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# NATIONAL LAMPLOON

THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

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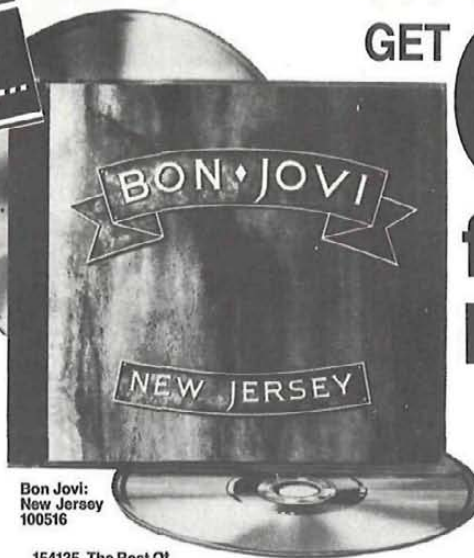
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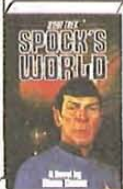
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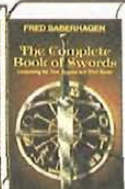
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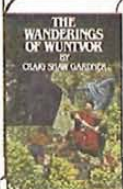
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# EDITORIAL

**T**HIS ISSUE IS LARGELY DEVOTED to music and to True Facts, so let's talk about the conjunction of the two:

It is a True Fact that the world's most handsome, personable, and virile archaeologist or accountant will have a wife who is maybe pretty but probably a little dumpy and unglamorous; it is also a True Fact that when cadaverous Car Ric Ocasek lays him down to sleep the fullness of Paulina Porizkova's breast will fill the hollow of his cavernous cheek.

And although fabulously wealthy and handsome (albeit weaselly) Donald Trump is married to a woman who's attractive by most standards, she is a cold, wilted forsythia compared to any of the cupcakes who have splashed down on Rod Stewart's waterbed.

And just compare the wife of handsome, intelligent, successful, famous dynamo principal Joe Clark with the bedmates of Mick Jagger, a guy who would be regarded as mutantly hideous if he were some schmo working at a car wash.

And then there's Billy "Kermit" Joel and Christie "Men Would Chew Her ABC Gum and Eat Her Kleenex and Swab Out Her

Chamber Pot by Hand" Brinkley.

And of course with the trickle-down theory this has affected us all. Try and tell me it hasn't happened to you: you put on your sportiest shirt, wash your car, and shave down your zits for a big date with a real, REAL hot chick you've been pining for for ages. You spend a LOT on dinner, with her hardly touching the lobster in caviar gravy she ordered, but so what—things are moving along REAL well. Then she tells you she's not ready to go home yet—how about catching a little music at a local club? So you put your "nightcap" angle on hold, figuring this'll count as foreplay, especially with a twelve-dollar cover. She is one HOT tamale! You feel great, look your best, and she appreciates it. She LIKES you! Then the band comes out, and they're lousy and loud and just horrid—and all of a sudden it's like you're losing your connection with her, losing the thread, and it's because her heart has been captured by some mangy, scuzzy, stringy-haired fucker of a musician with a knobby nose and pot eyes, weak and skinny, hasn't washed in weeks, ingrown pimples galore, sleeps in his car, and he mesmerizes her, makes her forget you're alive. She says she should go up and talk to

him because he looks like a guy her fourth cousin went to grammar school with. Your night's shot, because even if she doesn't flat-out go home with him, he'll be whom she talks about or, if you're luckier, merely becomes preoccupied with when she treats you like she's a thousand miles away. And while she disapproves of cigarettes enough so that you kept your breath clean for her all night, now she's bumming a cigarette from him. Perhaps the beat of the drums or the guitar's strums make the womb molecules regroup or something, the way when you're talking to Ratso and he's attentive till somebody walks by with a plate of chiles rellenos and then his brain dilates and you're yesterday's papers. Anyway, back to the girl—all that anticipation, preparation, and hard work, and all you have to show for it is an acrid lump in your throat and a sad lump in your trousers, and the worst of it is the musician is probably too stoned to know how lucky he is, or remember how lucky he got.

Other True Facts about music: people just love to whine, incessantly, endlessly, about how music used to be great but it sucks now. Contemporary movies are rife

*continued on page 10*

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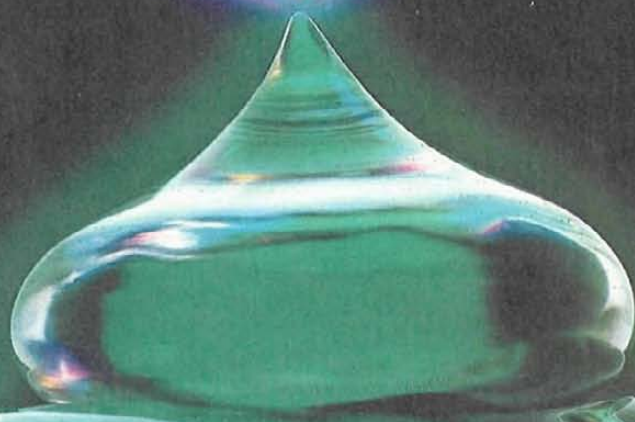
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# LETTERS

Sirs:  
No, no, please, take it easy! Just... just take it easy and maybe we can work somethin' out, all right? Okay, okay, listen, man, listen, you want to get laid? Huh? I can get you laid, I can do that... I can get you albums, man, I can introduce you to Aerosmith, I can give you the keys to that bitchin' four-by-four Bronco over there... Just don't shoot, please don't shoot! Look, LOOK, man, I'm throwing the bow and arrow away! I'm just throwin' it away, it was just a joke, really... WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME!!!

Ted Nugent  
*Looking down the barrel of a chipmunk's magnum*

Sirs:  
Say now, Tommy, why the long face? It's too nice a day outside for a young lad to be so sad. Why, something tells old Crackers there's a girl at the bottom of this!

A Concerned Uncle  
*An old movie*

Sirs:  
Paul Rodriguez hosting *The Newlywed Game*? Oh, man, I had the right idea after all.

Freddie Prinze  
*Repeat Heaven*

Sirs:  
Believe me, he's nothing to sing about.  
The Duchess of Earl  
*Manchester, England*

Sirs:  
Are the rights to that last letter available? I'd love to use it as my next script, fleshed out a bit, of course, maybe with a zany animal or two.

Burt Reynolds  
*Jupiter, Uranus*

Sirs:  
Just a club soda, please.  
And pour it on that girl's T-shirt.  
John Tower  
*Washington, D.C.*

Sirs:  
For those of you who like the *hot stuff*—the Helga Polaroids!

Andrew Wyeth  
*c/o the media*

Sirs:  
The black female is a better talk-show host to begin with, because she's been bred to be that way. This goes back all the way to the Civil War, when the slave owner would breed his...

Interview That Phil Donahue  
Wishes He'd Never Given

Sirs:  
That was no lady—that was my hat!  
Oliver Sacks  
*Just kidding*

Sirs:  
My wife, I think I'll keep her.  
Don Johnson  
*But call me in a week or so*

Sirs:  
Don, Don... can *she* get it for you wholesale like *I* can?

Barbra Streisand  
*Beverly Hills, Calif.*

Sirs:  
The "Dark Avengers"? Nah. "Obsidian Immigrants"? Uh-uh. "African-Americans"? Hm... Hm...

Jesse Jackson  
*Operation PUSH Too Hard*

Sirs:  
If you boys can't come up with a name for yourselves, we've got a few suggestions.

Jesse Helms  
*Crawdad, Ala.*

Sirs:  
Too bad Michael wasn't elected. We would have had one First Lady going, "Say no to drugs," and the next one saying, "I'm trying."

Kitty Dukakis  
*Dryout, Mass.*

Sirs:  
Next, I'm doing a film about an immature, drunken, womanizing filmmaker who destroys his own career making autobio-

## CLEAN FILL WANTED

Have you ever been driving down a highway, seen this sign, and wondered just what, exactly, is CLEAN FILL? Is it dirt, or is it something else? If there is clean fill, is there dirty fill? Is there filthy fill? What qualifies?

If some dirt qualifies and some doesn't, we figured it would greatly benefit our readers if we could offer some assistance in telling the difference—provided here in the form of examples.

What follows, then, are examples of ten things that would never, ever, ever qualify as clean fill. These ten things, frankly, you don't want to know where they're buried.

### Ten Substances That Would Never, Ever, Ever Qualify as "Clean Fill":

1. Divine's scrotum.
2. Keebler elves' pajamas.
3. Every Slinky you ever bought that got impossibly twisted twenty seconds after you got it out of the box.
4. Whatever it is you were thinking about the first time you masturbated.
5. Anything liposucked out of anyone. Ever.
6. Bacteria from Karen Carpenter's lower intestine.
7. Leftover butter sticks from Marlon Brando's refrigerator.
8. Nipple hair clippings from the floor of Heart's tour bus.
9. Charles Nelson Reilly.
10. Remnants of God's first, unsuccessful attempt to invent vaginas.

Kenneth A. Leach



graphical sex comedies. It's actually based on my own life, but I don't think anyone will be hip enough to get it.

Blake Edwards  
*Déjà Vu, Calif.*

Sirs:

I can't believe nobody's figured out that I'm actually Buddy Love from the old *The Nutty Professor* movie.

Morton Downey Jr.  
*Secaucus, N.J.*

Sirs:

Things were great until she turned out the lights, told me to reach out—and honey, I felt something like a deflated rubber ball covered with chitlins!

Little Richard  
*Describing his only time with a woman*

Sirs:

Think about it: if I were alive today, there is quite a good chance I would be writing for *Who's the Boss?* Of course, the Tony Danza character would be in a moral struggle with the society he lives in, but then again, he already is!

Henrik Ibsen  
*The Polo Lounge*

Sirs:

Just think, if I'd been alive in the days of Shakespeare, I'd be scrubbing the shit off the floor of a bearbaiting pit. (But I'd do it funny!)

Neil Simon  
*Between rewrites New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:

C'mon, li'l sister, you done took ol' Hoss for all his li'l chips, so's how 'bout I take you to the Rumpus Room when you get off?

The Ghost of Dan Blocker  
*Mistaking you for a cute blackjack dealer*

Sirs:

Whooooooo, it ain't ever' day I see a woman can take all my weight! Wait! Where you goin'?

The Ghost of Dan Blocker  
*In the parking lot outside*

Sirs:

Hope you like sausage and bacon with yer eggs. . . .

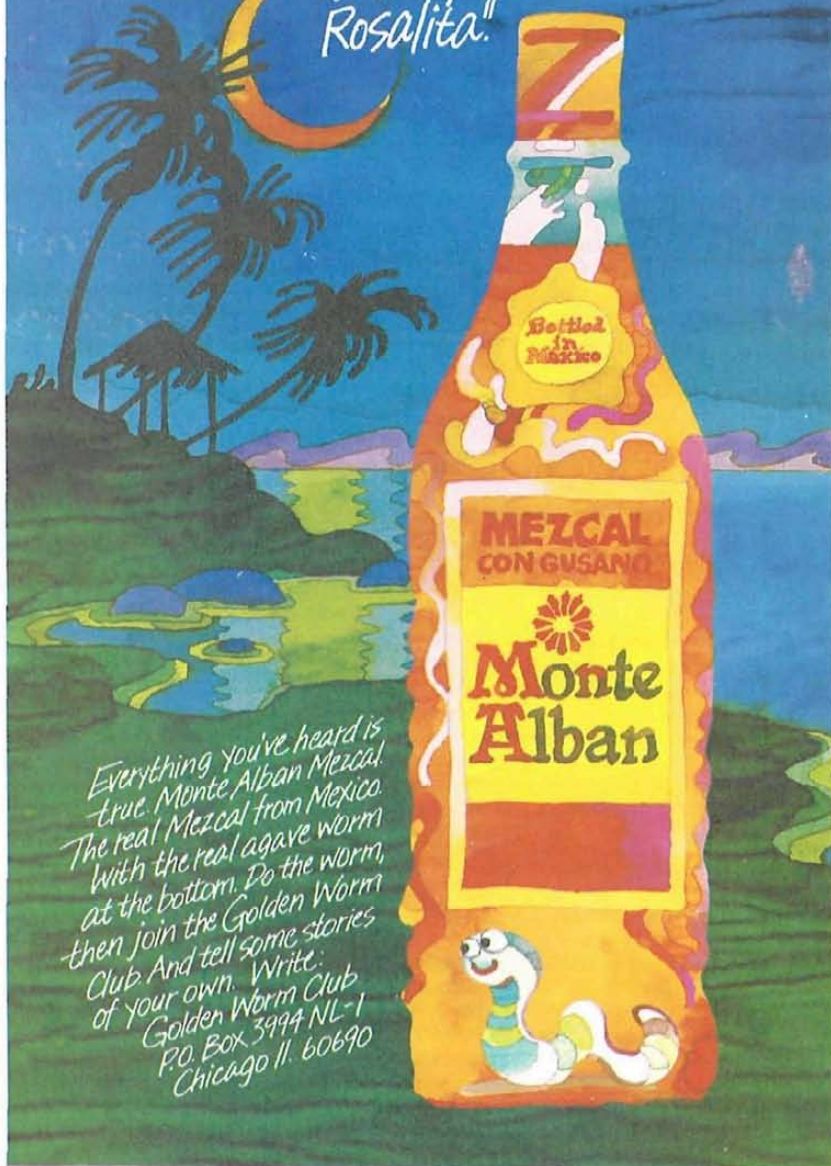
The Ghost of Dan Blocker  
*The morning after*

Sirs:

Do you have any idea. . . Uh. . . ohhhh, you know, the. . . the. . . No, nope, I've completely forgotten what I was going to say.

Anonymous  
*Address withheld*

"What happened  
when he ate the worm,  
he won't tell.  
But days later,  
they say, he was still smiling.  
Calling for greater truths,  
more Monte Alban Mezcal, and  
the fawn-eyed  
beauty  
Rosalita!"



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## LETTERS

continued from page 9

Sirs:

Can I tell you a secret? On the instep side of the big toe on my left foot I have a hideous bunion that ripples with purple calluses and broken blood vessels. To put it in your mouth would be the equivalent of sucking on the red, dripping skin on the crown of a rooster's head.

I hope you enjoy beating off to my next calendar.

Paulina Porizkova,  
Party Pooper  
*No longer grateful for  
what she has become*

Sirs:

Lot of good it does me up here.

John Holmes  
*Heaven*

Sirs:

Now wait a minute, I... I want to get this straight. I have been totally forgotten?

Mike Douglas  
*Holy Angels Home for  
Aging Talk-Show Hosts*

Sirs:

I got a problem I need to talk about. Y'see, I live down the block from Joe Garagiola, an' hey, I'll be the first to admit that Joe's a very nice man, very friendly an' all, but...uh...how do I say this? Uh, now that he isn't doin' the baseball games on the tube no more, well, he just hangs around Dom's barbershop all day. *Every day.* Nine A.M. till closin'.

Now, it wouldn't be so bad if he just sat there an' read a magazine once in a while—y'know, uh, had some *quiet time* or somethin', but Jesus God, every fuckin' second of every day he's yakkin' away like some *dame*, fer crissakes. "Oh, y'know, Yogi used ta say..." an' "The players today they sit out two weeks with a hangnail..." an' all this other crud we already heard on the tube for twenty years!

I'm sorry if I got a little hot there, but

I'm at the end of my dime. Y'see, I like to go into Dom's once a week, have some peace away from the wife, get a nice regular with whitewalls down the sides, same haircut I been gettin' the last forty years, but I just can't do it with that goddamn Garagiola in there.

So, uh, me an' Dom was wonderin' if you knew any way that we could (real quietly, y'understand), uh... arrange to have Joe killed?

Jigs O'Donnell  
*Blarney Stone  
Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Sirs:

While we're just sitting here, would you mind terribly if I bossed you around?

Mary Tyler Moore  
*A park bench, New York City*

Sirs:

Women!

You can't live with 'em, and you can't live without 'em.

Ted Bundy  
*Hell  
continued on page 12*

## EDITORIAL

continued from page 6

with "vintage rock" soundtracks; TV's Murphy Brown, in all her painstaking grooviness, sways her saddlebags to the music of Motown; my very own wife last week complained after seeing the Sears commercial where they sing "Our House" that "they're tenant-farming our nostalgia."

Another reason the world of music is lamer than before is the absence of colorful musician deaths. Even now the only ones who get incinerated in airplanes or drown in their own urine are the old dogs from the golden era. Today's musicians drink mineral water and have stair-climbing machines, and their only chances at death are from getting hepatitis from fresh seafood or a botched liposuction job. Lamentably, white musicians never inspire trappings or stabbings at concerts anymore, and the Satan conjurers who proclaim themselves "rockers" all have hair managers and professional homos to shred their clothes.

Anyway, the magazine and the music and the True Facts:

True Facts editor Mr. John Bendel has assembled a glorious and formidable forty-eight-page insert-tome of The Best of True Facts, and it's a beauty indeed. Full-bodied and flavorful, it's a vintage Bendelian rotisserie, a grand page-kebob of signs, stories, and other miscellany that's not to be missed:

The music section is a mélange of paint-

ings, articles, and essays devoted to that Food of Love itself, including:

The Wandering Dingleberries, written by Ratso and Nick "Dudeface" Bakay, and skillfully illustrated by Alan Kupperberg and Arthur Thompson;

Cornerstone moments in the sometimes glorious, often checkered history of rock 'n' roll, as depicted by six of our fave artists—Jeff Wong, James Bennett, Wendy Grossman, Barry Jackson, Steve Haeefe, and Sara Schwartz, who did the ongoing Victrola;

I'm with the Chamber Ensemble, a parody of Pamela Des Barres's mattress journalism, penned by mellifluous supertramp Pamela Des Puddingpop (and thanks to Buster Garibaldi, Fabien Ardila, and Boyet for looking terrific in tuxes);

James Brown's Inner Monologues, Nick Bakay's spume-of-cognizance tribute to the hardest-working man in prison;

The Three Guys, which marks the return of contributor Michael Corcoran, who vanished out West for a while but happily rose like a phoenix from Ratso's mailbag one Tuesday morning;

And two of our regular columns, War Stories and One Shot, which this month are about musicians by musician/humorists (Michael Simmons and Kenneth Kosek, respectively), two fine fretters who've plied their chords together in the past.

The rest of the magazine is a peach too, with a new fiction piece by Chris Miller, a special exclusive in Yellow Journal in which we print for the first time in any magazine anywhere in the world previ-

ously unpublished memos of Bryant Gumbel in their entirety—and, speaking of the Food of Love, don't miss all the wet T-shirts on page 106.

Let's do lunch soon.

—D.H.

**Cover:** Okay, if you carefully peruse your masthead (and what discerning *NatLamp* reader doesn't?), you'll notice that we have new management, namely Messrs. Tim Matheson and Dan Grodnik. Dan's a Hollywood producer and Tim, his partner (whom you all remember as Otter in National Lampoon's classic *Animal House*), is an actor-slash-producer.

Well, their first mandate to the staff was to "have some fun," so we sat around for a few minutes and thought, What could be more fun than a cover with a stunning young female in a clinging wet T-shirt displaying an ironic feminist slogan across her mammoth chest? A former *Penthouse* Pet in a clinging wet T-shirt displaying an ironic feminist slogan across her mammoth chest, that's what. So we corralled former *Penthouse* Pet and current candidate for *Penthouse* Pet of the Year 1990 Kimberly Taylor. For those of you fascinated by people's ethnic persuasions, Kimberly is part Italian, part German, and part Cherokee Indian (just like Cher!). Anyways, she's all woman, as our cover so lovingly attests.

Kudos to photographer George Bogart, his assistant Clayton, Scott the Stylist from Creative Work Force, and Ronnie Cohen at Vibrations Promotions for making us the T-shirts in record time.

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155 Avenue of the Americas

New York, N.Y. 10013

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



# LETTERS

continued from page 10

Sirs:

Are we lovable? Again?

Stubby Kaye  
Michael J. Pollard  
Ricky Schroder  
*Never-Never Land*

Sirs:

Sure, I'll do another of my "famous dog impressions" to amuse your drunken idiot friends. Here's Cujo, asshole.

Alex the Dog  
*Biting the hand that feeds him*

Sirs:

Who cares if it's from Chile! I hate to toss a perfectly good cucumber!

Helen Gurley Brown  
*Wistfully checking her crisper*

Sirs:

You twisted devil! Only a truly sick mind would think of half-court seats at a Miami Heat game!

Batman  
*Being tortured by  
Jack Nicholson as the Joker*

Sirs:

You know what I *really* hate? Children's portions of Johnnie Walker Red.

Drew Barrymore  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

*Leroux's Adult Videos (Anal Intruders #3, VHS)*  
*Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co. (Diet Pepsi)*  
*Max's Peacock, Ocelot, and Llama Supply* (Grooming supplies [boar-bristle anything])

Hugh Hefner's  
Bridal Registry  
*Chicago, Ill.*

Sirs:

Temperamental?  
Doesn't *every* star have a salt lick in her dressing room?

Roseanne Barr  
*Hollywood, Calif.*

Sirs:

I don't know any of the people in *Vanity Fair*, and I don't get any of the references, but the magazine sure does smell good.

Name Withheld  
*Manhattan*

Sirs:

Build a Chinese girl with big tits, and the world will beat a path to your door.

Russ Meyer  
*Palm Springs, Calif.*

Sirs:

Is this fab or what?! "Dueling Banjos" plays as the opening credits roll. Burt Reynolds returns sans toupee and leg (remember the canoeing accident?) as the tough guy, with Jon Voight (contractual snag) replaced by Peter Allen (what a prince!). The toothless mountain men somehow didn't really die (we'll fix it with a nifty dream sequence or something) but return to the hills as Fuller Brush salesmen. As we embark upon our twenty-year canoeing reunion, we're greeted on the banks of the river by the mountain men, and I, once again, endure the most perfectly fabulous sodomy-in-the-mud ever captured on celluloid! Love it?

Ned Beatty's Treatment  
*for Deliverance II*

Sirs:

Everyone have fun tonight.  
Everyone watch news tonight.  
Wang and Connie Chung  
*On the airwaves*

Sirs:

Now that it's all over I'm going back to writing children's books. Keep an eye out for my future releases, *Billy Bumpkin and the Magic Leg Splint* and *The Big Book of Head Injuries*.

Hedda Nussbaum  
*Cruising biker bars for guys*

Sirs:

You can't say we've tried, but *we're* the lovable minority now!  
¿Have another burrito?

The Hispanics  
*Woody by major advertisers*

Sirs:

If I was gonna make an old lady disappear, *why didn't I choose Ed Koch?*  
David Copperfield  
*Having second thoughts  
about the Statue of Liberty*

Sirs:

But if *you* didn't finish the peanut butter and bananas, and *I* didn't finish the peanut butter and bananas...

Lisa Marie Presley  
*Hearing strange noises  
by the refrigerator*

Sirs:

Sure, anyone could coach the Lakers. But could they *outdress the black players?*  
Pat Riley  
*GQ, Calif.*

Sirs:

It's hard to overact *and* overdirect at the same time!

William Shatner  
*Behind the lens*

## Split Definitives

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MALEFACTOR	.....	Y CHROMOSOME
MANDATE	.....	MALE ESCORT
BRAHMAN	.....	FEMALE IMPERSONATOR
CONTRABAND	.....	NICARAGUAN QUINTET
CRACKPOT	.....	SOMEONE DUMB ENOUGH TO MIX HARD DRUGS
DUNGEON	.....	A VERY LONG AND SHITTY TIME
PANTHEIST	.....	HABERDASHERY HOLDUP
CALAMITY	.....	CALIFORNIA RELATIONSHIP
PERESTROIKA	.....	SHIMON'S THREE-HORSE CARRIAGE
POLEMIST	.....	FOG OVER WARSAW
BULLDOZER	.....	VIEWER OF THE BUSH-DUKAKIS DEBATE
BUSHWHACKED	.....	HOW DUKAKIS FELT BY ELECTION DAY
GLADIATOR	.....	HOW THE CANNIBAL FELT AFTER HAVING THE MISSIONARY FOR SUPPER
PRODUCE	.....	SUPPORTIVE OF MUSSOLINI
SUBMISSION	.....	SINK THE <i>BISMARCK</i>
DAMNATION	.....	BEAVER COUNTRY
DOGMATIC	.....	A POOCH THAT SCOOPS ITS OWN POOP
HEATHEN	.....	BARBECUE CHICKEN
ADAMANT	.....	THE FIRST INSECT
ARCHIVES	.....	WHERE NOAH KEPT THE BEES
HIPPOCRATES	.....	WHERE NOAH KEPT THE LARGE ANIMALS
SYNTAX	.....	REMEDY FOR DEBAUCHERY AND THE DEFICIT

Howard Richler

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		M 704



# WAR STORIES

BY MICHAEL SIMMONS

**I**T FEELS LIKE A MILLION YEARS ago and it feels like yesterday, too. In real time, it was 1976 and I was on top of the world and on the road with my band, Michael Simmons and Slewfoot. Slewfoot, at that point, played an impure hodgepodge that might be described as Psychedelic Western Swing, a style of music that to this day is not the least bit commercial. It was country music with an amphetamine swing beat and heavy-metal bebop guitars.

We were doing a week-long stint at a barn of a bar in a tiny town in Massachusetts. The boss was this overbearing lunatic named Snazzy who, like many area residents, was from Portuguese stock. Snazzy ran everything from the bar to the booking of bands. Our first night I walked into the men's room to find several eight-by-ten glossies of bands stapled to the ceiling. The barmaid explained that when a band gave Snazzy shit, they earned a place on his Ceiling of Shame. We were working six nights at this joint from nine to two A.M.; that's five forty-minute sets in Musician Standard Time. I knew we were in for an interesting experience.

Every five minutes a waitress would hand-deliver a bar napkin to me onstage from Snazzy. On these beer-stained Snazzygrams were instructions like "Too fast," "Too slow," "Too rock," "Too country," "Too loud," "Boring," "Too boring," "Play some Merle," "Don't you guys do any Chuck Berry?," "Get the chick to sing," etc.

"The chick" was this diminutive, hellfire redhead from Marshall, Texas, named Lynn. Lynn had developed her considerable pipes working honky-tonks in Bossier City, Louisiana, a notorious nighttown with a lot more roadhouses than churches. She could sing country and blues with proportionate ease and command. She had a voice like a Texas blue norther rattling through an A-frame and almost lifting it from its foundations. She was a belter supreme. She had more soul than any singer I ever worked with. And she was a royal pain in the ass.

Not that she wasn't a decent person. She was, and, I imagine, still is. It can't be easy for a woman to be stuck on the road with five edge-dwelling male musicians, all crammed in a Chevy van with drums and amplifiers and guitars, not to mention our own P.A. But Lynn never let us forget how hard life on the road was for her. Everything came to a head there in Massachusetts, exacerbated by Snazzy and the thousand days of five-set nights that had preceded this gig.

In order to save some bread, the six members of Slewfoot checked into two rooms at the local motel. Skip, Johnny, and Tuzzy got one room and Lester, Lynn, and I got the other. The rooms only had two beds, so, for obvious reasons, Lester and I bunked together while Lynn got a solo.

Trouble started immediately. As soon as we were ensconced in our respective

abodes, I sat in a chair, switched on the tube, and lit a cigarette to unwind from our six-hour journey from New York City.

Lynn started coughing.

Not a real from-the-lungs-type cough, but one of those ersatz throat-clearers designed to impart a message.

I looked up.

"Lynn, is my cigarette bothering you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she replied as she opened every window in the room, replacing the smoke of my cigarette with frosty, late-fall, New England air.

I put out the cigarette. The sound of one toilet flushing came from the bathroom. Lester walked out zipping up his fly. Lynn went in and shut the door behind her. Within two seconds, she came out.

"Lester, would you mind putting the toilet-seat cover down when you're finished using the toilet?" asked Lynn.

Lester looked bewildered. "Well, I wouldn't put it down before I finished using it," replied Lester, trying to make a joke. I laughed, Lynn didn't. I returned to mid-afternoon reruns of whatever was being rerun back then in the mid-1970s. Lynn came out of the bathroom, walked over to the TV, and lowered the volume to somewhere below a whisper.

"Do you mind, Michael?" she asked. "I want to take a nap before the show tonight."

"No, Lynn, I don't mind. I've seen this show before, so I know what they're going to say anyway."

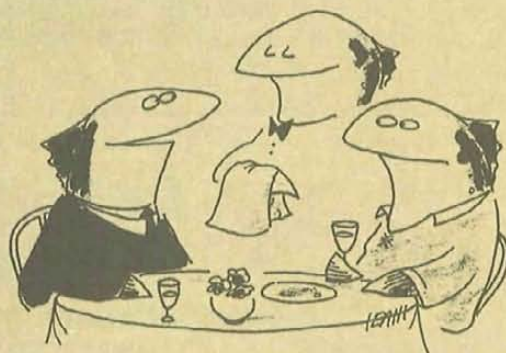
I looked at Lester. We rolled our eyes in unison.

