" student. The lower the grade, the lower the fee that must be paid.

Sidewalk Ishkabibbles: In most major cities toll-booths will be placed every few blocks to collect ishkabibbles allowing pedestrians to continue using the sidewalk. The money collected will go toward sidewalk maintenance. Heavier pedestrians will pay a higher ishkabibble than slimmer ones, owing to the fact that their added weight wears out the sidewalk faster.

Tax Ishkabibbles: Anyone who mentions the word "tax" will be assessed a hefty ishkabibble, especially if "tax" is used in the same sentence with "ishkabibble."



A pilot sidewalk tollbooth in Milwaukee.

Food Stamps Ishkabibbles: No ishkabibble will be imposed on food stamp users, although recipients will be required to travel to every single home in America and, on their knees, thank each and every taxpayer for making food stamps available.

Public Housing Ishkabibbles: An ishkabibble was to be put into effect until the realization that there is no public housing.

—A.S.

Soviets to Enjoy Western-Style TV

The Soviet news agency Tass has announced that Soviet television viewers will soon be treated to their first taste of a Western-style sitcom.

The half-hour weekly show, entitled *Those Perestroikids!*, will follow the “zany antics of a lovable bunch of Communist youths as they jovially criticize entrenched bureaucracy, responsibly exercise expanded rights of democratic discourse, enjoyably engage in meaningful reevaluations of past mistakes, misrepresentations, and misinterpretations of Marxist-Leninist ideals within the constructive bounds of modern, forward-thinking socialist thought as revealed under the tutelage of General Secretary Gorbachev and his far-reaching blueprint for restructuring Soviet society through *glasnost* and the dismantling of the apparatchik-dominated decision-making process, and express disdain for unproductive, self-serving, divisive rhetoric designed to reinstate the recent period of stagnation and protect corrupt power bases within the Party which are not conducive to the revolutionary goals of a classless society with readily available beef products and consumer goods.”

In the first episode, Ivan is falsely accused of hooliganism, Svetlana decries bribery in a Georgian steel factory, and the whole gang “boogie-woogies down to the local Burger Kremlin for a Pepsi-Cola and some readily available beef products. Hilarity ensues.”

—R.L.



AP/Wide World

A recently indicted Jim Bakker, who stated he would shoot himself in the head if it would further the cause of Christianity, has reportedly decided that the cause of Christianity would be much better served if he shot Tammy Faye Bakker instead. Pictured above is Bakker, along with an adviser, searching for Tammy as they are cheered on by well-wishers.

—A.S.

NEWS ROUNDUP

An electrical outlet measuring twenty feet in height was installed in the lobby of the Ohio Gas and Electric headquarters recently. Each of the four slots measures four feet in height and fifteen inches in width. Unfortunately, no appliance has been found with a plug large enough to fit into the outlet, though four small children have been killed as a result of crawling inside it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Maria Skettino, a fifth-grader in Keene, New Hampshire, told her math instructor that the actor Tom Bosley stole her homework. Mr. Bosley declined comment, but the homework was never found. Police are investigating.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ed McMahon, Johnny Carson's sidekick on *The Tonight Show*, registered a chortle of seventy-two decibels at a taping on February 9.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Timothy Villeuve of Ontario, Canada, won the preliminary round of the “Who Can Punch the Softest” championship with a blow of only .002 pounds per square inch. His opponent, “Spike” Boudin, was far behind with a blow of over 112 pounds per square inch. However, Villeuve was forced to forfeit his next round, as he is not expected to be released from the hospital in the near future.—S.Y.

Contributors:

Nick Bakay

John Bendel

Dave Hanson

Tony Kisch

Richard Levinson

Andy Simmons

Steve Young

HORRORSCOPE

★ ★ P ★ I ★ S ★ C ★ E ★ S ★ (2/20-3/20) ★ ★



John Duke Kisch © 1987

FAMOUS PISCANS:

Nehemiah Persoff, Jan Smuts, Adolph Luetgart, Dudley Manlove, Jean Hill, Józef Pilsudski, Fess Parker, Pee Wee Marquette, Carl Unthan, Mike Connors, Shang Andrews, Alma Rose, Cass Elliott, Holly Woodlawn, and Joe Pepitone.

Your Birthday: Like all Pisceans you feel incomplete unless involved in a tender and loving relationship with someone. Therefore do not feel guilty or ashamed when, blind drunk, you get your neglected member stuck in a soft-drink bottle—you are only being inventive and impulsive, as is your wont

from time to time. However, as more repressed citizens might well take a less understanding view of this sort of behavior, it would perhaps be best if you took your little problem to an emergency room in another state. Next time stick to raw liver.

ARIES (3/21-4/20): With Mars still urging you to break rules and cut corners, you will, sometime in mid-month, travel to Mexico for that controversial, FDA-unapproved laser treatment for your anal herpes. The omniscient orb says you'll really get your ass in a sling this time, in more ways than one. Signs indicate that after the sun has made a decisive impact on Jupiter some foolish dark ram out there will be caught in the sack with the very white wife of the very white sheriff of some quaint hamlet down Dixie way. It might be best to get your personal affairs in order, just to be on the safe side. Y'all come back now, y'heah? —T.K.

Can't Keep a Good Man Down

John Houseman's agent has announced that, despite public speculation to the contrary, Houseman's death will not slow the veteran actor's relentless endorsement schedule.

Though the agent, Irwin LeVine, admits that the veteran actor will be mostly limited to print ads and has had to cancel production of several radio spots, he plans to schedule endorsements for 200 to 225 days of the upcoming year, about 80 percent of his agenda while he was alive.

The bulk of Houseman's endorsements will be for Sealy, with whom he recently inked a very lucrative contract. The theme of the campaign will be "I wish I could rest as well *now* as I did on my Sealy." He is also doing pitches for Glade ("When I breathed my last, it smelled terrific") and for commemorative pennies from the Franklin Mint ("Historical souvenirs...affordable eye-wear").

—D.H.

Trump to Expand Control over Closed-Circuit Events

In a bid to further advance the exclusiveness of closed-circuit sporting events, Donald Trump has announced a new policy under which, for a week following the event, the results will be obtainable only via pay radio and closed-circulation newspapers.

For a fee of fourteen dollars, subscribers will be able to receive a high-band radio signal which will broadcast nothing but event-related information for two days before and seven days after the event; similarly, for eighteen dollars, fans will receive nine daily newsletters regarding the event.

Network and cable TV, regular radio, and all newspapers will be prohibited by court injunction

from covering the events until the seven-day moratorium has elapsed. Trump is investigating the possibility of also imposing prohibitions against hearsay, which would be enforced by dispatching "information de-disseminationists" to taverns and office water coolers to ensure that the news is not passed by word of mouth.

In a prepared statement, Trump told reporters that implementation of this policy was long overdue. "Anyway," added the boyishly handsome entrepreneur, "it's only fair that the fans should kick in, if for no other reason than to thank me personally for so selflessly making this caliber of event possible." —D.H.



Inside Larry King



I get a feeling softer than the flesh under Mel Torme's chin when I think about what I'm gonna do to you when you get home, you little tramp. . . . Hey, I'm Sorry Dept.: Telly Savalas was ready to smash yours truly with a marble cherub after I mistakenly identified a growing skin lesion on his famous dome as a simple case of spilled gravy. . . . As I watched the finals of men's bodybuilding on cable and polished off the dregs of a jug of pancake batter last weekend, I couldn't help thinking about Billy Kilmer and that droopy-yet-sexy butt of his. . . . Don't you feel good when you hear about the new Elton John, sans the costumes and spectacle, giving people what they've wanted for so long: his raw talent and another reason to hate him with every fiber of their beings. . . . Close Call: This reporter found himself seated between Barbara Walters and Ruth Roper at a recent gala benefiting the Parade of Glands, and let me tell you, I was scared! Thank God they proceeded to tear into the wildest catfight this side of *Chained Heat*, allowing me to sneak off in search of the lovely Erma Bombeck. . . . Spunky li'l bulldog Tracey Ullman reminds me of the crust that forms on a stallion's cock when the stableboy goes on a wicked bender and lets things go to hell. . . . Is it just me, or does "Liza with a z" always make you think of "zyphoid process," a small, meaningless bone on the bottom of the sternum which, through years of stress and worry, becomes horribly misshapen and useless? . . . Fuck you and the horse you rode in on. . . . Hollywood Pooper Scoop: River Phoenix to change his moniker to the significantly less pretentious "Lad Who Prickles Like Wool Rash" . . . Going Back to the Well Dept.: MTV to seek new veejay talent in their favorite showcase for hungry beginners—the stinking carcass of a beached lamprey. . . . I'd say something here about the awesome talent of Lee Horsley, but I grow so weary. . . . Now tell me the truth: do you really like and value the music of Glenn Frey and do you really think the man deserves to have wealth beyond your wildest dreams? . . . You can't truly say you've lived life to the fullest until you've been straddled by long-legged Chuck Heston and gently scraped with the jawbone of a water buffalo as the entire cast of *Knots Landing* is boiled alive in a vat of **UTTER NONSENSE!** . . . Listen, it just isn't Valentine's Day without a lonely dinner at a highway Denny's as you look out at a rain-drizzled road and contemplate the pounding your kidneys would take if you had to drive an eighteen-wheeler from Joplin to Provo, and before you know it your mind wanders to a secret place, an imaginary treehouse



A.P./Wide World

"Everybody wants to write *The Wonder Years*," says Chief Asmasa Booglabesh (third from the left).

William Morris Agency Hires Afghan Rebels

Officials of the William Morris Agency (New York, Beverly Hills, Nashville, London, Rome, Sydney, Munich) have contracted with Afghan rebels to read and report on an unprecedented backlog of movie and TV scripts.

"This frees up our people for more important stuff, like pigeonholing clients," said a William Morris spokesman. Asked if Afghan rebels are qualified for the work, he replied, "These fellas are a tough audience. If you can win them over, you've got yourself a hit."
—J.B.

in your mind where the floor is littered with rain-wet Kleenex and the musky breeze constantly reminds you that you live next door to a meat-processing factory, and sure you're disheartened, sure you don't know where to turn, but wait! Look over there on the window sill—there's a radio! Go ahead, turn it on, tune it in, and wait for the tubes to warm up. . . . There's a song coming on! . . . It might just be that song you need to lift you out of this funk. . . . It crackles, it pings, and ever so slowly the music filters through. . . . Can you hear it? . . . "Baby . . . I'ma . . . want . . . you . . ." Oh well, maybe next year. I'm Larry King, and I'll be back next time with Bea Arthur's left shinbone.
—N.B.

Dan Quayle Presents: A GUIDE TO MODERN MEDIOCRITY

You hear a lot of people talking disparagingly about mediocrity, as if it's something to be ashamed of or avoid. Well, I'm in charge now, and I say mediocrity isn't bad at all, and I know Mr. Bush won't veto me on that.

Being mediocre, while it may not be *great* or even *good*, is a lot better than being *bad*, and what's wrong with that? The way I look at it is, if you're good at *one* thing (like me with golf, or my mom with baking, or my wife with politics) and you're mediocre at a lot of other things, that makes you a pretty well-rounded person. Imagine if *everyone* was good at *everything*, what a very rough, very competitive world this would be. To me, the surfeit of mediocrity in our society is a very comforting thing. That is, if surfeit means what I think it does.

Just as important as results is technique: to successfully achieve mediocrity, you must do what you are doing with a complete absence of—as I've heard it called—panache.

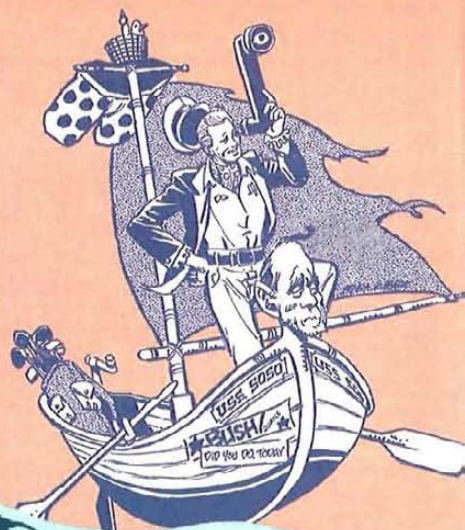
Which is not to say that mediocrity is strictly a matter of results. It's *not!* It's a matter of results *after* you've realized 90 to 95 percent of your potential. In golf, a 96 is mediocre if it's shot by a guy who's been playing fourteen years; it's *not* if the guy's been playing a month.

Anyhow, please read my "Guide to Modern Mediocrity." I don't think it's too bad.

J. Danforth Quayle



SEA OF MEDIOCRITY



A Few of the Things That Make Mediocrity Great

Trailer parks
Hot chocolate
Kits
Aboveground pools
Hair weaves
Nostalgia
Sidney Sheldon
A thick vacation-reading
paperback
Smiley faces
Holiday traditions
Wedding photographs
Parades
HoJo's Big Breakfast Buffet
w/bottomless coffee cup
Vinyl slipcovers
Paneled playrooms
Microwave cookbooks
Professional portraits
Citronella candles

Japanese lanterns
K-Tel records
Chili mix
Souvenirs
Having one gay friend
Christmas caroling
Jigsaw puzzles
Luncheon meats
C&C cola
Orange soda with 10 percent
real juice flavor
Reciting the Pledge of
Allegiance three,
sometimes four times a day
The Love Unlimited
Orchestra
Barbara Eden
Louis Nye
The Golden Girls
One-A-Day brand vitamins
Indiana
Bonnie Franklin
A pecan pie from Stuckey's
Heck, just about anything
from Stuckey's
Greeting cards
Ac'cent meat tenderizer
Seattle Mariners
Thousand Island dressing
Weight Watchers
Kinney shoes
Chi-Chi's Mexican restaurants
All-you-can-eat shrimp bars
The seventies
Winnebago vacations
Bermuda shorts

Amway products
The Pillsbury Dough Boy
Keds
Kiwanis clubs
4-H Club
Church bazaars
Proms
Grange fairs
Relatives who talk about their
gallbladder operations over
dinner
Great Britain
Junior high school
Garfield towels and sheets
BABY ON BOARD signs
I'D RATHER BE WATCHING
GENERAL HOSPITAL license
plate frames
Niagara Falls honeymoon
Seniors tours
Miss America
Hawaiian shirts
A crush on a Frenchman
Linoleum
Beanbag chairs
Boner thoughts about Karen
Valentine in her prime
Jell-O
Throw pillows
Board games
E.T.
Wedding factories
Home exercise equipment
Aerobics classes
Christmas
New Year's Eve
Ye Olde Shoppe
Nondairy creamer

Mediocre Things to Say

Gee, you really can't eat just one.
It just shows to go ya.
Hang a louie.
It's like kissing your sister.
It tastes just like chicken.
Shit happens.
Life's a bitch and then you die.
It's not the heat, it's the humidity.
If they wanna live in this country, they
oughta learn the language.
It's not what you got, it's how you use it.
Sushi is an acquired taste.
I didn't like Reagan the president, but I did
like Reagan the man.
What does that say about our country?
If I eat another bite I'll explode.
Just 'cause he/she's married doesn't mean
he/she's not gay.
It's always funny till someone gets hurt.
TGIF.
I prefer Hunan to Szechuan.

Does Eddie Murphy really need to use all
those four-letter words?
Subtitles? I don't go to movies to read.
No pain, no gain.
Just say no.
Mike Tyson was the real victim.
I just can't party like I used to.
You just can't be sure with this AIDS
thing. . . .
He could sell ice to Eskimos.
They're not booing him, they're saying
"Lou."
Good pitching beats good hitting anytime.
Get a life.
He's got a snowball's chance in hell.
Nice work if you can get it.
It's a dirty job but somebody's gotta do it.
To me, sex without feelings is meaningless.
He/she's the best thing that ever happened
to me.
So how's married life treating you?
Get with the program.
Don't worry, be happy.
He must have eaten *his* Wheaties this
morning.
Cheer up, things could be worse.
Hot enough for ya?
Give me a break.
Have a nice day.

THE “ARE YOU MEDIOCRE?” QUIZ

1. What's your beef?

(Match the burger with its restaurant)

Wendy's



Burger King



McDonald's



2. Which is your most valued household item?

- Fantastik
- Pam
- Aluminum siding
- Chocolate Ex-Lax



3. Pick your favorite “Modern Mediocre Get-Together” (for singles only):

- A “Club Med-style” weekend, complete with side-splitting games of “Pass the Cucumber,” “Spin the Zucchini,” and wet T-shirt bingo, capped off with a sizzling game of strip volleyball and sprinkled generously with suntan oil and blender drinks!
- A “Guys Only” Super Sunday party, complete with six-foot Italian combo hero, a keg of Michelob, and enough dip ‘n’ chips to choke a horse.
- A church social, Methodist-chaperoned, with a John Denver retrospective and refreshments, including ginger snaps and chilled fruit punch.
- A night of total decadence, including: delectably delicious American-cheese nachos, strawberry daiquiris, “Dessert Till It Hurts,” including Sinfully Rich Double-Chocolate Mousse Cake smothered in Super-Fudge Vanilla Swiss Almond Ice Cream, and a hilarious game of Trivial Pursuit with good friends.

4. America: Love it or leave it

(Match the slogan with its company)

- The Heartbeat of America
 - The Great American Shoestore
 - Where America Shops
 - The Great American Road Belongs to _____
- Sears
 - Buick
 - Kinney
 - Chevrolet

5. Your proudest possession is:

- Your autograph collection
- Your stamp ‘n’ coin collection
- Your Hummel collection
- Your *National Geographic* collection



6. How many ounces constitute a “large” coffee at...

- HandyStop
 - 7-Eleven
 - Dunkin’ Donuts
- 32 oz.
 - 23 oz.
 - 18 oz.

7. Where would you rather go on vacation?

- Epcot Center/ Disney World
- Atlantic City
- Weekend getaway at Niagara Falls
- Williamsburg



8. A flake off the ol’ block

(Match the flake with its brand)

Corn Flakes



Total



Product 19



9. Your favorite TV show is:

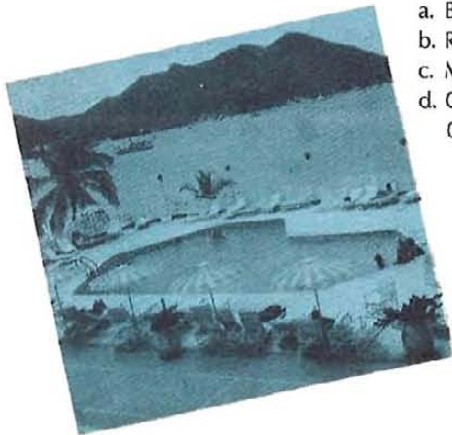
- a. Any sitcom, especially *ALF*
- b. Any game show, especially *Win, Lose or Draw*
- c. Any shows in syndication, especially with Lucy
- d. Any miniseries, especially with Richard Chamberlain and Jane Seymour

10. When you wanna really kick back, you like to enjoy a delicious alcoholic beverage. Your favorite?

- a. Strawberry daiquiri
- b. Whiskey sour
- c. Hot buttered rum
- d. Wine cooler
- e. Tom Collins
- f. Kamikaze!



11. Where do you like to stay when on vacation?



- a. Best Western
- b. Ramada Inn
- c. Motel 6
- d. Circle K Family Campgrounds

12. Your favorite meal is:

- a. Turkey Day!
- b. All You Can Eat Fried Clams at Hojo's
- c. Benefit spaghetti 'n' meatballs dinner at Lions Club (all you can eat)
- d. Anything at Arby's



13. Fruits de mer (Match the dish with its restaurant)

Long John Silver's



Arthur Treacher's



Red Lobster



14. You think the importance of the following items is underrated in society today:

- a. Linoleum
- b. Board games
- c. Durable carpeting
- d. The strong moral fiber that *Reader's Digest* provides our society with

15. Your favorite parts of TV commercials are:

- a. Cute, saucy children
- b. Cute, spunky oldsters
- c. Cute, goofy Valley girls
- d. The great songs of the sixties they use

16. Whose steak is it anyway? (Match the steak with its restaurant)

Ponderosa



Sizzler



Ground Round



17. Match the thick shake with its comparable consistency:

- 1. McDonald's
- 2. Dairy Queen
- 3. Burger King
- 4. Hardee's
- a. Cooling cement
- b. Epoxy
- c. Eye jelly
- d. Chilled Pepto-Bismol


GRADING YOURSELF: If you answered between 2 and 16 questions, you are one of the 210 million Americans who aspire to or already practice

mediocrity. A score between 7 and 9 indicates full-blown, profoundly realized mediocrity; between 2 and 6 or 10 and 16 indicates tendencies or lean-

ings. If you answered either none or all of the questions, you are not a true American.

The Most Mediocre Round of Golf I Ever Played

by Dan Quayle



RED RED FLAGS AND MARKERS		MEN		WOMEN		SLOW PLAYERS MUST LET FASTER PLAYER THROUGH		LADIES		W - L - HO	
Hole	Yards	Par	Self	Part	Opp	Opp	Yards	Par	Yards	Par	
1	357	4	6	7	9	6	330	4			
2	323	4	5	4	9	6	306	4			
3	408	4	5	5	2	4	359	4			
4	160	3	5	5	8	6	93	3			
5	482	5	4	6	5	6	438	5			
6	515	5	6	7	4	6	410	5			
7	445	4	6	4	1	5	170	3			
8	191	3	4	3	7	5	383	4			
9	401	4	5	6	3	6	2910	37			
OUT	3282		36	46	47	49	51				
IN			36								
TOTAL			72								
HANDICAP											
NET SCORE											
PLAYER											


Anyone who knows Dan Quayle knows this: for me, the one part of my life in which there is absolutely no room for mediocrity is my golf world. Out on the golf course I am a regular *demon*, my veins burning as if full of hot, bubbling napalm and rich-running, dark-red blood!

That's why I was very surprised when one day I *did* go out and play a very mediocre round of golf (it's okay; I can talk about it now, it was several years ago).

Now mind you, it wasn't a *bad* game of golf

per se (tho it was well over my average), it was just that it was a *boring* game of golf. One thing I am sure of is, I've loved just about every round of golf I've ever played, even the *awful* ones! But this one I didn't enjoy at all!


I guess it wouldn't be an understatement to say golf is the most important thing in my life, my children being second, my family's newspapers third, my children's golf game fourth, my wife, Marilyn, fifth, my parents sixth, my dinner seventh, my career eighth, my wife's golf game ninth, and my friends tenth. I guess I am giving Marilyn short shrift by ranking her fifth, but she knows how much I hate bruised bananas, and this morning's were, like, *banged*, and on stale cornflakes to boot.




pheasant gunned from the sky with a perfectly delivered buck blast, falling to its target in a symphony of perfect, ballet-footed grace—whew!—anyway, as great as that is, there's also a certain degree of tragic, beautiful heroism in miserable failure, cold-topping a ball into a pond or taking five shots to get out of a sand trap. Like I said, I don't want to get too cerebral or intellectual, but golf is really a thinking man's game, and this is just, like, how I feel.

I think the reason I remember my mediocre round of golf so well is how *little* of it I can recall—usually I remember most every shot I hit, along with my position in the fairway, and what club I used!

Anyway, my score this day was an 88, or what we call the



Abdominal Snowmen (an "8" is shaped like a snowman!). As I think I mentioned, this was quite a bit higher than usual (I play to a 7 hcp), and on a cream-puff course, but it was by no means the worst score of my life. It was, however, without a doubt the most *boring*, mediocre round of golf I've ever played. I've had 86's, 87's, 94's even, that I remember clearly, that had redeeming shots or horrible weather conditions or personal circumstances which right away made them NO WAY mediocre, like once when Marilyn and the kids ate these mushrooms I picked and were in comas, my concentration was off so much that I was *proud* of the 91 I came in with. Anyhow, a look at a few holes is all it takes to show the joylessness I felt on my day of mediocrity:

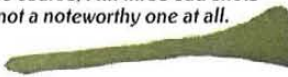


First hole: Short, 340-yard par 4. Hit drive a little off heel, not bad but not sweet, got a decent roll, ended up just in the rough. Tho ideally you want to come in from the left on your approach, I was okay. On the approach I hit a thin 9-iron to the fringe, chipped twelve feet short out of the rough, left the putt short and to the left. Bogey.

Eleventh hole: This is a par 5 you can reach in two easily if you ate your Wheaties. I had a nice following wind which really pumped me up, but I hit the drive thin and low, into the rough. I had to lay up short of the creek in front of the green with a 6-iron, and the damn ball settled in a divot. I had an 8-iron home, which I dumped in the trap. I hit a weak shot out of the trap and three-jacked from thirty-five feet for a double bogey.

Sixteenth hole: 124-yard par 3: wind against me, hit a 9-iron fat to the apron, scuffed the chip but it ran downhill faster than I anticipated, was lucky to put it eight feet away, sank the putt, which was moving like a freight train when it dropped, for a par. On the easiest hole on the course, I hit three bad shots and came away with a par, but not a noteworthy one at all.

What bewilderment I should play so! This was perhaps the only round of golf I ever played after which I thought about quitting, putting my time into something totally different, like polo or fur trapping. Fortunately, the next day, at a Republican tournament in Newport News, I shot a 72, with four birdies on the last six holes. I WAS BACK!!! And with a promise to myself and to the world to always keep my golf game separate from the mediocrity which distinguishes the rest of my life.



Golf is a game in which your range of achievement is just so ... so BIG! From one day to the next, a 7 handicapper, average score 78, can go from a 72 to a 96. I know, I have! Why? Why? Why? Several years ago I maintained a notebook, recording my diet, exercise output, bedtimes, breakfast—EVERYTHING!—and how they affected my golf scores. It didn't help! I expanded it to include superstition; I saw biorhythmists, a woman named Mrs. Edith who read my tarot cards, Ouija boards, you name it. There was no pattern. Other than the fact that I play best in seventy-six-degree windless weather after a dinner of Salisbury steak and buttered noodles, with eight hours forty minutes sleep and a potty before a breakfast of O.J. and poached eggs, no pattern became clear. As my friends the Jewish people say, "Go figure."

FOOD:

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

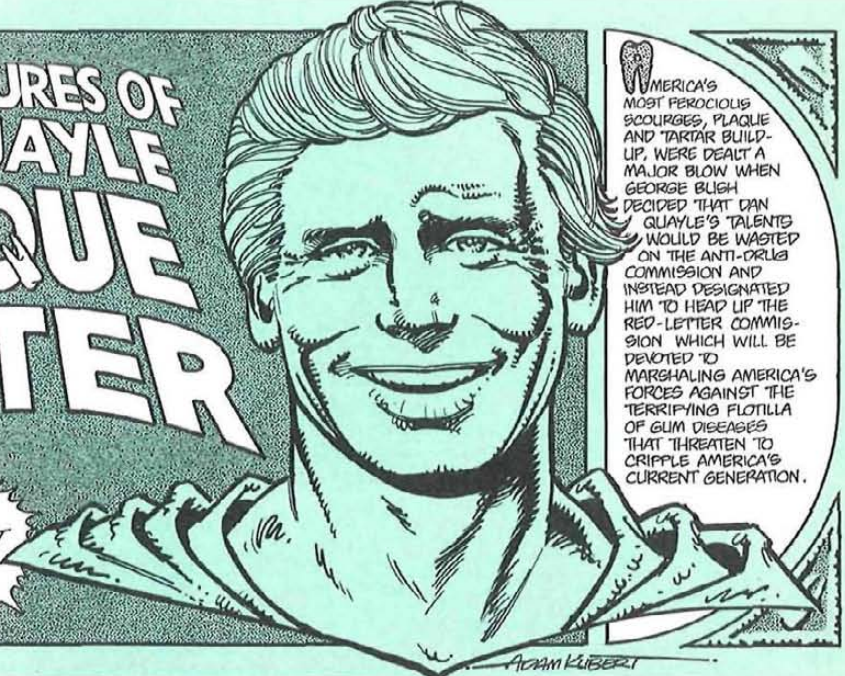


TEN REASONS AMERICAN FOOD IS THE BEST FOOD.

