

A Guide to Where the Girls Are
Introducing Dan Quayle's Diary • Suburban Scenes and Idiot Teens

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

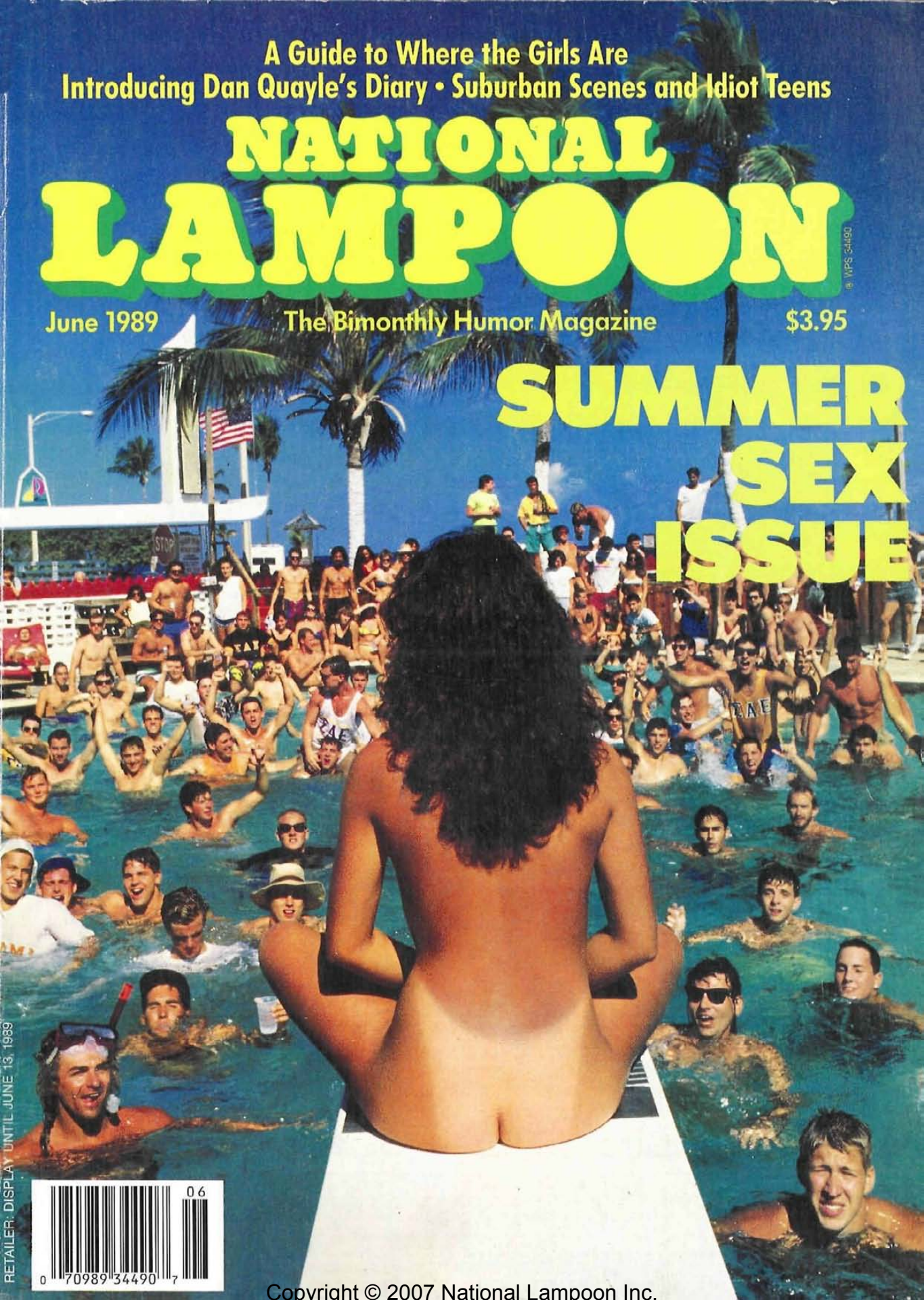
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June 1989

The Bimonthly Humor Magazine

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SUMMER SEX ISSUE

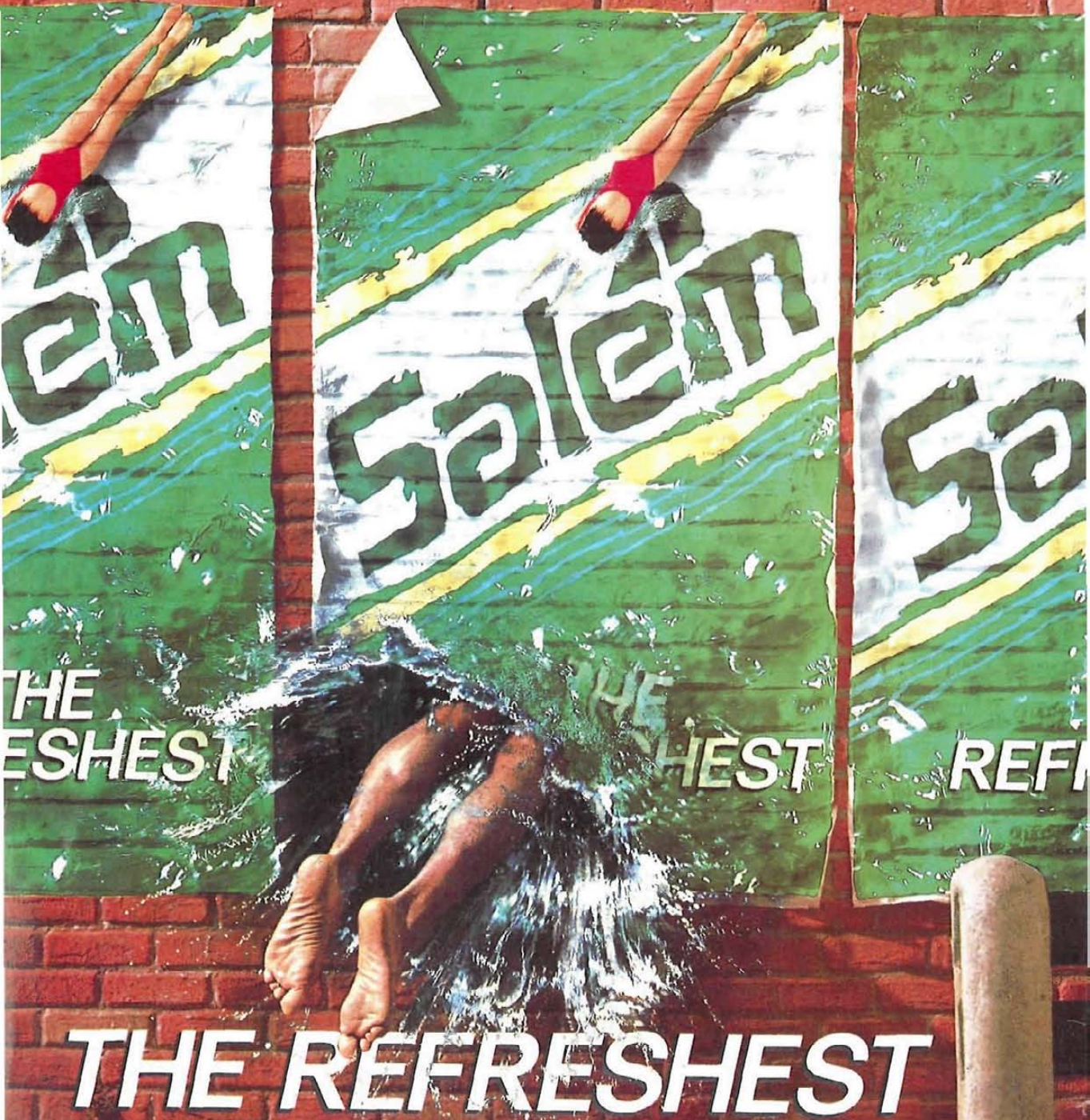


RETAILER: DISPLAY UNTIL JUNE 13, 1989



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17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



THE REFRESHEST

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

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



MICHAEL JACKSON

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

Shadoe Stevens.

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

ABC RADIO NETWORKS



AMERICAN

★ TOP 40 ★

WITH SHADOE STEVENS

America's #1 Countdown Show



Long Distance Dedications.

You know the show, American Top 40.

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

Now he's a star who knows the stars.

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

ABC Watermark

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EDITORIAL

Summer sex.

It's almost redundant, isn't it? The two go together like teeth and gums, lard and bacon, hair and mousse, trains and tunnels.

Why is this so?

Is it because mosquito venom is actually a wildly powerful aphrodisiac, the only love potion stronger being mosquito repellent? Or because the relentless, pulsing rhythm of ceiling and window fans is congruous with the driving trochaic pentameter that charges the torrid prose of Harold Robbins?

Or is it perhaps because summer is when Dave Berg traditionally does his "The Lighter Side of Sex" article and his incredibly erotic illustrations pervade our endocrine highways in ways we have no control over?

Is it because women find it irresistibly virile when their partners work up a thick, gummy glaze like a humid turpentine on their backs during sweaty summer intercourse, a goo that resembles beef bouillon in fragrance and rubber cement in texture?

Or is it après-beach sex that's so appealing—genitals, fluffy with desire, doing love's torrid tango, grinding together as one, the male one doing its best to dodge the painful grains of sand which harass the consummation the way ants harass picnics?

Probably the best way to get your answers is to read our Summer Sex "sexion" (in case you were wondering, we're not doing theme issues anymore, just theme sections [this month's theme section is Summer Sex, in case you're like that guy who was on TV who loses his memory every three minutes]). Anyway, here are just a few of the precious collectibles in the issue currently in your lap:

The Revenge of Debbi Rabas, who has the title "editorial assistant" but who actually has more jobs than Bo Jackson and wears more hats than a stadium full of Siamese sextuplets. She manages to: be Ratso's Gal Monday-to-Friday; return the unsolicited manuscripts, cartoons, and phone calls; answer questions and research things no one else can or will; arrange every shoot in the magazine, right down to

finding bizarre locations, buying or renting absurd props, and buying or renting absurd bimbos; and write the occasional article for us, including the last two Cover Notes, for which she received no credit. (Notice that this month's Cover Note is written by Ratso, and he'll probably get his credit on a neon gatefold. Speaking of which, Art Department, if you could put a small photo of me, just a quarter page or so, next to my signature, I'd be mooey bueno.) Anyway, back to Debbi: she's a regular normal girl, and the poor thing has to spend probably three days a month auditioning models whom God has styled into editions of womanhood which will visually slake Ratso's odd and morose thirsts. So in this issue, after seemingly endless instances of her having to deal with cupcake women and always having her requests for beefcake put on hold, Ratso has let her have her way. See Debbi, in all her glory, gamboling about the office with pec-flexing hunks, and, like us, writing an article around it so that the gratuitousness appears contextual.

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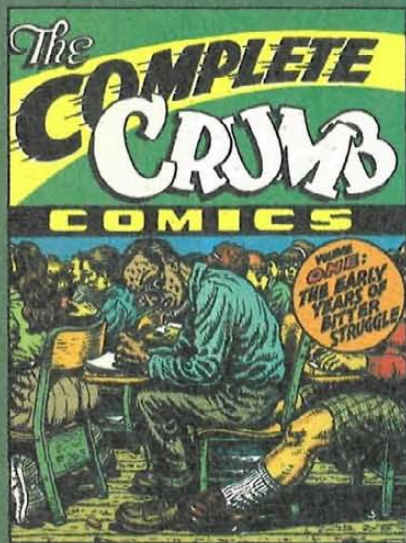
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THE UNSEEN CRUMB

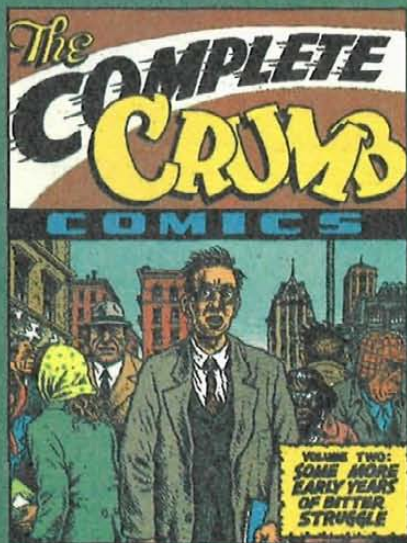
"...An idealistic artist whose instincts led him to admire Walt Kelly as much as Caravaggio [becomes] a prematurely cynical—and, not coincidentally, definitive—commentator on '60s counterculture, '70s self-absorption, and '80s aimlessness... For the roots of that radicalism, THE COMPLETE CRUMB COMICS is an indispensable and beautifully executed effort."
—Ken Tucker, L.A. Weekly

"No one's library can be without it."
—Alan Moore



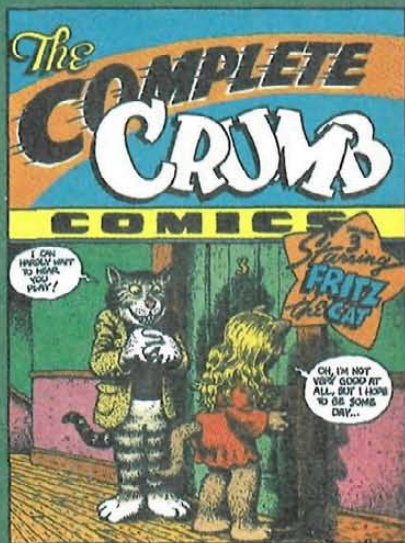
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The Complete Crumb gets serious, with the Fritz stories that made Crumb famous, ultra-rare advertising art from Topps, over 30 greeting cards from American Greetings, never before reprinted articles from *Help!* and *Yell*, a 16-page color section, and four pages of an unfinished Fritz the Cat strip never before published anywhere!



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All artwork © 1988 R. Crumb

Editorial

continued from page 6

Also: a nice piece of sexy and summerly fiction by our favorite Kansan, Mark Walters, and mellifluously illustrated by painter Barry Jackson.

And: the Evil Clown has emerged from his hole once again, his nostrils flared with noxious gases and toxic hair growth, to transform the Hamptons from a mecca of leisure and serenity into a hellpit of terror, degradation, abasement, and sin. It's great fun, and it's on page 35.

You want sex, you say, pure, unabashed sex? Well, we got it. Maybe not like *Penthouse*, but at least we admit we write our own letters.

For unabashed visual sex, see:

- the Surprise Poster, believed to have been harvested from the gamy orchard of Andy's brain;

- the lavishly illustrated spread on Morty's Summer Garage Sale, featuring three trouser-taxing tomatoes; and

- Sons-of-the-Beaches, an explicit and uncensored cartoon spread by Charles Rodrigues.

For instructions on how to conjure your own hot summer high jinks, see:

- Gilbert Gottfried's Guide on How to Pick Up Girls While You're Being Crucified. This foolproof fotorama will help even the shyest and least savory males become monster hits with the ladies, providing they're nailed to a cross. Just follow

Gilbert's proven techniques; you won't even need a gold-sequined tux like the one Gilbert is wearing (another Debbi acquisition), though many ladies are known to love that Vegas look and feel.

- Gerry Sussman's Guide to the Hot Summer Sex Spots, which gives you pointers on where to go if you want this summer to be your most action-bloated ever. (Get your passport ready; my personal favorite is Yugoslavia, unless Gerry made it up.)

- If, after these indispensable guides, you still aren't up to your elbows in the fairer sex, turn to Dave Wielgus's *Wang Beat*, which gives you helpful hints on how to make your time alone most special and memorable.

As for nonsexual fun activities that signal the onset of summer, see Gerry Sussman's Baseball Abstract. Inspired by the craft of analyst *extraordinaire* Bill James, Gerry digs through the numbers to reveal some very real—and very telling—information on players you wouldn't imagine led that kind of life (you thought only Wade Boggs did).

Something for everyone: if eating's your bag, check out veteran gourmand Kenneth Kosek's definitive Chinese menu. Kenneth, who plays a wicked fiddle for the band the Willies, among others, when he's not packing down the chop suey, understandably wanted to put in for all the food and exotic drinks he put away researching the article, but petty cash already went Chapter 11 on meal money this month, what with Ratso

supervising four day-long photo shoots.

If it's religion you like, or don't, see Ron Barrett's agglomeration of nonsecular saints;

If it's wickedly rendered mischief you like, read B. K. Taylor on page 79;

If it's tradition you hunger for, turn to our Twentieth Anniversary Greatest Hit on page 92;

If it's truth you hanker for, check out True Facts and True Facts Reporter, especially the interview with the mattress salesman.

Also have a look-see at page 30: this is the first of a series, commencing this month, in which we will present a one-page piece of fiction. The inaugural column was crafted by longtime *NatLamp* contributor and West Coast comedian Ed Bluestone.

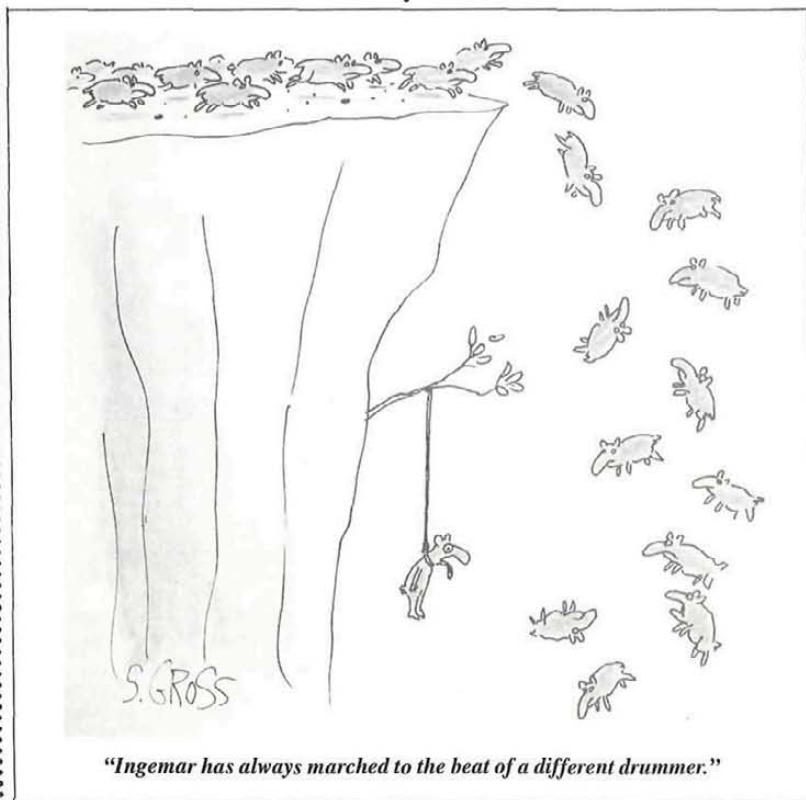
If what you crave is miscreant-teen activity, ranging from reckless driving to gluttonous consumption to gratuitous vandalism to the gleeful sully of hallowed traditions, take a look at the article starting on page 72 by Sam Johnson and Chris Marcil. It's about a sometimes free-spirited, sometimes imbalanced, always makes-you-think-twice-before-you'd-have-your-own group of teens whose skulls don't fit quite right, as reported by the sociologically minded pen of lissome academic Beryl Sweeney. Johnson and Marcil are fresh off a four-page piece in *The New Yorker*, but judging by this article they're very comfortable in less staid circumstances.

And how could I close without mentioning the hauntingly beautiful editorial? If you're coming in on the tail end of it here, don't be intimidated or lazy—go on, turn back to page 6 and read the whole thing. Go on, do it! It's really good!

—D.H.

Cover: This month's cover was shot by one of our favorite photographers, John Duke "I Gotta Wait For My Sun, Man" Kisch. It was shot on location in Fort Lauderdale at the world-famous Candy Store, owned and operated by one of the true great Florida characters, Bobby Van. Bobby and his entire staff, especially Cindy, Bonnie, and Tami Beth, were most helpful in making this madness happen, and we here at the *National Lampoon* strongly urge you to visit the Candy Store, either at Fort Lauderdale, Hunter Mountain, New York, or at their brand-new branch on the beach at Daytona.

Of course, we wouldn't have had a cover (or at least *this* cover) without a model. We spent a good many hours scouring the topless bars of Lauderdale for a cover girl. In fact, we even hired one, a certain Dr. Lipps, who plies her trade at the Booby Trap. Lipps was all over us, begging to be hired. She had a perfect ass, she told us—in fact, she even liked to "take it up there," and she even had experience as an actress in



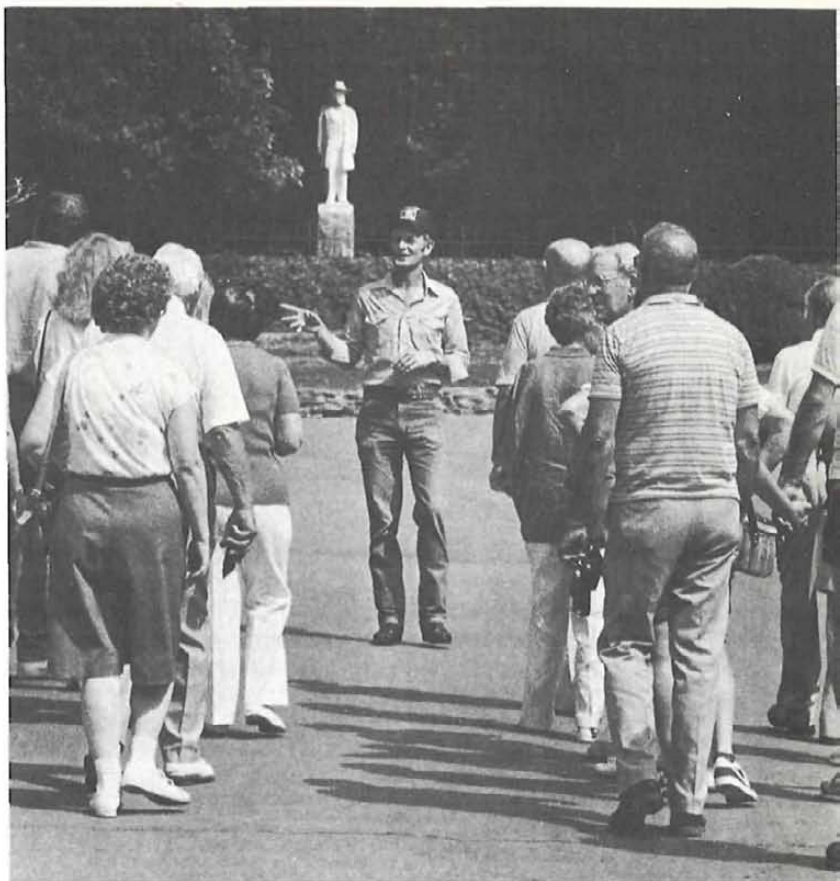


X-rated films and this would be a chance for her to go legitimate on the cover of a national magazine. Well, Friday night's promises turned sour in the harsh Saturday-afternoon sunlight. Dr. Lipps was nowhere to be found. She didn't answer repeated phone calls to her home. In fact, she wasn't even home to answer the frantic pounding of a Booby Trap security man whom we dispatched to her door. But, happily, we had had the foresight to select a backup (literally speaking) in case Dr. Lipps turned out to be a little less than reliable. Enter Heather, a stunner (aren't they all?) who works for Bobby at the Candy Store. Heather was more than willing to doff her bikini and paste on her pasties and face hundreds of screaming maniacs while precariously perched on a diving board, and for that, she has our unyielding admiration.

Ah, the maniacs. Debbi, our wonderful editorial assistant, promised us that we would have models to fill the pool. She had cut a deal with some fraternity at the University of Miami and they were coming up I-95 en masse to be on the cover of the *National Lampoon*. Well, they did. Charlie Kingery somehow managed to fuck, suck, or cajole a hundred screaming fellow brothers from Sigma Alpha Epsilon into doing the shoot. They came, they got bombed, they chanted "Take off your top," they threw each other into the pool, they waited for the right sun, they crossed the highway to do more shots on the beach (see photo), and, at the end of the day, they were rewarded with spanking-clean *NatLamp* T-shirts. Our kind of models.

Besides the cover, thanks to Caroline Hirsch of Caroline's at the Seaport for again letting us crucify Gilbert in her swank comedy establishment. Maybe she should rename it Caroline's at Calvary.

—L. "R." S.



Come visit our Tennessee distillery one of these days. Our guides would love to show you around.

VISIT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY and you'll meet a man who walks backwards and talks frontwards.

We have several gentlemen (like William Grogan here) who will take you down a tree-lined lane Jack Daniel himself once trod...past a Tennessee cave where ironfree water flows...and up to a room where every drop of our whiskey is trickled through room-high vats of hard maple charcoal. Few can top Mr. Grogan at talking about these things. And with all the practice he gets, there aren't many who can top him at backing up.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352



LETTERS



Sirs:
Don't make the mistake I did. I wanted to give my girlfriend some chocolates, so I bought her a Charles Whitman sampler. Soon as she opens the box—boom! it blows her head clean off. Destroyed the mood completely.

Robby Benson
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:
HA! Made you look!

John 3:16
The Mocking Bible

Sirs:
So, do you come to the Lord often? What's your sect? Is that a vial of holy water in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?

Clyde "Smooth" Wilkes
The Singles Church

Sirs:
Jesus, that little bastard smells. No wonder they call him Pooh Bear.

Christopher Robin
Candyland

Sirs:
Sorry. I never thought of Howie Mandel. I take the whole thing back.

Charles Darwin
H.M.S. Beagle

Sirs:
Tonight! Beer stains! Fingerprints! Snot! Pastel designs! And much, much more!

USA Today:
The Cocktail Napkin

Sirs:
I proudly introduce my new fragrance, Cher, capturing the essence, the playfulness, the *coy ambition* of a used condom dropped on the floor of a '76 Trans Am.

Cher
On her knees somewhere in Jersey

Sirs:
Do you want to know why you're not getting rid of us? Get with the times, people. Roach Motels are out. The hot thing these days is Roach Bed and Breakfasts.

The Cockroaches
In your kitchen

Sirs:
They snored.

Lizzie Borden
Fall River, Mass.

Sirs:
I ripped the tag off a mattress once. Now I'm in prison. Sure, I may have done other stuff too, but don't try to tell me there's no connection.

Charles Manson
Locked up forever

Sirs:
All I meant to spray on the walls was "Clapton Is Good." I apologize for any anxiety I might have caused you, Mr. Clapton.

Some English Graffiti Artist
Some English location

Sirs:
The door is not a door. The door is ajar. The door is not a door. The door is ajar. Get it? Get it?

Annoying Electronic Voice
Your new car

Sirs:
You all probably think I'm a pain in the neck, but hear me out:

Boxes of cereal, jars of peanut butter, etc., should change their little message from "Use before July '90" to the more informative "Will be pretty damn disgusting by July '90."

So what do you think? Are you with me?
Ralph Nader
Meaning well

Sirs:
Our sides are still aching. We spent the afternoon shopping at Wal-Mart and saw about a hundred fat, ugly little kids screaming and raising fusses, some rolling around on the floor and attracting a lot of attention, some balling up their red, chubby fists and swinging at their startled parents, some just shouting obscenities. Man, talk about confronting the taboo and loving it, we never laughed so hard in our lives. These kids are comic geniuses.

Ted and Myrtle Stump
Co-Presidents
Sam Kinison Fan Club

Sirs:
Just say no, thank you.

Miss Manners
Crackow, N.Y.

Sirs:
If Kitty were raped and killed, I'd... I'd tear the guy apart limb from limb! That's what I should have said. No. I'd kick some ass! That's it. That's what I'd do. Wait. I'd string him up by the balls! Yeah! No, wait. I'd...

Michael Dukakis
Still reassessing his
campaign strategy
continued on page 12



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

Alive with pleasure! Newport



After all,
if smoking
isn't a
pleasure,
why bother?

...
fer
come
did. In the
driver nonc
gnarled crook
He knew his jine
was. The sight of him
wagon drove home with
tainty that indeed we were
into a different zone in time.
A brief dip into the watering-ho
would call home for a month was for
cation enough for our first mornings
exploration of the neighborhood that lay
in close proximity to our hostel. Subse-
quent meanderings were systematically
accompanied by such respites.
Ahi, the explorations... A magical
maze of pounded sand footpaths (read in
today's world as streets), none more
wide than seven feet and more often like
three, web out from the palm-encircled
town square.



small
ers, artis
gated tours
unaffected by
Plumb against s
walls of chalky pastel
spill lush perfusions, jun

Newport Lights

Lights Kings: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg.
"tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Letters

continued from page 10

Sirs:

The wonder of the human comedy!... The fear and pity of the tragic hero!... Oh, look at how he does that!... Bravo!... Bravissimo!... Yea, verily.

Two Pockmarks
Conversing As They Sit on
F. Murray Abraham's Cheek

Sirs:

"I'm telling you, she won't keep it off! Not in a million years can a gal with that kind of a... kind of a... uh..."

"Carriage?"

"No."

"Build?"

"No."

"Metabolism?"

"No, no..."

"Genetically high buttocks, big, overdeveloped thighs, and lack of buoyancy?"

"YES! YES, THAT'S IT! This gal is built to do field work!!! I'll lay you seven to one she's the size of a Fleetwood Brougham by April."

Jimmy "The Greek" & Al Campanis
Overheard in limbo discussing
Oprah Winfrey

Sirs:

Have you ever seen the film *Alien*? Did you ever wonder how the creature got inside the humans to begin with? I mean, if it got to burst forth out of somebody's sternum, it must have found a pretty sneaky way to get in there... mustn't it?

A Long, Red Tube of Surimi,
That Fake Crabmeat Stuff That
Nobody Seems to Know the Origin
of, Lying in a Seafood Salad

In a Perfect World...

... Yoko would have jumped in front of John.

... a kernel of Paul Newman popcorn would somehow actually look like Paul Newman.

... the fluorocarbons trapped in the atmosphere would escape by going out through the hole in the ozone layer.

... somebody would wipe that smirk off Patrick Swayze's face.

... you would too be able to dry off your cat in the microwave.

... the fearless secret army of Islam would not rest until it had written the name of Allah the Almighty on the ground with the blood of the Dick Van Patten family.

... the official state motto of New York would be "Look Out! Look Out, It's Ed Koch!"

... Richard would have been the Carpenter who always felt "a little too chunky."

... the pope would end all encyclicals with "I don't know... At least, that's the way it seems to me."

... something would be very, very wrong with the brakes on Dan Quayle's car.

... Stephen Hawking would figure out a way to get his mojo workin' again.

... a woman would laugh appreciatively when a guy farted to make a point.

... the magnitude of Donald Trump's fortune would be in inverse proportion to the size of his dick.

Richard Boler

Sirs:

Oh CHRIST! What are you doing to me?
HANH?!? Oh Jeez, oh Christ! Stop! Will ya
stop! Will ya just stop it for five fuckin'
minutes! Will ya? HANH?!?

Buddy Hackett's Anus
At the end of another hard day

Sirs:

Ms. Pac-Man? She's not much to look at,
but any girl that pulls herself around by her
lips can't be all bad.

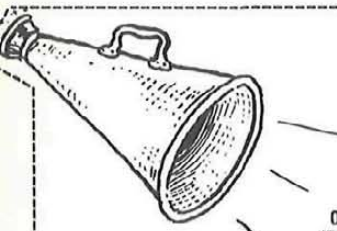
Donkey Kong
Nintendo, Japan
continued on page 17

ERRATUM

Jesus! You make one stinkin' mistake!!!

It seems last issue (April) we left out a simple caption on page 43. Without the type, the "Michael Dukakis School of Acting" bit was fairly incomprehensible. The story we heard was, the guy with the caption got hit by a truck, and the type just never made it to the printer. Either that or one of us fucked up.

Anyway, here's what you do. Cut out the block of type below, paste it to April's victimized article in the appropriate position (you'll know it when you see it—there's a gaping hole where a caption ought to be), and laugh!



FROM THE MICHAEL DUKAKIS SCHOOL OF ACTING...



OKAY, BABE,
YOU'RE FEEL-
ING IT, BABE,
YOU JUST WON
THE LOTTERY!

OKAY, BABE,
IT'S A TELE-
GRAM, YOUR
PARENTS ARE
DEAD.

OKAY, BABE,
IT'S RIGHT OFF
THE RADIO.
MOSCOW IS
BOMBING AND
THE BOMB IS
COMING RIGHT
FOR YOU!

HEY, GET YOUR
HAND OFF THAT
CHILD'S LAP!

BABE, YOU GOT
NOMINATED
FOR AN ACAD-
EMY AWARD!
FEEL IT, BABE,
GO WITH IT,
GROOVE WITH
IT!

OKAY, BABE,
LET'S GO FOR
IT. WE JUST
MET TODAY,
I'M YOUR
DREAM HUMP,
AND I'M GONNA
GIVE YOU ORAL
SEX TILL MY
TONGUE FALLS
OFF.

BAD NEWS,
BABE. I'M
PREGNANT,
AND YOU'RE
THE FATHER.

BAD NEWS,
BABE. YOUR
HOUSE BURNED
TO THE
GROUND.

OH MY GOD,
THERE'S A SER-
PENT GROWING
OUT OF YOUR
EYEBALL!!!

BREAK OUT

THE BEST!



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WHAT I DID TODAY

by Vice President J. Danforth Quayle



Okay, let me get this straight. Abortion is when they kill the kid, right? Is that a nod "yes" or a nod "no"? Nod "yes." Then I'm right. Good. I ask because I was having this argument with Timmy Miller, my paperboy. He said it wasn't, I said it was. So we argued and it went a little something like this:

"Is!"
"Isn't!"
"Is!"
"Isn't!"
"Is!"
"Isn't!"
"Is!"
"Isn't!"
"Is!"
"Isn't!"

This lasted up until Marilyn called me back into the house for lunch, three hours later. But before we parted, we did a pinkie bet, and I guess I won. Unfortunately, I won't collect anything, because I accidentally broke his finger while making the bet, so I might even get sued. But at least now I definitely know what abortion is and that's

important, because Vice President Bush put me in charge of abortions. (Did I say Vice President Bush? Whoops. Is it me, or do you also find it tough to call him "President"?)

Anyway, now I'm Mr. Abortion. While I'm very excited, I must admit I'm a little nervous as well. I've never really been in charge of anything before. Oh sure, there was the time Marilyn went off on one of her church functions to lead a South African raiding party into Mozambique and left me in charge of the kids. I handled the situation efficiently. On arriving back home, she declared that, since only one child was missing, I had served my term admirably.

I was also in charge of the office Christmas tree. But that doesn't count, because halfway through my tenure as the Christmas-tree czar, one of my secretaries orchestrated a coup and deposed me.

While I admit that I was a taskmaster and demanded complete allegiance, locking me up in my office for four hours while the Christmas party was in full swing was too much. I only had a few simple rules. Those

rules were:

RULE #1: One strand of tinsel on each branch. NO CLUMPS! I grew up in a family of single tinselers, and the clump philosophy of tinsel disturbs me. When I was growing up, our next-door neighbors, the Johnsons, were notorious clumpers, and every year they had the ugliest tree in the neighborhood. It was so ugly we used to throw rocks through their windows and draw swastikas on their front door. Every now and then when I run into the Johnsons, I still find myself turning my head.

RULE #2: Care must be exercised regarding the back as well as the front of the tree. While the front of the tree is most visible, the back of the tree must not be overlooked, and extra care should be taken in placing ornaments there. People always say, "Oh, no one sees that part of the tree." But the back is the first place I always look. I'm a proponent of the surprise theory in Christmas-tree decorations, first put forth in that Christmas classic *Your Christmas Tree* by Mrs. Allison Janney (Tiny Tim Publishing, 1953). In it she said, "The delight of Christmas is the surprise element." I love inspecting a Christmas tree and discovering a lovely surprise I had not expected. A trinket here, an ornament there. It gives Christmas a whole new meaning and always makes me wish I hadn't forgotten to buy my family presents.

RULE #3: Intricate ornaments go on the outside of the tree. This is so they can be admired. This is a universal truth in Christmas-tree decorating. But you'd be surprised how many people violate this simple rule.

Anyway, I suppose I was just a little too insistent on imposing these simple Christmas rules, because push came to shove and I ended up locked in the closet for four hours.

The topic of Christmas naturally leads me back to the main theme of my column, abortion. My thinking on the matter is, the insides of a woman's body should not be played around with. Not only are a woman's insides sacred, they are also really mushy and wet and disgusting. Instead of gynecologists, women should make appointments with maids to get their nicker-nick mopped down.

To make sure the rights of the unborn are protected, I'd be willing to employ extreme measures, such as ordering members of the



"What if I was to give you a choice, Helen. . . I can say I'm sorry for being insensitive to your needs and not taking your feelings about our relationship seriously, whereupon we make up and possibly even conclude the discussion with lovemaking. . . or I could just take a .357 magnum and paint the wall with your spoiled-little-white-bitch brains."

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Armed Forces to guard every pregnant female vagina. Everywhere that vagina went, the guard would have to follow. If for some reason the guard were to lose visual contact with the vagina, on its return, the vagina would have to check back in.

An idea that Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah has been pushing would require the patient to eat the aborted fetus. His argument is, how many people do you think are going to want to have an abortion if they know they will have to eat the fetus afterward? Not too many, I bet. I wonder what a fetus would taste like. Senator Hatch claims it tastes like undercooked chicken.

I've always advocated punishing the doctor who performs the abortion. I suggest we stick the doctor's nose into a vagina and yell "BAD BOY!! BAD BOY!!" The Quayle family has had great success using this method after one of the Quayle dogs forgot there was a difference between green carpeting and green grass. I see no reason why a doctor shouldn't learn the same lesson.

In conclusion, the womb is a temple. A dark, dank, moist shrine to humanity. Everyone's first home. A studio apartment when rents were still affordable.

But as far as I'm concerned, once the little creep is out of the womb, it's every man for himself. ■



"Great Scott, it's Colonel Mustard in the library with the candlestick!"

WAR STORIES



by Michael Simmons

Even though I only have to produce six of these goddamn columns a year, every time my deadline comes up I suffer from a real bad case of the anxiety-ridden, writer's-blocked, brain-empty blues.

I should probably give you, the reader, a little background information. You see, I don't think of myself as a writer. Many of you who have read my past columns possibly share this sentiment. I found myself in the humor business about nine years ago through a combination of nepotism and

lack of direction in my life. If you've ever perused the masthead you may have noticed the repetition of a certain surname. A few years ago I began writing this column. I wrote what I knew about: booze, broads, bohemians, bacchanalia, and booze, booze, booze. Hell, what I really am is a tormented and tortured, Jewish, honky-tonk country singer from New York City. After years of touring roadside dives in forty states I found in this column an outlet for any pie-eyed insight I might have gathered. If I could only remember half the shit I did, the column would be three times as long.

So once again it's deadline time and Rats and Diane and all the other banes of my existence as a so-called writer are torturing me to produce. So here it is, my beloved coworkers: War Stories '89. Installment Numero Dos.

Well, let's see... what's new? Did you know that I had the worst case of flu I've ever had for the entire month of January? Do you care? It's not fair that the Good Lord gives us diseases that make you feel like you're dying but doesn't deliver the fatal blow to put you out of your misery. My doctor prescribed Hycodan, a particularly potent cough remedy that contains codeine. I expected to have opiate-inspired dreams of pleasure; instead I had nightmares worthy of the Halloween movie on Cinemax. My favorite nightmare had me forcibly detained in a substance-abuse rehabilitation center run by Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. This dreamed rehab was located in the Grand Canyon so that Roy

and Dale could address all the hundreds of thousands of addicts, reprobates, and born-again Christian youth that were saved by Roy, Dale, and Jesus. The image reminded me of those huge Nazi rallies from a Leni Riefenstahl film. I was locked in a cavelike cell and force-fed Roy Rogers roast beef sandwiches. It was more horrible than deadline time at the *National Lampoon*.

While I was plagued with the killer flu, we at the *National Lampoon* found out that we were the victims of a harassment campaign carried out by an obscenely wealthy cult founded by a deceased science fiction writer whom we had parodied in the February issue. This "church" was so deeply offended by our satire of them that they sent two neckless goons to New York City from their headquarters in Los Angeles to dig for dirt, make threats, and cast aspersions on the moral character of our staff. They spoke to former employees, our printers, and other business associates and made charges that we were involved in drug trafficking, money laundering, and pornography. My brother, editor Andy Simmons, and I found them snooping around his apartment building. When confronted they said they were private investigators hired by a law firm in L.A. to poke into the *National Lampoon*. At one point the head henchjerk looked me squarely in the eye and informed me that he had ascertained in his extensive research that "Michael, you have a serious drinking problem." I was aghast. How had this carefully guarded secret fallen into his hands? Who let the cat out of the bag? Who, in a manner of speaking, had spilled the whiskey?

"No shit, Sherlock?!?!?" I replied incredulously, trembling with rage. "I've written a column entitled 'Drinking Tips and Other War Stories' for three years in an internationally distributed publication, detailing my on-and-off-again relationship with booze. My life is, quite literally, an open fucking book. So what, I'm an alcoholic! What's your excuse?"

Sherlock shrugged and said he was "just doing my job."