Lynn smiled, evidently taking me at my word. "Good," she said.

The gig that night went from middlin' to shitty. The band was so demoralized by Snazzy's incessant bar-napkin instructions that we played with little zest. Besides, our audience was about seven strong, and only three of them were sober. By the time we got back to the motel, none of us were in the best of moods. And anyone who works at night knows that the last thing you can do when you get off work is go to sleep.

But at three o'clock in the morning in Nowheresville, Massachusetts, there's not a whole lot to do. I lit a joint and Lester

*continued on page 17*



*"The worms were cold, slimy, and somehow disquieting. My compliments to the chef."*

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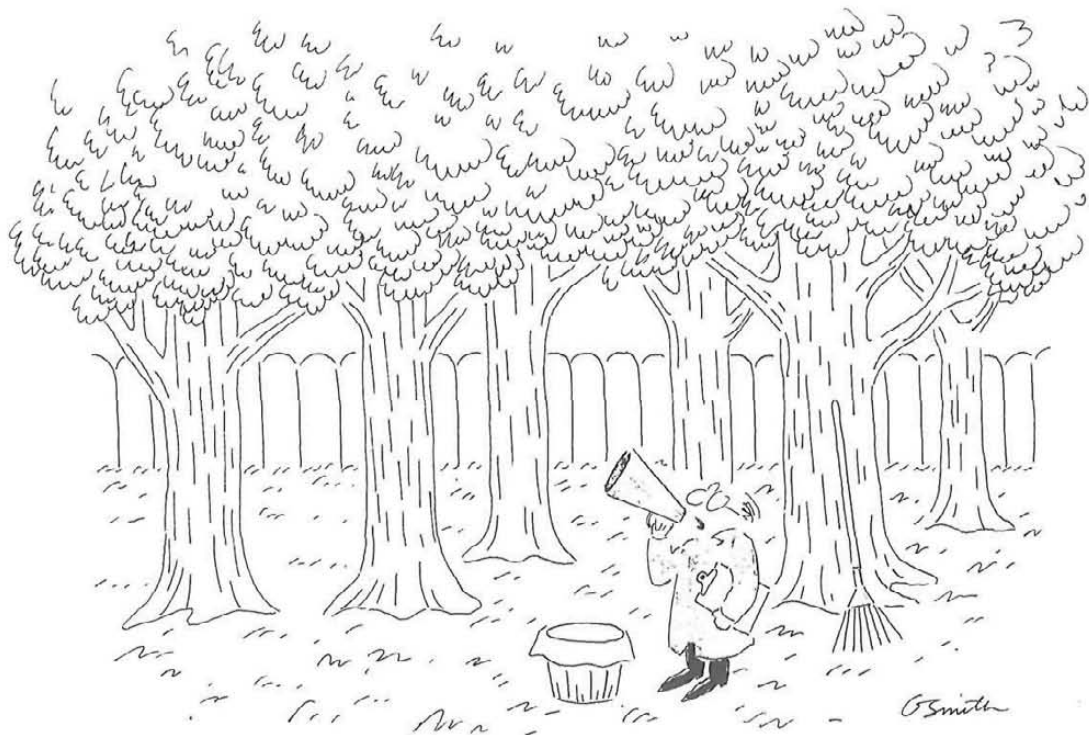
We hope you like it, since we don't plan on making another change for at least the next century.





From the makers of Jack Daniel's...

ATTEMPTING AN ORDERLY CHANGE OF SEASONS



*"Now I'm going to ask each leaf to fall into the can as you hear me call out your assigned number."*





## WAR STORIES

continued from page 14

channel-scanned to see what was on TV. We got one lousy station and they were showing, irony of ironies, a rerun of *The Odd Couple*, the movie with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. Within seconds, Lynn started acting like Felix Unger. Lester and I felt like Siamese Oscar Madisons.

Lynn came out of the bathroom covered from neck to toe in sleepwear. Her chaste appearance was amusing considering that onstage she couldn't seem to keep her breasts inside her blouse.

"What are you smoking?" she asked sternly.

"Cannabis indica, kick-ass Asian weed. Want some?" I offered chokingly, holding the toké in.

"I don't care *what* it is. I've had a long night and I want to get some sleep!" She strutted over to the TV and slammed her hand on the off button. Lester looked startled.

She got into bed and shut off the lights. There were Lester and I, standing in the

middle of the room, fully clothed and in the dark. We fumbled our way into bed. We lay still for a few minutes.

"Hey, Mike," Lester whispered, "remember that time we were playing the Stanbrooke Ranch and..."

"Could you boys please not talk?" asked the little Texan with the big mouth in the bed next to us. Lester picked up a transistor radio from the night table (these were the pre-Walkman days). We lay in bed and huddled around this tiny Japanese soundbox, ears practically kissing, starved for entertainment of any kind.

"Could you boys shut that off? I can't sleep."

We all fell asleep eventually. Speaking for myself, about two and a half hours later.

The next thing I knew, the sun was burning a hole in my retinas. I sat up in bed. Someone had opened the blinds. I looked over at Lester. He was in a similar state of sleep-disturbed shock.

Lynn was standing over us, fully dressed. "It's eleven o'clock. Don't you think it's time for y'all to get up?"

It was time, all right.

Lester and I dressed hastily, jumped in the Chevy van, and found our way to the local Woolworth's. There we made a purchase and jumped back in the van and high-tailed it back to the motel. We entered the

room. Lynn was bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, reading a book. She had all the goddamn windows open again. I went to one and shut it closed and Lester went to the other and shut it closed. We then sat on our bed, pulled out the biggest, fattest, longest, cheapest, smelliest cigars we could find at Woolworth's, and lit them up. We exhaled with such gusto that the little motel room soon looked like a dust devil had hit it.

Lynn was so flabbergasted, she couldn't move. She pretended not to notice at first, but the smoke was so omnipresent that she must have known she was appearing foolish. Finally, she got up to open a window. I leaped up and put my hands over the window frame before she could get to it. "Don't even think about it," I said. My voice was clear and full of resolve, and my sleep-bereft eyes were even clearer.

Lynn sat back down and tried to read her book. I looked over and saw that cute lower lip of hers start to quiver and I knew then what was coming. Within seconds, she let out the wail of a banshee. She certainly was one soulful belter supreme! She ran weeping from the room to the front desk and got herself a single.

There's a moral in this tale somewhere. All I can say is that life is about giving and taking, and if you don't remember that, you may get a lungful of cigar smoke. ■

# To the drinkers of Jack Daniel's.

Our very own, very special recipe for sippin' Jack Daniel's in the summertime.

## JACK DANIEL'S LYNCHBURG LEMONADE

- 1 Part Jack Daniel's
  - 1 Part Sweet & Sour Mix
  - 1 Part Triple Sec
  - 4 Parts Sprite®
- Add ice and stir.  
Garnish with lemon slices and cherries.



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

NATIONAL LAMPOON 17



# WHAT I DID TODAY BY DAN QUAYLE

**H**AD BREAKFAST WITH the Big Cheese today and finally set the record straight—the eggs are runny, the fries fat and mushy instead of thin and crunchy, like at McDonald's, and my milk shake is lumpy. I put it right there on the table and demanded, "So, Mr. President, what are ya gonna do about it?!"

I guess maybe I ran my mouth off more than I shoulda, 'cause he put me on "Millie duty." Millie's his dog and she just spit out a gaggle of dogs. (Is "gaggle" the right word to use with dogs? I know gaggle goes well with elephants, but I'm not sure about a gaggle of dogs. Oh well, trust me, there's a whole bunch of them.) My job is to watch over the puppies and make sure they don't do anything like eat each other, or whatever stupid things puppies do.

All I can say is, it must be pretty darn important, since he took me off my other job, which was... uh... I guess senator.

I don't know much about puppies. You see, I'm a turtle man myself. There's nothing in this world quite so heartwarming as

that special bond of love and friendship known only to a man and his turtle, or, for that matter, a turtle and his man. (In this day and age of affirmative action and women's rights, all I need is to say the wrong thing and alienate the turtles!)

Everything about our little green amphibian friend fills me with joy. The gleeful way it gambols around its pen. The way its smell brings a little touch of the Okefenokee Swamp to my living room. The way its little feet squirm around, doing the turtle dance of death, after it's fallen off the little plastic island onto its back.

Anyway, even though Millie didn't give birth to little turtles, I'll try to bring to the job all the love and affection taking care of the world's most powerful puppies demands. Gee, they are pretty cute. Look at this little fella... C'mere... That's right. Let me just reach down and pick...

OWWOHJESUSCHRISTSHITGOD-DAMNIT!

Millie just bit me.

Boy, is she protective of her kids. Marilyn's that way about our kids also. She once

bit two people, then pissed on them when... Hey, wait a minute. I had ten fingers when I woke up this morning. Where the heck can it... Oh, there it is. One of the puppies is playing with it. Darn, that's my favorite finger, too. I point with it, stick it in my ear when there are loud noises, pick at scabs with it. It is, without a doubt, one of the top three fingers on my hand—that is, if you count the thumb as a finger. Some people consider it something else. I don't know what. A thumb, I guess.

Uh-oh, now another puppy's trying to take my finger away from the first one. Now they're both pulling on it. Maybe if I can just kick the puppies in the head, I can grab my finger back. Let's just see...

Ooops... I think I killed it. Now I'm in trouble. What do I do? I know, I'll stick him under the rug... There we go. Now let me just grab my finger and stick it in my pocket before I forget it. Good. Except for a large lump in the carpet and a pint of my blood spilled everywhere, no one should be the wiser.

Now what do I do? I know, I'll look out the window. What a nice view. Oh, look over there. Someone was just murdered. That makes 1872 people killed in Washington this year.

Lalalalala...

Uh-oh, the blood is dripping down my pants. Marilyn will make me murder victim #1873 if she sees this. I better take them off and burn them. Wait a minute. If I come home without my pants, she might notice. Hmm... I better burn all my clothes.

Let me light this match... It's not catching. Where's that dead puppy? Come here, little dead puppy... OOWWOOWW... Just tripped over the dead puppy. All right, let me put the match to the puppy... OOOOHH... look at it glow! I never knew dead puppies burned so well.

Uh-oh. The drapes are on fire. Oh boy, am I in trouble! OOHHOWWJFHGBEGVHUUBUEBER... Millie just bit me again.

Darn it, anyway! I don't need a brick to fall on my head to know when I'm not wanted! Take care of your darn puppies yourself, Millie! I'll just go home. See if Marilyn can sew my finger back on. Besides, it's getting real hot in here and I don't want to be around when Mrs. Bush comes home. ■







# ONE SHOT YOU ATE MY LOVE

BY KENNETH KOSEK

**I**T WAS 1965, A SOFT LATE-APRIL night, and the Village was still jumping at one in the morning. I had just finished closing the Cafe Wha?, where four of us were researching bottom-shelf California reds and trying to decode Dylan's latest amphetamine message from deep space. I eased into the human traffic flow on Bleecker and began visual sweeps for equally drunk, oppositely sexed music lovers.

Then I saw him. He was march-dancing toward me, an aura of insanity and potential violence cutting a nice swath for him through the crowd. Black shades on a black face seeming to swallow light. He kept checking out the full moon like it was a twenty-four-second clock winding down. Then I heard him. A keening, falsetto chant: "You ate my love, you ate my love like it was candy. You ate my love, but y'all still hungry." I stepped to my left and he stopped, looked at me eye to shade, favored me with a grin, and turned the volume up to earsplitting. "You ate my love," he sang. "You aaaaa-ate mah looove." Smiling like a honky, my heart racing, I sidled passed him onto Sixth Avenue, abandoning my yin quest for a nice lonely cab uptown.

I had been just drunk enough to wake up the next morning with no recollection of getting home, out of my clothes, and into bed. As I spilled cereal, brushed with eye-wash, and poured orange juice into my coffee, my mind was a blank except for a high keening chant looping through the white noise in my head. It was still there when I walked into work, which in 1965 was the offices of Ace High Music Publishing, a second-floor walk-up sandwiched between a sax shop and a sex shop on Broadway and Forty-ninth. Ace High Publishing (and me, for that matter) was the sole property of the Falucci Brothers, Joey and Dom, and a third partner named Al, who apparently never owned a last name. Now, this was before drugs and hair were really selling songs, and the staff at Ace High generally affected pastel polyester and liver spots, spending the afternoons mercilessly slagging successful competitors who caught their eye in *Billboard* and solemnly fumi-

gating the olive-green coffee-stained ambience with White Owl Tiparillos. With one half of one number-14 hit under my belt, I was the office kid, still trying to earn my first liver spot. The baldest, fattest, most liver-spotted and thus most senior partner looked up from a garishly colored *Hit Parade of the Stars* when I walked in. He greeted me with the kind of assaultive filth that passed for camaraderie at Ace High.

"So here's the fuckin' wonder kid who's got his little putz up the fuckin' porthole of contemporary taste. Whaddya got for us kid? Hah? Whaddya got? A hit or what?"

"Hi, Joey," I shot back, smiling like a little putz, my mind spinning its wheels looking for a snappy retort. All it could summon up was "You ate my love." "I think I got something for the Joey Dee album."

"You think, hah, Irving Berlin? Get in there and write something I can sell. Thoughts I can't wipe my ass on."

I walked into the cubicle with the scarred Baldwin spinet and sat down without taking my coat off. After twenty minutes I had "You Ate My Love" on tape. Complete. I knew it was the best thing I had ever written. I brought it into the office Joey, Dom, and Al shared, and put it on their tape machine. Out came the White Owls. Four minutes later they were falling all over themselves, each trying to top the other's praise.

"S all right."

"The chorus needs work."

"It's not a hit but I'll make a couple calls, see if I can place it."

I knew it was a hit and they could place it wherever they liked. I know where I was ready to tell them to place it.

A week later, Al and I were in a studio not far from Ace High, sitting in on the miracle of a Joey Dee recording session. The band was running through the changes of my song, which, as it turned out, had sold itself on the first phone call. Al came over, beaming.

"Kid, I think they're gonna lift 'You Ate My Love' for the single. Ya done good."

He looked like he had my first liver spot ready in a velvet presentation case.

On Forty-seventh Street about an hour later, Lloyd Price was putting a first vocal pass of "Y'all Was Still Hungry" over a nice Don Costa R&B chart.

Two days later, up on Fifty-third, Peter, Paul and Mary were in Warner Bros.' Studio C working the rough edges off a vocal trio on "Hungry Is Your Love." The young A&R man who had composed the song was sitting over a yellow legal pad drawing dollar signs.

Earlier that morning, the engineers at "Megahit Recording Studios" had finished mixing the lush string section into Andy Williams's latest cut: "Hungry Love, Lonely Heart."

Two days after that, I woke out of a dream in which I was parlaying my third Grammy into a sexual encounter with Tuesday Weld. The phone was ringing. It was Dom Falucci.

"So, kid, do we have an exclusive or what?"

"Yeah, of course, always... Uh, who is this?"

"Kid, we had an exclusive. Why're ya hawkin' the only halfway decent thing you ever wrote all over town?"

"Rnnggh?" I shot back.

"I'll tell you fuckin' what, every fuckin' album in the city in the last month has your fuckin' song on it. Whaddya think, you use a different name you can copyright your song twenty times? You're fired. And you're liable for the twenty fuckin' lawsuits you just started."

I looked at the dead receiver for a minute as if it were a talking flounder, put it down, went to the sink, and threw up.

Years later I managed to piece it together from conversations with guys in the industry. Young hacks who were suddenly putting out pure gold, executives who never wrote a lyric hearing hits in their own heads without knowing why, A&R secretaries who miraculously had a way out of the bondage of phone and typewriter. One had seen him by the Brill Building during lunch hour. Others in front of the Apollo Theatre during rush hour. Many others, like me, at night after the late sets let out in the Village. A few are still looking for him. ■



# TRUE FACTS

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

THE *MONCTON TIMES-Transcript* of Moncton, New Brunswick, ran adjacent stories concerning three alleged felons: Robert Silliker, sentenced for possession of stolen goods; Henri Joseph Melanson, charged with assault; and Leo Henry LeBlanc, charged with breaking and entering. In each of the unrelated stories, the subject's nickname was noted: Silliker's was reported as "Bobo," Melanson's as "Boo-Boo," and LeBlanc's as "Baba." (contributed by Nancy Alcox)

PETER GRACE, Chairman of W. R. Grace, made a notable gaffe while speaking at a Knights of Malta dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. "With Ronald Reagan, Cardinal O'Connor, and nine hundred members of the Catholic hierarchy in attendance," reported New York's *Daily News*, "Grace made a short speech in favor of the pro-life/anti-abortion set. He meant to talk about the value of a fetus. What he said instead, however, came out like this: 'Everybody who's for abortion was at one time a feces. And that includes all of you out there. You were once a feces. So we thank you, Mr. President, and now dinner will be served.'"

The *News* noted that "his speech was greeted with applause anyway." (contributed by Bruce J. Paskow)

POLICE IN MEDFORD, Oregon, cited James Richard Shaw, a thirty-nine-year-old truckdriver from Sacramento, California, for reckless driving after his burning truck blocked a highway for three hours.

Shaw was driving a load of

used cars through Oregon when his brakes caught fire as his truck descended from the Siskiyou Pass. Shaw stopped at a rest area and fought the fire with his portable extinguisher, but when that effort failed, he drove the blazing truck for nine miles along Interstate 5 in the hope the wind would blow the fire out. Shaw stopped a second time only when his truck was totally engulfed in flames. *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by Dennis W. Hutchins)

ACTORS AND THEATERGOERS alike were showered with one hundred pounds of pigeon droppings, pigeon bones, and dust that had accumulated in a roof air vent in a theater in Dixon, Illinois, after nearby construction apparently jarred the sixty-five-year accumulation loose. "It was like a dump truck let loose with the stuff," said Danette Dallgas-Frye, a theater concessionaire. The old pigeon droppings became unstuck during a performance of the play *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. *Quad-City Times* (contributed by Rick Reid)

IN ISRAEL, RABBI DAVID Peretz, chief rabbi of Tiberias, revoked the kosher-food license of the Tiberias Club Hotel, claiming "the hotel had sinned and did not deserve a license to serve kosher food."

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, the hotel had allowed "a naked couple to have sex in a helicopter hovering above its pool during a New Year's party." The twenty-minute aerial sex act, watched by guests from their bedrooms, was the main attraction at the celebration, which was sold out. (contributed by Terri & David Os-

tovich)

LOW-SPEED CHASES, IT seems, are breaking out everywhere. For example, Ontario's *Kitchener-Waterloo Record* reported that two inmates from a prison in Drumheller, Alberta, commandeered a garbage truck and crashed through the prison fence. Authorities pursued the lumbering truck for half an hour before finally shooting out its tires.

The *Amarillo Sunday News-Globe* reported that a Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, police car "never left low gear while an officer tried to get a fugitive to stop." The cop chased an old Allis-Chalmers tractor for two miles at speeds of up to fifteen miles per hour until "the driver of the farm tractor pulled onto a

field and fled on foot, leaving behind frozen food, generic cigarettes, beer, and a chain saw."

Meanwhile, just one hundred miles west in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, police arrested Clinton J. Gandy after he stole a forklift from the Overly Manufacturing Company and led officers on a seven-mile-per-hour chase.

However, the most spectacular low-speed chase occurred in California, where Brett T. Barish led police through Los Angeles, Riverside, and Orange counties for four hours before running out of gas in San Diego County. Officers originally approached Barish's 1978 Volkswagen in Malibu because it was moving too slowly. He stopped at first, then pulled away, and the chase was on. Barish never

## Modeling Job of the Year



Who says you need a face to make it as a model? (contributed by Alexis Hanson)

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## TRUE FACTS

exceeded the speed limit while police cruisers followed, "sirens screaming and lights flashing," according to the *Washington Post*. (contributed by David R. Hiller, Mark Zeiger, P. J. O'Malia, and Matt Willis)

FIFTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Roseann Greco recently drew a fifteen-year sentence for the 1985 murder of her husband, Felix, in the driveway of their Long Island, New York, home. She had repeatedly rammed him with their family car.

Greco was found competent to stand trial despite her insistence that she had actually killed Mickey Mouse, the Disney cartoon character, who she believed had taken over her husband's body. *Newsday* (contributed by Andrea Bretscher)

"A SOUTH KOREAN F-5 fighter plane plunged into a populated area in Poryung county, Chung-chong-namdo, killing one person and leaving several houses severely damaged," reported the *Korea Times*, an English-language newspaper. The paper noted that the plane's pilot, Captain Kim Yong-bae, had "ejaculated shortly before the crash to safety." (contributed by Bret Hart)

FROM THE PITTSBURGH *Post Gazette*:

"Jeffrey Johnson shouldn't have been his own attorney at his Delaware trial for a gas station robbery. When he cross-examined a detective who referred to the female gas station clerk as 'the witness' Johnson said: 'Why are you talking about some witness, man? There was only me and her in the store.'" (contributed by Tom Spartis)

THE NIKE SHOE COMPANY shot a commercial in Kenya showing Samburu tribesmen dancing in the company's new hiking shoes. "There are no words until the very end," said the *New York*

*Times* of the commercial. "Then the camera closes in on the one tribesman who speaks, in native Maa. As he speaks, the Nike slogan, 'Just do it,' appears on the screen."

However, one anthropologist claims the Kenyan is not speaking the Maa equivalent of "Just do it." Lee Cronk of the University of Cincinnati says the tribesman is actually saying, "I don't want these. Give me big shoes." (contributed by Rick Sawyer)

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE, datelined Moscow, appeared in the *Athens News*, an English-language newspaper in Greece:

"A plane-load of 176 drunken Soviet conscripts almost caused a disastrous crash by brawling on an aircraft flying them to their military service, a Moscow newspaper said earlier this week.

"The pilot saved his Ilyushin-76 plane by making an emergency landing at Barnaul in western Siberia....

"The newspaper said the exact cause of the fighting was unknown, but the conscripts had been drinking homemade liquor. 'The huge airliner was rocking from side to side, as if it was trapped in air pockets,' it said.

"The newspaper did not say when the incident took place, but it was the second such episode involving the Soviet military to be reported in the Moscow press in recent weeks.

"The weekly *Literaturnaya Gazeta* said that a military transport plane had drifted aimlessly through the sky for more than an hour with its six-man crew all unconscious after a three-day drinking bout." (contributed by Rand R. Malakowsky)

TWO WOMEN ARGUED over the CB radio before agreeing to meet and settle their differences at a Truck Stops of America parking lot in Mesquite, Texas, a suburb of Dallas. During the encounter, however, the two women

began fighting, one armed with a tire iron, the other with a hammer, until both were subdued and treated for cuts and bruises.

The disagreement was over which of them had the biggest bosom. *Abilene* (Texas) *Report-News* (contributed by Brian R. Kelley)

SHREE RAJNEESH, A wealthy guru who once headed a colony in the United States where he acquired an enormous fleet of Rolls-Royces, recently went through a series of name changes in his native India, according to the *Denver Post*.

"The Indian guru, who changed his name to Guatama the Buddha December 26 and shortly after to Zorba the Buddha—saying he was the reincarnation of the founder of the Buddhist religion—announced that he changed his mind about being Buddha when he found living with the austere principles of Buddha's spirit a bit much.

"He added that he exorcised himself of the spirit after it objected to his use of a Jacuzzi."

In the latest round of name changing, Zorba the Buddha once again became Shree Rajneesh. (contributed by Shad Z. Daly)

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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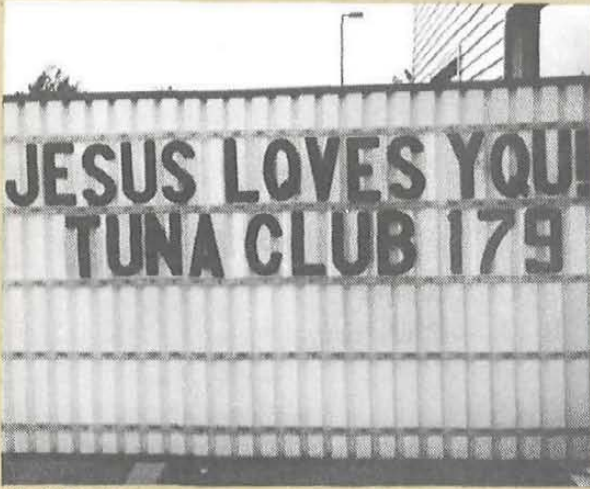
This lamebrained fetus annoyer was advertised, appropriately enough, in *Baby Talk Magazine*, from which it was clipped and submitted by Roxanne Stevens.



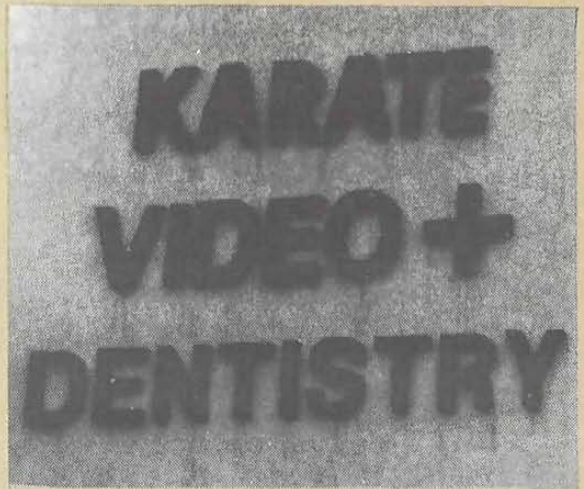
Talk to your baby in utero with the ingenious Pregaphone. Send \$15.20 (CA residents add 9% sales tax) to Pregaphone, P.O. Box 6252, Ventura, CA 93006 or call (805) 644-5073.



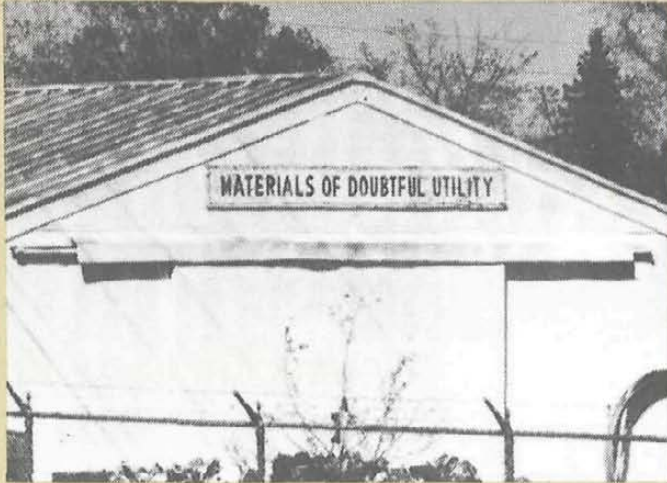
# SIGNS OF THE TIMES



Wendy Cowden



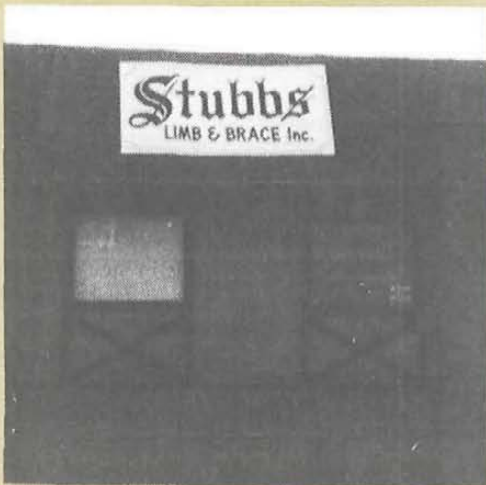
Copper Tree



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# TRUE FACTS REPORTER

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

## The Search for Dillinger's Dork

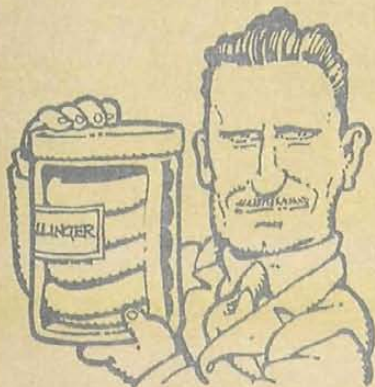
BY WILLIAM J. HELMER

A CROSS BORNE WILLINGLY IS A burden nonetheless, and that may be the best description of Horace Naismith's search for the truth about John Dillinger's legendary penis. The question is whether or not the famous bank robber's private part is or ever was "preserved at the Smithsonian Institution," as millions of Americans have heard. To resolve that mystery was ostensibly Naismith's reason for forming, in Austin, Texas, in 1966, the John Dillinger Died for You Society.

While the society has engaged in some frivolous projects, its founder and CEO has never allowed these to distract him from his twenty-two-year quest. "I dislike comparing this to the Holy Grail, or the True Cross, or the Shroud of Turin," he says. And that's all he says before quickly moving on.