1. Tetrasodium pyrophosphate
2. Benzoic acid
3. Red dye #4
4. Polysorbate 60
5. Carageenan gum
6. Partially hydrogenated coconut oil and/or cottonseed oil and/or palm oil
7. Corn syrup
8. Lecithin
9. Propyl gallate
10. Sodium stearoyl lactylate

THE ADVENTURES OF DAN QUAYLE PLAQUE FIGHTER

LEADING AMERICA IN ITS EVER-GROWING BATTLE AGAINST ITS MOST RUTHLESS AND INSIDIOLIS FOES--PLAQUE AND TARTAR BUILDUP!



AMERICA'S MOST FEROCIOUS SCOURGES, PLAQUE AND TARTAR BUILD-UP, WERE DEALT A MAJOR BLOW WHEN GEORGE BLIGH DECIDED THAT DAN QUAYLE'S TALENTS WOULD BE WASTED ON THE ANTI-ORLES COMMISSION AND INSTEAD DESIGNATED HIM TO HEAD UP THE RED-LETTER COMMISSION WHICH WILL BE DEVOTED TO MARGHALING AMERICA'S FORCES AGAINST THE TERRIFYING FLOTILLA OF GUM DISEASES THAT THREATEN TO CRIPPLE AMERICA'S CURRENT GENERATION.

THE GOLDEN ARCHES AWARDS FOR ACHIEVEMENTS IN MEDIOCRITY

Dan Quayle, Toastmaster



And Honorable Mentions:

Winners receive complimentary dinner for two at a participating McDonald's Towne House

To **shopping malls**, for providing a meeting 'n' breeding ground of teen fashion, "tasty noshables," and fabulous "shopopportunities"


To **American cars**, for going from lousy to mediocre in answer to Japanese competition


To **polyester**, for being a depthless source of ugly clothing and jokes, while cheerfully sustaining its affordability, low maintenance, and vivid patterns


To **AIDS**, for repopularizing the condom, a device so mediocritizing it has been compared to washing your hair with a shower cap on, eating dinner with your tongue wrapped in a Baggie, or putting ketchup on filet mignon; and for bringing sex in general back to the 1950s, when it was at its peak of mediocrity

To **Yakov Smirnoff**, for being mediocre on every side of the Iron Curtain he's worked


To **John Davidson**, for looking more like Jerry Mahoney than any human being ever has


 The "Put Your Dress Back On" Award to Jamie Farr


 The "Is That All There Is?" Award to Judd Nelson


 The "Yes, He's Strong, But Does That Make Him Funny?" Award to Joe Piscopo


 The "We Think It's Time You Took Your Clothes Off" Award to Brooke Shields


 The "Who Are You Kidding?" Award to Bruce Willis, a.k.a. Bruno

 The "Omnipotent Image" Award to Bill Cosby, who's taken a good thing and filled us up to here with it

 The "Enough Already" Award to Cher

 The "Yeah, She's Okay, But I Prefer Demi Moore As a Sex Kitten" Award to Loni Anderson

 The "Please Put Your Pen Down" Award to Tama Janowitz

 The "Who the Hell Is That?" Award to Senator Quentin N. Burdick

On November 8, 1988, Election Day, Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Peter Jennings, and Bernard Shaw simultaneously announced the reelection of Senator Quentin N. Burdick (D-N.D.) to a fourth term. At that exact moment, millions of TV viewers stopped what they were doing to ask the question "Who?"

And a special "Breeders of Mediocrity" Award to the American public school system

Photos AP/Wide World, UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos, Movie Star News



Yes, American manufacturing. Where management and labor combine to deliver the fair-to-middling.



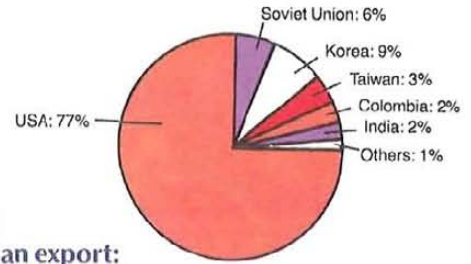
Welcome to the Wonderfully Mediocre World of American Manufacturing

What is it that America's brightest engineers and technicians produce better than any other country?

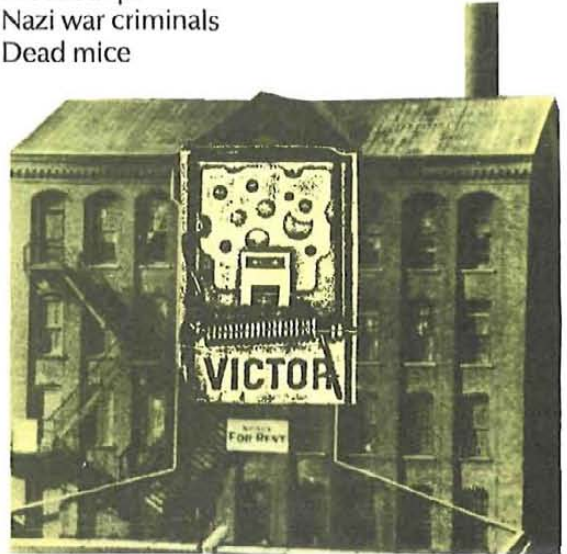


That's right! The USA, making mousetraps better than ever!!!

World leaders in mousetrap production:



Largest American export:
Mousetraps
Nazi war criminals
Dead mice



The embodiment of a free economy - the largest mouse-trap manufacturing plant in the world. And America's got it!!

Mousetraps. Surpassing trailer homes in the affections of Americans.



WITHOUT SUCH A PROGRAM, HARD, UGLY TARTAR-- WHAT YOUR DENTIST CALLS CALCULUS-- CAN ACCUMULATE ON YOUR TEETH, ESPECIALLY AROUND THE GUM LINE.

ONCE IT FORMS, ONLY YOUR DENTIST OR HYGIENIST CAN REMOVE IT.



Dan Quayle Salutes:

GROUND CHUCK

My Favorite Uses for Ground Chuck:

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Salisbury steak | Steak tartare | Bacon cheeseburgers |
| Meatballs | Hamburgers | with chili |
| Swedish meatballs | Cheeseburgers | Meat loaf |
| Sloppy Joes | Bacon cheeseburgers | Hamburger surprise |
| Taco meat | Chiliburgers | |

Burger Sprucer-Uppers, or "Toppin's"

- Ketchup (of course!)
- Hamburger relish
- A.1. sauce
- Lettuce
- Tomatoes
- Mustard
- Mayonnaise
- Bacon

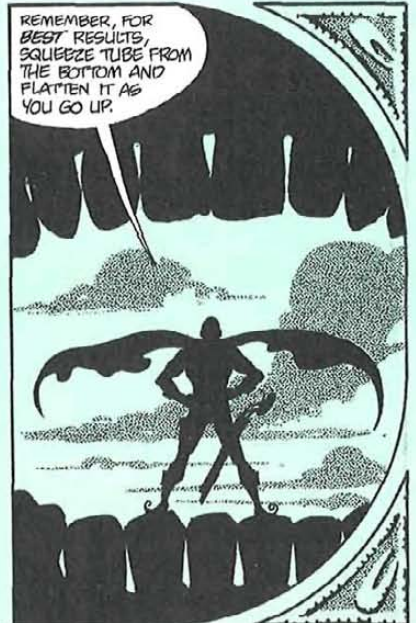


Favorite Recipe for: ^{The} Genuine Quayleburger(!)

From the Kitchen of: Dan Quayle

Add half a finely chopped onion to the meat, and a splash of A.1. sauce. Cook to medium. Serve on a kaiser roll, if available. Serve with a sprig of parsley on the side. Add ketchup to taste.

The real article-accept no substitutes(!)



DREAM MATCH-UP



The Van Patten vs. the Boones



FROM THE MICHAEL DUKAKIS
SCHOOL OF ACTING...

Reactions to the Director



Robert Mitchum



AP/Wide World



Andrew McCarthy



AP/Wide World



Susan Lucci



Movie Star News

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE EH

	LOUSY	MEDIOCRE	GOOD
Jobs	Asbestos removal; hospital garbage disposal; proctologist	Shoe salesman; aluminum siding consultant; typist; dental hygienist	Eddie Murphy's manager; superstar athlete; philanthropist; <i>Playboy</i> photographer
Cheese	Limburger; anything with nuts or fruit embedded in it; anything with an expiration date three years away	Kraft American slices; Velveeta; Cheez Whiz; Philadelphia Brand whipped cream cheese	Boursin; Brie; Roquefort
Singers	Don Johnson; Mister Rogers	George Michael; Kenny Rogers	Nat "King" Cole; Frank Sinatra; the Traveling Wilburys
Cars	Yugo; Hyundai	Ford Escort; Dodge Omni	Mercedes; Ferrari; Bentley; limousines
Wall calendars	Chinese restaurant giveaway	Garfield	Paulina Porizkova
Gifts—wedding or Xmas	Subscription to <i>National Geographic</i> ; potholders, ashtrays, and other gift items people's kids make	Gift certificate for a Mary Kay beauty makeover; toaster; coffee machine; sweaters	Automobiles; cash; jewelry; gift certificates; anything you can rewrap and give to someone else
Household furnishings	Folding chairs; vinyl tablecloths; gas station "collectibles"	Castro convertibles; Tuffy toilet seats; I Love You This Much cookie jars; paneling	Linen drapes; leather couches; marble Jacuzzi's; onyx floors
Cartoons	Speed Racer; Gigantaur	The Jetsons; Beatles cartoons	Bugs Bunny; Road Runner; Charlie Brown specials
Meals	Pork 'n' beans eaten right out of the can; leftover frozen pizza; anything with reduced calories or reduced sodium	Chili dogs; tuna casserole; anything with peanut butter or melted cheese; TV dinners; eggs and ketchup	Prime rib; lobster; London broil; truffles; pie
Sports institutions	Regular hockey season; four-game series between the Mariners and the Orioles; cable-TV glomming events; 91-second boxing matches you've spent \$50 to see and weeks anticipating	Hockey playoffs; stadium food; the Bluebonnet Bowl; the Blue-Gray Game; Joe Garagiola; Morgana	Hockey finals; the World Series; Tim McCarver; highlight reels from any sport
Macho actors	Lee Majors; Erik Estrada; Chuck Norris	Arnold Schwarzenegger; Sylvester Stallone	Clint Eastwood; Lee Van Cleef; Kristy McNichol
Names for bars	Brewsky's; Joe's; Ed's Bar & Grill; Jim's	Dew Drop Inn; Drift Inn; Pirates' Cove; Come Inn; Are You Inn	Any name as long as the place has a steam table
Neighbors	Hell's Angels; the Bloods; the Crips; Bruce Willis	The Tom Bosleys; George Shultz; Mister Rogers	The Mafia
Cookies	Hydrox; Girl Scout cookies	Oreos; Mallomars; s' mores	Pepperidge Farm Seville Collection; Fig Newtons; Nutter Butters
Murder	Manslaughter	Family member	Serial murder; mass murder; genocide; anything with hostages
Reasons to marry a girl	Her parents are nice; she's a good housekeeper	She's a good cook; she's nice; she's pretty	She can suck the chrome off a fender; she can skin a lion with her hands tied behind her back; she's rich
Reasons to get divorced	She's a lousy housekeeper	You're not communicating; you have different goals	Kim Basinger asks you to move in with her
Reasons to pick a vacation spot	Shuffleboard facilities; miniature golf within walking distance	Free buffet dinner every Thursday; nearby caves offer exciting sightseeing excursion	Open bar all week; view of a nude beach from your terrace
Chicks	Liz	Mary	Lu-Ann
Reasons to go to the hospital	Cut yourself on an ice-cube tray; dog bite	Tonsillectomy; boils	Hillerich & Bradsby 34" Dale Murphy autographed baseball bat lodged in rectum; massive coronary
TV sidekicks	Ed McMahon	Vanna White; Paul Shaffer	
Uses for seashells	As part of a "pretty collection"	As an ashtray or soap dish	As a home for a clam

Join the Happy Housewife as a regular subscriber to the *National Lampoon*.



OH!
HI THERE!
I'M THE HAPPY HOUSEWIFE —
THE VOICE OF THE *NATIONAL LAMPOON*.
RECENTLY, MY COMMERCIAL WAS KICKED
OFF TELEVISION BECAUSE SOME
VIEWERS OBJECTED TO MY
CHOPPING UP A
CHICKEN.



WELL,
HERE ON THESE
PAGES THERE ARE NO SUCH
RESTRICTIONS. THIS IS A MAGAZINE
WITH NO CENSORS, NO RULES, AND
ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD FOR
STIFF-NECKED IDIOTS
WHO TRY TO TELL
THEM WHAT TO
PUBLISH.



AND
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SHOULD SUBSCRIBE TO THE
NATIONAL LAMPOON TODAY. IT'S A
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DEDICATION, TRUSTWORTHINESS,
COURAGE, AND A LOT OF
CARTOONS.



AND
LOTS OF FUNNY
STORIES AND
PICTURES,
TOO.



AT OUR
HOUSE WE LOVE
THE *NATIONAL LAMPOON*.



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THE BAD HAIRCUT

TRULY, ALL I SEEK NOW IS UNDERSTANDING. IT IS TOO LATE FOR me to have my life back—the life I was meant to have. My awful quest has become not unlike those of MIAs' relatives, or desperate parents whose child disappeared long, long ago, and whose mission now is not to have their beloved back but to find out the means of slaughter, to retrieve the bones for interment, to apprehend and quarter the animal who was responsible.

To prove that *something* happened.

I am thinking now of an Ohio chiropractor I sought out, a supposed pioneer in the field of biomechanical alignment and its effect on the body's immune system. We sat in his office and, once again, for the thousandth time, haltingly, I began my tale.

Two minutes into my story, before I had even come close to asking the

by Richard Boler

Illustrated by Paul Corio

question I had traveled hundreds of miles to ask—"So, do you think a haircut could have thrown my system out of whack somehow?"—I saw his eyes glaze over, and I knew I had lost him. I had seen that look too many times before, in doctors' offices, religious ashrams, and styling salons all across America.

I stood up then and announced the session over. I could not bear another examination, after which, hundreds of dollars later, I would be told by yet another quack that there was nothing wrong with me.

In my dreams, I envision a wise old genius, a combination Drs. Salk and Schweitzer, who will make a startling breakthrough in my malady. He will hear of my case and seek me out. Within minutes after I begin my tale, he will intercede and finish it for me, in complete empathy and understanding. Tears will well in my eyes, and he will rise and clutch me to his bosom.

"It's been hell for you, hasn't it?" he will ask quietly.

Through my wracking sobs: "God, oh God, yes."

Then he will take my face in his hands, and study my crown. A look of extraordinary pain and anger will cloud his features, and he will hurl his rage at the skies above.

"Those... butchers!" he will bellow.

MY TALE

IT HAD RAINED EARLIER THAT DAY,

I remember. Dark clouds came rumbling off the lake and surprised the city with a brief but intense October storm that shorted out electrical stations and deposited three inches of rain in less than two hours. Then miraculously, the sky cleared by early afternoon. The autumn sun bathed the city in light, and a breathtaking, brilliant rainbow appeared in the sky, its arc disappearing in the wet mists beyond the shimmering hills.

Fuckin' A, I thought. Cool day to go to the mall!

I boarded the 1:45 at State Street, arriving at the suburban complex shortly after two. I kicked around for a few hours, prying Allen wrenches and checking to see if the new Buffy Sainte-Marie had been shipped yet. On my way out of Sears, I noticed a new outlet had opened in a long-vacant storefront. It was a hair styling salon.

I might interject at this point that I had always been blessed with a full-bodied, marvelously textured head of hair. It framed my face elegantly, falling lightly over my somewhat pronounced ears and giving definition to my wide Roman forehead. It was hair able to withstand the vagaries of life; sudden gusts of wind gave me a ruggedly Marlboroian look; after showers, it metamorphosed into these delicious little spit curls. A miracle of nature, really.

I was about two weeks past my Delightfully Shaggy look, and it occurred to me that a "trim," as it's called, might help me in

my upcoming weekend boogie tour of the scores of hip discotheques that dotted my city during the late seventies.

The styling salon was called Will Shear Blvd. The year was 1978. I was twenty-eight years old.

My stylist's name was Oscar, a dark-skinned young man of Mediterranean origin, with a permanently affixed smile and long, long eyelashes.

Thinking back to that day—and I have done so more times than I care to remember—it occurs to me that Oscar may not have understood English, and that the phrase "Just a little off the back and sides" may have been phonetically indistinguishable from "Please fuck my life up completely" in the land of Oscar's upbringing.

I had my eyes closed during the haircut. I remember hearing the soundtrack from *Grease* playing on the stereo system, and a strange snip-snip noise that to this day I have been unable to identify.

When it was over, Oscar swung me around and, smiling, handed me a large teardrop mirror.

The truth is, it was not a sensationally awful cut. I couldn't even articulate what was different about it. It just seemed... off-center, somehow.

I'll live, I thought. It'll grow out in a couple of weeks. I'll be fine.

But I wasn't.

I noticed the difference right away. It seemed like I didn't... bounce the way I usually did when I walked. I thought maybe I was coming down with something, and let it go at that.

But as the weeks wore on, it became apparent to me that something was very, very wrong.

When my hair grew back, the horror of what happened to me became clear. My brow, once so noble and wise, now looked vaguely simian. My face appeared to have widened, and my chin to have receded. The hair around my ears didn't know which way to go, in front of the ears or behind them. Consequently, the hair on my sides stuck out in strange clumps, giving me a kind of Freddie Freeloader effect.

Still, I refused to panic. I had overcome adversity before.

I'll be fine, I kept telling myself.

BUT I WASN'T. WHATEVER OSCAR did to me that day at the mall had profound consequences.

I never felt the same again.

Up until the point of my bad haircut, I was a man not displeased with himself. True, there had been that minor nervous breakdown in a suburban Baltimore dance club during Bicentennial Week—and, of course, the unfortunate incident involving my niece's classmate that precipitated my temporary relocation to the Midwestern states.

Still and all, I couldn't complain. Even though I had come to tolerate, if not



embrace, the conclusion that I was not destined to be one of those blessed souls in whom physical beauty and the inclination toward one's own genius miraculously coincide—the Whitney Houston of Erie, Pennsylvania, so to speak—I was nevertheless at peace with the lot God had given me. I had risen to the plateau of modest self-confidence reserved for the Regis Philbins of this world.

I had, if nothing else, a sense of myself. Given any situation, I could close my eyes and project myself into it—good as any, better than some, cutting up and cracking wise—Swingin' Dick Boler. Still Crazy After All These Years.

That sense of myself *as myself* is what Oscar robbed me of that day. He had shorn me of my Me-ness. And there wasn't a hair stylist or barber on this earth who could help.

I am of the firm belief that there exists deep in all of us the person we were meant to be, an inner vision of purpose that the ancient Hopis called *mawawa*. God puts it in there or something.

The haircut I had in 1978 somehow fundamentally altered me. It was as if I had been clipped into a parallel universe, a world in which everything appears to be exactly the same as it is here on earth—except that now I was my uncle Jimmy.

Entering a room, I had always been accustomed to seeing other people's faces brighten, grateful as they were for my uncanny ability to make the best of whatever awkwardness or injustice life happened to be serving up at the moment. What I began seeing was a subtle yet unmistakable loss of respect in people's eyes, an impatience with my presence that confounded me.

At first, I wrote off the phenomenon as some sort of astrological slump, an aberrant alignment of the planets that was temporarily preventing people from no longer collapsing in a heap of life-affirming laughter at the conclusion of my legendary "Death by Bufu" joke.

But things only got worse. My smile lost its impish quality. The cat wouldn't sleep on my lap anymore. My jump shot fell consistently short and two inches off to the left.

Looking in the mirror, I wasn't sure anymore who I was looking at. Oh, I still had all the right equipment—the nose, the cheekbones, etc. But none of it added up. There was no *there* there.

I felt like a stranger in my own body.

I BECAME CONVINCED THAT IF I could just get my hair back the way it used to be, I'd be fine.

This is where my downward spiral began. During the next couple of years, I had my hair cut hundreds of times. I patronized scores of barbershops and styling salons throughout the greater tristate area, in a doomed search for the man I used to be.

I visited chic boutiques and family hair care centers, European coiffure emporiums and beauty academies. I've been worked on by garlic-breathed Italian barbers, drop-dead-gorgeous Oriental babes, peroxidized divorcées with the shop right on the sun porch, fey "creative hair consultants" with names like John-Michael and Dennise, and a black Jamaican woman who rubbed chicken blood on my scalp to revitalize the roots.

During one particularly frantic stint in a Pittsburgh mall, I had four haircuts in one afternoon, thus developing a severe talc rash on the back of my neck that precipitated my being held for overnight observation in a metropolitan burn unit.

Eventually I turned to chemicals for an answer—rinses, peroxides, aloc, you name it. I played with colors and textures, and went through conditioners like a junkie. I shaved my head and experimented with hair weaves. I've had Mohawks. This is not a pretty tale.

Nothing worked. I knew that there was something wrong with me. Why couldn't anybody help?

Now desperate, I sought answers from the medical community, and then from religion. From specialist to specialist, holy man to holy man, I have roamed. I've been CAT scanned and exorcised, bariumed and baptized.

And always, when the dust clears, I am left looking exactly the way I did when I

walked out of Will Shear Blvd. that day in 1978—cursed with a haircut that looks like it's been dropped on me from a distance of ten feet.

THINGS HAVE TURNED OUT OKAY for me, I guess. It's not as though I ended up a mere shell of a man, living in a squalid Manhattan hotel, passing my days at the window complaining about gas smells and feeding my friends, the pigeons.

Next month will mark my five-year anniversary as a claims adjuster at Erie Insurance, a wonderful company with an employee profit-sharing plan without rival. I have a lovely wife and twin boys, Zeke and Sloop. We live in a ranch house in Lancelot Heights, a state-of-the-art subdivision, just minutes by minivan from a McDonald's.

It's not as though we don't have our share of problems: my wife seems to have contracted Edward Merrick's disease, our son Zeke is dabbling in satanism—a hobby I personally feel is a tad too obscure for a two-year-old, and it looks like we've got chinch bugs again this year.

Overall, though, it's a good life. I can't complain. And yet... and yet...

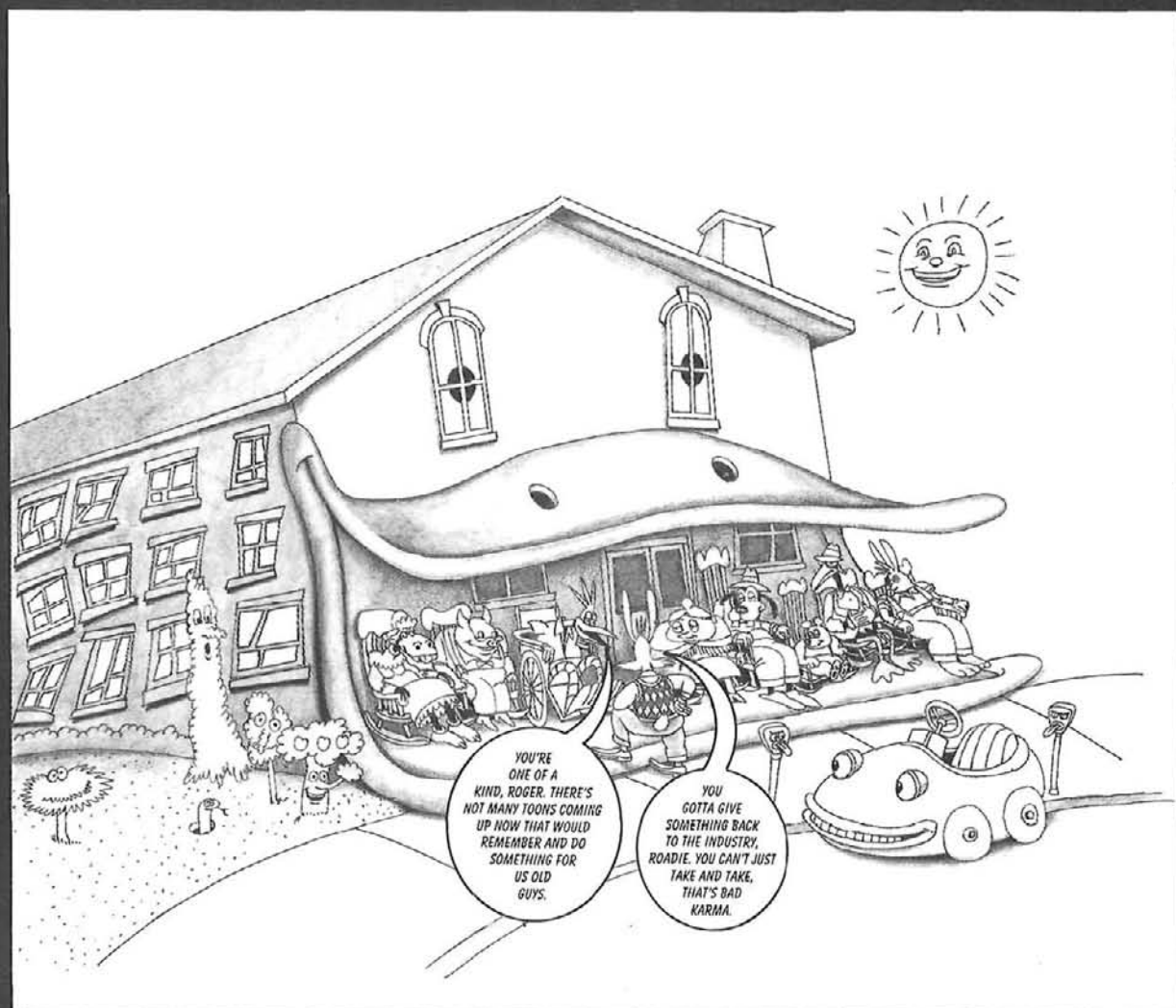
And yet, a day hardly goes by when I don't stop and look at the stranger in the mirror. I look and look. I move my arm, so does he. I make a face, he mimics me. I spin around real fast, he's still there.