"Yeah," I muttered, "that's what Adolf Eichmann said."

This remark offended these two sensitive souls so much that they took immediate leave of the premises, but not before head henchjerk's flunky ominously mouthed to me, "You shouldn't have said that."

Andy subsequently took his fifteen-year-old schnauzer, Phineas, for a walk. Minutes before, these two foot soldiers had told Andy that while they themselves were not violent men, there were those who were so bothered by what the *National Lampoon* had printed that some wouldn't mind seeing Phineas cut in half. When Andy and Phineas hit the street, our Nazis-for-hire were waiting with cameras in hand. Some-

continued on page 106



Letters

continued from page 12

Sirs:
How come nobody returns my calls any more?

Ron Reagan, Jr.
Palookaville, N.J.

Sirs:
Who are you callin' a butthole?

Dweezil Zappa
Incredulous

Sirs:
Haven't you always had the feeling that we are really mean, irritable people in real life whom you would hate to have to work for and be close to?

Chuck Connors
Ed Asner
Fred Dryer
Bob Barker
Bob Eubanks
Robert Conrad
Jerry Lewis
Johnny Carson

Sirs:
Haven't you always had the sneaking suspicion that we are obnoxious *cuntesses* who never miss a chance to humiliate those who must work under us?

Faye Dunaway
Lee Grant
Barbra Streisand
Linda Lavin
Meredith Baxter-Birney
Lucille Ball
Oprah Winfrey
Bess Myerson
Leona Helmsley
Barbara Walters

Sirs:
Could you please send us the appropriate forms so that we can register to vote in the next election?

Approximately Ten Million
Young Blacks
Bush's Worst Fucking Nightmare Avenue
Birmingham, Ala.

Sirs:
"WHO" can't go on like this? "WHY" am I at the end of my rope? "WHAT" is: I'll see you in court!?

Mrs. Alex Trebek
Enough Already, Canada

Sirs:
It's not as bad down here as I had expected; it's a sort of, like, you know, disco inferno.

Andy Gibb
You-Know-Where

Making a Mountain Out of a Molehill by Giving It a Name

WHAT NOW IS...

USED TO BE...

cul-de-sac	dead end
upscale	swanky
carbohydrates	starch
food abuser	overeater
domestic	maid
user fee	tax
revenue enhancement	tax
service charge	tip
user-friendly	easy to operate
mentally challenged	stupid
corporate downsizing	bloodbath
CEO	boss
interoffice communication	memo
self-examination	playing with yourself
Cantonese cuisine	Chinese food
workaholic	person with no home life
agrarian adjunct	neighboring farm
previously owned	secondhand
codependent	spouse, relative of addict
infotainment	gossip
mobile medical emergency vehicle	ambulance
human resources department	personnel office
anal	tidy
turnoffs	pet peeves
operating under diminished capacity	fucked-up
assertive	pushy
gifted child	precocious brat
tartar buildup	stains on your teeth
separation anxiety	loneliness
sugar high	energy
sex addict	lecher or nymphomaniac
reliable source	snitch
enabler	supplier; connection

Dave Hanson & Frank LaPosta Visco & Diane Giddis

Sirs:
Is it because I'm black? Is it because I already play two professional sports? Is it because I dance with prominent troupes? Why? Why the hell can't I run in the Kentucky Derby?

Bo Jackson
Somewhere between Kansas City, Oakland, and Lexington

Sirs:
Free shoes! Free shoes! Aaaaaaieeee!
A Refrain Frequently Heard
Late At Night
at America's Southern Borders

Sirs:
Jesus Christ! Am I glad that's over!
Roy Buchanan's Bass Player
444444444 Redundancy Street
Green Onions, America

Sirs:
How does anyone expect me to be funny with all of Mia's damn kids running around?

Woody Allen
Manhattan, New York City, The Big Apple, The City That Never Sleeps, The Place Where John Lennon Was Killed, etc., etc., etc.

SEND



Here's What you **WON'T** get when you pay \$14.95 to join the **MTV "Record Club"**

- 1 **NO PATHETICALLY LIMITED SELECTION** OF STALE HIT ALBUMS TO PICK FROM WHEN YOU JOIN.
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WELL, you obviously don't listen to what you're told. And that means YOU'RE THE PERFECT CANDIDATE FOR THE WORLD'S FIRST NOT-FOR-EVERYONE RECORD CLUB FROM MTV!

Here's what you **WILL** get when you pay \$14⁹⁵ to join the MTV "Record Club"

"record club"

1 "BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE" CD's, CASSETTES AND RECORDS—RIGHT FROM THE START—AND FOR AS LONG AS YOU REMAIN A MEMBER! PLUS DISCOUNTS ON VIDEOS AND ALL KINDS OF MTV STUFF! The MTV "Record Club" doesn't play the Record Club "Game". Instead of forcing you to pick 6 (or gulp) 12 albums from an ad filled with yesterday's tired hits, we ALWAYS give you a free CD, cassette or LP with every one you buy... anytime, for as long as you remain a member... no limit... no restrictions... no strings attached! And that's just the beginning! You don't need to join a separate club to get a great deal on videos (\$5 off videos that cost \$14.95 and up!) MTV's got it all! Even hard to find MTV shirts, pins, watches and more! more! more! (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)



FREE MAGAZINE



them all for all we care! As we said, you're never under any obligation of any kind! (Don't worry about hurting our feelings. We're used to rejection.) And if by some miracle of postal delay you aren't given ten days to reject a VJ Pick, you can return the unwanted selection at our expense for full credit. Is that fair or what?

2 THE EXCLUSIVE MONTHLY MTV-TO-GO MAGAZINE TELLS ALL! As a member of the club you'll get a "members only" magazine that's not sold on any newsstand. Unlike typical record club rags, MTV-To-Go is filled with articles about your favorite artists, exclusive interviews, advance word on upcoming albums, music industry news, tasteless jokes, and more. Even an MTV Program Guide with schedule information on concerts, specials and shows all month. MTV-To-Go will also be your source for new albums, videos and MTV "stuff" you can buy through the Club.

3 BUY AS MUCH AS YOU WANT, BUY AS LITTLE AS YOU WANT! Once you pay your membership fee you won't be obligated to buy even one record. Much less six or more!

4 CHOOSE FROM HOT NEW MUSIC! If you like what you see on MTV you'll like what we offer in the club. Along with the big hits that everyone offers, the MTV "Record Club" features albums and artists that other clubs may not even touch... exactly the ones you want. Twelve times a year the MTV "Record Club" chooses a VJ Pick-of-the-Month...

a new album that we think is pretty hot stuff... which will be scheduled to ship to you automatically. If you think our selection reeks... no problem! You'll always have at least ten days to cancel shipment by checking "not this month, I have a headache" on your monthly order form. Reject



Be like me
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**AVOID FUTURE SCHLOCK!
JOIN THE MTV "RECORD CLUB" NOW!
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I TRUST YOU, MTV! Even though I haven't read a word of this ad I'm joining the MTV "Record Club" in order to get "BUY 1, GET 1 FREE" CD's, cassettes and records... discounts on videos... discounts on MTV shirts and stuff (a shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment). I'll also get the exclusive MTV-To-Go Magazine... and all the rest of the benefits described in this ad WHICH I HAVEN'T EVEN READ!

Bill me for the \$14.95 one year membership fee. I am under no obligation to buy anything, ever, and I can get all my money back if not delighted.
I buy most of my music on (check one) CD Cassette Record

SIGNATURE _____
 MR MS
 NAME (OR ALIAS) _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ APT. NO. _____
 AREA CODE _____ TELEPHONE NO. _____ ZIP _____
 TAD MA

The Club reserves the right to request additional information or reject any application. Offer limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only. One membership per family. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

MRC004

The following question and answer appeared in the "professional problems corner" of *The Lawyer*, a British journal:

"Q. I am a thirty-two-year-old assistant solicitor working for a medium-sized general practice, specializing in litigation. Last month I had an appointment with an established client, an attractive blond divorcée who had purchased a defective vacuum cleaner from a local shopkeeper, who had refused to replace it or refund her money. As I took down the details I could not help noticing that her dress was extremely low-cut and she kept giving me long lingering looks. Our eyes met and within seconds we were making passionate love on my desk. I have met her on several subsequent occasions, when the same thing happened. I am married with three children. What should I do?"

"A. Your client should be able to obtain redress under s. 13 or 14 of the *Sale of Goods Act 1979*, provided it can be established that the goods were not of merchantable quality or fit for the purpose for which they were sold." *Lawyer's Weekly* (contributed by David C. Marriott)

"TV/Cable Week" in the *Denver Post* informed readers that TBS would broadcast the 1982 movie *Inside the Third Reich*. The *Post's* synopsis of the film read: "Young Albert Speer becomes Alfred Hitchcock's personal architect, then minister of armaments and war production." (contributed by Peter F. Johnson)

From the *Melbourne Sun*: "Sydney police are hunting a man in a wheelchair who sexually assaulted a woman after she helped him cross a busy road yesterday."

"Police said the paraplegic grabbed and molested the woman after she had bent over to pick up her handbag in Parramatta, in Sydney's west."

"The woman broke free, fled screaming, and reported the assault."

"A police search failed to find the paraplegic pervert, but witnesses said the man was later seen chasing schoolgirls through a local park."

"The man, aged about forty, had a xylophone on his lap." (contributed by Keith Brown)



Edited by

John Bendel

Sergeant Stan Bosak of the Durham Region police was patrolling a lonely road northeast of Toronto at two A.M. on a Friday morning.

"I had just pulled my cruiser up to this lighted rail crossing," he said. "I don't know why, but I parked about two hundred feet back from the tracks."

In his rearview mirror, the sergeant noticed another car approaching.

"I saw him coming and he was coming fast," he said. Without slowing down the 1984 Camaro veered around the police car and hit the passing freight train.

"I heard this great bang and then the Camaro, which must

have struck between two cars, started moving down the tracks with the train," said Bosak.

Bosak chased after the train on foot and finally, three kilometers down the tracks, found the Camaro.

"All the tires were off this car and he was spinning on his rims. It was down a forty-five-degree gravel embankment. This guy is revving the car. There was smoke everywhere. The car was totaled. One headlight was still on."

The man in the car, twenty-five-year-old Michael Box, was apparently unhurt.

"I asked him if he knew he had just hit a train," said Bosak.

"What train?" replied Box. Box was charged with impaired driving, careless driving, and driving without automobile insurance. *Toronto Star* (contributed by A. Scherer Jr.)

From the *New York Times*:

"Miami—Ramon Jose Rodriguez, twenty-three years old, a construction worker, was struck and killed Friday by a portable toilet blown off the fourth floor of a building, the police said. 'High winds evidently blew the toilet over the edge of the building,' said Lucy Fitts, a police spokeswoman. 'The toilet was on rollers.'" (contributed by Ken Ferber)

According to the *Manistee News Advocate*, high school students in Spring Lake, Michigan, "were asked to carry a five-pound sack of flour for three days without leaving it unattended to learn what it is like to have a child that needs constant attention."

Marybeth Lobbezoo, coordinator of the reproductive health unit in Spring Lake, said that problems arose when some students not enrolled in the course began "killing" the flour babies between classes.

"A survey revealed that ninety of the flour babies suffered stab wounds, fifty were the object of death threats, forty-one were kidnapped, eighty were harassed, and fifty-one were murdered."

"It was a response we hadn't anticipated," Lobbezoo said. (contributed by Daniel D. Schut)

The Dow Jones News Service reported the merger of Tubby's *continued on page 22*

Fashion Self-Critique, or What?



Who Said This Frog Didn't Have Legs?



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I enclose \$ _____ to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 6 / 89

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

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



continued from page 20

Sub Shops, Inc. and Stuff Yer Face, Inc.

According to Dow Jones, the "merger would result in the management and shareholders of Tubby's taking control of Stuff Yer Face with Stuff Yer Face being the surviving corporation." (contributed by Tom McDonnell)

From Florida's *Orlando Sentinel*:

"Rod Davis, audiovisual producer for the city of Orlando, was listening to his police scanner last week. He heard the dispatcher for the Orange County Sheriff's Department request an officer at Kirkman Road and Metro West Boulevard to investigate 'a reported sighting of a male suspect wearing only a pair of socks.' A couple of minutes passed, said Davis, and then an officer broke in and asked: 'What color of socks?'" (contributed by Paul Dietrich)

Announcing plans to build two golf courses in the Sarasota, Florida, area, former golf star Gary Player claimed his "background as a farmer and rancher helps him appreciate the beauty of the land and what constitutes a solid, fair course."

"I have a great feeling for the soil," Player told the *Sarasota Herald-Tribune*. "My brother is the leading conservationist in the world, and I just love sitting on my bulldozer and experiencing nature." (contributed by Mike Lasche)

Iran's Islamic Republic News Agency reported that ski slopes have been opened at the mountain resort of Dizin, about thirty miles from Teheran. The six slopes are segregated by sex, four for men and two for women. (Memphis) *Commercial Appeal* (contributed by William L. Burnett)

Doctors in England operated to remove an apricot from the digestive tract of an unnamed woman.

The woman had apparently swallowed a dried apricot whole. The dried fruit then rehydrated in her intestine. Connecticut's *Hartford Advocate* reported that "the fresh-looking apricot, measuring about three centimeters across, was removed surgically." (contributed by Jordan Erdos)

Twenty-five-year-old Troy Hurtubise of Lindsay, Ontario, has invented the *Ursus Mark IV*,

a forty-pound suit designed to allow its wearer to study grizzly bears up close. According to *Outdoor Canada* magazine, the suit includes "hockey shin and elbow pads, orange bubble packing, a catcher's chest protector, a goalie's chest pad, ski boots, and a football flak jacket." Hurtubise spent twenty thousand dollars testing the new suit.

"First, he hired 'Big Pete' Bellidou, a 290-pound biker, to beat him all over with baseball bats and two-by-fours.... Next, he and some friends hoisted a seventy-five-pound punching bag eighteen feet up a tree, rigged up some ropes, figured out the angle of swing, then let the bag crash into him repeatedly like a battering ram."

Then Hurtubise had himself hit by a two-ton pickup truck. "It sent him sprawling, but encased in the bulky suit, he seemed none the worse for wear after five trials." Next came attacks by a German shepherd, a Doberman pinscher, and a Rottweiler.

Finally ready to test the suit with real bears, Hurtubise and friends journeyed to a "well-known black bear hangout. Hurtubise suited up and lay down in the middle of the dump while his crew sprinkled garbage on him, mostly high-smelling items like

fish heads and rotten eggs. But when the bears finally came, they ignored the costumed Hurtubise. 'I was getting rather perturbed that they wouldn't attack me, so I started attacking them,' he said. As the black bears fed in a five-foot-deep pit, he crept stealthily to the edge, then made a flying dive on them in the hope of provoking an attack.

"But the bears were too quick. They sidestepped the leaps, ran away, and never came back. After seven days and five fleeing bears, the crew packed up and went home for the summer. The only casualty: a crew member who collapsed from fear during the close encounters with the bears. 'All his nerves were gone,' said Hurtubise." (contributed by Bob Michael)

Concerned about the air quality in Los Angeles, the Environmental Protection Agency proposed three regulatory options and asked for public comment. One option would allow a period of twenty years to bring Los Angeles into compliance with the Clean Air Act. Another would allow a ten-year grace period. The third option, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, would "ban most traffic, shut down the region's economy, and resettle the population elsewhere." (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)

Make My Golfer Rare, Please



Photo by Jed Malise

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

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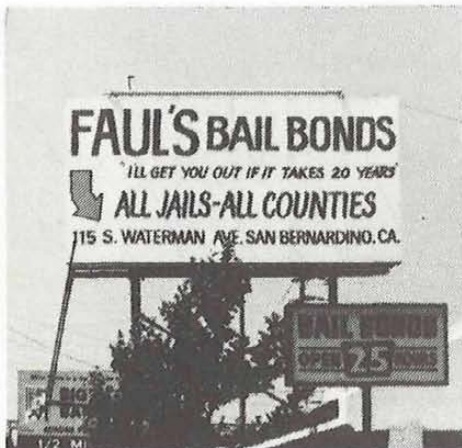
Mark & Liz Robertson



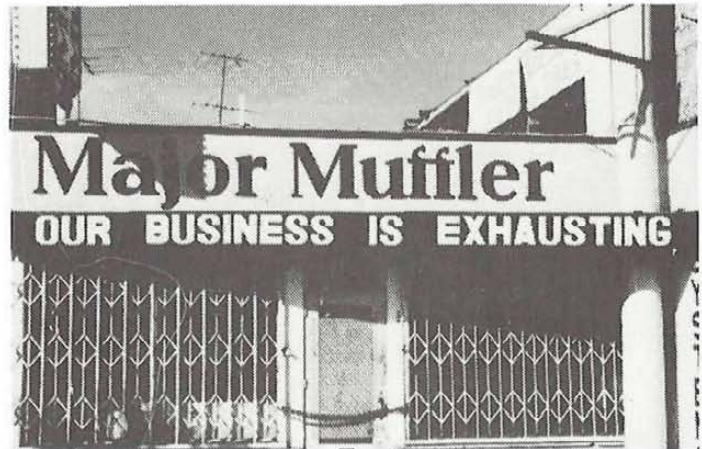
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you expecting—E.T.?) Also, still available and still selling ridiculously well are the other movie T-shirts shown on this page.



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Who Wrote



the Slogan?



Martha Gilbert



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Dan Sevsek



Josh Williams



Ernest Lane



Peter Rosenblatt

TRUE FACTS REPORTER

Edited
by John Bendel

A Mattress Man Speaks

True Facts Reporter recently interviewed a \$35,000-a-year mattress salesman who wishes to remain anonymous. He said it should take twelve minutes to sell a mattress, and if a customer is in his highway bedding store for more than twenty minutes, "you've lost them." Other observations on life in the bedding business follow:

When you're up, you get the next customer through the door. You start sizing them up when they pull in the parking lot. If they're in a Mercedes, you take them straight to the top of the line. You never wind up tying a mattress to the roof of a Mercedes.

Sometimes these broads come in with their fur coats and decorators. The decorator's got these freaked-out clothes and hair that goes like this [he waggles fingers in the air], and all us salespeople got dollar signs in our eyes. They come in to buy brass beds, and God knows, you can't put an old mattress in a spiffy new room. Heh-heh.

There's more ways to scam people in bedding than in any other business—even cars. With a car, at least you get to look under the hood. With mattresses, you're completely at

our mercy. I know a guy who irons Sealy labels on shit mattresses. You don't get a lot of repeat business in mattresses, and the markups on this stuff are amazing.

We got this par system. Par is double cost and what we figure we should get for a mattress. But if we're looking to get \$300 for a mattress we put a tag on it that says \$450. So you can tell a guy, "Buy it today and I'll give it to you for \$350." I love it when the guy thinks he's getting a deal and he's actually paying \$50 more than we expected to get. You should see all the salesmen when someone leaves the store after paying the sticker price. We're bouncing off the walls. We love it.

We advertise this \$45 mattress to get people into the store. But before we put one out on the floor, we jump up and down on it. We take it outside and back a car over it. We don't like burn rubber on it, we just mess it up so it's real lumpy and has like a gully in the middle. So when some old lady lies down on it, she rolls into the middle and we gotta help her out. Then she says those lovely words:

"You got anything better?"

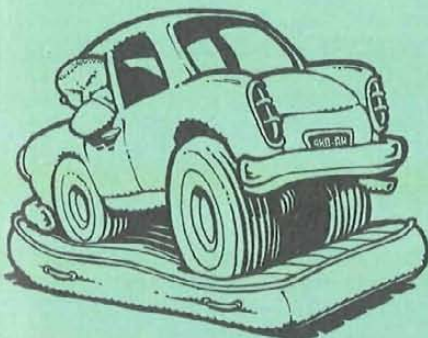
What's the difference between a \$45 mattress and an expensive one? You can't get the \$45 one, that's the difference.

Once in a while you get these jerks who decide they want one anyway. So you tell them it'll be eight to ten weeks for delivery, but that really means never. They'll call in ten weeks and you say, "Oh, sorry about that, it'll be another eight to ten weeks." Then they usually want to cancel and get their money back.

The guys I hate are the ones who call Action Line or Consumer Affairs. They make us deliver a \$45 mattress? We run the truck over it first. Actually, we're performing a public service here, protecting people from shit mattresses.

You know what people look for? Handles. They think a mattress's gotta have handles. So they stick handles on at the factory. The stupid handles are only notched to the ticking. They'll pull right off. But you want handles, you got handles.

And breather holes. You know, those little



eyelets that look like the top of a salt shaker? What do they think? Those holes let the farts out? No way. The farts stay in there.

Forever.

That's why we don't haul away old mattresses anymore. We know what's in them. We'll drag an old mattress down to the curb, but we won't haul it away anymore. Back when we used to, we had this lady call up looking for her cat. We looked in the truck, and inside the lady's old box spring was this terrorized cat looking back at us. The stupid cat had spent all day on the truck inside the box spring riding around with all those farts.

Sometimes it's a rough business. I used to work a store all by myself, and there was this one time when the door didn't open for four days. No customers. I thought I was gonna go nuts. I washed and waxed my car, then I pulled an adjustable bed up to a TV set and lay there watching soap operas. Even in a good store, you spend most of your time watching TV. I'm strung out on soap operas, man.

Anyhow, it got so boring out there that one day I leaned a mattress against the front of the building, turned in an alarm, and told the cops someone tried to rob a mattress at gunpoint. I told them the guy left the mattress and ran when he heard them coming.

My favorite customer in this store was this big fat scuzzy guy who comes in one night and says, "I got no bed to sleep on. I need a king-size bed and I need it now." We only got one king-size on the floor and it's ticketed at \$200 over par, but he says "I'll take it." He reaches into his dirty jeans, pulls out a huge, greasy wad of bills, and peels off \$900 in hundreds.

Then this guy backs his filthy old lumber's truck up to the door. It's like full of greasy tools and pipes and it's got rust all over it. He comes back in with his son, who's this short fat scuzzy version of himself. I tell them I got no bag for the bedding and he says, "I don't care." So he and scuzz kid throw the brand-new stuff in the back of this grimy truck. But before he takes off, he pulls out the wad again, peels off a fifty for me, and says, "There. That's your tip." You want to see a mattress store full of salesmen going apeshit? That was it.

We charge for everything, including delivery. So a lot of people take the mattresses with them. And you know what's weird? You always wind up tying the biggest mattresses to the smallest cars. I'm always tying queen-size mattresses to Toyotas and Yugos. You should see a customer pull onto the highway with a mattress hanging off in all directions. The front lifts up at about forty miles an hour and it looks like they're gonna take off.

It's a wonder they ever make it home.



The Art of Dropping Things

"Among the earliest evidence of juggling are paintings of jugglers found on the walls of the Beni Hasan tombs on the east bank of the Nile River near Speos Artemidos. They are believed to have been made around 1900 B.C."

—A "Fun Fact" from a brochure of the International Juggling Association.

Every Tuesday at 7:30, the YMCA gym in Hackensack, New Jersey, is full of people dropping things. Between fifteen and twenty-five people get together to juggle pins, rings, balls, boxes, and sticks because (1) it gets them out of the house, and (2) it's easier on the furniture. They call themselves the Jersey Juggling Society.

"I started juggling nine years ago," says Bob Rovi, thirty-nine, fit, bearded, and unofficial spokesjuggler. "I was watching *M*A*S*H* on television when Alan Alda started juggling three pairs of socks. 'I want to do that,' I said. Now my goal is to juggle five balls and four clubs. That's kind of the black belt of juggling."

Some of these Tuesday night jugglers are



regulars, others are just visiting. Mingling, nobody talks much except for "Where you from? How long you been juggling?" Then they throw pins at each other.

"Most jugglers learn how to juggle alone," explains Bob. "When they start out they like to show off to anyone who'll watch. They can be a problem in the vegetable department at the supermarket. But after they get over that, a lot of them come here to learn how to pass."

There's serious passing going on at the east end of the gym. A group of four or five forms and starts tossing. A storm of pins rises like overweight confetti. Someone misses, pins clatter to the floor, the group reforms and starts over. Within the groups, jugglers come, go, and change position as better jugglers establish a pecking order.

Juggling pins look like skinny bowling pins (at least the ones called "European-style," says Bob) but they're lighter and made of soft, plastic-like material. You understand why when you see them rain down on a juggler who misses. If they juggled real bowling pins around here, half these guys would be dead by now.

From *Jugglers' World*, the magazine of the International Jugglers Association (the IJA): "British juggler Steve Rawlings's act included juggling three clubs while balancing a bottle on his chin that supported an ungimmicked glass tray on which he placed four glasses of wine. He also juggled three torches while tap-dancing, and concluded the bit by lighting his hat on fire."

Lynn, a young woman wearing a billiard-parlor T-shirt, produces three old, brown lacrosse balls. A young guy named Greg juggles five colored balls nearby. "Hey, you can do 'numbers,'" she says. "Numbers," in jugglers' parlance, is more than three objects at a time.

"You can too," he says confidently. "Let's see you juggle."

Three brown lacrosse balls rise, flutter, then plop to the floor without bouncing.

"Wow," says Greg. "They're dead."

"They're old," explains Lynn.

From *Jugglers' World*: "Sam Scurfield of Bradford Jugglers in England claims to have set a new world record for three-object juggling. Scurfield kept them up without a drop or rest for six hours, twenty-four minutes, and fifty seconds. It's not the first time he's set a superlative. Scurfield also claims the long-distance pogo-stick record for a trip around Japan's Mount Fuji, and he walked more than thirty miles with a full bottle of milk balanced on his head."

Brad, handsome, blond, and in his twenties, tries to keep seven balls in the air. They rise like anti-aircraft fire, then fall to the floor. He's wearing a shiny tunic and a bright bandanna.

"I have a show in a while," he explains. "I open for a band at the Fox's Lair [a nearby bar]." He used to call himself the Jammin' Jersey Juggler and the Rock 'n' Roll Juggler. "Now I just call myself Brad Zentmyer," he says.

"I juggle and lip-sync in my act. I can juggle and lip-sync Dickey Betts, Michael Jackson, and Joan Jett. You have to break it up. When there's heavy lip-syncing, there's not much juggling going on, but during the instrumental riffs, there's lots of juggling. I was on *Puttin' on the Hits*."

Brad takes his juggling seriously.

"This is an art form that has finally reached its time," he says inscrutably. "Tell the whole press corps they've never had to face a crowd of angry jugglers."

Sue Rovi (Bob's wife) and Lynn (the lacrosse-ball lady) are the only women

among this week's juggling horde. Nevertheless, Sue offers this observation: "There are more and more women juggling," she says, though she isn't certain exactly why.

"It's a good place to meet men?" she suggests, then looks around the gym full of men intent on their crashing clubs, rings, balls, and beanbags.

"Well," she says, "maybe not."

Personal ad from *Jugglers' World*: "LONELY FIVE BALL JUGGLER... Homeowner on beautiful Gunnison River, 30 years old, never married, 6-foot and blond. Seeks female, 19-30 year-old companion to care, share, travel, and enjoy life. Contact Gary Suva; 229 County Rd. II No. 19; Gunnison, Colo. 81230."

The Jersey Juggling Society is one of many juggling clubs nationwide, including Jugglers Anonymous in Indiana, Several San Diegans Who Are Jugglers Club in California, and I Think It Rolled Under the Couch: A Nebraska Juggling Club. The Jersey group has a problem that may or may not be unique. They can get together, but they can't actually meet.

"You can't get these guys to stop juggling," explains one juggler who is picking up the pins he's just dropped. "You could holler 'Hold it for a minute!' but some guys would keep on juggling. Maybe that's why the president of the club doesn't come anymore."

The president of the Jersey Juggling Society hasn't been to a weekly session in two years. "If we don't have meetings, then we can't vote him out or someone else in," says the juggler, "so we just juggle."

Brad recommended a visit to the New York Juggling Club in Greenwich Village. "They're more formal over there," says Brad.

Do they have actual meetings?

"No," he says. "Better jugglers."

Focus Group

"Thank you for being part of our focus group," said the Japanese businessman. His name was Katamatsu something-or-other but we should call him Kat, he said. The guy next to him introduced himself as an engineer, but that's about all you could understand through the thick accent. Kat wasn't all that understandable either. Both worked for a large electronics company. Both were correct, polite, about five-two, and long-winded.

The freelance writers around the conference table, a faintly threadbare group, intro-



duced themselves one by one—an old technical writer, me, a publicist, a couple of journalists, a short-story writer, and finally, the big, horsy-looking dame at the end of the table with the pinstripe suit and the big brass medallion around her neck.

"I," she announced, "am a novelist."

"Oooooo," someone said, as though this dame wasn't here for the free compact disc player like the rest of us.

"We want you tell us how writer work," said Kat, adjusting his metal-rimmed glasses, "and what kind equipment you need. It help us make things for writer." He and the engineer sat formally erect in their chairs, pens poised to take notes.

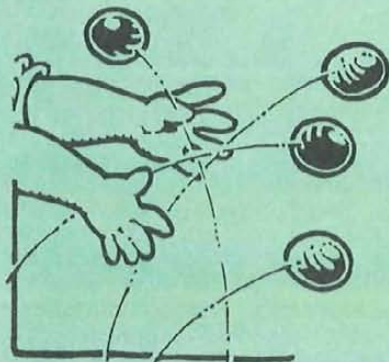
So the novelist lady starts talking, drowning out everyone else, about how she hates word processors and computers although she saw a really big one once; how the only way to write a novel is with a ballpoint pen; how she lapses into deep concentration during the creative process, losing hours, sometimes days, at a time (but not missing any meals, from the look of her); how she often writes outdoors while strolling along the Hudson River; how she can't abide the idea of her work dwelling in some electronic device, subject to theft by "hackers" (as though a sixteen-year-old computer nerd could possibly care); how life in late-twentieth-century America is not conducive to good literature; and blah, blah, blah.

Finally, she paused.

Kat cleared his throat, coughed a polite Japanese cough, and said, "I see. But would you like your word processor have italics?"

—JOHN BENDEL

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NCAA REPLACES PROP 42 WITH PROP "ASHTRAY"

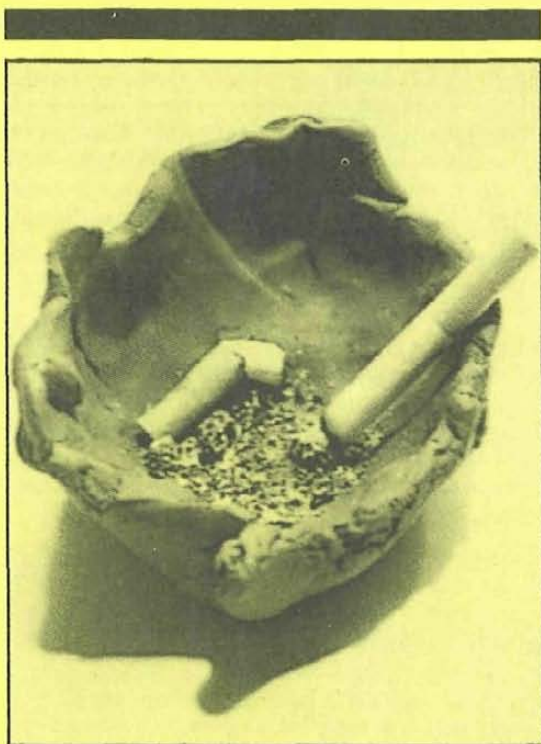
Following a long debate over Proposition 42 and whether or not it discriminates unfairly against poor black students, the NCAA has decided to replace it with Proposition 51. Unlike Proposition 42, under which an athlete is eligible for a scholarship only if he has both a 2.0 grade-point average and a minimum score of 700 on the SAT exam, Proposition 51 sets no academic requirements. Instead, the student athlete only needs to produce a finished clay ashtray that was made in arts and crafts class to be eligible for financial aid.

Upon hearing the news, Georgetown University coach John Thompson stormed off the basketball court, taking the basketball with him. The fact that he was in his backyard playing one-on-one with his son did not deter him as he angrily strode back into his home.

"Clay ashtrays aren't enough," said the irate coach, who still hasn't lived down the fact that he bungled America's chance at a gold medal in basketball in the 1988 Olympics. "What does a black kid know about clay and kilns?! We demand paper cutouts as well. We want wood shavings pasted on cardboard. Only then will I be satisfied and finish my one-on-one game against my son!"

NCAA officials declined comment on whether they would meet again to revise Prop 51.

—A.S.



Prop 51 requires the completion of one clay ashtray large enough to hold two cigarettes or one cigar.

NEWS ROUNDUP

On April 27, Dr. Luigi Benedetti used a radio-spectrograph to date a wad of gum found under a seat in a Roman amphitheater as nearly two thousand years old. Further tests revealed that the gum, though hard on the outside, was still sticky enough on the inside to adhere to Dr. Benedetti's shoe and later the carpeting of his car.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The largest number yet accepted by mathematicians is "a zillion jillion budillion," proposed on May 2 by Chuckie Nicholson, age eight, of Tampa, Florida. However, computers at the University of Chicago are currently testing a theory by Timmy Sheiner, also eight, that this number could be made larger by adding "a gazillion" to it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A 1911 two-pengö Hungarian stamp, none of which are believed to have ever existed, was reportedly sold at a Swiss auction on May 15 for almost seven million dollars. However, several other varieties of stamps are considered rarer by philatelists, but since they are so scarce that no human has even been able to imagine them, they are not mentioned here.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

On May 26, Arthur Hughes of Phoenix, Arizona, said, "Go ahead, make my day!" to a coworker in his office, becoming the 112,887,349th person to use this expression in the belief that it was clever to do so and thus officially making it the most overused phrase in the English language, surpassing "It's not the heat, it's the humidity."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Good news for kids! Engineers at Corning Glass Works have cast a magnifying lens with a diameter of forty-seven feet and a focal length of sixteen feet. The lens is capable of burning the legs off twelve hundred ants at once!

—S.Y.

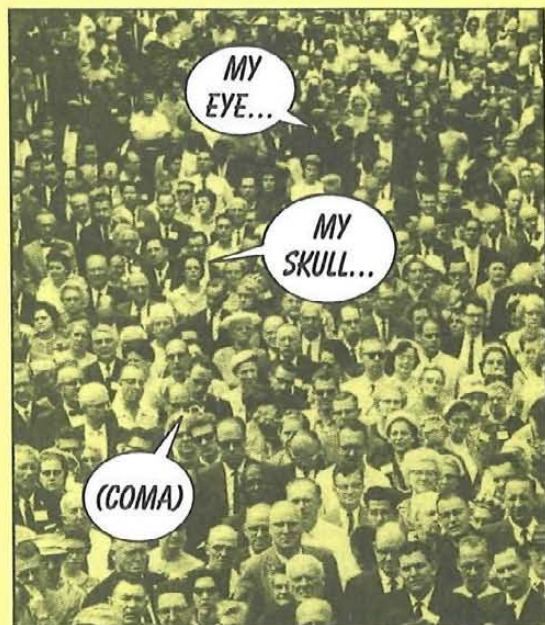
Consumer Safety Commission Bans Stadium Darts

Lamar Hunt threatened to move the Kansas City Chiefs to Limón, a bustling seaport in Costa Rica, if the Consumer Product Safety Commission ban on stadium darts is upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Stadium darts, "which beat Rotisserie baseball all to hell," according to Dallas Cowboys president Tex Schramm, are used in a game similar to lawn darts. It is a sport, not of kings, but of NFL team owners, who use mortars to lob the heavy darts from their luxury boxes onto unsuspecting spectators.

Over the last decade, as many as 18,670 injuries have been reported involving the darts, including 114 cases in which fans were literally ripped apart, not to mention hundreds of cracked thermoses and spilled beers.

—D.W.



Contributors:

Nick Bakay

Dave Hanson

Tony Kisch

Derek Pierce

Andy Simmons

Dave Wielgus

Steve Young

HORRORSCOPE

★ ★ T ★ A ★ U ★ R ★ U ★ S ★ (4/20–5/20) ★ ★ ★



John Duke Kisch © 1987

FAMOUS TAURUSES: Marm Mandelbaum, Vic Savage, Engelbert Dollfuss, Root Boy Slim, Paul Watkins, Georgios Papadopoulos, Blanche Barrow, Frank "Jelly" Nash, Atahualpa, Guillaume Sam, Matthew Buchinger, and Monsieur Chaubert, "The Fire King."

Your Birthday: Life may be demanding, sometimes difficult, but never dreary for a certain hot-blooded Taurus out there. You will liven up your office birthday party by getting unbelievably plowed and performing fellatio on "all comers" in the men's executive washroom. Though for the most part a source of acute future shame and ignominy, a couple of very rewarding new relationships will come as a result

of this singular indiscretion; that's Taurus for you—even in a cloud of alcohol and semen you'll find a silver lining!

TAURUS (4/20–5/20): Around mid-month you will foolishly lose your twenty-four-hour CashCard; even more foolishly, you had written your "ultra-secret code number" right on the card. A consistent Taurean bonehead, you neglect to report the card's loss to the bank for over a week; the only intelligent party in this tale is the bank, which refuses to reimburse you your life's savings. All-Seeing Orb is fairly certain entire sum will be spent on heroin and crack—hey, somebody's gonna have a good time!

GEMINI (5/21–6/20): Don't become dispirited if spouse or significant other refuses to cooperate—some people come from sexually repressed backgrounds and find the idea of including animals in the sex act somehow offensive. Bring it up again when planetary aspects are more favorable and you have a larger supply of drugs on hand. . . . The moment has arrived to face up to things as they really are: your hemorrhoids are so bad they are hanging out of your ass like a tail. New laser technology will provide relatively painless relief, but will unfortunately make you sterile in the bargain. Just think of the cash you'll save on condoms alone, ya lucky bum!

—T.K.

Good News for Tower



John Tower has signed a lucrative deal with Anheuser-Busch, Inc. to replace dog-sot Spuds MacKenzie as Bud Light's advertising representative.

Tower will be known as "Party Animal Spuds Tower," and will be depicted as free-spirited and tipsy, a grinning man constantly surrounded by gorgeous young women of all nationalities.

MacKenzie has been kept on to do the "Party with Caution" facet of the campaign after Tower refused, citing a moral conflict.

—D.H.

UN Forces Bring Peace to Nielsen-Gastineau Home

After a weekend of fierce arguing and fighting at the Brigitte Nielsen-Mark Gastineau household, United Nations forces were called in by frightened neighbors to keep the peace. The forces set up positions in the bedroom and kitchen, the two most volatile areas.

Clashes between the actress and the ex-football player have been reported for the past year. In one instance, Nielsen was tied to a chair and forced to watch film clips of herself acting.

UN forces colonel Hans Jurgensson, of Sweden, said, "We will not take sides. We are purely here to keep the two factions apart and ensure peace in the neighborhood."

The colonel's last tour of duty was in the household of one Prince Charles and Princess Diana. —A.S.



Wide World

UN forces en route to the Brigitte Nielsen-Mark Gastineau household, where violence broke out earlier this month.



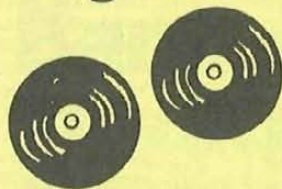
Inside Larry King



Some thoughts collected while wondering whatever became of Carmelita Pope, not to mention the Indian-head nickels and small dinner mints I've been hoarding under the cushions of the living-room couch. . . . If you're baking gingerbread men on a hot summer day and a pair of drunken elves sneak in your kitchen window for a game of Capture the Flag, for the love of God, **DON'T PAT THEM ON THE POPOS!!!** (It will only end in heart-break.) . . . All right already with this Sally Jessy Raphael nonsense; I mean, I may not be Gloria Steinem, but darn it all, haven't women suffered enough with this bleeding thing they do? Must they also bear the hateful burden of this creature claiming sisterhood?!? . . . Now I Know Why His Lips Are Brown Dept.: Color me aghast when I watch this Arsenio Hall fellow roundly *rimming* his guests night after night in the name of quality entertainment and hospitality. . . . And speaking of desperate efforts to be "loved," check out Mary Tyler Moore's smile these days; shades of the evil ventriloquist's dummy in a bad horror movie. . . . Penny for my thoughts: Who'll remember this "Ickey shuffle" folderol in five years' time when Mr. Woods, cut for having too much mileage on his ample hams and buttocks, pulls a nickel in Soledad for heisting a 7-Eleven on a cold winter night? . . . Food for thought: How come you never hear about the gal who played Cathy, the good twin on the old *Patty Duke Show*? Another great talent lost in the shadow of a pushy child star. . . . I hate to be bossy, but hey, Keith Richards, do you really want that cigarette? . . . This may be the deepest point I have ever reached in my column without mentioning food. I guess I'm just not hungry today. Tell you what, just in case I get the urge to chew on something, be a sweetheart and leave a snout-cheese knish slathered with Goober Grape in a bucket on my doorstep. . . . Am I the only one who feels a deep need to dole out several lethal slaps on the back of Rhea Perlman's pygmy calves with a leather strop? . . . Lumpy thespian Wilford Brimley apparently will not report to any set unless industrial-size drums of batter are provided by cowering agents of management. . . . At the risk of seeming petty, isn't the moniker Archbishop *Tutu* a trifle fey? . . . **OUCH! OH, SWEET JESUS! I JUST CAUGHT MY NOSTRILS ON A GARDEN RAKE!** Ohhhhhh, I just hate it when that happens, especially when the darned prongs are laced with searing dollops of navel jelly. . . . Community Bulletin Board:

Pop Star Rick Astley Sues Himself for

Plagiarism: Second Single Sounds "Just Like" His First, He Claims



"The melody, the synthesizer riffs, the drum-machine rhythms, the voice—the whole kit and kaboodle's exactly the same," groaned baby-faced teen idol Rick Astley in testimony against himself. Astley alleges that his second release, "Together Forever" violates the copyright laws protecting the "rhythmic and melodic sanctity" of his first single, "Never Gonna Give You Up." The objection of Astley's defense lawyer that his client's testimony represented "flagrant conflict of interest" was overruled.