As everyone should know, John Dillinger was a Depression-era arch-criminal and folk hero who was gunned down in spectacular fashion by FBI agents outside Chicago's Biograph Theatre at 10:30 P.M. on July 22, 1934.

The story is that John Dillinger was magnificently endowed with a sexual organ on the order of twenty-three inches in erection and sixteen inches in repose, diameter never specified. The contention is that this member was removed at the time of his autopsy (no earlier, certainly), along with his



brain, and has been displayed at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

Since criminologists and their medical counterparts at that time were still trying to connect criminal behavior with brain damage or other detectable abnormality, Dillinger's brain was indeed removed for study. The brain was last seen at the Northwestern University Medical School, and from there it disappeared.

A similar fate befell Dillinger's penis, if we are to believe the legend that most have heard in at least one of two forms. The first is that the penis is preserved and displayed at the Smithsonian; the second and more specific is that it was displayed in the pathological exhibits room of the Army's National Medical Museum, which once occupied a separate building on the Smithsonian grounds.

Professor Jan Brevard of the University of Utah has been studying such yarns for years and calls them "urban myths"—stories related as amazing true incidents that have happened to a friend, or are known about by a friend, or a friend of a friend. Brevard copied and sent excerpts from Ronald L. Baker's book *Hoosier Folk Legends* (Indiana University Press, 1982), which discusses Dillinger as a folk hero (he was born in Indianapolis in 1903) and contains two reported versions of the penis story.

In one, obtained from a Terre Haute salesclerk in 1971, the penis had been seen on display some time earlier "in a glass case at the Smithsonian" by the clerk's wife and a high school friend, and supposedly the organ required so much blood for an erection that Dillinger was at risk of passing out whenever he got a hard-on.

In a second version also gleaned in Terre Haute that same year, a twenty-four-year-old female factory worker said that a woman coworker had told her of actually seeing the penis "pickled in a jar" during a tour of the Smithsonian, but suspected, with commendable skepticism, it was really that of a horse.

The Smithsonian itself prefers not to discuss the subject and only concedes that it is regularly called upon to deny the story. The National Medical Museum is likewise uncooperative, though a woman who once operated its information desk said she received two or three inquiries a week.

But now Horace Naismith thinks he may have found the source of the famous story—a newspaper photo.

It appeared on the front page of the *Chicago Daily News* on July 23, 1934, the day following Dillinger's fatal trip to the movies. The famous bank robber is stretched out on a slanted table with a sheet pulled up to his neck. A number of people are staring absorbedly at the corpse's face, no doubt at the photographer's request, and the corpse appears to have a magnificent boner.

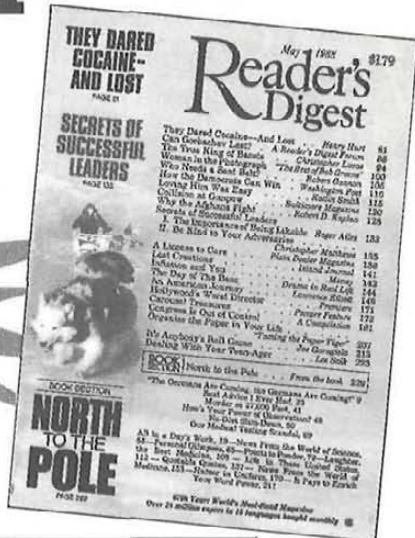
The rise in the sheet, located where an erection would be, catches the eye and holds it as one attempts to determine what else might produce such a conspicuous tent-pole effect. No doubt, something else does (possibly the body's arm folded beneath the sheet), but it still leaves the mind wondering.

Evidently someone at the *Daily News* realized that the tent-pole effect might be construed as a condition of tumescence, for the paper apparently stopped the presses right in the middle of a run and inserted a different picture. What this leaves us with

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## TRUE FACTS REPORTER

is some copies of the paper's Two Star Sports Final edition featuring the tent-pole picture and the remainder of that same edition, identical in every other respect, with a different picture from a different angle that does not indicate Dillinger died with a hard-on.

Not to make light of a serious subject, but the ceremonial recognition of the "private part" is the single feature that distinguishes a meeting of the John Dillinger Died for You Society from any other group that assembles to drink and carry on. The society's only rule holds that for a meeting to be official, one chair must be left empty in honor of "the dear departed member."

Otherwise, everyone in the society, now headquartered in Chicago, holds the office of assistant treasurer and is authorized to recruit new members, charge whatever initiation fee he can, and keep it, "because John would have wanted it that way."

*William J. Helmer is a contributing editor of Playboy.*

## Satellite Post Office

*True Facts Reporter recently interviewed Bob, a veteran postal clerk who works the post-office window in a small suburban town. "We've got a 98 percent on-time record," he said proudly of his satellite office, "but I don't know what happens to the mail once it gets to the main post office. A lot of guys who work there get seizures. They wear helmets in case a guy has a fit and falls off the platform."*

*More of Bob's observations on the post office and suburban life follow:*

**SOME PEOPLE DON'T WANT CERTAIN STAMPS. They think it's weird to put a**

flower commemorative on a payment to the power company. It's like being too nice. Then there are people who won't buy commemoratives like the A. Philip Randolph stamp. What do they think? If there's a black guy on the stamp, the letter goes slower?

I came to the post office when I was out of work after the Army. I had been working for a bank but I wanted to go to Woodstock and they wouldn't give me the time off, so I quit. I was the first guy in this post office with long hair and I used to take a ribbing about it, except for this one old lady they called Twirly. She came up to the window one time and said, "I just saw the Virgin Mary on the corner and she told me to tell you, 'Don't cut your hair!'"

The reason they called her Twirly is that when she walked up the street, she'd stop every twenty feet or so and spin completely around. Twenty feet more and she'd stop and twirl around again, just as if someone had called her. She'd do four 360's just getting down one block.

The post office is like a general store for people with no place to go. We have one guy who comes into the lobby every morning at 6:20. He stands there and reads the paper and when he's done he looks out the window, up and down Main Street, like somebody's out to get him. Then he goes outside and crouches in the bushes, looking up and down the street. Sometimes he hides behind the fence across the street and peers through the cracks. I think he's a Vietnam vet like me. He gets pretty normal mail, though.

Most of the post-office boxes are for businesses. Some are for people whose marriages are breaking up. I'd guess about 5 percent are for sex ads, lonely hearts people, and the right-wing gun crowd. Those guys get magazines like *Aryan Nation* at a post-office box because they don't want their wives to know.

You can always tell the pornographic mail because they try to hide it. I mean *Playboy* envelopes say "Playboy," but when you see a brown envelope from "Jones



Publishing" addressed to a post-office box, you can pretty well tell. And you know who's running personal ads because they get these envelopes addressed with just their post-office box number, no name. Swinger couples get their mail addressed to, like, "Joe and Josephine," no last name.

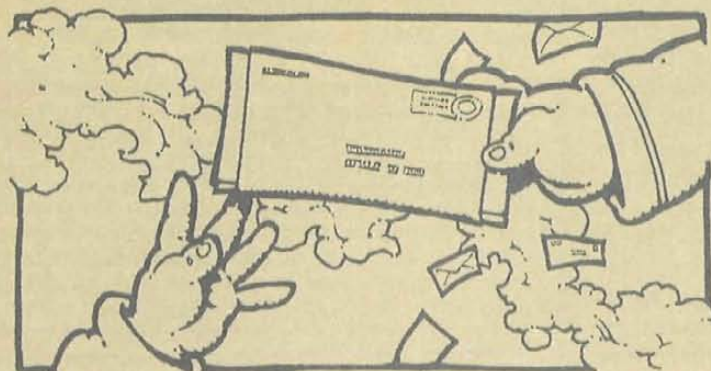
How do we know what's in the plain brown wrappers? Sometimes the stuff accidentally falls open. Or we have to check it for bombs. You know what I mean?

We had one real scraggly, greasy-looking guy and I knew from his mail that he had an ad somewhere, so I looked in the *Screw* magazine classifieds and there was his box number in this ad that described him as well-hung and talented in the French culture. What a scuzzball.

We got this one lady who comes in wearing two hats. She carries a loud radio that's always tuned in between stations. And another guy who's the slowest walker I've ever seen. He walks in sets of three steps—two mini steps, then one step even smaller than those. Two mini steps, one tiny step. You could leave the post office at the same time as him, go to the Grand Union, drop off the groceries at home, then come back to the post office and he wouldn't have gotten more than two and a half blocks away. And the thing is he lives on the other side of the highway. He starts across when the pedestrian light turns green, then he gets caught in the middle. He's been hit three times already.

But my all-time favorite postal patron was Web Tyster. In '72, when Nixon was running, Web decided he was going to sing the national anthem at the Inauguration. He sang it all the time, everywhere, real loud. He'd get on line in the lobby and warm up with "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." Everybody'd avoid eye contact. Then he'd walk into the postmaster's office and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," all five verses, at the top of his lungs. He must have thought that our postmaster had an in with Nixon.

He used to ride around town on a bicycle with a ratty old deer's head mounted on the handlebars and he was always hosing down the sidewalk in front of his house. The





## TRUE FACTS REPORTER

house was on the highway, and he'd wave at the cars driving by. He did it one January and the water froze on the roadway and there were a bunch of accidents. He had to hide in the house from the drivers who wanted to wring his neck.

Web was always a good postal patron, though. He even designed a stamp for the bicentennial in '76. It was stuffed with every patriotic statue and image you could think of—the Statue of Liberty, the Lincoln Memorial, Mount Rushmore. You name it, it was on this stamp. But everything was so tiny, you couldn't make out anything without a microscope. He didn't get far with that either.

He's been gone for a few years now. I remember seeing an item in the paper about a trailer load of potatoes being hijacked, and not long after that, an item about Web donating 40,000 pounds of potatoes to a soup kitchen by the main post office. I think he's in jail now.

Not all the interesting people are on the other side of the counter, though. We've got some beauts right here. Like one of our carriers put too many miles on his post office Jeep driving home for lunch? So he tries to roll back the meter. The cops caught him doing about twenty-five miles per hour out on the highway, in reverse.

Then there was a carrier who used his lunch hours to carry on an affair. I got a call from an old lady who watches her neighbors all the time. She wanted to know why this post office Jeep was parked in front of her neighbor lady's house every day at noon. "I don't know, ma'am." I told her. "Maybe a special delivery?"

## Shoppers' Guide: Art Division

Here, as part of our expanded coverage of American culture, is a sampling of what you can see (and buy) at five of New York's hottest art galleries:

### The Pace Gallery, East 57th Street

How about some auto body shards, squished into phallic cylinders by artist **John Chamberlain**? Chamberlain's work would go unnoticed on a flatbed trailer full of compressed cars, except that he's mounted them on end and coated them with a sealer to preserve the rust spots. Some are nearly ten feet tall and could easily conceal a driver whose body was never

recovered—reason enough to keep your Chamberlain outdoors, near the driveway, perhaps to remind the family car of its ultimate fate.

You can have a Chamberlain frozen traffic accident, with a title like *Tomato Poodle*, *Doorful Ofsyrup*, or *Catholic Aspirin*, for between \$100,000 and \$150,000—or you could buy a dozen new Chevy Cavaliers and crash them yourself.

### Gracie Mansion Gallery, Avenue A

Don't miss the black-and-white line drawings by **Ken Arneke** of people having sex. Unless there's a metaphor here for, say, South African apartheid or America's lack of closet space, we're talking close-up, detailed pictures of real dirty doings, the kind of things twelve-year-old kids draw inside book covers. It's pre-sixties junior high porno at seven hundred dollars a pop—nine hundred dollars for a magazine-spread-sized orgy featuring no fewer than fifty individual sets of sex organs.

Where to hang an Arneke? Lacking the color of, say, a still from *Debbie Does Dallas*, an Arneke drawing will never clash with your décor. Just hang it discreetly away from small children or randy pets, and remember to keep a spare Escher print handy to cover it up when Mother comes over.

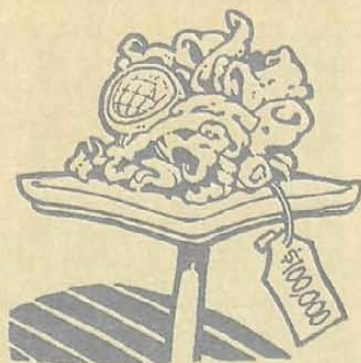
### Leo Castelli Gallery, West Broadway

**James Rosenquist** paints what look like billboards with strips torn off to reveal images beneath—in this case paintings of vegetables with face parts showing through or paintings of faces with vegetables showing through—depending on your mood. One of these could cost \$325,000, but you'll love it in your dining room provided (a) your dining room is the size of a modest warehouse and (b) you don't mind staring at salad greens.

### Mary Boone Gallery, West Broadway

**James Lee Byars** painted two rooms in this gallery gold, put a like-colored block with rounded corners in the middle of each room (a six-foot-tall block in the front room and a four-footer in the rear room), and turned the lights off. Walking through this murky exhibit you'll avoid the darker corners lest you step on an imagined homeless person or a wayward turd. Of course, no real homeless person would get past the guy at the door, who noted that none of this stuff was for sale—not the two big blocks, not even the gold paint. "It's simply a construction," he said.

Feel free, then, to build your own blocks, buy your own gold paint, and imbue your living space with the excitement of Byars's Abandoned Aztec Bus Terminal motif. Mary won't mind.



### O.K. Harris, West Broadway

How about a great big pair of rust-colored, metal-mesh pants? **Robert Rohm** makes them, mounts them on metal poles, and sets them out for us to wonder what happened to the guys who may once have worn them. In addition to the pants (in a semi-crouch), there are an extra-large T-shirt and a bunch of metal mesh that looks as if it was molded around an apartment-house drainpipe junction or the largest flaccid penis in North America. Either way, it will keep you wondering as it keeps you company.

Rohm's pants and things are affordably priced between \$7,500 and \$11,500—roughly the average annual income of a female American worker twenty-five or over with less than an eighth-grade education.

Though *she* might not appreciate the cozy charm of a Rohm, those empty metal clothes will virtually glow between your bleached-canvas, overstuffed sofa and your trusty Sony Trinitron—especially when you're watching *Roseanne*.

—JOHN BENDEL

Do you have a story for True Facts Reporter to tell? Write to:

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# YELLOW JOURNAL

Under New Management

## B-1's Finally to Get a Useful Purpose



AP / Wide World

*The military's new \$400-million high-speed mobile home. The first line of defense for the homeowner!*

The Air Force announced that the entire fleet of B-1 bombers, which were grounded for the third time last March, would better serve the nation's security needs if they were dismantled and turned into either high-speed mobile homes or very large planters.

Pentagon officials claim it would be very simple to convert the \$280-million jets into high-speed mobile homes. "We would dismantle the wings, or, better yet, let them fall off during a flight. We would reduce the speed level the aircraft can attain from seven

hundred miles per hour to fifty-five miles per hour, and, of course, we'll have to remove the bombs in favor of beds and a kitchenette.

"Now, for planters, we would shear off the top, flip it over, and voilà! You have two very handsome planters any home with a tarmac would be happy to own."

Conversion of the jets into high-speed mobile homes and planters is expected to cost the military \$400 million per jet.

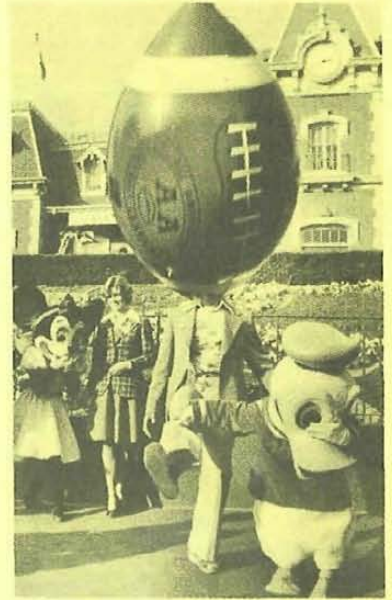
—A.S.

# Rushdie Watch Continues



Now that no one really believes Elvis Presley is alive anymore, the big game is Salman Rushdie sightings. Some claim they spotted the undercover author in a supermarket in Kalamazoo, while others swear he was at the Oscars dressed as Robin Williams, which, as one critic said, "probably explains why Robin was so unfunny."

In an attempt to get at the bottom of the rumors and innuendos, we sent intrepid "Yellow Journal" photojournalist Arnold Stainglass to track down the petrified scribe and take exclusive pictures of him. The picture on the left shows Salman Rushdie disguised as a car door for Wayne State University. The picture on the right, taken a



week later, reveals Rushdie to be none other than Disneyland's own, Mr. Football Head.

We will keep up the Rushdie watch as we spot him, or until he is murdered.  
—A.S.

## Pesticides Found Tainted with Apples

A representative of Dow Chemical complained at a congressional hearing that dangerous levels of farm-fresh apples were found in the nation's supply of pesticides. If the problem is not eradicated, he claimed, such harmful deposits could cripple the pesticide industry. Already pesticides have been pulled from the shelves of hardware and farm-supply stores.

Pesticide-industry officials are looking to ban certain apples from the market, such as Red Delicious, McIntosh, and Granny Smith. "If we don't do something about these killer fruits," said actor Charlton Heston, who heads a grass-roots movement to support the pesticide industry, "then you might as well kiss pesticides goodbye! And that'll be a sad day in American history!"

A congressional vote on the matter is expected soon.  
—A.S.

**Contributors:**  
Nick Bakay

Dave Hanson  
Andy Simmons

## Celebrity Auction Benefits Medical Research

A recent celebrity auction at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Los Angeles, hosted by song stylist Anthony Newley, raised almost forty thousand dollars on behalf of the United Way. A crowd of six hundred attended the black-tie event, where the following donated items, among others, were purchased:

- Four dozen bars of scented soap made from the fat from Liz Taylor's liposuction;
- Ornamental paperweights made from the kidneys Gary Coleman has rejected;
- Throw rugs and place mats made from the results of Cher's electrolysis;
- A knapsack made from the portions of intestine removed from James Coco before his death;
- Ted Kennedy, Jr.'s umbrella stand;
- A golf bag made from Roy Cohn's rectum;
- A CD rack made from bones Robert De Niro had removed from his pelvis for his role as a cerebral palsy victim in an upcoming movie;
- Musk made from the lymph system removed from Lorne Greene;
- Candles made from Abe Vigoda's earwax.

—D.H.





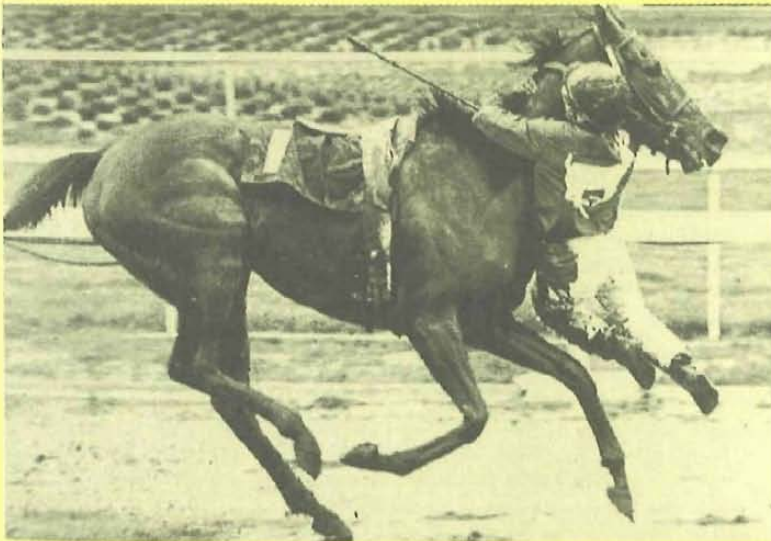
## Inside Larry King



Come on in, sit down, and zip that big trap of yours, because I've got a lungful of catarrh just aching to spew forth and I'm taking a lot of "names" down with me. If you think you're getting a word in edgewise in this "dialogue," maybe you'd also enjoy spending some time rotting in a New Jersey marsh with the last cat who thought he could insert a caesura in my psychobabble. . . . Kneel Down and Pray Dept.: Inside scoop promises that varicosed temptress Angela Lansbury will bare all in this month's AFTRA newsletter. . . . New Trend Beat: Next time you're in a truck stop, note what the real truckers order, and then go somewhere nice to eat. . . . Christ, this. . . this is very strange, but I just realized I don't give a damn about you. Honestly. . . . Say, am I the only one to notice the harmonic possibilities of the whistle produced by Dom DeLuise's thighs when he walks quickly in a pair of new corduroys? . . . If I were God, and I was allowed to make a few suggestions, I might be tempted to recommend that Madonna base her next "look" on a plate of cheese pirogi. . . . And speaking of food, next time you tie on the feed-bag, consider the savory universe a nice flank of boar snout dripping with tapioca custard promises. Mmmmmmm. . . . Are those your kids playing out back? Well, in that case hand me that crossbow, will ya? . . . And by the way, I don't think that's the proper application for a nice set of foot binds. . . . I don't care who scoffs when I admit that this whole robot thing gives me a mean case of the willies. . . . What's with all this sympathy being doled out to deposed

Cowboy stoic Tom Landry? Do you think that unfeeling, joyless turd ever lost a wink of sleep after sending some journeyman offensive tackle to the waiver wires and the slow death of crippling arthritis and depressing tales of glory told over geysers of bad bourbon in bars you see when you drive through forgotten towns with too much aluminum siding and too many men who never shave? A spiraling journey that takes a man from staring down an all-pro defensive end to staring down the nozzle of Mr. Smith & Wesson. Do you really think ol' Tom gave a flying fuck about this doomed, rolling doughnut and asked himself, "Dear God, what have I done?" Why, if there's any justice, Landry will be lucky if he just dries up and blows away. . . . Those comic twin towers Roseanne Barr and costar John Goodman weren't laughing so hard when, following a long day under hot studio lights, their sizzling epidermises fused together and bound their bodies like two balls of raw pizza dough. . . . War traitor/fitness guru Jane Fonda will have to walk a country mile to find herself a man scarred enough to match the sheer homeliness of her ex, activist/dog-faced boy Tom Hayden. . . . Listen, I'd really love to just sit here and spend some more time with you, but you see. . . I just can't seem to get a handle on this urge to round up Jimmy Smits, Charlie Sheen, the entire cast of *L.A. Law*, Arsenio Hall, and Hall of Famer Ken Olin, take them to a desolate factory, and have them pressed together until there is nothing left but a bitter, curious jelly. . . I'm Larry King and I'll be back next time to share the ups and downs of my lifelong love affair with membranes.

—N.B.



Ronald Reagan, seen here enjoying a leisurely ride on his horse Chester, reports that retirement suits him just fine. Asked about recent allegations concerning his involvement in the Iran-contra scandal that came to light during the Oliver North trial, the former president replied, "Let's get the hell outta here, Chester. Let's go, boy. . . . Whoa, boy, whoa. . . . Slow down! Whooooooaaaaa. . . ."

—A.S.

★★★A 'Yellow Journal' Exclusive!★★★

# THE BRYANT GUMBEL MEMOS ★★★



April 12, 1988

To: Mom

I'll get right to the point. Having brooked your cloying umbilical dramas for the past forty years, I feel I have been more than generous with my valuable time and emotions re your trivial survival needs, et al.

Specifically, I cannot hide my *chagrin* following your mewling comments in *Sports Illustrated* reflective of my negligence in providing you with a home and basic survival stipend. If I may quote, you said that you had never asked me for a house or car, despite the fact that you are my mother and I am a multimillionaire, because "it would hurt me like a knife if he said no."

WELL, WHO ASKED ME ABOUT ANY DESIRES I MIGHT HAVE FOR A "HOME" WHEN I WAS UNCEREMONIOUSLY SPEWED FORTH FROM YOUR WOMB INTO A WORLD OF HARD REALITIES?!?

Be advised that any future correspondence shall be relayed through my legal representative.

Sans remorse,  
Bryant Gumbel

★★★★★

June 3, 1988

To: Marty Ryan  
Executive Producer  
*Today Show*

Some additional, random musings re the on-air staff of our show.

Color me a purist, but isn't Gene Shalit just a wee bit too *Jewish* for middle America? I have racked my brain

The world of morning news reportage was rocked by the revelation of scathing memos attributed to NBC *Today* show star Bryant Gumbel regarding his co-workers.

Now "Yellow Journal" has uncovered a cache of even more confidential memos from Gumbel's files, which we present here for the first time.



for an appropriate adjective, and (please take this the right way, as it is intended purely as a constructive observation) the word *Hebe* keeps reverberating in my skull.

As for his sartorial crimes, suffice it to say that his passé Jerry Colonna-style mustache is both hideous and often encumbered with bialy crumbs and what we used to call "boogers" when I was a lad.

Let me put my cards on the table. You have until Tuesday to arrange his killing.

Yours in ambition,  
Bryant Gumbel

★★★★★

August 9, 1988

To: Dearest Jane

As I sit here on a hot August night in the city, each humid trickle of sweat that dances across my nipples stings like a scorpion's tail (or indeed how I would *imagine* such a sensation, being a "city kid") and I find my mind wandering toward thoughts of you.

I have never been ignored by a woman before. To be blunt, this behavior excites my male ego. Your icy-cool facade begs to be cracked, and I find that the need to discipline you grows with each passing day.

Have you ever had a "black man" before?

You know the whereabouts of my office,  
Bryant Gumbel

★★★★★

September 8, 1988

To: Marty Ryan  
Executive Producer  
*Today Show*

Just a thought: what if we found a way to vacuum out what is colloquially called the "insides" of Willard, and replaced these "insides" with a more innocuous filling—say, orange Jell-O?

Granted, it would call for a large amount of petty cash

to be used to purchase the incredibly large amount of Jell-O necessary to fill a carcass the size of Willard's. But think of the possibilities!

Yours in action,  
Bryant Gumbel

\*\*\*\*\*

October 3, 1988

To: My son

As is de rigueur with our correspondence, if you do not understand a word or phrase, LOOK IT UP IN THE CAMBRIDGE DICTIONARY YOU RECEIVED AS A THIRD-BIRTHDAY GIFT.

That being said, allow me to vent my spleen at having once again been forced to dodge your tricycle and various and sundry toys in the main foyer this evening. I am a very important man. The citizens of the free world depend on me to deliver the news to them in a crisp, "upbeat" fashion.

I find this increasingly difficult to do when also battling the strains of this "fatherhood" b.s.

Be advised that you are merely a visitor in my house, and that as of your fifth birthday you will be on your own.

Doing the right thing,  
Dad/Broadcaster

\*\*\*\*\*

October 20, 1988

To: Dearest Jane

I am a captive of the hypnotic sway of your postpartum breasts. Am I being too bold in saying this? If so, I do not care!

My desires—i.e., wants, lusts, needs, fantasies—are fanned by your continued cold shoulder. Be assured I am a *consummate* professional, and any *consummation* of our flesh will never crack the self-important facade with which I face America, and you, each day on the air.

After all, I am still the most important thing in my life.

Be mine,  
Bry

\*\*\*\*\*

January 15, 1988

To: Marty

Listen, we have to confront this time problem. Every morning the sober, worthy news segments of the show are held hostage to such whimsical musings as Dr. Art Ulene's "gondola ride down the human colon," and David Horowitz and special guest Nancy Walker testing the absorbency claims of rival feminine napkins.

Question: Is there anything available on the cutting edge of science that would enable us to blend Horowitz and Ulene into the same being? Like in the movie *The Fly*? After all, it would free up five minutes every morning!

Bryant

\*\*\*\*\*

February 20, 1989

To: Bill Cosby  
c/o NBC

I know we have never met, but I'm afraid my nature does not permit me to begin this missive with any phony, friendly waffling and small talk. I'll be the first to admit I'm crabby.

To the point: my conscience forces me to address this question. Bill, don't you think this *Cosby Show* thing you're doing is just a *tad* too black?

Uplift the race,  
Bryant Gumbel

\*\*\*\*\*

March 30, 1989

To: Kim Chee Lum House of Laundry  
456 Lexington Avenue  
New York, N.Y.

In our twelve years of association I have never been less than satisfied with the starched, perfect state of my shirts when they return from your humble place of business.

Therefore it was with horror and loathing that I unpacked last week's bundle of Brooks Brothers shirts to find an unsightly crease on the rear tail of the sixth shirt in a group of eighteen! Being in the public eye is no picnic, no Ferris wheel ride—no, indeed! My public life brings me the same feelings that every other aspect of my life does: deep irritation.

For adding to this mountain of frustration that I call a life, you will be entertaining United States Immigration officials this Monday morning.

Good luck in your new life,  
Bryant Gumbel

\*\*\*\*\*

April 15, 1989

To: Jane

COME ON. . . . Your husband is a wimpy little *cartoonist*, for God's sake! I used to cover sports, babe. . . .