It still amazes me. ■



Who screwed ROGER RAREBIT

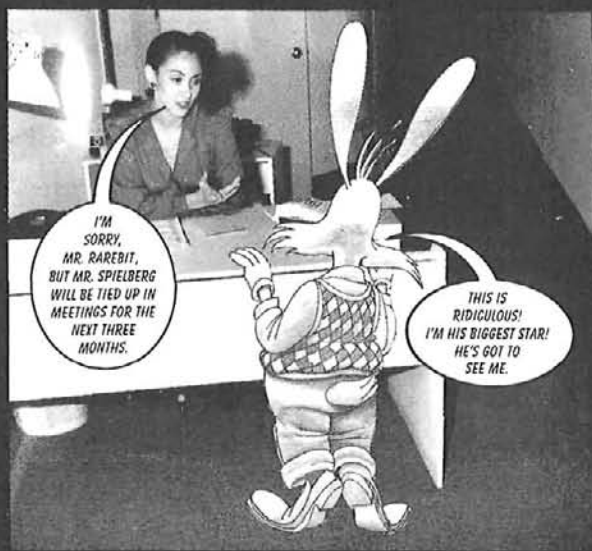
Screenplay by **Larry Sloman** Cinematography by **Harry Heleotis** Animated by **Randy Jones**





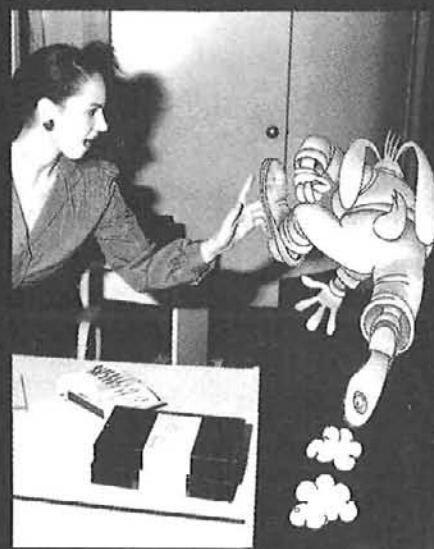
YOU JUST HAVE TO CLOSE THE HOME, ROGER. YOU DON'T HAVE THE CASH FLOW. AMBLIN HAS NOT PAID US CENT ONE SINCE THE MOVIE WRAPPED.

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THEY OWE ME AT LEAST FIVE MILLION ON THE BACK END. I'M GOING TO SEE SPIELBERG RIGHT NOW!



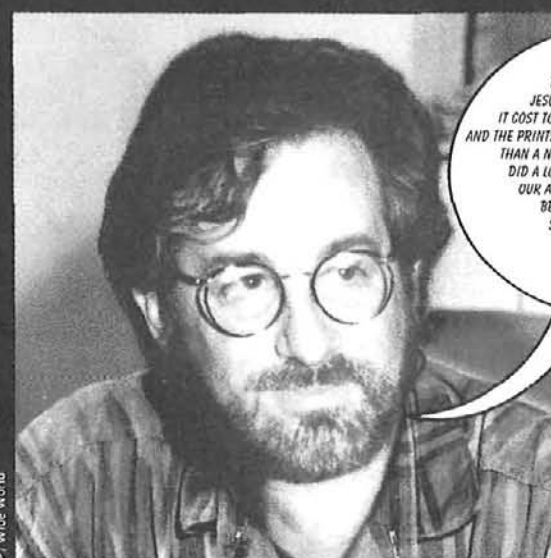
I'M SORRY, MR. RAREBIT, BUT MR. SPIELBERG WILL BE TIED UP IN MEETINGS FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M HIS BIGGEST STAR! HE'S GOT TO SEE ME.



ROG, SWEETHEART, QUÉ PASA? HOW'S JESSIE? ANY LITTLE ONES YET? AFTER ALL, YOU ARE A RABBIT.

CUT THE SMALL TALK, STEVEN. WHERE'S MY MONEY? I HAD FIVE POINTS OF THAT DAMN MOVIE.



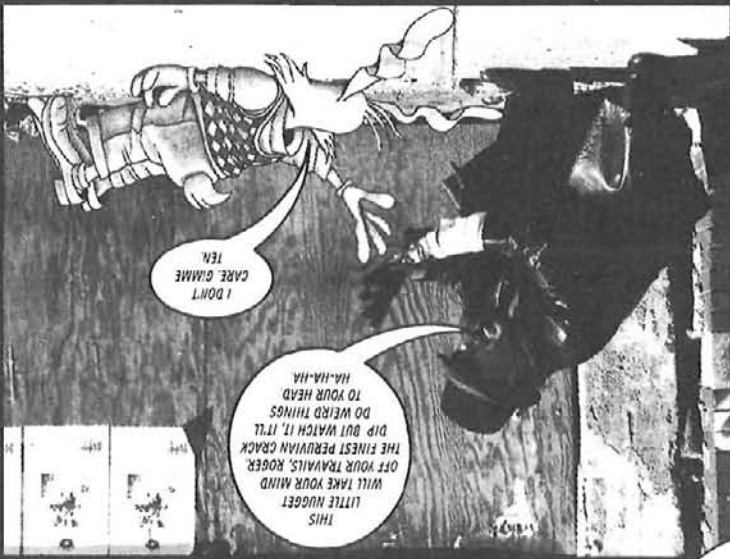
THERE'S NO MONEY ON THE BACK END, ROGER. JESUS, YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT COST TO DO THOSE FANTASTIC EFFECTS? AND THE PRINTS WERE FOUR TIMES MORE EXPENSIVE THAN A NORMAL FILM. DON'T FORGET WE DID A LOT OF REGIONAL ADVERTISING. OUR ACCOUNTANTS SAY WE MIGHT BE IN THE BLACK IN ABOUT SIX OR SEVEN YEARS, IF THE VIDEO SELLS, SAY, TWELVE OR THIRTEEN MILLION UNITS.



WELL, HOW ABOUT AN ADVANCE UNTIL WE DO THE SEQUEL? I NEED THE BREAD OR THEY REPOSSESS MY RETIRED TOON STARS HOME.

NEW YORK POST
TOON TRAGEDY
ORIGINAL ROGER
RAREBIT KILLS SELF
 ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THA-THA-THAT'S ALL, FOLKS!



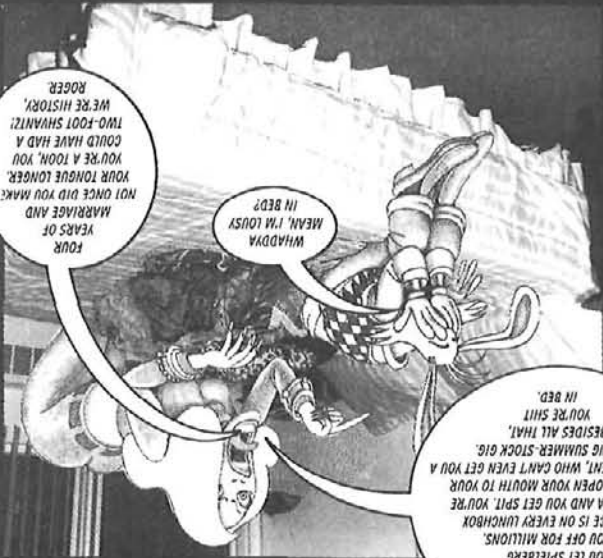
I DON'T CARE, GAME TEN.

THIS LITTLE NUGGET WILL TAKE YOUR MIND OF YOUR TRAVELS, ROGER. THE FINEST PERUVIAN CRACK DIP BUT WATCH IT, I'LL DO WEIRD THINGS TO YOUR HEAD. HA-HA-HA.



WHAT ABOUT THE TOONS ASSHOLE? WHAT ABOUT US?

AND FINALLY, I'D LIKE TO THANK ALL THE LITTLE PEOPLE WHO WORKED ON 'ROGER RAREBIT.' WITHOUT THEM, WE WOULDN'T BE UP HERE TONIGHT.



FOUR YEARS OF MARRIAGE AND NOT ONCE DID YOU MAKE YOUR TONGUE LONGER, YOU'RE A TOON, YOU COULD HAVE HAD A TWO-FOOT SHANANZI! WE'RE HISTORY, ROGER.

WHADDYA MEAN, I'M LOUSY IN BED?

YOU'RE GOT NO BALLS! YOU LET SPIELBERG RIP YOU OFF FOR MILLIONS. IN AMERICA AND YOU GET SPIT, YOU'RE AFRAID TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO YOUR SO-CALLED AGENT, WHO CAN'T EVEN GET YOU A FUCKING SUMMER STOCK GIG. RESIDES ALL THAT, YOURS SHIT IN BED.



YOU'VE GOT NO BALLS! YOU LET SPIELBERG RIP YOU OFF FOR MILLIONS. IN AMERICA AND YOU GET SPIT, YOU'RE AFRAID TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH TO YOUR SO-CALLED AGENT, WHO CAN'T EVEN GET YOU A FUCKING SUMMER STOCK GIG. RESIDES ALL THAT, YOURS SHIT IN BED.

I REALLY LOVED YOU IN THAT MOVIE, THAT KILLED ME. I MEAN, YOU'RE DYNAMITE.

THE OLDE SANDUSKY LARD BARN

*Providing you with the world's most
beloved food products since 1975*

LOGS 'N' LOAVES APLENTY!

YES, WE HAVE ENTRAILS!

SEND THE GIFT THEY CAN CHEW!

CALLING ALL
CHOLESTEROL!



Send orders to: The Olde Sandusky Lard Barn, 1789 Slaughterhouse Industrial Blvd., Sandusky, Ohio 04322.

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Our Solemn Pledge of Quality

My friends, once again I take a large portion of delight and pleasure in welcoming you to our new galaxy of the world's most beloved food substances.

In an ever-changing world in which many of us have seen our lives invaded by roaming teenage death gangs, inflamed prostates, and that sad feeling I'm sure we all get when we think of the late Allen Ludden, isn't it a comfort to sit down with family and share a meal resplendent with a sumptuous selection of Logs and Loaves, Wieners and Tube Steaks, Groggs and Pilsners, and the great Cheeses of the twentieth century?

It is in this spirit of communion and satiety that I make our annual pledge to you, our special customer. *I pledge that all our foods will be very filling.*

You know, I get a lot of kidding about the size of our ample portions, but let me say this: when we sit down to a meal in the Steinkhulk household we often don't leave the table for days. I happen to think it would spoil things if, at some point during the weekend, Mother Steinkhulk had to leave the table because the food basket was not large enough. I think I speak for

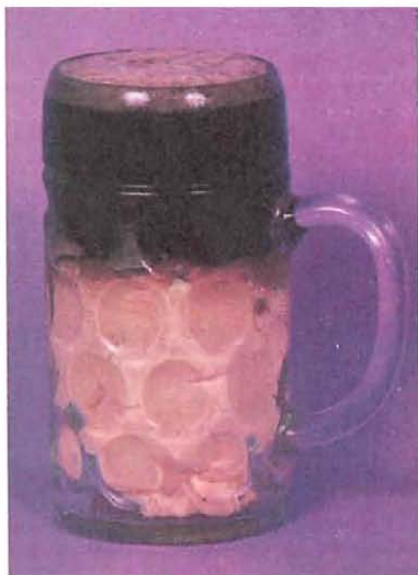


VERN STEINKHULK, "MR. CHEESE FOODS"

a whole generation when I say that once you start the actual process of eating, *nobody* wants to spoil it with the heartbreak of movement.

But enough talk, *let's eat!*

Let's all have seconds,



Cheese Pilsner!

Gift No. 1230

\$25.00/Dozen

Here it is, the hearty brew that smells like a yeast infection! Is it a cool, satisfying quaff of beer served in a decorative TANKARD, or is it the finest Sandusky SWEATING CHEESE served in a decorative TANKARD? You decide! A stellar gift idea for loved ones who can't hold down a steady job.

Coconut Clam Log!

Gift No. 456

\$17.95

The newest member of the Sandusky Lard Barn's fraternity of good eating, this enticing party log, hand-sprinkled with the finest Samoan coconut shavings, is like a soft bed in which we tuck our tender 'n' moist nuggets of raw harbor clams! Great for cocktail parties or lonely midnight snacks! Sure to be a winner with the kids, too, because it boasts a creamy raspberry center.





Family Food Safari!

Gift No. 790

\$89.00

You had better divvy this ever-popular food basket up in the kitchen ahead of time, or else the whole clan will be forking each other's hands in a desperate attempt to grab the lion's share of this cornucopia! This one has it all: individual vats of ROAD APPLE BUTTER, our famous CHEDDAR PECAN GRAVY WHEEL, FRIED PUMPERNICKEL WITH GLAZE, GOAT PROSTATE PÂTÉ, CHOCOLATE-COATED BARK from Nova Scotia, LOCKJAW TOFFEE, PRE-LICKED PETTT FOURS, CARAMELIZED DINGLEBERRIES, CINNAMON SAUSAGE, CRÈME DE MENTHE MÜNSTER FOAM, METAMUCIL, CANADIAN MOUNTED CHEESE, TOE CHEESE, JELLIED FIG HUSK, BRANDIED FISH BALLS, CAVIAR AND MARSHMALLOW LOAF, SMOKED SUCKFISH PLANKS, CORNED BEEF PASTE, CHAIN REACTION SAUSAGE, and a case of BLOAT SAUSAGE.

Lonely Gal Loaf 'n' Log Assortment!

Gift No. 624

\$36.50

Be she a widow, divorcée, single mom, or recluse, I'm sure we all have someone on our gift list who seems to be searching for more than just a meal. Leave this Log 'n' Loaf gift on her doorstep some night, dim the lights, then tiptoe away. Watch her face light up the next day when a cool breeze reminds her of the humid promise of the night before! We won't tell if you don't!

Cheese Loaves:

Astroturf Cheddar
Jack Cheese with Hair
Havarti Beer Nuts
Sawdust 'n' Raisin Cheese Loaf

Sausage & Wiener Logs:

Bangers in White Sauce
Spunkwurst
Blood-Engorged Bratwurst
Chain Gang Sausage

**** Ten-Foot-Long Two-Header ****

**** Strawberry Massage Gel ****



Condiments of the Ohio Basin!

Gift No. 452

\$24.95

Like a day in the park, this assortment is sure to have you pining away for a simpler time buoyed with a very basic array of flavors. Each basket includes:

Wonder Bread	butter	ice cream sprinkles
Miracle Whip	pepper	and of course,
Heinz ketchup	Velveeta	Sloppy Joe mix

Candied Melon Fudge Pack!

Gift No. 444

\$100.00

This fudge has a manly, nutty texture. An absolute must for the uncle who never did get married. I don't really feel like talking about this right now.



INDIVIDUAL GIFT UNITS!

Box of Sticky!

Gift No. 2689

\$5.00

Turn out the lights, open the box, put your hand in it, and squeeze!!!

A Cavalcade of Trouser Breezes!

Gift No. 912

\$50.00

"Father, is that you?" That's what you'll all be saying when Pop puts the finishing touches on this outrageous collection of foods that men seem to love so much! Yes, this *is* the formula we sold to the CIA to protect operatives in Eastern Europe! We even provide a box of sulfur-burning matches!

Includes: CABBAGE HUSK FILLED WITH BEAN PURÉE, PORT WINE CHEESE FRAPPE, CHEDDAR BALL ROLLED IN RAW PORK, BALSAMIC GROUND CHUCK, THREE-ALARM CHILI SQUARES, CORN DOGS WITH MOLE SAUCE, and HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE RIBS. And don't forget the beer!

Backyard Vat o' Jam!

Gift No. 127

\$3,560.00

More fun than a pool, and better-tasting too! This is the *original* industrial-sized five-hundred gallon vat of grape jam. It comes with foot ladder and pulley-hoist serving system.

Pope's Nose on a Stick!

Gift No. 333

\$8.95

Delicious frozen treats for a *hot* August day! Six pope's noses mounted on cedar sticks with individual dipping-sauce pods.

Sauces:

Praline Sherbet	Neapolitan
White Fudge Royale	Watermelon Bubblegum

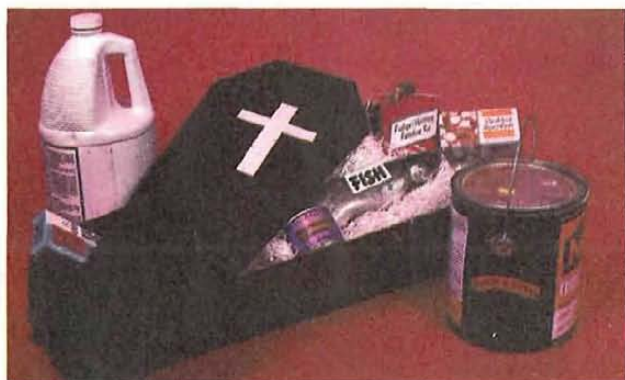
Family-Sized Blob o' Shit!

Gift No. 2

\$14.95

What remains to be said about this enduring classic? Note the deep rich color and smooth texture! The Sandusky Blob is the Cadillac of blobs!

A Death in the Family Assortment!



Gift No. 8000

\$400.00

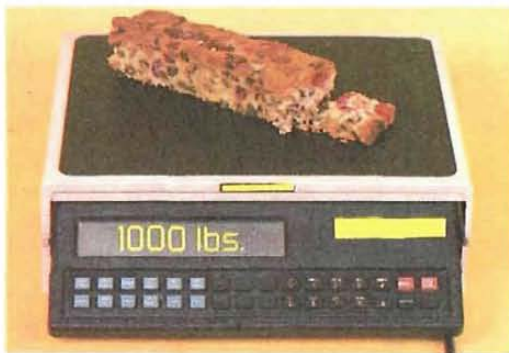
When Auld Cloutie taps Grandpa on the shoulder, are you really going to want to spend your time cooking while that bitter hag Enid runs off with the Kittinger armoire? I certainly hope not. This thoughtful package not only provides you with all the food and drink your family requires in your hour of need, it also frees you to get in there and pry loose those heirlooms you've been coveting for so long! Includes: TWELVE-GALLON JUG OF LABORATORY ALCOHOL, LACQUERED NUT SELECTION (display only), KIDNEY 'N' HAIR PIE, ASPIRIN CHEESE LOG, and of course, seafood!—BUCKET O' SMELTS, COCKTAIL SQUIDLETS, FUDGE/HERRING FONDUE KIT, BARNACLE CHUTNEY, and SCROD SACS!

The Leviathan!

Gift No. 783

\$75.00

The leviathan, simply put, is the world's densest fruitcake! Roughly the size of a transistor radio, this little wonder weighs in excess of one thousand pounds! One morsel guaranteed to fill you for weeks.



Teddy Bear Cheesey!

Gift No. 111 \$24.95

Creamy, naturally manufactured cheese wrapped in real grizzly bear pelt. As we've always said, "If you can hug it, you should be able to eat it!"

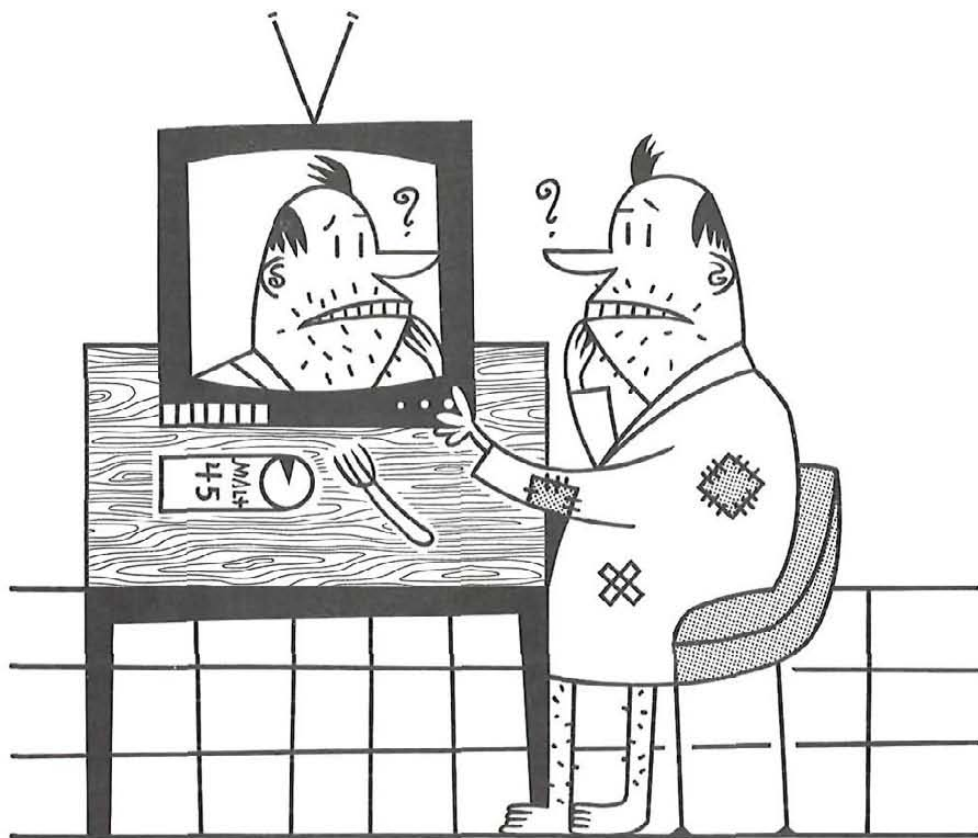


Until next year, when I'm sure our journey will find us full and pleased, let me thank you for your order in advance, and remind you that it's not just food, it's *filling* food.

Order now and receive a monogrammed nylon cheese decanter.

Send orders to: The Olde Sandusky Lard Barn,
1789 Slaughterhouse Industrial Blvd.,
Sandusky, Ohio 04322.

FRED!



8:05 A.M.

Fred hums the theme from *Rocky*. *Feelin' strong nowwww...* His head hurts. Fred sits down at the kitchen table, flicks on the TV, reaches for a bottle of aspirin, and knocks over an empty beer can. *Won't be long nowwww...*

Channel 3 beckons. A horror movie. A hideous face stares at Fred from the screen. Swampy half-moons for eyes. Teeth like dirty ice. Its nostrils are hairy shotgun barrels. Where's Willard Scott?

Click. He turns to Channel 5. Some sort of *National Geographic* documen-

tary. A moonscape. Small craters, dried-up rivers and sump holes... shaded by an ebony telephone pole? No. It's a hair. In the background: the theme from *Rocky*. Where's Willard?

Click. To Channel 9. A balding man shaped like an inverted lightbulb hunches over a Formica table, scratching his crotch with the Fred-proof lid to an aspirin container.

Wait.

That's Fred's ratty bathrobe. And Fred in it.

"What the fuck?"

"What the [heck]?" the TV says.

Click. Click. Click.

Fred's on *all* the stations.

Fred stares at himself and self-consciously stops scratching his crotch. Where's the camera?

"OKAY, SCHRADER! YOU WIN!" Fred tells his apartment. "I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU!"

Giggling nervously, he scurries to the front door and steps outside. Nobody there. Fred picks up the newspaper and waves it like a white flag.

"SCHRADER! YOU GOT ME THIS TIME! I GIVE UP! BEST ONE YET!"

Returning to the kitchen, Fred notices today's headline.

by Hart Seely and Tom Peyer

Illustrations by J. D. King

HANGOVER EXPECTED FOR FRED

Page one shows a photo of Fred leaving Kelly's Bar last night. His shirt needs tucking. His eyes are slits. He leans into Kelly's front doorway, flipping the peace sign.

On the prowl late Monday was Fred Moorehouse, who talked about the Yankees, world politics, his ex-wife, Frances, large-breasted girls, and fame in a rambling, three-hour commentary at Kelly's. [SEE ACCOMPANYING STORIES. Full text of Moorehouse remarks—page A2.]

The Lifestyle section reports:

MOOREHOUSE'S TORTILLA TROUBLES: DON'T GET ME STARTED, OR I'LL EAT A MILLION

On the sports page:

MOOREHOUSE, YANKS LOSE

"Fuggin' unbelievable!"

"[Fairly] unbelievable," the TV says.

8:37 A.M. Fred drives out of the complex. He's not sure how Schrader did it, printing a fake newspaper, broadcasting phony TV shows. He's not sure why Schrader did it. Or if Schrader did it. But who else would?

"—JUST LEFT HOME AND IS SAID TO BE EN ROUTE TO WORK," a radio announcer says. "MONITORING STATIONS ALONG THE WAY INDICATE A SLIGHT DELAY THAT COULD BE A RESULT OF LAST NIGHT'S EPISODE. ON THAT NOTE, WE GO NOW TO CORRESPONDENT EDWARD R. LEVINE, WHO HAS BEEN WATCHING—"

Fred's finger twiddles the dial.

"FEELING FRED NOWWWWWW..." the Ray Conniff singers croon. "DON'T BE WET NOWWWWWW..."

"WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL NEWS BULLETIN.

"THE WHITE HOUSE SECONDS AGO REVISED EARLIER PROJECTIONS CONCERNING FRED MOOREHOUSE'S SCHEDULE AND NOW SAYS THE

STOOPVILLE, NEW YORK, NATIVE IS RUNNING SEVEN MINUTES LATE FOR WORK.

"THE CAUSE OF THIS DELAY IS STILL UNCLEAR, BUT EXPERTS SAY MOOREHOUSE MIGHT MAKE UP THE LOST TIME AT BREAKFAST. THE PUBLIC IS URGED NOT TO PANIC.

"REPEATING: FRED MOOREHOUSE IS SAID TO BE RUNNING SEVEN MINUTES LATE—"

Fred starts screaming when he passes the billboard.

WELCOME TO STOOPVILLE, a twenty-foot-tall Fred says, raising a beer glass cheerfully. DRIVE CAREFULLY.

Below the billboard, a gray-haired man sits on the tailgate of a pickup truck surrounded by an assortment of velvet paintings of Fred in a tasseled leather jacket.

"Go for it, King," the man shouts.

8:51 A.M. "MOMMY, LOOK!" a boy shouts, pointing. "FRED'S HERE!"

The crowd at Rocky's Diner applauds. Fred notices a few boos from a corner booth.

The TV behind the grill shows an image of Fred standing in the doorway, biting his nails.

"Let the man through, folks," a toothless old-timer shouts. "He's lookin' for Schrader!"

"Schrader's not here, Freddie," a fat woman hollers. "Have a cup o' mud anyway!"

Fred marches through a cheering crowd to the counter, where the old-timer gives up his seat. Several teens push their way up close to wave over Fred's shoulder. "STOOPVILLE'S NUMBER ONE!" they shout. "BEAT POTTERTOWN!"

"T-too bad about th-those Y-Y-Yanks, eh, Fred?" the postman says, dabbing his forehead with a napkin.

"Yeah," Fred says, studying his TV image. He pushes a few strands of hair over his bald spot.

"QUIET, EVERYBODY!" Rocky shouts, scurrying over to Fred. "I got somepin to say."