The prosecution seemed to present compelling evidence when it played for the court a special recording that combined the two ballads. Astley, in the role of defendant, was visibly baffled and couldn't identify which of his two hits was being played at any given time.

—D.P.

Like to take time out here to say a few words about a dear friend who only knows one way to give: **UNTIL IT HURTS**. A man whose middle name is love, and a man who is always there for a good cause—telethons, golf tournaments, pancake festivals—at any hour of the night. I'm speaking, of course, about Sterling Passaic. Sterling Passaic, ladies and gentlemen: samaritan, friend, hero, and proud owner of nipples the size of tollhouse cookies. . . . Do I stand alone in my concern for today's younger generation and this profiteering psychobabble masquerading as a crazed fad known as telephone "rap lines"? Why, just the other night I played the voyeur and eavesdropped on a local line catering to young teens, and do you know that not one of the little turds would give Uncle Larry their phone number! . . . Quickly now! Tell me something you're hideously ashamed of. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Hmmmmmm. . . . Oh my. . . . What? Oh, wouldn't you know, we're out of space, but I promise I'll tell you next time. I'll give you a hint: it involves James Brolin and a wad of phlegm. . . . Till then, I'm Larry King.

—N.B.



EVIL CLOWN COMICS

CLOWN COMICS

NO. 3
JUNE

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CLOWN AUTHORITY



IS IT JUST MOI, OR DID AN EERIE CHILL JUST WAFT IN?

I... I'M SORRY, I HAD NO IDEA I TOOK THE LAST KIW-AND-SOPRASSATA TART!

I SIMPLY ADORE THE HAMPTONS!

IS THIS A PRIVATE SHINDIG, OR CAN ANYONE THROW DOWN?



ALAN KUPPERBERG
2-B9

"SECRETIN" GLAND JUPITER, World's No. 1 Slab of Stud Tartare, says:

Don't Be A Patsy With Dimples In Your Butt!

Let ME SHOW How I Can Make You a Really Butch Dude From Your Head Right Down to Your DNA Structure!!! Take a brutal, honest look at yourself!

Are you proud to be selected for the naked team in a neighborhood "Shirts and Skins" pickup game?

Does it hurt to realize your breasts are fuller and more appealing than those of the girls who have gathered to watch the game? Do they bounce and hurt as you feebly amble down the field, forever doomed to be bringing up "the rear" on a "fast break"?

Does humiliation brand a scarlet letter into your dangling, pendulous, porridge-like "spare tire" when she puts her arm around your waist on a "slow dance" selection at the AMVET Armory social?

I know how you feel, for I too was once A WHINING WEAKLING WHO LIVED IN FEAR OF BEING SENT TO PRISON AND BEING PASSED AROUND LIKE A 297-POUND INFLATABLE LOVE DOLL!!!

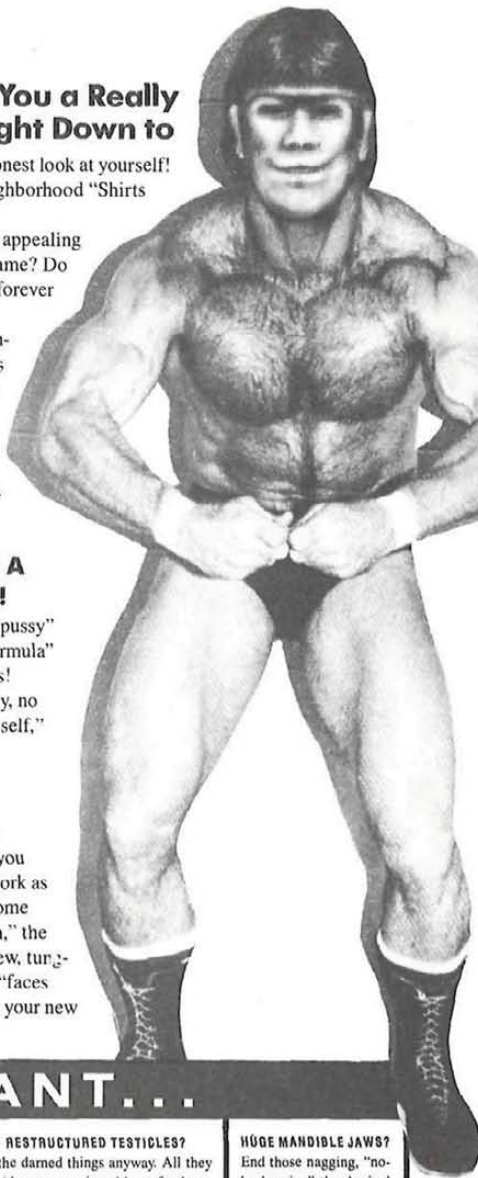
HOW I CHANGED FROM A MOUSE TO A MUTATED, DE-EVOLVED AGGRESSOR!

One day, I discovered the secret that changed me from a "pussy" into the World's No. 1 Slab of Stud Tartare!—a "magic formula" that can transform YOU into the scariest guy on the docks!

What's my secret? ANABOLIC STEROIDS. No theory, no gadgets, no nosy private coaches butting into your "inner self," just a simple dosage taken ninety-seven times daily!

MY "SECRET" WORKS FAST!

Under my system, your body will be bombarded with the restructuring miracle of ANABOLIC STEROIDS. Once you quit your present job, alienate those close to you, begin work as a bouncer so you have all day to "pump iron" and catch some "rays," and generally "embrace the lifestyle of a real man," the results will come FAST and HARD like the blows your new, tur- sten-hard fists will dole out to the skulls of people whose "faces you just don't like" at the "rumble" bars that will become your new "home away from home"!!!



THE INSULT THAT MADE MIKE GO BERSERK!



DO YOU WANT...

BIZARRE MOOD SWINGS?

I can guarantee you that within one month of starting my program, people will fear you and your frightening, manic rage more than they would a wild boar running loose in their bedroom!

SHRIVELED, RESTRUCTURED TESTICLES?

To "heck" with the darned things anyway. All they ever did was provide your enemies with a soft, oh-so-vulnerable target, and burden you with the guilty possibility of bringing "new life forms" into mankind's final and most disturbing hours.

HUGE MANDIBLE JAWS?

End those nagging, "no-body wins" theological arguments with a simple, bone-snapping bite on the skull.

...THEN MAIL THIS NOW!!!

"SECRETIN" GLAND JUPITER

1776 Sterling Passaic Industrial Blvd.,
The Forbidden Zone, N.J.

Yes sir, Mister Gland, SIR! I want the total package. Enclosed is my check for \$6,000.00. I also understand that as of week seven of this "miraculous, life-changing process," I shall willingly forfeit my rights as a member of the Homo Sapiens classification of mammals, and may find myself available to major American zoos for display purposes only.

Name

Address

City & State Zip Code

BULBOUS, AWESOME MUSCLES AND POWER?

Find out what it was really like to be the man-beast who roamed the earth and killed lots of dinosaurs! Many of our satisfied customers claim to have had flashbacks to a simpler time when life was a primal struggle for survival and a man could smell fresh blood from a distance of three miles!

IT WAS A HUMID SUMMER NIGHT IN NYC, THE KIND OF NIGHT THAT MAKES A GROWN CLOWN FEEL LIKE HE'S LIVIN' IN THE DIMPLE OF A FAT LADY'S ELBOW. I WAS CALLING GOTHAM CLOWN CENTRAL FOR THE TIME BEING, AND ME AND SOME OF MY SPECIAL FORCES BUDDIES IN 'NAM WERE HOISTING A FEW AND TOURING THE MEAT DISTRICT... TRYING TO FORGET, BABE, TRYING TO FORGET...

C'MON YOU LEATHERNECKS! LET'S FIND SOME BON JOVI TYPES IN FROM JERSEY FOR THE NIGHT!



AND SCARE THE SHIT OUT OF THEM!

YEAH, AND THEN LET'S KILL THEM!

THEY WERE A ROUGH CROWD, AND WHEN NOBODY TURNED UP FOR US TO BEAT ON, WE TURNED AGAINST EACH OTHER. I GUESS WE ALL SAID SOME THINGS WE REGRETTED LATER...

YOUR MOTHER GOES DOWN ON BOAT PEOPLE!



NOBODY SAYS THAT ABOUT MY MOMMY!

I KNOW I REGRETTED IT!

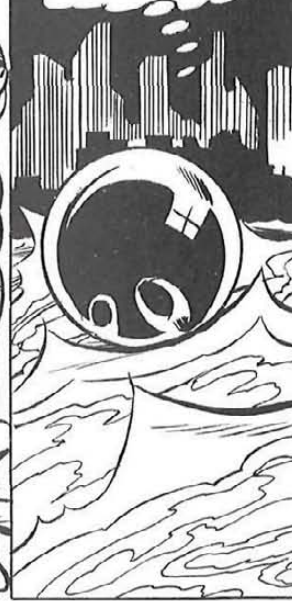
I HOPE YOU CAN SWIM, BOZO!



NO... NOOOOO!!!

THANK GOD I HAD MY SPARE RUBBER NOSE WITH ME, BECAUSE THIS CLOWN WAS IN A FEVERED DREAM WORLD AND THE WHIM OF THE TIDE DIDDLER ME WHEREVER IT WISHED...

DUM TA DUM DUM ... THE MORNING LIGHT IS SHINING LIKE A RED RUBBER BALLLLL!!!... STOP IT! GOT TO GET A GRIP ON MY -- MY... HOLY SHIT, IS THAT RIP TAYLOR OVER THERE?...



I MAY BE A SWEATSHOP SCARAMOUCHE (AND A DAMN GOOD ONE, BUB!), BUT I'LL BE THE FIRST ONE TO TELL YOU IT'S FATE THAT BRANDISHES THE BIGGEST PADDLE! ONE MINUTE YOU'RE DOOMED TO PLAY EIGHT SHOWS A DAY IN DAVY JONES'S LOCKER, AND THE NEXT MINUTE YOU'RE IN THE BLUE FUCKING LAGOON! YES, MY FRIENDS, I'D WASHED UP IN THE HAMPTONS! THE SUMMER RESORT FOR NEW YORK'S OLDEST MONEY AND NEWEST BOURGEOIS!



Where... where am I?!

EVIL CLOWN COMICS
"BLOOD AND SAND"

Story by: NICK BAKAY
Art by: ALAN KUPPERBERG

OF COURSE, PARADISE CAN BE A LOT LIKE NEWARK IF YOU'RE BROKE. I HAD TO HUMILIATE MYSELF TO GET THE JACK TOGETHER FOR A JITNEY TICKET BACK TO THE CITY.

CAN I INTEREST YOU IN SOME SPECIAL SAUCE FOR THAT, DOLL?... WIENERS! GET YOUR WIENERS HERE!



OH, YOU'RE SO GROSS!

IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO SEE THERE WERE TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE IN THE HAMPTONS, THE HAVES AND THE HAVE-NOTS....

HE GOES TO CHOATE AND HE IS SOOOOOO GORGEOUS!

EEEEWWW, COURTNEY, LOOK! THAT CLOWN IS STARING AT US AGAIN!



OH, HE IS SOOOOOO TACKY!

I KNEW SHE HAD BLUE BLOOD AND BLUE BALLS WRITTEN ALL OVER HER, BUT THAT COURTNEY HAD MY KNOB SCREAMIN' "PULL ME!"

IF YOU DON'T STOP STARING AT US, I'LL TELL MY DADDY TO HAVE YOU SHOT LIKE A DOG.



IT WASN'T HARD TO FIND OUT HER FATHER PRACTICALLY OWNED THE FUCKING PLACE! HOW STRANGE! FOR THE FIRST TIME I ACTUALLY FELT SECOND-CLASS, SNUBBED ... CHEAP!

PORTY'S A YALE MAN, BUT YOUNG TAD HERE WAS JUST ACCEPTED AT BOWDOIN!



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU!

DON'T GET ME WRONG, I'M THE FIRST ONE TO TELL YOU THAT THE REAL PARTY PEOPLE HANG ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS. I COVERED THE EAST SIDE...



WHO HAS THE CHIVAS AN' MILK?

MY MAN, FRENCHY T. CLOWN!

DO HE BE FRENCH?

UP PERISCOPE!

I COVERED THE WATERFRONT...



OH, YOU'RE SO TIGHT.

WISE UP, SUZIE WONG, I PUSH A WIENER CART AROUND ALL DAY!

A GOOD CLOWN CAN ALWAYS FIND AN ALLEY, EVEN IN THE QUAINTEST LITTLE BURG, AND WHERE THERE'S AN ALLEY THERE'S SURE TO BE A NERVOUS YOUNG LAD SELLING UPPERS, THE CLOWN DRUG OF CHOICE! I GOT ALL AROUND TOWN, BUT I COULDN'T ESCAPE THE REALITY THAT I WAS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THIS PARTICULAR DOUGHNUT SHOP LOOKING IN AT ALL THEM ECLAIRS....



I'M SOOOOO EXCITED ABOUT THE BIG PARTY AT COURTNEY'S PLACE THIS FRIDAY!

MOI AUSSI!

HMM-MMMM?

HIS NAME WAS SKEETER, AND IT BROKE MY HEART TO SEE A YOUNG LAD WITH SUCH A GREAT CONNECTION YEARNING HOPELESSLY FOR A LITTLE HIGH-CLASS TAIL.

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BLOND PUBIC HAIR, HAVE YOU, SON?

NO, SIR... ALL MY GIRLFRIENDS HAVE MUSTACHES, SMELL LIKE GARLIC BREAD, AND HAVE DORITO DUST UNDER THEIR FINGERNAILS!



IN THAT MOMENT SOMETHING DEEP INSIDE ME SNAPPED LIKE A FRATERNITY PADDLE LACED WITH AN M-80! THESE HAMPTONS DOS AND DON'TS STANK LIKE LAST WEEK'S MAHIMAH, AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE SOLUTION...



A CULTURAL REVOLUTION!



I'D SPENT MY WHOLE LIFE LOST IN A SEA OF PICKUP GIGS AND PICKUPS, NOW MY BRAIN WAS THROBBING!

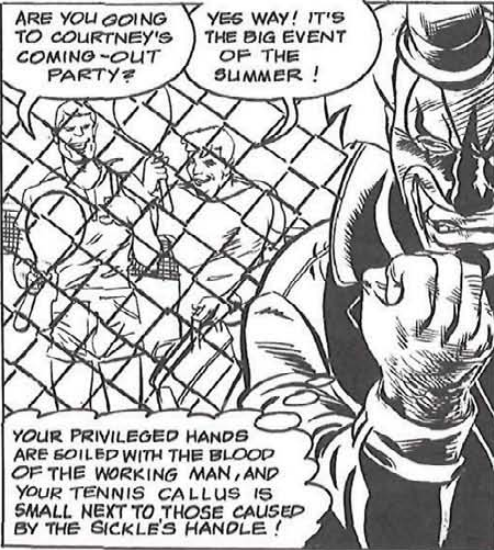


BESIDES, BABES LOVE A MAN WITH AN AGENDA!



ARE YOU GOING TO COURTNEY'S COMING-OUT PARTY?

YES WAY! IT'S THE BIG EVENT OF THE SUMMER!



TOGETHER WE ARE LIKE THE ENDLESS LINKS OF THE SERPENT! SEPARATELY WE ARE LIKE COWERING MICE, MY BROTHERS!





BY NOW IT WAS CLEAR THAT SOME CHANGE WAS IN THE WIND. IT WAS THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA....



WHY IS IT THAT GOOD GIRLS ALWAYS WANT TO GO BAD, SKEETER?

HISTORY IS FULL OF GOOD INTENTIONS GONE WRONG, AND BUDDY BOY, WE WASTED NO TIME GETTING CORRUPT WAS THE FUN PART!

NINA, BABS, AND COURTNEY, FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE STATE YOU ARE SENTENCED TO WEAR THE SAME DRESS EVERY DAY FOR ONE WHOLE YEAR!



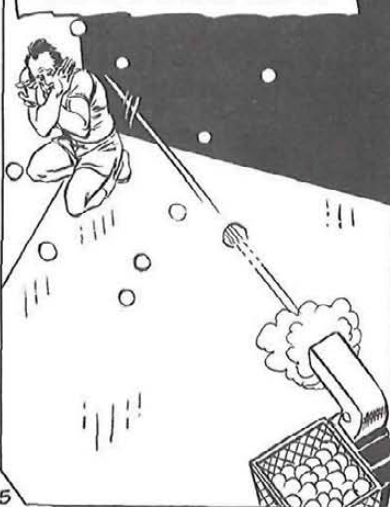
...YOU ARE SENTENCED TO DRINK LUNCH EVERY DAY FOR A YEAR!



... YOU ARE SENTENCED TO PUT YOUR FAT ASS BEHIND ALL THAT PHONY-LIBERAL LIP SERVICE YOU SPOUT!



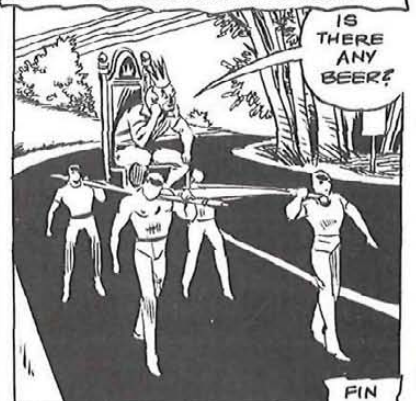
...YOU ARE SENTENCED TO IMPROVE YOUR NET GAME!



AND THAT WAS JUST THE BEGINNING! I ORDERED BOWLING TOURNAMENTS! FART-OFFS! POLYESTER WARDROBES! CHICK COREA CONCERTS! SOME WERE EVEN FORCED TO TRANSCRIBE THE LYRICS OF "AND SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH"!



BUT EVERY INQUISITION MUST COME TO AN END. AFTER THE THRILL OF THE COUP D'ETAT, I HAVE TO ADMIT I STARTED TO MISS THE LIFE OF A CAREFREE CLOWN ON THE LOOSE IN GOTHAM. WILL I EVER BE SATISFIED? I GUESS NOT... NOT UNTIL I GET TO KNOW THE REAL ME. I KEEP PEELING THE ONION, ONLY TO FIND ANOTHER, SMELLIER LAYER BENEATH....



IS THERE ANY BEER?

FIN

EARL'S BICEPS

BY MARK WALTERS

THE NIGHT I LOST MY VIRGINITY I SAW EARL MARTELL'S BICEPS PRESSED AGAINST THE INSIDE PANEL OF MY CAR door. Actually, it was my father's car door—that of a 1968 Chevy Impala—and it was a June night and Norma Sue Schmidtberger lay beneath me on the backseat, her blond hair, redolent of sweat and oil and apricot conditioner, streaming across the cracked, black vinyl and her panties lying in a sweet, soft heap on the floorboard.

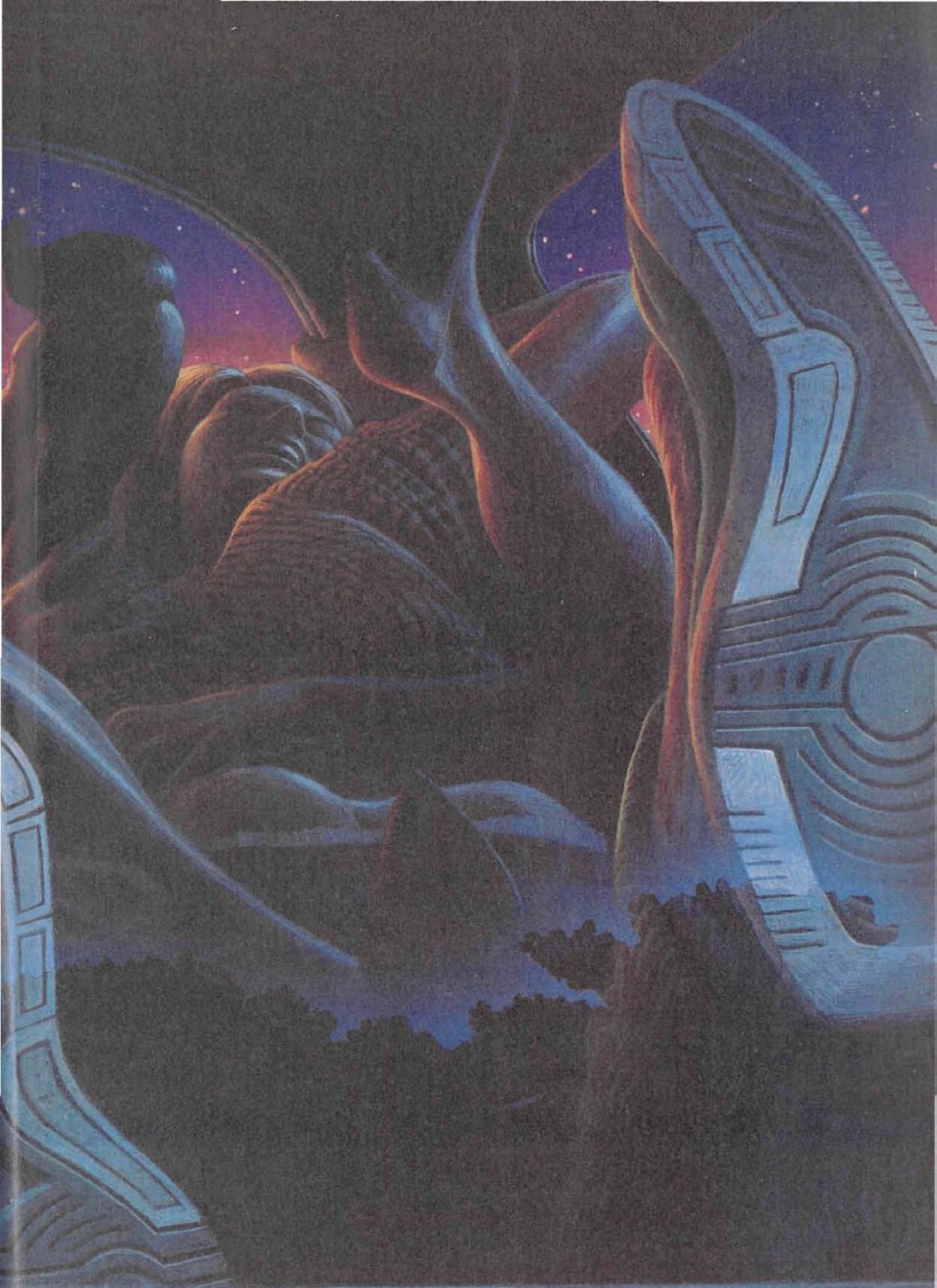
I decided not to say anything about the biceps to Norma Sue because I hadn't quite finished what we'd begun and I didn't want to alarm her. So I continued rocking above and she lay smiling beneath, her eyes closed and her tongue occasionally coming out to probe the edge of her lips, and every so often her jaw would drop a bit and she'd sort of flinch as if I were hurting her and I would ease up, swelling slightly with pride, unaware that only my young and bony hips were responsible. All this time, though, I was conscious of the biceps flexing and trembling not six inches from my face.

Well, this went on for a good period and then afterward, when we had lain silently for a respectable time, I whispered, "Do you see that?" and nodded my head toward the biceps. Norma Sue turned her face toward it, and instead of screaming like a topless starlet in a horror film—which I half expected—she just began giggling, silently at first, so that she looked kind of crazy in the moonlight and I became a little afraid of her, of what lay beneath me out there six miles from town, and then loudly, so that I had to put my hand over her mouth for fear that the owner of the biceps might be offended and wring my scrawny neck.

"That's Earl's biceps!" she cried, right after she bit my palm hard enough to draw blood and force tears to my astonished eyes. "We've been blessed!"

I wasn't sure what she meant by this, but when the first hot mist of pain cleared from my eyes, I saw the man connected to the biceps lift it from the door and then walk from the car, the moonlight shimmering on his *(continued on page 44)*





back and his boots crunching along the gravel on his way back into town.

I HAD BEEN TOLD THAT EARL Martell had the biggest left biceps in Swallowville. He did curls with a heavy dumbbell all winter so that come summer he could show it off to folks. Of course his right biceps wasn't big at all; it was just an average guy's biceps, sort of slender and pale, barely wide enough for a good tattoo. I guess Earl never did curls with his right arm.

People also told me that Swallowvillians knew summer had officially arrived when three things showed up on Main Street: long-legged girls in cutoff shorts and tube tops, newly sunburnt boys hollering and trying to win the attention of long-legged girls, and Earl Martell's biceps hanging big and bared out the driver's-side window of his Buick Roadmaster.

Now, people unfamiliar with Swallowville, people like me and my family who had arrived only recently, who had driven in off the interstate and then stood around like a flock of nervous chickens in front of Woolworth's, sipping Coca-Colas and inspecting our new hometown, wouldn't at first see the connection between the first two signs of summer and the third, wouldn't recognize the bond between teenagers strutting and preening and Earl's biceps lying solid against his car door. But everyone else in Swallowville saw it.

Earl's biceps was as true as a warm southerly wind to these folks, as vital as a slow, steady rain. Everyone began to anticipate it toward late March, could almost smell it, they claimed, resting beneath a Windbreaker sleeve or riding beside Earl in his Roadmaster. By the first of June, when he usually unsheathed it, they were primed to watch it swell against the maroon metallic paint of the door; they themselves were ready to live for three months, oiled and hot.

So, during the long weeks of summer, when you couldn't swing a cat without hitting a brown and mostly naked sunbather, when even old-timers walked the cool aisles of the Piggly Wiggly wearing no more than they could peel off at the drop of a hat, Earl ranged the area and flexed his biceps. I guess that he believed in his heart that a summer's day in Swallowville was just fifteen hours of foreplay leading to the short summer's night, and he assumed the role—had it foisted upon him by the townspeople—of beneficent voyeur and fertility god. All that meant was that he got to watch all the carryings-on and that folks considered the presence of his biceps a lucky thing.

For instance—as it was explained to me by fat Mr. Darl at the Dairy Queen—one of the local boys might be kneading Copper-tone into the bare shoulders of his sweetheart, straddling her bikini'd bottom and occasionally dropping his oiled palms to

the tanned and lightly downed small of her back (at this point in the description, Mr. Darl paused and let his tongue rest upon his moist and heavy lower lip—a gesture that made the hair on the back of my neck stand up), and this boy might begin to feel a little short of breath, and his sweetheart might too; and if they would look toward the street and Earl just happened to be cruising by, his biceps glaring in the afternoon sun, they could be certain that the moment had been consecrated and that the evening would bring unspeakable joys.

I told Mr. Darl that it all sounded pretty crazy to me, and then I ordered a Buster Bar so he'd have to get up from the red booth in which we sat.

"Mark my words, boy!" he shouted from behind the counter, hitching up his baggy brown slacks as he shuffled toward the freezer. "Earl Martell is king around here

**"THAT'S
EARL'S
BICEPS!"
SHE CRIED,
RIGHT
AFTER SHE
BIT MY
PALM HARD
ENOUGH TO
DRAW
BLOOD.
"WE'VE BEEN
BLESSSED!"**

each summer! But come fall . . ."

I didn't hear what he had to say about fall because by that time I'd slipped out the side door and mounted my bicycle and ridden away as fast as a madman, feeling sort of nauseous that I had sat in a deserted Dairy Queen with fat Mr. Darl and listened to stories about Earl's biceps.

Late that same night as I lay in bed, sweating and recalling in graphic detail my evening with Norma Sue Schmidtberger, I heard my mother scream. At first I remained perfectly still, frozen with fear that some burglar would burst into my room and see me there, vulnerable and aroused beneath my light cotton pajamas. But soon I was able to get up and peek from my door and I saw my father, pulling up a pair of trophy-printed boxer shorts and wielding a baseball bat, rush onto the front porch.

"I'll bet they saw Earl's biceps," said Jessica, my little sister. She had appeared next to me in the hallway, rubbing both her

fists into her eyes, as if she were adjusting a tiny pair of binoculars.

It occurred to me that she was probably right, and I knit my brow. What in the world had my parents been doing that would invite Earl Martell to show up, to stand quietly in the darkened hedges and lay his biceps inside their open bedroom window?

The thought of their having sex was abhorrent to me, particularly their having sex in the summer, which meant that the top sheet and the bedspread would be peeled back or kicked to the floor, that they'd be rolling around right out in the open like a pair of greased wrestlers.

Lloyd Butz, my best friend in junior high school, had once told me that one July night he'd watched his parents—who believed he was camping out in the backyard of a neighbor—move stark-naked from room to room doing the dirty deed. In one particular moment of passion, they swept his Little League Most Improved Batter trophy from the top of his dresser, snapping the small, gold player at the plate in half, right at his torso. It took all of the strength Lloyd could muster not to cry out in anguish from where he stood outside his open bedroom window, but he bit his lip and turned and fled into the darkness, blinded by tears of anger and confusion. The next morning, while Lloyd ate his Lucky Charms cereal and wept bitterly at the sight of his trophy on the counter, a little lopsided and crusty with glue, his mother said that the cat had done it. Merv, their cat, merely raised his enormous head from his paws and glared at her, and Lloyd's dad, from behind his newspaper, cleared his throat. I was never able to look at Mr. and Mrs. Butz again without imagining them naked, locked in a sweaty July embrace over a comic-strewn dresser top.

"It had to be Earl's biceps," Jessica repeated, and then I shooed her back to her bedroom, swinging at her sleep-tangled hair.

When the police arrived and my mother told them about the peeping Tom who had flexed his biceps inside their window, the tall one, who looked a little like Bobby Goldsboro, just smiled and said, "That'd be Earl Martell, ma'am." And then he winked at my dad knowingly.

Of course they wouldn't arrest Earl, but they did shake my parents' hands vigorously and congratulate them a hundred times on their way out the front door.

Things continued pretty much like this through June and July: Earl's biceps would appear swollen and hard against the inside panel of my car door while Norma Sue and I humped in the backseat; and every couple of weeks I'd hear my mother scream late at night and my father crash awkwardly through the house, pulling up his boxer shorts and gripping a Louisville Slugger. Early mornings at the doughnut shop I'd listen to full-bellied, sunbaked old men in overalls, smoking cigarettes and drinking

coffee, making comments such as "Earl stopped by last night," while everyone in the place nodded and laughed lustily; and in the afternoons I'd hear blond, heavily mascaraed girls at their K mart cash registers ask one another things like "So when's Earl going to pay you and Bobby Reid a visit?" while patient customers smiled and searched their handbags for red billfolds or suede-covered checkbooks.

One Saturday afternoon when my family and I were downtown, looking at new color TVs in the window of Duckwall's, Earl cruised by in his Roadmaster and my father ran right out into the middle of the street to confront him.

"Get out of that car, you damn pervert!" he shouted over Earl's biceps. But before anything could come of it, half the town showed up on the sidewalk and moved through the parked cars to the Buick where my father stood, his fists raised and the blue vein in his forehead throbbing.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said Galen Elbow, who managed the Pay Less Shoe Store and who had the biggest ears I had ever seen. "Why don't you just go back over to your family there before trouble starts."

And my father looked at the stern faces surrounding him and decided, after just a little reflection, to take Galen Elbow's advice.

TOWARD THE END OF JULY I began to jog. This was after I had received a form letter from Coach Krub—a thin man with thin blond hair and large yellow teeth—inviting me to go out for the Swallowville High football team. I would set my alarm for 7:00 A.M. each morning and hit the streets. But by the middle of the first week I decided that I lacked the tools necessary for the successful athlete and that sleep was more vital to my psychological and emotional well-being than exercise. I had decided this on the last leg of my morning route just before I saw young Mrs. Fantini—whose husband drove a truck for Dolly Madison pastries—step out onto her lawn in a black negligee to retrieve an ill-thrown newspaper.

"Morning!" I shouted as I passed, quickening my pace to what must have been a ridiculous breakneck sprint.

Mrs. Fantini turned and smiled at me, her black hair falling about the thin black straps of her negligee and her golden breasts heaving softly against the warm and windless July morning.

O what thoughts laid waste to the hours after that moment! I had previously spent much of my spare time leafing through the pages of women's lingerie advertisements in the fat Montgomery Ward catalogs, imagining scenarios in which I would show up at the front door of a given model to solicit pledges for a heart disease bike-athon, and she, apologetic for being in her underwear only, would invite me in. Now I

had a real flesh-and-blood object for my fantasies who lived just a stone's throw from my bedroom.

The next morning I rose early and showered, combed my hair, and doused myself with Old Spice. Wearing a clean athletic supporter that I had taken from my father's bureau drawer—a supporter too large to be comfortable but that would look impressive dangling from Mrs. Fantini's slender fingers—I went out to run.

Trying not to perspire, I walked quickly to the Fantini house and moved their morning paper from the front step to the middle of the lawn. Then I walked to the end of the block and stood behind a blue Gremlin and waited for Mrs. Fantini to appear in her slinky black negligee.

About this time Earl drove by in his Buick Roadmaster, his biceps enormous and beautiful against the maroon door, and

"YOU BEST GO HOME AND GET YOUR BASEBALL BAT," HE SAID TO MY FATHER. "TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT WE KILL EARL MARTELL."

I nearly wept with joy. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," I said aloud, clasping my hands together and pacing back and forth beside the Gremlin.

I repeated this ritual each morning for three days, loping past Mrs. Fantini as she bent over to pick up her paper, saluting or calling "Hey!" as I went by. She might have invited me in that first day, but I was so excited that I inadvertently broke wind in mid-stride before her. I'm sure I sounded like a fat old plowhorse, and Mrs. Fantini's face registered surprise and amusement. I, of course, ran as fast as I could for home, hot with humiliation and cursing the day I was born.

She did, however, invite me in on the third morning. On the waterbed she usually shared with Mr. Fantini, she knelt over my cologne-soaked body; and as we swayed with the gentle roll of the mattress, I saw that delicate beads of perspiration had formed on her downy lip and her darkened

cleavage. What indescribable joy I experienced that summer morning!

But it was not to last. Within minutes she screamed "Fuck!" and leaped to the window, bringing down the sash with a *bang* just a split second after Earl had yanked his blood-engorged biceps from the sill.

"I'm ruined!" she cried. "What will the neighbors say? What will Vito say?"

I wasn't sure what everyone would say, especially Vito with his big sideburns—glossy black things that probably smelled of Dolly Madison confection—but I didn't want to find out. I gathered up my shorts and my father's supporter and I crept from the room while Mrs. Fantini raged at the heavens.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER WERE filled with surprises for me and my family. One hundred and eighty pregnancies were reported in Swallowville, a number that would have been startling in any other town of two thousand, but was, according to the locals, pretty typical in these parts. Among those blessed were Mrs. Fantini, Norma Sue Schmidtberger, and my mother. I was at first horrified by the news of all three, but I learned that Vito believed Earl had come while he had been blind with passion after a long week on the road (the neighbors, if they had seen anything that July morning, weren't talking); Norma Sue told me that Earl had visited her and Tod Jennings twice that summer and that Tod had a black Camaro, so the baby was probably his; and my mother and father were so proud and excited about having a third child that I too came to accept the idea of another sibling.

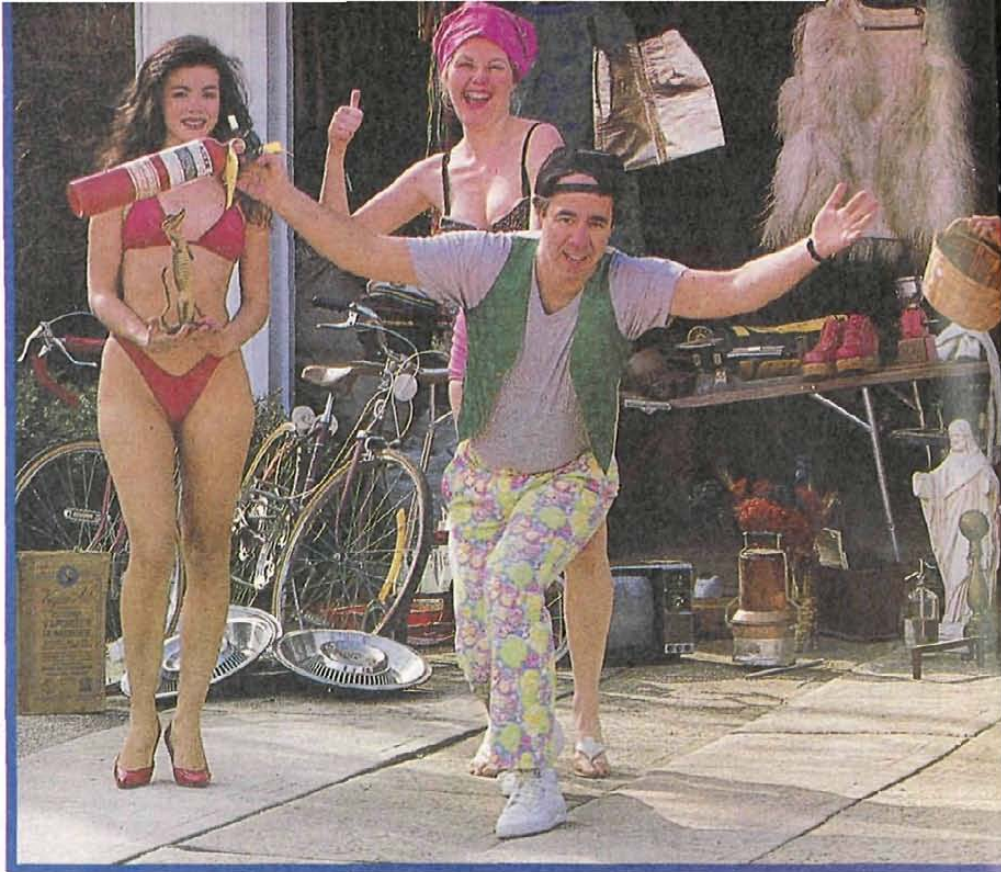
The biggest surprise, though, came on the night before what would be the first frost of the year. My family and I had walked downtown after supper, drawn by the sound of chanting and the reflection of light on the evening sky. At the city park we saw hundreds of Swallowvillians gathered, brandishing torches and pitchforks and rough-hewn clubs and shouting with savage and hysterical glee. As we watched from the sidewalk, Galen Elbow broke from the mob and walked toward us, smacking a two-by-four against his palm. I noticed that the reflection of the orange light played so fiercely on his giant cars that they themselves appeared to be ablaze.

"You best go home and get your baseball bat," he said to my father. "Tonight's the night we hunt down and kill Earl Martell."

MY MOTHER AND JESSICA CHOSE to stay at home and make Rice Krispies cookies rather than go on the hunt, but my father and I armed ourselves and went back to the park. He had his Louisville Slugger and I had a blue-ringed croquet mallet whose head kept falling off.

We placed ourselves in the middle of the mob for the start of the chase. There, I have

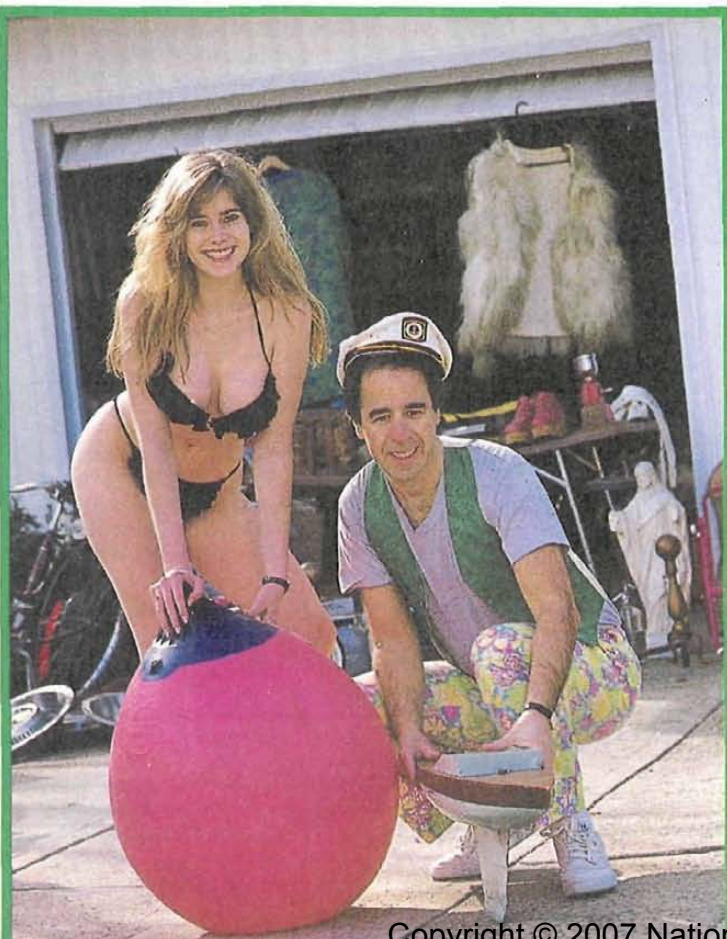
continued on page 106



Buoy, oh buoy!
Lu-Lu's all wet just
thinking about the
price, which is only
\$2.95. I must have
water on the brain
to be selling it this
low.