Trying to feel as humans do,  
Bry

\*\*\*\*\*

May 15, 1989

To: God

If you're really so together, then I'm sure you can instantly read all my thoughts of wonder and awe when considering you. That settled, let's talk turkey.

Before you get nervous, be assured I'm going to skip the usual War/Kennedy/Famine trinity and throw you a refreshing curve: if you're so wonderful and omnipotent, then why is it so hard for a swarthy network telejournalist to gain membership into a really good private club?

I'm busy too, you know,  
Bryant Gumbel

\*\*\*\*\*

—N.B.



# The Foreign Exchange Student

---

**T**HE CLOCK, GLIMPSED OVER SUZETTE'S shoulder, read 10:17. Curfew was close. There was no more time for putting it off, hoping he wouldn't need to do it—he had to make his move.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll shifted slightly on the sofa. If his balls had had mouths, they would have screamed. His cock was so big, hard and straining, it felt as if it were trying to tear itself loose from his body, burst through his pants, and run helter-skelter across the floor of Suzette's finished basement.

He kissed her with what he hoped was even greater ardor than all the other times tonight he'd tried to stimulate her to erotic abandon through the sheer impressiveness of his passion. His hand moved in hard, desperate circles on her back; his chest pressed manfully against hers. His tongue probed her mouth as if frantically groping for a dropped million-dollar bill.

But, beyond a certain point, Suzette could not be impressed. She would kiss him back—no problem there. French-kissing-wise, they'd taken things about as far as they could be taken. A couple of times she'd even rewarded him with some little "Oh! Oh!" sounds. But she wouldn't let him touch her breasts, and she wouldn't let him put his hand up under her skirt, and she wouldn't—or at least *didn't*—ever touch his cock, and that was what he wanted more than anything else. He wanted her to grab it. He wanted her to wrap her hand around it and squeeze it and do incredible things to it.

Was that so much to ask? After all, it wasn't as if he were asking her to *fuck* him or something. Sophomores in high school didn't do such things, he knew that. But here he'd—God!—been at this with her for *hours* now. Couldn't she sense his need? He would have done anything *she* wanted, no matter how intimate or disgusting. How big a deal could it be for her to manually encircle his crank for a minute or two? But she never did—as far as he could discern, the thought never even occurred to her.

And so, it was up to him.

"Suzette?"

"Mmm?"

---

by Chris Miller

---

"I want to show you this new game I learned."

"Game?" She drew away slightly and regarded him with a puzzled expression.

"Yes. It's sort of a guessing game. Here, close your eyes and I'll explain how it works."

"Okay, but I hope it doesn't take too long. Remember, you have to go soon."

It shouldn't take long at all, as Mr. Rock 'n' Roll gauged it—maybe five seconds. "All right, I'm going to give you something to touch, and you have to guess what it is." He found a coin in his pocket and pressed it into her hand.

"It's a quarter!" cried Suzette brightly.

"Good," he said. "How about this?"

"It's a comb, silly. These are too easy."

"Well, here's one that's a little harder."

He'd say it was; you could probably hit a home run with it. Taking a deep breath, he guided her hand grainward and pressed it firmly against the great cylindrical ridge in his pants.

"Hmm," Suzette mused, little frown lines appearing between her eyebrows. She squeezed a little. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's eyes rolled up ecstatically. Whimpering, he began uncontrollably pressing himself upward against her hand.

"What are you...?" Suzette opened her eyes. "Anh!" she cried, a little animal noise of dismay, and whipped her hand away so fast it probably broke the sound barrier. "How dare you? That's horrible! I think you better go home!"

"Oh, but couldn't you please...?"

"No! Are you crazy? If that's what you want, I don't know why I'm going out with you! Don't you have any respect for me?"

"Of course I do. That's why I want you to be the one I finally let do this..." He grabbed her hand, tried to put it back.

Suzette sprang away from him like an abruptly disturbed cat, landing on the far side of the rug. "I said no! If you don't leave here right now, I'm calling my father!"

Suzette's father was a short, thick-lipped man who watched wrestling on TV and crushed beer cans with one hand. "Oh, uh, right—just on my way out. See you at school tomorrow. Night, honey."

Suzette, not joining him in his transition to lighthearted cheeriness, continued to stare with horror, indignation, and censure. With a sigh, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll found his coat and headed home.

The three-block walk along the quiet suburban street was excruciating; his balls, bumping against his thigh, were like twin kettledrums from hell. Man, he couldn't wait to get to his room. He was almost ready to do it right here, go behind a tree or something. Why did life have to be so full of misery and defeat? Why weren't girls different than they were? Why hadn't he been born in some era when people were more relaxed about things—the Gay Nine-

ties or Roaring Twenties, for instance? He bet *then* girls grabbed boys' cocks. But oh no, he had to be a teenager during the *fifties*, when girls didn't do *anything*. Suzette was just the latest in a long series of Joanies and Bobbies and Kathys who simply wouldn't get into the right frame of mind about these things.

He had this dream. He wanted to see—was he allowed to think this?—his come splash into a girl's face and hang, in lengthening goobers, from her nose and eyelashes. He wanted to see it moisten her lips so they glistened, and make little pearls in her hair. And he wanted her to like it. Give him those things and he'd be happy. Never mind getting laid and stuff—later for that. Just one good come-in-the-face; that was all he asked for.

The hard-on stayed with him his whole walk home, through the little good-night stuff he had to say to his parents, up the stairs, and into his room. It was as if it had set, like cement. Gingerly, he removed his pants and underpants, and there it was, pointing excitedly at the ceiling, as if there were something up there. His balls appeared to have swollen to the size of plums. He groaned, took the cumbersome thing in his hand, and gave it about two and a half beats.

For the third time that month, he hit the ceiling. What was worse, a rogue droplet struck the ceiling bulb, which promptly exploded. This had never happened before. He cringed and covered his face with his hands to protect himself, then barely had time to fling his nudity under the covers before his parents galloped into the room. By the time he'd stammered his lame explanation, cleaned up the broken glass, mopped the stalactites off the ceiling, and gotten back into bed, he had worked himself into a terrible state of self-pity. And righteous anger as well—this was that damn Suzette's fault; she could have saved him all this trouble with a few flicks of her wrist. Well, the hell with her. From now on, she could find some other man to torment—he'd had it!

**A**T SCHOOL THE NEXT day he avoided Suzette completely. Instead of having lunch with her in the cafeteria, as he usually did, he hung out with Froggie and Steamin' and Baldew, discussing rock 'n' roll. Here, at least, he had respect; he knew more than anyone. Go ahead, ask him anything. Who sang "Golden Teardrops"? The Flamingos—it was the third record they ever made, back in '53 when they were on the Chance label. See? Ask him another one. The Heartbeats' label? Hull. It used to be a sort of buff color, but lately it had become black, with silver lettering. The trouble was, no matter



how much of this stuff you knew, girls never seemed to be properly impressed. That was another of Suzette's problems—she really didn't care who had sung "Oop Shoop," or what year it came out. Why were boys doomed to endlessly desire creatures who were so lame?!

Well, he'd have to see her in seventh-period biology, he supposed. Through the vagaries of school scheduling, that was the only class they were in together. He intended not to give her the time of day—he felt resolute and firm about that. Still, he wasn't exactly looking forward to it.

Seventh-period biology, however, turned out to be the most interesting class of the day. It started normally enough—Mr. Rock 'n' Roll arrived a little early, took his seat at the back table with Baldew. After a while, Suzette came in. She looked uncertainly in his direction, and he made sure his eyes were elsewhere. When he checked, a minute later, to see what she was doing, she was in her usual seat next to Christina That-stuff, the World's Fattest Girl, and was apparently intent on her notes. She took notes in all different-color inks. God.

Miss Pattypan, Nozzlin's sole biology teacher, came in and closed the door. She was good enough looking that even though she had a mustache she was still attractive. Her classes had a brisk, no-nonsense quality to them, and so did she. Today's lesson was about amoebae, and how they reproduced by fission. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was thinking how much simpler life would be if only *people* did, too, when the door opened and Mr. Formosa, the principal, came in with one of the best-looking girls he'd ever seen. Every boy in the class straightened in his seat and stared. She had short, elfin

# She was taking her shirt off, sucking coyly on a hot dog, offering him her breasts in her hands.

black hair, and beautiful eyes, and red lips, and very white teeth, and an indefinable something in the way she carried herself and glanced mischievously about the room that set her apart from the other girls. Way, way apart.

"Miss Pattypan," said Mr. Formosa, "I'd like you to meet Yvonne d'Eauclaire, our new foreign exchange student. She's just come to us from Dijon, in France, and will be a student here until June."

The news hit the room with slightly less impact than an atomic bomb. The boys looked at one another, grinning excitedly. The girls seemed to let out a mass sigh. Yvonne quietly smiled.

Mr. Formosa departed, his watchful, unamused expression never having compromised itself by so much as the hint of a smile. Miss Pattypan regarded her new charge warily.

"Well, ah, I suppose we should find you a place to sit." She studied her seating chart. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll glanced at the empty chair separating him from Baldew and felt a stab of impossible hope. Baldew's eyes were on the selfsame item of furniture. The boys exchanged a tense look.

"Um... why don't you sit back there," decided Miss Pattypan, pointing to the seat between them.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt a rush of heat go up his neck into his ears. He couldn't keep the stupid grin off his face. Neither could Baldew. They watched as Yvonne de Piece of Ass headed back to join them. Then, for a moment, her eyes made contact with Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's, and she gave him this... this *stare*. He swallowed. His ears felt hot enough for guided missiles to home in on. She sat down next to him, demurely opened

her notebook, and, paying him no further mind, looked to the front, ready to take notes.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll got a bonus out of this. He also got a *boner*, but that's not what we're talking about right now. Not only did he get to sit next to this... *vibrant* female, he also got to see the most wonderfully worried look from Suzette. Evidently, she didn't like that Yvonne had been seated next to him. Well, *voza*, and a little aw root to boot, as his favorite disc jockey was wont to say.

There was no further incident that day. When seventh period ended, Yvonne quickly gathered her books and left the room without speaking to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll or anyone else. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Baldew looked at each other. Baldew made little upward fanning motions over her chair with his hand. Sniffing deeply, he smiled like a connoisseur approving a fine cigar. The boys grinned at each other.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll didn't miss the resentful looks some of the guys at nearby tables were shooting them, either. Biology, never one of his daily high points, had just gotten *much* more interesting.

**I**N THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, a pattern emerged. Yvonne would come in after everyone else and leave immediately at the end of class. There was, therefore, no opportunity to speak to her. Nonetheless, at least once every class, Yvonne would meet his eyes with that incredibly sexy look, and a bolt of electricity would go through him. The look seemed to imply some incredibly spicy secret the two of them shared. It was very exciting, but he wasn't sure what the secret was, or what he was supposed to do about it. And since there was no way to talk to her, there was no way to find out. Which left him flustered and confused much of the time. But that was all right, it was cool—just sitting next to Yvonne was sexier than an entire night of heated tongue dancing with Suzette.

As for Suzette, he continued to avoid her. He didn't call her, he didn't meet her in the cafeteria for lunch. When she looked his way in biology, he turned in Yvonne's direction and sort of pretended, without the French girl noticing, to be talking to her. He was so sick of Suzette, and all the other girls, with their endless intransigence about sex. Their blithe indifference to the screaming needs of his body just pissed him off. He didn't know whether this little cat-and-mouse game he was playing with Suzette was making her suffer, but God, he hoped so.

In fact, she was; Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's ploy had scored a direct hit. No boy had ever dated, then ignored Suzette before, and she was electrified. Indeed, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll

had now taken on an irresistible fascination for her; she kept writing his name on the pages of her notebook, and lying in her room at home, thinking about him. After several days, he found her waiting for him as he left biology class. There was no way around her, so he stopped.

"Hi," she said. Her manner was diffident and vulnerable. Good.

"Oh, hi," he said offhandedly, as if she were some vague acquaintance instead of a person whose tonsils had been touched by his tongue.

"I haven't seen much of you lately."

"Mm," he said noncommittally.

"So how've you been? Any new records out by the Moonlights or anything?"

"That's the Moonglows."

"Oh."

"Look, I have to get to English now."

She got out of his way. "Okay. But tell me something. Why are you avoiding me? Is it... is it because I wouldn't"—she looked both ways to be sure she wasn't overheard—"because I wouldn't touch you, you know...?" She looked at him anxiously.

Clearly, he was in a superior position to her. Perhaps it wouldn't hurt to press his advantage. "Yes, that might have something to do with it," he said. "I mean, if you care about me, you should want to make me happy. Right? You should *want* to touch my you know."

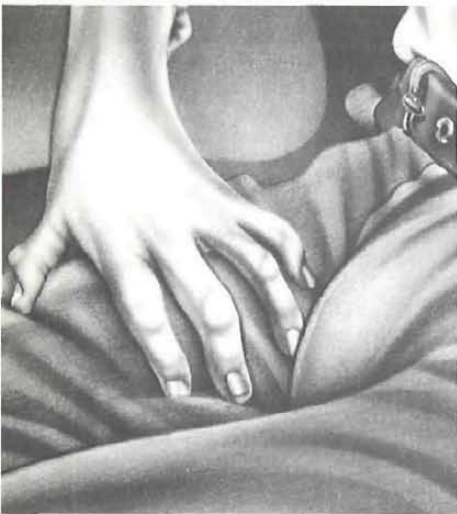
Her face colored. "Oh, is that right! I should 'want to.'" She put her hands on her hips, regarded him icily. "Well, listen to me, you. I'll never touch *any* boy there, not until I'm married, and maybe not then! I talked to all my girlfriends, and they feel the same way! What do you think of that?"

There it was—exactly what he hated about Nozzlin High School girls. "I think that's too bad. Because I'll just have to look elsewhere."

"Elsewhere? What do you mean, elsewhere?"

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll smiled what he hoped was an enigmatic smile, stepped around Suzette, and headed down the hall whistling the "Marseillaise." The look of mixed anger and vulnerability he glimpsed on her face was enormously satisfying. Now let her stew for a while.

Yvonne, meanwhile, was becoming increasingly visible around school. He'd see her hanging around with Frankie Sizemore and Rudy Pompanelli and some of the other cool, senior-class elite. In fact, the word in the hall on her was that she *was* a senior. In France, biology was a senior course, not a sophomore one as it was here, and that was why this older girl was currently occupying the seat next to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. Naturally, he and Baldew were inundated by questions from their classmates about her. Their *male* classmates, actually. But there was little to say—she continued to be sexy and uncommunicative



Slowly he  
looked  
down.  
Hand on  
his thigh—  
that was  
what it  
was, all  
right.

and give Mr. Rock 'n' Roll looks, and that was all that was going on.

Until, one day, it wasn't. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was leaving a particularly incomprehensible biology class—on Mendel's law—when Baldew caught up to him in the hall and pulled him out of the between-periods stream of students into an alcove of lockers.

"Today in biology?" he said with an excited grin.

"Yeah?" said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll.

"She put her hand on my leg."

"Who put her hand on your leg?"

"Yvonne!"

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll looked at him uncertainly. "You mean... she, like, brushed against your leg accidentally...?"

"I mean, she put her hand on my leg. Here." He indicated the midpoint of his thigh. "Squeezed it. Left it there for a whole minute."

"Get out!"

"I'm not shitting you. I got a hard-on and everything!"

He eyed Baldew suspiciously. He was probably just making it up, but shit, even as a lie, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll envied it beyond belief. It was one of the sexiest things he had ever heard.

A few days later, the situation escalated alarmingly. "She grabbed my cock, man!"

"What?!"

Baldew's eyes were wild; he kept wetting his lips with his tongue. "I swear to fuckin' God. She grabbed it. She played with it. I've got the worst blue balls of all time!"

"But..."

It couldn't be. Girls, even French ones, didn't do things like that. Did they? He couldn't believe it. He couldn't let himself believe it. As long as no other teenage boy was getting his crank grabbed, he could stand—barely—that he too was not. But if even one was, then he was miserable beyond the dreams of the damned, life was no longer worth living, and he hated himself forever.

It was easier just to decide that Baldew was shitting him. No matter the fervor with which his friend spoke, no matter the highly credible pants wrinkles in Baldew's penic region—it was bullshit, it had to be. Otherwise, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll would no longer be able to live with himself.

But Baldew did not let the matter rest. He made similar claims the next day, and the day after that. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's angst increased; he fought to maintain his disbelief. But the next day, after the bell rang and Yvonne made her customary quick exit, Baldew gave Mr. Rock 'n' Roll an elbow and pointed groinward. Sure enough, there was a hard-on; its impression against Baldew's chinos was frankfurter-like and hard—Baldew gave it a few whacks with a book to demonstrate.

So it was true! Mr. Rock 'n' Roll wanted to die. *Why not him??* He was a good guy! His cock was as cock-like as anyone's! He knew way more about rock 'n' roll than Baldew! Ah, God, life was a torment. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll could empathize with Fats Domino: *Oh, well, Ah goin' to de river, gonna go overboard an' drown...*

That night, his masturbatory efforts reached new heights of frenzy. His cock pulsed in his hand as if it were about to explode, and he wouldn't have been sur-

prised if, when he came, flames shot out. His fantasies all concerned Yvonne: she was taking her shirt off, sucking coyly on a hot dog (to excite him, the minx), offering him her breasts in her hands, spreading her legs so wide he thought she was going to turn herself inside out. The beat-off was a good, long-lasting one, and ended with a discharge so powerful it drove him back into the mattress like a man in a rocket ship blasting off. But, he ruminated afterward, wiping off the ceiling once more, it solved nothing, and nothing had changed.

**T**HE NEXT DAY, THINGS changed. Most of it was a model of typicality. He shouldered his way through the crowded halls, eyed the girls, avoided the hoods, sang some ballads in four-part harmony with Froggie, Robkin, and Steamy under the end-corridor stairs where the echoes were good. Spanish bored him, history excited him, math eluded his comprehension. Lunch was Mystery Substance in Gravy. Then, seventh period arrived.

He took his seat, nodded at Baldew, noting unhappily his friend's unabashed anticipatory grin. He noticed Suzette looking at him wistfully, but didn't meet her eyes. Then Yvonne came in and strolled, in her insouciant way, back to sit between them. As usual, she gave Mr. Rock 'n' Roll that look. *Swell*, he thought sourly. *Why don't you do something about it?*

At 2:44, with six minutes left in the period, he felt a hand on his thigh.

He sat stock-still, not daring to breathe. Slowly, he looked down. Hand on his thigh—that was what it was, all right. The hand was connected to an arm, and the arm was connected to—oh God, it was her. He tried to swallow; it was like trying to get a golf ball down. She met his eyes; smiling, she gave his thigh a squeeze and began to move her hand up! Very slowly, watching his face closely with that sexy smile. And what was on his face, he wondered. Wide-eyed excitement? Stunned disbelief? Drool?

And then—she touched it! Just gently laid the palm of her hand down on it as if it were the easiest thing in the world. "Oh!" she said quietly, as if she were vaguely surprised at what she found there. And then, as it became hard in an eighth of a second, "Oh!" She looked at Mr. Rock 'n' Roll with new interest.

That made her laugh. Then, her demure look in place, she went back to her note-taking and, with her free hand, began stroking him. Gah! Pleasure so intense it was almost like pain rippled through him. And then the bell rang.

She eyed him mischievously. "Now you are embarrass' to stan' up, eh?" And she



stood up, and departed.

He didn't exactly leap to his feet, it was true. Stunned, he sat staring at the sea-serpent-sized thing she had created in his pants. Baldew looked on with a great, benevolent smile.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll turned to him, stunned and wondering. "You were right, man," he breathed. "You were right."

**I**N THE WEEK OR SO THAT followed, what happened in the back of that classroom, as Miss Pattypan droned on and twenty-three students innocently took notes, was the stuff of the finest beat-off fantasies. Yvonne bent forward to show them her tits—she wore this frilly-topped undershirt thing instead of a bra, and you could see everything. Sometimes she dropped her pencil so that, in slowwwwwly picking it up, her breasts stayed below tabletop level for an extended time, and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was permitted to fondle them, inside her shirt even. Meanwhile, Yvonne put her hands on him again, many times, every day. Baldew, too. Sometimes she grabbed both of them at once, squeezing and stroking them in tandem.

Of course, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Baldew couldn't just sit there with stupid grins during this. They had to be cool. They pretended to take notes—kept, as best they could, serious, attentive expressions on their faces. As, under the table, fiery pleasures coursed about their peni, and their balls did the Mardis Gras mambo.

It was a divine time in Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's life. There was a new bounce to his step, and his sudden enthusiasm for school left his parents puzzled. As for Suzette, well, he just didn't think much about her anymore, poor repressed American that she was. And it was fascinating—the less he cared about her, the more she seemed to fall for him. He noted with bewilderment her soulful stares in the cafeteria and hopeful little smiles in the hall. The irony was not lost on him. You'd think they'd *like* being wanted, and return it in kind. But no, it didn't work like that. Life was perverse.

Of course, by this time word had gotten out, among the students, anyway. This was puzzling to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, since he had only told a half dozen or so of his closest friends. But people knew. You could tell by the respectful way they looked at you, the sly, secret smiles they gave you in the halls. In fact, he and Baldew had become heroes of a sort, looked up to and envied by the other boys, even some of the older ones.

Among the girls, there was more ambivalence. On the one hand, what was going on under that table was enough to make you throw up. But on the other hand, Mr. Rock

'n' Roll and Baldew were now *known* to be sexually experienced. This was a rare condition at Nozzlin High, and it made them, well, *intriguing*. More than once, Mr. Rock 'n' Roll caught some girl gazing curiously at his crotch, only to see her blush and walk rapidly away as she found herself observed. He wondered if Suzette knew, and what she thought.

Suzette knew. On the day that it all came to an end, she had just found out. So that was why he had that silly look on his face so often! No wonder he'd forsaken her! How could she compete against *that*? Well, there was a way. . . . But actually *touching* one of those squishy, snaky things she'd spotted on her brothers, with all that hair and stuff, and that awful-looking bag their balls came in. . . . ? *Yechhhh!* But she thought about it and thought about it, and by the time she got to biology, she felt she might actually be able to bring herself to do it. If it would win him back, it would be worth it. And she could always *really* wash her hands afterward.

As Suzette took her seat, Yvonne had just arrived at the rear table. She'd fixed Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Baldew with a look. "Allo, boys." She was talking to them now.

"Hiiiiii, Yvonne." They looked up at her with big cow eyes.

Yvonne laughed and plunked, in her Gallic way, down between them. "Are you looking forward to today's, eh, biology lesson?"

Baldew and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll bobbed their heads up and down, blushing and grinning.

Miss Pattypan took her place behind the front counter. "Today," she announced, "we are each going to dissect a frog."

"*Eyewwwwwww*," cried the girls.

"Warren, I'd like you to pass things out with me."

Warren was Warren G. Hard-On, a heavy-duty science student who buttoned the top button of his shirt and had slippery lips. He was Miss Pattypan's perennial helper. Before long, everyone in the class had a formaldehyde-scented frog and a scalpel before him. Slowly, without enthusiasm, the students began to make their incisions.

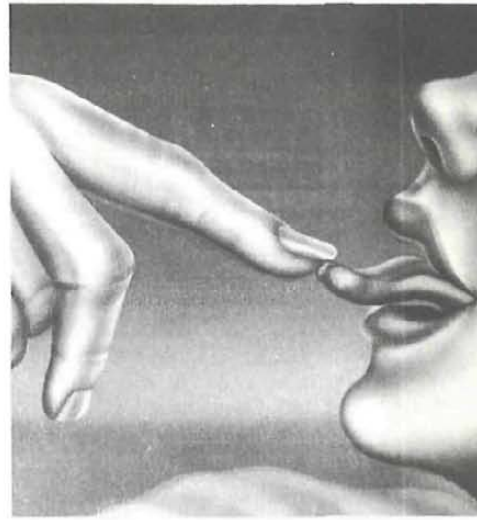
"Oh, I cannot do zis," said Yvonne, her face a mask of adorable squeamishness. She looked hopefully at Mr. Rock 'n' Roll and Baldew. "Of course, eef my 'ands were free, I could do something *else* wiz zem. . . ."

"I'd be *delighted* to dissect your frog," said Mr. Rock 'n' Roll at once.

"Me, too!" said Baldew.

Yvonne laughed merrily; her face seemed a little flushed. "Then you both shall do so."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll went to work, making incisions on Yvonne's frog's belly. Dis-



Smiling broadly, she licked the end of her index finger.

gusting guts fell out. Even as they did, her hand stole into his lap to drop softly on his member.

"Oh ho!" she chirped brightly. "You are already 'ard!"

"Jesus, keep it down a little, willya?" whispered Mr. Rock 'n' Roll, looking around apprehensively. She'd said that awfully loud.

"Me," said Baldew. "Me hard, too."

"Oh, yes, you are," said Yvonne, turning to smile at him. "Ha ha ha ha! You are my two little men, are you not?"

Again her voice seemed to echo around the room. Why was she doing this? She'd never talked at such high volume before. . . . But then Yvonne began stroking, and Mr. Rock 'n' Roll stopped caring about

anything but that. His hard-on grew and grew, until its small white face poked up between his stomach and pants to peer out into the room, blinking at the unaccustomed brightness.

"Look 'ow cute he is!" Yvonne cried. "I give him kiss!" Smiling broadly, she licked the end of her index finger and made little circles on the end of Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's dick with it.

It was an act so sexy he'd never even dared think of it. And yet, he hardly even felt it. She was being so loud and obvious! Heads were beginning to turn! What the hell was going on? He was completely mystified; it was only later he heard she'd been spotted drinking whiskey with Frankie Sizemore in his car during lunch.

"Unh... unh," went Baldew, oblivious.

Yvonne looked at Mr. Rock 'n' Roll naughtily. "Today I take you out!" she declared with enthusiasm, and began unzipping his fly. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's terror at being found out vied with his crazed lust for bare hand. As her fingers drew him from the safety of his pouch out into the room, his crazed lust won in a walk. He closed his eyes and floated away on a sea of sensation.

In the front of the room, Miss Pattypan looked up to glare at the rear of the room, where all the noise was coming from. The little French slut they'd stuck her with was sitting there with that phony innocent smile she always wore and her hands out of sight below the table. And the boys on either side of her were unmoving, eyes closed, mouths hanging open, their scalpels poised over her frog. Miss Pattypan shook her head. It was time to do something about that situa-

tion; she'd had her suspicions before, but now there could be no doubt about what was going on.

"Miss d'Eauclaire, would you come up here, please?"

At the rear table, the three of them froze. Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt his cock drop from Yvonne's shocked hand to lie like a length of heavy pipe against his stomach. God, he'd been so close! Now instead, some new, terrible thing was happening. He attempted to cram himself back into his pants. It was like trying to get a crowbar into a mousehole. What in God's name would he do if she made *him* go up there?

At the front of the room, a heated, whispered conversation was under way between Yvonne and Miss Pattypan. Yvonne waved her hands about and rolled her eyes with saucy European indignation, but eventually, as Miss Pattypan kept at her, Yvonne's gestures lost their animation and her shoulders sagged, and, finally, the conversation ended. Eyes downcast, Yvonne walked slowly to the back of the class. Without a word to Mr. Rock 'n' Roll or Baldew, she took her books and, as every eye followed her, moved to the empty seat between Christina Thatstuff and Warren G. Hard-On, and sullenly sat down.

Miss Pattypan nodded her head in satisfaction and returned her attention to her Delaney attendance book. The students slowly returned to their frogs. The affair was over.

But not for Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. He kept trying to get his dong back in his pants. It couldn't be done. Nor did his hard-on give any indication of going away. Stopping like that, just on the verge, seemed to have

shorted out its off switch. As far as he could see, there was only one solution—to quietly and secretly beat off, right here. He could come in his shoe or something. Putting on a casual expression, he reached beneath the table and initiated a light beating motion.

Suzette, meanwhile, bent over her frog with concentration, working as fast as she could to finish. All she could think about was Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. She was bursting with the wonderful news she had for him that would restore their glorious relationship, and now that the seat next to him was empty, she felt the irresistible impulse to tell *him now*, right away.

Finishing, she dumped the parts back into the frog and wiped her hands on a paper towel. Looking around, she found everyone else busy with their dissections, and Miss Pattypan with her attention on some papers she was reading. Good. She made her way to the rear of the room and, turning the chair so that her back was to that awful Baldew person, sat down.

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll was sitting with his eyes closed, stroking rhythmically; he was seconds away. Abruptly, he saw Suzette. Horrified, he dropped his dick and pulled himself flush against the table. Good God, why was *she* here? And with that strange, moony look on her face... What weird curve ball was life throwing him now?

She put her lips close to his ear so no one else could hear. "I've been thinking a lot about... things, and I just wanted you to know that I think I'd be ready now to... you know."

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll looked at her with incomprehension. If he didn't come in two seconds, he was going to die!