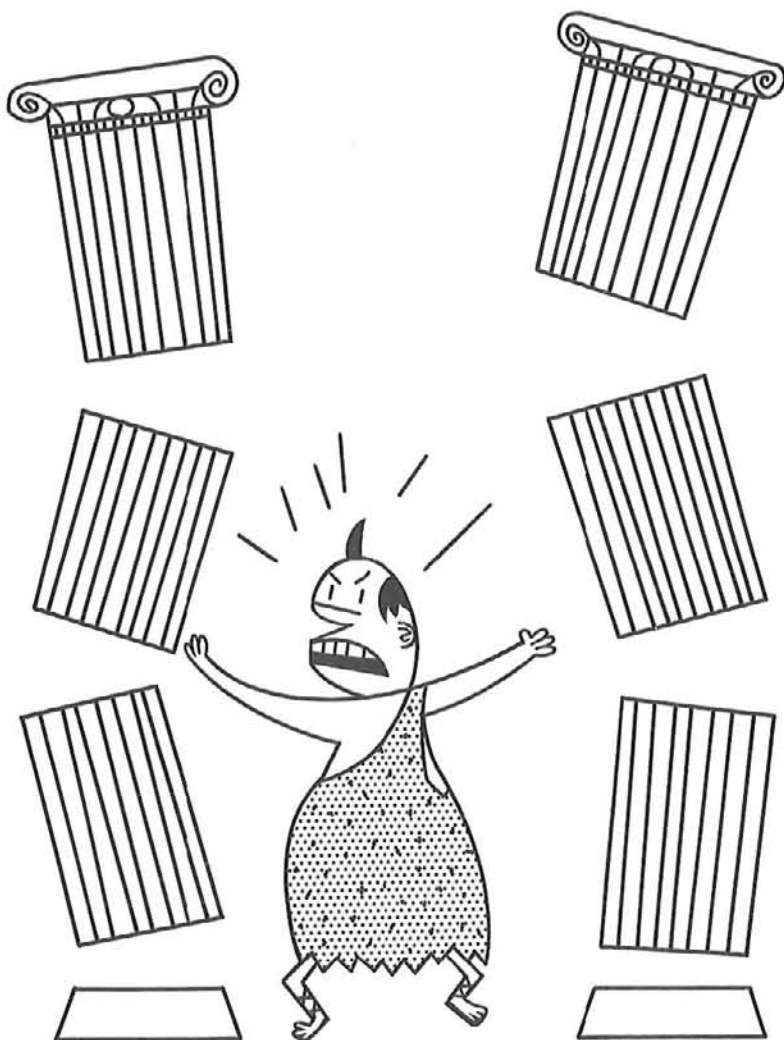
He pushes a bag into Fred's hand.

"Pleasure to serve ya, Mr. Moorehouse, Your Honor, sir."

Tortilla chips.

"NOT QUITE A MILLION, EH, FREDDIE?" the fat





lady sings.

Fred rushes from Rocky's while the teens chant "MOORE-HOUSE, MOORE-HOUSE..."

9:01 A.M.

than that!"

The little girl's shoes tap wildly on the gravel. She barely keeps up with Fred as he marches through the lot.

"Really, Mr. Moorehouse! SHE CAN DANCE!" The woman's eyes are BBs. "Donna's not herself today. She's got a bum knee. Shots don't kill the pain. You should see her when she's on! She's a sweetheart, I tell you! *America's dancin' sweetheart!* KICK, GODDAMN YOU, you little, heh-heh, bleep."

A black limo screeches to a halt, missing little Donna by inches. Fred pries the lady's talons from his wrist.

"Miss, I gotta go."

"Oh, *sure*, Fred. Why the hell should *you* care about helping a little sweetheart, eh? DANCE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DONNA, WE'RE ON TV! Well, I only hope that someday when you're on the way down, MISTER BIG TIME, somebody comes along and *mumfff*—"

Three men in dark suits leap from the limo and chloro-

"Come on, Donna!" a blue-haired lady shrieks. "You're faster

form the woman. They fold her like a flag, toss her in the trunk. A slender man steps lightly from the backseat, pats little Donna on the head, and looks Fred squarely in the eye.

"GLAD TO SEE YA, FRED," the vice president says, a hand outstretched, shirtsleeves rolled up.

"Sir... I...?"

They hold the shake while cameras whirl.

"Sir, maybe you can tell me what's going on?"

"Glad to," the vice president says, smiling. "What's going on, Fred, is prosperity for this great country. America is BETTER THAN EVER! This administration's bold new initiatives have turned FEAR INTO HOPE."

"Sir? I mean... why are you talking to *me*?"

"Exactly!" the vice president says. "I see an America that is vibrant, EVER-IMPROVING... Fred? Where are you going?"

9:14 A.M.

PREDICTS," the *National Enquirer* shouts.

"SWEDISH DOCTORS SAY MOOREHOUSE MUST SLOW DOWN," the *New York Times* says.

"WE LOVE FRED, AND FRED LOVES US," *USA*

"FRED TO MARRY MADONNA IN '88, PSYCHIC

Today says. A rainbow-colored pie chart shows what Fred ate in 1988.

Fred grabs a *TV Guide*—he's on the cover with Oprah—and happens to open it to last night's listings.

Monday 8:30 PM

[3] KELLY'S PLACE—Variety.

Saluting the jukebox, guest host Fred Moorehouse punches up "New York, New York" and the theme from "Rocky."

[5] NIGHTS OF OUR TIMES—Drama.

After learning that his ex-wife, Frances, is dating again, Fred goes to Kelly's and tries to pick up the barmaid.

[ESPN] FRED TALK

What members of the 1978 Yankees belong in Baseball's Hall of Fame?

[43] NOVA

"The Moorehouse Effect." The impact of beer on a 42-year-old man is studied by Swedish scientists.

"Hey," the newsstand owner shouts. "This ain't a library, Fred."

The video rental posters behind him catch Fred's eye.

Fred Does Dallas! says one, with a picture of Fred smoking a cigarette in his underwear. *Moorehouse Unchained!* shows Fred in a lion skin, pushing apart two limestone pillars. *Fred Dawn!* reveals Fred standing in

"Take a guess."

"It's \$8.98, plus tax, sir."

Gleason gets up from his desk.

"Fred, what if I were to tell you that today—TODAY, in the Gleason Family of Hardware Stores—TODAY, these forge-glazed, rust-resistant knives are on sale for only \$5.95!"

Fred's jaw drops.

"Oh, no."

"OH, YES!" Gleason howls. "ONLY \$5.95! You're probably wondering, Fred, how we can make any money offering this knife at such a low, low price—"

"Mr. Gleason—"

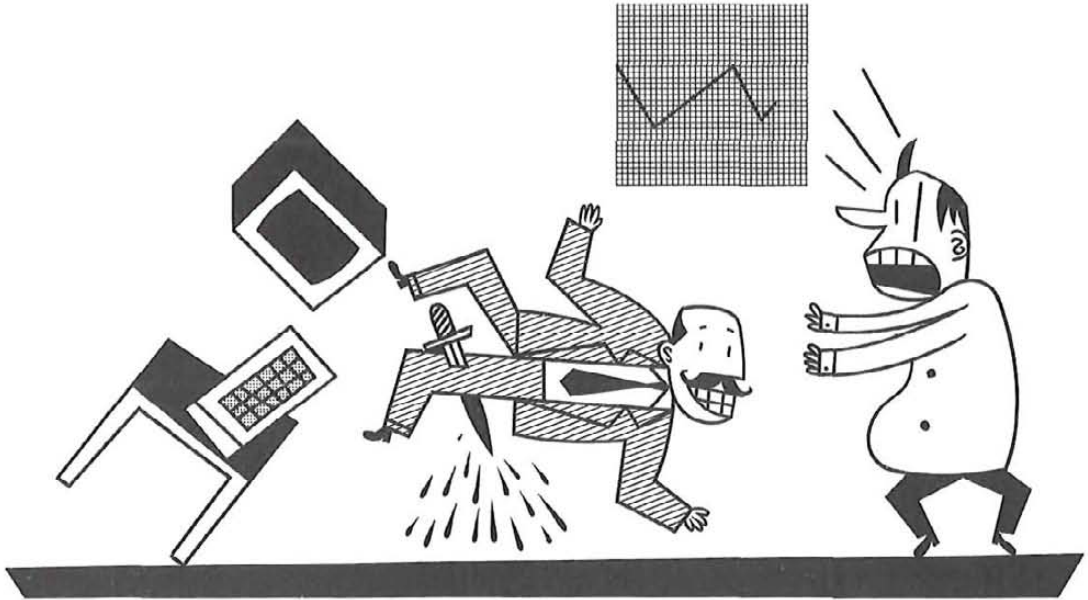
"—but we at the Gleason Family—" Gleason places a trembling hand on Fred's shoulder.

"DON'T DO THIS TO ME!"

Fred shoves Gleason backwards. The little man trips, knocks over a computer terminal, and hits the floor, clutching his leg. The handle of the forge-glazed, rust-resistant knife juts out of his thigh.

"Mr. Gleason!"

"That's... okay... Fred," Gleason groans, pulling out the bloody knife, holding it high in the air. "Sharp, eh?... Heh-heh. Oooooohhhh... Here at Gleason Family Products... Stoopville!... Stop in... Or call... OOOOOHH..."



his kitchen this morning.

"My God," Fred cries, running into the Gleason Building. "They're even bootlegging me!"

"Fred! You were fantastic," says Fawn, the receptionist. "And with the vice president! We were so proud!"

"IS MR. GLEASON HERE?"

"In his office, Fred. He's waiting."

Gleason's door is open.

"Mr. Gleason, sorry I'm late. I've had, well, a wild morning. I mean... everywhere I go, it's TV, radio... Everywhere, it's... me."

Gleason holds up a hunting knife and smiles nervously.

"How much do you think this costs, Fred?"

"Mr. Gleason, I—"

Pop. A flame bursts from the toppled computer. Fred scrambles from Gleason's office as smoke rolls out the door.

"COME ON, BROTHERS, FRED'S LEADIN' A WORKERS' REVOLUTION!" a janitor screams. "LET'S GO! WE GOT NOTHIN' TO LOSE BUT OUR CHAINS!"

"IT'S AS WE FEARED!" the comptroller shouts. "MOOREHOUSE MUST BE DESTROYED!"

Fred rounds a corner and bumps into a security guard.

"It was an accident," Fred pleads.

"Hi, Mom!" the guard says, waving at himself in the overhead TV.

Fred sprints out the front door.

A red Jaguar shrieks to a halt in front of him. The passenger door swings open. A stunning blonde in a silk dress purses her lips.

"Get in," she murmurs.

Fred gets in. The tires squeal. Bullets whiz past the side mirror as the Jaguar takes a corner doing eighty miles per hour.

"So," she whispers while the car weaves through traffic. "At last we meet."

Fred moves a strand of hair over his bald spot.

"I've watched you from afar," she coos, licking her lips. "You may be the only man alive who can help me."

She turns off onto a deserted ocean beach road, stops the car, and stares into Fred's soul.

"Hold me, Fred," she says. "HOLD ME TIGHT."

Her mouth opens. The music rises. A wave crashes onto the shore.

11:53 A.M. Beep. Fred hums a song he's never heard. His head hurts. Fred sits down at the kitchen table, flicks on the TV, reaches for a bottle of aspirin, and knocks over a wineglass.

Wineglass?

It's next to the silver earrings.

"Answer the phone, Fred," a myna bird squawks.

Beep.

A cellular phone!

Bee— "Hello?"

"Frederick P. Moorehouse! The idea!"

"... Ma?"

"Fred, I think you oughta apologize to Mr. Gleason right now. And I can't believe what happened with that ... that floozy. I dunno how many times I warned you about her kind. You know, you got good blood runnin' in ya. Don't give it away. You oughta call Frances and get back together. And for God's sake, close up your bathrobe."

Fred closes up his bathrobe. It's monogrammed, made of blue suede leather.

"Ma?"

"Yes, pumpkin?"

"What's going on?"

"Don't act dumb! You think I dunno what goes on during commercials?"

"Ma?"

"Yes, pumpkin?"

"Please turn me off."

"Are you kidding? I wanna see what happens."

A pounding on the door.

"OPEN UP, FRED! IT'S THE POLICE."

A battering ram splinters the front door, and a team of camouflaged commandos bursts inside to train automatic weapons on Fred.

"Gleason's dead, Fred," the captain shouts. "The commissioner wants to see you down at headquarters."

"This is it, Moorehouse," a fat sergeant growls. "This time we got you nailed to the wall."

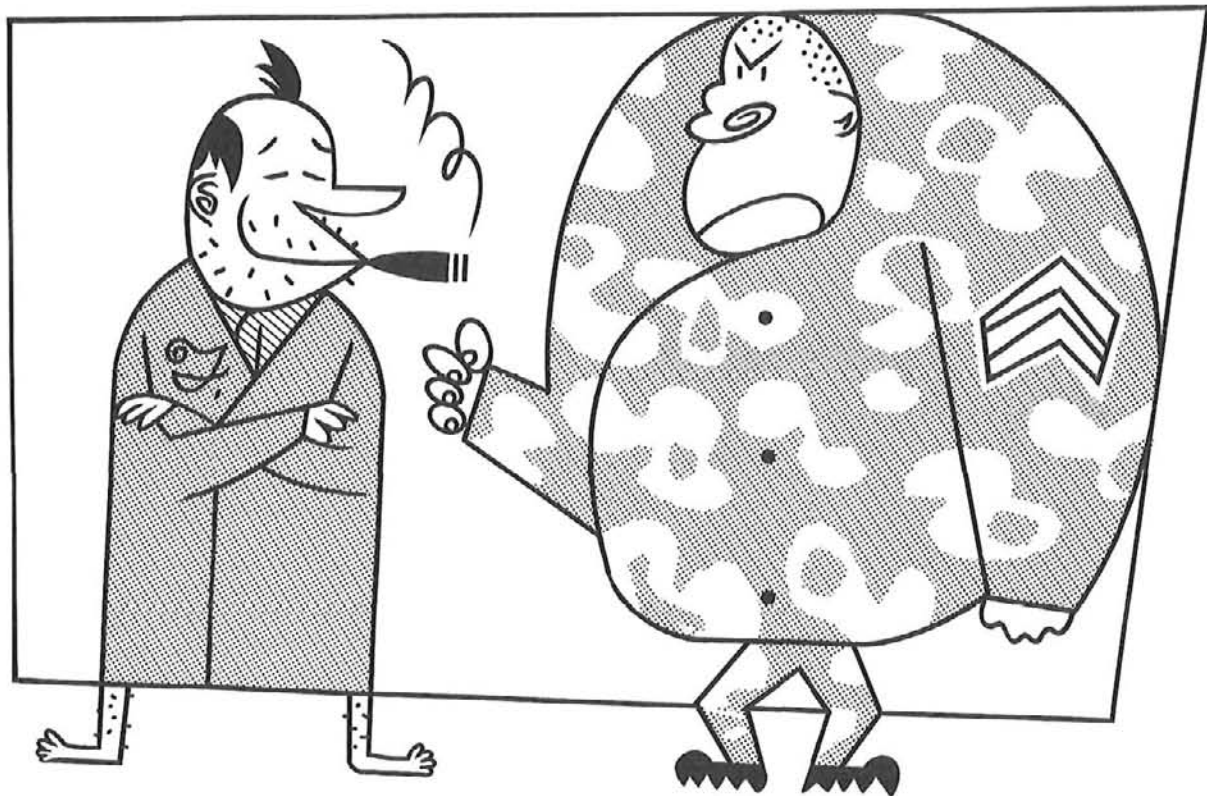
Fred takes a deep breath and smiles.

"Well, well, if it isn't my old pal, Sergeant Patton," Fred says, pulling a cigar from his silver case. "They let you out while the crypt is being cleaned?"

"Why, I oughta—" The sergeant tightens his fists.

"That's enough, you two," the captain says, as Fred lights his cigar and marches outside.

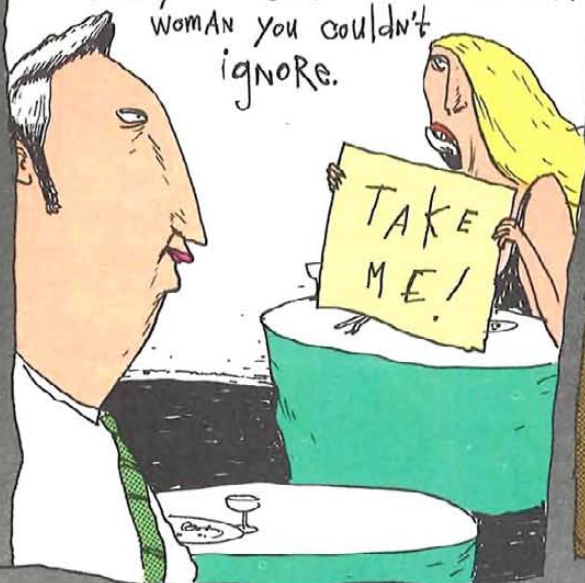
The theme from *Fred* plays in the background. ■



STRANGE GIRL

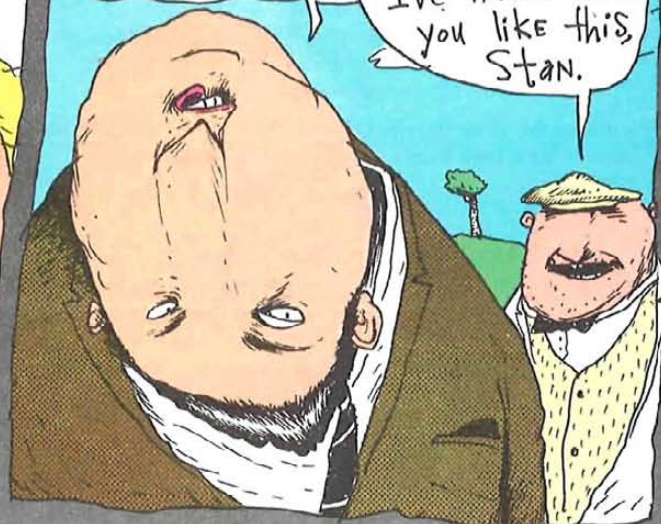
by buddy hickerson

I met this strange girl, Pasha, in a crowded restaurant last year. She was the kind of woman you couldn't ignore.



I'm telling you, Bill. This new girlfriend of mine makes my head spin. I view life differently.

I've never seen you like this, Stan.



No one understood... They all said she was bad for me.

More weasel-brain pie, Pookems? Yum! It's got lard and cow entrails and cinder block and crushed glass and asbestos and riboflavin and pig pudendum and rat hairs and Jimmy Hoffa and artificial flavorings.

What, dear? Is this low-cal?

And for dessert... fiberglass torte.



After I dumped all my old friends, we tried to make new ones, but Pasha would always find a way to upset them.

SCREW YOU!! Idi Amin wasn't such a bad guy!!

He was a genius at Zoning!

Sometimes she would drink excessively and then Really embarrass me.

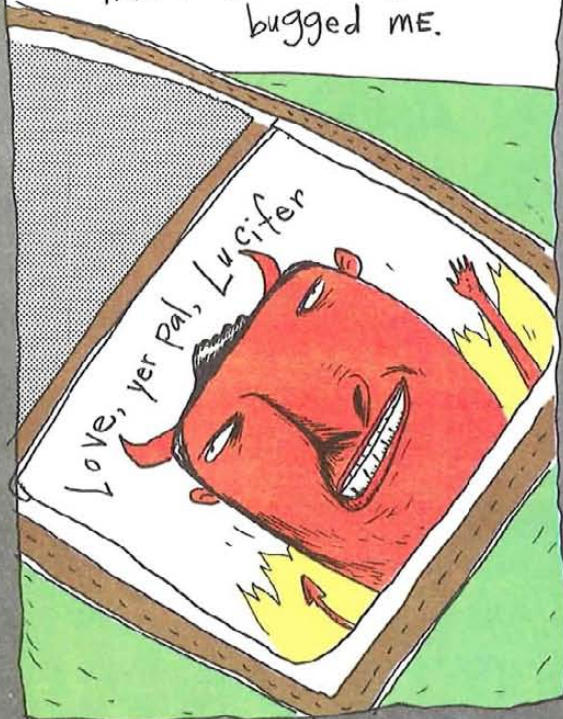
HEY!

Look, EVERYBODY!! I don't have to get up early on Saturday to see Pee-wee!!

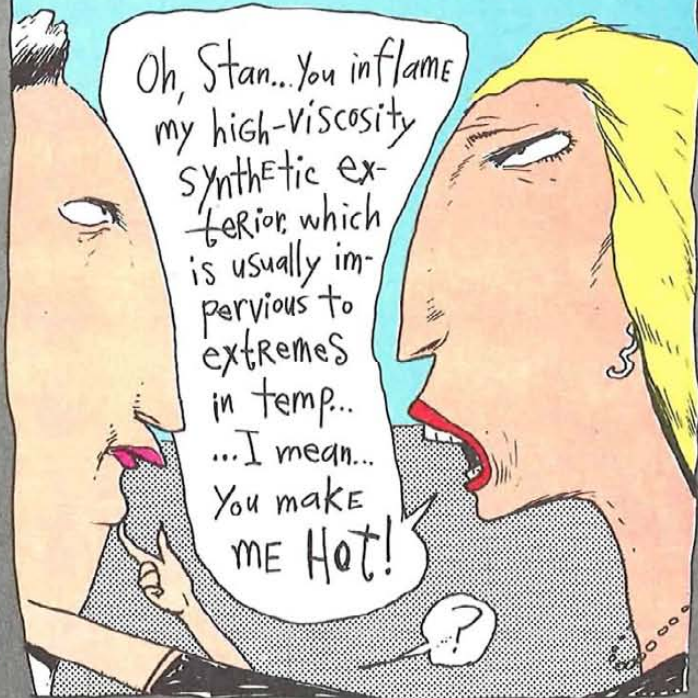
On rare occasions she would put out an effort to "make friends."

OK! ALL you guys that weren't breast-fed as infants... ..SINGLE FILE!

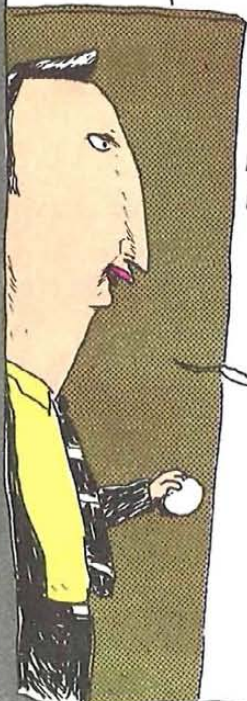
The photo of the devil she had in her wallet kinda bugged me.



She'd make odd remarks during intimate moments.



I put up with her proclivities until a few days ago. I came home one night and couldn't believe my eyes. She had cut up the PIZZA BOY (in eighths) and had placed his parts in Jars.

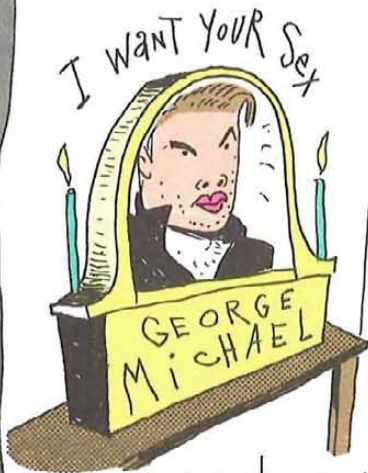


DON'T COME IN HERE!!
I'M EXPERIMENTING, YOU MORON!! GET THE HELL OUT!!

I said to myself...
"Patience...
Patience..."



Stumbling down to the basement to collect my dazed thoughts, I saw the vilest, most putrid display of her sickness yet!



A shrine to an unshaven syrup-rock musical obscenity!!

LATER that night... I let her have it...

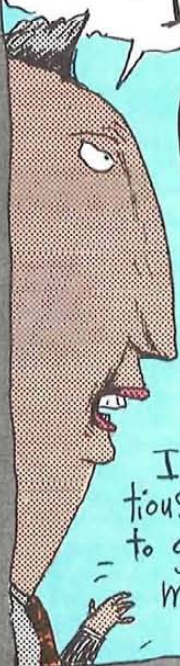


I can't take it anymore, Pasha!! You're just too DAMN weird!! I want you and your SLIME out of here!!

Did I mention, I was an alien?



What? An ALIEN? You mean one of those things the filmmakers use to guarantee big BOX OFFICE BUCKS? I LOVE ALIENS!!



Come back to my PLANET, then! Meet my folks!!

Wow, o.k.!!

I was trepidatious but decided to give her ONE more chance....



LATER... Hey, Everybody!!

I brought back an Earthling! His name is Stan and he'll be GREAT with gIBLETS!





Illustrations by Steve Swery

J. Danforth Quayle tells you **HOW TO ENJOY THE DEPRESSION OF THE NINETIES**

*Worried about America's economic decline?
Sick of pessimistic liberal "intellectuals" telling
you how bad the next decade is going to be?
Then let the prince of the patriotic pep rally
bring you to your feet, cheering on the coming
hard times!*

Can't the liberal media do anything but moan? All we hear about lately is America's decaying industrial base, America's losing of the international trade war, America's runaway federal budget deficit. And what's at the top of that bestseller list put out by the ultraliberal *New York Times*? What else? Ravi Batra's *Surviving the Great Depression of 1990*! It's enough to turn a politician prematurely gray!

And you know what? It's all

garbage! Really! I know what I'm saying here. Okay, so maybe America *is* at the brink of a major economic collapse. Maybe a depression of historic intensity *is* inevitable within the next four years. But whoever said a depression has to be *depressing*? Not Dan Quayle!

Liberals will always point to the Depression of the thirties as our society's great trauma of this century. Well, I don't buy it. I've seen all those Myrna Loy and William Powell

movies, and I know America had a *heck* of a great time in the Great Depression!

And who gave you that Depression? The Republican party did! And now we're going to give you another one! I may not be a Jack Kennedy, but I can guarantee you that George Bush is a Herbert Hoover!

So stand up and cheer, America, because we're about to give you...

The New Lifestyles

The Family That Roams Together...

American family life will change in exciting ways in the nineties. Best of all will be the return of the romantic tradition of *caravaning*! Just like in the 1920s, a deepening agricultural depression is already foreshadowing the course of our whole system... and with these crazy droughts we've been having, we can expect another Dust Bowl as dramatic as anything ever filmed by John Ford! No liberal Sally Field movie ever put a bigger lump in my throat than the thought of all those wholesome farm families brought together again... in search of America, and meaning, and subsistence wages.



Homeless Chic

Who can forget the manliness, the ruggedness, the down-to-earth romanticism of those thirties hobos staring out at us from old photographs? Well, come on, America! We can get that look back—with just a little time on the road!

Just because the coming economic collapse tosses you out on the streets, you won't have to look like the grungy homeless of the eighties. Remember, most of them are addicts or alcoholics or mental patients tossed out as asylums have been closed. And nearly every dang one of 'em is a liberal! But as more and more real middle-class Americans and corporate executives get laid off their jobs, default on their rents and mortgages, and have to "hit the road, Jack," the quality of street people will get better and better!