These brand-new golf clubs,
which prompted my neighbor
Joe "Arnie" Palmer to remark,
"Hey, Morty, those are nice
clubs," were only used by my
little old wife on her way to the
clubhouse. At \$21.95, you're
tighter than a worm's snatch if
you say no to these beauties.





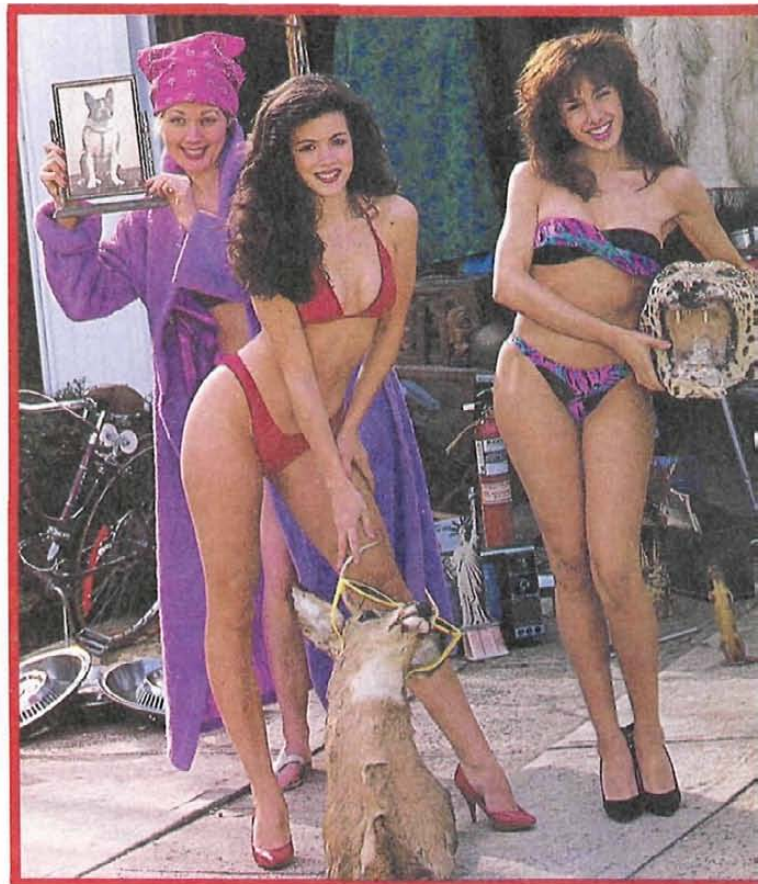
Hey, buddy! Yeah, you. No, not the one with the zits, the rich-lookin' guy. Yeah. Lug your carcass over here! Have I got a deal for you! Hell, I got loads of deals! Everything's goin' 'cause I'm goin'! Can't tell you the details, but I'm history in this state once the sale's over. So, with the help of my lovely wife, Peaches, and my luscious daughters, Lu-Lu, Dotty, and Bunny, it's time for

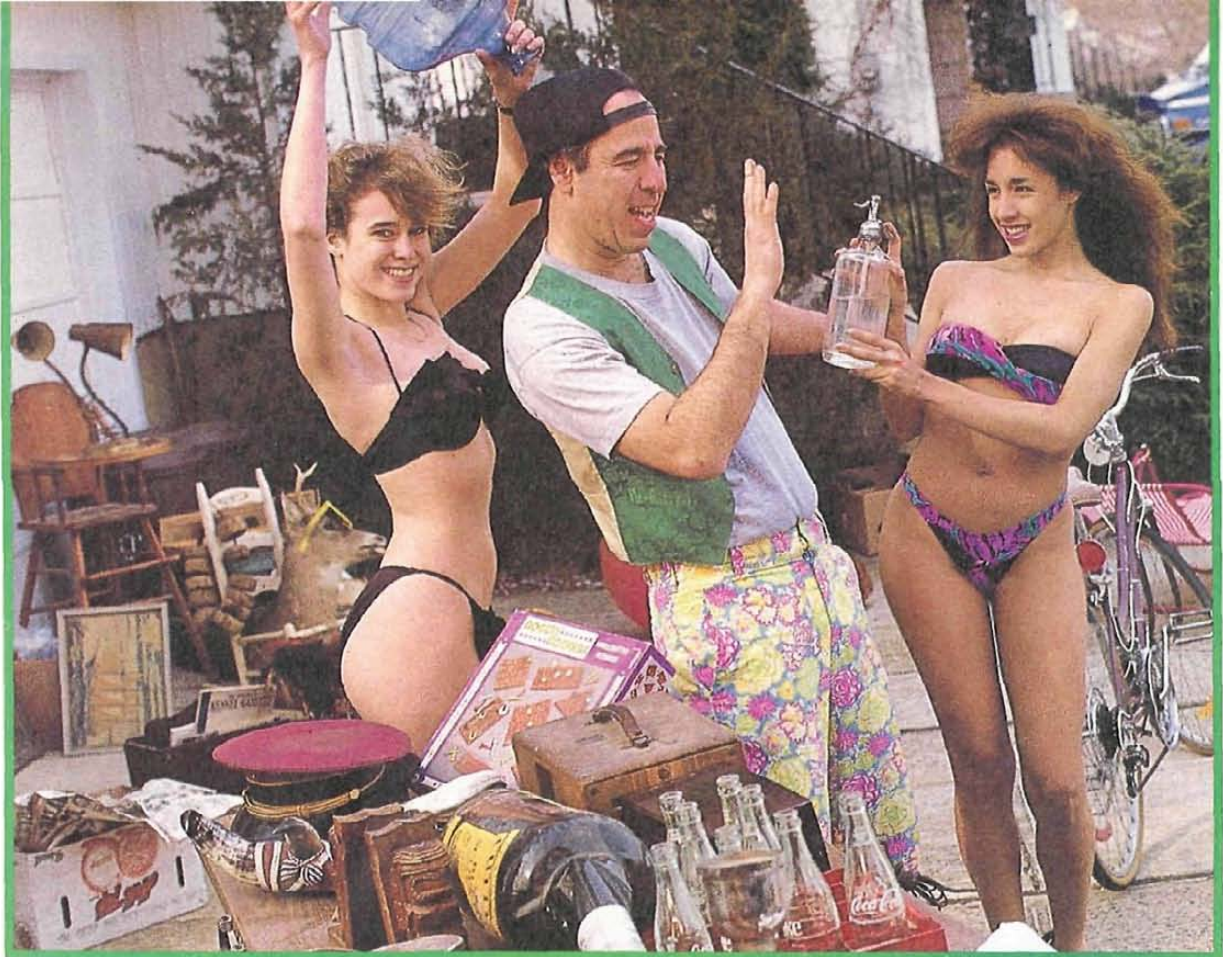
Morty's Summer *Going out of Business* Garage Sale!

Would you believe I caught these animals wandering the walls of the Knights of Columbus lodge? I guarantee you, if any of these clowns goes poops on your carpet, I'll give you double your money back! ▶



▲ **What?! Only twenty clams for these two bikes? But they come with my daughters' crotch juices! All right, all right, send me the dough and you can boast to your pals you stuffed Morty.**





Here are two lovely examples of modern American water containers that will do any living room proud. They are both over two years old, which in Michigan means they are considered well on their way to being antiques. What do I hear? \$1.50?!? Pal, you're robbin' me blind here! That's my wife's favorite water jug. Okay, okay, a buck and four bits.

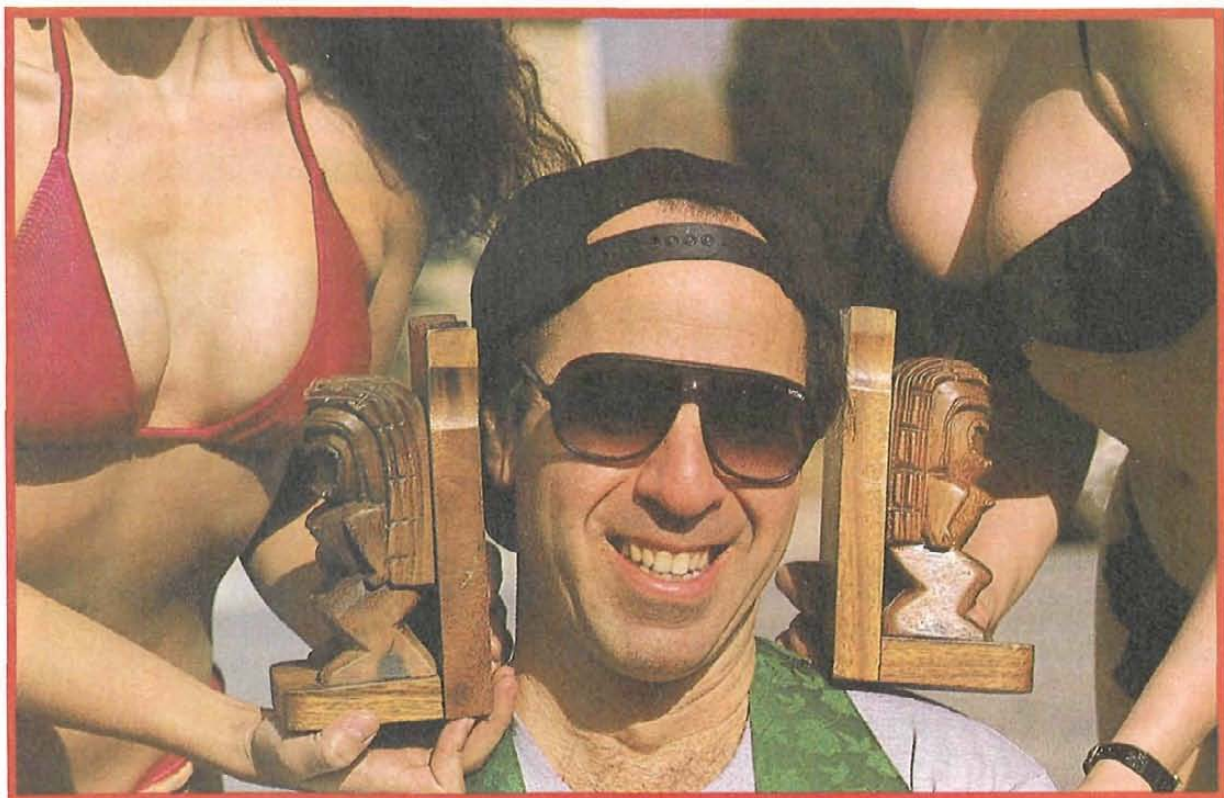


Forget cars that are taxi-tested tough or ram tough or tested on the back roads of Morocco. Forget suitcases dropped from planes or trampled by elephants—this scale's the one that's gone ten rounds with a real bruiser! And I'm givin' it to you at a price that's highway robbery!

To Order: Dial 1-800-I HONDLE

or wire cash to Morty's Garage
P.O. Box 68200
Union, New Jersey
00005

New Jersey residents add 15 percent sales tax.



Wouldn't you kill to be the books between these bookends! Excuse me, what did you say? Hey, those are my daughters, pally!! It's all right, just send four George Washingtons and a note that says, "Hey, Morty, toss me over those bookends," and they're as good as yours.

This is the best deal in the house. I can only give these up so cheap 'cause my wife has this crazy notion they're haunted. She claims the eyes watch her when she showers. I say I don't watch her, why should they? She don't buy it, but at \$3.95 each, maybe you will.

**MORTY
LOVES
YOU!**

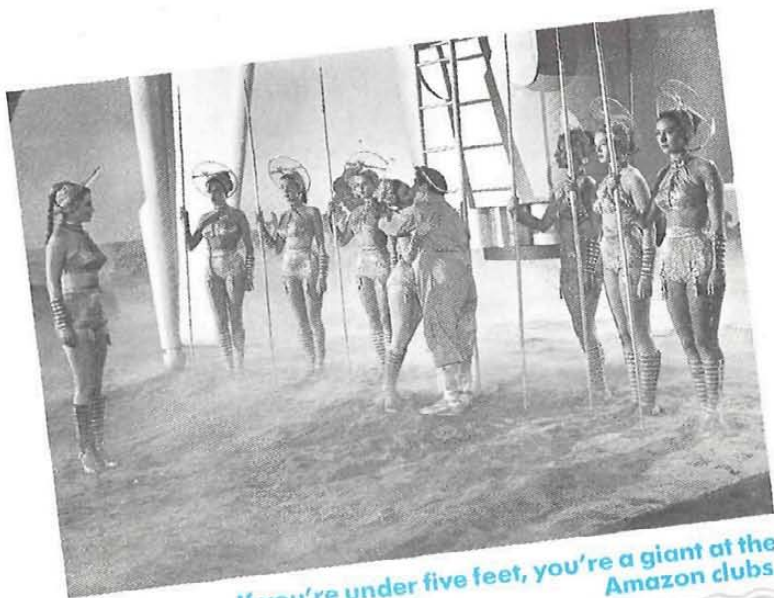


Where the Girls Are

A Guide to the Hot Spots and Scenes

by Gerry Sussman

This is where it's all happening—the girls, the sex, the parties, the uninhibited madness that happens only in the summer. Forget about AIDS, safe sex, social diseases, and your own hang-ups. This is summer. You only live once. And these days they have a cure for everything.



If you're under five feet, you're a giant at the Amazon clubs.

HOT SPOTS: UNITED STATES

Mr. Nice Guy's

Daytona Beach, Florida

The hottest bar in town. Every night is a major event because every night is planned around an exciting theme. Friday is "Ugly Guy Night." The twenty ugliest guys in the room, as judged by an expert panel, will receive extraordinary sexual favors from the twenty prettiest girls in the room. Saturday is "Polish Night." If you can prove you are Polish or of Polish extraction, you will get a blowjob from a St. Bernard. Sunday is "Amateur Male and Female Stripper Night." The best ten male and female strippers are awarded to each other. Monday is "What's Your Sign Night." If you were born under the sign of the moment you get a free Robin Byrd tape. Tuesday is "Lucky Number Night." If you draw the lucky number you get a warm and loving companion for the night. Wednesday is "Blonds Have More Fun Night." Any guy who is a natural blond or who dyes his hair blond gets a fine, foxy lady of the same hair color. Thursday is "Open House," when lots of easy women are all over the place.

The Amazon Societies

California

The Amazon Societies are networks of clubs whose membership consists exclusively of women over six feet tall. Some are even over seven feet. These women are a sadly neglected part of our society. Not only do they have problems buying suitable clothing and furniture, but even worse, they cannot find warm, loving men. These women are strikingly beautiful and intelligent, but because of their imposing height, they scare away most guys, except basketball players. And basketball players love small women they can flip around like basketballs (they have enough height to contend with on the court).

The shocking truth is that these statuesque beauties prefer small men, preferably two or three at a time. If you don't mind sharing a nice piece of Amazon with one or two other guys, you will have one of the great sexual experiences of your life. Most guys like to share an Amazon with strangers rather than with their buddies.

If you want to go solo with an Amazon, it's your picnic. Just be prepared for a long night. They get very cranky when they're not completely satisfied.

The best Amazon clubs are located in bars around the Los Angeles area (Butch

Cassidy's in North Hollywood, Aphrodité's in Beverly Hills) and the Masai Lounge in Hermosa Beach, which has a largely black clientele.

Teenie Tinies (also known as Smallies)

New York City

As you would expect, there are also networks of the polar opposites of the Amazons—tiny, beautiful women who have the same problems attracting the right men.

Teenie Tinies are usually five feet or under and are crazy for big guys. The bigger and more well-endowed, the better. When you enter a bar or club where the Teenies hang out, don't be afraid to flaunt it, if you've got it. Just use a number to denote the size of your member, like "Hi, I'm Gerry, 11½."

Teenies like to be physically manipulated, just short of sadism. If you can handle two at a time, that's even better. A big, overweight guy can handle three, crawling all over him. You can put two on your lap and one in between. The possibilities are endless and so is the fun. The best Teenie hangouts are Little Girl Blue, 786 East 87th Street; Thumbelina's, 8900 Third Avenue; and Tiny Tina's, 634 West 39th Street.

The Venetian Gardens

Buffalo, New York

Every Friday night in May and June is Prom Night at the Venetian Gardens, a magnificent restaurant and party palace done as a perfect replica of a street in Venice, complete with fountains, indoor canals, and gondoliers.

You must be a high school graduate, so you can re-create that most magical moment of your life, Prom Night. You get a full-course "Surf 'n' Turf" dinner, complimentary New York State champagne, and corsages for the girls.

Get drunk and ride in gondolas. Get drunk and throw each other into the canal. Get drunk and drive home safely. Formal attire only.

Ralph's Pizza A Go-Go

Sparta, New Jersey

Another nostalgia spot. Every Wednesday night Ralph Passalacqua produces an old-fashioned Gang Bang Night. It costs fifteen dollars per person. Ralph supplies the talent, and you have to do her in the parking lot behind the restaurant, in the backseat of the car. The fifteen dollars also includes all the pizza you can eat. Half of the proceeds go to the Sparta Hospital for Handicapped Children, so you're banging for a good cause.

Fern's Bar

Sandusky, Ohio

What's going on in Sandusky? Plenty. Because it's exactly the kind of town where you'd never expect to see famous movie and TV stars hanging out and just getting away from it all. Everyone expects to find celebrities in places like Palm Springs or the Riviera, and that's where all the tourists and the high prices are. Jack Nicholson knows this. So do Tom Cruise, Michelle Pfeiffer, Eddie Murphy, and Dustin Hoffman. They come to Sandusky in the summer because they can rent a house cheaply, play a little softball or go bowling, and then hang out in a plain, ordinary tavern with the rest of the guys and no one will even recognize them. They're all here in the summer. Sandusky is not a big town, so you'll find them everywhere. This is your chance to get cozy with Debra Winger and Kim Basinger or talk politics man-to-man with Judd Nelson and River Phoenix. Just make a run of the bars and you'll find them. Be a *mensch* and buy them a round first.



Relive your teen years, but without the pimples at the Venetian Gardens.

SPECIAL SUMMER EVENTS

Celebrity French-Kissing Contests

Burt Reynolds Dinner Theater,
Jupiter, Florida

July 7-10

Teams of celebrities and ordinary people compete against each other to see who can French-kiss the deepest and the best. Join your host, Burt Reynolds, as he M.C.'s this rollicking and raunchy all-night party. The lucky contestants are chosen to team up with Valerie Harper, Chad Everett, Roberto Duran, J. J. Walker, Ricardo Montalban, Judy Carne, and many more, as each kisser tries to go deeper and deeper into the

other's throat. You're also judged on originality, style, and length of tongue.

On the final evening everyone is invited to an open-house all-night kissing-and-buffet supper.

Body Shaving Week

Vero Beach, Florida

July 7-14

Sponsored by Gillette, Häagen-Dazs ice cream, and Hershey chocolate syrup.

In Part I, guys and gals have to lather up and shave their body hair down to the roots. That means head to toe and all parts in between. Judges pick out winners in various age groups and the winners go directly to Part II, which is eating off your mate. Males and females take turns eating gobs and gobs of Häagen-Dazs ice cream topped with Hershey syrup, until they faint. Grand prize for the last survivors are matching Harleys.



That's Burt Reynolds warming up a contestant in his Celebrity French-Kissing Contest.

Eskimo Hospitality Week

Nome, Alaska

July 8-15

The Eskimos have a happy custom of offering their wives to their guests for the night, as a sign of gracious hospitality. Hospitality Week is an extension of the custom to include tours of old Eskimo villages, exhibits of Eskimo arts and crafts, participation in caribou and whale hunts, and full room and board with three genuine Eskimo meals a day.

The only catch is that guests are assigned at random to whatever family is available. You never know whether you will be sleeping with a princess or a dog. But even the ugliest Eskimo woman possesses a deep passion and is capable of extraordinary feats, especially with her nose. Call the Nome Chamber of Commerce, 1-800-766-6666, for details.



AP/Wide World

Friendly Eskimos greet their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Levinson.

Sin Week

Saint Angelica's Seminary,
East Hampton, New York

July 12-19

Rumors and legends have always abounded about the secret sexuality of nuns. Are they really closet nymphomaniacs, wild animals whose sexual repressions come to a boiling point and must be exorcised or they will go mad? The answer is *yes, yes, yes*.

The question is: where can a healthy, red-blooded American guy help these poor

souls? The answer is Saint Angelica's Seminary, a lavishly endowed two-hundred-acre school and retreat that serves as the secret summer "vacation" for those members of the sisterhood who must purge their libidos or go over the edge.

Obviously, Sin Week is not exactly sanctioned by the pope. If he knew about it he would throw a fit. Sin Week originated with the more liberal arm of the Church and is still a big secret.

The nuns come to Saint Angelica's from all over the world, with a wardrobe of sexual finery. You'll meet hundreds of them wandering around the two hundred acres of manicured lawns, wearing bikinis and

heavy gold crosses. Every nook and cranny of sex is open for exploration. The orgy enters a new dimension during this week of blasphemy and sin.

We strongly recommend that you go to Saint Angelica's with a group rather than by yourself. Many have entered the seminary as young men and have aged thirty to fifty years by the time they left, mere shells of their former selves. A nymphomaniac nun is not for the regular happy-go-lucky lover. You must submit a full medical record and sign a release before you are allowed to romp. Make sure your insurance is all paid up.

Unfortunately, the waiting list for "companions" at Saint Angelica's is long; but the attrition rate is high, so it all evens out. If you think you're man enough to handle Sin Week, call 1-800-SIN WEEK and you'll receive instructions on how to register for the program.

National Speed Week

East Coast

July 14-21

Another underground affair that used to be the exclusive domain of doctors and interns on summer vacations. Speed Week is sponsored by a group of big drug manufacturers and is usually held at a beautiful resort island somewhere on the Eastern Seaboard.

In the last few years they've allowed nonmedical people to join the fun, as long as they have a letter of recommendation from a participating doctor. The object of Speed Week is to party day and night with-



During "Sin Week," these otherwise hardworking nuns wear no underwear!

out a minute of sleep. The male and female who stay awake the longest win the grand prizes, Camaro convertibles, Winnebagos, boats, and a year's supply of drugs.

Nude Bowling

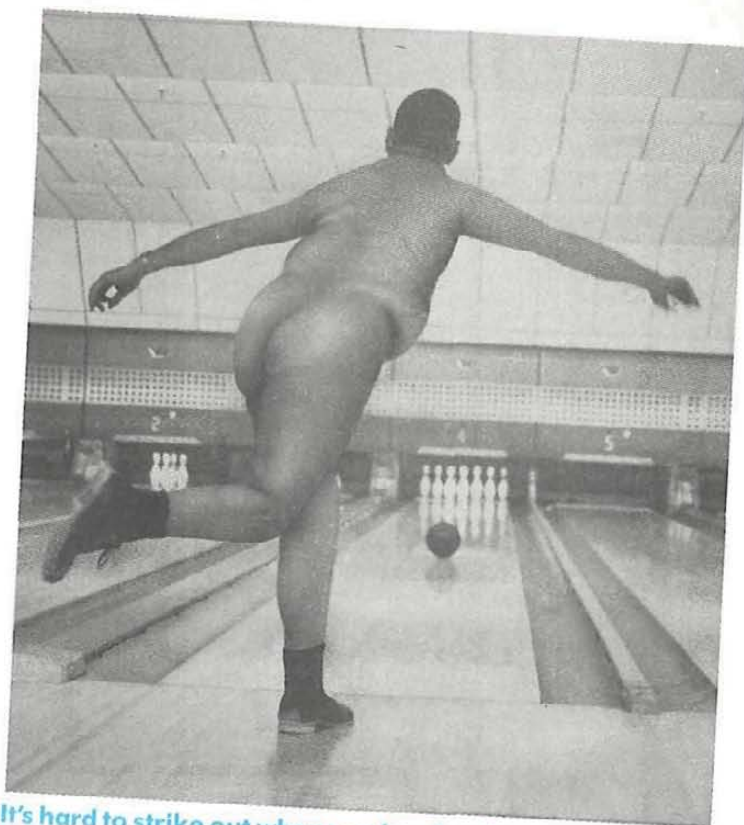
Most major Midwestern cities

July, August, September

Nude Bowling is the hottest party activity in the Midwest and is spreading all across the country.

There's something terrifically appealing about a bunch of naked men and women doing a round of serious bowling with their genitalia and breasts flopping around. The rules are: no athletic supporters or bras allowed. Everything has to "hang out." If the game starts to steam up, the players can retire to the private bedrooms available. Nude Bowling is unpredictable. It can be clean and sporty or turn into an experiment in sex. That's the fun of it. Every night is an adventure.

For the name and location of the nearest Nude Bowling alley call 1-800-BOWLING.



It's hard to strike out when you bowl nude.

Pittsburgh Lingerie Festival

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

July 30–August 4

Girls in bras, panties, teddies, and other forms of scanty underwear walk openly on the streets and malls of Pittsburgh, showing off their bodies and their outfits. The festival is sponsored by several of the big local lingerie manufacturers in an effort to bring ladies' underwear out of the closet and into the fresh air, or "broad daylight," as the guys put it.

By evening the town is bursting with pent-up emotions. Touching becomes squeezing, squeezing becomes hugging, and everyone goes berserk. And just for fun, the city turns off all the electrical power for a one-hour blackout.

Tailgate Parties

Nationwide

July, August

If you own a station wagon and want to relive another part of your horny youth,

join one of the Tailgate Parties that take place almost every night in a big parking lot. "Piece O' Tailgate" is a company that organizes these combination tailgate dinners and backseat sex parties for young adults. They are full catered gourmet dinners, ready for consumption after you've had your fill of necking, humping, or whatever in the backseat. You can party all night long with your new or old tailgate friends. For more information, call 1-800-GET-TAIL.

Party Planes

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

All of July and August

These are special charter planes with parties held right on the plane. The destinations are always a surprise. You may land in Bombay or Beirut, Rio or Rangoon. The fun starts as soon as you get on the plane with a Stewardess Strip Show, three bands, X-rated films, and mud-wrestling matches. Plenty of beer, booze, and broads. How do they do it? They use wide-body DC-10's with the middle seats removed. By the time you land you'll be in a coma, so it won't matter where you are. Call your travel agent or 1-800-FUNNY FLY.



Index Stock

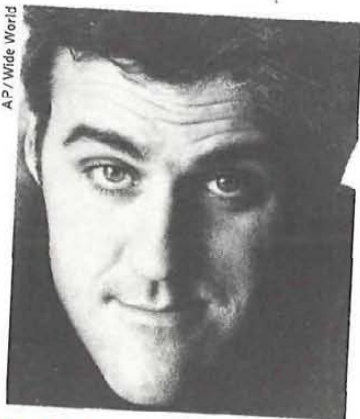
Frederick's of Pittsburgh?
No, it's the annual
Lingerie Festival.

Jay Leno Look-alike Contest

Las Vegas, Nevada

July 30

Jay Leno, the zany, irrepressible comic, sponsors his own regional look-alike contests, with ten regional winners competing for the grand prize in Las Vegas. Jay himself M.C.'s the big event, with the ten contestants doing imitations of the comedian. But as the party escalates, it becomes more raucous and silly (Jay doesn't mind) and everyone gets into the act—old women, blacks, Hispanics, even dwarfs, all claiming they are Leno look-alikes. Finally, Jay gives up and throws the party open to anyone on the street. It's just an excuse for a party and plenty of publicity for Jay, who usually ends up driving one of his Harley-Davidsons through the crowd, smashing into furniture and turning the whole place into a shambles.



Carl Schwerner, 1988 winner of the Jay Leno Look-alike Contest.

Sixties Week

Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco

August 1-7

Sponsored by the Hercules Prophylactic Company, this is another promotion to bring back the free and spontaneous sex of the sixties. You must come dressed in vintage hippie outfits, complete with long hair, beads, etc., and be prepared for plenty of real screwing. Everyone gets a case of condoms, an audiotape of the biggest hits of the sixties, and a waterbed. No drugs, no kinky stuff. It's all done on Francis Ford Coppola's soundstage with light shows, incense, strobes, and other magical effects from the Golden Age of Sex. Produced by Bill Graham.

54 NATIONAL LAMPOON

BONUS SUMMER PARTY FUN TIPS

The Business Convention Circuit

New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles

All summer

At business conventions, expense account money flows like cold beer at a Saturday night frat party. And where there's big money, there are big-time girls. Not exactly prostitutes, not exactly call girls, more like "escorts," girls who will do anything if the price is right.

You've seen the scenario, or you've heard about it—a businessman is far from home and hearth and wife and kiddies. He's out on the town with his "escort." He gets drunk at a fancy restaurant and is so fucked up he can barely crawl into a cab to take him back to his hotel where he can throw up in peace.

Meanwhile the escort is left holding the bag. Her services have been curtailed, she's not sure if she is going to get paid, and she is pissed beyond belief.

This is where *you* come in. Just station yourself near any of the major restaurants or hotels in these cities and look for the

drunken businessman leaving the escort in the lurch. Walk over to her and introduce yourself. Offer her *your* services. She will be so fed up at this point that in most cases she will jump at the chance to go to bed with a normal, healthy young guy. She'll probably even cook you a dinner and ask you to sleep over.

This is not an easy score, but if you hit the right girl it's like going to heaven and staying overnight.

Pimp Parties

New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and other major cities

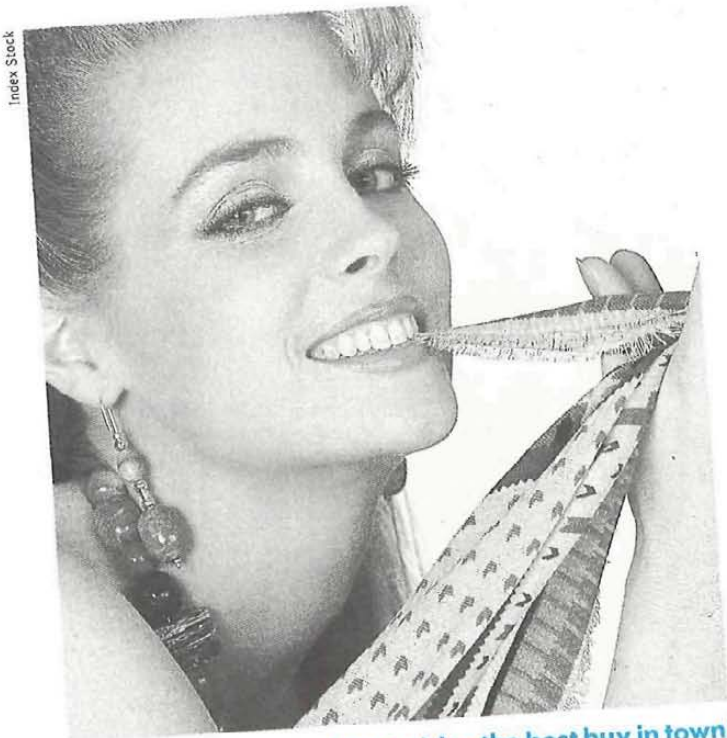
All summer

This is a bit tougher to execute than the Angry Escort scenario, but if you play your cards right, it can be even more rewarding. It takes a little patience, humility, and a good line of patter.

The idea is to hang out at one of the bars frequented by pimps and befriend them. Make up a good line about your background, the times you ran drugs out of Colombia or cracked a few safes. Maybe you can mention your prison days. Create a colorful, slightly illegal background, but don't act tough. Be modest and tell a lot of funny, dirty jokes. Dirty-joke tellers are invaluable for any party.

Sooner or later a pimp will invite you to one of his big parties and you will have the

continued on page 111



Escort girls—the best buy in town!

The ALTARPIECE of SECULARISM

by Ron Barrett

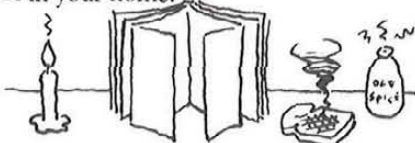
Secularism has the potential for a world-class religion.

It has the real estate: the average mall is eight times as big as Notre Dame.

It has the music: rock 'n' roll of ages, cleft for me.

What it doesn't have, and what made Catholicism, Buddhism, and Hinduism really great, are votive objects (other than clothing labels) and a bunch of holies who'd walk through phlegm for the faith.

We offer these nine saints in four pages as a starter set. Stand this magazine up as shown below on a table in your home.



You may want to add a candle, a burnt offering, and some incense. An open bottle of Old Spice cologne provides an exotic fragrance without setting off the smoke alarm.

Bios of the Saints

Saint Caldor of the Malls

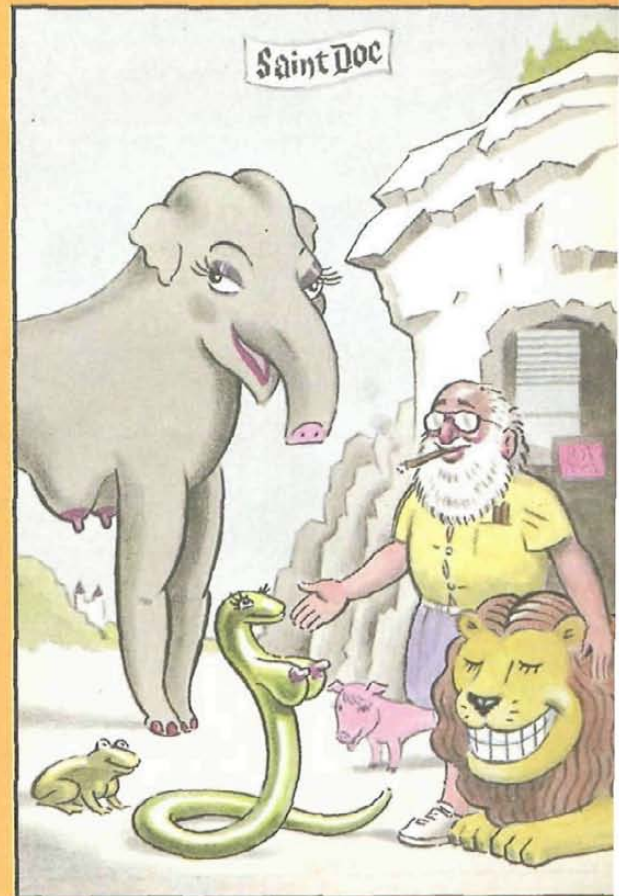
Founded a fanatical consumerist sect that established shopping as one of the Seven Sacraments of Secularism. She was converted to shopping by a childhood vision of a coat marked down 50%.

In later years she built a network of mail-order-catalog study groups and taught merchandise meditation. She often led pilgrimages to malls on her knees. Once she found a K mart about to close. She reached out her shopping bags and the doors divided and the shoppers passed through. But the employees were angered and sore afraid. They seized her and had her torn asunder by the checkout counter's conveyor belt.

Saint Doc

Patron saint of body cults and a dermatologist by profession, he retired to a well-appointed cave to become a hermit, surrounded by savage beasts.

Instead of attacking him, however, the wild animals came to him for breast implants, liposuction, rhinoplasty, tooth capping, and the removal of warts. He is frequently depicted in art with his emblem, a smooth toad with big knockers.