Suzette bit her lip. "What I'm trying to say is, would it make you happy if I... did *this*..."

With her eyes on his face to watch his reaction, she reached a trembling hand beneath the table and contacted the small tree growing in Mr. Rock 'n' Roll's lap. She stopped. With a look of incredulity, she moved her hand up and down it, trying to identify the something else it must be because it couldn't *possibly* be *that*.

"AHHHHHHHHHH!" cried Mr. Rock 'n' Roll. Forgetting all else, he pushed back from the table. His dick began a slow sideways fall toward her.

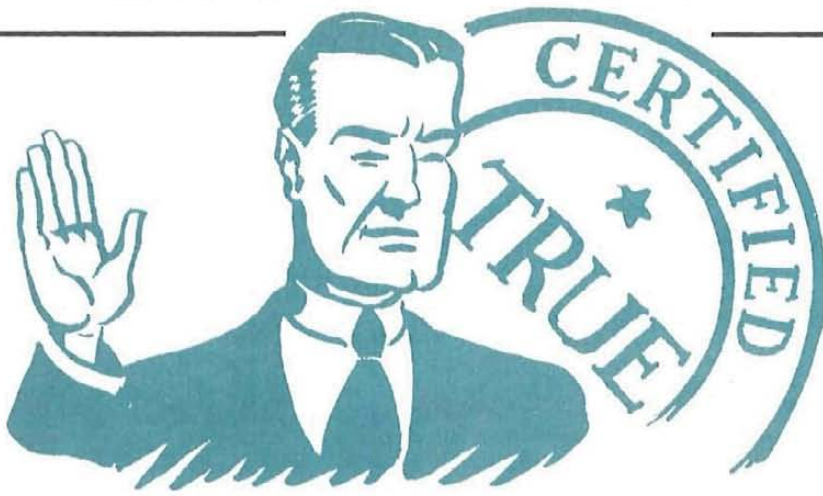
SPLORT!

The great creamy globe struck Suzette full in the face, blasting her backward into Baldew. There she lay, stunned and dripping, goobers lengthening from her eyelashes, and nose, and chin, and ears, and arms...

Mr. Rock 'n' Roll felt a wave of peace and happiness wash over him. His dream had come true! Except for the part about her liking it...

But then, you can't have everything. ■





# TRUE FACTS

## THE BEST OF THE EIGHTIES

Edited by **JOHN BENDEL**

Dine With



Chris

Demo

Gus

George

**THREE BROTHERS  
RESTAURANT**

contributed by Ralph Gales

# THE BEST OF THE DECADE

**I**N THE COLLECTION THAT FOLLOWS, THE names of most contributors are duly noted. But while your names are in our published archives, your addresses, for the most part, are long gone from our antiquated pen-and-ink recordkeeping system.

So no new T-shirts.

Nevertheless, you are a wry and clever bunch, you contributors are, and I applaud you all for finding and submitting the stories, photos, and more that have comprised True Facts over the years. During the 1980s those submissions included the ones below, my ten personal favorite True Facts of the decade:

WHILE THE AUDIENCE waited for the curtain to rise on the last act of the Passion Play being performed by a traveling troupe at Selma (Alabama) High School, a scuffle broke out behind the closed curtain. After refusing to mount a cross erected for him because he felt it wouldn't hold his weight, Jesus was apparently knocked to the floor by a stagehand.

"I knew something was wrong," high school principal Roy Wilson said later. "One of the kids told me something like 'David and Jesus had a fight.' It was some mix-up."

Jesus suffered a minor head injury in the incident and retired to his dressing room, but the play went on, with Judas taking his place on the cross. *AP* (contributed by Ed McIntyre)

THE LITERARY COMMUNITY in Sydney, Australia, "went feral" at the New South Wales Premier's Literary Awards dinner, according to an article in *Australian Book-seller & Publisher*, which was quoted by *Publishers Weekly* in this report:

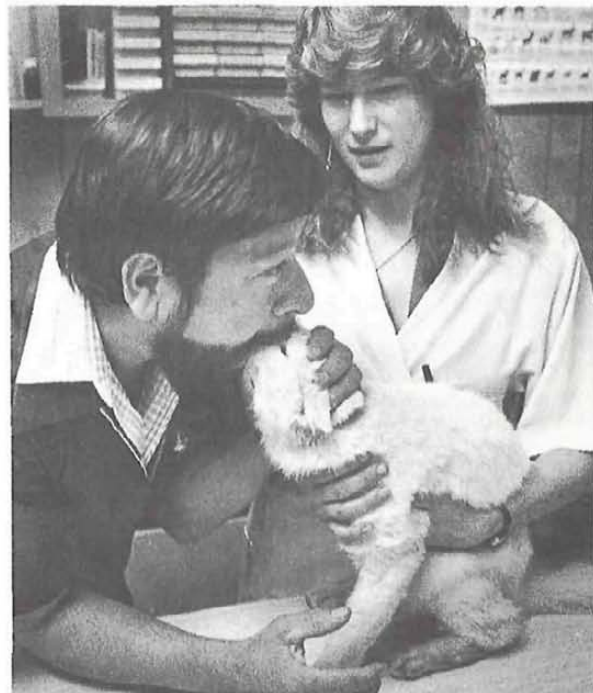
"It all began when Morris West gave an 'arrogant' address, 'a combination of a Christian sermon and a pompous political harangue' that contained 'a number of excellent very bad book titles,' and was aggressively heckled. The premier then abandoned protocol and gave a political speech greeted by both cheering and [jeering]. Dur-

ing the prize-giving, 'Richard Walsh, as publisher, accepted the prize on behalf of poet Kevin Hart by saying that he was sure that the prizewinner would want to praise his publisher and then proceeded to do so himself.' By now the excitable audience was wresting bottles of wine from waiters. A woman publisher became so raucous that the premier took to the microphone to ask if someone would stick a bread roll in her mouth. During the declamation of a poem with 'assertive incoherence, a publisher alarmed everybody by suddenly yelling out that he had a hard-on induced by his excitement over the poem, and there was a flurry while people covered his lap with their table napkins.'" (contributed by Ron Van Warner)

AT A TOWN COUNCIL IN Newington, Connecticut, attendees stood to pledge allegiance to the flag, but the flag had apparently been removed. So they faced a former councilman wearing a flag lapel pin and saluted him instead. *Hartford Courant* (contributed by Warren A. Cohen)

AFTER INSULTING THE disc jockey at a party in Salisbury, England, Dr. John Parsons was asked to leave. Minutes after leaving, however, Parsons startled partygoers by plunging back into the house headfirst through

## Blowing Up Kitty



**The caption to this photo, which originally appeared in the *Arizona Daily Star*, explained: "Joe Samaniego shows Cheryl Paxton how to give CPR to her cat, Poofer." (contributed by John M. Anderson)**

the glass porch door. He was tossed out again but returned a second time—headfirst through the living-room window. Parsons ran through the house, diving out through one kitchen window and plunging back in through another. Then he walked calmly away. Parsons was later arrested and fined \$640 plus \$180 to replace the broken glass. *UPI* (contributed by M. Silberger)

FROM THE *PHILADELPHIA Inquirer*:

"A curious thing happened in Santiago, Chile, as Pope John Paul II was addressing about 80,000 young people in a soccer stadium Thursday. 'Do you reject the idol of wealth?' asked the pope.

'Yes,' came the response. 'Do you reject the idol of power?' he asked. Again, 'Yes,' came from the stands. Finally John Paul asked, 'Do you reject the idol of sex?' Back came a soft chorus of 'No.' The pope made like he didn't notice and continued with his prepared remarks." (contributed by Erik Swain)

DOCKWORKER JOHN Kelly tried to fly across the River Boyne in County Louth, Ireland, by jumping from a high ramp with two turkeys strapped to his arms. After falling into the river, Kelly said he would try again using four turkeys. *CP* (contributed by J. P. Lafontaine)

ALMOST EVERY DAY FOR

## Bottle Opener for the Eighties



**"Broadview Heights Mayor William M. Biddle celebrates the opening of a shooting gallery," read the caption under this photo, which appeared in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "by using a gun to open a bottle of champagne." (contributed by Jean Wendland)**

fifty-five years, Georgette Pepin has traveled from Montreal, Quebec, to Ottawa, Ontario, spending eight hours a day riding local buses between the two Canadian cities. She has been making the trip since 1928, eating breakfast at the Montreal bus station, lunch and supper at the Ottawa depot. Sometimes she visits a cousin, Mary Pepin, in Ottawa, but often she simply sits at the Ottawa bus depot for five hours, neither knitting nor reading, her hands folded in her lap. Pepin, now seventy-three years old, says she doesn't talk with anyone regularly, and has no friends at either of the bus terminals.

Asked why she has been making this commute for so long, she replied, "It keeps

me healthy. The doctor told me I shouldn't stay at home." *CP* (contributed by Ron Elias)

A BOOK CALLED *DO-IT-Yourself Medical Testing*, published by Facts on File of New York City, describes what it calls "nocturnal penile tumescence screening (stamp test for impotence)."

The test requires pasting a strip of postage stamps around the base of a flaccid penis before retiring in the evening. If the perforations between the stamps are broken in the morning, it indicates that "at least one erection probably took place during sleep."

However, the book contains this warning: "Mention must be made of a recent ar-

ticle in a medical journal that reports that postal officials require you to obtain permission from the Secret Service in the Treasury Department in order to use postage stamps for such testing. That same article also notes that use of Christmas Seals for this purpose requires permission from the American Lung Association. Some stationery stores carry glue-backed, or gummed, sheets of address labels that are separated by perforations. And as of now, there seem to be no restrictions on the use of trading stamps." (contributed by E. J. Ulrich)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the *Farm Paper Letter*, a publication of the U.S. Department of Agriculture: "Sam Katz, once with the USDA's kumquat division, later with the tung nut division, and more recently with the mung bean division, may switch to the kiwi fruit division after the first of the year." *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

AFTER THE FIRST ACT OF Amilcare Ponchielli's opera *La Gioconda* at New York's Lincoln Center, tenor Carlo Bini, a native of Italy, was rushed in to substitute for a star who had fallen ill. But when Bini began to sing his first aria, members of the audience, some of whom had

paid up to sixty-five dollars for seats, began to boo.

"I think he was traumatized and disoriented," said mezzo-soprano Mignon Dunn, a co-star. Dunn held Bini's hand onstage to bolster his confidence and keep him from bolting, and when she turned to sing her own part, she firmly placed Bini's arm around her waist. But some misinterpreted the gesture, thinking that Bini had embraced her too high and she was moving his hands down. Part of the audience began to laugh, and at this point, fighting broke out in the balcony as disputes over audience deportment grew violent. Some patrons slapped each other with programs, and several were ejected by security guards. Nevertheless, booing erupted again every time Bini attempted to sing.

Finally, conductor Giuseppe Patané stopped the music to admonish the audience. "Have at least some respect for Ponchielli," he said. Later, Bini missed an entrance, so the music stopped again, and after that Patané, suffering from "fluctuating blood pressure," had to be carried from the conductor's podium by orchestra members.

Speaking with reporters after the disaster, Bini remarked: "Everything is making a big casserole." *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

**T**HAT LAST TRUE FACT, INCIDENTALLY, LEFT out one piece of information I deemed irrelevant at the time, though I have since changed my mind: when he spoke with reporters after the fiasco, Carlo Bini's wife was at his side. Her name is Bunny Bini.

The preceding ten items were my personal favorites for reasons I wouldn't attempt to articulate even if I knew what they were. You may choose your own favorites from among them, and/or from the pages which follow.

In any case, please keep sending your True Facts to:

**True Facts  
National Lampoon  
155 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10013**

Remember, you've got a whole new decade's worth of absurdity to harvest.—JOHN BENDEL, TRUE FACTS EDITOR

# LETTERS TO OTHER EDITORS

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 blonde 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 hap-

pened. 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)

THIS LETTER WAS PUBLISHED in the *Detroit Medical News*:

"Dear Sirs:

"I feel that the following case is worthy of the attention of the local medical community and therefore present it to you for publication.

"Recently, the Emergency Medical Service responded to a call from a person who had discovered a man and woman conjoined as for inter-

course, and unable to separate themselves due to pain. It was with some difficulty that they were transported via a makeshift double stretcher to the emergency room of the Woman's Hospital. Here the emergency-room physicians were confronted with two people suffering from hysteria, extreme pain, and no little embarrassment, unable as previously described to disengage themselves from each other. It was prematurely decided that the two were trapped by a case of vaginismus as described in a *Philadelphia Medical News*. An anesthetic with muscle relaxants was administered to the lady. However, even during this anesthetic, the gentleman was unable to extricate himself, and an examination revealed no spasm, indeed, quite a patent vaginal introitus. After recovery from the anesthetic, a more careful history from the lady revealed the recent introduction of a homemade intrauterine device to prevent pregnancy. At this juncture, the physicians postulated, as proved correct, that the device had somehow become entwined between the male glans and the female cervix, forbidding separation. The problem was eventually solved by the use of more anesthetics, an operating esophagoscope, and cutting forceps, which successfully severed the IUD and thus separated the two suffering individuals. Both patients were given tranquilizers to help them over their traumatic experience.

"I feel that a warning to the profession of this possibility is in order.

Sincerely yours,  
Edgerton Y. Davis II, M.D."

(contributed by Mike Caferty)

THE FOLLOWING LETTER to the editor was written by Paul Blanton of Santa Cruz, California, and published in the *Modesto Bee* under the headline "Terrible Experience":

"I read in your paper that during the water shortage, we should put a brick in the toilet to save water. I want to be a good person. I want to help save water, too, so I followed your suggestion.

"The only thing I can say about that little experiment is, don't try it. The first time I used the toilet after the brick was in, the paper and the other stuff got all clogged up around it, and when I flushed it, the toilet overflowed all over the place. I had to reach down there and fish that brick out with my bare hands. Then it took me about an hour to mop the place up.

"Why do you do these

## Here's Looking at You



According to this German postcard, "Pope John Paul II amuses himself with the photographer."

## ROCKVILLE LOCALS

Ethel Richardson

Mrs. Rowena Fasolt visited last Saturday with Ethel Richardson and they had lunch at Stop 35.

Mrs. Ethel Richardson visited Saturday forenoon with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell Sr. in Mifflin.

Monday afternoon visitors with Ethel Richardson were her sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Allen and son Richard from Townsend, Delaware.

Ethel Richardson accompanied Rowena Fasolt to Lewistown Tuesday.

Saturday evening visitors with Ethel Richardson were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosemund and daughter Carolyn and his dad from Sterling, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell and Gregg were Monday evening supper guests with Ethel Richardson.

Ethel Richardson visited Wednesday with Rowena Fasolt at Mifflin Star Route.

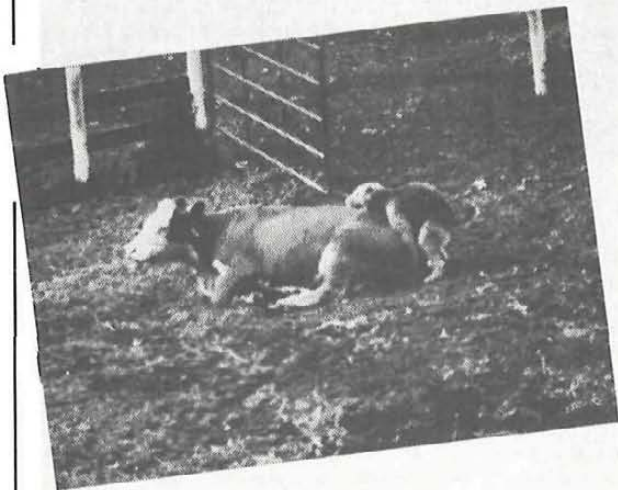
Susie Bell and her mother visited Thursday evening with Mike Richardson of Mexico.

Mrs. Ethel Richardson called Sunday forenoon with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bell Sr. and Mr. and Mrs. Dolph Knox.

Mrs. Ethel Richardson visited Friday with Mrs. Verna Palm and Bill Harlan at Honey Grove, R.D.

contributed by Jack Yoder

## Bumper Makes a New Friend



**Bumper the dog, if he's still around, belongs to one Ken Smith, though this photo was submitted by Roger Guy Duern and Arlene F. Macfarlane.**

things to your readers? Is this your idea of a joke? Goodness knows, I try. I try to do the right thing, but this kind of stuff has to go. I demand a retraction so that the rest of the people out there don't have to endure the same kind of terrible experience I did."

The letter was followed by this Editor's Note: "The brick should be placed in the water tank." (contributed by Rosalie Hammond)

THIS LETTER AND REPLY were published in the *Trenton Times*:

"Q. Last week, I got a prescription, I think an antibiotic, for a condition the doctor said was proctitis. The capsules are individually foil-wrapped and not only very difficult to open, but so large I can hardly swallow them twice a day like it says. It really upsets me how they can charge so much for medicine that works about as good as horse pills.

"A. There seems to be a slight tactical error here. They're not pills, they are

suppositories. Read the labeled directions thoroughly, and if the druggist didn't direct you to the proper orifice for these, then indeed he owes you the most profound apology due anyone." (contributed by Gary Joy)

THIS LETTER TO THE EDITOR appeared in the *Bulletin-Journal* of Cape Girardeau, Missouri:

"Dear Speak Out: Tonight my sixteen-year-old daughter, who is a cheerleader at Central High School in Cape, was telling me about Lennon's Tomb in Russia. She told me about how many thousand people visit Lennon's Tomb every day. We both want to say that we think this is a total injustice to have the grave of this former ex-Beatle buried in a communist country. Maybe his music wasn't like everyone's, but he was a great songwriter and was a member of a group who influenced American pop music more than any other group. It has never been proven he wrote any

music pertaining to communism." (contributed by Robert Hildebrand, Jr.)

THE FOLLOWING LETTER signed "Eva Butler, Virginia, U.S.A." appeared in the "Action Line" column of the *Toronto Sun*:

"I was attending a wedding in Toronto a few months ago with my two traveling companions, Sam the teddy bear and his sister Brunhilde.

"Yes, I am an older lady and I do travel with two stuffed bears. We have traveled across the United States and Canada and have been welcomed everywhere. When we attended dinner at a well-known Toronto restaurant they even received a round of applause.

"On this particular trip to Toronto, the three of us were staying at the downtown Ramada Hotel. One morning we decided to have breakfast in their café. Well, the host refused to seat us at a table where the three of us could enjoy our breakfast. I became very upset. Sam and Brunhilde are very quiet and well liked.

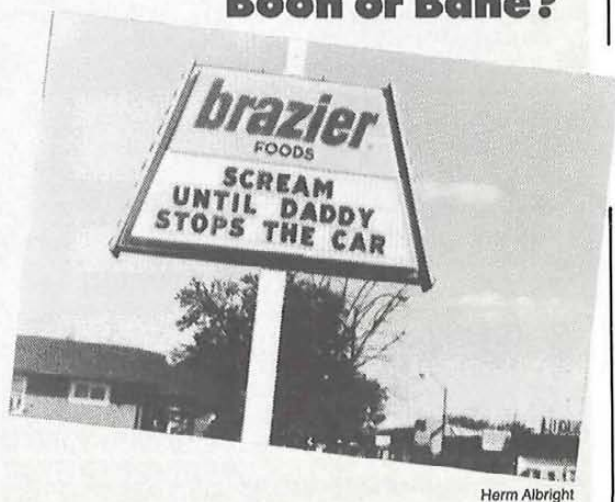
"Would you be able to have an apology sent to the three of us? I was deeply hurt."

Editor Terri Williams replied: "'Action Line' contacted the Ramada Hotel and

an immediate apology and explanation were offered to Butler and her bears.... When Butler and her two bears arrived at the Café Vienna there was a lineup. She was offered a table for two, but insisted each of her bears have a seat. She was told they would have to wait until other customers were seated. Butler did not like this idea and made 'a scene which disrupted the other guests'.... If the café hadn't been so busy, the Butler party would certainly have been seated at a larger table. 'Unfortunately, the other guests were not as comfortable with her bear friends and felt more entitled to the seating available.'" (contributed by J. W. Bannister)

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITORS of *Time*, Charles R. Harris, executive director of the American Mushroom Institute, objected to the cover shot of a mushroom cloud on the fortieth anniversary of the Hiroshima bombing. Mr. Harris wrote: "This comes at a time when the American Mushroom Institute is beginning a campaign to increase the consumption of mushrooms from 2.8 pounds per capita to a much higher level." (contributed by Joe Forbes)

## Child Literacy: Boon or Bane?



Herm Albright

# THE ENFORCERS

A JUDGE ADMONISHED the Radnor, Pennsylvania, police for pretending that a Xerox copy machine was a lie detector. Officers had placed a metal colander on the head of a suspect and attached the colander to the copier with metal wires. In the copy machine was a typewritten message which read: "He's lying."

According to UPI, "Each time investigators received answers they did not fancy, they pushed the copy button. Out came the message 'He's lying.'"

Apparently convinced the machine was accurate, the suspect confessed. (contributed by Jack Finch)

LIEUTENANT ROBERT TRAVIS of the Newburgh (New York) Police Department was quoted in the *Times Herald Record* on the stabbing death of a sixty-eight-year-old man there. "We have good reason to believe he was stabbed," said Travis. "There was a sharp object sticking out of his chest." (contributed by Tom Basso)

THE ROYAL CANADIAN Mounted Police swooped down on a number of motels in Grande Prairie, Alberta, and confiscated "adult" films used for in-room entertainment. According to motel owners, the police seized one Walt Disney movie during their purge of obscene material. The film was *The Black Hole*. CP (contributed by Vicki McCuaig)

IN HOUSTON, POLICE raided the Follies Bergere, a theater which featured simulated sex between naked women and a man in a gorilla suit.

According to the *Amarillo News-Globe*, "Five people were arrested and charged with public lewdness." In addition, the report continued, "the gorilla suit was confiscated." (contributed by Don Stuart)

THIRTY-YEAR-OLD JORGE Gonzalez was taken to an interrogation room in a Miami, Florida, police station for questioning. But detectives couldn't decide who would take him home. They told Gonzalez to wait, that they would be right back. Then they forgot about him.

"He stayed in the interview room for five days without food or water," said police spokesman Richard Roundtree, "and without coming out to tell anybody about it." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Paul Mahalek)

WHILE DRIVING THE POLK County Animal Control truck, dog catcher Kay Bass of Winter Haven, Florida, ran over Buffy, a mixed-breed fox terrier. As Buffy lay dying, Bass issued a ticket to his owner, Jim Atkins, because Buffy

wasn't wearing the proper vaccination tags. *Fort Lauderdale News* (contributed by Larry Marks)

THE KETTERING (OHIO) Fraternal Order of Police Auxiliary raised \$14,000 by raffling off a shotgun and a .357-caliber magnum revolver. The proceeds were used to outfit officers with bulletproof vests. *Miami Herald* (contributed by Robert Levine)

BERLYN SALAZAR FILED A \$250,000 lawsuit against the city of Espanola, New Mexico, after an incident in which, he charged, he was beaten by police. Salazar said that he required emergency surgery after an officer kicked him in the groin. Commenting on the case, Espanola police chief A. B. Valdez claimed that Salazar, in an effort to

implicate the police department, had actually kicked himself in the groin. *Albuquerque Journal* (contributed by Barbara Fordyce)

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

TWO MEN FROM HORNELL, New York, were arrested and charged with consensual sodomy after they were discovered together in a car by David Mathis, an undercover state toxic-waste investigator. *Corning (New York) Leader* (contributed by Mark Zydanicowicz)

## Photo for Thought



**Yes, it's a cop and a dog on a motorcycle, and yes, they're serious. (contributed by Joe Forbes)**



# MISSING LETTERS



Bill Templeton



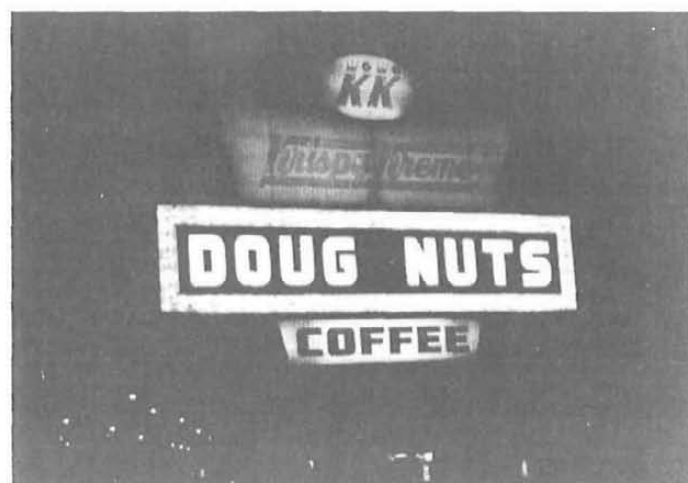
Maggie Grant



Tom Haley



Joseph Asaro



J. Scott Lambdin



Dave Shearer

# REALLY STUPID CROOKS

WOULD-BE BURGLAR STEVEN Little had drunk thirty-five dollars' worth of beer before his attempt to break into a boot store in Longmont, Colorado, so it wasn't until he began trying to pry open the front door with a crowbar that he realized the shop was still open and people were staring at him from inside. Little made off empty-handed, but was later found by police asleep in his van. *Rocky Mountain News* (contributed by Cindy Jones)

IN ASHEBORO, NORTH Carolina, Bryon Gilbert Williamson was charged with breaking and entering. He was discovered hitting the wall of Garner Brothers Grocery and Pawn Shop with a sledgehammer, even though the front door was unlocked. The store was not scheduled to close until 6:00 P.M., three hours after the attempted burglary. *Greensboro News & Record* (contributed by Lee Vernon)

DEFENDING HIMSELF IN an Oklahoma City court against armed robbery charges, Dennis Newton leaped to his feet when a witness identified him as the man who had robbed a convenience store. Newton screamed that the woman was a liar and that he should have blown her head off.

"If I had been the one who was there," he added after a moment's pause. It took the jury thirty minutes to bring in a guilty verdict. *Lima* (Ohio) *News*

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*: "Police in Humble, Texas, say a shoplifter tried to make off with twenty-seven pounds of meat—most of it in her underwear. Inside her panties was a 12.85-pound rib-eye roast and a 1.55-pound package of beefsteaks and another pound and a half of

beefsteaks and another two pounds of beefsteaks," according to Assistant Police Chief Don Maddox." (contributed by Bob Bartberger)

A PRISONER AT THE PASCO County Jail in New Port Richey, Florida, began an escape attempt by hiding in a garbage can. He was discovered during roll call, however, when he heard his name and compulsively called out, "Here!" *Detroit News* (contributed by Donald L. Hirst)

A 7-ELEVEN CONVENIENCE-store clerk in Largo, Florida, was accosted by a robber wearing a pair of underpants over his head. "He was looking through the leg holes," the clerk told police. *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by Robert Powers)

WILLIAM GILLEN, TWENTY-six, entered a bank in Glasgow, Scotland, with a note that read: "Get the money over right now. I have a gun." But on his way to the teller, a bank official told him to wait his turn in line. Gillen did, and when he finally reached the window and handed over the note, the teller pressed an

alarm button.

Gillen fled but was picked up later by police and placed in a lineup, where the bank official failed to pick him out. He was charged with attempted robbery, however, after he called out from the lineup, "Hey, don't you recognize me?" *Scottish Daily Record* (contributed by Mark D. Taylor)

WOULD-BE THIEVES IN Windsor, Ontario, broke into a Coca-Cola plant and went to work on the company safe with an arc welder. They fled, however, after realizing they had welded the safe shut. *Toronto Globe and Mail* (contributed by Jamie Vandermoer)

A CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, convenience store was robbed of fifty dollars by a suspect wearing a twelve-pack beer box over his head. (Corpus Christi) *Caller-Times* (contributed by Eric Rougeay)

IN CHARLES TOWN, WEST Virginia, a man arrived at a convenience store an hour before the normal 5:00 A.M. opening time. When clerks refused to unlock the door for

him, the man pulled out a handgun and shot out the glass door. Once inside the store, he picked up a can of STP Oil Treatment, paid for it at the counter, then left. *Trentonian* (contributed by Steven Poppele)

THIS STORY DATED IN Baton Rouge, Louisiana, appeared in the *Arizona Republic*:

"A man described by a federal judge as the 'most inept counterfeiter I ever heard of' was sentenced to five years' probation for cutting the corners off twenty-dollar bills and pasting them on a one-dollar bill.

"U.S. District Judge John Parker said he saw no sense in mutilating a genuine twenty-dollar bill to make a bogus one.

"Parker sentenced James E. Sanders after noting that the defendant had a drinking and drug problem that probably contributed to the counterfeiting charge and seven previous burglary arrests.