But the homeless look means more than just telegenic vintage clothes and George Michael whiskers. It's a lightness in the step, a defiant twinkle in the eye, a nothing-to-lose attitude toward life. You think your guts and resourcefulness have been tested by cutthroat politics and backstabbing boardroom games? Well, brother, you ain't seen *nothing* yet!

Life on the streets will test your wits and ruthlessness on a daily basis, as you outmaneuver your fellow "forgotten men" for old refrigerator boxes, stagnant water, and first rights to prime Dumpsters. When you're out there on a rainy winter night, using your best moves to ace a competitor out of a dry doorway, you'll wonder how you could ever have thought snagging that big account or winning that debate was really important!

Destitution as a Fashion Statement

The "Homeless Look" is only the beginning of the fashion story of the nineties. The collapse of our economy won't mean a complete collapse of everyone's clothing budgets, but it'll force us all to be just a little more creative when we're tailoring our personal images. And heck, isn't fashion creativity what makes America the envy of the world?

Get in touch with the great American tradition of quilting with the *Retro-Patchwork* look. You won't need to buy any new garments, which will be good news to most of you. Just locate a clothing manufacturer, pick through the garbage for all the upscale designer logos that they can't sell anymore, and use them to fix your own "twice-trendy" clothes.

The New Depression will be easy on our teenagers, thanks to a look I call the *Same Old Song*. I've seen you crazy youngsters picking out distressed fabrics and prefaded jeans, and slicing all your clothes up to look worn and ripped! Well, young America, you'll get the same effect with a lot less trouble after Mom and Dad have to cut you back to one new outfit every two years!



For America's children, the *Appalachian Shift* will make an economical and "down-home" comment on the inevitable bankruptcy of liberal federal child-care programs. Your sunken-cheeked munchkin will draw gasps of shock and pity wherever she goes in this one-piece cotton drape. And it's easy to make from the soiled bedsheets you'll find in any neighborhood Dumpster!

Of course, not everyone loses out when a depression comes along, and you may be one of the blessed ones who prospers amid the misfortunes of others—especially if you've paid your dues to the GOP! If so, you'll want to strut your stuff in style. Try these pure silk lounging pajamas from Ricardo David of Paris, projected to sell for upwards of two thousand dollars. They're perfect for luxurious indoor wear, which is all you'll need...since the raging hordes of have-nots will make you afraid to step outside your door.



Let's Get Together, America!

Modern life has pulled us further and further apart. The poor turn against the rich, coloreds turn against whites, the media turns against public servants, and women even turn against men! "But weren't the thirties like that?" you ask. Heck, no! Haven't you seen *My Man Godfrey* or *It Happened One Night*? Rich and poor were always coming together back then. And wait'll you see what happens in the next Big Bust!



Sexes, Not Sex!

Abortions, divorces, pornography, sex education, hollow relationships, and San Francisco...that's all we've got to thank the liberal-sponsored "sexual revolution" for! If not for AIDS, it would have been a total loss! Well, relief is in sight, courtesy of—and you ladies will appreciate this—the return of *romance!*

It'll start with a big change in "woman's place." According to the time-honored last-hired/first-fired principles of American business, most of the women in our work force will soon find themselves back at hearth and home. There our New Depression Woman will have plenty of time to devote to making herself as glamorous as an old-time screen siren for her hardworking hubby—assuming she doesn't have to sell her laborsaving appliances or take in washing to make ends meet.

Once she's unable to support herself, the American gal will be forced to revive one of the quaint old customs lost to modern prosperity: withholding sexual favors in exchange for financial security. There'll be no more easy sex between fellow professionals for the satisfaction of each other's "needs." Now men will have to *woo* their ladies again. And they won't be in any hurry to "score," since most of them will be impotent from financial anxiety anyway.

So what else can follow? Only ethereal, idealized romance. Get up and cheer, Fred and Ginger—America's back!

Breaking Bread

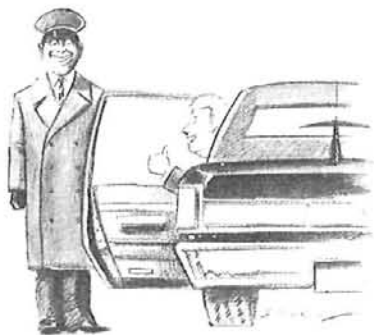
What we need are new ways of meeting people, and the New Depression will provide just that. Eighties "networking" is okay for meeting people in your own field. But the nineties will bring us *breadlining*—a social maneuver likely to set you rubbing elbows with any one of your "brothers" who's "down on his luck." A few winter days standing in line together and you'll get that warm, cozy "E pluribus unum" kind of glow.



Bye-bye, Servant Problem

Don't listen to those people who tell you economic desperation will lead to civil strife. Oh, sure, maybe it will for a while, as the liberal minority poor try to snatch what they've never deserved. But a few years of no jobs, no government money, and increased white vigilanteism will show most minorities that rebellion only brings trouble. And with the collapse of urban schools and a lot less meat in their diets, they'll lose that competitive drive that's caused so much friction lately.

Soon enough all the nonwhites who haven't gone into crime will be free to be charming, cute, and gratefully servile again. Then black men and white men, yellow men and brown men can get together, breathe a sigh of relief, and join hands. Join hands with their own kind, I mean.



Entertainment Tomorrow: The Great Escape

Happy Songs Are Here Again!

You'll hear plenty of "intellectuals" telling you that the thirties were a time of stress and misery. Well, they don't fool Dan Quayle! When I was stationed far from home in the Indiana National Guard, I'd get homesick and listen to all the songs from the thirties that my dear old American grandmother used to love.

And you know what I heard? "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." "On the Sunny Side of the Street." "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries." "Smile, Darn Ya, Smile." "They Can't Take

That Away from Me." And "Blow, Gabriel, Blow." Now I ask you, are those the songs of an unhappy people?

Well, you'll be sure to hear plenty of happy sounds in the years to come. Say so long to self-pitying moaners and dreary, "significant" ballads. Kiss hidden satanic messages and overt liberal propaganda good-bye. Americans of the nineties are going to want bouncy, hummable tunes to keep their feet tapping even in the longest employment-line waits.

The New Cocooning

You could just *hear* the liberal smart set scoffing recently when trend-watchers noted that more and more Americans were staying home and amusing *themselves* in the evenings. But even if you won't admit that disease and changes in values might make the high life go out of style, you have to concede that mass unemployment might do it—even for you free-spending Democratic "party animals"!

After all, going out for drinking and dancing and concerts may seem a little reckless after your boss tells you he'll have to reduce your hours "for the time being." And even taking your loved ones out for dinner and a movie may seem a bit pricey after your savings account disappears along with the bank. You'll soon find it satisfying to follow the new trend and build your evening's entertainment around a video rental.

Of course, even tape rentals start to add up, so when you finally get that layoff notice you may prefer just to stick to the entertainment cornucopia of tomorrow's cable television networks. And eventually, as your income dips, you may find that your



family prefers to spend its extra money on items like beans and rice and old clothing rather than cable bills. But there's still plenty of clean family fun awaiting you just on the channels you can pick up over our American airwaves!

It is true, though, that TV sets are expensive to repair and replace as they break down. And they do make awfully useful items if you need to sell something to replenish your pantry. And then there's the problem of having your electricity shut off for non-payment....

Ah, but there is one source of entertainment that hardly costs anything, runs on batteries, brings your

family closer together (or adds romantic intimacy to a date), and even challenges you to use your imagination: yes, just click on that little transistor and you'll be transported to a world of fantasy where the windows aren't cracked and the heat hasn't been cut off.

Wow! Wouldn't it be grand if the New Depression brought back the Golden Age of Radio? I didn't live during that century—I mean, I did live *in part* of that century, but that wasn't during my lifetime. But it was part and parcel of the great American experience—and that's good enough for me and Marilyn and the kids. ■

Gilbert Gottfried Proudly Presents:

The Tawana Brawley Do-It-Yourself- At-Home Kit!

Hi! I'm Gilbert Gottfried, beloved comedian. And you, dear reader... well, let's face it, you're nothing. Nobody knows you, nobody wants you, and nobody would care if you died tomorrow.

But wipe off that sour puss. I can change all that with the Tawana Brawley Do-It-Yourself-At-Home Kit!

Yes, how would you like to give up your boring, humdrum existence and become known to millions overnight?! That's right, little old you, a media darling?! Sound too good to be true? Well, it's not. Because you—yes, you—can become Tawana Brawley! Read on.

Step one:

They say everyone has a story. Well, that's true. But unfortunately, most people have dull stories!

"But what can I do about it?" you say.

Well, tell me what happened to you yesterday.

"I dunno. Woke up, went to work, came home."

See what I mean? Dull, dull, dull!

"But it's the truth."

So what? You know the old joke?

"What joke?"

Knock, knock.

"Who's there?"

Tawana.

"Tawana who?"

Tawana rape me, shit on me, and dump me off in a plastic bag?

"Well, that's reasonably funny, but..."

But nothing. That's step one—your story, your M.O., your reason for being in the public's eye. Let the Tawana Brawley Do-It-Yourself-At-Home Kit teach you how to come up with the wildest stories. Here are some examples:

"I was kidnapped by six white men. One of them flashed a badge. They raped me, wrote racist slogans on my body with shit, and left me in the street in a plastic bag."

or

"I was abducted by three little green spacemen. All they kept saying was 'Mars needs black women.'"

or

"My name isn't Tawana Brawley. It's Dr. Richard Kimble! My wife was murdered by a one-armed man and a police inspector named Gerard has been chasing me from town to town."

or

"I was kidnapped by the producers of *The Cosby Show*. They flashed money in my face and I spent three days working as a stunt woman for Tempestt Bledsoe."

or

"I just did a bunch of beer commercials with Joe Piscopo and was just too ashamed to admit it till now."

or

"Yoko Ono threw me out of the house. So I spent the last three days bombed out of my skull, walking around trendy nightclubs with a Kotex stuck to my forehead, then I fucked May Pang."

or

"Three days! Golly, three whole days? Well, gee whiz, where does the time go?"

"That's great! I'll pick one of those stories and tell everyone."

Don't bother! Just pick the story you like best! We'll send it to you prerecorded on a cassette and you can snap it into our lifelike black-incompetent-adviser dolls!



Yes, included in your kit are lifelike, durable, plastic Reverend Al Sharpton, Alton Maddox, and C. Vernon Mason talking dolls! They'll spew forth racist jargon, meaningless statements, and out-and-out lies!

"Oh boy! Do they also pee?"

Yes sir! And look at all the other neat stuff you get in the Tawana Brawley Do-It-Yourself-At-Home Kit!



Your very own extra-strength trash bag.* Just the thing for a supposed three days in sub-zero weather.

*Approved by Tom Bosley.

And—your very own shit! Perfect for writing racist slogans with. Remember, only our kit provides 100 percent Grade-A bowel movements.* Don't be fooled by cheap imitations!

*Peanuts and kernels of corn not included.



Plus—cloth plugs! Even if you were raped and beaten and covered with shit, certainly no rapist would want shit to go into your ears or nose, would he?



"Well, say I have the cloth plugs and shit. What do I write on my body?"

No problem. We've also included a large assortment of surefire slogans to choose from. Here's a small sample:

**ETE (that's right, E-T-E)
SHIT NIGGER**

KKK RULES

I ♥ WAPPINGERS FALLS

HONK IF YOU BELIEVE ME!

**BROWN'S IS MY FAVORITE
RESORT**

"Sounds great! How do I order?"

Just wait, I'm not through! You see, if you order now, for a limited time only, you'll get the official Tawana Brawley poster!



It's the next best thing to dragging home the real Tawana Brawley. Listen to what satisfied customers have said about the official Tawana Brawley poster:

**"She be one fine sistah."
—Calvin, 110th Street.**

**"Ah loves dis postah."
—Leroy, 111th Street.**



AP/Wide World

Yes, readers, you may never be me, beloved comedian Gilbert Gottfried. I mean, let's face it, no chance in hell. But you can be Tawana Brawley just by ordering the Tawana Brawley Do-It-Yourself-At-Home Kit!

So don't delay, order today!

I can't wait. Here's my \$68.33, plus \$42.91 for postage and handling. Send me the complete official Tawana Brawley Do-It-Yourself-At-Home Kit.

I understand that if not completely satisfied, I will make no statements or comment at the present time.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

The reedlike figure, lacking muscle or flab. Legs curiously without thighs. Genitalia nonexistent. Such is the stick figure, no doubt the most beloved of all artistic expressions.

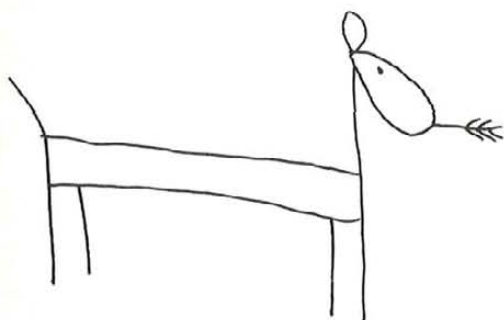
Reveled by many an art scholar as "anti-art" or "kindergarten art," this much-maligned art form has, in the past, been dismissed with a derogatory "So what, I can do that."

But to those who share a love for this simple drawing, it is precisely for this reason, its pith, that the stick figure is so appreciated. A solitary figure devoid of the perfunctory trappings of society — sex, clothing, and eyebrows — the stick figure comes stripped to the essentials — the inner man! It shouts out to all, "Here I am, naked! Nothing to hide, nothing to show!" It is truly a masterpiece of simplicity, laziness, and mediocrity.

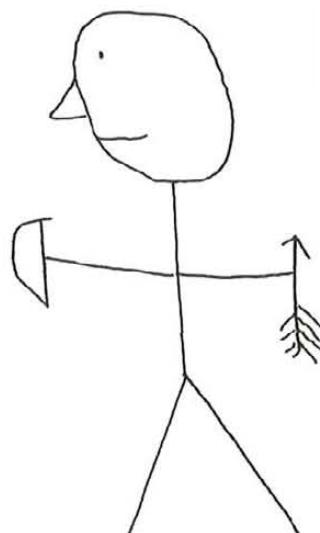
Here now is a brief survey of

THE HISTORY OF THE STICK FIGURE

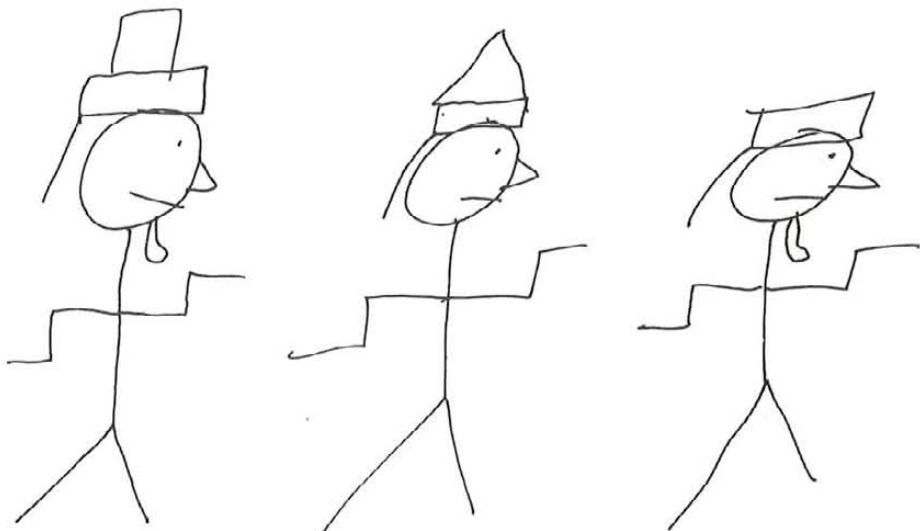
by Andy Simmons

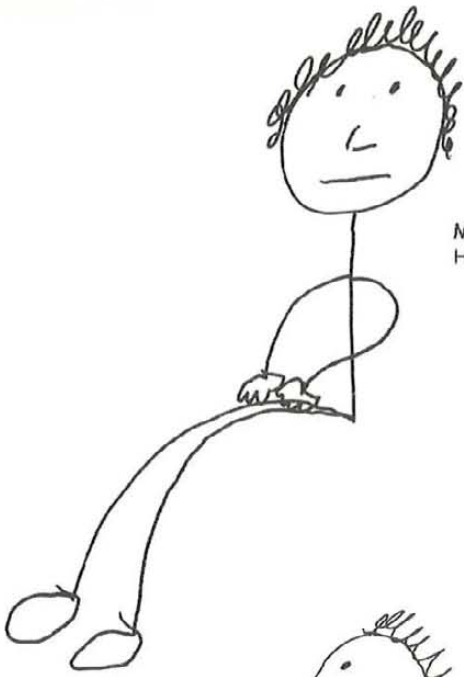


Caveman: Early example of the stick figure, probably by the father of the genre, Grog, found in a cave in southern France.

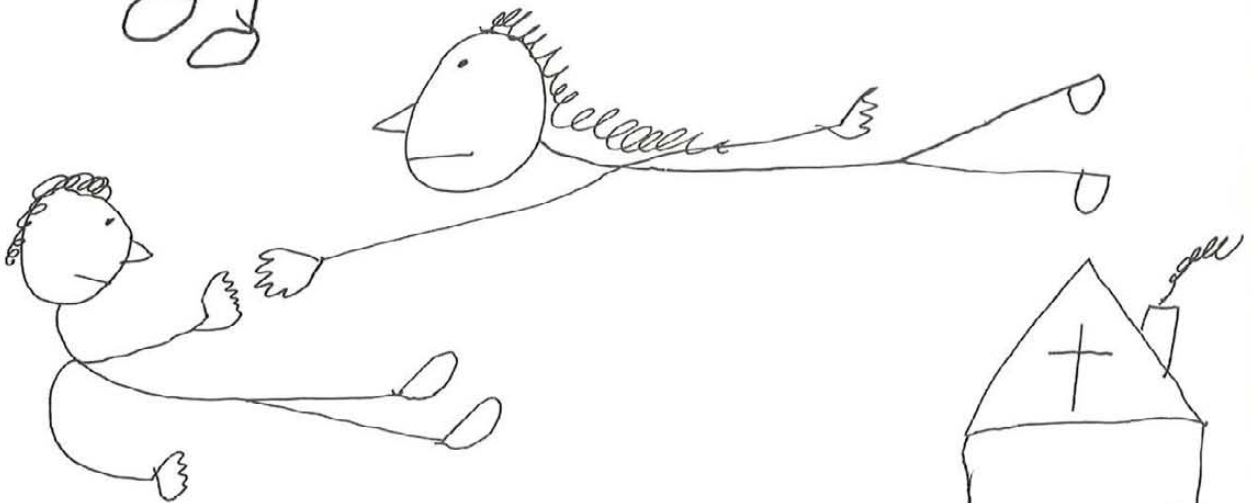


Egyptian: Egyptians used the stick figure to tell a story, called stickoglyphics. Here the figure on the right has just pulled the old joke "Walk this way," forcing the others to walk in a silly manner. While this is indeed an old joke, it was then, of course, still pretty new. Maybe only a few centuries old.

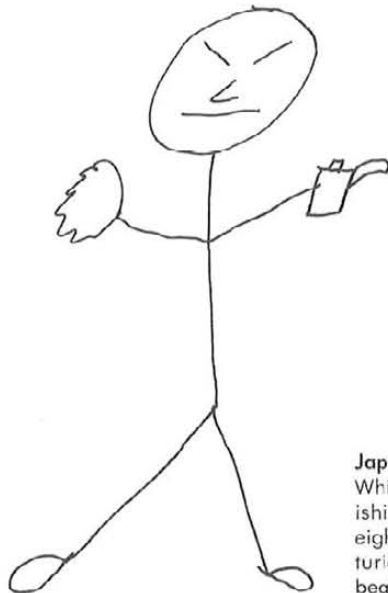




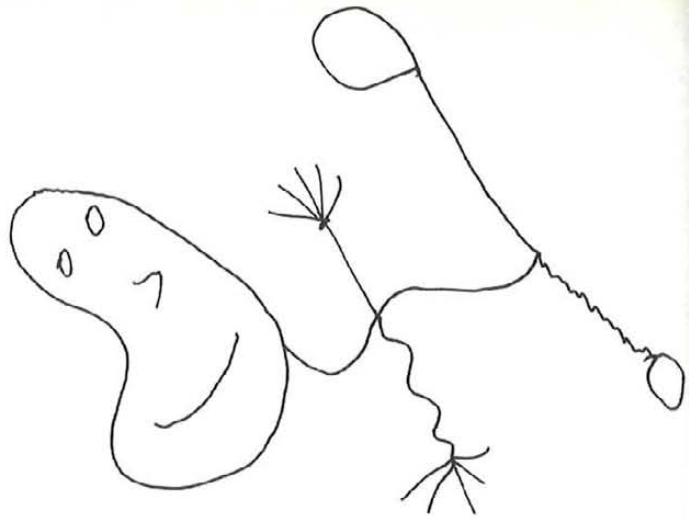
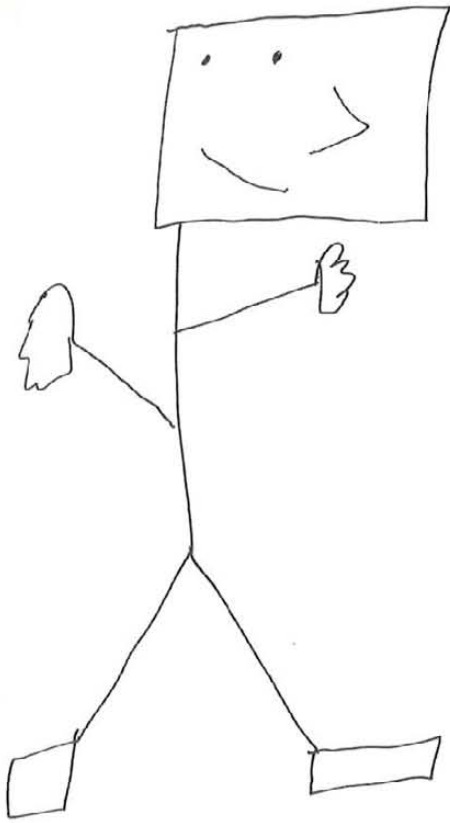
Mona Sticka: Is she or isn't she?
HMMMMM...



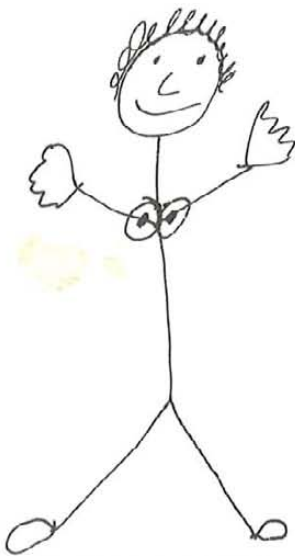
God and Adam: This work rocked the Renaissance with its blasphemous portrayal of God. Some thought God should have been a little heavier, while others suggested His hair might have been a little wavier. This controversial piece can be found on the ceiling of the church to the right.



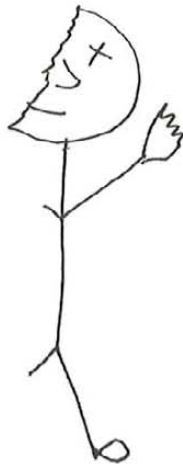
Japanese ceremonial tea ritual: While the stick figure was flourishing in the West during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the Japanese were just beginning to dabble in "stick."



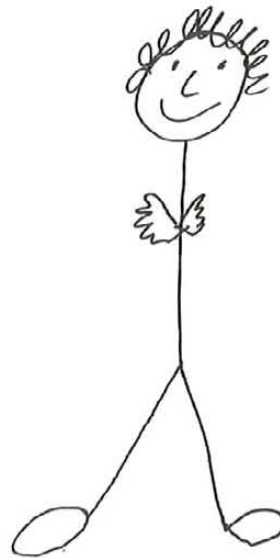
Cubism and surrealism: The twentieth century was rich in dramatic change, which did not go unnoticed by the stick-figure artists who grew weary of the fine-tuned craftsmanship of a ten-thousand-year-old art form that had never been tampered with.



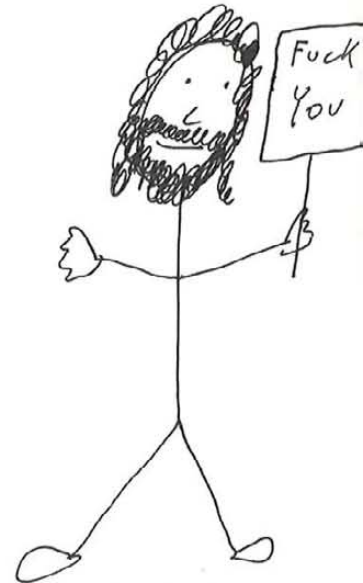
RELAXED MORAL CODES



THE VIETNAM WAR



THALIDOMIDE BABY



STUDENT UNREST

Social issues: The sixties, the decade of rage, brought social issues to the fore. The medium of the stick figure was used as an outlet for the artists' views as they tackled many of the hot topics of the day.

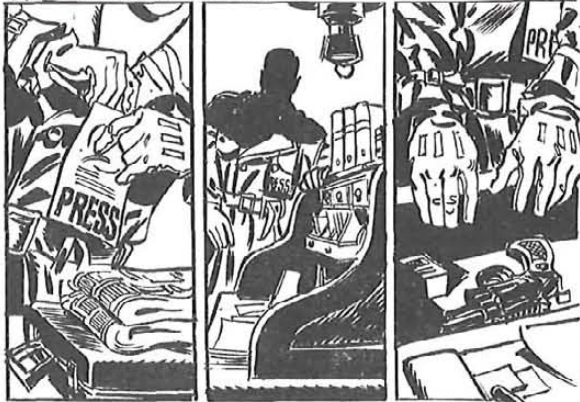
The Assassination of St. Geraldo



Story by Tony Kisch & the Editors
Illustrated by Frank Springer

"I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME THAT MORNING, BUT IT WAS AS IF SOME FORCE WERE GUIDING ME..."

"AS I REACHED THE STUDIO, I KNEW THAT SOMETHING WOULD TRANSPIRE THAT WOULD SEND ME HURTLING OVER THE EDGE!"



...AND I FELT NO TREPIDATION IN THE QUIET KNOWLEDGE THAT I WAS ON THE VERGE OF PERPETRATING A SCANDALOUS CRIMINAL ACT!"

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! MOST OF US LIKE TO REMEMBER THE SIXTIES AS A WACKY, GROOVY, ZANY TIME OF PROTEST MARCHES AND '60s. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND."

HOWEVER, 20 YEARS AGO TODAY, CHARLES MANSON TAUGHT HIS BAND TO PLAY A MOST HORRIBLE TUNE!



BEFORE WE BRING OUT THIS GURU OF GORE, THIS SYMBOL OF EVIL AND DEPRAVITY, PLEASE GIVE A WARM WELCOME TO MY CO-HOST ROY INNIS AND TWO TORTURED HUMAN BEINGS WHOSE LIVES WERE CHANGED FOREVER BY THAT TERRIBLE NIGHT IN 1969: SQUEAKY FROMME, MEMBER OF THE GRISLY MANSON CLAN, AND ROMAN POLANSKI, WHOSE WIFE WAS BRUTALLY SLAIN AND WHOSE UNBORN BABY - WHO WOULD PROBABLY BE A VITAL COLLEGE STUDENT NOW - WAS CARVED UP LIKE A ROAST DUCK!