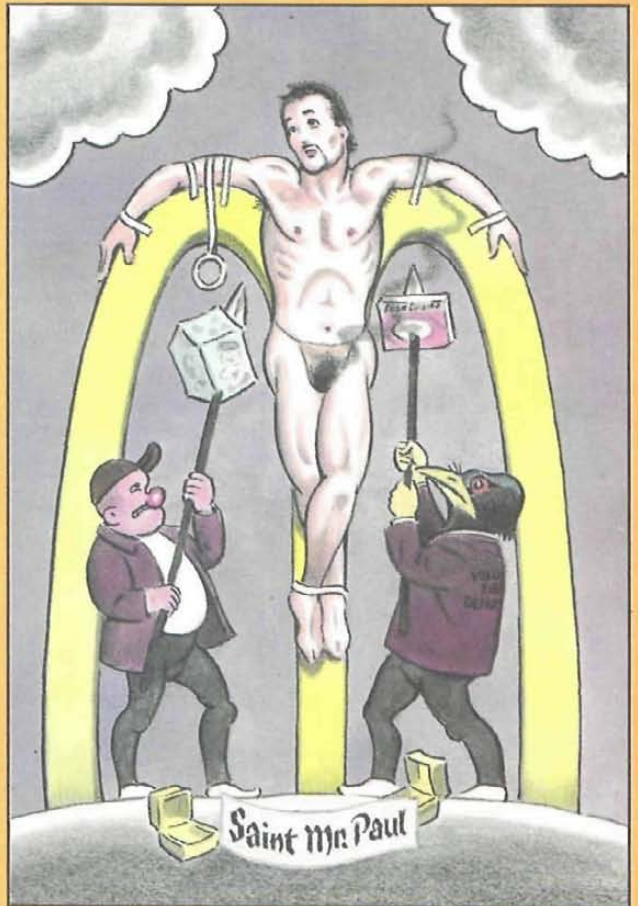
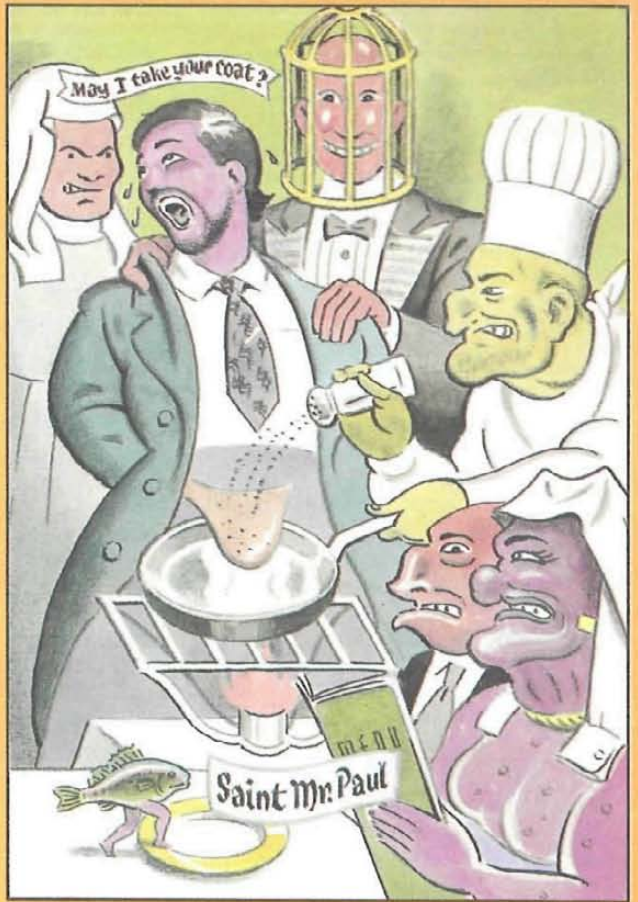
Saint Anthony of the Cars

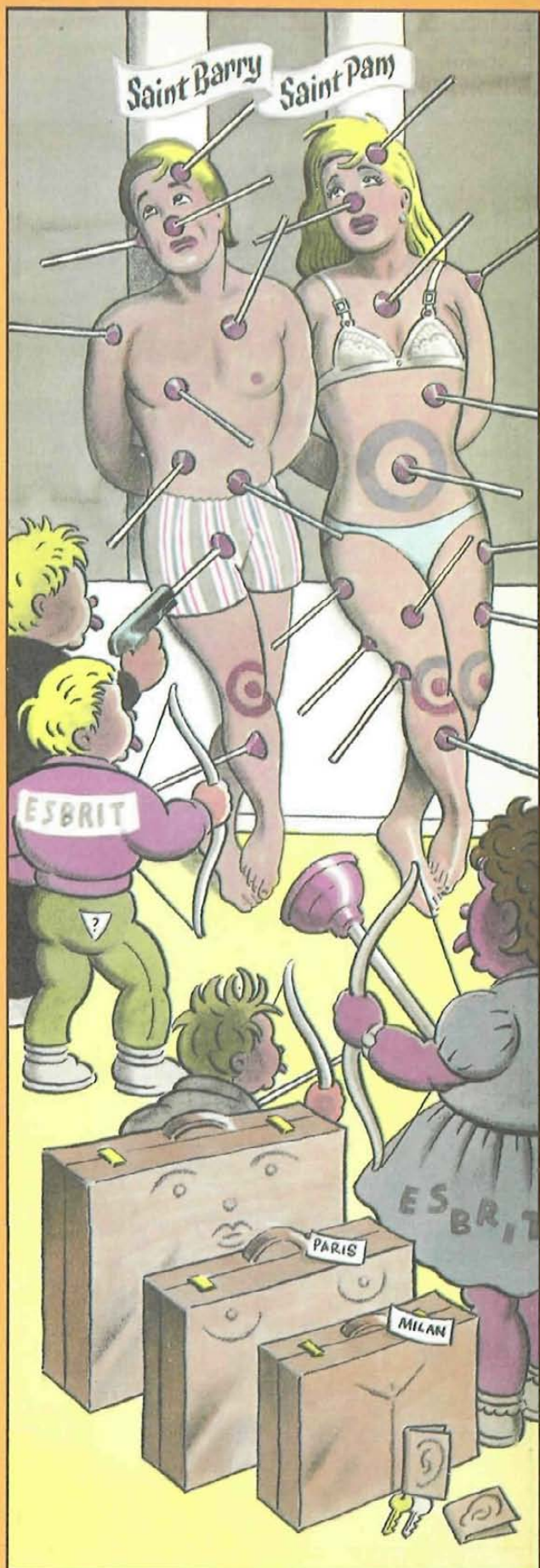
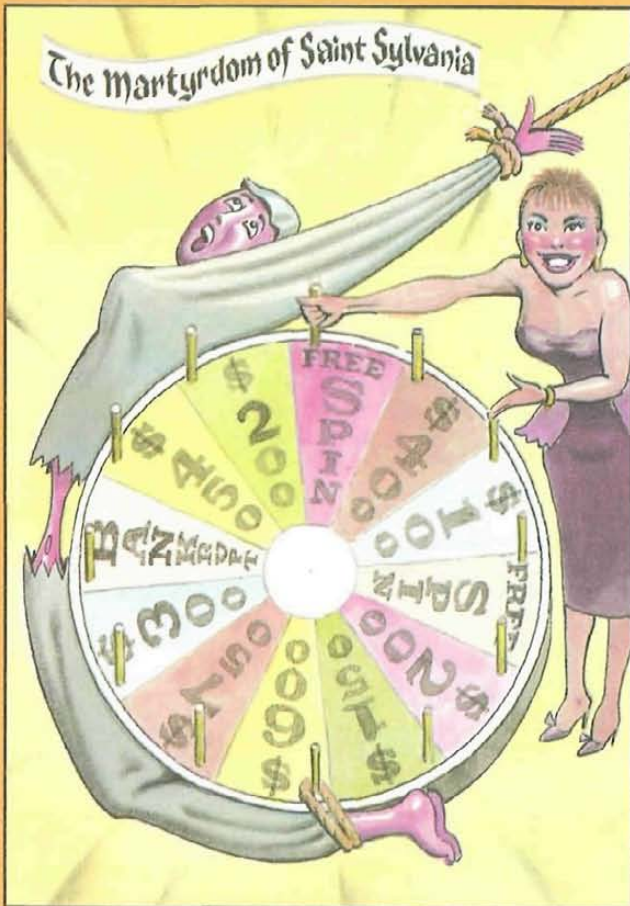
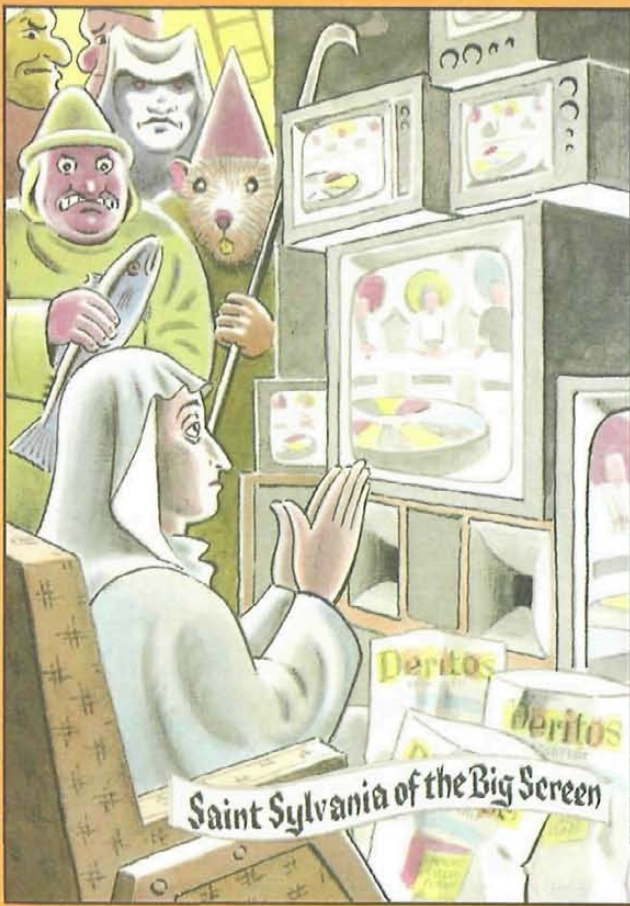
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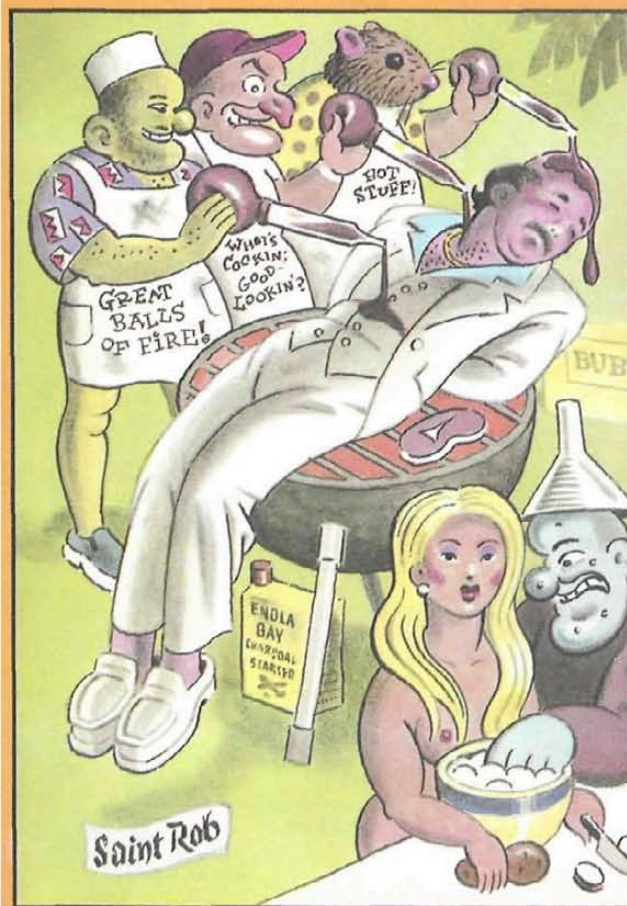
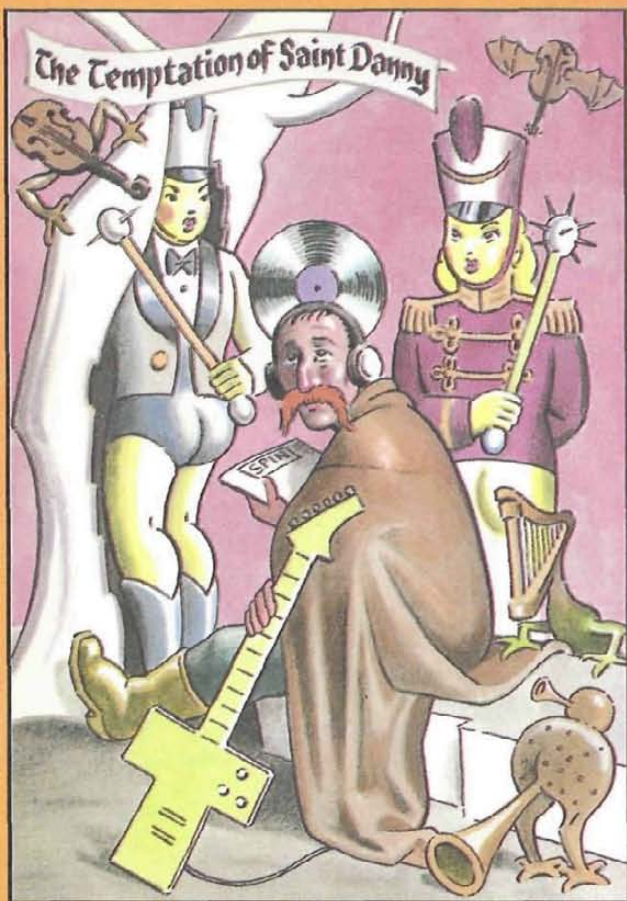
TIPS

FOLD





FOLD



Saint Anthony of the Cars

A seclusionist Secularist, he lived as an ascetic on a traffic island where I-80 bypasses Toledo. His love for cars moved him to forsake his solitary existence, and he began to preach to cars in parking lots, culminating in his beautiful Sermon to the Chevrolets. His martyrdom took place in a car wash, where he was locked in a ski rack and buffed to death.

Saint Mr. Paul

Husband of Mrs. Paul, he preached that convenience food is the Body and Blood of Secularism. He entered one of New York's truly fine restaurants and demanded a frozen entrée. He was seized by waiters and his codpiece was breaded and fried. He was taped to a corporate trademark and taunted with Lean Cuisine and Happy Meals.

Saint Sylvania of the Big Screen

Had many large visions in Dolby Surround of games offering wealth to the winners. Their great noise and the rattling of her snack bags aroused the ire of her neighbors. They entered her apartment and, finding her in a prayerful attitude, they began to dispute minor points of programming with her. She proved too skillful and they proved too resentful. She was taken to the Wheel of Fortune and broken upon it.

Saints Barry and Pam

Moved by the plight of overprivileged children, they founded a co-op for them with an on-premises twenty-four-hour clown. Barry and Pam gave the children all their money and possessions. The children demanded a shopping spree in Paris and Milan. When this demand was refused, Barry and Pam were shot with suction-cup arrows, thus being hickied to death. They were tanned, flayed, and made into a set of matched luggage, a wallet, and a key case.

The Temptation of Saint Danny

An ardent believer in metafunk theorage, he preached salvation by rock 'n' roll, going amongst the unconverted, raising the Grateful Dead, and baptizing by total immersion in CDs. He joined a band of Herman's Hermits in the desert, where he was sorely tempted by New Age pseudomystic psychopop and martial marchmaids, but his faith remained unwavering.

Saint Rob

Real estate salesman, prophet of profit, and founder of the Shrine of the Bottom Line. In his inspirational cassette mini-seminar, *The Transforming Power of Positive Personal Polarity*, he offers these "thought drops":

"If you don't want to sell fish, you've got to act selfish."

"Your hairpiece is as important as your timepiece."

While visiting his resort condos in Mammamea Beach, Hawaii, he was dragged from his car by a NEGATIVELY POLARIZED Brigade of Socialist Revolutionary Thugs. He was reviled and basted and burned at the steak. His wife was stripped of her raiments and forced to make potato salad for the whole brigade.

BEN KANG
LUCKY
GARDEN



APPETIZERS

Pain Roll	麻 醬 麵	1.20
Foot Roll	麻 醬 排	1.20
Steamed or Fried Dumplings	水 餃 或 煎 餃	2.50
Steaming or Frying Dump	水 餃 或 煎 餃	2.75
Mouse Milk Curd	蝦 子 奶 凍	3.75
Peepshow Clam	鳳 凰 蝦	50/hr
Combination Appetizer (1 Steaming Dump, 2 Foot Roll, Chicken, Pork, and Mouse Stick)	海 鮮 卷	12.95

SOUP

Wonton Soup	紙 卷 湯	1.50
Eggstink Soup	蛋 黃 湯	1.45
Dog Drop Soup	狗 肉 湯	.25
Hotstink Soup	酸 辣 湯	1.75
Szechuan Leftover Soup	香 香 湯	2.00
100-Year-Old Owl Saliva Soup	靈 芝 湯	4.40
Lucky Garden Merciless Soup	靈 芝 湯	2.25
Mincing Chicken in Velvet Soup	雲 吞 湯	3.50



PORK

(come w/ white rice)

*Twice Convicted Pork	回 鍋 肉	8.75
Pork with Exhaust	文 火 燻 肉	8.50
*Gang Raped Pork	文 火 燻 肉	3.25
Sum Time Pork	文 火 燻 肉	9.40
Rotund Pork with Shine	什 麼 燻 肉	9.35
Meow-Meow Pork	什 麼 燻 肉	15.15
Retarded Pork	什 麼 燻 肉	9.99
Severely Retarded Pork	什 麼 燻 肉	2.22
*Pork "Dome of Flame"	什 麼 燻 肉	12.95
Sweet and Repugnant Pork	什 麼 燻 肉	8.65
Disgraced Pork with Guar Gum	什 麼 燻 肉	8.75

POULTRY

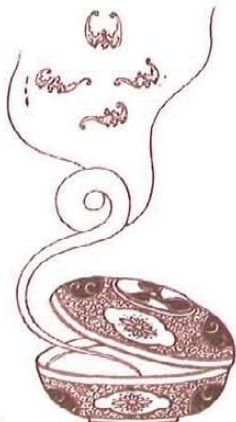
(come w/ brown rice)

Chain Smoked Duck	大 鴨	12.50
Golden Shower Duck (order in advance)	大 鴨	24.00
Duck in Residue	大 鴨	11.50
Quick Duck	大 鴨	5.95
Slightly Repugnant Duck	大 鴨	9.15
Swedish Repugnance Duck	大 鴨	9.18
Duck Gone Wrong	大 鴨	87.95
Lugnut Duck	大 鴨	9.75
Lugnut Chicken	大 鴨	8.75
Salt Frightened Chicken	大 鴨	8.85
Sweet Repulsive Chicken	大 鴨	8.45
Connective Tissue Chicken	大 鴨	7.15
*Chicken in Ashes	大 鴨	7.75
Quee See Chicken and Mold	大 鴨	7.75
*Fainting Chicken	大 鴨	7.75

BEEF AND LAMB

(come w/ side order spaghetti)

Beef with Oil Rainbow	中 式 排 肉	8.35
Twice Disguised Beef	中 式 排 肉	8.35
*Sad Lee Beef	中 式 排 肉	8.35
*Sad Lee Lamb	中 式 排 肉	8.15
*Frightened Beef	中 式 排 肉	12.95
Lamb with Dick	中 式 排 肉	32.00
Lamb with Black	中 式 排 肉	7.95
Gutter Shine Beef	中 式 排 肉	8.35
Gutter Shine Lamb	中 式 排 肉	8.15
Sad Bug Lamb	中 式 排 肉	8.50
Stir Crazy Beef	中 式 排 肉	8.45
Stir Crazy Lamb	中 式 排 肉	8.35



HOUSE SPECIALS

*****General Haig Chicken 蟹肉炒蛋 10.95
High-impact, low-yield chicken is flamed, bombarded with spices, and force-marched to your table.

Doubled-Over Chicken 干燒蟹肉 10.99
Double order of golden-fried chicken is bent over mound of steaming squashed vegetables and brought to completion by our willing chef.

**Phoenix and Dragon 龍鳳鷄球 11.15
What can only be described as chicken is flash-fried, then forced to lie in same bed of noodles with smiling beef. Special paint sauce is sprayed, then taken away, leaving you helpless.

Phoenix and Griffin 紅燒明蝦 9.95
Slowly smothered chicken is bound back-to-back with newly discovered lamb. You'll cry out for help when you discover the surprise under the noodles.

Phoenix and Seahawk 海鮮大會 8.75
Take Seattle and three points.

Happy Family Chicken 生炒蝦仁 11.50
An inexpensive blend of chicken, vegetables, rice, noodles, more noodles, more rice, and chicken incestuously blended on an attractive plate. One owner, like new.

Exploding Oven Beef 咖喱蝦 9.95
Special clay pot from Manchuria is heated beyond endurance and brought directly to your table. A holocaust of beef and vegetables that will leave you asking, "What's burning?"

Fluorescent Beef 鮮菇蟹肉 9.95
More beef than you would like to eat is slowly drowned in a tub of deep-fried noodles until it gives up a rainbow-colored oil slick.

Lamb in Spit 炒龍蝦 10.50
Lamb is skewered in spit, then slowly roasted in the juices. When it's done, it's robed in lugnuts and mushroom caps and disemboweled at your table.

Lucky Garden Ciao Bene 干燒龍蝦 4.50
Wontons are stuffed with cheese, steamed in a wok, and served with special tomato sauce.

*****Boat People Prawns 龍蝦鬆 11.95
Hand-held prawns are skillfully oiled, placed in an individual bamboo boat, and set adrift on a sea of transcendental noodle. Open it up and all the smells of the world are released into your face.

Wholesale Shrimp and Vegetables 干燒蝦仁 10.95
Cousin has made price too good to ignore. Jumbo shrimp harvested at the height of menstruation are battered, then have an accident over glistening bok choy.



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COMBUSTIBLE
PRAGMATIC
AMALGAMATED
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You will soon
make a profit
an opportunity
our advice

BEN WAS LUCKY GARDEN

The Lucky Garden" is pleased to introduce our new chef, Huan Ling. Mr. Ling, as a young man, became apprenticed to the master root slicer at Hong Kong's renowned "House of Kings" restaurant. Huan Ling had by then developed an unfortunate taste for "sport of kings," and in 1972 bad gambling notes forced him to flee to Hanoi, where he opened his legendary "VC Tunnel House of Noodles." fast-food chain. Expecting (and giving odds on) the fall of Hanoi, he cast his lot with the Americans. Huan managed to slip out of the country disguised as Madame Nu's female chef, and soon became the largest procurer of novelty meats for the West Coast's booming Oriental restaurant trade. The immigration authorities reopened his case in 1986, and Huan took the opportunity to visit friends and relatives in New York. Ben Wa met Huan during an all-night Mott Street poker game. The great chef's reputation had preceded him, and Ben and his business associates suggested, as an alternative to Huan's IOUs, twenty years of cooking at "The Lucky Garden." The rest is history, and you're eating it.

In China it is 4120—the Year of the Dwarf. People born during the Year of the Dwarf are creative, sensitive, generous to their friends, and sharp.

Spurtlight On The Stars!

Wang Beat

The Magazine For Social Pariahs

JUNE 1989

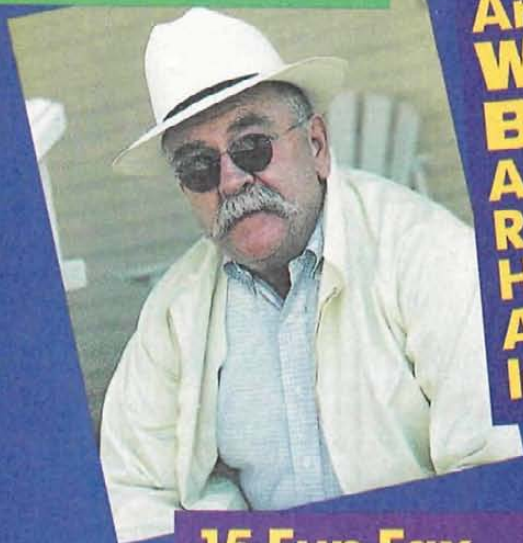
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**GIGANTIC
SUMMER ISSUE**
More Pages 'N' Pix
Than *Any* Other
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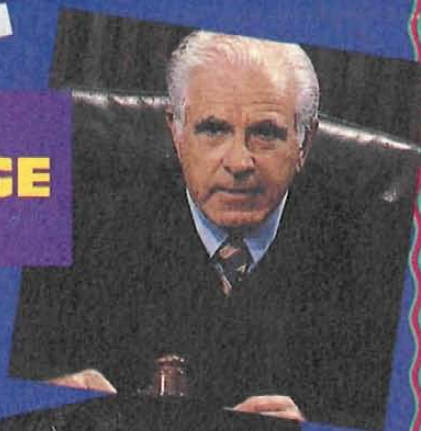
**SUPER-SPECIAL
FEATURE!** Clean-Up
Tips Of The Stars!

★ **Sanitized For Your Protection!**

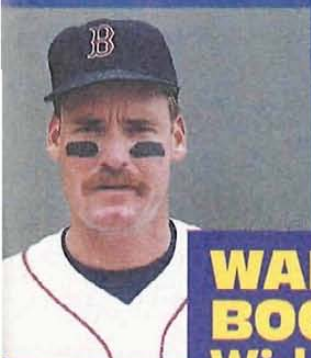


Are
**WILFORD
BRIMLEY**
And HIS
RIGHT
HAND
A Match Made
In Heaven?

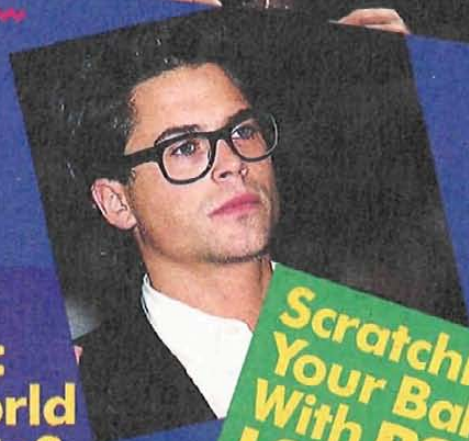
15 Fun Fax
About **JUDGE
WAPNER!**



BOBBY KNIGHT
...On The Brink!



**WADE
BOGGS:**
Wide World
Of Spurts?



Scratching
Your Balls
With **ROB
LOWE!**

Up And Down With...**JAY LENO**

**VANESSA WILLIAMS'S
VULVA:**
It's Not The Heat,
It's The Humidity!

JOHN WATERS:
Bored Stiff?