"Defense lawyer Richard Randolph told the judge that Sanders is not criminally inclined but has a 'weekend-frolic temperament.'" (contributed by John Andresen)

## Headline of the Year

### Jessica Hahn pooped after giving testimony

(Louisville, Kentucky) *Courier-Journal*  
contributed by Neil & Nancy Langford

# MISSING EVEN MORE LETTERS



Randi Glick



Gregory P. Dziekonski



Mike Donegan



Jon Krassenstein



Hank Landsberg



Lee Itzkowitz



Ron Jarvis



S. Peyton

# TRUE FACTS

POLICE IN DORTMUND, Germany, arrested a twenty-four-year-old man suspected of robbing babies. When caught, the suspect was carrying a plastic bag containing 757 pacifiers, two feeding bottles, and a number of teething rings. *Houston Post* (contributed by Lish Roof)

**CONSUMER REPORTS** magazine investigated the claims for various nutritional supplements, including Blue-Green Manna made from algae that grows in Oregon's Upper Klamath Lake. The product allegedly contains "neuropeptides" which "detoxify the body and provide food for the brain."

However, a 1983 FDA lab analysis found the following materials in a five-ounce

## Ominous Boulders

22 The Toronto Sun, Monday November 28, 1983



### Huge loose boulders threaten B.C. homes

SALMON ARM, B.C. (Special) — People living in the shadow of Mt. Rison must decide whether to leave or risk having their homes flattened by a huge boulder, says Gerry...

contributed by M. Lapointe

sample of Blue-Green Manna: "fifteen whole or equivalent adult flies, 164 adult fly fragments, forty-one whole or equivalent maggots, fifty-nine maggot fragments, one ant, five ant fragments, one adult cicada, one cicada pupa, 763 insect fragments, nine ticks, four mites, one thousand ostracods, two rat or mouse hairs, four bird feathers, six bird-feather barbles, and 10,500 water fleas." (contributed by Jean McCallister)

**PLANNING A DOOMSDAY** Party, a local branch of the End of the World Society in Bude-Stratton, Cornwall, England, applied for a special late-night drinking permit. However, a magistrate denied the permit, ruling that "the end of the world is not a special occasion." *Reuters* (contributed by Lloyd Bieber)

**THE DETROIT FREE PRESS** reported that sixty-two-year-old Nelson Louie Jones, who was "mad at everyone in the world," threw the contents of his Detroit apartment out a window onto the street sixteen floors below. He started by throwing out a mattress, a television set, and an antique telephone.

Then, according to the newspaper, he threw out "cameras, picture albums, food, full cans of Stroh's beer, pots and pans, piles of newspapers, telephone books, nude magazines, a set of encyclopedias, mayonnaise jars, a box of batteries, two bicycles, a half-dozen new bicycle tires, and used and new clothing. He tossed pillboxes, pens, and sets of suspenders still in their packages.

"Some in the crowd gathered below shouted 'Icebox! Icebox!' and Jones pushed the apartment's refrigerator out the window. The flights of the refrigerator, the apartment stove, and other large

pieces of furniture brought whoops of glee from the crowd."

After his arrest by Detroit police, Jones's niece tried to explain her uncle's actions. "Everybody has their off days," she said.

Asked what charges would be filed against Jones, the police public information officer said, "Littering, for one." (contributed by David Strette)

**ACCORDING TO THE** *New York Times*, 1,600 Egyptian policemen fought a massive two-hour gun battle with smugglers on camels in the desert outside Cairo. No injuries were reported on either side. (contributed by Harold Blackmon)

**LIZ RANDOLPH**, THE former morning-news anchor for WBZZ-FM in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, filed a suit against the station claiming that morning air personalities Jim Quinn and Donald "Banana Don" Jefferson had defamed her.

In court papers, Randolph's lawyer said that WBZZ's morning team suggested that Randolph "has engaged in indiscriminate oral sex with large numbers of persons...and has sexually transmittable diseases."

The suit arose after Randolph walked off the set in protest over a particular remark. Station officials said she was fired for abandoning her post.

The walkout took place after the morning team told listeners that Randolph enjoyed oral sex so much she wore a tattoo on her forehead which read: "Don't pull on my ears. I know what I'm doing." *Electronic Media* (contributed by Jon Banks)

**FOOD TECHNOLOGY** MAGAZINE reported the death of Herbert B. Knechtel, founder of Knechtel Research Sci-

ences, Inc. According to the trade magazine, "Knechtel was called the Henry Ford of the candy industry. He was the recipient of the Stroud-Jordan Award, which has been described as the Nobel Prize of candy making." (contributed by Chris DiPietro)

**JOYCE AND DAVID WHITE** of Berlin Heights, Ohio, filed a \$125,000 lawsuit against the Natilina Pizza Company of nearby Elyria, claiming that a "spoiled, rotten, rancid, and moldy" pizza caused the death of their dog, Fluffy. According to their lawyer, the couple "became violently ill after eating a small quantity of the pizza. Then they became severely distressed in their search for medical assistance and ran over Fluffy in the driveway." *Sandusky Register* (contributed by Patrick T. Hughes)

**THE AFRICAN NATION OF** Burundi, home of the tall Watusi tribe, received a foreign-aid grant from the Reagan administration—ten thousand dollars' worth of basketballs. *Cincinnati Post* (contributed by Robert D. Scott)

**EMORY UNIVERSITY** RESEARCHERS, writing in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, reported that a Georgia man with heart disease noticed that nitrate skin patches worn on his chest to suppress heart pain also caused headaches—a common side effect of the treatment. But headaches did not occur if he wore the patches on his leg. Intrigued, the man rubbed a used nitrate patch on his penis, became aroused, and had sex with his wife.

"Several minutes later," wrote the researchers, "she wondered why she had the worst headache she ever had in her life." *Science News* (contributed by Andrew J. Popper)

# SIGNS OF THE TIMES



James C. Gumbert



Sherrie Roden



Mark S. Brzezniak



John E. Brown



Joe Bissin



James Lola



Jim Romano



Ron Skindelieu

# TRUE FACTS

WHEN A MAN BOARDED a San Francisco city bus singing, the driver warned him to stop or get off, prompting other passengers to begin singing in sympathy. "In just a few minutes, practically everybody aboard was singing," said a passenger. "It was really quite moving." However, the driver pulled over and stood outside the bus, refusing to drive for thirty minutes while the passengers continued to sing their defiant rendition of "Jingle Bells." AP (contributed by Eric Ambro)

THE FOLLOWING EXcerpts are from an entry which appeared in the freelance writers' directory *Writer's Market '88*:

"*Foreskin Quarterly*, Desmondus Inc., Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 864-3456. Editor: Bud Berkeley. 90 percent freelance written. Quarterly magazine covering circumcision. Most writers are anti-circumcision but both sides are solicited and pro-circumcision writers are also invited to submit.' Circ. 15,000....

"Nonfiction: Book excerpts, essays, exposé, historical/nostalgic, how-to, humor, interview/profile, new product, opinion, personal experience, photo feature, technical, and travel....

"Fiction: Adventure, confession, erotica, ethnic, fantasy, historical, humorous, religious, science fiction, and suspense. Must have foreskin/circumcision slant....

"Tips: 'Writers must have genuine interest in subject.'" (contributed by Michael Babin)

PAUL CRAWFORD OF Glenwood Springs, Colorado, a carpenter and poet, sued city authorities on behalf of mosquitoes killed by a spraying program there. *Toronto Sun*

AT AN EXXON GAS STATION in Sunnyvale, California, a worker ignited the pumps when he used an acetylene torch to remove the "No Smoking" signs. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Zook)

POLICE ARRESTED FIVE men in Santa Claus suits and a group of youths as they battled each other on the streets of Mazaro del Vallo, Sicily. The Santas were collecting donations for an orphanage when they encountered the teenagers, who were collecting money for Ethiopian relief. *Sunday Express* (contributed by James Gunn)

FIFTEEN PATIENTS AT the Jean Sarrailh Center, a psychiatric hospital, died when fire swept through the facility, in Aire-sur-le-Dour, France. About half of the hospital's eighty patients had just watched a television docu-

mentary entitled "Should Psychiatric Hospitals Be Burned?" Fire officials suspect arson. AP (contributed by M. Silberger)

ACCORDING TO THE *American Bar Association Journal*, lawyers in the Huntsville, Alabama, district attorney's office compiled the following list of excuses and pleadings offered by defense attorneys:

1. You do not have a case.
2. It's all a big mistake—you've got the wrong guy.
3. He was just in the car and was not participating.
4. The others forced him to do it.
5. How about giving the fellow a break? He (a) has a large family (b) has a good old (1) mama (2) daddy (c) has never done anything like this before.
6. I haven't been paid yet.
7. His constitutional rights were violated.

8. There was an illegal search and seizure.

9. Can he go into the Army?

10. He could not waive his rights because he doesn't understand them.

11. My client is (a) retarded (b) a mental case (c) just a poor farm boy, bedazzled by the city lights, who fell in with a band of (1) thieves (2) hippies.

12. My client can help you get to "Mr. Big."

13. He's already serving time in federal prison.

14. This is his first offense—he won't do it again.

15. My client is related to (a) the governor (b) the judge (c) others.

16. He was drunk.

17. He may be guilty of something else, but not this time.

18. This is a civil case.

19. You couldn't punish him any more than he's already punished himself.

20. He sings in the church choir.

## Pipeline to Grandma



### Can you hear me, Mother?

Edith Miner, left, uses what appears to be the core from a roll of paper towels as a megaphone to sing to her 105-year-old mother, Edith Phal, at the

Bethany-Riverside Nursing Home in LaCrosse, Wis. They were taking part in a sing-along during an Old Time Church Revival program.

AP photo

This AP photo was submitted by Tony Slad.

# TAXI TO TERROR

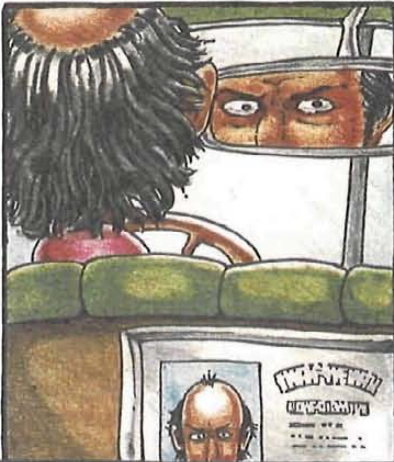
RICK GEARY  
©86



BASED UPON A STORY IN THE "TALLAHASSEE DEMOCRAT" SUBMITTED BY LAWRENCE V. ANNIS

I NEVER RIDE IN TAXICABS: I DESPISE THEM!

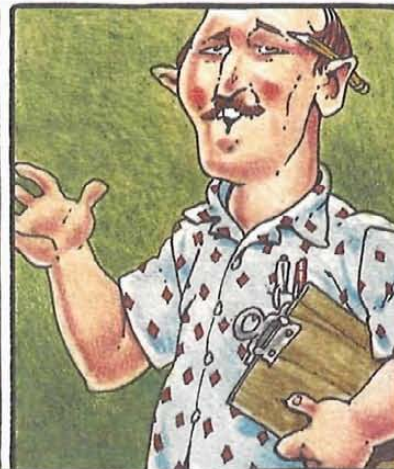
BUT LAST WEEK I HAD TO TAKE ONE TO WORK.



THE DRIVER, I NOTICED, WAS SULLEN AND MOROSE.

HE MISSED MY CORNER, AND I ORDERED HIM TO STOP.

INSTEAD, HE OPENED THE DOOR AND ROLLED OUT—AT 25 MPH!



I STOPPED THE CAB AS BEST I COULD.

LATER, HIS SUPERVISOR EXPLAINED THAT THE DRIVER WAS NEW TO THIS COUNTRY AND EASILY UPSET.

THE ONLY REASON I TOOK A CAB IN THE FIRST PLACE WAS THAT MY TRAIN WAS AFIRE!

# THEY'RE TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING

WHAT FOLLOWS ARE REAL SHOWS ON JAPANESE television as translated in the *Japan Times*, an English-language newspaper in Tokyo. They were compiled by Susan Bigler.

**Meat Information**  
**Babbling Music Hall**  
**Morning Wide Show**  
**World "How Much" Show**  
**Quiz Time Shock**  
**Mint Time**  
**Super TV Blood Type**  
**Amateur Accomplishments Contest**  
**It's Laughing**  
**Welfare Sumo**  
**Hello from Studio**  
**Joyful Map Variety**  
**Amusing Vehicles**  
**Fishing Companions**  
**Let's Appear on TV**  
**High Spirit Show**  
**It's Making!**  
**Tuesday Special: Sumo Wrestlers vs. Baseball Players Singing Competition**

**Playful Night Show**  
**Newly Weds Weight Game**  
**Laughter Soccer**  
**Cocky Pop**  
**Fanky Tomato Show**  
**Fanky Tomato Special**  
**Music Tomato Japan**  
**Kitchen Patrol**  
**Suspense News**  
**Sports Wide Show: "Number"**  
**Love Attack**  
**Nice Day Morning Show**  
**Grandma's Wisdoms**  
**Meat Ala Carte**  
**Quiz Hunter**  
**Soap Bubble Presents**  
**Salaried Men's Life: "Pubs and Bars"**  
**Surprise World #1: "Fried Ants"**  
**Cheap Living**  
**Laughing Couples**  
**Unknown World: "Toilet Seats of the World"**  
**Wonderful Tastes**  
**Special: "Naked Clans of the World"**  
**Young Oh Oh**



THE FOLLOWING UNATTRIBUTED dialogues appear in a phrase book for Middle Eastern travelers that purports to offer examples of typical conversation translated from Berber into everyday English. This one is titled "At the Dentist's":

"I have a hollow tooth, which is ailing horribly."

"Sit down on this chair, incline your head back, and open well your mouth."

"Very good, sir."

"Let us see that hollow tooth. Is this it?"

"Yes, sir, it is not possible to stuff it?"

"The stuffing of the teeth is only a palliative measure."

"Will you then extract it? But that will ail me."

"Never, sir, that is a very light operation. A little courage suffices."

"But, sir."

"Let me take away the cotton that I have put in the hollow of the tooth. Crack; here is your tooth."

The phrase book also contains this conversation, called "At the Hairdresser":

"You are late today."

"Please excuse me, but it has not been possible to come sooner. Make fast and sharpen the razor after soaping my visage."

"All right, sir."

"You have let the brush go in my mouth."

"Because you have spoken when I did not expect it."

"You have cut my visage. It is bleeding."

"No, I have not cut your visage, there was only a pimple and I have taken it away."

"Lay, if you please on my hair, a little perfumed oil." (contributed by Stan Mott)

FOR THE JUNE 1983 VISIT of Pope John Paul II, a hotel in Wroclaw, Poland, printed a special menu in three languages—Polish, German, and English. According to the English translation, restaurant guests were offered the



following dishes: "salad, a firm's own make; limpid red beet soup with cheesy dumplings in the form of a finger; sirloin in clotted cream; a slice of bovine meat; beef rashers beaten up in the country people fashion; ham below the knee pickled and cooked; and roasted duck let loose." Among dessert offerings, the menu suggested "clotted ice cream." *Los Angeles Times News Service* (contributed by Dale Nicholson)

♣  
**ACCORDING TO ADVERTISING AGE**, many Japanese manufacturers feel that English-sounding names add prestige to products marketed inside their country. "If it has a nice foreign sound to it, they use it without looking it up in the dictionary," said a Japanese advertising executive. This has resulted in such products as a brand of jeans called Trim Pecker, lawn fertilizer called Green Piles, Cow Brand shampoo, Shot Vision television sets, Carap candy, Pocket Wetty pre-moistened towelettes, and a fingernail cleaner called Fingernail Remover. Two top beverages are named Calpis and Pocari Sweat, while a nondairy coffee lightener is call Creap.

Slogans, too, are sometimes printed in English, such as this on a deodorant container: "Sweet Medica—it frees you completely from the smell of your underarm sweat." Or this on a bottle of nose drops: "Nazal—for stuffed nose and snot." (contributed by Neil Callari)

♣  
**IN A TOURIST GUIDE TO** an amusement park in Kobe, Japan, native writers gave the following English-language descriptions of the park's "riding machines": "Double Loop's Coaster: Two somersaults from twenty-eight meters high. Can you stand this fear? Viking: Your boat is rolled as if it is a leaf in the stormy sea. Weightless feeling attacks you! Swing Around: Your body jumps up high and high by repeated

space walk. Polyp: You will be in a state of stupor by unique motions of an octopus's paws. Dodge 'M: Get a kick by a crazy car against the rules. Cinema 2000: Everybody can stand by a forceful screen. Tagada: You are jumped as if you are a parched sesame by a dancing flying pan. Magic House: Look! This house overturns! What do you want to do? Air Fighter: Take an aircraft and drop your front one. Rock 'n' Roll: After you ride on a can, you are brandished and inverted." *Eastern Economic Review* (contributed by R. Tschudi)

♣  
**THIS LETTER WAS SENT** to a number of American corporate chief executives by a Soviet émigré living in France:

"I apply to you because you have possibilities to realize big useful technical inventions and because I really know the principle of a car which can work without any fuel.

"From my fundamental data, you can see that I worked as a designer (inventor) on big posts in the most modern complex military technique field at the best design company of the U.S.S.R. In this field they need the most talented engineers, who make complex things in reality.

"I think the most interesting and correct thing for you is to see in life how this new principle of propulsion works and we can arrange it. I can answer on any your questions. I think you and me can use our good possibilities and find a suitable way to know, try and help each other in order to risk nothing.

"I am eagerly awaiting your answer."

♣  
**AN ENGLISH-LANGUAGE** driver's manual in Italy gives this advice on dealing with pedestrians: "When a passenger on the hoof hove in sight, tootle the horn, trumpet him, melodiously at first. If she still obstacle you passage, tootle him with vigor

## When You're Tired of Life...



Michael Grissom

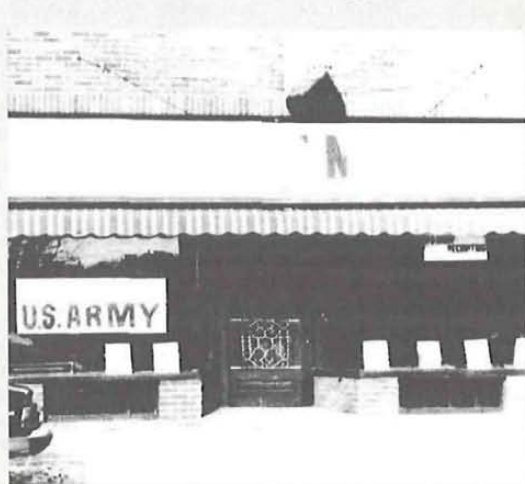
and vim, expressing by words of mouth in warning."

And a tourist guide to the island of Capri offers this introduction: "We hope this little book will be really insinuating, in the proper sense of the word. It weighs nothing and has no pretences, and we hope it will be kept in the handbag of elegant ladies and in the wallet of their husbands, on the desk of the important business man or in the cigarette case of the young snob." (*Toronto Star*

(contributed by Paul G. Einboden)

♣  
**THE EUROPEAN EDITION** of *Stars and Stripes*, the daily newspaper of the American military, contained a German television schedule translated into English. It listed these offerings: a "TV series" called *Devil's Grandmother*, another series called *Waiting Room*, and a "TV play" entitled *Dump like a Fish*. (contributed by Rich Hancock)

## Sign Up Here, Big Fella...



Jim Pilgrim

# TRUE FACTS

A KENYAN MAN WAS sentenced to three years in prison by a court in Nairobi for counterfeiting. The man had produced Kenyan currency notes that bore a likeness of himself. *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Jay Grossman)

WHILE SWIMMING IN THE midst of dense fog, one thousand ducks were swept over Niagara Falls. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

DOCTOR LUCAS OF WEST Palm Beach, Florida, decided not to call the authorities when he found a pipe bomb inside a rusted-out hole in a used car he was attempting to repair. Lucas's son had given him the Ford Ranchero four weeks earlier, and Lucas did not want to "make a scene." After removing the pipe bomb and examining it, Lucas returned it to the car and continued working on the vehicle with an electric sander. "I figured, well, it hasn't gone off yet, so there's no hurry," Lucas said.

After driving around in the car for two days, Lucas and his wife, Helen, finally reported the bomb to the police at the urging of their daughter-in-law. The Palm Beach County bomb squad deputies evacuated the neighborhood, spent forty-five minutes tying ropes to the bomb, and then carefully drew it into an explosion-proof tank fifty feet away. According to one of the bomb squad deputies, "There was a blasting cap inside. It was dangerous." Lucas was quoted as saying, "It sort of bothers me now." (Bergen County) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

A WOMAN APPROACHED former secretary of defense James Schlesinger after he had given a speech.

"She said it was absolutely superfluous and asked if I

## The Man Upstairs



R. E. Miller II

could give her a copy," said Schlesinger. "I told her that it would be published posthumously, and she replied, 'I can hardly wait.'" *Birmingham* (Alabama) *News* (contributed by Mike White)

BASED ON A DESCRIPTION provided by witnesses, police in Cincinnati, Ohio, quickly collared William Howard, fifty-six, as the man who had attempted to burglarize the home of an elderly woman. Howard had been wearing his World War I vintage Army coat and hat as well as size-fifteen purple shoes. *Cincinnati Post* (contributed by Pat Laffin)

AN UNIDENTIFIED YOUNG man knocked on the door of a nineteen-year-old woman in Bloomington, Illinois, and tried to sell her subscriptions to two sexually oriented magazines for a total of eighty dollars. Then, according to the Bloomington *Pentagraph*, he

changed his story.

"He told the woman that his sales pitch was just a way to get inside her apartment. He said the real purpose of the visit was to see if she would agree to have sex with him so he could write an article about the experience."

He told her she would be paid \$850 for her cooperation, but in the meantime he needed her eighty dollars "to prove to his boss that the visit really took place."

The woman agreed to have sex with the man and gave him eighty dollars. Two days later, not having received her \$850, she notified police. (contributed by B. Dierking)

PRISON OFFICERS IN England were alarmed when the driver of a bus transporting dangerous prisoners began acting erratically. He repeatedly stalled the bus, deliberately drove on the wrong side of the road, and

never got out of second gear. Officials later learned that the newly hired prison bus driver was an escaped mental patient. *Manchester Guardian* (contributed by N. Booth)

THE JOHN PETER SMITH Hospital in Fort Worth, Texas, was thrown into darkness when floodwaters knocked out power and damaged emergency generators one Friday night. During the confusion that followed the outage, and during the weekend, a young mental patient masquerading as a medical official took charge, directing the staff and coping with the emergency. With no ventilation or air conditioning, the temperature inside the hospital rose, and at one point the young leader dispatched staffers on a late-night search for ice. "We wound up with two thousand pounds of dry ice in the lobby," said hospital spokeswoman Jane Woolf, admitting that no one had questioned the patient because he seemed to be doing such a good job. *AP* (contributed by Dan Starr)

A STUDENT AT NORTH-western University was found jumping up and down on the roof of a parked car by an officer on patrol. The young man said it was okay for him to damage the car because it was rented. *Northwestern News* (contributed by Scott Silver)

AT THE TWENTY-NINTH annual conference of the Massachusetts Association of School Secretaries, many participants said they were overworked and underappreciated. According to the *Sunday Telegram* of Worcester, Massachusetts, one school secretary complained: "I'm tired of the myth that we're just paper pushers with nothing between our heads." (contributed by Richard Sullivan)

# WHO NAMED THE BUSINESS?



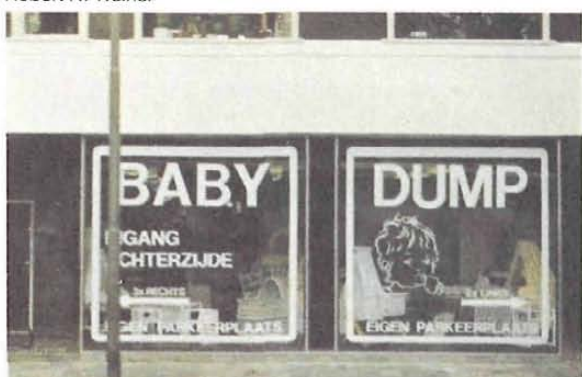
Jim Kelly



Robert N. Weiner



Louisa Beal



Janet L. Debely



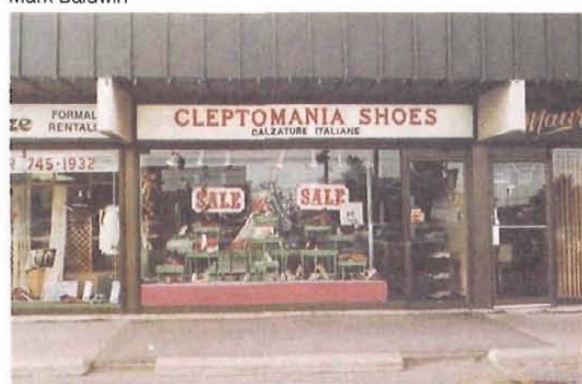
Michael T. Martin



Mark Baldwin



Dave Berg



Bill Giamou

# LITTLE CRIMES

IN ROME, ITALY, A MAN rampaged through a large park attacking a series of marble busts with a cobblestone. Police said the man knocked several busts from their pedestals and chipped pieces from the faces of others. The man was caught carrying a bag full of marble noses. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by T. Phillips)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the *Elizabeth Daily Journal* of Elizabeth, New Jersey:

"A thirty-one-year-old Roselle Park woman told police she found her tuna fish sandwich sliced diagonally Sunday after returning to her car from a lesson at a Union golf driving range.

"The woman told police she never slices her sandwiches diagonally and suspects that someone picked the lock of her car to commit the crime, according to a police report.