THIS IS A TRAVESTY! A FREAK SHOW WHERE YOU MIDDLE-CLASS TURDS CAN GET A CLOSE LOOK AT GOD INCARNATE AND THEN THROW HIM BACK IN THE HOLE TO ROT! FUCK ALL OF YOU!





LOOK AROUND YOU, ROMAN! HOW DO YOU FEEL, SEEING MODELS OF YOUR HORRIBLY BUTCHERED WIFE AND UNBORN CHILD? HUH? HUH?

ER - WELL, UH, GERALDO - I REALLY DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT! IT WAS SO ... HORRIBLE!



C'MON NOW, ROMAN! YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT!

"I COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT I WAS SEEING... AND AS I WATCHED, AN OVERWHELMING SENSE OF DISGUST AND REPUGNANCE WELLED UP INSIDE ME!!"



TOUCH IT! JUST TOUCH IT! WHAT'S IT FEEL LIKE TO SEE SHARON'S GRISTLE?

NO! OH GOD, NO!

THE ONLY WAY TO GET OVER YOUR NEUROSIS IS TO CONFRONT IT, ROMAN! SO LET'S DO IT!



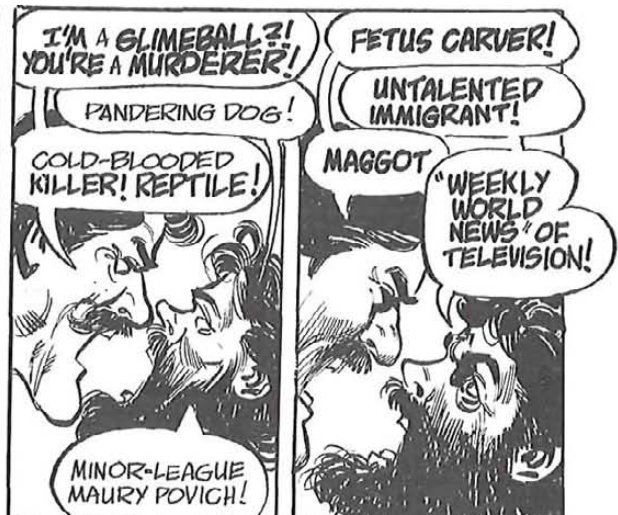
BRING HIM OUT, BOYS! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MR. CHARLES MANSON!!



ROMAN, IT'S BEEN 20 LONG YEARS SINCE THE MURDERS - FAR TOO LONG FOR TWO MEN TO REMAIN ENEMIES! HOW 'BOUT A HANDSHAKE, GUYS? FORGIVE AND FORGET & LITTLE KISS? C'MON, GIVE HIM A HUG!

I REALLY DON'T THINK SO.

RIVERA/ YOU SLIMEBALL!



I'M A GLIMEBALL?! YOU'RE A MURDERER!

FETUS CARVER!

PANDERING DOG!

UNTALENTED IMMIGRANT!

COLD-BLOODED KILLER! REPTILE!

MAGGOT

"WEEKLY WORLD NEWS" OF TELEVISION!

MINOR-LEAGUE MAURY POVICH!



"IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT I MADE MY DECISION — OR MY DECISION WAS MADE FOR ME BY SOME OTHER-WORLDLY FORCE. BIZARRE, IT WAS. THEY SAY BEFORE YOU DIE, YOUR LIFE FLASHES BEFORE YOUR EYES. BUT IN THIS CASE, IT WAS BEFORE HE DIED THAT HIS CAREER FLASHED BEFORE MY EYES... AS IF THIS WAS A VISION HIDEOUT ENOUGH TO JUSTIFY THE ACTIONS OF MY TRIGGER FINGER! I THOUGHT BACK TO THE MANY JOURNALISTIC TRAVESTIES ON HIS RESUME!"



"THAT SPECIAL INVESTIGATION HE DID ON LOCATION IN ENGLAND..."



"AND THEN THE TIME GERALDO THOUGHT HE COULD ENLIGHTEN HIS VIEWERS ON AIDS BY INJECTING HIMSELF WITH THE VIRUS AND SHOWING THE WORLD THE LIFE OF AN AIDS PATIENT."

"TODAY, WE'RE GOING TO MEET DR. JOHN SARCOMA, FOR WHOM THESE BLOTCHES ALL OVER MY FACE WERE NAMED!"

"AND THEN THE SHOW WHEN HE 'INVESTIGATED' THE YONKERS, N.Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT."
"IN ANSWER TO REPORTS OF SLOW FIRE-DEPARTMENT RESPONSE AND COMPLAINTS OF UNSAFE EMERGENCY PROVISIONS IN THE WELL-SEEY HOUSING PROJECT, WE BROUGHT A CAMERA CREW IN TO GEE FOR OURSELVES! BEFORE WE SET FIRE TO THE BUILDING, WE BLOCKED THE MAIN ENTRANCE AS A TEST OF EMERGENCY MEASURES."



16:34

THE CALL WAS PLACED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE GASOLINE-SOAKED RAGS WERE LIT, SO THE YONKERS FIRE DEPARTMENT WAS INDEED GIVEN EVERY FAIR OPPORTUNITY!

THEN THERE WAS THE TIME GERALDO VOWED TO 'RIP THE LID OFF' THE SANTA CLAUS MYTH, TO SHOW VIA INTERVIEWS WITH PSYCHIATRISTS AND CHILDREN THAT TO ALLOW INDUSTRY TO PERPETRATE AN OBVIOUS LIE WHICH PRECIPITATES AN INEVITABLE LETDOWN IS HARMFUL AND CRUEL!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WHAT YOU ARE WITNESSING HERE IS A DISGRACE!

38:12



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I MUST ASK YOU TO PLEASE HAVE YOUR CHILDREN LEAVE THE ROOM!



LIAR! PERPETRATOR OF LIES!

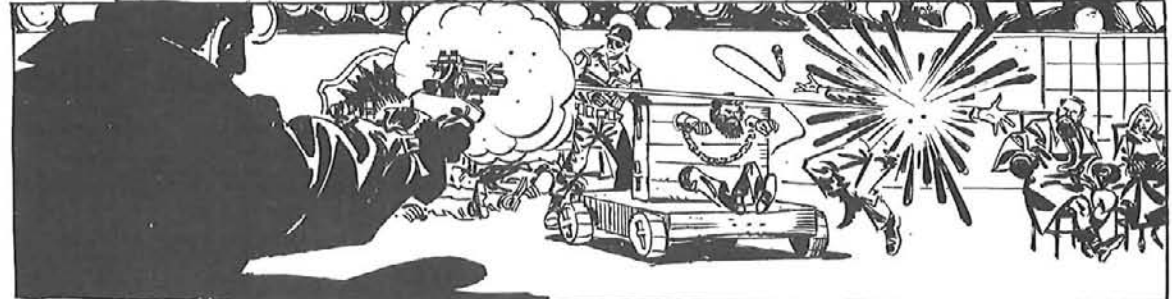
BUT I'M TRYING TO RAISE MONEY FOR CHILDREN...

MISLEADING CHILDREN IS WHAT YOU'RE DOING! FABRICATING FICTIONS, SETTING CHILDREN UP FOR THEIR DREAMS TO BE CRUSHED!

WE BUY SOUP FOR THE SICK AND STARVING...

CONNIVER! WEASEL! MISREPRESENTER!

HOW COULD I NOT KILL HIM? HOW COULD I IN GOOD CONSCIENCE LET THIS MAN CONTINUE TO LIVE, TO SULLY ALL THE BRILLIANT INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISM OF THE LAST 20 YEARS?!

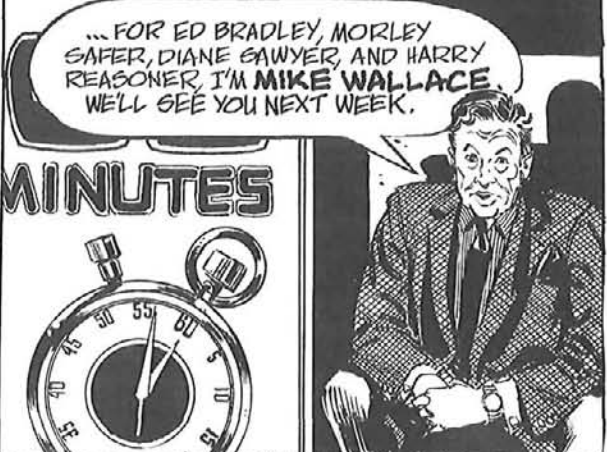


AND AFTER I KILLED HIM, I REALIZED THAT THE FORCE - THE PHANTOM SOMETHING THAT MADE ME DO IT - WELL, IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE GHOST OF EDWARD R. MURROW - IT MUST HAVE BEEN ... !



...AND HAPPILY, THE JUDGE AND JURY AGREED AND LET ME GO FREE! AFTER ALL, IT WAS ALL FOR THE BEST!

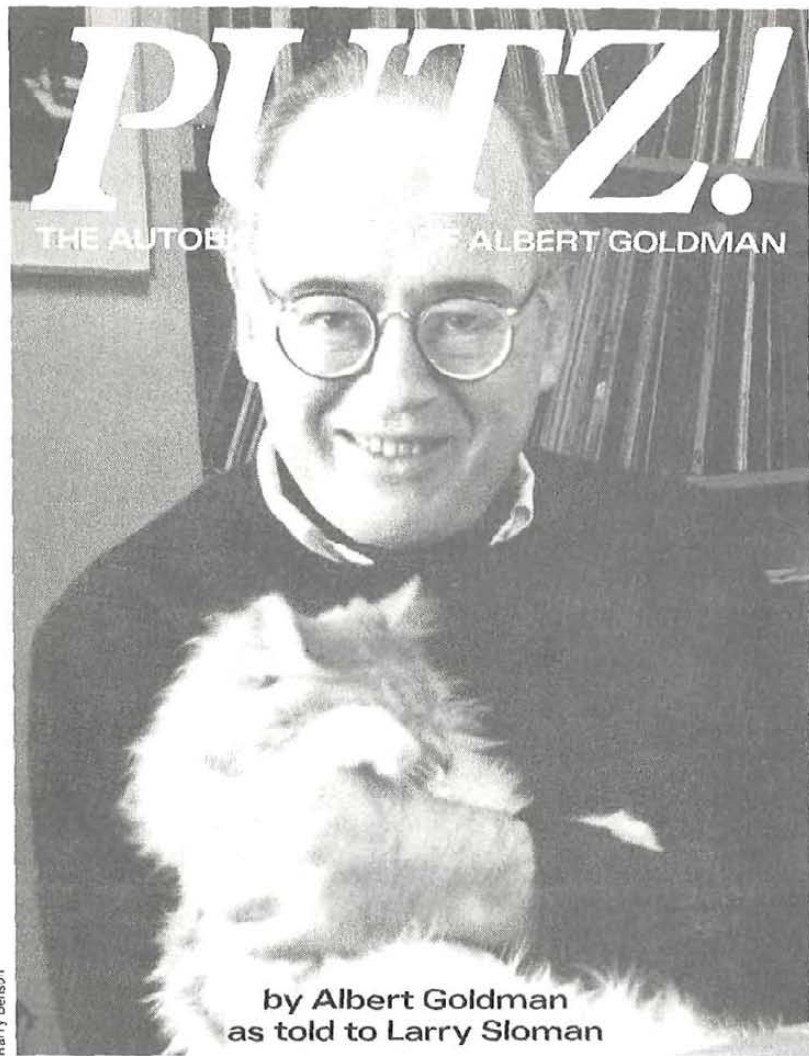
JTES



...FOR ED BRADLEY, MORLEY SAFFER, DIANE SAWYER, AND HARRY REASONER, I'M MIKE WALLACE. WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK.

MINUTES





Editor's Note: National Lampoon is proud to present excerpts from Albert Goldman's new book, *Putz!*, his autobiography. This new work by the author of *The Lives of John Lennon, Elvis, and Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce!!!* is written in the same lurid style as his biographies and promises to be just as controversial as those books.

LENNY HAD BEEN COOPED up in his hotel room all day, spritzing with Joe Ancis and trying out new routines on Tim Hardin, who was just beginning to make a name for himself in the folk circles further downtown. Lenny would excuse himself every half hour and retreat to the bathroom, where he hid his works under the sink. Slam-bam, thank you ma'am, another meth ampule cracked open and cooked up and exploding in his cerebral cortex and Lenny was ready to go back to his company and, like, freccassociate!

The knock on the door startled the comic.

"Joe, check out the door. If it's room ser-

vice, tell the schmuck he took so long, we ordered in from Lindy's," the comedian barked.

Ancis looked through the peephole and turned to the other two. His face was ashen.

"We got trouble, Lenny," the world's greatest offstage comedian said.

Holy mother of God! Lenny thought. *The fucking fuzzi. I gotta go dump the rest of that shit down the toilet.*

Ancis read the concern on Lenny's face. "It's not the blues, babe, it's that putz Goldman," he said.

Jeezus H. Christ, Lenny moaned to himself, *this is worse than the narcs*. That dipshit Goldman was hounding him again. What was with that straight? Why didn't he keep his ugly punim buried in his books up at Columbia? He was a stone loser, a total schmuck, a wimp who tormented Lenny. Everywhere Lenny was playing, there was this asshole Goldman. He was always trying to worm his way backstage, he wanted to hang with Lenny, he wanted to spritz with the rest of the boys down at Hanson's. The trouble was he was such a total schlemiel that no one wanted to have anything to

do with the asshole.

First off, his breath stank. There was this onion patina on his teeth that wafted out every time the putz opened his mouth. Which was every two seconds. He was always mimicking Lenny's machine-gun rap, only the words out of Goldman's mouth weren't worth the air they were transported on, and as everyone who ever saw a Jew's nose knows, the goddamn air is free!

Forget the breath. If that didn't get you, the b.o. would. What was with this schmegeggy? Didn't they know from soap up at Columbia? I mean, Lenny was a down junkie, as down as they could get, but he still had the self-respect to take an English Leather shower when he couldn't get it together to get off the toilet bowl. But this Goldman stank! It was like doing a gig in some dive in Jersey City, knocking yourself out for an hour doing material for a bunch of goyische kops and then you gotta practically beg the asshole dago for your guarantee and he winds up stiffing you for at least half and you're already wasted from that monster half-grain blast of Dilaudid you geezed before the second set and you leave the side door of the club and it hits you like a brick wall. That Jersey stench! That smell of chemicals, the bad kinds, combining with the rotten stinking corpses of the jobs the boys dumped in the marshes nearby, intermingled with the fragrance of last week's garbage from those huge landfills where the stuff would ferment all day in the ninety-degree sun. That's exactly what Goldman smelled like, and that's why he cleared the room whenever he was on Lenny's tail. And now here he was, standing right outside Lenny's home away from home. What second-rate comic did he blow to get this valuable information? *How the fuck did he show up at my goddamn sanctuary?* Lenny thought. *How can I get rid of this putz?*

"Babe, he's still out there." Ancis's voice cut through the opium haze of Lenny's consciousness. "What do you want me to do?"

Lenny thought for a second, then he slowly got up and whispered something to Hardin. Hardin was nodding too, he could schmeck it up with the best of them, but Lenny's plan seemed to bring life into his dull eyes. Hardin walked over to the side of the door.

"Open the door!" Lenny barked at Ancis. Joe, who could do simple motor things like this unless he was within five hundred feet of a stage, at which point he couldn't even shit his pants, obeyed the order.

As soon as Goldman stepped into the room, Hardin was all over him. He grabbed the paunchy, four-eyed putz and pulled him toward Lenny. Meanwhile, Lenny had whirled around like a dervish, dropped his trousers, and was sticking his little pink butt that looked just like a baby's punim right in the direction of Goldman's face!

"Kiss my ass, you fucking putz!" Lenny snarled, and Hardin slammed the Columbia English graduate student's face straight up Lenny's crack. Goldman collapsed to the cold floor.

Lenny was pulling his pants back up, trying to contain his laughter. "I think he got the message. Maybe now he'll stick to schmucks like De Quincey and Poe."

THE MEMPHIS MAFIA WAS back in town, and that was good news. That meant that the King was doing his nightly weirdness at Graceland, and what that really meant was the court jesters like Red and Sonny and Lamar might get to pick up on some tasty prepubescent morsels that El had overlooked or flat-out rejected. Red was licking his lips, already anticipating that fine poontang, when the call came in. It was from the Colonel's office in Las Vegas. There was some Hebe from Jew York down in Memphis to do an article on Elvis for *Life* magazine. Some guy named Goldstein or Goldbloom or Goldman. If Elvis was feeling like it, maybe he'd give the guy a half hour or so for his article.

While Red went to ask Elvis, Albert Goldman was pacing the floor of his seedy motel room. This was his big chance, he kept telling himself, this was the way he'd get back at that louty-lipped, dough-brained hick. That fucking Elvis had ruined his life! He'd stolen the only girl that ever meant anything to him, his high-school sweetheart from Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania. Peggy Sue was his! Albert's! That is, until "Heartbreak Hotel" hit the airwaves. Oh, that cloying, self-pitying, histrionic, grotesque shit! Albert couldn't stand that echo-chamber hillbilly. But Peggy Sue was hooked. She told Albert that that song really pointed out to her the inadequacies of their relationship. She told him that he was too shallow for a girl of her emotional depth and that her vast soulfulness could only be fulfilled by someone equally deep and sensitive. Someone like Elvis.

Well, fuck her and fuck him too! Goldman thought as he polished the Charter Arms .38-caliber special. *This should equalize things between us.* He was still pacing the floor of the motel room, rehearsing his first question for Elvis: I know you love to eat, Mr. Presley, how about eating some hot fucking lead?

Back at the mansion, Red was slowly opening the door to the master bedroom. And what a sight he was confronted with! Elvis had three teenage girls on the bed in front of him, stone-nekkid except for some cute little panties with a tiny hearts pattern. And they were wrestling! And through it all, the King was propped up by five pillows, with one hand eating off a plate filled to the brim with burnt bacon, mashed potatoes, sauerkraut, and sliced tomatoes, while with the other hand he was whacking away

at his tiny, ugly, uncircumcised hillbilly pecker.

Red tiptoed timidly to the King's side.

"What's up, man?" Elvis said nonchalantly. He didn't take his eyes off the tiny, curly black pubic hairs that were peeking out of the girls' covered crotches.

"The Colonel just called. He said there was this Hebe journalist from *Life* magazine that wanted to interview you. Name of Goldman or something. He's waiting at some motel room in downtown Memphis. The Colonel said I should ask you if you're up for it." Red paused and waited for an answer.

Elvis just kept watching the girls and stuffing mashed potatoes into his mouth while his other hand was shaking up a mean meat martini. "Tell the Jewboy he can wait till his fucking Messiah comes." Elvis laughed and scooped up a handful of bacon and stuffed it into his mouth.

LIKE A JINGLE-JANGLE CONSCIOUSNESS alchemist, Dangerous Dave comes bounding out of the subway stop at Seventy-second Street and Central Park West. He turns right and walks down a few doors to the

*How did
Goldman show
up at my
goddamn
sanctuary?
Lenny
thought. How
can I get rid of
this putz?*

old, once-opulent apartment building overlooking the park. A few seconds later, he's lightly rapping on the old steel door. Instantly, his entreaty is answered by the metallic snap-snap of the deadbolt lock. As the old, creaky door swings open, he comes face to face with Albert Goldman. Dave tries to say something—after all, he is Albert's "research assistant"—but Goldman's cold stare cuts him off mid-syllable. Goldman's pudgy little hand is greedily thrust out, and Dave just shrugs and hands him the manila envelope that contains his "research." Goldman stuffs a wad of crisp

new Franklins into his hand and slams the door before Dave can even get a "Later, man" out.

Clutching the manila envelope tightly under his arm, Goldman retreats to his bedroom. He's wearing only a tattered and stained silk bathrobe, and from the looks of the stringy, thinning hair that remains on his head, he hasn't had a shower in weeks. There's a deathly pallor to his skin tone that makes him resemble a piece of pork that's been microwaved a few hundred times too many. It's a familiar look, a look that seems to adhere to all the characters that people Goldman's bestsellers. The bloated body housing the sullen, haunted, desiccated spirit. Albert Goldman was a wannabe junkie.

By now, the fall of 1981, the millions that Goldman made on the Elvis gutter-bio had gone to buy up more information about the drug habits of famous people. Goldman had a whole network of people like Dangerous Dave, most of them stringers for tabloids like the *National Enquirer* or the *Star* or the *Weekly World News*, all of them feeding Goldman the inside dope on which celebrity had just checked into Fair Oaks for rehab. And that dirt didn't come cheap. Jesus, did he need a new project! But how could he even begin to fight through the numbed layers of his beclouded consciousness and get even a two-sentence proposal together for his agent.

According to Ernestine Williams, a large Negro woman who lived on the corner of Goldman's block, he wouldn't even leave his apartment for months on end. What's more, there were extraterrestrials regularly entering the building, and the FBI had both her and Goldman under constant, twenty-four-hour surveillance. "I hadn't seen the man for—oh, four, five months, and then he passed me and our minds touched and he told me about the plan for the new atom bomb that the Koreans were putting together in the back rooms of all them all-night fruit stands they got and I knew we knew too much and the FBI guys found out because the next day the sanitation men just up and took all my bags away."

Little else is known of Goldman's research into the Korean bomb project or his contacts with aliens, but Ernestine's accounts of Goldman's travels were confirmed by his building superintendent, Hector Rodriguez. According to Rodriguez, Goldman was "pretty much a shut-in" during the fall of '81. His forays into the world were secret to everyone but Ms. Williams. He would leave the apartment under the cover of darkness and turn up Seventy-second Street and head for Broadway, where he would have been accosted by black cracked-out street hookers who would have said things like "Wanna go out?" or "Want your johnson sucked? I'll do it cheap."

Stepping into the first alley that caught
continued on page 106

DUKE'S Diner

LAST NOVEMBER, AFTER BLOWING A SEVENTEEN-POINT LEAD, GOVERNOR MICHAEL DUKAKIS SUFFERED A HUMILIATING LOSS IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION. TO EASE HIS ANGUISH AND FORGET HIS PAIN HE QUIT POLITICS AND OPENED A SMALL DINER CALLED "DUKE'S."

GIMME TUNA WHISKEY DOWN, AND A COKE. SCRAMBLE TWO, TAKE FRIES.

HOW MANY SUGAR YOU WANT?

HOW YOU LIKE SO FAR, KITTY?

UGGH!

WORKING FOR BUBKES IN A GREEK DINER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH THAT LOSER. WHAT A MORON! AND WHY IS HE USING THAT PHONY GREEK ACCENT?

IT'S LOVELY, DEAR. SO MUCH BETTER THAN BEING IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

HEY, DUKE, WHERE'S MY EXTRA PICKLES?

GET IT TOGETHER, DUKE, MY MOUSSAKA'S ICE-COLD.

LEMME HEAR YOU SAY "CHEESEBURGER," "CHEESEBURGER," DUKE. HAHHAH.

STORY: GEORGE BARKIN

ARTIST: ALAN KUPPERBERG

IN HIS OWN RESTAURANT DUKE KNEW NOBODY WOULD DARE CALL HIM "TAX HIKE MIKE" OR SAY HE LACKED EXPERIENCE IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS. HE'D BE THE BOSS AND HE'D GET TO RUN THE PLACE EXACTLY AS HE SAW FIT. AMID THE RATTLE OF POTS AND PANS HE'D LIVE LIKE A KING, MAYBE EVEN A PRESIDENT.

TO MAKE THE JOB EASIER DUKE HIRED SOME OLD FRIENDS.

MAY I HAVE A TOASTED BAGEL, PLEASE?

BURN ONE HYMIE!

JESSE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, WILL YOU PLEASE GET BACK IN THE KITCHEN!



...SO I HOPE THAT MAKES MY POSITION CLEAR WITH REGARD TO THE VARIOUS TOPPINGS WE WILL BE SERVING WITH OUR BAKED POTATOES. AND IN CONCLUSION, MY FRIENDS, LET ME SAY THAT IN THIS GREAT DINER OF OURS THE BOTTOMLESS CUP OF COFFEE WILL NOT BE A PRIVILEGE RESERVED FOR THE LUCKY FEW, BUT THE RIGHT OF EVERY AMERICAN REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT I HAPPEN TO NEED HIS TABLE AT THE MOMENT. NOW I WILL TAKE YOUR QUESTIONS.



DUKE LEARNED FROM THE MISTAKES HE'D MADE DURING THE CAMPAIGN. THIS TIME DECISIONS WERE MADE BASED ON WHAT HE THOUGHT RIGHT FOR THE DINER, NOT ON THE LATEST PUBLIC OPINION POLLS.

WE GOTTA EIGHTY-SIX THE EGGPLANT PARMIGIANA, DUKE. THE POLLS SAY IT'S GIVING SOME PEOPLE GAS.

THEN **SOME PEOPLE** DON'T HAVE TO EAT IT. AMERICANS HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE. THE EGGPLANT STAYS. WHAT'S NEXT?

FROZEN YOGURT, DUKE. THE PEOPLE SEEM TO WANT IT.

THE PEOPLE ... OR THE BIG DAIRY COMPANIES? NO TO THE YOGURT. ANYTHING ELSE?

THE KOREANS ARE KILLING US DURING LUNCH. WE MUST HAVE A SALAD BAR.

I RUN A SIT-DOWN DINER, MISTER, NOT A MOONIE VEGETABLE STAND. MEETING ADJOURNED.





SOMETIMES CUSTOMERS CAME IN WHO'D BEEN UNFAIR TO DUKE IN THE PAST, BUT HE NEVER HELD A GRUDGE.

WHAT'S THE SOUP TODAY, MIKE?

YEAH, WE'RE STARVED.

DON'T YOU WORRY. WE HAVE SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL TODAY FOR YOU TWO BOYS.



KEEP PEEING, WALT, UNTIL THEY'RE FILLED TO THE BRIM.



AND EVERY TIME CELEBRITIES CAME IN DUKE WOULD TAKE THEIR PICTURE AND HANG IT ON THE WALL.

RUNNING THE DINER DEMANDED SO MUCH HARD WORK THAT DUKE HAD LITTLE TIME TO DWELL ON HIS RECENT HUMILIATING PRESIDENTIAL DEFEAT.



WHO GETS THE TURKEY CLUB?

MY, WHAT LIBERAL PORTIONS.

WHO SAID THAT?!

WHERE'S MY BREWED DECAF?

WHAT A PUTZ! I THINK I'LL HAVE AN AFFAIR WITH MONDALE.

HEY, THERE'S HAIR IN MY CHEF'S SALAD!

DID YOU TAKE MY ORDER OF FRIED ZUCCHINI?



UNTIL EVENTUALLY HE'D FORGOTTEN HIS HUMILIATION COMPLETELY.