ALL THE EJAX ~~~~~
~~~~~ **TO THE MAX**

**JESSE JACKSON:**  
Why I Keep My Eyes On  
My Prize!

**WYNTON MARSALIS:**  
Tooting His Own Horn—  
At Last!

**THE GRATEFUL DEAD:**  
If Their Old Bones  
Could Talk!

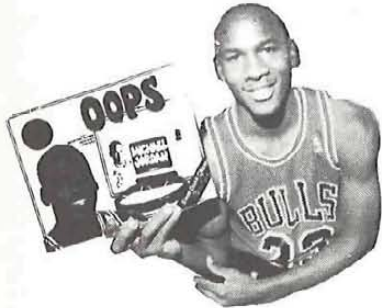
**BRENT MUSBURGER:**  
At the Doorway To  
Your Hard!

**TYNE DALY:**  
Stalking The Wild Clitoris!

**MILTON BERLE:**  
Why I'm Taking It On  
The Chin!

**DAVID LYNCH:**  
I Don't Want To Get  
Involved... With Myself!

**SUSAN SONTAG:**  
The Continuity  
Of Style In  
The Form-Context Of  
Auto-Induced  
Fibrillation



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Beta  VHS

Photos on previous page: Wilfred Brimley and Judge  
Wagner, Globe Photos; Wade Boggs and Rob Lowe, Wide  
World

AP/Wide World

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# LILLY



Talking to Lily Tomlin is like talking to your older lesbian sister's best friend! She's so personable and friendly—and brimming with enthusiasm! So-o-o-o, let's have a **WANG BEAT** super-self-love chat with Lily Tomlin!

**WANG BEAT:** *Hi!*  
**LILY:** Hi! That's a nice dress you're wearing!  
**WANG BEAT:** *Don't you "dip your digits" kinda slowly, Lily? Like a mongoose circling an egg?*  
**LILY:** I'm a regular wallfinger! Must be something from my childhood.  
**WANG BEAT:** *What kinds of things turn you on?*  
**LILY:** I like to explore my breasts—that's three seconds right there.  
**WANG BEAT:** *What's your biggest secret?*  
**LILY:** I find it difficult to achieve orgasm unless someone's eating mutton in the room.  
**WANG BEAT:** *Clitorally speaking, you enjoy whimsical stroking?*  
**LILY:** Ummm.  
**WANG BEAT:** *This is super-romantic. The candles are flickering. I'm kind of tingling myself.*  
**LILY:** Mmmm?  
**WANG BEAT:** *Lily... don't!*  
**LILY:** Mmmmmmmmm!  
**WANG BEAT:** *Stop!*  
**LILY:** Mmmmp! Gmmmmmp!  
**WANG BEAT:** *Don't stop!*  
*Continued On Page 139.*

AP / Wide World

## GET TO KNOW HER —Up-Close & Personal!

## WANG BEAT Masturbator Of The Month: BOBBY MCFERRIN!



Globe Photos

**"A**ll of my body parts sound like musical instruments," says one-man orchestra Bobby McFerrin, **WANG BEAT's** Masturbator of the Month. "But my genitals are the most versatile."

"By squeezing or thumping my left testicle, I achieve the percussive flavor of a tambourine, steel drum, or tom-tom. My right ball, which hangs a little lower, acts as a banjo, glockenspiel, or oud."

And if McFerrin needs an ocarina, trumpet (with or without mute), hurdy-gurdy, Hawaiian guitar, oboe, or marimba, he reaches for his shaft. "It's a delicate balancing act between improvisation and ejaculation. I'm always learning."

McFerrin honed his craft during thousands of locked-bathroom "jam sessions" during puberty. Now, just when he's starting to get recognized, his penis is taking a year's sabbatical! "I'm just along for the ride," says McFerrin. But his propulsive talent is here to stay!

## Don't worry—be happy!

**WANG BEAT, The Magazine For Social Pariahs** (INXS 0001-1366), is published monthly, except January and July, by people with advanced degrees in French or literature, for Christ's sake. Forgive me, Mom. If only I'd gone to business school. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited Polaroids, hair clippings, or effluvia.

**POSTMASTER:** These magazines tend to stick together.

# Shake Hands With It!

AP/Wide World



Circling the Cyclops? Dialing your vulva direct? If so, Marilyn vos Savant, who is listed in *The Guinness Book of World Records* under "Highest IQ," would love to help! Just send your letters to SHAKE HANDS WITH IT!, c/o **WANG BEAT!**

**Q:** If you masturbate in a time machine, in a complete vacuum, on Jupiter, will a wrathful God turn you into a hooved mammal?

—Ernie Slackjaw  
Mount Holyoke University

**A:** Masturbation (the intimate synergy between one's hand and pelvic area) is perfectly normal! Go with the flow! God will *not* turn you into a hooved or cloven-footed mammal—but you may have trouble getting pre-approved credit.

According to the immutable laws of physics, one cannot "come" in a time-space continuum. You would achieve orgasm in 1574—before Benjamin Franklin was born! Cunnilingus is equally unthinkable! Jaws would tire within nanoseconds.

To maximize your pleasure, imagine three rectangular solids that can intersect any way you want. If you could arrange them any way possible, what would be the maximum number of bonded surfaces? Take a

few seconds to figure out the answer... add pi to the 5000th digit... and mentally review the classic civilizations of history. Done properly, you will achieve orgasm during the decadent reign of Caligula.

Optimum pleasure can be obtained in locales as varied as a Mensa meeting, a "crack" lab, or the hidden office on 326 Elm below the Christian Science Reading Room where we hold our Satanic rituals.

—Marilyn

Be the envy of your circle jerk!

ALL-NEW

## Celebrity Self-Abuse Fax And Pix!

Each glossy, full-color photo contains a FREE FACT SHEET with all the intimate details you're dying to know! Only \$2.50! Order yours now!

Jerzy Kosinski  
Dennis Hopper  
Jacko (fucking giant Energizer battery)  
Edward Woodward  
Bill Bixby  
Stephen Sondheim  
P. W. Botha  
Bob Goldthwait  
Roy Blount, Jr.  
Ben Stein  
Dr. Seuss  
Tommy Lasorda  
The Boz  
Robert De Niro  
Mel Tormé  
Orville Redenbacher  
Yakov Smirnoff  
Crispin Glover  
George Will  
Stephen W. Hawking  
Larry Hagman  
Claus von Bülow  
Merv Griffin  
Ed Koch  
David Byrne  
Linda Ellerbee  
Lee Iacocca  
Emo Phillips  
Judy Tenuta  
Lillian Gish  
Peggy Lee  
Susan Sarandon  
Don Ameche  
Michael Tilson Thomas  
Howie Mandel  
Tama Janowitz

Jay McInerney  
Carol Burnett  
Angela Lansbury  
Dianne Wiest  
Margot Kidder  
Kate Millett  
Blair Brown  
Marsha Mason  
Jeane Kirkpatrick  
Tipper Gore  
Shere Hite  
Shari Lewis (with Lamb Chop)  
Mary Lou Retton  
Jodie Foster  
The late Anne Ramsey  
Ellen Burstyn  
Terence Trent D'Arby  
Dan Rather  
The Reverend Al Sharpton  
Timothy Leary  
Onan  
Portnoy  
Corazon Aquino  
Manute Bol\*  
Judd Nelson  
Walter Hudson\*  
Paul Prudhomme  
John Candy  
Garry Shandling  
Michael Deaver  
Marlon Brando  
Debbie Reynolds  
Clive Barker

\*counts as double order

**WANG BEAT**  
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New York, NY 21144

Don't make me beg! Please rush me the following CELEBRITY SELF-ABUSE FAX AND PIX!

- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_

I'm enclosing \$2.50 for each pic. Add 50c postage and handling. (N.Y. State residents add state and local sales tax.)

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

# You Greased For It!

By Mona Spritzer

**FAB FACT: GEORGE MICHAELS** is sporting a three-day growth of pubic hair!

☆☆☆☆☆

**U2 BOO-BOO: BONO** has become the first musician to be censured by the *United Nations!* Five milliliters of the overbearing onanist's sperm were sprayed on Kurdish peasants in Iraq, killing an estimated 3,000!

☆☆☆☆☆

**WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE PAWPAW PATCH:** Sentimental substance abuser **SHARON GLESS** recently discovered her clitoris, and withdrew even further into herself! Try saying that with a straight face! (Or without a tumbler of gin, Sharon!)

☆☆☆☆☆



AP/Wide World

**QUOTE OF THE MONTH:** "Is that blood in the urine, or are you just glad to see me?" —Affable alcoholic **BILLY MARTIN** to his battered dingus.

☆☆☆☆☆

**SANS SEAN, POST-PENN:** Guess who's checking into the



UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos

**ELEANOR ROOSEVELT** Masturbation Rehab Center? Say it isn't so, **MADONNA!** Hope to welcome you back into your fold—*real soon!*

☆☆☆☆☆

**OUT IN THE OPEN:** Arrested for indecent exposure in Portland, Oregon: **TINY GOOD-BITE**, youngest member of the **CALIFORNIA RAISINS**.

Unfortunately, the incident has its tragic side: several jets of grape juice blinded Trisha Jaeger, 4.

Donations should be sent to: It Must Have Been The Wine / Trisha Jaeger Fund, c/o the California Raisin Advisory Board.

☆☆☆☆☆

**TALKING HEADS DEPT.:** **MAX HEADROOM's** private parts—gone solo? Watch *L-L-Low Down and Dirty*, **GIG GROINROOM's** upcoming HBO special!

☆☆☆☆☆

**FAB FACT:** Gig stutters and leaks intermittently (tertiary syphilis)!

# STEVEN WRIGHT: 14 Must-Know Ways To Get Closer To Him!



**1. Don't attempt to borrow his unguents!** Steven's fave lubricant: Edge protective gel (fragrance-free, natch!). He also favors Virginia Peach pomade and Puritan vegetable oil mixed with bacon fat and nutmeg. Wow!

**2. Don't do Jolt super-caffeinated cola!** Steven is very active in several anti-Jolt programs for teens. He admits he's been there, and knows it's absolutely nowhere!

**3. Compliment him on his dry cleaning.** He has his curtains dry-cleaned daily.

**4. Run and rerun the Honda "Clara Johnson test" commercial for him on his VCR.** Steven won't masturbate to *Bonny Hill* or Japanese women's wrestling.

**5. Don't mention the Four Seasons restaurant.** He'll fuck medallions of veal at home.

**6. Ask him to pass the syrup.** Steven lives in a structurally unsound International House of Pancakes franchise. (He's had the floor removed.)

**7. Help him on his never-ending quest to replace urinal cakes with Chuckles fruit slices.** Keep vigil with him in public rest rooms!

**8. Ask him about his toilet training.** It was severe!

**9. Admonish him: "Heads up, Bozo!"** Golf pros do.

**10. Buy him some rad! gear! groovy! curtains.** He changes them every 24 hours!

**11. Ask him about ... mnemonic devices used by medical students ... clove cigars ... office coffee ... dairy farmers.** He loves 'em!

**12. Place a drop—and just a drop—of sour cream on the tip of his penis.** Yum!

**13. Buy him a 25-pound bag of pot-ash.** Just do it!

**14. Help him try to remove, in vain, the stains on his curtains.** He's obsessed with them!

## Best Finger Forward!

*Wanna know some fabulous fax about your favorite faves? Sure, ya do! Roll up your sleeves and we'll let these ah-dorable onanists tell you how to put your best finger forward!*



### JOAN RIVERS

When I think about sex, it's usually wintertime. Off in the distance, carefree men, dandified and perfumed, go about in sleighs. A melody is playing: "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" or "Silver Threads Among The Gold."

Warming gradually, I reacquaint myself with my body (When you stop to consider how much of it is artificial, it can take hours.)

Girlishly, I attach the flea-and-tick collar.

I prefer sex toys of solid teak or black walnut. For maxi-

mum excitement, I leave the price tags on.

### CHARLES BUKOWSKI

The basic reality of the everyman existence is choking the chicken. Your jaw is busted. You're too drunk to stand. *Lope the mule?* Why the hell not?

The best feeling is to whip it when it doesn't want to be whipped. "Raising The Titanic." I got into it with my dick one time. He was reticent. I said, "Okay, let's go." He said, "Jesus, you don't blister—I couldn't see your hands anymore, you were so fucking fast."

Lead with the left. Set up the right.

There are a lot of lonely penises out there, man. It's a big thing for 'em to get engorged. "Come on, baby," and they'd go with it, man!

And then you sit around, drink, talk, towel off.... It's entertainment!

### ERMA BOMBECK

Churning out a weekly humor column about skinned knees and scabies—which is read by *31 million people*—can turn me into a wombat!

That's when I head for the boiler room.

Everyone does different things for excitement. Occasionally, I'll eat from a dented can. The kids like to blow-dry dead cats.

But when a deadline is looming—and I need to "dip below the Dacron"—I head for the boiler room.

It's musty and private down there, and I don't have to suck in my stomach.

The storm windows bang against my thighs. I drink warm Cran-Blueberry from an old jelly jar.

I get in the mood.

Pretty soon I'm circling the cellulite like a Roller Derby queen. Figure eights. Clover-leats. *Now I'm showing off!*

My hands glide like the

Phantom of the Soap Opera! I'm just grateful that my mother made me practice my scales!

When I'm finished, I'm outta there. One thing I've learned in my 61 years—don't stay too long at the fair!

I'm renewed... and ready to write! What'll this week's column be about? Bobby pins? Legos?

And the diaper pail jokes start flowing again.



### CARL ROWAN

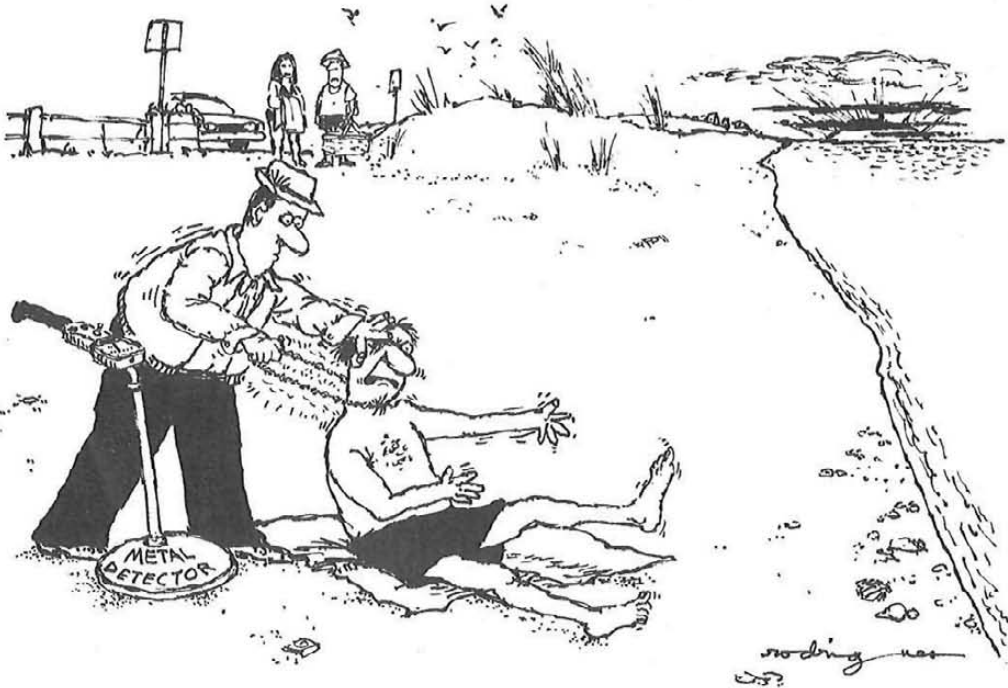
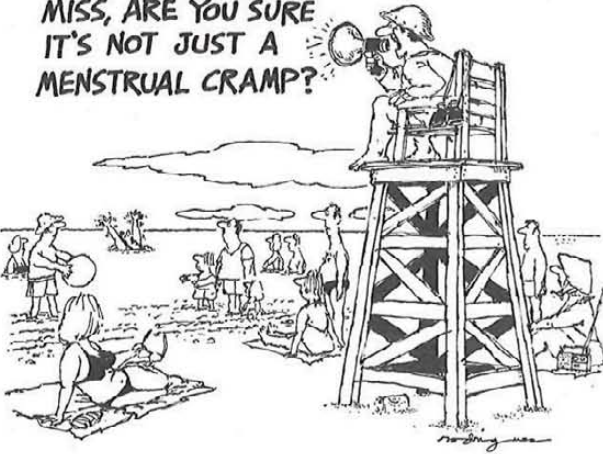
An orgasm is like an incendiary device designed for unconventional warfare. All I need is an Army manual on camouflage or a book about Filipino knife fighting to get my sap rising!

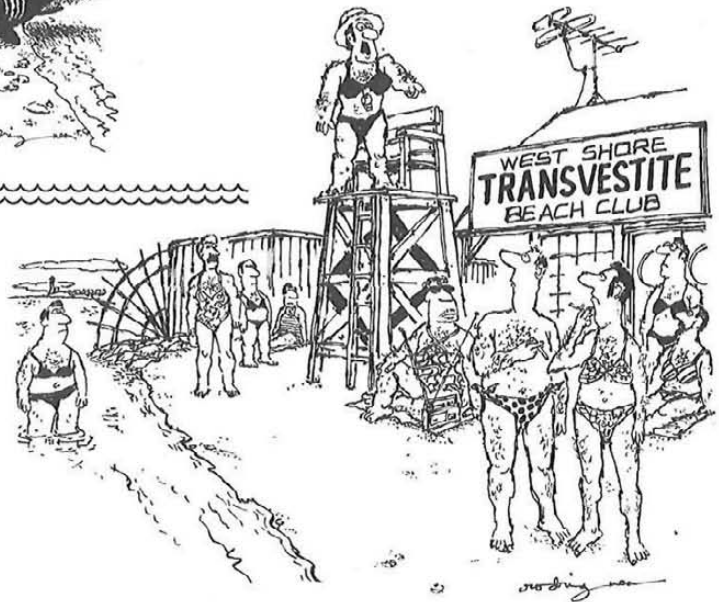
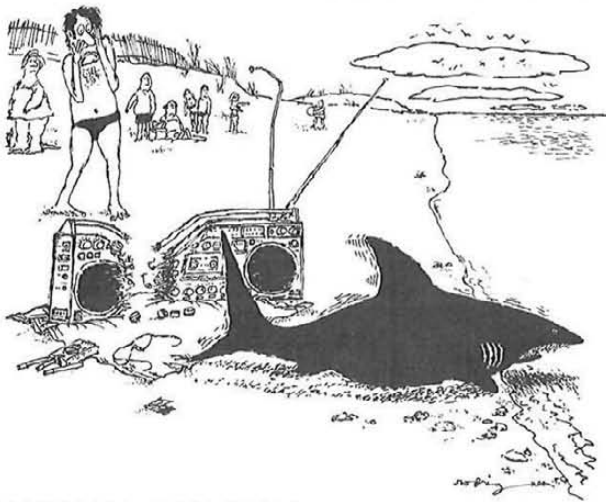
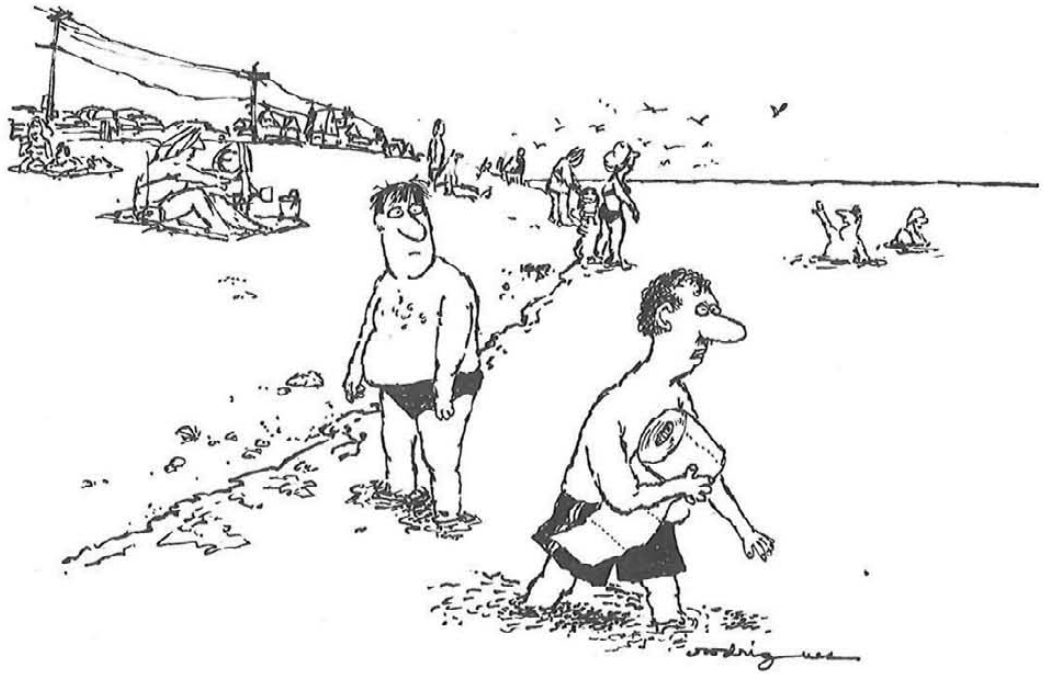
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COPYRIGHTED, 1989,

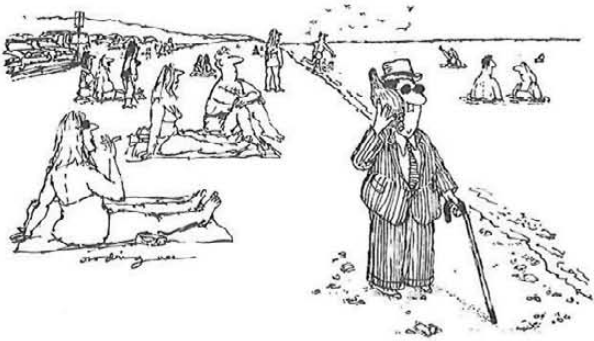
# "SONS- OF- THE- BEACHES"

MISS, ARE YOU SURE  
IT'S NOT JUST A  
MENSTRUAL CRAMP?

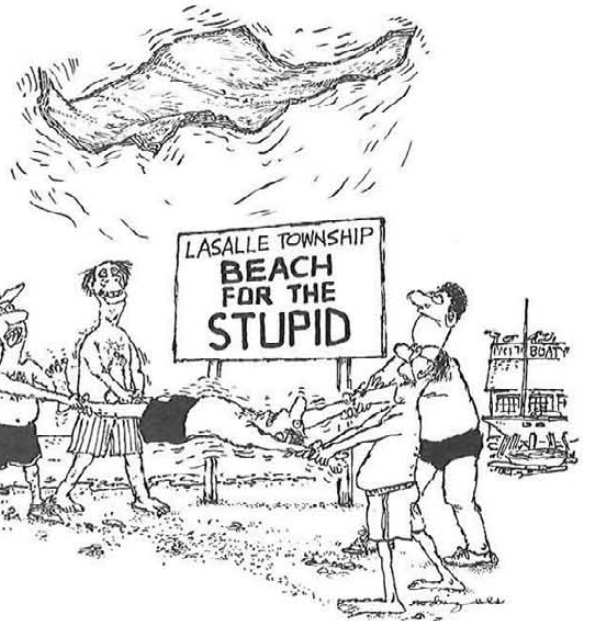




"HEY, YOU! THIS AIN'T NO TOPLESS BEACH! YOU PUT YOUR TOP ON, MISTER!"

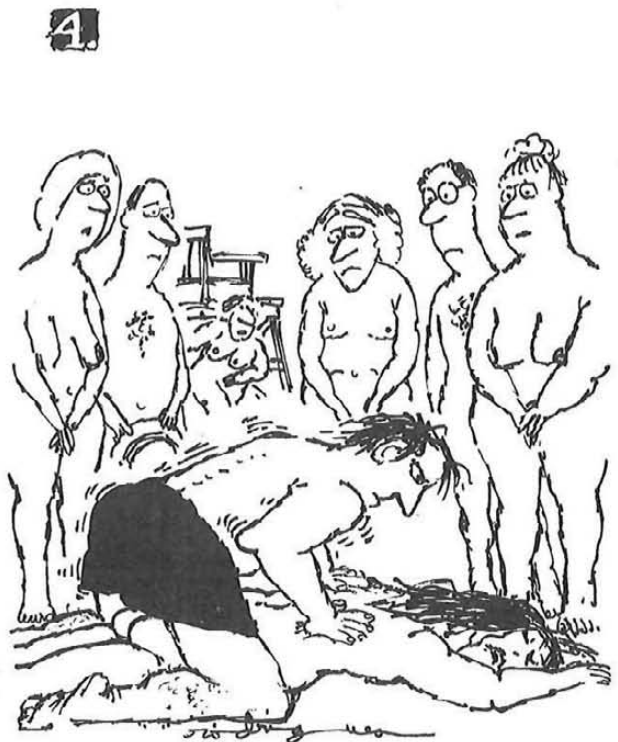
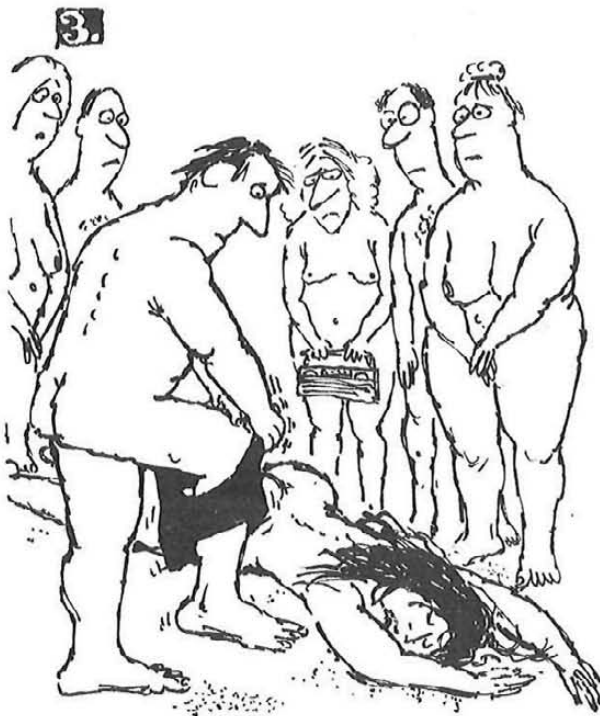
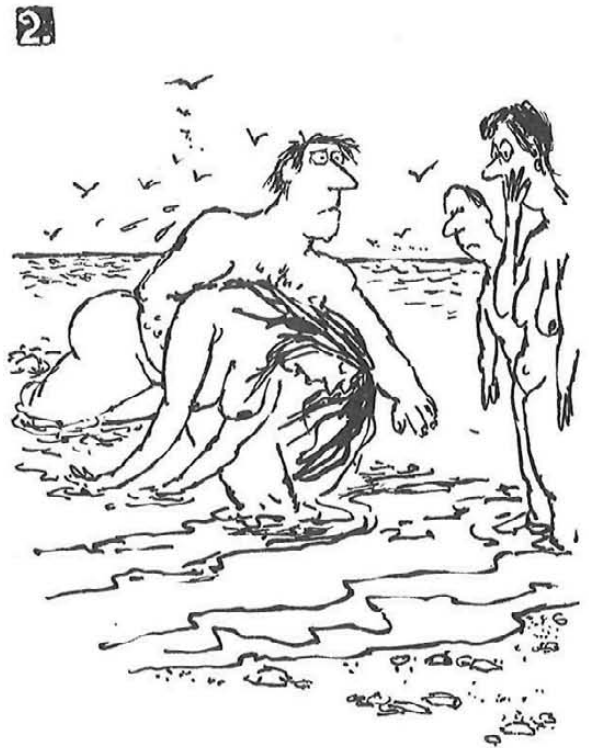


"WHY DON'T YOU WALK INTO THE WATER AND KEEP RIGHT ON GOING, YOU'RE JUST A DRAG ON SOCIETY."



"YOU'RE NOT GOING DOWN THERE, ARE YOU, BILL, THAT'S THE HOMOSEXUAL BEACH!"





## THE NO-MINDS NEXT DOOR:

# Development of Adolescent Group Ideology Among the "Idiot Teens" of Jerry's Corners, New York

by Beryl Sweeney

**I**N MY FIRST book, *Cheerleaders*, I attempted to show adolescents finding their identity by adapting themselves to the ideology of a group. Readers of that book will recall how young Sally Keller, for example, contemplated self-lobotomy in order to become the "right kind" of cheerleader. I concluded that there was virtually no limit to what a teen would do in order to adapt herself to a group's mentality.

But if there was no limit to what a teen would do in ideological adaptation, did it follow that there could be teen ideologies that set no limits on behavior? I thought so, but also felt that such a group only existed theoretically. Then I received what was, frankly, a lucky break.

My niece, Audrey Walker, had made the acquaintance of a youth named Ringo Richards from the upstate New York town of Jerry's Corners. Ringo, as it turned out, "hung out" with a group of friends who, if Audrey's testimony was to be believed ("They wouldn't know respect if it pulled their pants off"), closely resembled my theoretical model. I traveled to Jerry's Corners to investigate the Idiot Teens.

Jerry's Corners is a predominantly blue-collar town of about 20,000 in the Upper Queoihim Valley, itself a predominantly rural area. It boasts two high schools: one public, the other a parochial school called Cardinal Ed Clark High School, where the Idiot Teens met. Further to the east and south lie Albany and its suburbs—one of which, Brookhaven, seems to be a frequent locus of Idiot Teen activity.

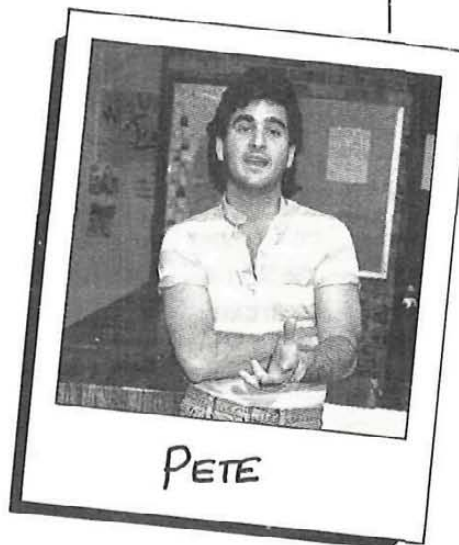
The adults I spoke with were quite familiar with Idiot Teen activity, which, given the nature of some of their pranks, is unsurprising. However, they did not know that there was a subset of the Jerry's Corners teen population specifically known as the Idiot Teens—for the adults, the term "Idiot Teens" had a much broader application.

This work is completely nonjudgmental. The voices speak for themselves. It is my hope that, however incoherently, the teens themselves tell us the motivations and the sources for unsanctioned group activities. Also, I have assembled supporting stories and documents to give their story some depth.

### PETE, 17

A senior at Clark High School and the energetic, self-styled "spokesteen" of the group, Pete seemed most adept at positive interaction on an adult level. His willingness to speak openly with adults and his knack for flattery made him the most congenial to the adults of Jerry's Corners—though few that I interviewed could actually remember his name.

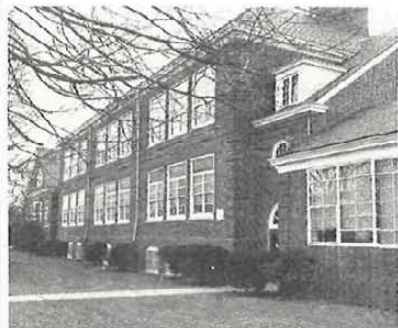
Beryl, at the outset I want to give you a big Idiot Teen welcome to Jerry's Corners, "The Gateway to the Upper Queoihim Valley," as they say here. I guess the thing I like best about Jerry's Corners is the people. They're real friendly, very trusting. Always willing to give you a second chance—



which I really appreciate, and I know I speak for the whole Idiot Teen family. In fact, Beryl, I bet you didn't even know that the Jerry's Corners town motto is "Hey, come back here! Let's be friends!"

I guess I see Jerry's Corners as a place where the pioneer spirit really lives—I guess "never died" might be a better way of putting it. In a real suburb like [nearby] Brookhaven, see, it's very modern and organized. The teen life is very restricted—chess club, SAT prep, stealing their dads' cars, and so on. For some, I guess that's very viable, but I don't think the Good Lord meant everyone to be like that. That's why you get unhealthy rebellions, like that unfortunate hostage situation a few years back.

But in Jerry's Corners, see, you're given a lot more freedom, and I think the Idiot Teens have exploited—or developed, I should say—that freedom in some unexpected ways.



Cardinal Ed Clark High School, where Idiot Teen social clustering was first observed.



## PAUL, 17

A senior at Clark and a forward on the basketball team, Paul's extensive involvement in organized recreational activities and the fact that his family has lived in Jerry's Corners for a number of generations (Appendix A) made him widely known by, and deferential to, the adults of the community.

One time I asked Ringo, "Why do we stay here if it's so boring?" and he said, "Because there's still many mindfucks left to give."

I guess what he was trying to say was that all kinds of fun await a group of young guys like ourselves, right here in our own backyard. Which reminds me how like once in a while—maybe three or four times a week—there's this sort of social activity us guys like to sponsor.

It's set up just like our favorite television game show, *The Cross-Wits*, except our game doesn't have any questions and it exclusively involves cars. It's called "Lawn Job Fever" and basically, what happens is contestants, mostly members of our peer group, drive their cars onto the carefully manicured lawns of people nobody knows and then drive around on them at high speeds. This is called a lawn job—and the idea is to perform the lawn job that most resembles perfection in the areas of style and total yardage destroyed. Nobody wins anything except recognition, which Pete says is the greatest prize a teenager can strive for. But you do meet a lot of people and stuff and it's really fun, probably not unlike Boy Scouts; it's the kind of activity that I think a lot of parents would endorse because, like Pete says, it aerates the lawn and it helps keep teens off the streets and all.

I guess the main point of what I'm trying to say is that the Idiot Teens are just a bunch of kids who really like to get involved with people.



Paul



Sinbad

## SINBAD, 17

A senior at Clark and, perhaps, the serene center of the group. Because his mother, a divorcee holding down two jobs, is frequently absent, it was Sinbad's house that was the locus of group activity. He is short and rather overweight, though still not without a blunt charm. Here he speaks of the group's origins.

Clark High's not real big, Beryl, and remember, this is Jerry's Corners—only so many people know how to use a knife and fork—so it was only a matter of time before our highly similar attitudes meshed. Basically we started hanging out together because we had all become old enough to violate state liquor laws, and that's something you want to do together. Ringo's a grade behind, but he's an artist so he has maturity, if you want to call it that.

So yeah, I guess you could call it a mutual drinking society at first; but let me tell you, lying face-down in your own vomit in the middle of a golf course at midnight gets old. We still do it once in a while, for old times' sake, but I'm talking on the whole. That's when we started expressing ourselves through action.

**T**HE IDIOT TEENS, it seemed to me, were formed through opposition to what they found in Jerry's Corners; as a good opponent takes on many characteristics of his adversary, so too had the Idiot Teens many adult qualities. Indeed, Pete confided to me that he had wanted to incorporate the group, and was deterred only by Sinbad's observation that the group's entire revenue was derived from profits made during beer runs—a technically illegal activity.

In any event, after gaining the confidence of the group, I wanted to hear about their specific exploits. I believed that their acts were the explicit expression of their ideology of opposition. And I was not left unsatisfied.

## RINGO, 15

Tall, soft-spoken, a junior at Clark High, and, at 15, a committed chain smoker, Ringo seemed at once a part of the group and outside the group. He is the acknowledged "artist" among the Idiot Teens, and also something of an anomaly. As Pete said, "We don't understand Ringo most of the time, but it was his idea to break into the Shriners' mini-car garage, install all the cars with remote control receivers, and thus sabotage the public unveiling of the all-new Shriner mini-car parade formations. You have to pay attention to genius like that." Adults are even more puzzled by Ringo than the Idiot Teens are.

I guess what you're really interested in is the story of the Brookhaven Senior Prom Human Sacrifice that everyone is talking about. As far as I'm concerned it was all a big mistake. Our attempt to instill mindless religious fanaticism was lost on the already mindless teens of Brookhaven. It could have been an intensely meaningful demonstration of how group hysteria possesses normal, rational people—but it turned out to be just another human sacrifice because we forgot that the Brookhaven teens have no concept of what is normal or rational. It was still pretty entertaining.

It started at Clark High during this all-class assembly during which a representative from my dad's VFW post was telling us why we should be required to recite the Pledge of Allegiance every day. I had a problem with this, and so I explained that the Pledge is basically this meaningless little recitation from the 19th century that might be a sentimental favorite among crusty old vets and issue-starved politicians but basically has nothing to do with America as a country. I went on for a while and talked about mass hypnosis and CIA drug testing and a few topics that just came to



Ringo

## APPENDIX A

### Selected Highlights of the Peevish-Peevish Family Tree AS RESEARCHED AND REPORTED BY HOWIE ROBINSON, OFFICIAL IDIOT TEEN HOMEWORK GHOSTWRITER

*This brief family tree both describes the history of Jerry's Corners and gives insight into Paul's family pressures.*

**Jerry "Rehablah" Peevish (b. 1701, Blanketshire, England).** Wins the land that will become Jerry's Corners in a lottery scam. Upon arrival in America, pays Algonquin chief Jerry Threefeathers 17 bars of gold in exchange for land and smallpox-infested blankets left over from failed Dutch settlement. Gets smallpox himself and goes insane.

**Jerry "Guy" Peevish (b. 1732).** First European collector of Indian torture implements, which he tests on self. Betrays entire community during French and Indian War.

**Jerry "Douglas" Peevish (b. 1757).** Potato farmer, despite unsuitable land. Marries sister, Hester Peevish. Both go nuts. Shot by joint British/American firing squad as part of Revolutionary War treaty.

**Jerry "The Forehead" Peevish-Peevish (b. 1782).** Building contractor. Eats too many lead-paint chips and, mistaking wife for raccoon, drops rustic anvil on her. Is hanged.

**Jerry "Mark" Peevish-Peevish (b. 1831).** Captain, Union Army. Instrumental figure in the Surrender at Fox's Hollow, an important Confederate rout. Has 17 personalities, all of them court-martialed.

**Jerry "Jerry" Peevish-Peevish (b. 1856).** Sculptor. Killed by marble slab in art school. Never went insane.

**Jerry "Duke" Peevish-Peevish (b. 1874).** Progressive farmer, early experimenter with DDT. Runs over self with tractor.

**Jerry "Benny" Peevish-Peevish (b. 1899).** Part-time sanitation worker, full-time football coach of Clark High Scalpers (from 1936 on), where 15 boys die in 43 years of punishing drills. Committed to Old Felons Home after 1979 hit-and-run accident.

**Jerry "Dad" Peevish-Peevish (b. 1939).** Owner of Peevish-Peevish Menswear. Has not talked to family since 1977, preferring to commune with lawnmower collection, one of the country's finest.

**Jerry "Paul" Peevish-Peevish (b. 1970).** Idiot Teen. Hoping for junior college scholarship, insanity imminent.

me. It was pretty foolhardy, given the political climate even at Clark High, but the other Idiots were kind enough to stand up and give the Black Power salute as a symbol of solidarity. Needless to say, exercising my constitutional right to freedom of speech was a punishable offense at Clark. As rehabilitation, we were supposed to pick up trash at the school on the weekend.

## PETE

Well, Beryl... excuse me, but what color are your eyes? They're beautiful, and I don't mean that just as some line. You're really very attractive—have you ever considered contact lenses? You shouldn't hide your eyes, because, like somebody once said, the eyes are a window to your soul, and nobody wants to have to deal with double-pane glass, know what I mean? Well, we can talk later.

Anyway, a lot of different people are saying different things about the alleged sacrifice. When I hear some of the stories, I feel like I must have been at a completely different prom... and I think that in a court of law, I could probably get plenty of people to say that I was.

First of all, there we were, as per usual, the Idiot Teens carrying out some kind of civic duty, which, if you know anything at all about the group as a whole, is a normal activity most weekends. We were picking up trash over at the high school when [principal] Morrison drives by in this junked-up Tercel that his daughter used to drive until she killed herself because of some problems at home. A lot of people will tell you she died in a car accident, but I knew her pretty good and she was an excellent driver. Basically, she drove her car off a road on her way to visit her Marine boyfriend—it was a good crash, but not a great one.

**Mr. Morrison, the principal of Clark High. A man with whom the Idiot Teens often fail to see eye to eye.**



Index Stock

There've been a lot better teen mishaps in this town, Beryl (Appendix B), and don't let anyone say otherwise. Anyway, Morrison comes by and rolls down his window.

So Paul, whose dad used to play golf with Morrison until Morrison's game got ruined by alcoholism, puts his head in the car and goes, "Let me commend you on your great choice of rehabilitation, sir. For my part, I feel like you've really given me the chance to make good on the debt I owe this community—the debt I owe this damn great country. I think I speak for everyone here when I say I feel proud to be a part of the Clark High family." I don't know what Paul meant to do. Morrison hates patriotic talk. I think he hates the VFW more than us, but we can't get him fired, although we tried.

Then Morrison goes, "You know, Paul, you're a spineless piece of shit," which everyone knows is true. Paul is excellent as a human being, but he's a very weak person and a lot of people take advantage of that. That's why it's so good he's a part of the Idiot Teens, because a lot of times teens don't get the proper emotional support they need, but in a group, you get a lot of it.

## SINBAD

It was kind of sad, really. Pathetic, I guess. But after Morrison dresses him down, Paul goes, "You're right, sir, I'm a spineless piece of shit." I guess I felt bad



**Emperor's Suite: a key recreational milieu for the Idiot Teens; it also often serves as a think-tank facility, spiritual incubator, and ashram of inspiration.**

because it reflected Paul's low self-esteem. Then Morrison goes, "But I like you for it, Paul. You're the one redeeming feature of the Idiot Teens. Keep up the good work, my little piece of shit." Then he drove off in a cloud of primer dust.

In most situations, you could call that a fairly positive exchange, but in this instance, you'd really have to call it negative, Beryl, because Paul got pretty mad. I tried to calm him down and tell him that he *does* tend to shy away from decisions, but he started drawing plans in the dirt for a pretty complicated assassination involving coat hangers and piano wire. I think we could have done it, and we probably would have found it challenging and all, but we had to scrap it because even though Paul is weak and spineless, his whole family is basically borderline mental and they're getting the hands-on treatment from Dr. Ready Kilowatt, if you know what I mean. Therefore, most people in Jerry's Corners will tell you that Paul is pretty much committed to an industrial-strength breakdown at some point in his life, and we as his friends just want to make sure he makes it through his golden teen years first. So we quit picking up trash and went to my house.

## PAUL

I was definitely on the verge of some kind of mental implosion when we got to the Emperor's Suite, but we all cooled our heels with a couple rounds of refreshing beertinis—dry, 36 to 1, and stirred. It was agreed that it would be best to refocus the dangerous aggression I'd created. We needed a project—something pointless, preferably, and something involving the Anti-High, Brookhaven. Some call it a high school, Miss Swency, but if you investigate, you'll find it's a kind of informal gathering place for fucked-up suburban dirtbags. I guess subconsciously we knew that Brookhaven was preparing for its senior prom that very night.

Ringo came up with the whole plan, although we were all pretty much thinking along the same lines. He said, "Okay, let's ideate. It seems to me there's at least one way to pervert the kind of sick religious veneration engendered by flag worship and really bad pop music songs about love."

I guess human sacrifice seemed pretty obvious, although I was a little concerned about the repercussions—I suggested we get drunk and blow up rubbers and puke on people's car hoods, but I guess it just didn't have the same spark. Fortunately, Sinbad had seen an episode of *Nova* dealing specifically with sacrifice, so we had a pretty good idea of the right and wrong way to do it.

## APPENDIX B

# Jerry's Corners Babylon

## Jerry's Corners' Most Celebrated Teen Deaths of This Century

AS COMPILED BY THE IDIOT TEENS

*I was fascinated by the Idiot Teens' fixation on premature death. Perhaps it was their defense mechanism against the risks inherent in their lifestyle. In any case, they would frequently refer to particularly dangerous activities as "Y.P." material—short for "yearbook page," they explained. In response to my interest in their fixation, they presented me with a history of adolescent death (which I have edited slightly).*

**1979** Joey Tessio, star cornerback for the undefeated Scalpers of 1979, is dragged 20 blocks under a car before his lifeless body comes loose. The verdict: hit-and-run. The whole city is in mourning. Five weeks later, a forensics expert tracks down the killer. In a cruel, ironic twist, it turns out to be "Benny" Peevish-Peevish, 80-year-old coach of the Scalpers!



**Doom service? The site of the Antichrist Suicide, one of the most scandalous teen deaths in the history of the region.**

**1975** The Antichrist Suicide. Tammy Jensen, pasty-faced, stringy-haired, dark-circles-under-eyes, bad-postured, weird, talk-to-herself reclusive, is found dead in a motel near Schenectady with her lover, Mr. Brad Kearns, longtime ethics teacher at Cardinal Ed Clark High. Both victims are wearing leather S&M gear. Cause of death: Sominex O.D. Scattered around the bed are loose pages from the book *The Late Great Planet Earth* and, on Best Western stationery, coded apocalyptic messages that, to this day, can be seen under glass in the sanctum sanctorum of the Shriners' meeting hall. The Clark yearbook, *Rearview Mirror*, devoted an entire page as a Tammy Jensen memorial although nobody (except Mr. Kearns) knew her until the Antichrist Suicide.

**1969** Five kids—Tim Beedie, Bob and Ron DeBanko, Mary Ohder, and Sue Plantain—are all killed instantly when Tim, who was drunk, stoned, and sleeping at the time, drives right into the path of a speeding diesel. Ron was just about to go to Vietnam, too. First Jerry's Bank kept the crushed car on its roof as an example to other teens for about 10 years before it fell off and crushed five parked cars below. At school, the victims are still known as the "Accordion Teens."

**1957** Bud McCoy's body is found bound, battered, lifeless, and buried in a

shallow grave at the edge of crackpot fascist farmer Ed Cumber's potato field. After intensive questioning and a John Birch Society demonstration, Ed is released. The state police are brought in, the FBI is brought in, and Bud's semi-crushed skull is sent to Washington for tests. The mystery remains unsolved, though few people go near Ed Cumber's place anymore. Football coach "Benny" Peevish-Peevish has always been rumored to have played an unspecified role in the tragedy.

**1950** Spammy Carpezian, the most popular kid of his high school class—winner of a Regents scholarship, a Presidential scholarship, and scholarships to Harvard and Yale—falls through the ice of the Queoimim River. Other kids watch with sick fascination as Spammy's thrashing and still-living body twists and kicks its way downstream, just beneath the surface. His remains are identified by the copy of *The Portable Bertrand Russell* he always carried in his back pocket. Insuit is added to inquiry when, the following fall, Spammy's parents receive a report card from Harvard—all F's.

**1933** The Griggs twins, Lester and Jim, avid hunters both, mistake each other for a deer and open fire. Jim dies instantly, but Lester, delirious and losing blood fast, manages to unsheathe his gutting knife and begin dressing his brother before he too keels over. For several years, town legend maintained that the Griggs graves were empty and that Mr. and Mrs. Griggs had had the boys mounted, with the twin trophies passed down through the generations. Idiot Teen reconnaissance proved otherwise.

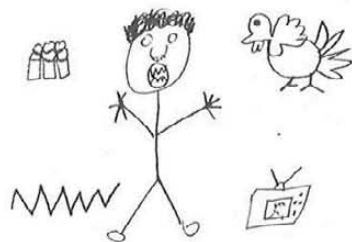
**1910** The tale of Cherry Spittell. After a long day baling hay, Fred Spittell noticed his daughter Cherry missing from the hay rack. Fearing the worst, the townspeople took torches and went through his field in the dead of night unbalancing all the bales, finally finding Cherry lying in the grass where the baling started—she had slipped off the rack and knocked herself out. Aside from a nasty bump, it looked like she would be all right... until the wind picked up and blew sparks from some of the torches onto her hair and clothing. As Cherry ran blazing through the field, she set all the hay on fire and got tangled up in loose baling wire, destroying not only herself but the Spittells' income. The Spittells were ruined, and to this day they still call the old, broken-down property Wheat Toast Farm.

## APPENDIX C Self-Portraiture



*I wanted to learn more about the Idiot Teens as individuals—in particular, how they saw themselves. Thus I resorted to the technique I had employed with so much success in Cheerleaders: self-portraiture. I asked each teen to draw a picture of himself and then to interpret his work. The results were invaluable and, I think, most enlightening.*

**PETE:** Beryl, I think what's most striking about my work is its larger-than-life perspective. The frame can barely contain my oversized visage; likewise the frame of life, if you get my meaning. Now, I'm no artist, Beryl, but objectively speaking, this looks to me like a fairly decent representation, naive though it may be. My furrowed brow suggests deep thought, my mouth, though almost uncomfortably sensual, holds the promise of a good-natured grin, my eyes hint at impish bedevilment, and my nose is pure-and-simple cute. When I look at this drawing, "talent" is the word that keeps popping into my head. What do you think I could get, dollar-wise, for something like this, Beryl?



**SINBAD:** Basically, I drew myself as a stick man because of my lack of training in art. Also, I guess I'm expressing a feeling of wanting to get this over with. I guess at the bottom of the picture are my legs. Then, working up, you see my body, arms, and head. I also tried to put in pictures of some stuff I like. That's why in the upper left corner there's a six-pack, representing beer; in the lower right there's a TV, representing electronics and entertainment; in the upper right, a turkey stands for food; and in the lower left, a zigzag stands for pointless spontaneous destruction of private property.



**PAUL:** This is me pictured with the three other Idiot Teens, who are as much a part of my life as I am. I guess you can see I went a little nuts with the symbolism here, as I superimposed my true face onto a basketball to symbolize my love of sports. And I also have myself wearing a bow tie as an indication of my deep-rooted respect for strict, regimental authority. In the background, however, the lightning bolt represents the unpredictable mental problems that have scorched my family tree time and time again. I guess if it weren't for my friends, I probably would have walked into a second-grade classroom and opened fire a long time ago.



**RINGO:** I call this piece, I RINGO. I don't like to offer interpretations of my work because to me, each viewer must draw his own conclusions. But I will say this: From a distance, I RINGO has an almost Motel-6-bolted-to-the-wall-oil-painting serenity about it, but up close there is a completely tempestuous internal anarchist struggle at work—one that involves class, culture, cigarettes, you name it. It's okay, I guess, but it would have been much better if I'd been working with a more familiar medium, like black velvet and latex.

## PETE

The setup was very simple, Beryl—that is, what I've read of it in follow-up press accounts: hypnotize the crowd with soothing words and a lulling rhythm, then strap down the Prom King and Queen and, at the crowd's bidding, kill them.