"Nothing was taken from the car, and the sandwich was confiscated as evidence, the report said." (contributed by Ron Zuber)

A WHITE PLAINS, NEW York, youth was charged with indecent exposure after he allegedly dropped his pants and exposed himself to a person dressed as Gumby. *Gannett Reporter Dispatcher* (contributed by Jeff Reed)

CYNTHIA KOSLOW OF Broward County, Florida, called the police for help, claiming there was a snake loose in her kitchen. Investigating officers found an earthworm, which they captured and released behind the home. *Broward Sun-Sentinel* (contributed by Dave Read)

IN GLEN CAMPBELL, PENNSYLVANIA, state police were called when four people entered the home of Blaine D. Bartlebaugh, poured water

on him, then sprinkled him with talcum powder. *Indiana (Pennsylvania) Gazette* (contributed by R. C. Hamilton)

FROM THE *SUNDAY INDEPENDENT* of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania:

"Ida Snyder, 55 West Maple Street, Wilkes-Barre... returned home from the Wilkes-Barre General Hospital where she was a patient since December 22, and found the first-floor rear door to her home forced open. In a search of the home, the only article found missing was a four-pack of Charmin toilet tissue." (contributed by Gayle-Jean B. Crawford)

FROM THE *WAUSAU (WISCONSIN) Daily Herald*:

"A woman exposed herself at 505 Sixth Street Sunday. She was standing outside her apartment and was wearing a short nightgown. Every time she raised her arms during an argument with another woman, she exposed herself to patrons of the nearby Second Chance Restaurant. Police arrested the forty-three-year-old woman for disorderly conduct." (contributed by James D. Kraft)

FROM THE *WILMINGTON, North Carolina, Star-News*:

"Someone broke into Ray Caudilo's [Fayetteville] home and left a television set in his living room. The Cumberland County Sheriff's Department says Caudilo came home Thursday morning and found the strange television set. He called the department in an effort to find its owner." (contributed by Rusty Holt)

FROM THE *UNION OF ARCATO, California*:

"Tiffany's ice cream parlor alerted police to a person defacing the statue of William McKinley on the Arcata Plaza. Police apprehended a suspect and released him with a warning not to stick

cheese in McKinley's ears and nose anymore." (contributed by Jeff Russell)

FROM THE *PANAMA CITY, Florida, News-Herald*:

"A woman reported that her billfold was missing. She told officers she was missing fifty dollars, a car key on a gold chain, miscellaneous jewelry, and 'a solid fourteen-karat gold penis with testicles.'" (contributed by Gary R. Collins)

FROM THE *DOWNERS GROVE (Illinois) Reporter*:

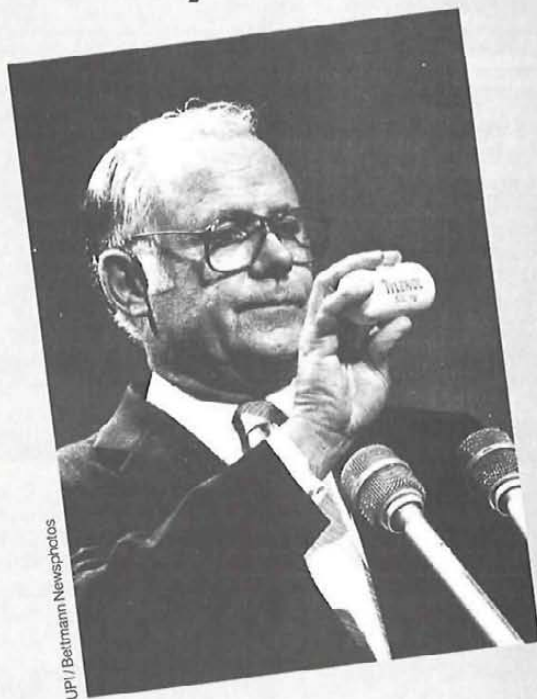
"Jeffrey Konfrst, twenty-one, was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his

male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at K mart." (contributed by Jim Mueller)

A MAN IN PITMAN, NEW Jersey, took four cans of whipped cream from the refrigerator of a 7-Eleven store, sprayed the contents into his mouth, and left the store. *Gloucester County Review Enterprise* (contributed by Christine Lorge)

OFFICIALS AT THE SUPER 8 Motel in Litchfield, Illinois, reported that thirty-two peepholes had been stolen from the doors. *Litchfield News-Herald* (contributed by Lynn Nowell)

## One Caplet and a Bucket of Water, Please



**Johnson & Johnson chairman James E. Burke displays Tylenol's new tamper-proof, hand-held storage tank. (contributed by C. J. Sedlmayr III)**

# HOLIDAY GREETINGS



Daniel D. Morrison



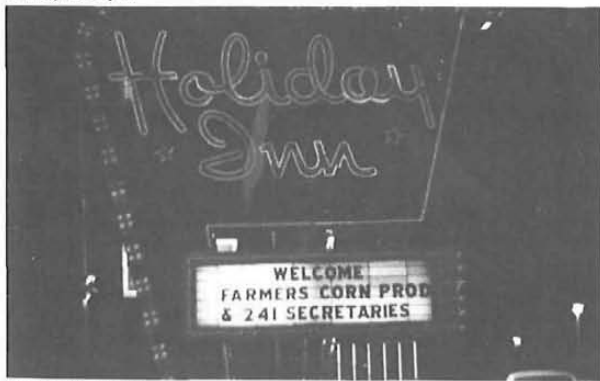
Chip Sisco



Jeffrey G. Byrd



Frederick R. Sidell



Robert Vierkant



Charles Doyle



Sara Smith



Mr. & Mrs. David M. Singer

# HAMBURGER TALES

AFTER COMPLAINTS were received at the Miami, Florida, headquarters of the Burger King chain, a local outlet in St. Petersburg was ordered to dismantle a display it had placed in front of its store. The display featured a life-size dummy of Ronald McDonald in a coffin with a wooden stake in his heart under a sign that read: "They got me in the McRibbs." *UPI* (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

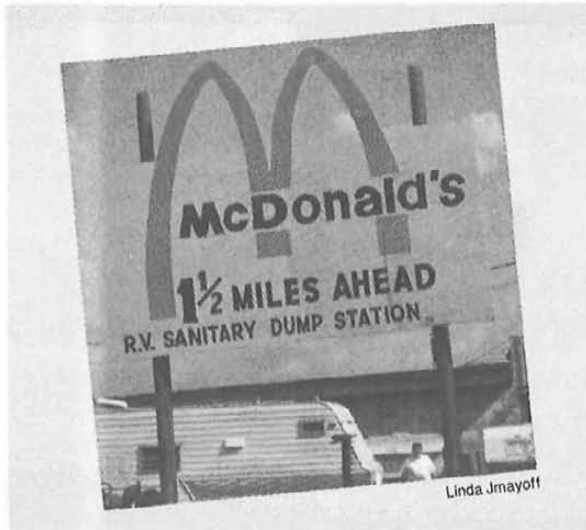
IN ST. PETERSBURG, Florida, twenty-eight-year-old Joseph St. Pierre was awarded \$25,000 in a lawsuit against the McDonald's hamburger chain. Among the problems St. Pierre claimed were caused by a meal at McDonald's was "chronic uncontrollable gas."

"From the time I get up in the morning to the time I go to bed at night," he told the jury, "I do nothing but pass wind."

St. Pierre also told the panel that one friend now refuses to go to dinner with him and his employees at Largo Carburetors, Ltd. "won't stand in back of him." (St. Petersburg, Florida) *Evening Independent* (contributed by Donald R. Gollhofer)

RONALD MCDONALD, thirty-six, was arrested for harassing schoolchildren in front of a McDonald's restaurant in Capitol Heights, Maryland. *Prince George's Journal* (contributed by Charles Williams)

ELKMAN ADVERTISING, an agency representing the McDonald's hamburger chain in the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, area, issued a memorandum outlining McDonald's policy regarding radio advertising. McDonald's requires that an interim of fifteen minutes separate its ads from those of competitive advertisers on the air. The policy statement defined compet-



itive accounts as "drive-in restaurants, full-menu restaurants, indigestion remedies, and dog food." (contributed by Tim Menowsky)

RONALD MCDONALD, twenty-seven, was arrested for threatening an employee of Hardee's in Fayetteville, North Carolina.

*Charlotte (North Carolina) Observer* (contributed by Jim McQueen)

A POLICE HELICOPTER delivering Ronald McDonald to a McDonald's restaurant crashed before a stunned crowd outside the Detroit

fast-food outlet.

"Ronald McDonald came out of the wreckage in a somersault," said one eyewitness. "Everyone gasped. He walked behind a rubbish bin and seemed to spend a few minutes getting control of himself, then he turned and raised his hands toward the crowd and said, 'Hello, everybody.'"

The helicopter pilot was taken to a nearby hospital, but McDonald left immediately after his show and was not available for comment.

"He went back to McDonaldland," said an employee of the franchise. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Steve Szilagyi)

AFTER THE THEFT OF sixty pounds of hamburger from a home in Boyertown, Pennsylvania, police arrested and charged a man from the nearby town of Barto, twenty-three-year-old Ronald McDonald. *Reading Eagle* (contributed by Ted Robidas)

A GROUP CALLING ITSELF the Partiers League for Christmas Cookie Liberation kidnapped a Ronald McDonald statue from a Sacramento, California, McDonald's. They sent a ransom note which read: "Mr. McDonald is safe, unharmed, and, I assure you, entirely unable to escape." The note demanded that McDonald's give a free box of cookies to any child under eight who visited the restaurant on Christmas Eve.

"This is not a hoax," said the note. "If any qualified child is refused cookies, Ronald dies."

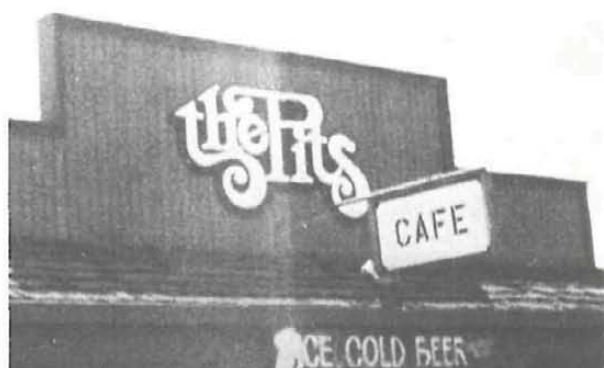
The note came with a photo of a blindfolded Ronald McDonald, a stick of dynamite hanging from his neck. A note on the wall behind the statue read: "Do as they say or I'm McHistory." *Virginia Pilot* (contributor unknown)



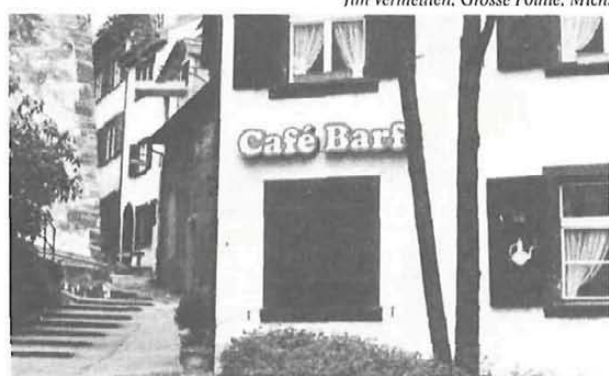
# SWELL PLACES TO EAT



Jim Vermeulen, Grosse Pointe, Mich.



Matt Regan, San Rafael, Calif.



Joseph A. Berlinger, Hamilton, N.Y.



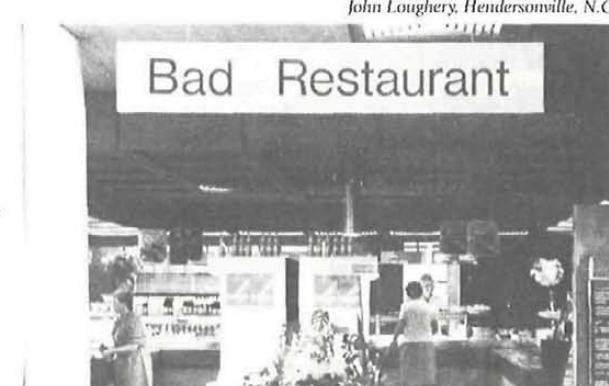
Thom Proctor, Asheville, N.C.



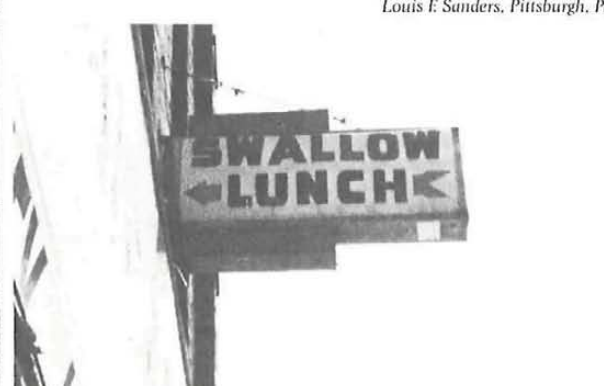
John Loughery, Hendersonville, N.C.



Louis E Sanders, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Peter J. Dolce, Atlanta, Ga.



Thomas Stover, Chesaning, Mich.

# TRUE FACTS

THE FOLLOWING EXcerpt from a *New York Times* editorial concerned the U.S. Army's new Sergeant York air-defense gun:

"The weapon is a computerized, radar-guided pair of guns mounted on a tank chassis. Designed to shoot down planes and helicopters, the weapon is programmed to fire at whirring blades. In recent tests, the newsletter *Defense Week* reports, the first production model ignored all the targets presented to it.... Instead, it zeroed in on what it considered a more promising target: the exhaust fan in a nearby latrine." (contributed by Ronald Hyman)

ROBERT BURRIS, AN ANIMAL trainer with the Hoxie Brothers Circus, suffered serious injuries while unloading elephants in Tipp City, Florida. As Burris helped the pachyderms from a van, one knocked him down; but his injuries were sustained when a second elephant, seeing Burris lying on the ground, performed a headstand on his chest. *Journal Herald* (contributed by Scott Reaisony)

STEPHEN NEUMAN OF Ventura, California, covered below the deck of his eighty-thousand-dollar yacht for three hours while riding out a cyclone in a Fiji Islands bay. But after a violent crash, followed by eerie stillness, Neuman climbed on deck and fired a distress flare, only to realize that his boat had been washed up into the bar of the Plantation Village Resort, a bayside hotel, and that his flare had gone through the bar's roof. He then climbed off the boat and hid in a linen closet. *UPI* (contributed by C. A. Brown-Bender)

URGING THAT DOCTORS provide more explicit instructions for the use of drugs,

## Drethed for the Weather



Peter Cohen

*Hospital Pharmacy* magazine reported: "A patient visited his physician with a complaint of excessive sweating from his axillae. The doctor wrote a prescription for aluminum chloride solution. He handed the prescription to the patient and said, 'Rub this under your arms twice a day.' The patient left the office only to return a few days later. The patient complained to the doctor that he continued to have the sweating problem. He also asked for a new prescription slip. The old one had by now become smeared and tattered from rubbing it under his arms."

Also noted was the case of the mother and child who came to the doctor's office, "the child having what appeared to be insect bites. The doctor took a history, discovered that they had a family pet, and made a diagnosis of flea bites. Along with topical treatment to relieve itching, the doctor counseled the mother to use a flea collar from now on. During a follow-up visit, the rash was noted to be significantly improved. The doctor also noted that the child was wearing a flea collar." (contributed by Jack Lewis)

THIS ARTICLE APPEARED in *The Guardian of Liverpool*,

England:

"A spokesman for the Swaziland government has announced that the Queen Regent will no longer be known as Ntombi, meaning *girl*, which suggests disrespect, but as Indlovukazi, meaning *huge female elephant*, a name more in keeping with her dignity." (contributed by Steve Newman)

COMMUTERS IN CALCUTTA, India, found that they could stop electric trains by throwing banana leaves onto the overhead wires. According to a railway spokesman, as many as four trains were stopped every week by commuters hurling banana leaves. "They are either too lazy to go to the nearby station," he said, "or they do this for fun." *Bangkok Post* (contributed by P. E. Bemis)

ACCORDING TO THE *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*, the Wood Lake Nature Interpretive Center in Richfield, Minnesota, offered a "mouse rug" program for families. "Participants will be able to skin their own mouse and make a miniature rug they can bring home," said the announcement. (contributed by Michael Repts)

JORDACHE, THE DESIGNER-jeans manufacturer,

lost its lawsuit against an Albuquerque, New Mexico, company which sells designer jeans for hefty women under the label Lardashe. According to *Insight* magazine, "The Denver-based Tenth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals rejected Jordache's argument that the Lardashe name was an attempt to confuse the public."

Lardashe jeans are made by Oink, Inc., which considered a number of names before deciding on Lardashe in 1984. Among the other names were Vidal Sowsoon, Calvin Swine, and Seambusters. (contributed by Lonnie Berg)

AVIATION DIGEST, A PUBLICATION of the U.S. Army, printed an article by Colonel John W. Oswald (Ret.) that discussed the development of vertical takeoff and landing aircraft. The planes feature wings and engines that point upward for helicopter-like takeoff; the assembly then revolves to a horizontal position for forward flight.

Referring to the midair switch from vertical to horizontal flight, Colonel Oswald wrote: "The safety people were concerned that should there be a power failure during this transition, the aircraft would certainly crash. To keep the pilot from being apprehensive about this situation, the engineers designed a new instrument for the instrument panel. From the front it merely looked like a black hole. However, behind the panel was mounted a .38-caliber revolver, which, when the engine failed, would shoot the pilot in the head, thus removing all apprehension." (contributed by Ed Dashman)

ACCORDING TO THE *Sydney Morning Herald*, some Australian public servants were asked to save energy by switching on electric



clocks only when they needed to know the time. *Far Eastern Economic Review* (contributed by Lee W. Meister)

AFTER RECEIVING A number of obscene phone calls, Kelly Lopez hired a private detective, who traced the calls to a telephone in a Marion County jail cellblock. An inmate at the jail had been making the obscene calls to Lopez collect.

Marion County police advised the Salem, Oregon, woman not to accept future obscene collect calls. *UPI* (contributed by Bob Brady)

A FAMILY OF TWELVE Asian refugees was burned out of its Denver, Colorado, home after they tried to build a fire in a plastic imitation fireplace. *Rocky Mountain News* (contributed by Raymond F. Elsner)

THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION named Texas businessman Bill Perrin as ambassador to the troubled island nation of Cyprus, but failed to update Perrin's biography, which was sent to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for approval.

Perrin's qualifications for the sensitive post included this from the bio: "After attending Oklahoma State University, Mr. Perrin was a produce clerk with Safeway Foods." The bio also noted that Perrin was "co-manager of Humpty-Dumpty Supermarket in Oklahoma City." *Dallas Morning News* (contributed by Robert Keller)

ACCORDING TO WESTWORD, a Denver, Colorado, publication, doctors at St. Anthony's Hospital emergency room treated a man who had a gerbil stuck in his rectum. "The emergency-room team confirmed the gerbil incident, but the public-information officer refused to comment," said *Westword*. (contributed by Jan Burton)

POLICE CAPTURED A

man who was chiseling bronze letters off mausoleums in a Long Island, New York, cemetery. "The thief told officers that bronze fetches high prices these days and displayed thirteen consonants. 'I don't think it's right to steal vowels,' the robber explained." *National Examiner* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

TWO DEAF AND MUTE men were caught trying to open a cabinet at Moos School in Chicago after they failed to notice the frantic hand signals of a third deaf-mute lookout who was trying to warn them the police were coming. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Charles Kulczewski)

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Rickie Ronald Michael kidnapped Chip Wittern, a West Des Moines, Iowa, teenager, and held him for thirty-six hours until a \$200,000 ransom was paid. Then he released the boy after giving him a note for school that read: "Chip was not in school Tuesday or Wednesday because I was holding him for ransom." The note was signed "Kidnapper." *Ames (Iowa) Tribune* (contributed by Tony Bremholm)

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

FROM THE SAN DIEGO *Tribune*:

"Half of the New Orleans jurors who acquitted Governor Edwin Edwards of fraud and racketeering charges this month stole all the towels from their hotel rooms before checking out. The Avenue Plaza Hotel said two hundred dollars' worth of towels were stolen." (contributed by Tony Slad)

## The Burglar Meets the Munchies

**Question: Why doesn't Whoopi just shoot that thing looking up her dress? (from an unnamed Kansas City newspaper, contributed by Chris Gowin)**

# TRUE ANIMAL FACTS

ART BY / B.K. TAYLOR © 1996



## PENGUIN HARASSMENT

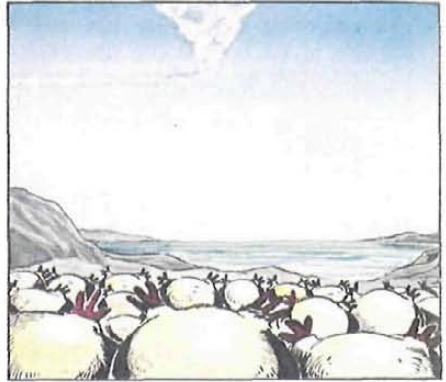
A MEXICAN NEWSPAPER REPORTS THAT BORED ROYAL AIR FORCE PILOTS STATIONED ON THE FALKLAND ISLANDS HAVE DEVISED WHAT THEY CONSIDER "A MARVELLOUS NEW GAME" NOTING THAT THE LOCAL PENGUINS ARE FASCINATED BY AIRPLANES, THE PILOTS SEARCH OUT A BEACH WHERE THE



BIRDS ARE GATHERED AND FLY SLOWLY ALONG IT AT THE WATERS EDGE. PERHAPS TEN THOUSAND PENGUINS TURN THEIR HEADS IN UNISON WATCHING THE PLANES GO BY, AND WHEN THE PLANES TURN AROUND AND FLY BACK, THE BIRDS TURN THEIR HEADS IN THE OPPOSITE



DIRECTION-LIKE SPECTATORS AT A SLOW-MOTION TENNIS MATCH. THEN, THE PAPER REPORTS, "THE PILOTS FLY OUT TO SEA AND DIRECTLY TO THE PENGUIN COLONY AND OVERFLY IT. HEADS GO UP, UP, UP,



AND THE TEN THOUSAND PENGUINS FALL OVER GENTLY ONTO THEIR BACKS."

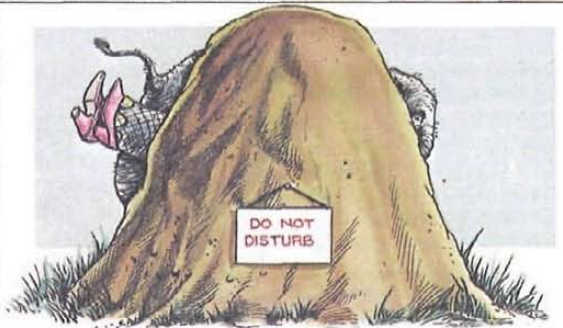
SUBMITTED BY: LORRIE FERRIS & DAN CHURE / AUDUBON MAG.



## ELEPHANT BEANS VISITOR

COCO, A BULL ELEPHANT AT THE COLUMBUS, OHIO, ZOO, THROWS A WICKED CHUNK OF CONCRETE. GLEN HONAKER, 36, IS LIVING PROOF. HONAKER RECEIVED A CUT HEAD FROM A BASEBALL-SIZED PIECE OF CONCRETE TOSSED BY COCO. THE ELEPHANT APPARENTLY BECAME UPSET WITH A LAUGHING CROWD NEAR HIS PEN. "HE HATES VEHICLES," SAYS JACK HANNA, ZOO DIRECTOR. "HE'S BUSTED THREE WINDSHIELDS. WE USED TO TAKE A ZOO TRAIN PAST HIS PEN, BUT WE STOPPED LAST YEAR BECAUSE COCO THREW THINGS AT IT." HANNA SAYS THE ZOO WILL GIVE HONAKER A FREE PASS TO USE AFTER HE RECOVERS.

SUBMITTED BY: FREDDY WAGUESPACK, JR. USA TODAY



## LOVE NEST

IT'S DIFFICULT TO GET IN THE MOOD WITH A CROWD LOOKING ON, SO OFFICIALS AT THE OAKLAND, CALIF., ZOO ARE GOING TO BUILD THEIR ELEPHANTS A LOVE NEST. ZOO OFFICIALS HAVE ANNOUNCED THEY HAVE HIRED AN ARCHITECTURAL FIRM TO BUILD A NEW ELEPHANT ENVIRONMENT THAT IS CONDUCIVE TO MATING. "OUR IMMEDIATE GOAL IS TO DESIGN A SUITABLE AND COMFORTABLE ENCLOSURE FOR BREEDING ELEPHANTS," SAID GENERAL MANAGER WILLIAM MOTT, JR. THE NEW ELEPHANT HOME WILL GIVE THE ANIMALS SOME PRIVACY. THEIR CURRENT HOME IS AN OPEN PEN WITH A SMALL POOL AND CONCRETE SLAB THAT IS ALWAYS IN VIEW OF VISITORS. "JUST LIKE HUMANS, THEY REQUIRE PRIVACY. IN THE AFRICAN WELDT...THEY CAN GO AROUND BEHIND A HILL OR MOUNTAIN."

L.C. WEBER / GLOUCESTER CO. (N.J.) TIMES

## GIANT LIZARD VISITS COURTROOM

THE APPEARANCE OF A GIANT MONITOR LIZARD IN A NAIROBI, KENYA, COURTROOM SO STUNNED SPECTATORS AND POLICE THAT 20 SUSPECTED CRIMINALS ESCAPED IN THE CONFUSION.

THE THREE-FOOT-LONG LIZARD CAUSED A STAMPEDE IN THE COURTROOM DURING WHICH ONE WOMAN WAS INJURED WHEN SHE FELL FROM A TABLE SHE HAD JUMPED ON TO ESCAPE THE CREATURE.

BY THE TIME THE LIZARD WAS BEATEN TO DEATH BY BAILIFFS, ALL THE SUSPECTS AWAITING TRIAL HAD DISAPPEARED. AFTER ISSUING WARRANTS FOR THEIR ARREST, MAGISTRATE FREDRICK MWAWASI SUGGESTED THAT THE COURTHOUSE BE DECLARED A NATIONAL PARK.

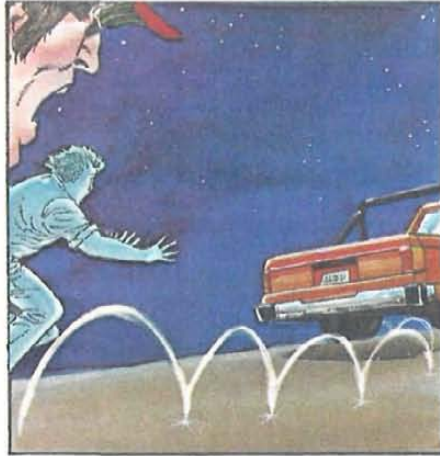
J.R. LEONARD  
S.F. CHRONICLE





**HUNTERS' CRUEL TRICK BACKFIRES**

A SADISTIC STUNT WITH GELIGNITE AND A CAPTIVE RABBIT BLEW UP IN THE FACES OF TWO FRANKSTER RABBITERS.



TWO MEN ON A SPOTLIGHTING EXPEDITION REPORTEDLY TIED A STICK OF GELIGNITE TO A RABBIT THEY HAD CAUGHT BY HAND. THE FUSE WAS LIT AND THE RABBIT RE-LEASED.



LAUGHTER EVAPORATED AS IT DOUBLED BACK AND HOPPED FOR COVER UNDER THEIR TOYOTA FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE UTILITY.

QUENTIN P. SMITH  
THE ADELAIDE ADVERTISER



**DOG HOOKED ON BUTTS**

TIPPY, A 10-YEAR-OLD SIBERIAN HUSKY, HAS BEEN A LITTLE ON EDGE LATELY BECAUSE HE WAS FORCED TO GIVE UP CIGARETTES.

TIPPY IS OWNED BY JOSEPH MALINKEY, AND UNTIL EARLIER THIS SUMMER WAS IN THE HABIT OF WOLFING DOWN BUTTS LEFT IN ASHTRAYS AROUND THE HOUSE BY MALINKEY'S MOTHER-IN-LAW, N. JEROME. TIPPY'S PROBLEMS BEGAN IN JULY WHEN JEROME QUIT SMOKING. THE 105-LB. DOG HAD TO FACE THE FACT THAT HE WOULD NEVER AGAIN HAVE CIGARETTES.

JEROME, A THREE-PACK-A-DAY SMOKER, GOT A PRESCRIPTION FOR NICOTINE GUM TO HELP HER QUIT.

NORMALLY PLACID TIPPY SEEMED TENSE. HE FOLLOWED JEROME AROUND THE HOUSE. SHE SUSPECTED THE DOG WAS HAVING NICOTINE FITS, SO SHE OFFERED THE DOG SOME NICOTINE GUM. "HE JUST KEPT CHEWING IT," JEROME SAID. "I THOUGHT HE WOULD SWALLOW IT, BUT HE KEPT ON CHEWING."

L.M. FERRETTI  
PESNO BEE

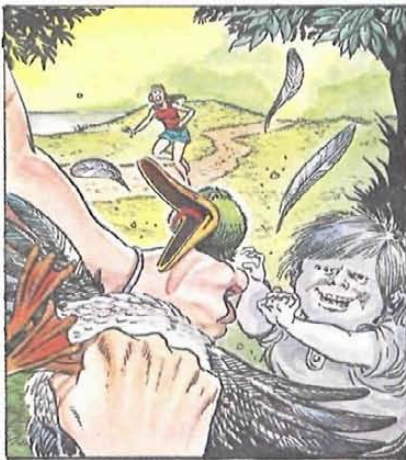


**SLEEPING GUARD LIES IN WAIT**

JOE FORBES / PITTS,  
PRESS

FONTANA, CALIF. (AP) - A GUARD DOG AT AN AUTO DEALERSHIP APPARENTLY SLEPT WHILE TWO YOUTHS VANDALIZED ONE CAR AND PUSHED ANOTHER THROUGH A HOLE IN A CHAIN-LINK FENCE, THEN WERE CHASED BY POLICE ON FOOT AND IN A HELICOPTER, AUTHORITIES SAID.

BUT THE DOG DIDN'T STAY ASLEEP WHEN THE COMMOION SUBSIDED AND AUTHORITIES WERE CHECKING THE FENCED-IN AREA, IT STIRRED-AND BIT A POLICEMAN ON THE KNEE.



**WOMAN CHARGED IN FIGHT OVER DUCK**

POLICE SAID TANNY BOWDEN, 21, WAS CHARGED WITH MISDEMEANOR ASSAULT AFTER PUNCHING AND BITING A DALLAS WOMAN, WHO IS A MODEL.

THE MODEL TOLD POLICE SHE WAS JOGGING AROUND THE LAKE WHEN SHE SAW MS. BOWDEN CHOKING THE DUCK, BUT MS. BOWDEN TOLD POLICE SHE AND TWO FRIENDS WERE HOLDING THE DUCK FOR A CHILD TO PET.



THE MODEL TOLD POLICE SHE STOPPED AND TOLD MS. BOWDEN TO RELEASE THE BIRD. WITNESSES SAID MS. BOWDEN TURNED ON THE MODEL AND PUNCHED HER, PULLED HER HAIR, SCREAMED PROFANITIES, AND FINALLY BIT HER ON THE SHOULDER.



THOUGH "MESSING WITH THE DUCKS IS AGAINST THE LAW," SGT. J. NEWTON SAID, THE DUCK WAS NOT INJURED AND MS. BOWDEN WAS NOT CHARGED WITH THAT OFFENSE. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO CHARGE SOMEBODY WITH, ASSAULTING A DUCK?"

R.M. MARGERS  
DALLAS MORNING NEWS.