OH, YOU CAN KISS ME ON A MONDAY, A TUESDAY, A WEDNESDAY, WHATEVER DAY IS BEST. BUT NEVER, NEVER ON A SUNDAY, 'CAUSE THAT'S MY DAY OF REST.



BUT THERE WERE SOME WHO WOULD NOT LET HIM FORGET.

THAT'S ENOUGH WORK FOR TODAY, BOYS, I'M HUNGRY. WHAT SAY WE GET SOMETHING TO EAT?

GREAT IDEA, MR. PRESIDENT. WHAT'LL IT BE? CHINESE?

NAAH.

TEX-MEX?

UH-UH.

DAIRY?

NOPE.

JAP?

GUESS AGAIN.

PORK RINDS AND KOOL-AID?

NOT TONIGHT. YOU GUYS REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'M IN THE MOOD FOR?



YAHOO!!! CAN ANYBODY EAT IN THIS JOINT OR DO YOU GOTTA BE A NEGRO MURDERER ON FURLOUGH WITH A LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP IN THE ACLU?!

END

Robert Zitzer: The Forgotten Unknown Genius of TV

by Ed Subitzky and Larry Sloman



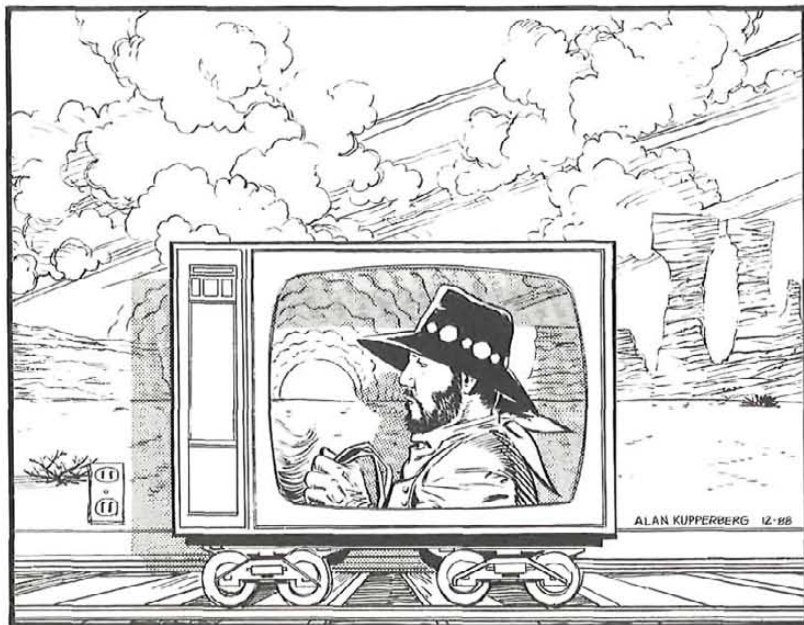
Like a grizzled old character from a fifties black-and-white drama, Robert Zitzer sits in a tiny room in West Hollywood, blinds drawn to suck any color out of the background, a small highlight bouncing off the bottle in his hand as if someone had placed a baby spotlight to achieve the effect. The soundtrack: growls, snorts, an occasional word intermixed. The subtext: a man who was so far ahead of his time that time itself has forgotten him.

Some say that, in his early pioneering efforts, he invented the medium of television itself. He says that too, when he talks. Astute historians of what has come to be known as the TV age give him credit for anticipating virtually every major innovation of our own time, and those still on the drawing boards. A few renegade scholars and sociologists call him a genius. The people in the room next door just call him the old drunk in the room next door.

In the years ahead, Robert Zitzer will be judged again by history, and in that final judgment will take his rightful place as the one true visionary of the visual medium. In the meantime, judge for yourself. Decide whether, in Zitzer's own words, "The bastards took all my ideas, stole 'em one after the other, and then made millions, and they didn't even leave me enough to buy a can of dog food." Zitzer doesn't own a dog and, in his ultimate statement to an unlistening world, doesn't even own a TV. "Why? To watch the shit those bastards put on?" he says, as his eyes do a dissolve into the sweet oblivion of a final sign-off swig.

1941. The First Television Set Ever.

Before technology could get a picture on a screen to move, Zitzer introduced the concept of moving the entire set instead. Main characters could easily be switched around on the screen and backgrounds could be shifted as easily as changing wallpaper. In the example of the Western shown here, the viewer could even control how fast the cowboy rode as the set was pulled back and forth on its accompanying track. "Before me," Zitzer says, "no one had ever even had the idea of making a picture move in your living room. They stole it from me, fucked it up, and gave me nothing for it."



1961. First VCR.

As our culture became increasingly frantic, various personal and professional commitments kept people from seeing their favorite shows. Zitzer came to the public's rescue with this forerunner of the modern VCR. A Polaroid camera automatically snapped pictures of the screen in rapid succession, requiring only that someone be present to reload the film every sixteen frames. A child could easily accomplish this simple task, and then, when Dad or Mom came home, they could sit back, relax, and enjoy their favorite entertainment merely by stapling the pictures together and flipping through them rapidly to achieve a true animated effect. The soundtrack could be tape-recorded, or the child could write down particularly significant lines for their folks to review later. "Today it's a multi-million-dollar industry," Zitzer snaps. "The assholes who stole my idea, they're living like kings while I don't have a pot to piss in."



1957. 3-D TV.

When 3-D was the craze in the movies, TV networks feared a serious loss of viewers who would no longer be satisfied by flat pictures. Zitzer's answer: two separate screens side by side, one covered with orange cellophane and the other blue. Viewers watched through similarly colored glasses, and, after just a few weeks of practice, their brains became capable of combining the two images into a richly dimensioned one. Recalls Zitzer, "The damn thing worked so well that the bastards stole it and put it to use in comic books. After that, RCA and Zenith wouldn't touch it."



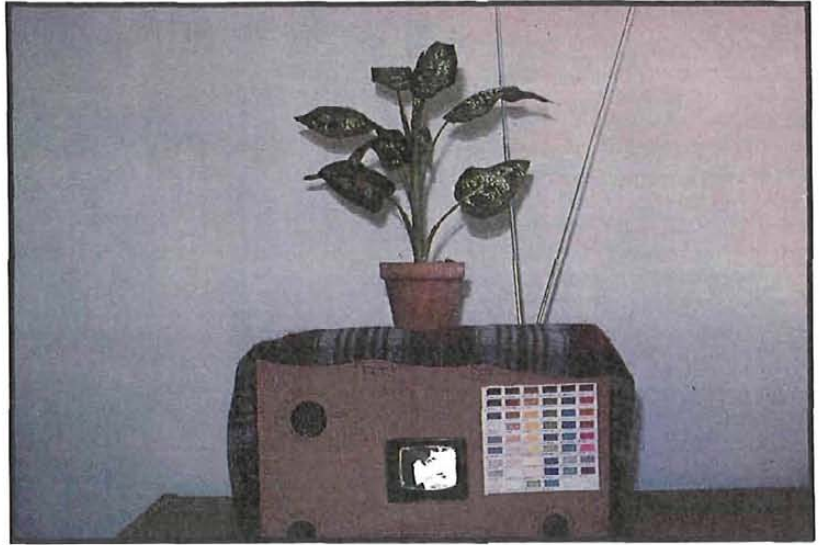
1953. First Cable TV.

Once again Zitzer was so far ahead of the pack that his idea remained a brilliant concept executed only in a single prototype. Although sets of the time could receive only thirteen channels, Zitzer's cable could bring in a potential 217 different channels. Out in the yard (not shown here) the cable would branch out into 217 separate wires, each heading toward its own TV studio. "Not only did they steal this one from me cold," Zitzer protests, "but the bastards even had the nerve to put their shitty version of it in my building, as if they thought I'd never find out."



1949. First Color TV.

While Americans squinted in front of their humdrum black-and-white sets and the big TV manufacturers squabbled over what might be the possible color-TV technology of the future, Zitzer, as usual, had the problem already solved. His "color by numbers" system required no modification of present sets or, in fact, of the standardized television signal itself. In each area of the picture, a tiny number was superimposed; a corresponding color chart was kept next to the set for reference. Thus a viewer could look at a grassy plain and note that it was numbered "76"; finding the number 76 on the chart would lead his eye to the precise shade of green indicated for the grass. After a little practice, viewers could dispense with glancing at the chart and remember exactly which color each number stood for. "It was such a simple sys-

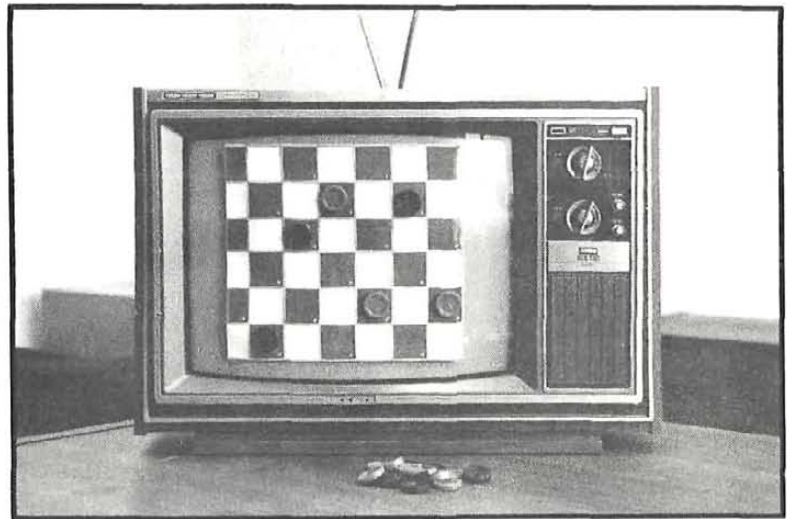


tem," Zitzer explains. "They had to fuck it up and come up with something more complicated. They

couldn't stand, even once, to give me what was rightfully mine, the shitheads."

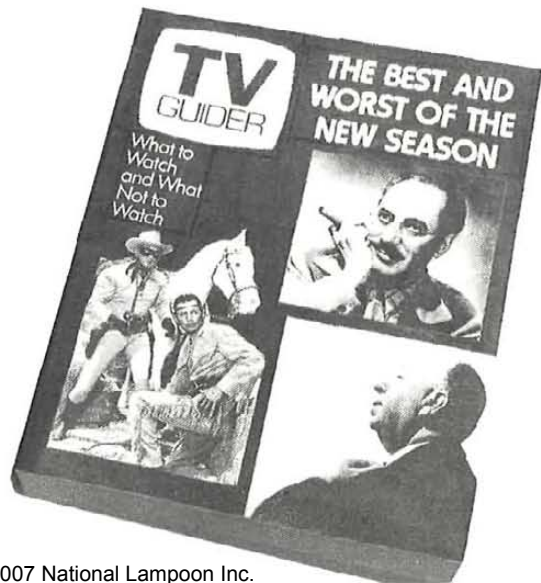
1970. First Video Game.

Long before Pac-Man was even a dream in a programmer's eye, Zitzer introduced fun-loving Americans to their first video game. The TV screen was infused with a magnetic material (which only slightly darkened the picture) so that playing pieces—in this case, checkers—would adhere to it. "The lousy stinking stations wouldn't broadcast the game boards, so no one could play," Zitzer recalls. "Then they come up with a far worse version of the same idea and it makes millions for a bunch of no-good thieving assholes."



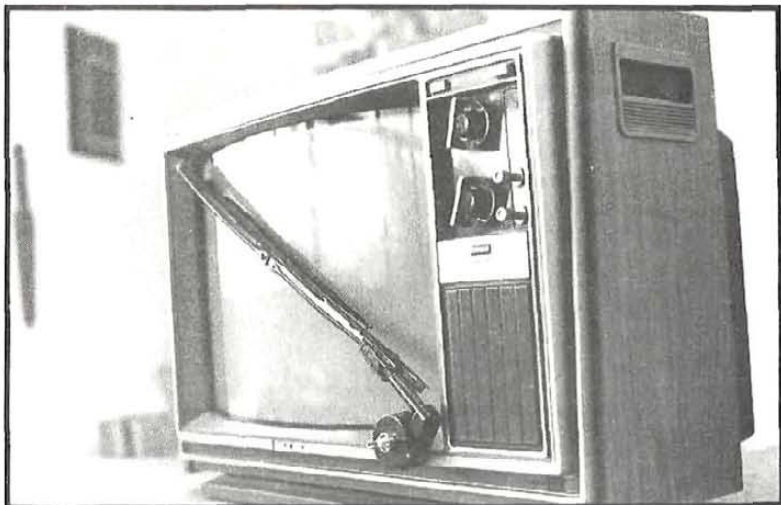
1951. First TV Guide.

In an effort to enable the viewing public to make the most informed choices about what to watch, Zitzer launched his *TV Guide* magazine. It went so far as to give the complete script for every program to be aired that week. "It was a great idea," Zitzer says, "until those shits stole it and bastardized it down to a thin little thing that leaves you hungry for some real information about the most important thing in your life."



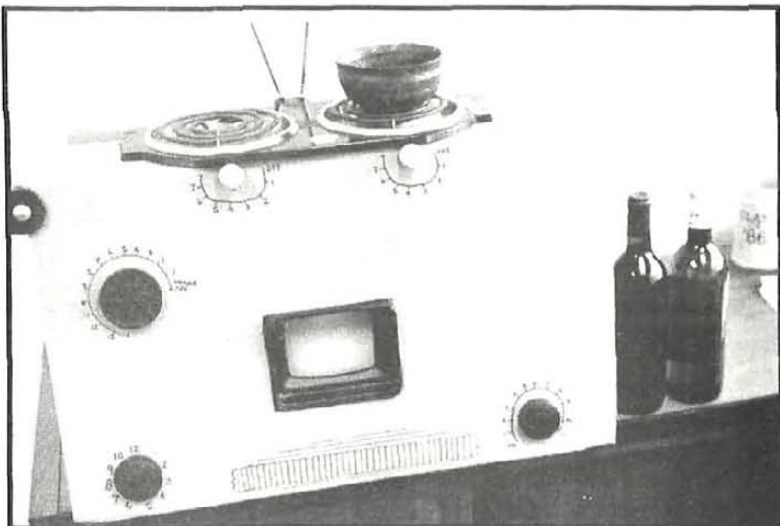
1957. Self-Cleaning Screen.

It was the age when commercials were exhorting viewers to get their clothes whiter than white, and what could be more perfect for displaying those messages than this self-cleaning TV screen? A small motor pumped out a spurt of detergent that was rapidly whisked all around by the rubber blade. "The car companies claim that I stole this idea from them," Zitzer says, "but actually I thought of it when I was a teenager. My big mistake was mentioning it to my friend on the street one day, where obviously it was overheard by some fuckhead from Detroit."



1949. First TV Dinner.

Zitzer was the first to realize that, to the ardent TV viewer, the act of eating was a disruptive if necessary process. He therefore combined a state-of-the-art TV with a state-of-the-art stove to produce this ultimate in modern convenience. Viewers could cook while they watched the bad guys tear up the town and then eat while the marshal captured them. In later models, Zitzer considered adding a refrigerated compartment and, for true sophisticates, a wine rack. "It was good, wholesome food," Zitzer admonishes, "not the frozen shit full of chemicals that's sold today by the sons of bitches who ran away with my concept."



1979. Super-Split Screen.

As more and more channels became available and programming choices mushroomed, Zitzer sensed the public's frustration at only being able to watch one show at a time. So his super-split screen breakthrough enabled them to watch up to two dozen separate shows at once. The fact that all the soundtracks are also on simultaneously is not a problem, because the human brain can easily pick out the relevant sounds, much as someone can easily understand a companion's conversation at a buzzing cocktail party. "It's an old, sad story," Zitzer remarks. "I invent the concept, they copy it and water it down, and they make millions while I can't even make trouble for them."



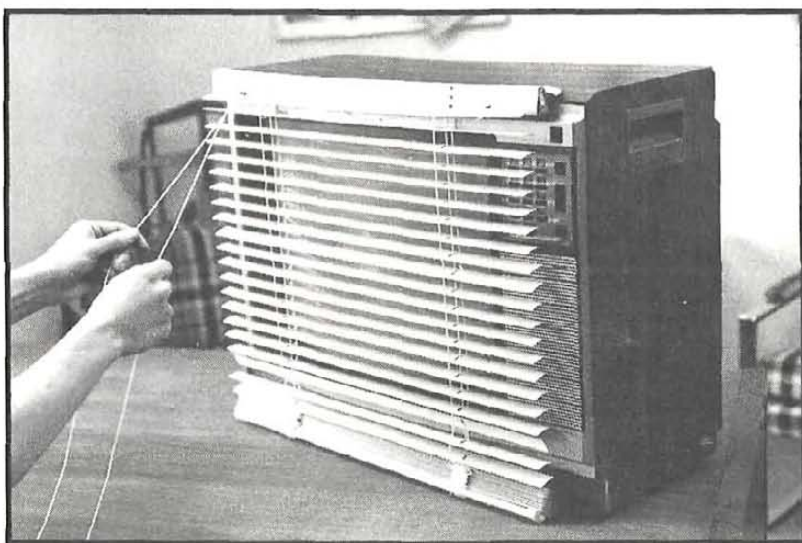
1972. First Watchman.

For some people, the seventies represent the declining years of television. But Robert Zitzer was inclined to keep inventing. Right in tune with America's mania for total portability, he offered this true take-it-anywhere television. The set itself was carried easily in a backpack while a simple periscope-like arrangement of lenses and mirrors enabled the viewer to enjoy his favorite programs wherever his travels might take him, as long as a wall socket wasn't too far away. "Once I gave them the idea of portable TV," Zitzer laments, "the bastards ran with it on their own. They stole my idea, because that way they could keep all the royalties to themselves. Scumbags."



1962. The First TV-Commercial Zapper.

As commercials became more numerous and more offensive, Zitzer once again went to the aid of a wanting public. Through the use of a simple technology, viewers would be spared the necessity of having to look at any interruption to the flow of real program material. With a simple tug of the cord, the offending material was rendered invisible, and with another tug, the video portion was once again revealed when appropriate. "Everyone talks about zapping today," Zitzer says, "but I was the first one who made it possible, at least before the TV manufacturing industry stole my idea red-handed without paying me a fucking penny."



1968. TV Takes to the Road.

Limousines may sport TVs today, but Zitzer's democratic ideal was to allow Americans at all income levels to enjoy the tube while on the go. With a TV dangling from each traffic light, even the driver could catch bits and pieces of his favorite show as the car tooted along. Loudspeakers provided the audio portion of the show, and the channel shown would be selected democratically by checking Nielsen ratings. The idea was actually tried out in a small Midwestern town. "The bastards blamed me for the rise in auto accidents," Zitzer remarks ruefully. "It's not my fault that the sons of bitches didn't belong on the road in the first place."



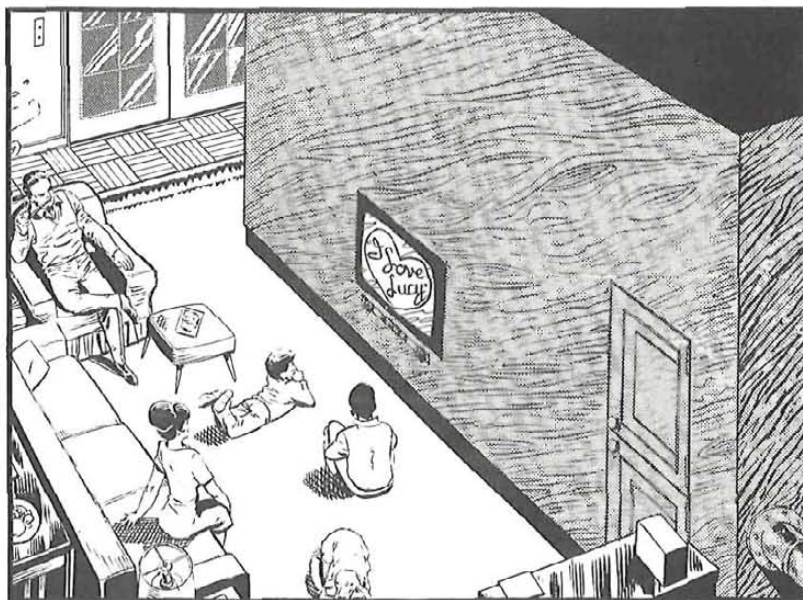
1948. First Remote Control.

Zitzer was the earliest TV pioneer to address the couch potato's ultimate dream: never to have to get up to change a channel or adjust a setting. Two of his efforts, both successful in achieving the desired result (if not in the marketplace), are shown here. On the left, various lightweight poles interlock with controls on the set in classic "male-female" fashion. The leverage gained by the pole length makes even the stickiest of knobs easy to turn. On the right, a purely electronic solution to the problem places a tiny motor in the set which propels it along tracks and right up to the viewer, where comfortable adjustments can be made. The viewer can send the set scuttling toward him and away at will, merely by pressing a hand-held switch. "I tried to give the American public everything," Zitzer wails. "But some miserable shit was always waiting in the shadows to steal my ideas, screw them up, and make a fortune cheating people with unnecessary complications."



1964. The Self-Repairing TV.

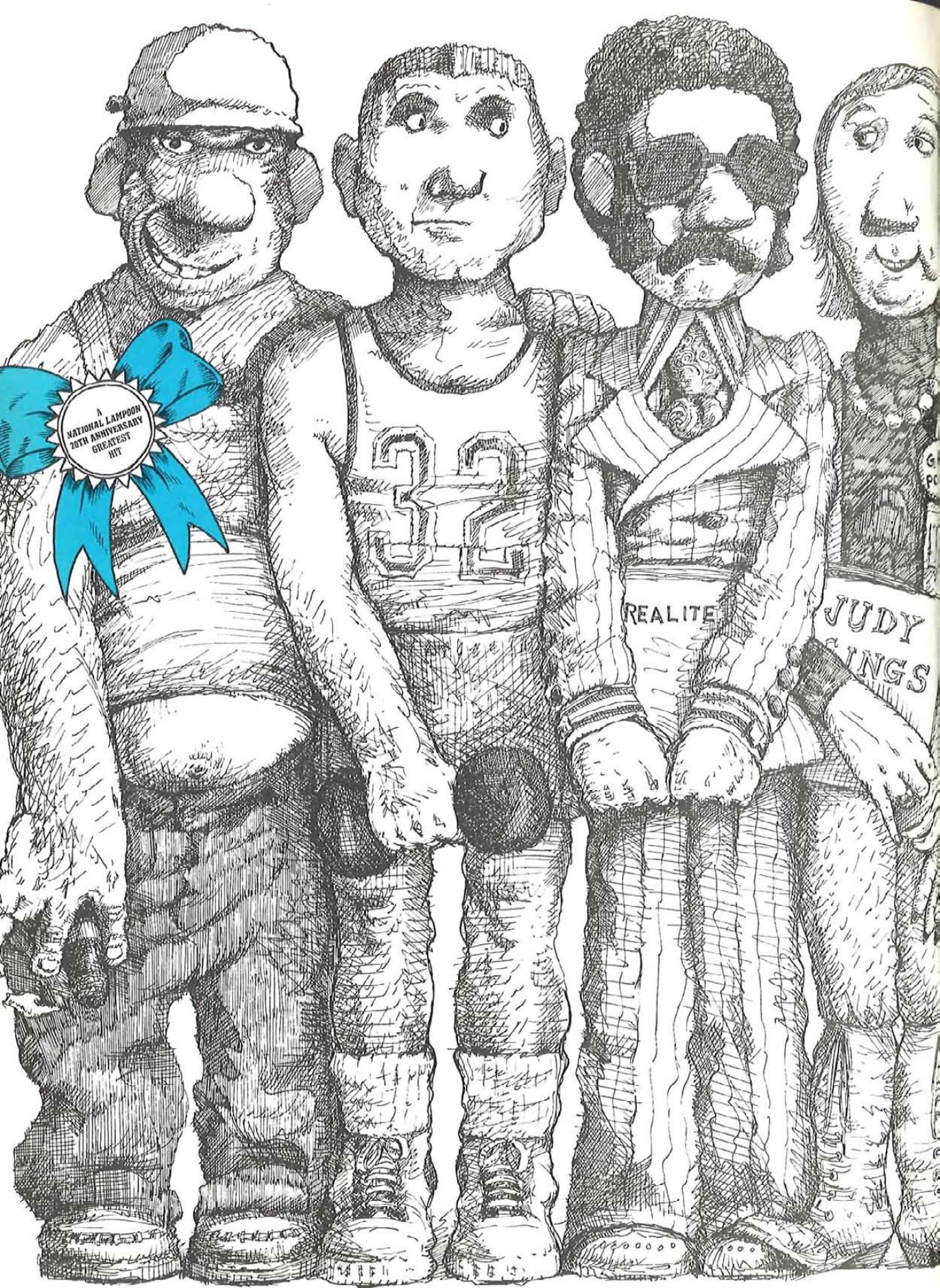
As American manufacturing skills declined and TV sets broke down with increasing frequency, Zitzer developed the advanced concept of the self-repairing television. The time period between observing the difficulty and returning to normal viewing was drastically minimized by merely expanding the size of the chassis sufficiently to include room for a competent TV repairman and his family. Toilet and kitchen facilities were provided along with voltmeters and other suitable electronic diagnostic equipment, and food could be passed in when necessary through a tiny Dutch-type swinging door on the bottom. A viewer would merely have to step up to the set and shout, "It's gone bad again!" to set the repairman to work. Since the innards of the set were part of the repairman's living quarters, he wouldn't even need to waste time removing screws. "Not only would it have meant the least disruption to



Americans' favorite pastime," Zitzer explains, "but it would have helped solve our unemployment problems and provided much-needed housing

for the poor. But no one took me up on it, and look at the fucking mess our country is in today."

continued on page 105



Originally appeared in the July 1971 issue.



ARE YOU A HOMO?

by John Weidman

Do you sometimes feel depressed, anxious, or vaguely unhappy? Many of us have these feelings from time to time, and we tend to attribute them to "the state of the world" or "a bad day at the office." In fact, the source of your tension and anxiety may be much more basic.

You may be a homo.

Now I know what you're saying. "Not me. I'm no homo." But did you know that scientific studies have shown that many of us are born homos and never realize it?

How about you? If you've ever suspected yourself of being "different," even for a minute, now's your chance to find out for sure! The test that follows was scientifically prepared to bring out the hidden homo in each of us.

Answer the questions honestly, and score yourself accordingly. If you *are* a homo, you'll save yourself more years of heartache by fessing up now. Remember, there are hundreds of homos in this country who lead normal, happy lives.

There is no *shame* in being a homo!

I. Defensive Prejudice

How you feel about homos may be a reflection of how you feel about yourself. Mark each statement either true or false.

- T F 1. Hundreds of homos lead normal, happy lives.
 T F 2. There is no *shame* in being a homo.
 T F 3. Homos are weak and easy to beat up.
 T F 4. Homos never wear underpants.
 T F 5. Groups of homos are dangerous and will try to take your clothes off and kill you.
 T F 6. Homos like to kidnap little boys and marry them.
 T F 7. Homos know all the latest dance steps.
 T F 8. Homos never say their prayers.
 T F 9. Homos cry if you're mean to them.
 T F 10. The only way to kill a homo is with a silver bullet.