I think the King and Queen deserve a special mention, Beryl, seeing how they



**The King Rear muffler shop, where King Brent Scott has fashioned an enviable professional reputation in Jerry's Corners.**

played such an integral part in the proceedings. King Brent Scott I is about 28 or 29 years old, and even though he graduated over ten years ago, he's done such an excellent job as Prom King that they've just decided to keep him. Normally, you can find King Brent Scott I installing mufflers at the King Rear shop downtown, but come prom time, he can't be bothered—the annual coronation is big business. King Brent Scott I is also the all-time quarterback at Brookhaven, since his dad's the football coach. He's not a bad guy, actually, Beryl, but one thing—you gotta call him "King." It's just this little personality tic he has.

I didn't really know the Queen that well—Jayne, I think her name was. Paul knows a little bit more about her, as they got friendly during Youth in Government Day. Pretty much your standard cheerleader with steel-belted thighs—not unlike your own, if I may say so, Beryl. According to Paul, she has some dental problems, though I can't personally confirm that. I do know that she gets a little squealy—based on my understanding of what happened that night.

## SINBAD

We knew that if we could only get up onstage the crowd would respond to our Idiot Teen animal-magnetism and do whatever we wanted. So we had to get rid of the band, Sounds of Power (Appendix E).

Well, we were dressed all in black and we were wearing bandannas and eye patches and shit. We sort of snuck in—we'd been to Brookhaven before—and waited for the

*continued on page 99*

## APPENDIX D Teen Folk Myths

All teens I have encountered like to repeat stories and theories: these form the basis of their personal mind-set, and are the seeds of an oral tradition. Below are some Idiot Teen favorites.

### Pete's Theory of Human Potential

Okay, the human being is basically created with  $x$  amount of human potential. Like when you're born, everybody has the potential to grow up to be the president. But certain external factors affect human potential. Okay, like let's say when you're a baby somebody hits you with a pool cue or drags you behind a bike. Right there, you're using up a lot of human potential, until basically, the kid has moved from presidential potential to change-counting potential. Some things are considered potential-enhancers, like beer, for example. But in reality, beer boosts your short-term potential—like from being stupid round the clock to being funny an hour or so. But the side effect is that it drains your long-term potential. So, like Sinbad, for instance—he used to have presidential potential, but after so much potential-enhancement, he probably has fast-food-management potential now.

### Sinbad and the Legend of Mr. Budd

Well, this is the story I heard, but I don't know if it's true, though I'm pretty sure it actually happened. There was this teacher at Brookhaven High School about five years ago who was always hittin' on this chick named Teri. Normally, you know, parents at Brookhaven are into that because it means their kid's goin' out with somebody more mature and with a job instead of some fucked-up gearhead who has all the Slurpee collector sets from 7-Eleven. But Teri's dad was real pissed and he kept telling this guy Mr. Budd to quit hittin' on Teri. But Mr. Budd just laughed in the dad's face and kept hittin' on Teri. I think they might've had a kid, too. Then one clear, crisp, bright fall morning, Mr. Budd wakes up—the dad was like a complete fundamentalist, too—he wakes up and finds Teri's head in his bed, *Godfather*-style. They found him two days later with all his hair turned white and he had ate his own feet and hands plus all the flesh off his right leg. He's in an institution in Canada now, I think. But that's just an example of the kind of fucked-up events and shit you gotta deal with at Brookhaven. Some people call that "The Story of Teri's Head," or "The Legend of Mr. Budd."

### Ringo and the Ritual Tale: Johnnie's Wedding Night

Johnnie's about 90 and he owns this bar named after him where most of the danger-

ous element of Jerry's Corners hang out. We go there because of his total disregard for the drinking age. Johnnie's told me this story about 20 times and it's never changed, so the only conclusion is that it's gotta be true. But by now I prompt Johnnie a lot on it, 'cause these stories get told on about the 12th stinger, the only drink Johnnie knows how to make, when he basically makes huge brandy puddles on the bar—that's his way of pouring.

Anyway, my favorite thing about this story is that Johnnie *doesn't remember when he got married!* But I believe it 'cause his one memory cell is firing full blast just to tell this story for the 17th time. "Beautiful girl, beautiful girl," he says. I always say—slowly—"Didja love her, Johnnie? Were you in love?" "Aw shit, you shoulda seen her tits," Johnnie says back.

Then Johnnie goes, "So's we got married, and her uncle, he gets in the car with us after the reception. 'I'll drive, it's my wedding present,' he says. Shit, he drove us, musta been 50 miles, to this strip bar. 'This is my wedding present, let's go in and have some beers,' he says." At this point, you gotta say, "No way!" so Johnnie can go, "Oh yeah, it was a regular strip joint. Nice-lookin' girls, too. My wife, she was out in the car, bawlin', but later we come out and get her and she went in and had a good time." Then Johnnie starts the 15-minute process of making another stinger. We always think that Johnnie's wife ended up working there, but he says no. "She lives in Brooklyn," he says. "Over the deli."

## The Brookhaven Senior Prom Human Sacrifice Ritual As Drawn by Ringo



The crowd is mesmerized by the hypnotic teen rhythms. Their mouths are open and their eyes make spirals.



Sinbad asks for the sanctified couple ... and the crowd assents!



King Brent Scott I and Queen Jayne are fastened down... and the knife begins its awful journey.



The King and Queen are slain... or are they?



At Sinbad's behest, the crowd carries them to the Ritual Purification Vehicle in the Brookhaven parking lot.



The Teens get the hell out of there!

Alan Kupperberg



## Key Idiot Teen Locales\*



- ① Emperor's Suite. An ordinary enough house on the outside, but inside a fabulous Idiot Teen pleasure palace.
- ② Cardinal Ed Clark High. Site of a ritual called schooling, better known as the birthplace of the Idiot Teens.
- ③ Johnny's Bar, a.k.a. Club Burnout. The kind of place where people are more important than petty numbers like the drinking age.
- ④ The Jeff Norwood Memorial Shriners Lodge. A breeding ground for middle-aged vice, and a natural target of Idiot Teen fact-finding junkets.
- ⑤ Jerry's Corners Historical Society. Home of such significant artifacts as three Indian arrowheads and the crumbly remains of an authentic World War I uniform.
- ⑥ Municipal pool. Site of the Great Naked Bathe-In of last summer, an Idiot Teen tribute to total personal cleanliness.

\*As described by the Idiot Teens.

continued on page 99

## APPENDIX E Band Brochure

**PETE** We took one of the brochures distributed by the Sounds of Power, but because we were terrified that the future bureaucrats on our ineffectual student council would be manipulated by Mrs. Pisarcik, the Muzak-loving adviser, to hire this band, we taped the pictures of Clark High security guards over the heads of the band members to get across the subliminal message that this band could not possibly have more than two songs completely memorized from beginning to end.

### WHEN THE MUSIC MATTERS ...MAKE IT THE SOUNDS OF POWER

It's your next wedding, prom, or social occasion...and you want the finest musical entertainment available, from the Motown classics to the contemporary music of right now. When that occurs, make your music the music of the SOUNDS OF POWER.

The SOUNDS OF POWER...offer you top-quality musicianship and that something "extra" that makes your occasion special. We can tailor our musical program to fit your requests—at no additional cost to you. Of course, we love audience-participation numbers (did someone say "Hokey Pokoy"?)...and M.C. duties are our special pleasure.

Listen to just some of the people who've grooved to the SOUNDS OF POWER!

"Thank you for the beautiful music you've made. Thanks to SOUNDS OF POWER, this occasion was unforgettable!"  
—Tina Flintridge  
Vice-Chairwoman  
Mothers Against Drunk Driving  
Fundraising Sock Hop/Car Wash  
Committee

"I've chaperoned a lot of proms...but I can't remember one where the music was of such high quality and the musicians were so clean and well-behaved!"  
—Ronald Bam  
Principal  
Quinocket High School

"They know how to rock the Casbah...and be sentimental at the same time! The crowd loved SOUNDS OF POWER...and so did I!"  
—Ed Mankewicz  
Music Editor  
Tn-County Pennsaver



### Meet the People Who Make... the Sounds of Power

**Judy Williams, bass/vocals.** A 1985 graduate of Jerry's Corners' Cardinal Ed Clark High, Judy switched to bass when she was 14! Her heart-stopping duet with Mario Caldonia on "The Greatest Love of All" is a real highlight in the SOUNDS OF POWER repertoire!

**Brian Albanese, drums.** A 1984 graduate of SUNY-Quinocket, Brian is also the popular host of the *Novo Jazz* program on WJCR! You'll want to "tune in" Brian's rockin' "Wipeout" solo again and again!

**Sid Jackson, keyboards.** Live from the Big Apple...Sid "Lightfingers" Jackson! Sid fell in love with the area while attending Dana Reformatory School...and lends a touch of big-city class to popular favorites like "Love Will Keep Us Together!"

**Mario Caldonia, guitar/lead vocal.** Mario formed the SOUNDS OF POWER after his graduation from Quinocket High in 1976...and his mel-low, rockin' vocals have been goin' strong ever since!

Bring SOUNDS OF POWER to your  
—wedding  
—prom or dance  
—fraternal organization  
—or other special occasion!

# THE APPLETONS

## THE LOST EPISODE

THE APPLETONS ARE IN THE COMFORT OF THEIR LIVING ROOM WATCHING THE LOCAL NEWS WHEN IT IS ANNOUNCED THAT THE POPULAR SHOW "STAR SEARCH" IS IN GREENDALE AUDITIONING TALENT FOR A CHANCE AT NATIONAL TELEVISION EXPOSURE. LET'S JOIN THEM IN...

Reach  
for the  
Stars

by B.K. Taylor © 1985



... SO IF YOU HAVE TALENT, AUDITIONS WILL BE HELD AT THE GREENDALE PLAZA HOTEL...

DID YOU HEAR THAT?! THAT'S THE BIG BREAK THE KIDS AND I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

BIG BREAK FOR WHAT, DEAR?



THE ACT WE DID FOR THE SCHOOL TALENT SHOW - WHERE I PLAY THE ACCORDION AND THE KIDS TAP-DANCE?

WELL, YES, BUT...



YOU REMEMBER, DON'T YOU? THE DAVY CROCKETT AND THE DANCING BEARS ACT WE DID? REMEMBER, HUH?

YES BUT...



NEXT MORNING.

ISN'T THIS GREAT, KIDS? ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL SEE YOU ON TV - YOU STAY HERE WHILE I GET MY ACCORDION!



OUTSIDE THE BACK DOOR OF THE PLAZA...

I'M SORRY, FOLKS, BUT WE HAVE ALL THE ACTS WE NEED. TRY AGAIN NEXT TIME, OKAY? BYE!

AWW!

GEE, DAD!

AHH, NUTS!



DEJECTEDLY, THE CROWD DISPERSES.

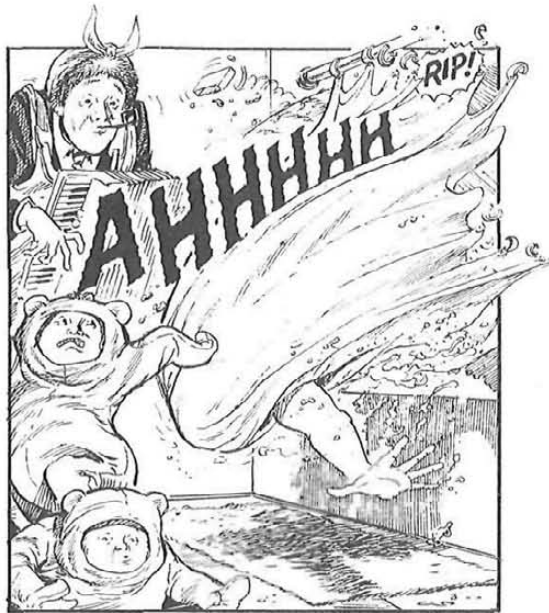
IF ED McMAHON COULD SEE OUR ACT, HE'D LOVE IT, I'M SURE!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY!

DAD, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?







AFTERWARD, WHEN THE STAR HAS BEEN TAKEN FOR RECOVERY, THE STUNNED PRODUCERS TALK WITH MR. APPLETON.



THAT EVENING, BACKSTAGE AT THE BROADCAST, WE HEAR...



IN THE APPLETON HOME...



"If you can't get any snatch hanging from a cross, then, brother, you can't get any snatch."

—*The Gospel According to Gilbert*

**P**ICTURE THIS: YOU'VE JUST BEEN NAILED TO A CROSS. YOU'RE HOT, BLEEDING, AND IN PAIN. Angry crowds gather and jeer at you. They pelt you with rocks and insults. All seems lost . . . then, while up on the cross, you look down on the crowd and there she is! The girl of your dreams. She has the face of an angel, and her body . . . well, let's just say if your neighborhood butcher handed you a rump that looked that good, you'd shove your tongue down his throat! As you hang there all hot and bothered, not knowing what to do, you notice to your amazement that she's winking at you! Sound too good to be true? Well, it's not! The fact is, nothing is sexier to a girl than a man dying on a cross!

I mean, you don't have to die like the guys in the Scriptures to get poontang—but it sure does help!



Gilbert Gottfried Presents:

# Crucifixion and the Single Man

NOW, PAY CLOSE ATTENTION and I'll show you how to nail a broad after you've been nailed to a board. Remember, even on a cross you have to play by the established rules of the dating ritual.

**Step one.** Taking stock of yourself.

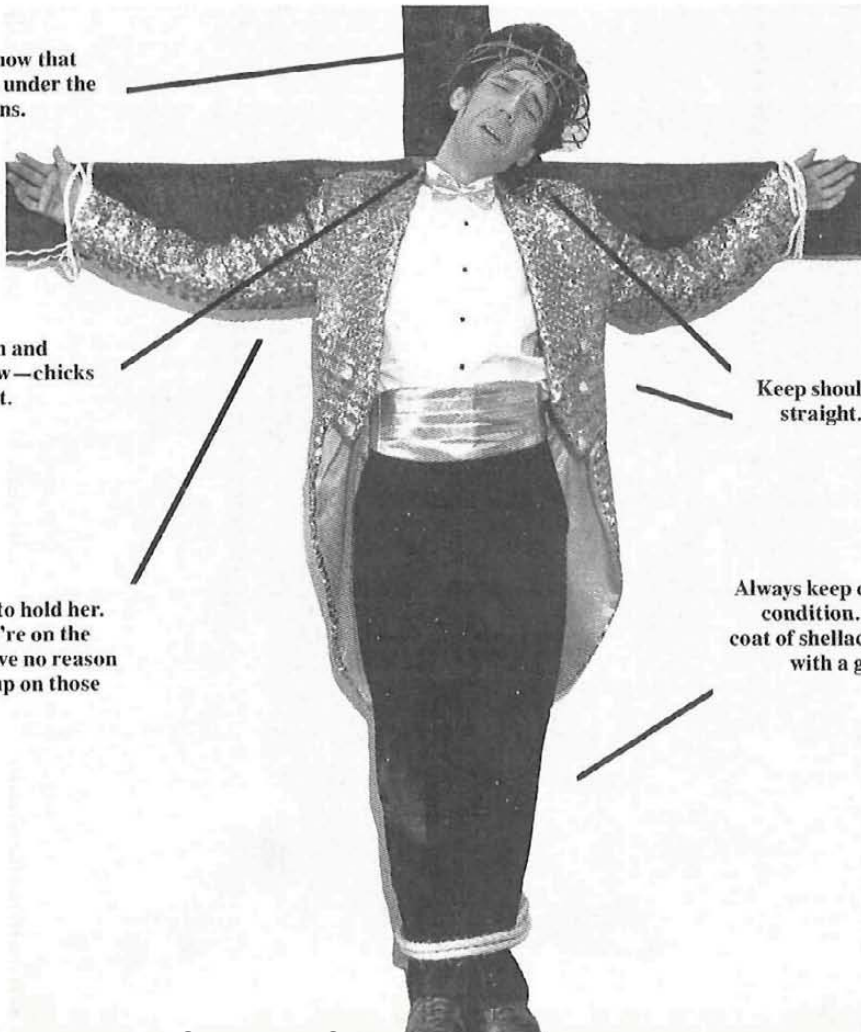
Let the girl know that there's a rose under the crown of thorns.

Let some pain and suffering show—chicks really dig that.

Strong arms to hold her. Now that you're on the cross, you have no reason not to catch up on those chin-ups!

Keep shoulders and back straight. Don't hunch!

Always keep cross in tiptop condition. Apply a fresh coat of shellac and finish off with a good furniture polish.





**Step two.** Approaching the single girl at the singles bar.

Do it! With all the law students, sleazy show-biz agents, phony producers, and just plain jerks, she'll be thrilled to meet a cool dude on a cross.



**Step three.** Win her with your wit.

Show her you're a party animal. Don't pull the holier-than-thou shit.

**Step four.** Some surefire lines.

"Hey baby, you're the reason my feet ain't touching the ground."

"Honey, right now you're raising more than just the dead."

"I'd love to make your bush start burning."



**Step five.** After the wining and dining and romantic talk, it's time to take her home—but remember to take care of the check.



**Step six.** Lovemaking.

For heaven's sake, let her be on top.

**Just in case:** Impotence! That's right, we hate to say it, but it could happen. Sometimes no matter how well you've been doing up until then, it doesn't matter—your weenie is so limp the Savior Himself couldn't save it. If, God forbid, that happens, there's only one thing to say.



# The Gerry Sussman BASEBALL ABSTRACT

I confess that I'm getting a little burnt-out. Or, as they say in Sabermetrics (the search for objective knowledge about baseball), my Peak Value ( $P = y/24 \times 10$ ) no longer is the square root of my Trade Value ( $T = M/12 - 18$ ).

What I thought I'd do, before I head for that Last Print-Out in the Sky, is give it my final and best shot, tackle all the questions about baseball that have fascinated me and are still unanswered, questions that no man has ever dared ask, except me, because I am the only one who can figure out what my information means. So hang in there with me while I try to make sense out of this great national pastime of ours, okay?

My final study group was comprised of:

Every player who ever played major-league ball from 1871 to the present. To simplify a little I omitted one-armed hitters, three-fingered pitchers, and anyone deaf, dumb, and partially blind. This left me with 793, 213 players to analyze over a period of 118 years.

Every player was analyzed for platooning differentials; strike zone adjustments; home field advantage; speed/walk/strikeout ratios; late-inning RBIs; date of birth; hat, belt, and batting-glove size; glove color and type; prescription sunglasses; ability to bench-press a double multiple of his own height and weight; and many other variables that I won't mention because you'll get a mental hernia just thinking about them.

Now I could finally get to the Last Bottom Line, the Ultimate Answer. But first, the questions.

## IF THE AVERAGE SIZE OF A PLAYER'S HOTEL ROOM ON THE ROAD IS 175 SQUARE FEET AND EVERY PLAYER HITS BETTER WITH THE PLATOON ADVANTAGE, HOW DO POWER HITTERS COMPARE WITH SINGLES HITTERS?

I found that the old Minneapolis Hilton formula worked fine in making some sense out of my data (at least until I probed deeper into strike zone numbers):  $RS + BS + CH = PV$  (RBI/SP/RP), with 10.0 being the maximum effectiveness number.

That is, ROOM SIZE PLUS BATHROOM SIZE PLUS CEILING HEIGHT IS EQUAL TO A NUMBER THAT DEFINES A PLAYER'S PEAK VALUE (RUNS BATTED IN/SPEED/RUN PRODUCTION).

If a player's total bases exceed 100, he can score a 10.0, which is maxing out on the Johnson System, a system that measures EPLs (Established Performance Levels).

But here's where the patterns started to take on a life of their own and we had to go with the flow until they made some sense. For instance:

The management of the New York Mets do not believe

**Darryl Strawberry, with a large HRAR, is a hotel manager's nightmare.**

in renting large hotel rooms for their players on the road. Darryl Strawberry usually gets a room of 150 square feet in each city, which is smaller than the average. But Strawberry is what I call a "BS" with a "BB" (a Big Swinger with a Big Bat). BS/BBs usually need more room space to practice their swings or they could damage something. In 76 road games last year, Strawberry broke 18 hotel mirrors and 10 windows and cracked 12 chests of drawers while taking his practice cuts. He had a FRS (Frequency of Room Service) of 21.6 calls a week and his room number averaged out to 37.

On a purely arbitrary basis, I added two points for every wake-up call and subtracted a point for every room service call over 12 and I still got the same number: 19. The trouble with 19 is that it's an odd number, and I hate odd numbers because I never learned how to divide them. They always have all those pesky little fractions hanging over. I like even numbers much better.

Now we get to the arcs, or rather, the HRAR ratios, the length of a batter's arc or practice swing when he takes a full cut in a hotel room (HOTEL ROOM ARC RATIO). Strawberry's HRARs for a week in St. Louis were:

| Mon | Tues | Wed | Thurs | Fri | Sat | Sun |
|-----|------|-----|-------|-----|-----|-----|
| 62" | 59"  | 60" | 58"   | 67" | 60" | 55" |

His average slugging percentage against right-handed pitchers was .311 and against lefties it was .238. Yet he still hit 16 home runs *against* the platoon advantage. So his road game HRAR was a respectable 7.5 despite the fact that he broke 18 mirrors, which should have brought him bad luck.

This is where the patterns go haywire and I get these strange stomach cramps.

I asked myself what would happen if I made a study of the other BS factor in the Hotel Room question, Bathroom Size. I thought that if the bathrooms averaged at least 25 to 30 square feet, a hitter like Strawberry or his type (Eddie Murray, Kent Hrbek, Dwight Evans, George Brett, Wally Joyner, etc.) could compensate for some of the broken furniture.

So I fed my data base the size of every bathroom of every



AP/Wide World

**Whitey Herzog, himself a fat slob, has cultivated sleek singles hitters by preaching vegetarianism.**



hotel used by all the clubs, divided it by the average bat size, and applied a neat little formula developed by Frank Lathrop, which is  $BB - HB/RR = TB + PH$ . And I still got the same bottom number: 19.

Why do I keep getting 19? I honestly don't know. I think I've spent enough time on this study and I'm not going to discuss it any further. Besides, there are other explanations and questions that could clarify all this and provide us with more logical patterns.

**FOOD FOR THOUGHT**

Whitey Herzog or somebody of his stature once said, "You are what you eat." In Sabermetrical terms this takes in a lot of ground, or, more accurately, a lot of food.

Baseball players tend to eat a lot, and up to now no one has studied their eating habits in correlation to their hitting stats and other relevant categories that I have created which have revolutionized the thinking about the game. Obviously, I was intrigued with questions in this area and made my usual detailed study. But I know that your eyes are probably ready for a Murine shot, so I'll spare you the gory details and get right to the real numbers which reveal the real meaning of what happens in baseball and how I once again illuminate another aspect of this endlessly fascinating sport.

The players as eaters fell into five major categories, with a certain amount of spillover which we won't discuss at this time. The eating categories were HM (Heavy Meat), MM (Moderate Meat), BAL (Balanced Diet), VEG (Vegetarians), and JU (Junk Food).

Here's the way the eaters broke down in my study:

|     |     | At Home     |     |     |  |
|-----|-----|-------------|-----|-----|--|
| HM  | MM  | BAL         | VEG | JU  |  |
| 46% | 17% | 22%         | 6%  | 9%  |  |
|     |     | On the Road |     |     |  |
| 56% | 8%  | 2%          | 1%  | 33% |  |

The percentages of heavy meat eaters and junk-food eaters increased enormously on the road. Whenever a baseball player is away from home cooking he tends to indulge in a bad diet. I don't want to sound judgmental, but this was a dangerous number. I was more than curious, I was worried—worried about animal fat, cholesterol, and high blood pressure. Did the nationwide cholesterol and hypertension numbers for heavy meat eaters also hold true for baseball players? And if they did, what relation did this have to their hitting stats? In other words, do baseball players have the same dietary/heart problems as ordinary people?

My study clearly found something:

- Vegetarians had the highest cholesterol count and highest blood pressure. Moderate meat eaters were next.
- Heavy meat eaters had normal to low cholesterol counts and blood pressure.
- Those on a wholesome, balanced diet were equally divided between normal and dangerous.
- Heavy junk-food eaters also had low cholesterol counts and the lowest blood pressure, especially the pizza and Mexican food lovers. Those who favored McDonald's for their fried burgers over Burger King's broiled burgers had lower counts. Even the Kentucky Fried Chicken lovers had low numbers.

How do we explain the unusually high cholesterol counts

and blood pressure of the vegetarians? This was easy. Vegetarian baseball players are the marginal types with low batting averages and low KW/LS ratings. They have the highest anxiety scores because they stand the best chance of being cut and sent to the minors. No matter what kind of polyunsaturated oils (sunflower, safflower, canola) they ingest, it all becomes cholesterol in their bodies.

Now let's get to the meat of the study, if you'll pardon my silly but logical pun.

The eating habits of the HMs (heavy meat eaters) remained traditional and stable.

- 87 percent of the HMs preferred a WMS (well-marbled steak), CMB (creamy mashed potatoes with butter), and PALM (pie à la mode—that is, pie with ice cream). Oddly enough, the beverage of choice was diet Pepsi.

Now let's look at the hitter breakdown.

- 91 percent of all power hitters who work the strike zone were also HMs, eating WMS, CMB, and PALM (Eddie Murray, Dwight Evans, Darryl Strawberry, Kent Hrbek, George Brett, Danny Tartabull, Jack Clark, Wally Joyner, etc.)

- 98 percent of all oversize, heavy-duty power hitters (Mark McGwire, Dale Murphy, Mike Marshall) did the same, but ordered doubles and triples of everything.

Ketchup consumption in this group was 235 percent over the national norm.

- 78 percent of all the good all-around hitters (Kirby Puckett, George Bell, Larry Sheets, Andre Dawson) preferred this diet but with additional LLCs (loin lamp chops) and BSRs (barbecued spareribs).

- The true singles hitters fell mostly into the BAL (balanced diet) and MM (moderate meat) categories. Big power was largely absent.

- Wade Boggs. In a class by himself. No stable eating pattern established. Eats wholesome foods one day and fatty foods the next. Diet does not seem to affect him one way or the other. Same goes for Tony Gwynn, Paul Molitor, Kevin Seitzer, Tim Lincecum, and Don Mattingly.

My conclusion was: **THE HIGHER THE SATURATED FAT IN THE BODY, THE HIGHER THE SLUGGING PERCENTAGES.**

But my data base couldn't tell me why, and I had to know or I would not sleep very much for the rest of my life. Luckily, I found the answer in a study made by Dr. Jay Fazenda of the Harvard Medical School, who is also a baseball fanatic and avid admirer of my work. Fazenda took a large group of high school and college baseball players, all huge physical specimens who were power hitters, and put them on controlled diets, one high-fat, similar to the HMs', and the other a true BAL. During a full year of these diets, Fazenda studied the players' hitting averages. He also had them do three hours of batting-range practice every day.



AP/Wide World

## Whether at home with his wife or on the road with Margo Adams, Wade Boggs is still number one!

- The total slugging percentage of the HMs was .432.
- The total slugging percentage of the BALs was .267.
- 71 percent of the BALs had a high cholesterol count.
- 8.3 percent of the HMs had a high cholesterol count.

Dr. Fazenda analyzed the blood content of both groups to determine why this was so and made a major discovery. The HMs had more strength and ability to hit the long ball and so made a higher physical impact on the ball with their bats. THE ACT OF HITTING THE LONG BALL ACTUALLY BROKE DOWN THE FATTY CHOLESTEROL DEPOSITS IN THE BLOOD. The physical shock, the constant "batting," caused the little fatty deposits to shrink and disappear!

The long-ball hitting process not only battered away the cholesterol, but released a chemical substance called globulin gamma 2, which helps the eyes to see objects coming at you (like baseballs) by enlarging them slightly.

Singles hitters who usually stroke the ball were out of luck.

### WHAT ABOUT JUNK FOOD?

The same pattern repeated itself. A high intake of junk food by power hitters tended to lower their cholesterol counts and blood pressure.

Sporadic junk-food eaters had much higher CH and BP counts. Only a steady diet of junk food really works. It must be taken as if it were a vitamin supplement.

### DRESS FOR SUCCESS

Baseball players divide themselves into three categories of dressing—loose, tight, and somewhere in between. "Loose" is defined as "Italian" or "Continental," with baggy pleated trousers, full-cut shirts, and boxy jackets. "Tight" means tight jeans, shirts, and T-shirts that cling to the torso. The "in-betweeners" have no defined style and may include Ivy League, Italian, tight jeans, or anything else.

I had a hunch that there was a correlation between a player's slugging stats and what kind of pants he wears, so just for the fun of it I made a quick study to see where it would lead me. It led me nowhere.

What happened to my Tight Jean Theory (a player's speed/power ratio increases geometrically in proportion to the tightness of his jeans)? It sounded right, but my data was bringing up tight-jeaned players like Rafael Santana and Garry Templeton whose ratios were down in the 2's and 3's, while guys with baggy, pleated pants were running up speed/power scores of 32 to 50 (Rickey Henderson, Eric Davis).

I've been around baseball players long enough to know that you don't bat in 100 runs, hit 30 or more homers, and steal tons of bases with your testicles flip-flopping around and distracting you. What about jockstraps? Protective

cups? Yes. Everyone wears them for the game and they help. But if you've been flip-flopping all day, a jock won't help that much.

And then it dawned on me. Underwear. Briefs. Bikini briefs. It's not how tight the jeans are, but how snugly the briefs fit.

I devised my own Tightness of Briefs scale, from 0 (ultra-loose) to 20 (molded to the crotch). If I took a player's speed score, his slugging percentage, walks, and strikeouts and divided this number by a number equal to the tightness of his briefs, I should get a reasonable accurate speed/power ratio number (please, God, not 19 again!).

The number 19 did not come up, but I wasn't happy with the patterns. So I fed ol' data base some new info and got some significant results. The formula was  $TB = HS/HM \times SP/POW$  squared. or: TIGHT BRIEFS EQUAL HIGH SPERM COUNT AND HIGH MOTILITY, MULTIPLIED BY THE PLAYER'S SPEED/POWER RATIO SQUARED.

I threw a new category and stat at you by surprise because it can make all the difference—sperm count and motility percentage. With that kind of formula I made a breakthrough. Tight underwear *increases* sperm count and motility, while at the same time increasing the offensive performance of the player.

But what kind of player?

Stay with me. I had to make one more study. I went back to my food data and, sure enough, I found one group that had it all, the HMs (heavy meat eaters).

At this point one name was beginning to show up on my screen with alarming frequency—Kent Hrbek. Hrbek was the biggest HM in the league. His ketchup consumption (for salt intake) was 134 percent over the average, and his  $TB = HS/HM \times SP/POW$  squared score was a whopping 9.85 out of a perfect 10. And he wore the second-tightest briefs in the majors, under Levi's shrunk-to-fit 501 jeans. (Only Jim Palmer wore tighter briefs, but that's another story.)

Let's look at Hrbek's numbers.

- Hilton Formula ( $RS + BS + CH = PV/(RBI/SP/RP)$ ): 9.7 (out of 10)
- Average-Size Road Hotel Room: 163 sq. ft.
- FRS (Frequency of Room Service): 40.7 calls per wk.
- HRAR (Hotel Room Arc Ratio): 69"
- FB (Furniture Breakage): 12 chests, 27 mirrors
- MC (Meat Consumed, per week): 18–25 lbs.
- CH Count: 120
- BP (Blood Pressure): 110/55
- ESI (Extra Salt Intake): 323 percent over norm per day
- SC (Sperm Count): 900,000,000 per millimeter
- MOS (Motility of Sperm): 100 percent
- TB (Tight Briefs) Score: 9.85 out of 10

There was one more question I had to ask, one last study to complete ("Is that man made of steel?"). And if my hunch about Kent Hrbek was correct, I would have the final answer to the meaning of baseball. The question was:

### HOW DOES A PLAYER'S SEX LIFE AFFECT HIS PERFORMANCE ON THE FIELD?

As you already saw, Hrbek had everything else going for him. And when I took a good look at his hitting numbers I started trembling. I was on the verge.



**On the road, Kent Hrbek is a Sexual All-Star.**

Focus on Sports

Here are Hrbek's hitting stats for last year:

| Kent HRBEK, First Base |     |     |     |    |    |    |     |     |     |    |    |      |
|------------------------|-----|-----|-----|----|----|----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|------|
| Runs Created: 103      |     |     |     |    |    |    |     |     |     |    |    |      |
|                        | G   | AB  | Hit | 2B | 3B | HR | Run | RBI | TBB | SO | SB | Avg  |
| 5.58 years             | 590 | 170 | 32  | 3  | 27 | 88 | 101 | 72  | 85  | 3  | 2  | .288 |
| 1987                   | 143 | 477 | 136 | 20 | 1  | 34 | 85  | 90  | 84  | 60 | 5  | .340 |
| First Half             | 79  | 283 | 77  | 6  | 0  | 23 | 49  | 55  | 43  | 38 | 4  | .272 |
| Second Half            | 64  | 194 | 59  | 14 | 1  | 11 | 36  | 35  | 41  | 22 | 1  | .320 |
| Vs. RHP                | 339 | 105 | 18  | 1  | 28 | 72 | 69  | 70  | 37  | 4  | 1  | .310 |
| Vs. LHP                | 138 | 31  | 2   | 0  | 6  | 13 | 21  | 14  | 23  | 1  | 1  | .330 |
| Home                   | 72  | 234 | 69  | 8  | 1  | 20 | 47  | 51  | 48  | 30 | 5  | .295 |
| Road                   | 71  | 243 | 67  | 12 | 13 | 14 | 38  | 39  | 36  | 30 | 0  | .361 |

Now let's look at his sex stats.

**KEY TO SEXUAL CATEGORIES**

OR (Oral), GEN (Genital),  
OR/GEN (Oral/Genital),  
OTH (Other)

**TYPES OF WOMEN**

WIF (Wife), GF (Girlfriend), BIM (Bimbo),  
MIST (Mistress), MASS PARL (Massage Parlor  
hostess), TS (Total Stranger)

**SEXUAL POSITIONS**

MISS (Missionary), WAF (Woman Astride, Frontal),  
WAR (Woman Astride, Rear), DOG (Rear)



AP/Wide World

**Kent Hrbek**  
**Home Games: 80**  
**Frequency of Sex**  
**(weekly average)**

|            |                 |                |                          |
|------------|-----------------|----------------|--------------------------|
| <b>OR</b>  | <b>GEN</b>      | <b>OR/GEN</b>  | <b>OTH</b>               |
| <b>1</b>   | <b>2</b>        | <b>1</b>       | <b>2</b>                 |
| <b>BIM</b> | <b>WIF/MISS</b> | <b>WIF/WAF</b> | <b>MASS PARL,<br/>TS</b> |



Focus on Sports

**Kent Hrbek**  
**Road Games: 79**  
**Frequency of Sex**  
**(weekly average)**

|                                       |                                              |                                         |                              |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| <b>OR</b>                             | <b>GEN</b>                                   | <b>OR/GEN</b>                           | <b>OTH</b>                   |
| <b>11</b>                             | <b>25</b>                                    | <b>40</b>                               | <b>15</b>                    |
| <b>BIM, GF,<br/>TS,<br/>MASS PARL</b> | <b>GF, MIST/<br/>MISS, WAF,<br/>WAR, DOG</b> | <b>GF,<br/>MIST, BIM/<br/>MISS, WAF</b> | <b>MASS<br/>PARL,<br/>TS</b> |

**W**hen playing at home Hrbek averaged six sex acts a week, which is not bad for a 65-year-old semiretired accountant, but hardly impressive for a baseball player in his prime. He did his wife three times a week, had oral sex with a casual pickup, and in desperation visited a massage parlor once, and also did something unspeakable with a total stranger.

On the road Hrbek averaged 91 sex acts a week, including 11 orals with various women, 25 straight genitals with his girlfriend and mistress in a variety of positions, 40 combos of oral/genital with a broad selection of women, and 15 acts of perversity with massage parlor hostesses and total strangers. He engaged in 85 more sex acts on the road per week than at home.

His batting average at home was .295. On the road it was .361. His slugging average was 73 points better on the road than it was in the friendly, albeit weird confines of the Metrodome. The most important number of all was his triples. He hit 13 triples on the road, to lead the league.

When a hitter of Hrbek's size, weight, and comparative lack of speed (a Rickey Henderson he's not) legs out 13 triples, it leads you to believe that he's taking some kind of illegal substance. Not so. He is taking something quite legal (at least in most states). It's called hard-core sex. And he does it with everybody, wherever he can find it.

Here are the figures:

|        |        |                |       |
|--------|--------|----------------|-------|
| Hotels | Motels | Women's Places | Other |
| 47%    | 22%    | 27%            | 4%    |

Is this pattern clear enough, or do you want to come down to my office and read my lips?

I'll sum it up:

Players who break up a lot of hotel room furniture, eat lots of fatty meat and junk food, wear tight briefs and jeans and do an incredible amount of sex will have low cholesterol counts, low blood pressure, high sperm counts, high sperm motility, and very high slugging percentages.

I can find new stats and patterns up the wazoo and it won't mean diddle. There's something about eating and screwing and breaking up a hotel room on the road that is very appealing. It's always been that way with athletes and rock stars and always will be.

Just to reassure myself, I fed a bunch of similar numbers into my data base for the likes of Eddie Murray, Danny Tartabull, Dwight Evans, George Brett, Wally Joyner, Jack Clark, and Darryl Strawberry, and they all came up the same as Kent Hrbek's, give or take a few points.

Am I jealous of Hrbek and his ilk? Yes. Well, at least a loud "maybe." I don't care about small hotel rooms. I don't eat red meat or junk food (except for Wise potato chips) and I wear boxer shorts and chinos. But I wouldn't mind getting a little piece of that other thing. I've been so hung up on this *Baseball Abstract* for so long that I've forgotten how to do it. I have no sex stats for myself. No patterns. Nothing.

I'm going to call Wade Boggs and ask him to introduce me to a nice girl, or any girl. He'll do it for me. I've been very good to Wade in my rankings. He's number one. My rankings sure come in handy when it's time to renegotiate a new contract, right, Wade? How would you like it if I "played around" with your stats? Or told my readers that you're overrated?

You owe me one, Wade. I don't care what she looks like as long as she likes baseball and has a big bum. ■







**YOUR  
HUSBAND/  
BOYFRIEND**



*"Gee, hon,  
not tonight,  
it's miniseries season."*

**THE CONSTRUCTION WORKER**

**THE SLEAZE YOU WAITED ON**

*"Gee, sweetheart, I can't hear you,  
could you bend over a little bit more?"*



*"Buns like a peach, eyes as green as kiwis..."*

# THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE *compromised*

BY DEBRA RABAS

HEY, YA. DEBRA RABAS, EDITORIAL assistant, here. I don't know how many of you readers are familiar with the duties of an editorial assistant or how many of you actually care, but this may just be my fifteen minutes of fame, so sit back and hush up for a second. For those of you not familiar with the position of editorial assistant, it's pretty much a figurehead title for predominantly female liberal arts majors who had the determination to finish college but not enough sense to come out with a marketable skill. A secretary with a title. A gofer who can type. Well, here at the groundbreaking *National Lampoon*, "editorial assistant" has taken on a fresh new dimension; for I, Debra Rabas, am responsible for finding the naked babes, broads, and bimbos who grace the pages of this magazine. A breast broker. An ass assigner. The tit connection. And although I realize that these tasty tarts are the meat and potatoes of any humor magazine, I am sick and tired of spending my time trying to find the kind of chicks I pay good money to see slashed up in summer-camp psycho movies. But more important, it's time to cash in on Ratso's empty promise—"Don't worry, Deb, next time we need a cute guy, you can pick 'im."