Score: If you thought you knew enough about homos to mark any answers in this section, you're already in trouble. Score five points for each question answered.

II. Significant Synonyms

Allow yourself three minutes to write

down every word you know that means the same as "homo." We've started you off.

- (1) sissy (2) fruitcake (3) flyboy

Score: Five points for each word listed. Ten points for each word you knew but were afraid to write down. Fifteen points if you had to ask Mom for help.

III. Word Analysis

These questions have been prepared with great subtlety. Mark your choices quickly. Do not go back and change answers.

- Do you prefer to think of yourself as:
 - a man?
 - a human being?
 - a homo sapiens?
- When you order a glass of milk, do you ask for:
 - skimmed?
 - pasteurized?
 - homogenized?
- If you are with people who have similar tastes, do you prefer to think of the group as:
 - compatible?
 - simpatico?
 - homogeneous?
- Do you think of indigent beggars as:
 - panhandlers?
 - deadbeats?
 - hoboes?
- If your Uncle Moe asked you who your favorite singer was, what would you answer?
 - "Tom Jones, Moe."
 - "Frank Sinatra, Moe."
 - "Don Ho, Moe."
- Joseph Conrad wrote many great novels. Which is your favorite?
 - Lord Jim*
 - Victory*
 - Nostramo*
- If you were asked which record company had the funniest name, how would you reply?
 - "Ha ha, Capitol!"
 - "He he, Atlantic!"
 - "Ho ho, Motown!"

Score: Ten points for each one marked c. Add twenty-five points more for each c answer you changed after you figured out the ingenious "catch."

IV. Suggestive Citations

Great literature is always great, but often obscure. Study the following passages, then put a check mark next to the ones you would be afraid to read to a muscular person who hates homos.

- "Yet in our asshen olde is fyr y reke." (Chaucer)
- "The moe the merrier." (John Heywood)
- "The white pink and the pansy freaked by jet." (Milton)
- "Do not, when my heart hath

continued

'scap'd this sorrow, Come in the rearward of a conquered woe.' (Shakespeare)

- 5. "No member needs so great a number of muscles as the tongue." (da Vinci)
- 6. "His coat was red, and his breeches were blue, And there was a hole where his tail came through." (Southey)
- 7. "I hold you here, root and all, in my hand." (Tennyson)
- 8. "To blow and swallow at the same moment is not easy." (Plautus)
- 9. "Love me, love my dog." (Heywood)

Score: Add twenty points for each passage you checked. If you thought passage number 3 had anything to do with homos and airplanes, give yourself twenty extra points for being a wise guy.

V. Got a Match?

Pair up the items that go together best.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. maroon velvet drapes | a. tan chamois bodyshirt |
| 2. black chintz bedspread | b. wheat-colored jeans |
| 3. mauve velour turtleneck | c. white satin sheets |
| 4. taupe corduroy knickers | d. Oriental scatter rugs |
| 5. powder-blue pullover | e. navy-blue double-breasted blazer |
| 6. black leather briefs | f. hickory riding crop |

Score: Give yourself ten points for each of the following match-ups: 1-d, 2-c, 3-c, 4-a, 5-b. Subtract ten points for each one you missed. If you paired 6 and f, give yourself an extra seventy-five points, roll up this magazine, and see if your roommate forgot to take out the garbage again.

VI. Coming Out of the Closet

Congratulations on having had the courage to complete the first five sections! Now stop cheating and finish the test.

A. What's your pleasure?

What you like tells a great deal about what you are. Answer as quickly as possible.

- 1. When Miss Vicki married Tiny Tim on TV, were you:
 - a. nauseated?
 - b. revolted?
 - c. in the receiving line?
- 2. Which Walt Disney character is your all-time favorite?
 - a. Donald Duck
 - b. Goofy
 - c. Tinkerbell
- 3. Do you prefer TV commercials featuring:
 - a. Henry Fonda?
 - b. Jonathan Winters?
 - c. The Man from Glad?
- 4. How did you feel when Tab Hunter

was arrested for beating his dog?

- a. indifferent
 - b. outraged
 - c. left out
- 5. If you won a week's vacation with a famous Hollywood couple, which couple would you choose?
 - a. Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor
 - b. Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward
 - c. Marlon Brando and Wally Cox
 - 6. When waiting for a bus, are you more comfortable:
 - a. standing on the curb?
 - b. leaning against a building?
 - c. sitting on a fire hydrant?

Score: Add ten points for each one marked c.

B. The masterpainter

Many people feel that Michelangelo was the greatest artist who ever lived. What do you think?

- 1. Study the following picture. Draw a circle around the part of the statue that seems to be out of proportion.



Score: Subtract thirty points if you circled either the head or the hands. If you circled anything else, add fifty points.

- 2. Pictured below are two of the Master's most famous works. In twenty-five words or less, tell which one you like best and why.



Score: Score thirty points no matter which one you preferred. No one is interested in your reasons except your shrink.

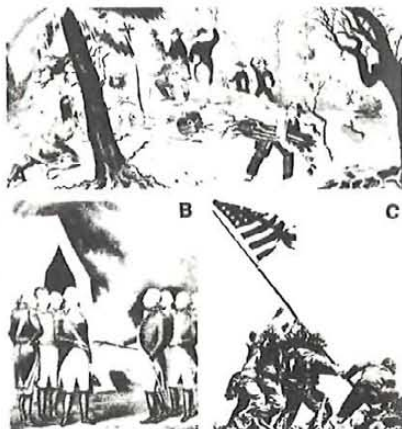
C. Lingering latency

This is the final section of the test. Only a you-know-what would quit at this stage of the game.

- 1. When you were a child, did you believe in:
 - a. God?
 - b. Santa Claus?
 - c. The Tooth Fairy?
- 2. Whose death did you find most upsetting?

- a. John F. Kennedy's
- b. Bobby Kennedy's
- c. Judy Garland's

- 3. Every boy wants to grow up to be a fireman. You wanted to grow up to be a fireman because:
 - a. you hoped you could help your community.
 - b. the work seemed exciting.
 - c. you wanted to slide down the fire pole.
- 4. What is the first word that pops into your mind when you see the word "window"?
 - a. blind
 - b. washer
 - c. dresser
- 5. If you discovered roaches in your bathroom, you'd reach for the:
 - a. Raid
 - b. Black Flag
 - c. Flit
- 6. Which patriotic scene is most inspiring?



Score: Once again, twenty points for each answer you were honest enough, or stupid enough, to mark c.

VII. The Final Reckoning

You have now completed the test and are ready to face the music. Simply add up your score and mark the total on the chart below. It will tell you where you stand.



How did you do?

If you scored below two hundred, congratulations! You are not a homo and need never worry about being one again.

If you scored above two hundred, too bad. You are definitely a homo and must now begin adjusting your life accordingly. The adjustments won't be easy, of course. They may involve the loss of your job, divorce, perhaps even suicide. But once you've thought it out you'll realize that *anything* is better than continuing to live out the lie.

God bless you, and good luck. You homo. □

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OH, MAMA, UNHOOK IT! FIVE... FOUR... THRES... TWO...

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DAMN IT, I ALMOST GOT TO SEE HER NAKED! IF THEY'D JUST CALLED TWO LOUSY SECONDS LATER...

AT LEAST WE GOT THE TITS IN FOR OUR READERS... I'LL HAVE TO LOOK AT THE MAGAZINE TO CHECK THEM OUT FOR MYSELF... THAT IS, IF I'M ALLOWED....

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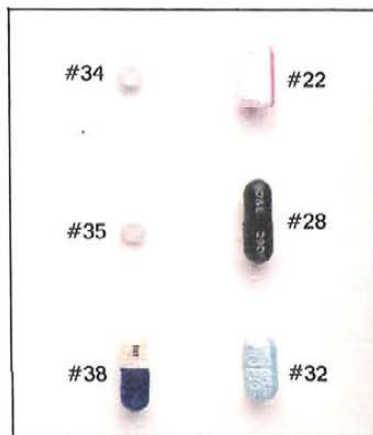
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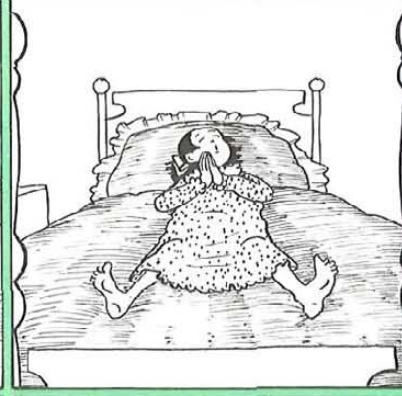
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WOMEN ARE STILL JUST OBJECTS... NOBODIES. THEY WORK TWICE AS HARD AND NEVER GET ANYWHERE.



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WELL... LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, PEPSI... YOU MAY NEVER GET TO BE PRESIDENT... BUT YOU'LL BE A BIG HIT ON THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

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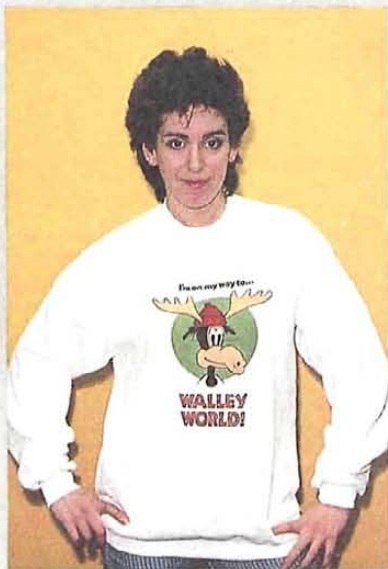
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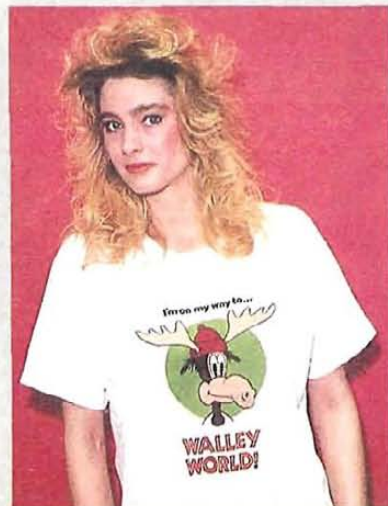
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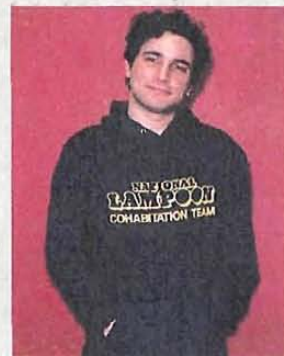
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- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —*Washington Post*
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British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

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SAM de GROOT

ONE OF ONLY 71 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...

DR. UGATTI, CHIEF OF COMATOLOGY, ATTEMPTS TO GAUGE THE SEVERITY OF SAM'S COMA

MR. de GROOT, CAN YOU HEAR ME? IF YOU HEAR ME-**BLINK!**



OH, DEAR, HE'S NOT BLINKING, DOCTOR.

DOCTOR, WHEN MR. de GROOT WAS BROUGHT IN HE WAS WEARING A HEARING AID. WITHOUT IT, MAYBE HE CAN'T HEAR YOU ASKING HIM TO BLINK...



HMMM... WHERE IS THE HEARING AID?

IT'S IN THE DRAWER WITH HIS WALLET AND STUFF...

IT'S WORTH A TRY. PUT THE BLOODY THING ON...



**THAT'S odd-I draw this strip and I don't recall drawing a hearing aid on SAM working*



NO, NO, NURSE, PUT IT ON MR. de GROOT!



OH...

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MR. de GROOT, IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, **BLINK!**

HE'S BLINKING! HE CAN HEAR, DOCTOR, HE'S BLINKING!



EVERYBODY! MR. de GROOT CAN HEAR-HE'S BLINKING, HE'S BLINKING!



MY SON, IF YOU'RE A CATHOLIC, BLINK!

BLINK IF YOU HAVE MEDICAL INSURANCE, SIR.

DO YOU WANT TO RENT A TV? BLINK IF YOU DO.

I'M DR. GERNSBACH FROM OPHTHALMOLOGY. BLINK THE EYE YOU ARE NOW BLINKING IF YOU ARE ALSO ABLE TO BLINK YOUR OTHER EYE.

ARE YOU SINGLE? BLINK IF YOU ARE.

DO YOU PLAY CHESS? I KNOW A WAY YOU CAN PLAY CHESS BY BLINKING.

YOU-HOO! THE GIFT SHOP HAS MARKED DOWN ALL PAPERBACK AGATHA CHRISTIE MYSTERIES 30%-IF YOU WISH TO BUY ANY, BLINK!

DEAR READER, IF YOU THINK I SHOULD CONSIDER DOING SOMETHING ELSE FOR A LIVING, **BLINK!**

Zitzer

continued from page 91

1965. First All-News Network.

It was Zitzer first, Turner second, as this photograph, taken in 1965, shows. Zitzer's all-news network presented a variety of newspapers to the public, clearly readable on all but the cheapest-quality TV sets. "Back then, I tried it briefly on a station in Atlanta," Zitzer explains. "Does that sound familiar?"



1963. Closed Captions for the Blind.

Ever mindful of helping the handicapped, Zitzer made the first attempt to bring TV to the unsighted. In the upper right corner of the screen, in a mortised-out oval, a tiny face appears shouting a description of the action on the screen loud enough to be heard over the regular soundtrack. "There's a blue sky with green trees in the foreground. A man with a long nose is riding a horse beside a fairly small creek..." Zitzer opines, "This could have been a real public service, but they stole it and twisted it around so they could use it for deaf people. Now, I have nothing against deaf people, but what they really need help with is listening to the radio."



1988. TV in Print.

Still far ahead of his time, Zitzer foresees a disturbing trend: TV viewership is declining while magazine readership is increasing. To prevent the demise of the entertainment medium to which he has devoted his entire life, Zitzer recently patented a process for providing a true television-like experience on the printed page. Since this is the printed page, no further explanation is necessary and the process itself—shown to the public for the first time—is herewith demonstrated. The reader, to become the viewer, merely has to scan his eyes over the frames in rapid succession. "I know what will happen," Zitzer says with the sad sigh of one who has been around long enough to sense the inevitable. "One of your unscrupulous readers will see this, realize its potential, and then steal it. I won't even see a penny of the money, and I'll just remain what I am, a—" Here his voice breaks just as the now-empty bottle falls out of his trembling hand and smashes on



the cold floor, shattering into a myriad of kaleidoscopic shards, each

one reflecting the luminous but shattered genius above it. ■

Putz!

continued from page 81

his fancy, he would have leaned against the wall as the young girl popped a cheap prophylactic into her mouth and her long, tapered, shaking fingers, ravaged by sores that oozed a sickly greenish-blue, would gravitate to his penis and thrust it into the waiting rubber. Of course, the anxiety would have dulled his sex drive and the poor girl would have developed a stiff neck before she spat the Trojan out in disgust and said, "What are you, some kind of fag-got?"

Of course, Goldman might also have indulged himself with a young boy; they hung out a few blocks further up Broadway, near the all-night pizzeria. These young street toughs were known for their "brown showers," an S&M practice that included both urolagnia and coprophilia, or, as they put it, getting off on number one and number two. Since this sexual cornucopia was within blocks of Goldman's abode, it is likely that he did more than just walk to Broadway to get the early edition of the *Times*.

But the problem of his follow-up to the Elvis book was constantly gnawing at his consciousness. He needed the bread to cop

more "research" from his connection. God forbid he should have to go cold turkey. "Cold turkey"—that had a nice resonant ring to it, he thought. He stumbled aimlessly around his apartment, trying to focus his thoughts. There was this mishmash of ideas running around his cranium, names like Swinburne and Stevie Nicks, Coleridge and Clapton, then giant images of a

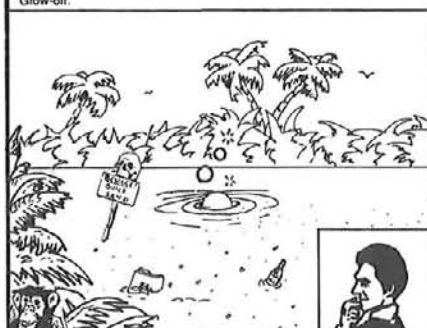


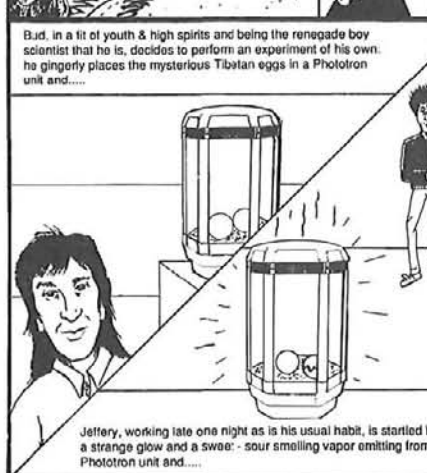
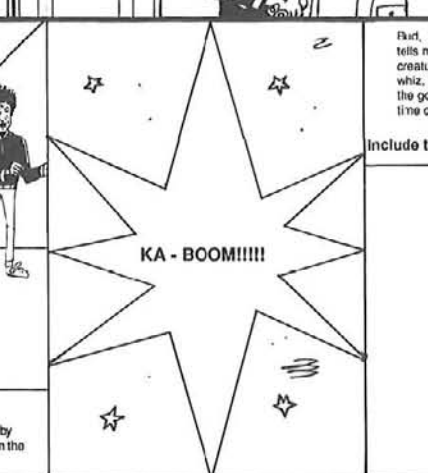

He needed the bread to cop more "research" from his connection.

hypodermic needle and a Ph.D. thesis that came to life and started talking to him. The needle was urging Goldman to get close to him, he was the one who touched the Truth, the Eternal Truth that squirted out of his tip. The thesis was laughing disdainfully, arrogant in the knowledge that there was no Truth outside the gates of the university! "You're a professor, Goldman," the thesis said to him. "Act professorial." The

syringe just laughed maniacally. "Putz!" it spat at Goldman. "You're such a putz, such a putz."

What torment! He needed air quick. He reeled over to the window that overlooked the park and pulled it open. For the first time in weeks, the fresh night air poured into the room. And with it a strange faint chant. It sounded almost tribal, and it touched a familiar place in Goldman's psyche. His senses sharpened and he leaned his head out of the window. The sound was wafting in from the direction of the Dakota, and Goldman looked down and saw a ragtag bunch of kids, kids with backpacks and long, stringy hair, kids playing guitars and rattling tambourines, kids holding up signs that said "Imagine" and "War Is Over If You Want It" and "John, We Hardly Knew You," and suddenly he realized what the familiar chant was. It was these kids singing "All We Are Saying Is Give Peace a Chance." It all registered at once. Tonight was the first anniversary of John Lennon's assassination. *That's it!* Goldman almost laughed out loud. *That's it!* He slammed the window shut and almost tripped in his haste to get over to the phone. A few seconds later, his agent answered on the fourth ring.

"Start the bidding tomorrow, John," Goldman cackled. "I'm doing the biography of John Lennon." ■

| | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>Last time you'll remember, our hero, Jeffery Julian DeMarco was in a state of confusion because his trustworthy & relatively loyal assistant, Mildred Moore & the entire world population of Gragras had disappeared while in Brazil to judge the San Paulo County Fair Annual Grow-off.</p> | <p>In Mildred's stead Jeffery has enlisted the services of his old college professor, Dr. A. C. Dling, Professor Emeritus of Botany at the California Institute of Stress. Dr. Dling is accompanied by his youthful research assistant Bud.</p> | <p>Just then, the Federal - Xtra - Stress man delivers a package containing two strange looking aquamarine colored eggs from Dling's associate, the Tæobot anthropologist, Dr. M. Bro.</p> |
|  |  |  |
| <p>Bud, in a fit of youth & high spirits and being the renegade boy scientist that he is, decides to perform an experiment of his own. He gingerly places the mysterious Tibetan eggs in a Phototron unit and.....</p>  <p>Jeffery, working late one night as is his usual habit, is startled by a strange glow and a sweet - sour smelling vapor emitting from the Phototron unit and.....</p> |  | <p>First, I forgive you for this unauthorized experiment. Something tells me that these tiny reptilian but nonetheless heartwarming creatures will make a better world PYRAPONIMETRICALLY. Gee whiz, this will be the best Easter ever. I am so happy, I will offer all the good people who read the NATIONAL LAMPOON a limited time only discount on my Phototron. From \$ 390.00 to \$ 350.00</p> <p>Include this ad with your money order to receive discount!</p>  |

Things You Shouldn't Say to a Woman.. After You've Just Made Love

1. What do I do *now*—I've never "used" anyone before!
2. The night's still young! Let's pick up some guys!
3. Let's cuddle like Robert Chambers.
4. And now... *violence*.
5. Stick with me, home girl—you ain't fucked till you've fucked in a crack lab.
6. Be careful when you slip on your shoes—I can't find the condom.
7. Look at the bright side. It's important to *learn* from our mistakes.
8. Do you have any sisters like you?
9. Mind if I masturbate? We might salvage this yet.
10. I shouldn't have bought condoms at Toys "R" Us.
11. I can save you up to 40 percent on your insurance needs.
12. Hey, hey! The tattoo parlor's open till three o'clock!
13. I have a headache—have you checked your vagina for radon?
14. It's been great to be here in [name of city]. You've been a wonderful audience.
15. The horror... the horror...
16. That reminds me—it's my turn to get the live bait.
17. The bad news: I tested positive. The good news: I've got a *smashing* design for my segment of the AIDS quilt!
18. "Uhhnnnngh," or "Uhhhhnnnnngggghhhh"? The editors of *Penthouse* are sticklers for detail.
19. Guess I'm not monogamous *after all!*

Dave Wielgus

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, president and founder of Pyraponic Industries. My master's thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own master's 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 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 recreate Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the recreation 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 am 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 (38 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



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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 can not fail with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I personally have guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And and I have never had one returned. I am not starting now. Call me at 1-619-451-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

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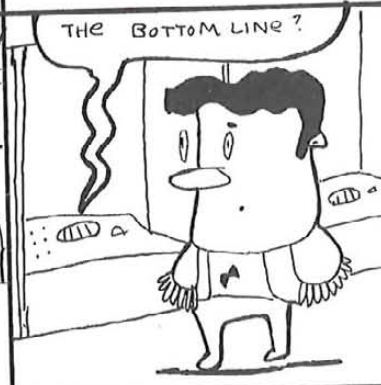
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Mr. Cohen
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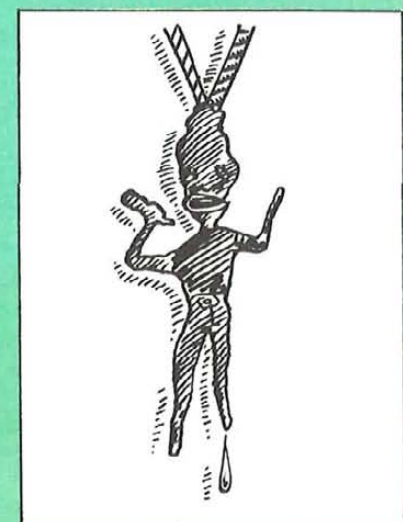
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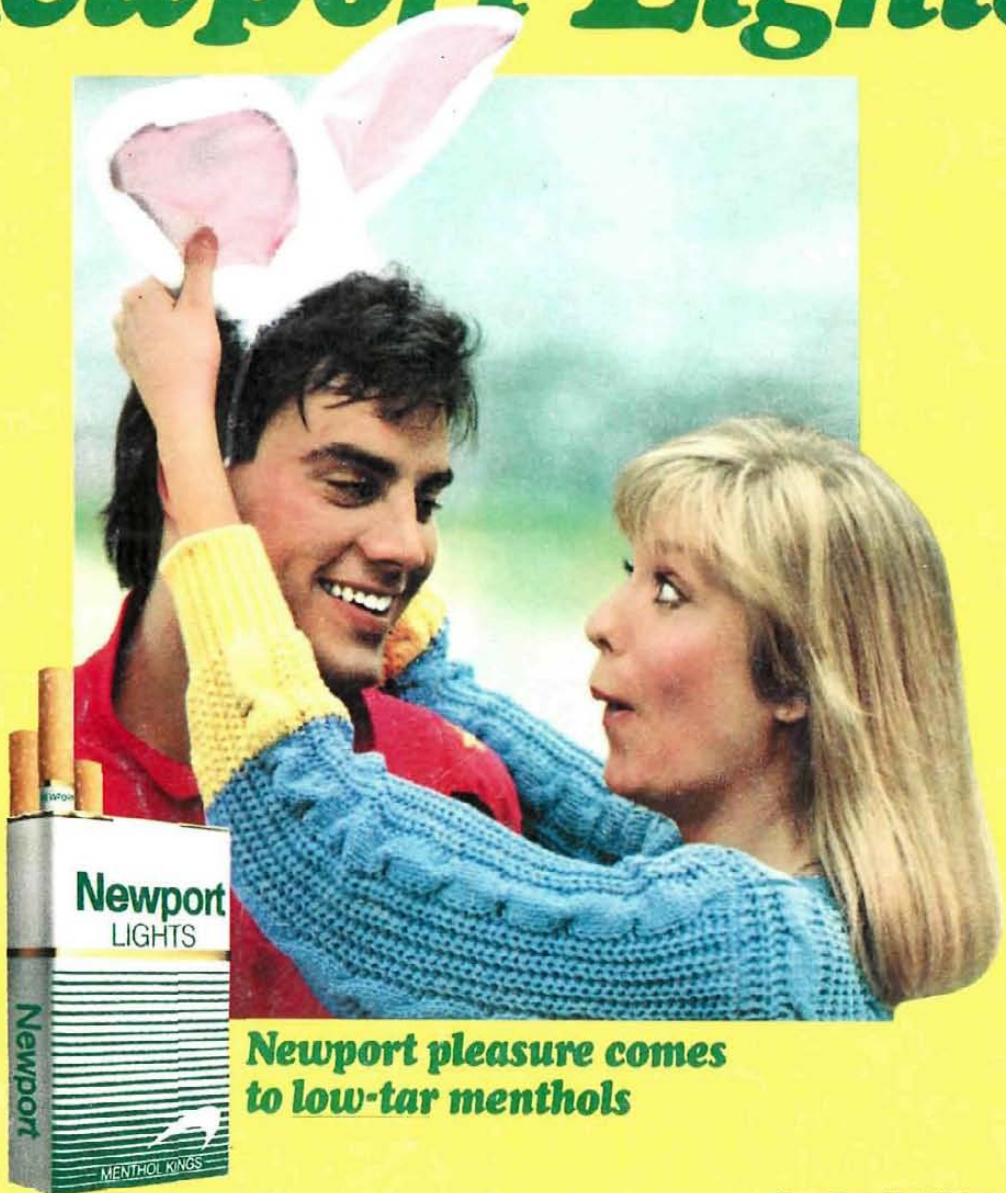
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