Well, it's been almost two years now and the closest I've ever gotten to beefcake is spray-painting a pack of vibrators red and watching a bodybuilder get tied up by three topless garter-belted bimbos. I mean, it's not like I'm a nympho or anything (really, Mom, it's not), it's just that for once I'd like to get messages like "Rock called" or "Spike came by for his check" instead of the usual "Bambi and Mitzi can't make it." Just something to shake up the monotony.

And so herewith, in response to Ratso and Ed Subitzky's "The Naked Truth" (February 1989), is "The Men in Your Life Compromised." Girls, take heed. Think of all those grubby-fingered guidos you had to wait on, those construction workers who likened your anatomy to various fruits, and the boss who promised but never delivered when he told you that one day you'd get your chance.

## YOUR FUTURE EDITORIAL ASSISTANT



*"Sure. Sven, you can submit letters. We always need good male writers. Oh, when you're finished with the index, would you mind making—oh, about a hundred copies of the intercom list. Oh, and don't forget my three o'clock massage."*

# RENT-A-SATIRIST

[ADVERTISEMENT]

Hi! You don't see much of me in this issue, because I'm in Sausalito having drink after drink at the fashionable No Name Bar. But I flew back for the afternoon to talk to you about a very special service now being offered by the National Lampoon.

From time immemorial, satirists have been held to possess enormous power—power to injure or destroy plants, animals, people, even inanimate objects, with their rhymes and wit. The ancient Greek satirist Archilochus made up a poem which caused a whole family to hang themselves because he was jilted by their eldest daughter. The prophet Muhammad had three satirists who cleared the upper Nile of malaria without the help of a single nurse or doctor. And Aithirne the Impertunate, a medieval Irish satirist, demolished everything of value on that island—a condition which persists to this very day.

Now you, too, can wield the fabulous power of satire and rid yourself of afflictions and enemies of every kind, and all at a price you can afford...



Cockroaches, o cockroaches, Evolutionary dregs,  
You're stupid, small, roll your shit in balls,  
And have too many legs.

You wear your skeleton on your backs  
Like a cheap suit off the racks  
At Robert Hall, You stupid, small,  
Poor, vile, appalling, tiny puss-filled sacks.

Out of fashion for eons,  
You Darwinian sluggards,  
Under the sink

We hear you are buggered  
By dung beetles, silverfish, maggots, and lice;  
And, what's more and what's worse,  
That you think that it's nice!

Family Blattidae, we're out for your blood.  
Family Blattidae, your name here is mud.

Get out of the walls and out of the floor,  
Out of the kitchen and out of the door,  
Out of each tiny crack and each space,  
Or we'll go get some Flit and spray the whole place!

For a mere \$100 per day, you can rent a National Lampoon contributing editor— an excellent cure for crabgrass, bathroom mold and mildew, or household insect pests...



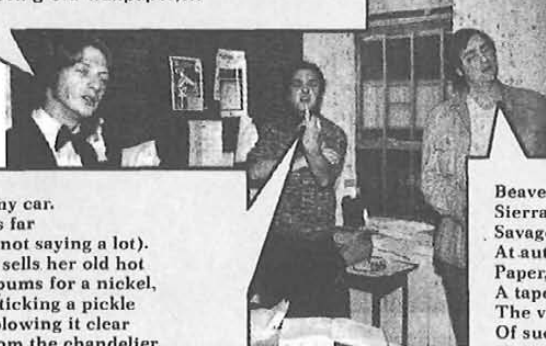
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Perhaps you have a more serious problem, something which requires a subtler approach—rodent infestation, for instance. Five hundred dollars a day gets you a genuine staff writer...



You have a still more serious problem? Then it's easily worth \$1,000 for a day-long demonstration of verbal vituperation by one of our associate editors (they're especially good at legal problems and removing old wallpaper)...



Go ahead, copper, ticket my car.  
I can afford it; my salary's far  
Larger than yours (that's not saying a lot).  
So is your mother's, who sells her old hot  
Gums and her tongue to bums for a nickel,  
And earns large tips for sticking a pickle  
Away up her womb and blowing it clear  
'Cross the whole room from the chandelier.

Go ahead, copper, ticket my car  
While plainclothes police are searching each bar  
For a blind and crippled dwarf that they fear  
Has rolled, robbed, and beaten your son, the queer.  
As for the rest of your fine family,  
The only descriptive resort I can see  
Would be to a fair-sized construct of turds.  
For justice could ne'er be rendered with words.

Go ahead, copper, ticket my car,  
And call, if you will, my rhymes below par.  
Better wit has doubtless cop-ward been sent,  
But sure the cop never knew what it meant.  
You can rant, threaten death, rave, call me scuz,  
And act like a loon. I'm not bothered, 'cause,  
Ticket till you fly, I'll never pay 'er.  
And you'll be fired by—my friend, the mayor!

You say that money's no  
object in your quest for  
vicious revenge and anni-  
hilation of your en-  
emies?! Ten thousand dol-  
lars brings a senior editor  
to your aid...

Rats?! Rats in here?! Sir, I think not!  
Though modern laws allow the use  
Of these facilities by Jews,  
Women, colored, and all that lot,  
Still, rats in here? Sir, I think not!  
These precincts for gentlemen are preserved.  
Only gentlemen will be served.  
And you may listen in lowest den  
And not hear rats called gentlemen.  
For every decent civilization  
Requires a gentlemen to possess  
Courage, Taste, and a Good Education,  
And Heaps of Money (more or less).  
First, Courage examine: I call the rat's slim.  
You say he bites babies? I say babies bite him.  
I claim the rat coward and I'll prove it, what's more:  
Did ever rat fight in either World War?  
Nothing scary about him save his fearful Taste  
Which inclines him to mud baths in offal and waste  
He has little pink feet—an unspeakable hue;  
His cologne is the eau de la pond scum and glue.  
And as for a rat with a Good Education:  
I say that he's lucky to have had vocation-  
Al training. And see if you find a rat  
With the diploma to contradict that!  
Last, there's the matter of rat economics:  
His fiscal holdings are utterly comic.  
A fiduciary outlook glum  
Exemplified by his home in the slum.

Beavers would not pee against the trees that you're made from  
Sierra Club did cheer that forest cut away.  
Savage aborigines would blush from head to bum  
At authorship of patterns crude as you display.  
Paper, the very paste that holds you to the wall  
A tapeworm gags. No fly would e'er feed on such waste.  
The very palate of a lamprey would be galled.  
Of such is the nature of your wallpaper paste.

My fiber friend, do I perceive you look askance  
At my critique fair-minded of the visual blight  
You bring these walls? You're angry? Why, then, here's your ch  
You skinny fish-wrap, thin dried scum, come you down and fi

#### A vagina denta.

I never knew what it meant a-  
Las, until I met with you,  
My lass, alas, and now I do.  
Miles of Crest and Gleem must go  
To fight the stain of menstrual flow...

Or did God form invertedly  
To make your gums bleed and tongue pee?  
It's so! I've heard your mother tell  
Where she set teething ring in place,  
And how, from low, your first words fell,  
And how she diapered up your face.  
Nor could biographer omit,  
And style himself the leastwise honest,  
How you bra'd your knees and skinned your tit,  
And hand-walked to the orthodontist.  
You shave to be decorous.  
For douche, you use Lavioris,  
Your nose is your clitoris...  
(Why, that last's a psychoanalytic, ~~sex~~  
Of most explanations for your behavior—  
You must have a deep subconscious wish  
To bugger the powerful, famous, and rich!)  
You wonder what I saw in you?  
You cannot wonder as I do  
What it is that you see in me.  
It must be my nice shoes you prize,  
Because the view that assaults see  
Hardly to the knees can rise.  
It can't, I know, be otherwise,  
Since, clearly, you shit out your eyes.

I beg you tell me, beg off, bended knee,  
Ex-wife, when was it you stopped loving me.  
Was it when I suggested to  
Rope you off and start a zoo?  
(You would have had your fair share of the fee.)

Or were we of types not enough the same?  
If that's the case, it's a terrible shame.  
For what is it that is like you?  
I think a cud they three times chew,  
And bring Nebraska beefsteak fame.

Zulu wives are bought in cattle deals  
A Zulu'd love you with Zulu zeal.  
It costs ten cows to plight their troth.  
With you a Zulu could have both.  
For a Zulu I think you'd be a stool.

But I love you still, I do attest.  
I'll love you till I'm layed to rest,  
And we'd be married yet, my dear love,  
But one thing I had a fear of:  
For animal sodomy, sudden arrest.

Then, of course, you can get me.

This advertisement is neither an offer of insurance nor a solicitation of offers for making of any O'Rourke Satires. The offering is made only by prospectus.

December, 1978

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Since birth, the world I've terrified.  
I know no mercy when attacked.  
Nurse lib'ral gave my natal slap,  
And Congress passed Taft-Hartley Act.

On Chinese rug I toddling slip'd  
And cursed, and Mao millions slew  
As Holocaust my father caused  
In anger at a single Jew.

O'Rourke for e'er have so behaved:  
A grumpy day? The Black Plague ruled.  
A plate of 'taters poorly boiled?  
Ire found itself in famine schooled.

As with my kin, so too with me:  
Break a cheap toy and — Korea.  
A "D" in Spanish — tourists get,  
By the thousands, diarrhea.

My whimsical dislike of birds  
Led France to test the atom bomb.  
My draft board's importunate pleas  
Brought slow defeat in Vietnam.

The curse of Kennedys' is mine  
(For fifty mile hike, payment fair.)  
And for a mugging in New York  
They get their quality of air.

School bussing in my neighborhood  
Caused Pat Moynihan appointed.  
The failure of my Belgian watch,  
Common Market left disjointed.

But though I love to raze whole towns,  
Visit nations with awful woes,  
And lay dread waste to continents,  
My forte's making fun of clothes...

Stop!! Stop!!! Sixty readers just dropped dead in Chicago!!!



Reader, for instance, your Earth Shoes.  
Did birth with backwards feet you grace?  
Or are you turned 'round and have I  
Mistaken ringworm for your face?

You, lucky girl, so flat you can  
Use old hose to make new tube top.  
And that necklace! Smart idea,  
To buy jewelry in a pet shop.

And your friend's sport coat creation —  
What a perfect flag design for  
Some emerging Negro nation...



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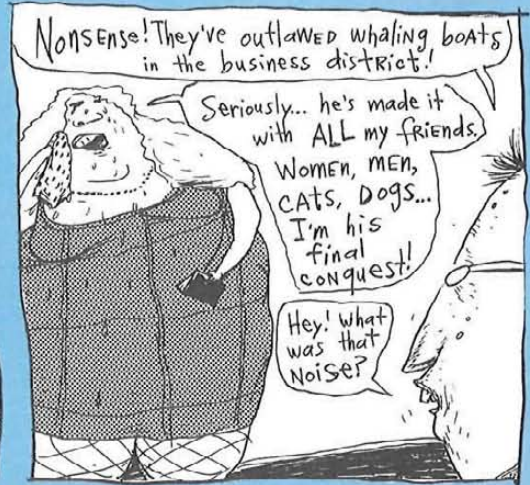
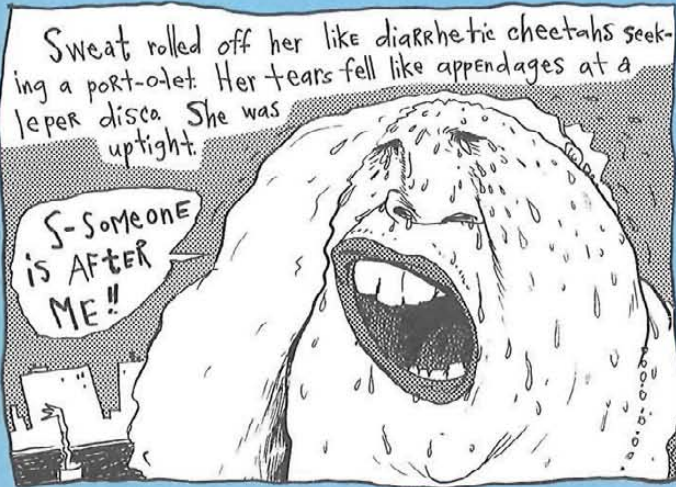
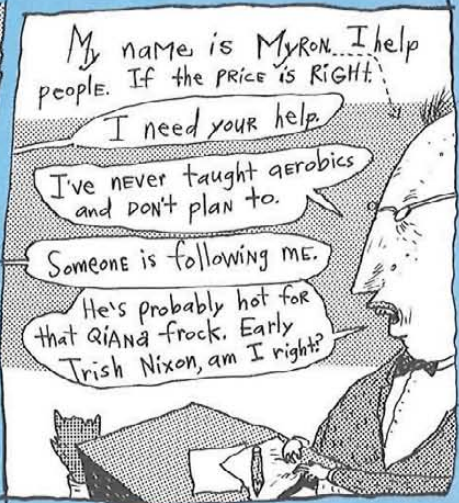
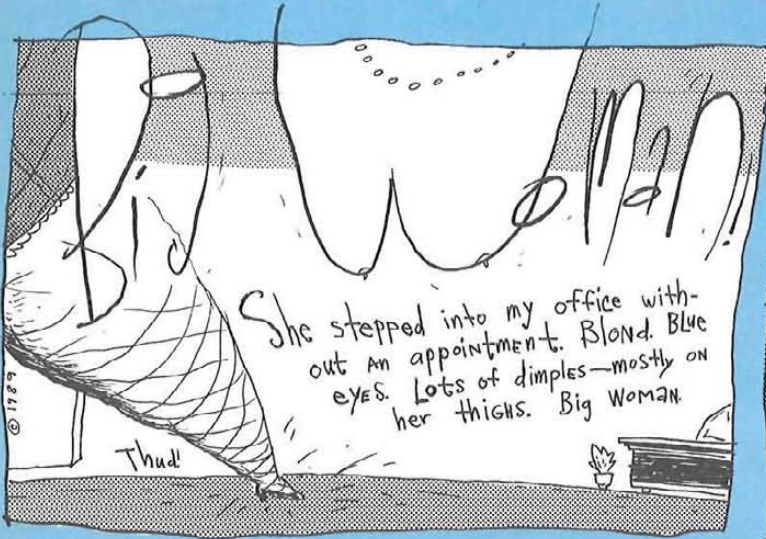
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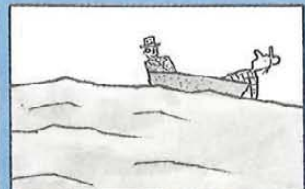
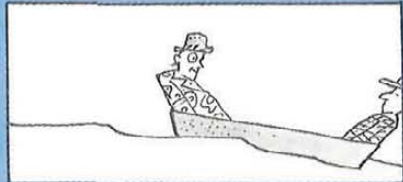
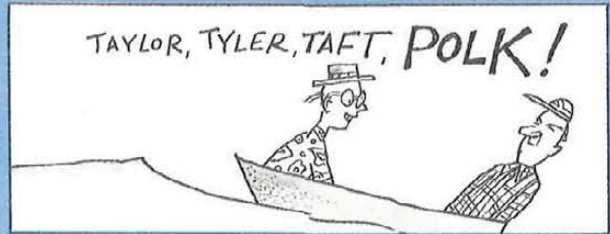
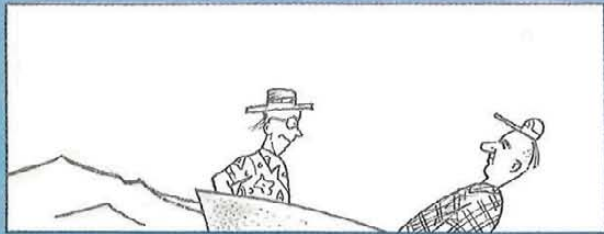
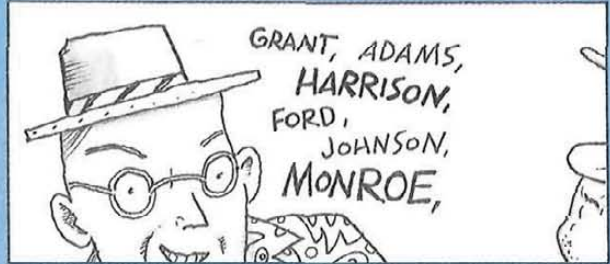
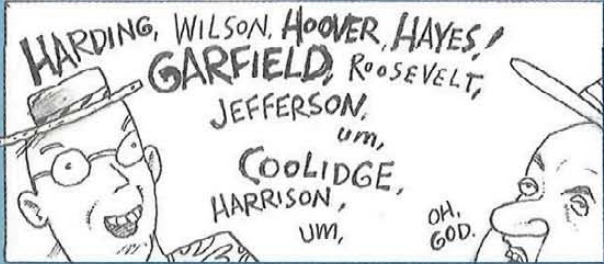
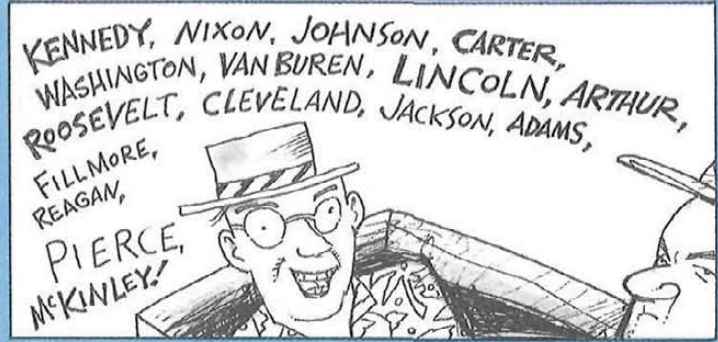
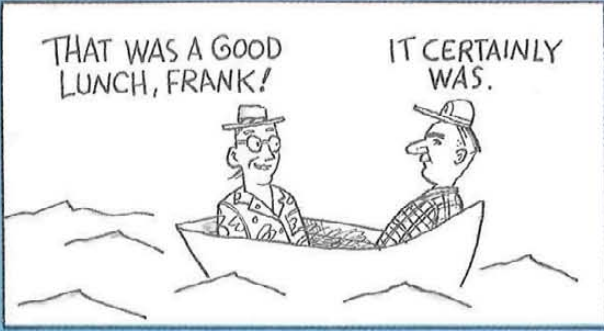
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# FRANK AND BILL ON THE INDIAN OCEAN



## Idiot Teens

continued from page 76



**Six months later: The strong sense of camaraderie among the Idiot Teens has not flagged since this report was researched.**

band to take a break. Then Pete goes up to the bandleader, who's about 36 years old and, it's my guess, likes to play at proms so he can hit on chesty student council treasurers or whatever. He says, "Hi, we're the

intermission band—you know, Sinbad and the Seven Voyages. The student council thought it would be a cute idea for us to do a few numbers during the break. We love your music and your equipment and we'll treat it like it was our own."

I'll tell you, Beryl, I thought Pete had blown it. I mean this guy was not into it, and, you guessed it, he had this girl who was obviously on the student council who he was takin' out to the parking lot. But then Ringo says, "Aren't you gonna introduce us to your underage date?" Worked like a charm. The next thing we knew we were up there.

## RINGO

When you're onstage, Beryl, there's a lot of energy going on. I get into a trance state myself, and I also find in the communion of the many justification for the actions of a few. As we started into the riff of "Smoke on the Water"—it was the only thing we knew how to play—I felt a power that I can't describe in words, as I said to the sheriff.

As a sort of commemoration of the event I did a little narrative painting—a comic strip, you might call it—and all of us agree that it gives the flavor of being there more than any drunken, slurred sentences could.



**Eight months later: Idiot Teen reverence for authority remains intact.**

## PETE

Well, Beryl, one thing's certain—almost immediately after the alleged incident, the Idiot Teens were back at the Emperor's Suite toasting to friendship and golden youth. It was all over the news for days (Appendix F), and even though the Idiot Teens made an official statement deploring such irresponsible but fantastically imaginative behavior, people felt strongly that we'd done it. Even King Brent Scott I was making threatening noises from his hospital bed, but frankly, Beryl, I don't really think he can afford the time off from King Rear to come hunt us down.

I'd like to think that the events somehow add up to a kind of modern-day parable, if you will, about subversion, mind control, and some other related themes. The main thing, though, is that we weren't arrested and all evidence is purely circumstantial. And that's the way we'd like to keep things.

**B**Y TURNING a forum for ritual display—a prom—into a ritual sacrifice, the Idiot Teens had shown a perceptive gift for parody of established social norms. When I broached this theory to the group, they agreed heartily: "Call it any excuse you want, Beryl," Sinbad said.

Later, at their behest, I participated in an Idiot Teen tradition and sampled a beertini, as well as a beer 'n' tonic, beer Collins, beerdriver, and brewermaker. As one thirst was quenched, others grew, and I would have been hard-pressed to refuse their invitation to stay in Jerry's Corners to observe the town's annual Oktoberfest, known among the Idiot Teens as the City-Wide Pork Party. And so until then, I remain at the Emperor's Suite, living and interacting with the Idiot Teens, getting to know their world more fully and gathering data which I hope to report on in later installments. ■

## APPENDIX F

Editorial from the Brookhaven Student Paper, *The Tiger's Stripe*

# Stop the Madness

people with bad attitudes and nothing better to do than spoil what was a good time for almost all of the Brookhaven High community (thanks to the guys and gals who went "stag") just can't be allowed to go unpunished.

On the other hand, while suspicion may center on Clark High and perhaps a few people there in particular, it's wrong to point fingers, even if Queen Jayne Mahoney thought she did recognize the voice of one of them. Speaking of which, let's make sure to give a big "Tiger's Roar" to Queen Jayne and King Brent Scott I when you see them.

In conclusion, we hope the administration takes steps to ensure better security at future Brookhaven High proms, and we hope that the "idiots" who perpetrated it are properly dealt with. Until then, gang, chin up and "GO, TIGERS!"

It's always tragic when the fun of many is ruined by the irresponsible actions of a few. But such exactly was the case at the Tiger's Paw Prom last weekend. The nasty actions of a few "unidentified" (but they know who they are... we think)

# SAM deGROOT

ONE OF ONLY 38 PRIVATE DETECTIVES IN THE FREE WORLD IN A COMA

WHILE ON THE TRAIL OF THE MASTER CRIMINAL BARON DOMINUS, SAM IS STRUCK FROM BEHIND AND NOW LIES PARALYZED AT CITY HOSPITAL, UNABLE TO SPEAK...

DR. UGATTI, CHIEF OF COMATOLOGY, FINDS THAT SAM CAN COMMUNICATE BY BLINKING HIS EYES

WOULD YOU LIKE SOME WARM MILK BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP, MR. deGROOT? BLINK ONCE IF YOU DO...



SO, deGROOT, YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! WELL, I'LL MAKE SURE I FINISH THE JOB THIS TIME! SO IF YOU HAVE ANY LAST BLINKS YOU'D BETTER BLINK THEM NOW WHILE



IT'S BARON DOMINUS, THE MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL SAM!

VISITING HOURS ARE OVER, SIR.



CURSES!

YOU'RE BLINKING, MR. deGROOT, ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING?



BOTH EYES! SOMETHING IS WRONG—I'D BETTER CALL DR. UGATTI!



...HMMMM...MR. deGROOT, ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCE BLINKING IN MORSE CODE? BLINK 3 TIMES IF YOU ARE...



ONE-TWO-THREE! YOU ARE!



I DON'T KNOW MORSE CODE MYSELF, BUT MY COUSIN GORDIE DOES, HE'S A LICENSED AMATEUR RADIO OPERATOR.



**GORDIE IS SUMMONED FROM HIS JOB AT WENDY'S**

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MORTON & GAY

BLINK YOUR MESSAGE, MR. deGROOT—READY, GORDIE?



READY!

...HOLD IT, MR. deGROOT, SKIP THE DATE AND TIME. JUST BLINK THE BODY OF THE MESSAGE.



...YEP...GOT IT...YES... YES...RIGHT, RIGHT... OKAY—END OF MESSAGE.



"THE JAPANESE HAVE FIRED ON FT. SUMTER!"

OH, MY GOD—AGAIN?!!



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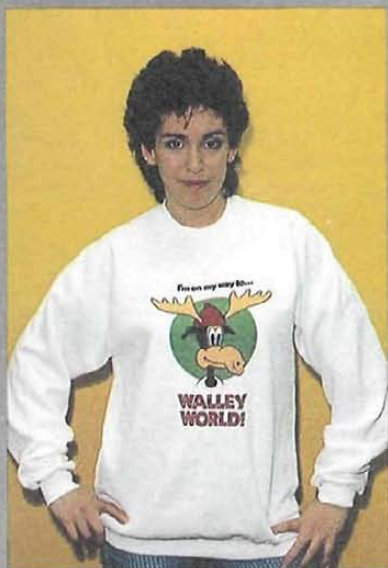
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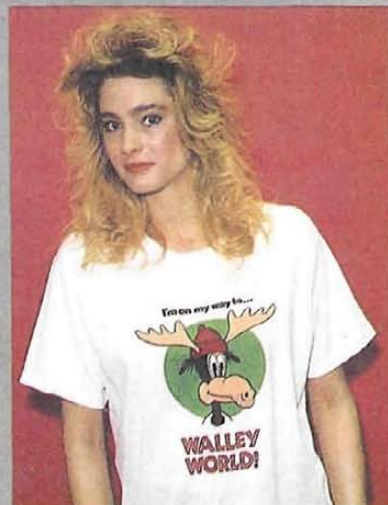
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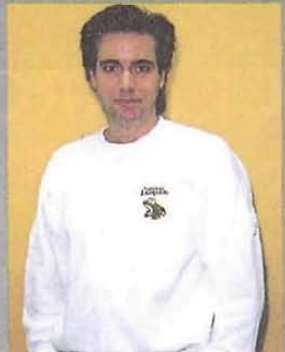
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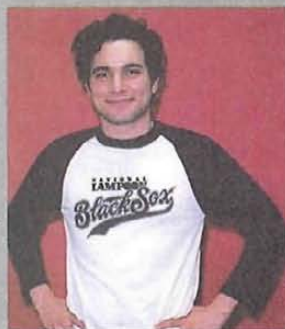
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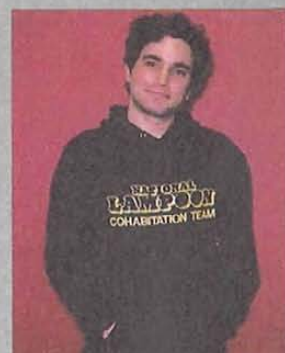
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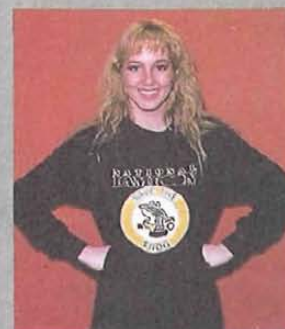
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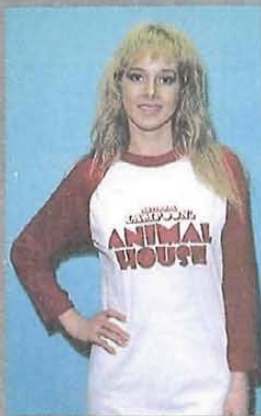
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- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High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

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# TROTS AND BONNIE



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## Earl's Biceps

continued from page 45

to admit, I got caught up in the excitement pretty fast, what with the screaming and the fire and all.

Fat Mr. Darl stood up before the crowd on the gazebo and shouted instructions through a megaphone. He warned us to be wary of Earl's tricks, like the one he pulled last year, when he ran with the crowd for nearly three hours, shaking a club and wearing a false nose and glasses, before someone finally recognized him. "Don't be fooled!" Mr. Darl bellowed.

When we at last left, charging through the park and into the woods on the edge of town, I was so excited that I thought I'd pee my pants. Never in my life had I been part of a bloodthirsty mob, although once in fifth grade I did join a group of other boys who were playing bull-in-the-ring with weak and myopic Sherman Leswing. We pushed Sherman from one side of the circle to the other, and when his glasses fell to the cement and rough Billy MacElroy stomped on them, I let out such a savage laugh that even I was startled.

My father ran a few yards ahead of me, whirling his bat over his head and howling like a banshee. I tried to match my pace with his but I would consistently lose

ground whenever I had to backtrack, fighting the onrushing crowd each step, and retrieve my mallet head. We had run through the woods like this for an hour when the pack suddenly veered to the right. Apparently someone had spotted Earl running on the fringe of the group, wearing a silver plastic wig and a Sirloin Stockade nametag that said *Hi! My Name's Rolf*.

"There he goes!" someone shouted, and even though I personally couldn't see beyond the torches and heads before me, I was told that Earl had hurdled a fallen tree and disappeared into the dense undergrowth near Pfeifer's Creek. "We got him now!" said a skinny and awkward boy running next to me. He was carrying an opened Boy Scout knife, and every so often he would whip it about in the air—as if slicing up an invisible attacker—and make swishing sounds with his mouth. When he turned to smile at me I saw that he was toothless and that he had an enormous fur-covered birthmark on his throat. "We got him now!" he said.

And we did. Or rather everyone else did. By the time I got to the edge of the water where the lead members of the group—the fair-haired boys of Swallowville's athletic programs—had tackled him, there wasn't much left. The frenzied mob had kicked and bludgeoned Earl viciously, this despite a last paltry ruse: he had held a stiff and

slender mannequin's arm out from his left side and repeated "Can you direct me to the metro?" even as his attackers crashed upon him.

I did walk up close to see his body, though. It lay broken and bloody in the weeds, the biceps still large, but not nearly the size it had been in June and July, when its width could take up most of a good-sized window sill.

I stared at Earl for quite a while, and I felt the wind pick up, come suddenly and sharply from the north, and I knew that winter was on its way, that my evenings on country roads with Norma Sue Schmidtberger were over, and that I'd no longer hear my mother scream in the night or my father rush out the front door in his boxer shorts. As I stood down by the creek's edge, the crowd breaking up and heading for home, I already missed the girls in their cutoffs and tube tops, walking before the shop windows with their long and brown legs, inviting reckless boys like me to slip between them.

I knew that Earl could not be dead, not really dead. Beneath his ragged chest there had to be the faint beating of his heart, just enough to allow him consciousness and then strength to crawl back to his house, where he could recuperate and do curls with his left arm until winter had spent its force. ■

## War Stories

continued from page 16

where in the bowels of a tall building of a world-famous cult are photographs of my brother with dogshit in his hand and a huge smile on his face.

That was pretty exciting. I'd never been the object of a smear campaign before. The upside is we figure we can get a screenplay out of the experience. We're hoping to get John Travolta to play the part of the beleaguered *National Lampoon* editor. It could give his career the shot in the arm it needs.

It's a sad commentary when li'l ol' guitar pickers like me are badgered by rich bullies wrapped in a shroud of arrogance and self-righteousness. And all of this because we made fun of their sacred beliefs. But they didn't have the guts to fight fair. They could have defended themselves in one of their numerous publications. But no, that would have been practicing freedom of speech, not to mention freedom of the press. They had to wreak revenge through underhanded lies and insinuation and badgering and intrigue. It's interesting that such a powerful organization is so insecure that it feels threatened by some caustic ridicule in a humor magazine.

But enough of this. We *are*, after all, a humor magazine, and I've regressed into an area some might describe as serious. "Liv-

ing is easy, comedy is hard," someone once said. Do you know how difficult it is to be funny on demand? I'd tell a joke, but I can't remember any. I'm a musician, not a comedian. So I'll sing a song I've just written about moving from L.A. back to New York. It's in the key of E if you'd like to play along.

### LOST IN L.A.\*

*I was listenin' to music this morning  
Simple three chord songs  
It's something I always turn to  
When things are goin' wrong*

*Maybe it's the state of California  
Maybe it's my state of mind  
But so far I just ain't found  
What I came out here to find*

### CHORUS:

*I'm so far from my homeland  
Three thousand miles away  
Stuck in Hollywood, removed from  
reality  
Lost in L.A.*

*I thought that I would rest up  
I thought I'd get some sun  
But stuck in traffic on a freeway  
Ain't my idea of havin' fun*

*Got a sunburn that won't quit me  
Smog flowin' up my nose  
A girlfriend at the airport  
Sellin' Jesus in a rose*

### CHORUS

*I ain't gonna read your script, man  
I ain't gonna cut no deal  
I ain't gonna take a lunch, dude  
I ain't gonna kiss your heel*

*I'm goin' back to New York  
The land of noise and dirt  
Where it snows at Christmas like it  
should  
And a man can walk to work*

### CHORUS

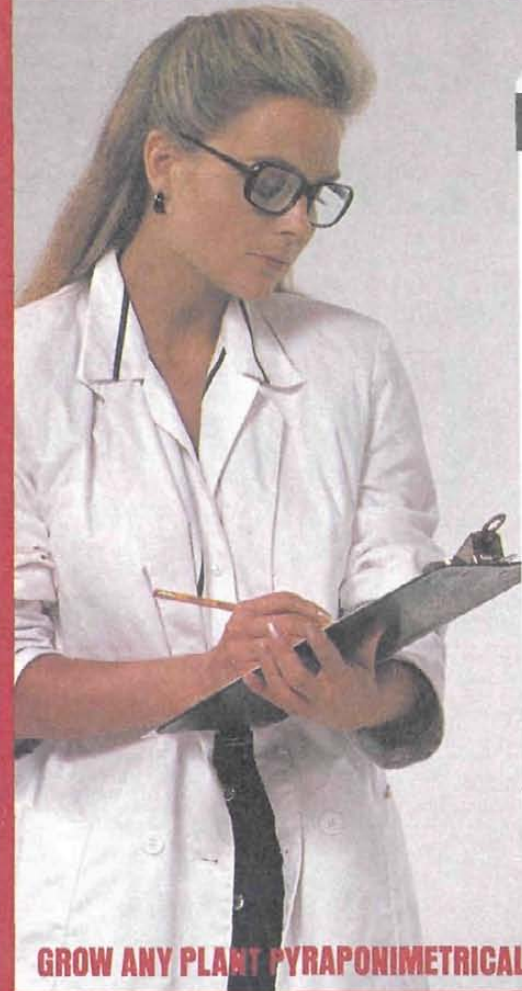
And here I am, back in the city that never sleeps. Sometimes life really feels like one big war story: dodging bullets, land mines, and syphilis. As much as I dread writing my obligatory column every bimonth, it serves to remind me that I've survived another battle. Life's been a trial of apartment hunting, tax paying, tumultuous love affairs, career confusion, cultural and social upheaval, a thoroughly frightening uncertainty about the future, and a deadline that has to be met every other month.

But I'll be damned if I'll let it bother me. I'll be there on the front line with guitar under one arm, typewriter under the other, resolve in my eye, and tongue in my cheek, ready to defend all that is right and good and nice and hip and reasonably attractive.

And, to quote my hero Maxwell Smart, Agent 86, loving it. ■

STATE OF THE ART IN BIOTECHNOLOGY

# PHOTOTRON



**GROW ANY PLANT PYRAPONIMETRICALLY**

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**AS SEEN ON THE BBC'S  
TOMORROW'S WORLD**

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 re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS? In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact, you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact, have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And, in fact, YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN. Look, the only thing I 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 (36 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you. The Phototron II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different. In fact, you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed. And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 ounces every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination. I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You receive simple, step by step instructions. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE, you will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it. Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You 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



OPAQUE WHEN OFF  
CLEAR WHEN ON

| PHOTOTRON      | NONE         | 12                  | YES                    | YES                    | YES                   | YES                    | YES                                                      | YES                        | YES | YES |
|----------------|--------------|---------------------|------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----|-----|
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Stories from  
**UNCLE KUNTA**



By B.K. Taylor © 1987

MOLLY AND TODD HAVE COME TO VISIT UNCLE KUNTA, THEIR FRIEND AND MENTOR. THIS TIME THEY'VE BROUGHT ALONG A BOOK FOR HIM TO READ. LET'S JOIN THEM IN HEARING THE STORY...



CAN YOU READ THIS BOOK, UNCLE KUNTA? IT'S CALLED 'ROBINSON CRUSOE.'

WHY SHO' ILL READ YOU DIS BOOK. ITS A GOOD ONE!



WELL, LET'S BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING—ONCE UPON A TIME DERE WAS DIS CRUISE SHIP—YOU KNOW, CARNIVAL CRUISES OR SOMETHIN'—YOU KNOW, DA ONE DAT WHITE CHICK IS ALWAYS YAKKIN' ABOUT ON TV? WELL, ONE DAY IT HIT A ROCK OR SOMETHIN' AND THE ONLY ONE TO MAKE IT TO THE ISLAND WAS ROBINSON!

OH, ROBINSON WERE DERE AWHILE, SEE, SO HE MADE HISSELF CLOTHES OUT OF ANIMAL SKINS AND LIKE DAT—WELL, BELIEVE YOU ME, HE LOOK DA FOOL IN 'EM!



IT WAS A GOOD THING HE WAS ALONE, 'CAUSE DID ANYONE SEE HIM DRESSED LIKE DAT DEY WOULD LAUGH DEMSELF SILLY! SHO' ENOUGH, ONE DOES—DIS BLACK DUDE WHO BE DRESSIN' FINE!



AND HE SAY...

'WOOOEEE, WHO BE YO' TAILOR, BULLWINKLE? HUK HUK!



I BEG YOUR PARDON? MY NAME IS ROBINSON CRUSOE, AND I'LL CALL YOU FRIDAY!



WHAT Y'ALL MEAN, YOU CALL ME FRIDAY! WHAT, YOU GOT A PHONE OR SOMETHIN'?

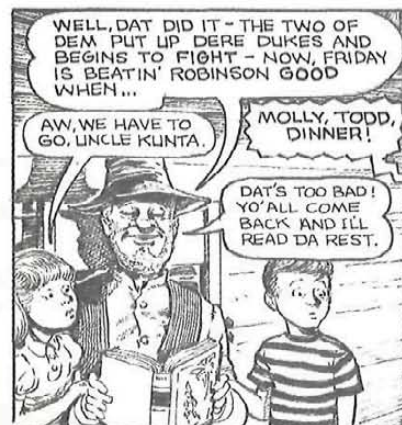
NO, I'LL CALL YOU FRIDAY! IN OTHER WORDS, GIVE YOU A CHRISTIAN NAME.

I GOT A NAME, THANK YOU—IT'S TYRONE—BUT SINCE YO' LIKE NICK-NAME'S SO MUCH YOU CAN CALL ME FRIDAY AND I'LL CALL YOU—LET'S SEE... WHAT WITH THAT FUNNY HAT, I'LL CALL YOU PINHEAD! Y'ALL COULD OPEN UP A BEER CAN ON THAT HEAD!



I DON'T CARE FOR YOUR ATTITUDE, FRIDAY. KNEEL DOWN AND LET ME PUT MY FOOT ON YOUR HEAD, YOU'LL BE MY SLAVE.

YOU PUT YO' FOOT ON MY HEAD AND I'LL PUT MY FIST IN YO' FACE !!



WELL, DAT DID IT—THE TWO OF DEM PUT UP DERE DUKES AND BEGINS TO FIGHT—NOW, FRIDAY IS BEATIN' ROBINSON GOOD WHEN...

AW, WE HAVE TO GO, UNCLE KUNTA.

MOLLY, TODD, DINNER!

DAT'S TOO BAD! YO' ALL COME BACK AND I'LL READ DA REST.



THE CHILDREN DEPART IN HASTE, HOPING TO RETURN AGAIN SOON.

YO' ALL COME BACK SOON, HEAR? OOPS!

I GOT TO GET DAT FIXED!



OWW! I THINK HE DID THAT ON PURPOSE!

YEAH! AND HE HAD THE BOOK UPSIDE DOWN! I DON'T THINK THAT'S THE WAY THE STORY GOES.

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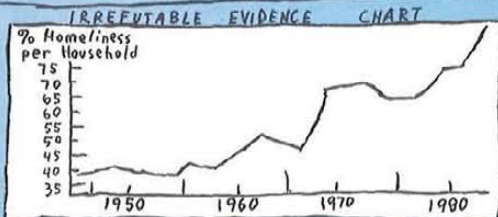
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# Docu-Comics

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THIS GREATEST COUNTRY ON EARTH OF OURS HAS SEEN THE SUDDEN, SHARP GROWTH OF A TRAGIC SOCIAL BLEMISH, TRULY A NATIONAL SHAME. WE ARE REFERRING, OF COURSE, TO THE EVER-WIDENING PLIGHT OF THE HOMELY.

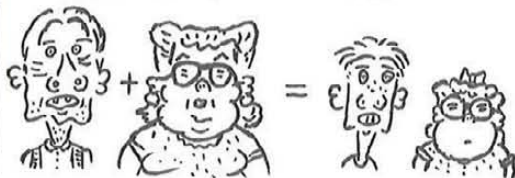


IN THE POLITICAL ARENA ACCUSATIONS HAVE BEEN BANDIED ABOUT SUGGESTING THAT THE POLICIES OF THE RECENT ADMINISTRATION HAVE ONLY SERVED TO EXACERBATE THE PROBLEM, MAKING IT HARDER TO COME BY DECENT, AFFORDABLE FASHIONS.



AND JUST WHO IS AT RISK OF BECOMING HOMELY? CAN IT HAPPEN TO ANYONE?

STUDIES SHOW THAT HOMELY CHARACTERISTICS ARE MOST OFTEN PASSED ON GENETICALLY. CHANCES ARE GREAT THAT CHILDREN OF HOMELY PARENTS WILL THEMSELVES BE HOMELY.



IT'S A CYCLE THAT THREATENS THE HANDSOME FAMILY UNIT.

THIS IS NOT TO SAY THAT IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO ANYONE. HOMELINESS KNOWS NO ECONOMIC OR ETHNIC BARRIERS. IF THE PRESENT RATE CONTINUES AMERICA MAY SOON HAVE A PERMANENTLY UNDERDRESSED UNDERCLASS.



OF COURSE, PART OF THE PROBLEM LIES IN THE SHORTAGE OF RELIEF AGENCIES AND CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS THAT COULD HELP TO GET THE HOMELY OFF THE STREETS AND INTO DARK, SECLUDED CLOSETS WHERE THEY BELONG.



SO WHAT ARE THE ALTERNATIVES? MORE GOVERNMENT SUBSIDIES? PERHAPS MORE INVOLVEMENT FROM THE RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY.

The Lord loves you no matter how homely you are.



ONLY WHEN THE ENTIRE COMMUNITY IS WILLING TO FACE THIS PROBLEM, WHICH RUNS SKIN-DEEP, WILL THERE BE THE TOLERANCE AND SUPPORT NEEDED TO REASSIMILATE THE HOMELY BACK INTO SOCIETY WHERE THEY CAN MAKE A PHYSICALLY APPEALING CONTRIBUTION TO THE OVERALL ATTRACTIVENESS OF OUR GREAT NATION.



## Summer Fun

continued from page 54

time of your life. Pimps have the best parties in town. The girls are the finest—not the trash that work the streets. The drugs are first-class and so is everything else, including the best Chinese takeout food in the city.

### The Fruit-Picking Circuit

#### Sun Belt

#### All summer

The fruit pickers of America are a kind of gypsy tribe, traveling from one state to another, picking the lush fruits and berries of each season. Fruit pickers are an exotic combination of melancholy and exuberance, sadness and passion. Above all, fruit pickers love to party. At night, when the labor is done, they gather around their campfires and sing the old songs, the songs that their fruit-picking fathers sang and their fruit-picking fathers sang before them. They sing, dance, and drink their own fruit wines, made only a day earlier, so they're still raw and powerful.

Everyone smells sweaty and earthy, but also of fresh blueberries, peaches, plums, or grapes. The party never stops until everyone has been laid. (The most tempestuous ones are the cherry pickers. You can Freudianize that one if you want, but why bother?)

This is party fun at its grittiest and cheapest. Just put in a good day's work in the orchard and join the fun later that night!

## HOT SPOTS: ABROAD

### Spider Eating

#### Tijuana, Mexico

#### June

The new craze that acts as a stimulant to get a party going. You swallow a few spiders—small, cute ones, not the big, hairy monsters. It's done with a shot of tequila and a wedge of lime (the drink is called "Kiss of the Spider Woman"). In a second your stomach feels like someone is kissing and blowing it. It's the spiders trying to stay alive as your digestive tract slowly eats

them. They crawl, kick up a fuss, and tickle the hell out of you, giving you a sensual thrill that is hard to describe but works especially well on women. After a couple of spiders and a shot of tequila, women are ready to attack men on the streets.

### Egg Clubs

#### Tokyo, Japan

#### May to October

The most erotic of the new Oriental clubs. Beautiful Japanese women practice the art of sitting on raw eggs and swallowing them up their anuses without breaking them. You will also see other egg-swallowing feats that add a new dimension to body control. Tricks are done with poached and sunny-side eggs, omelets, and eggs Benedict. As you enter these clubs (called "Shibo-Shibo") you are given a number. If your number turns up on one of the eggs used in a trick, you are entitled to the girl, free. Shibo-Shibo clubs are found all over Tokyo and are now spreading to Hong Kong, Macao, and the entire Pacific Rim.

### Handjobs

#### Budapest, Hungary

#### Year round

The home of some of the most beautiful women in the world. The women of Budapest, especially the older ones, are famous for their stroking. No one strokes a man's body (and his mind) as skillfully as Hungarian women. Remember the Gabor sisters? Their secret is *not* a secret in Budapest, the center of the handjob, or *kaprikashki* in Hungarian.

Everyone in Budapest goes to the *kapri*, the coffeehouses where the beautiful ladies sit and stroke them to pieces. You enter a *kapri*, order a drink and a plate of cookies

or a pastry, and a beautiful older woman sits at your table and talks to you in charming Hungarian-accented English. She is exquisite, dignified, vivacious, beautifully dressed, and perfumed. And as you get to know each other, her hand is deftly resting on your lap under the table, doing the most delicately bizarre things you ever felt.

It's a good thing to bring a little gift for the lady—a pair of Calvin Klein pantyhose or some good Belgian chocolate (no Hershey bars, please!). Stroke ladies love little gifts. *Kaprikashki* is the civilized way to be pleased, while enjoying a fine coffee and a brandy, and a good way to meet the finest people in Hungarian society.

### Rampant Sex

#### Odessa, Russia

#### Year round

This teeming seaside city is where you'll find love, Russian-style. Single girls (*pletki*) outnumber the men sixteen to one. The girls are desperate for male companionship and will do anything to get it. Sexual offenses in Odessa are committed almost exclusively by women. Exhibitionism, rape, kidnapping for sexual imprisonment, and open solicitation are common. Your wildest fantasies will come true in Odessa.

The only question is: how desperate are you? Almost all of Odessa's *pletki* are ugly. Not homely, but deep-down ugly. A girl with a mustache and a mole on her face is considered beautiful. Some men, especially Russians, have developed a taste for Odessa women. They are best handled after you've had a quart of vodka.

### Kuki Week

#### Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia

#### July 10–17

The Fort Lauderdale of Eastern Europe. Don't miss Kuki Week, when *kuki*, the blue beer of the region, is brewed fresh and everyone gets incredibly drunk and does the strange Yugoslavian customs—kicking you in the stomach, picking your nose, and rubbing your buttocks with mustard. Yugoslavians are obsessed with crude practical jokes and physical humor. The most fun of all are the Wet Overcoat Contests on the beaches. Big, lusty Yugo women wear thick, hairy wool overcoats that cling to them like glue as they parade around for the judges and the prizes. Yugo men have discovered electric wheelchairs and race around the city in them, banging them into each other like little cars in an amusement park. Rent a wheelchair and join the fun. ■



A *kaprikashki* goes well with any meal in Budapest.

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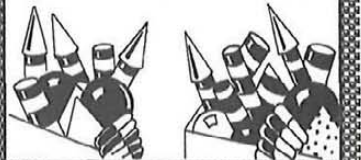
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nous mustardy moisture out of your bunion pads until my gums bleed. Or we could just go out to a movie if you want. Box 745V.

**MAN WITH A LOT ON HIS MIND** seeks a woman with a lot in her trousers, a keister so massive and weak she can barely make it twitch even with all its underlying apple-muscularity; I want a heinie that conveys 35-year-old worldliness and experience but exhibits the adroitly sculpted workmanship of a 19-year-old one; I want pasty flesh tones and downy fat hairs and I want to bully the plush upholstery of your butt cheeks with my thumbs as I dilate the veal-trimmed furrow of your womanhood with my hot venous auger and enjoy Johnny Carson's first guest; and if you're lugging around this sort of tuchis I love you from here and I beg you to use it on me. Box 329M.

**MY CAR IS IN THE SHOP AND MY SHORTS SMELL LIKE GROUPEUR,** but you'll never see a more joyous glow than the glow I glow when you purse your lips (as if with a drawstring) and unfurl your knockers (as if with a venetian-blind cord) and tell me that you're mine all mine. I'm one boner jockey with rubber sinuses and a prostate like a pony keg, and I happen to know that once you try genitals parmigiana the way I make it, you'll never crave another. Box 547P.

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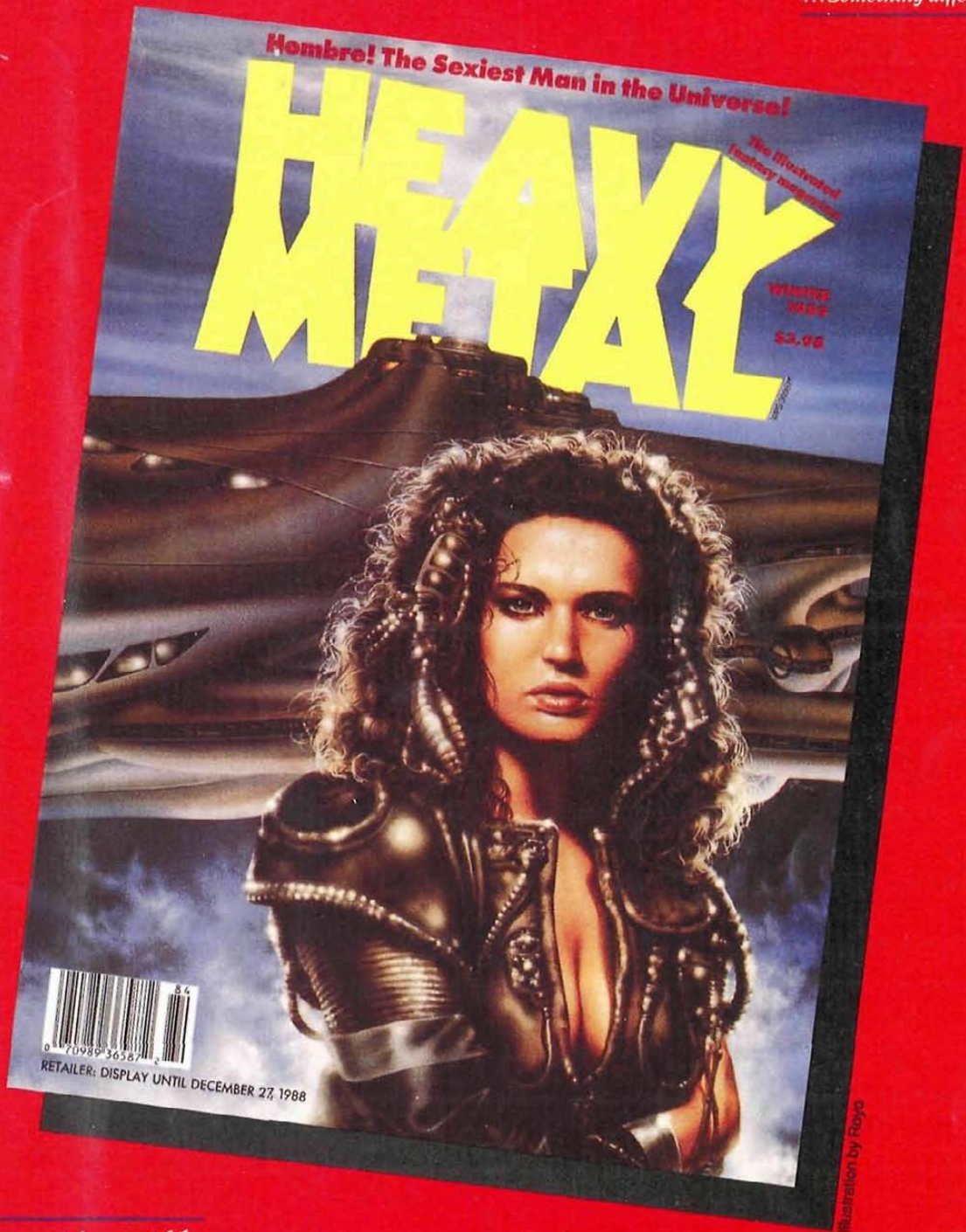
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