# NOTABLE YAHOOS

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Michael Brez, bearing tattoos of swastikas and the words "White Death," was charged with driving while intoxicated after he crashed into the back of a truck at thirty miles per hour in Lakeland, Florida. Accompanied by two teenage girls and an ice-cream cooler full of beer, Brez had been driving a Pinky Dinky Ice Cream truck. (Lakeland) *Ledger* (contributed by Mike McDonald)

POLICE ARRESTED NINETEEN-year-old Richard Utan Bailey in Miami, Florida, after a teenager charged that he had raped her and stolen her car. She told police that her attacker was wearing a hat with flashing lights. Police spotted the girl's car with Bailey behind the wheel, still wearing the hat with flashing lights. *St. Petersburg Times* (contributed by George M. Ewing)

THREE HOURS AFTER HIS release from prison, Albert Muse was arrested when a San Bernardino policeman caught him selling cocaine. According to Deputy District Attorney Jere Morrissey, "What attracted the officer's attention was that Muse was standing in the middle of the southbound lane of Sierra Way yelling 'Cocaine.'" *Cincinnati Enquirer* (contributed by John Emery)

A MAN IN WICHITA, KANSAS, was charged with a misdemeanor when he began slapping his girlfriend because she was unable to buy a winning lottery ticket. According to Officer Jim Whitredge, "Every time she scratched a losing ticket, the guy smacked her, and she lost five times." Police reported that this was the first incidence of violence involving the Kansas lottery. *Wichita Eagle* (contributed by Dave Hampton)

## The Natives Must Know



This photo was submitted by S. Scott Barnes of Lincoln, Nebraska.

POLICE BOMB EXPERTS cordoned off a two-block area around the Kenmore, Ohio, home of John Call, fifty-four, while they dismantled what turned out to be a package containing paper, candle wax, wires, a battery, and a badly battered clock. Call had found what appeared to be a bomb ticking on his front porch. A police spokesman said that Call was particularly lucky that the device was not

a bomb, because before calling police he had taken the package into his backyard and beat it with a bumper jack until it stopped ticking. *Akron Beacon Journal* (contributed by F. Nichols)

FROM AN UNATTRIBUTED local press clipping datelined "Oshkosh":

"Two Oshkosh men who climbed out of the driver's window and crawled across

the hood and then in through the passenger window have been cited for causing a disturbance on a city street.

"The bizarre activity took place about 9:25 P.M. Tuesday while the vehicle was traveling between fifteen and twenty-five miles per hour on Pratt Trail in Menominee Park, police said.

"Police first noticed the car weaving back and forth, then saw the driver get out of the window on the driver's side, crawl across the hood, and get back in on the passenger side.

"While this was happening the passenger slid into the driver's seat and the car continued on with a new driver.

"The new driver did the same thing. Both were given May 20 court dates or the option of paying \$72.50 fines before then." (contributed by Charles M. Janssen)

FOUR BANDITS DESCRIBED by police as "turkeys" broke into the home of sixty-five-year-old mango farmer James Smith and demanded that he hand over the "\$65,000 and the heroin." Before realizing they had the wrong house, the men mistook an electric can opener for a telephone and tore it from the wall. They also stole the only drugs they could find — Smith's nitroglycerin pills.

Speeding away from Smith's Homestead, Florida, home, the four got lost and began looking for the Florida Turnpike. Finally, seeing what they thought was a turnpike tollbooth, they sped through in Hollywood getaway fashion.

The "tollbooth," however, was actually a guardhouse at the entrance to the Homestead Air Force Base, where they were nabbed by military police. *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

SEVERAL MEN ENTERED a supermarket in West Co-

## Counter Service



Dine with the Zourzoukis Brothers in Asheville, North Carolina, and count them yourself.

vina, California, then "stole a twelve-pack of beer each and bolted through the checkout lines to a waiting pickup truck." Employees of the store chased the robbers, catching one of them in the adjacent parking lot, but his friends "rescued" him. The pickup circled through the lot, then tried to run over the people holding the thief.

"We held the guy in front of us like a shield, and they hit him," said one employee. "We grabbed him again and the truck backed up and tried to hit us. We jumped out of the way and the truck hit the guy again."

After a third pass, during which the pickup hit a car, the employees released the injured thief, who crumpled to the ground. His friends picked him up and fled, leaving his case of beer behind. *San Gabriel Valley Tribune* (contributed by Lisa Dunn)

DAVID M. GRUNDMAN OF Phoenix, Arizona, was in the desert outside Lake Pleasant blasting saguaro cactuses with a sixteen-gauge shotgun for target practice. After felling one of the big plants, which are protected under Arizona law, he fired at least two rounds into another, twenty-six-foot-tall saguaro. A friend who was with him told Maricopa County authorities that Grundman had just begun to shout, "Timber!" when the falling cactus crushed Grundman to death. *Arizona Republic* (contributed by John Pinckney)

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, cabdriver William T. Hardison, forty, filed a \$500 lawsuit against former lover Elizabeth Ann Honig, claiming that she had left a dead chicken and a voodoo doll on his porch, along with a note that read, "A curse upon you. A curse upon your dog, Fidel Castro. A curse upon your emotional and sexual relationships with every woman you are presently involved with or ever will be. May the gods of voodoo curse you."

Hardison, whose dog is

named Fidel Castro, explained that the curse was probably the result of a prank he had played on Honig twenty years ago, in which he hung her upside down and naked out of a second-floor window, refusing to release her until she came up with a "password." According to Hardison, the password was "How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?" *UPI* (contributed by Dolores Rider)

THOMAS WINFREY OF Hillsboro, Missouri, robbed tavern patrons at gunpoint but, once outside, couldn't find his car keys for the getaway. He stripped and re-entered the bar. Winfrey disguised his voice, claiming to be a robbery victim and asking for help, but this did not prevent his victims from identifying him. (*New York Daily News* (contributed by M. Helmers))

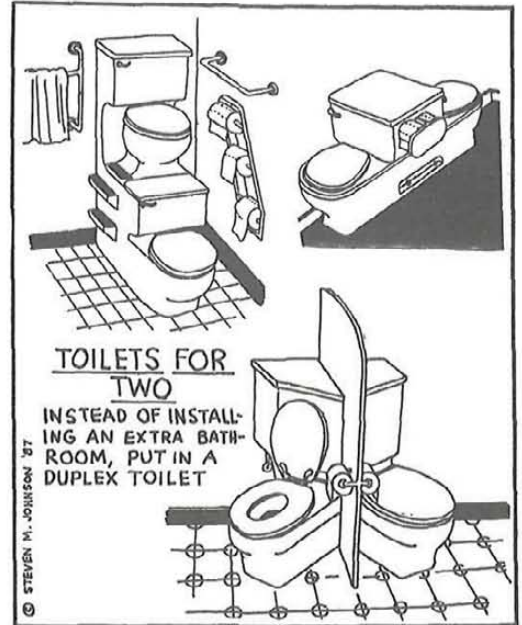
IN THE PARKING LOT OF A Billings, Montana, convenience store, police noticed a man with powdered sugar poured over his head sitting in a car with two boomerangs wedged between the hood and the frame. The car also had steak knives "jabbed in the molding around all the windows" and a statuette glued to the roof. The car suddenly took off, and in the chase that followed, the driver threw books out the window at police.

When he was finally captured, Thomas M. Bradley indignantly asked his pursuers, "Didn't you guys read those books I tossed out?" *Billings Gazette* (contributed by Dick Traynham)

WHEN POLICE IN Normal, Illinois, arrested twenty-one-year-old Brad Frericks for driving under the influence of alcohol, his roommate, Tim Hall, came to pick him up. But police drove Frericks home themselves after deciding that Hall was also drunk.

Later, police arrested Hall

## What the World Needs Now



From California's Fair Oaks Post (contributed by Joe Closson).

as he drove home, then re-arrested Frericks when he came to bail out Hall. (*Bloomington-Normal Pantagraph* (contributed by Peter Fassett))

FROM THE LOVELAND (Colorado) *Daily Reporter*:

"After downing a fifth of vodka, a man in a black leather jacket attempted to stop moving cars with his bare hands in the 700 block of Lincoln Avenue, police said. A handful of motorists alerted police to the man's presence, and he was promptly picked up by police. At the station, the man allegedly became combative and informed police he is the president of the Colorado Chapter of the Hell's Angels and soon 47,000 of his friends would be rolling into town to secure his safety. The Hell's Angels never showed and the man was released into his mother's custody." (contributed by Jerry Bartsch)

POLICE CHARGED THAT thirty-year-old Kurt Kaiser of Monroe, Illinois, stole a \$350,000, seven-passenger Bell Jet Ranger helicopter from Chicago's Midway Airport. However, Kaiser claimed that he was forced to fly the helicopter at gunpoint by two men whom he dropped off in Wisconsin. Then, he told police, he flew the helicopter to his own house in Monroe because "he was getting hungry."

That was on a Thursday. Kaiser spent the weekend giving helicopter rides to his wife and "half the neighborhood," but on Monday the helicopter's engine stopped working. So Kaiser dragged the machine to Sanger Airport in Joliet, Illinois, and abandoned it there.

Police were led to Kaiser after a Will County sheriff's officer recalled seeing a helicopter "going up and down in this guy's yard." *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Charles D. Kulczewski)

# TRUE FACTS

LAWYERS IN KUWAIT searched for legal precedents to help them settle the case of an Arab man who wanted the kidney he donated to his brother returned. The kidney donor filed suit claiming his brother "turned out to be unworthy of the sacrifice." *Minneapolis Star* (contributed by Carl Behr)

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR of the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, one Evelyn M. Smart claimed that thirty families were awakened at 2:30 on a Sunday morning to a "horrendous clanking, like battleships in collision." The racket was caused by two men who had filled seven apartment-building washing machines with muddy golf balls.

The men were not arrested, Smart complained,

though the police did arrive "in time to prevent mayhem" as tenants confronted the two "entrepreneurs," who left in a station wagon "filled to window level with 20,000 dirty golf balls." (contributed by James Davis)

A VENTURA, CALIFORNIA, woman was bitten on the legs by a pit bull terrier she found tied to a tree. According to the *San Luis Obispo County Telegram & Tribune*, a sack of dog food, a twenty-four-inch rubber hose, a rope, and a sign were found next to the tied-up pit bull.

The sign read: "Hello. My name is Patches and I haven't got an owner. Would you be mine? I don't eat much and I don't take up much room. I'm a great watchdog and once I get used to you, I

am real nice, but until then, just beat me with this rubber hose." (contributed by Joe Bissin)

BANK OFFICIALS IN West Germany became suspicious when they noticed that the only activity in the account of Gerhard Koenig occurred when the state paid in subsidy checks for his rent. Authorities went to his Munich apartment and found the skeletal remains of Koenig, who had apparently died some seven years earlier at the age of sixty-eight. *UPI* (contributed by Bill Muse)

THOUGH SIAMESE TWINS Alfredo and José Lopez of Villarica, Paraguay, had been joined at the side since birth, Alfredo couldn't keep José from committing a random killing. According to the *Sacramento Union*, the brothers were sitting in a wagon when José suddenly decided to pick up a rifle and shoot a passerby.

"Alfredo tried to stop me but I did it anyway," said José. "I killed her and I'm glad."

"It is an unusual case," admitted Judge Juan Flores, who nevertheless sentenced José to death for the crime.

Siamese twin Alfredo had to face the firing squad along with José. Observed Alfredo: "This is outrageous." (contributed by Lisa Belle)

THE WIDOW OF EUGENE Nigbor of Wautoma, Wisconsin, was denied state benefits for what she claimed was her husband's job-related death, and appealed to the State Supreme Court. But the high court ruled against her appeal, saying that Nigbor had "exposed himself to an ultrahazardous risk that constituted a serious deviation from his employment."

In 1978, factory worker Nigbor stuck his head inside a hydraulic molding machine and waved his arms for the

amusement of fellow employees. "His hand hit the operating lever and the machine came down, inflicting fatal head and neck injuries." *Engineering News Record* (contributed by Hal Nifty)

IN ENGLAND AND France, associations of people who stutter tried to get authorities to reduce their telephone rates because their handicap "forces them to make inordinately long phone calls." *Toronto Star* (contributed by Paul Borg)

THE FOLLOWING STORY appeared in the *Washington Gallery/Museum News*: "Washington Gallery/Museum News writer Cynthia Jarokowsky, thirty-four, was killed in a freak accident on December 10 near Berne, Switzerland, where she was researching a story on Swiss art galleries. According to the driver of her car, Bernard Culdebois, Dr. Jarokowsky asked that the car be stopped on a particularly scenic, though dangerous, mountain curve, and that her electric wheelchair be placed on the road so that she could admire the landscape. As she moved closer to the mountain edge, her hand apparently slipped on the control, and her chair bolted forward through an open area in the guardrail, hurling her down a 15,000-foot precipice. Culdebois, whose English is very poor, believes that as the journalist fell she cried out either 'Help me, you idiot!' or 'God save Washington art.'" (contributed by John Driscoll)

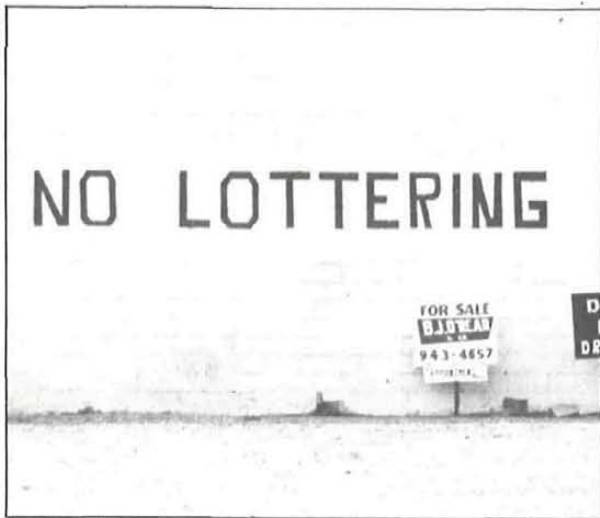
JOSEPH PICKENS WAS awarded \$1.07 million after he was struck by a Pepsi-Cola truck. He told the court that the accident had changed his sexual orientation and that he now preferred to be called Tiffany. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Chris Harbowy)

## The Shadow At Bay

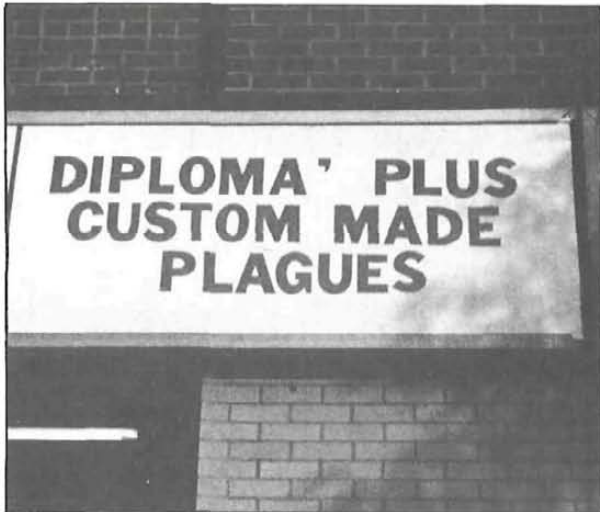


Apparently, Walt Slade meets The Shadow on this Norwegian book cover, contributed by Mark Mattison of Oslo, Norway.

# TO SPELL THE TRUTH



Susan Hoffman



Ken Montague



Peter Lorenz

## The joy of public worship

*St. Charles (Missouri) Journal*  
Bob Swain

## New Communist chief considered a shrew leader

*(Oneonta, New York) Daily Star*  
Matthew J. Hesse

## Islamic Radicals Murder U.S. Educator Today

*(Huntingdon, Pennsylvania) Daily News*  
Garry S. Grayshaw

## How to make a great chocolate moose

*Nevada (Iowa) Journal*  
Greg Glass



Janet Dixon

# NEVER MIND

FOUR RIFLEMEN FIRING a ceremonial salute at a military funeral in White Sulphur Springs, Montana, accidentally shot the minister. *AP* (contributed by David Ireland)

BETSY NELSON OF Arlington, Virginia, sued Irving's Sports store of nearby Falls Church after security personnel there falsely accused her of shoplifting a basketball. Nelson, thirty-three, was nine months pregnant at the time. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record*

CHICAGO CITY EMPLOYEE John Annerino allegedly hired three men to kill a former roommate, but the men mistakenly stabbed a sheriff's officer to death instead. Facing indictment on that charge, Annerino then hired another man to wound him, "not only to attract sympathy on the day he was indicted, but in hopes of blaming the shooting on the former roommate."

However, Annerino's plan went awry when he died of the gunshot wound he had paid for. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Chuck Kulczewski)

A WOMAN CALLED POLICE in Huntington Beach, California, to report that her home had been ransacked. Investigators learned that the mess had been caused by the woman's daughter, who was having trouble finding something to wear to school. (Orange County) *Daily Pilot* (contributed by Ellen Lovelace)

DURING A DUBLIN, IRELAND, performance of the operetta *Pinafore*, actor Alan Devlin suddenly stopped as he was singing "I Am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee." The orchestra stopped also, and the audience heard Devlin mutter, "Oh, dash this, I'm going home." Devlin then

climbed off the stage and walked out of the theater, taking off his admiral's uniform as he went. Devlin later said he was considering some other field of work. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by J. R. Leonard)

TWO PARAPSYCHOLOGISTS who wrote a self-help book emphasizing an optimistic outlook on life committed suicide together by leaping fifteen stories to a New York City street. In the book, Paul and Doree Malow told readers to wake up in the morning and say, "It's good to be alive! Today will be better than yesterday!" According to the *New York Post*, their book didn't sell well. *UPI* (contributed by Liz Ellen Zell)

PERFORMING IN CAPE-

town, South Africa, swordsman El Hakim asked a volunteer from the audience to check the sharpness of his sword's blade. But before Hakim could explain exactly what he expected, the volunteer took the sword and plunged it into Hakim's back.

"I guess he just misunderstood," said Hakim after recovering. *Globe* (contributed by Jim Woodward)

SCIENTISTS AT KANSAS State University claim they have crossed the tomato with the potato to produce a hybrid plant that produces tubers underground as well as a small, yellow, seedless fruit that smells like a tomato. However, says plant physiologist James Shepard, researchers suspect the new fruit may be poisonous.

*UPI* (contributed by Laura M. Ellis)

AFTER BEING PULLED over by police, an Edmonton, Alberta, motorist jumped out of his car, ripped out a radar detector, threw it on the ground, stomped on it, and said, "I paid five hundred dollars for this damn thing and it doesn't work." According to police spokesman Lance Beswick, the motorist had been stopped for having only one license plate. *Edmonton Journal* (contributed by Lorne Sear)

THE CITY COUNCIL IN Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada, voted to notify the Ontario Censor Board of its objection to use of the word "whorehouse" in the title of the film *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*. However, one alderman, Rita Ubriaco, objected to the move, pointing out that it was similar to the recent action of a nearby board of education that had "damned *Lord of the Flies* because they thought it had to do with men's trousers." *CP* (contributed by James Nadler)

AUTHORITIES IN THE Philippines invested millions of borrowed dollars in a Cellophil Resources Corporation plant in the region of Abra. The idea was to log pine trees in forests nearby and float them along the Tineg River to the new plant, where they would be processed into pulp for use in packaging. However, the project was a "fiasco." One important reason was that "consultants who made the feasibility study for Cellophil failed to test if Abra pines floated downriver before recommending log transport through flotation. When actual operations started, the pine logs sank." (Manila) *Times Journal* (contributed by Elmer Beshearse)

## The Amazing New Pull-Off Cap



This ad appeared in the "Style" section of the *Chicago Tribune*. (contributed by Steve Phillips)



# ORIENTAL MESSAGES



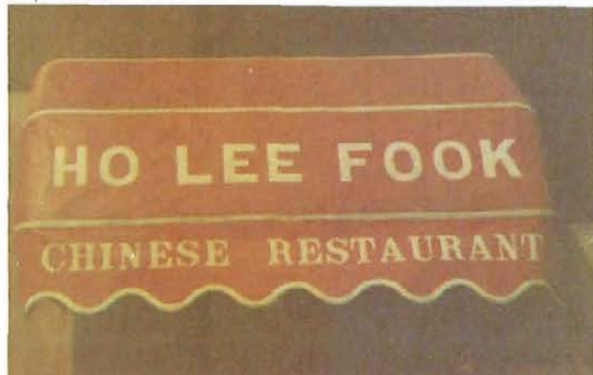
Robert J. Lee



Ralph James Bova



Greg Le Duc



Shawn Kilborn



Michael Carr



Jim Winter



Bill Owens



Richard Moorhouse

# NOTABLE NEWSPAPER GOOFS

THE FOLLOWING CORRECTION appeared in the San Diego *Tribune*:

"In a story Saturday, the *Tribune* incorrectly reported that a guide dog owned by a blind seven-year-old boy was missing.

"The boy, Robert Maurice, son of Lila Maurice of Ramona, is not blind, and the dog, which does not belong to the boy and is not a guide dog, has been found."

THE *DAILY BREEZE* OF Louisiana published this memorable sentence: "A weekend garage and bake sale raised \$1,200 toward a \$5,000 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of a teenager found shot to death a month ago."

THE *EDMONTON JOURNAL* of Alberta, Canada, ran a story about Philadelphia Flyers goalie Pelle Lindbergh, who died after an automobile accident. The article explained that Lindbergh's family donated his organs for transplants.

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

A CORRECTION IN THE *Santa Ana Register* read:

"In a recent edition we referred to the chairman of Chrysler Corporation as 'Lee lacococo.' His real name is Lee lacaca. The *Register* regrets the error."

THIS CORRECTION APPEARED in the *Trenton Times*:

"There was an error in the Dear Abby column that was published on Monday. In the fifth paragraph, the second sentence stated that Char-

lie's hiccups were cured temporarily through the use of carbon monoxide. It should have read carbon dioxide."

THE *ANCHORAGE DAILY News* confessed:

"A caption on the front page of Thursday's paper misidentified a room in the Department of Environmental Conservation laboratory in Juneau. The room in the photograph is the men's bathroom."

*US MAGAZINE* PUBLISHED this correction:

"Due to an error in tran-

scription, Danielle Brisebois was misrepresented in *US* ('Where Are They Now?' *US* 60). Discussing the demands of the acting profession, Brisebois was misquoted as saying 'You have to know how to run, you have to be in shape, you have to know how to do sex acts.' She actually said, 'You have to know how to do circus acts.' *US* regrets the error."

THIS CORRECTION APPEARED in the *Boston Globe*:

"Due to a reporting error, the *Globe* reported incorrectly Tuesday that a six-

year-old Pembroke girl was killed by a car while delivering Girl Scout Calendars. Heather Woods was delivering Camp Fire Candles."

THE *CITIZEN OF OTTAWA*, Ontario, printed this correction:

"A November 9 Southam News story about Nova Scotia's black minority was accompanied by an inaccurate photograph caption. The photo, said to depict run-down homes outside Dartmouth, was actually of a pig farm. *The Citizen* apologizes for the error."

## Crash kills House and 4 others



This column, M.E. Jones was struck in a head-on collision with carrying City Manager G. Robert House Jr. and four other Portsmouth engineers.

Pa  
mo  
in

This photograph and headline appeared on the front page of the *Virginian-Pilot*, a Norfolk, Virginia, area newspaper. The House referred to was actually the late G. Robert House, Jr., a passenger on the plane. (contributed by Henry C. Wheelchel)

# NOW OPENING



Matt Harle, San Anselmo, Calif.



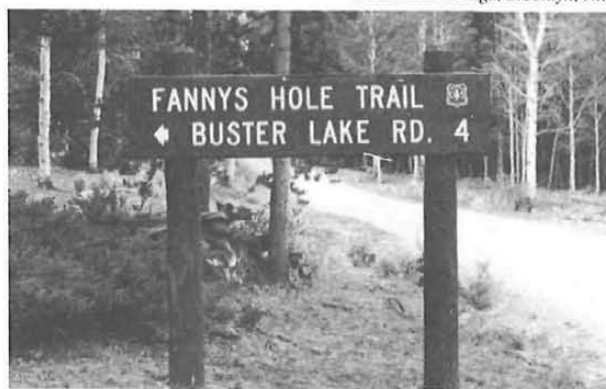
Gary Van Horn, Lafayette, La.



Richard E. Santaga, Brooklyn, N.Y.



T. Boguski, Havertown, Pa.



Glenn Carpenter, Pocatello, Idaho



Wyatt Payne, Lubbock, Tex.



Gary Van Horn, Lafayette, La.



Gregory K. Binder, Valparaiso, Ind.

# ON THE HOME FRONT

A GUN BATTLE ERUPTED during a family get-together at the home of elderly Homer Rathbone near Hot Springs, North Carolina. When it was over, one of Rathbone's sons was dead and a second was wounded, along with his wife. Gunfire broke out during an argument over who had done the most for Dad. *Newport* (Tennessee) *Plain Talk* (contributed by Odie Hall)

TESTIFYING AT A CUSTODY hearing in Lagos, Nigeria, a woman described the dissolution of her marriage, attributing it to the condition of her genitals.

"It looks funny," she told the Shomolu customary court, going on to say that her former husband had often complained that her "private part was too wide, watery, and not enjoyable."

It was so wide and watery, according to the woman, that her husband usually stopped during sex to dry her off with an electric fan. *Lagos Weekend* (contributed by S.W.D. Banks)

IN WILLINGBORO, NEW Jersey, an eighty-three-year-old woman adopted a fifty-three-year-old construction worker as her son. The proceedings fulfilled her fifty-one-year-old daughter's lifelong wish to have an older brother. *Chicago Tribune* (contributed by Forrest E. Cunningham)

NORMAN TOEVS, A SIXTY-one-year-old Calgary, Alberta, resident, beat his wife with a VCR and terrorized her with a fireplace poker for seven hours in a rage over her obsession with bridge. Toevs, who described himself as a "marshmallow" all his life, said his anger erupted after his wife banged his hand with a can of chili. She was preparing to entertain members of her bridge club, but would not feed him. *Victoria*

*Times Colonist* (contributed by Amber Veysey)

THE FOLLOWING LETTER appeared in the syndicated advice column "Dear Abby":

"Dear Abby: These so-called holidays are being blown up way out of proportion. Last June, a grandfather waited until evening, and still no Father's Day card, so he wrote a note expressing his despair at being forgotten. First he shot and killed three members of his family, then he killed himself! Sad? And worse yet, he had the date of Father's Day figured one week too early, so he killed three people and himself for nothing. (signed) Ann Pratt, Homer, Michigan." (contributed by Edward Isern)

AFTER AN ARGUMENT over the family's vacation cabin, two children of eighty-year-old recluse Blanche Hansen refused to speak to each other for years. Finally brought together to settle the estate of Blanche's brother Harold, Robert Hansen and his sister Carol Evenson buried the hatchet. According to the Bergen County, New Jersey, *Record*, after exchanging friendly greetings, Robert Hansen asked, "So where are you keeping Mom?" Evenson replied, "We thought you were taking care of her."

The reconciled siblings found their mother's remains on the floor of her Duluth, Minnesota, house, where she had apparently been entombed for more than a year. (contributed by Duck Divet)

JOE FRANCIS WOODSON, a resident of El Monte, California, was convicted of assault with a deadly weapon and one count of battery for attacking his wife with a chocolate Easter bunny. The victim said she was knocked out by the force of the blow and that the six-ounce candy rabbit was frozen and still in the

box when Woodson threw it at her. Woodson unsuccessfully maintained that his wife threw the rabbit at him first and the blow knocked his glasses off. *El Monte Herald and Press* (contributed by Stoney Martin)

VICTOR P. DUPUIS, TWENTY-six, of Fall River, Massachusetts, was attending a boxing match when he was told to hurry home because his wife had died. But when the distraught Dupuis arrived home, he was so angry to find his wife, Linda, alive that he beat her over the head with a chair. *Fall River Herald News* (contributed by Jeff Hayle)

RESEARCHER DR. ELIZABETH Thompson of Cambridge University published a paper on the people of Tristan da Cunha, a South Atlantic island with a population of

243, all descended from the original British garrison of eleven in 1816. "In one family," wrote Thompson, "we have a woman whose first sister's husband is her father's half-sister's first son's son and also son of her father's mother's sister's daughter; whose first brother's wife is her father's half-sister's other son's daughter and her husband's sister's daughter; whose second sister's husband is her mother's brother's son, and her father's first sister's son; whose third sister's husband is her father's second sister's son and her husband's mother's sister's son's son and whose final brother's wife is her father's second sister's daughter and her husband's mother's sister's son's daughter." *Montreal Gazette* (contributed by Sandy Illes)

## Cover for Thought



This magazine cover, an example of darkroom enthusiasm, was submitted by James P. Schwartz, Jr. of Topeka, Kansas.

# TRUE DOLDRUMS



David Spiwak



Brian Mitchell



Dale Sinderson



Jim Williams



Kimberly A. Nevendorf



Dan Dell, Jr.



Dale Farixson



Janet Flanagan

# WHAT A WAY TO GO

FROM THE *WESTERN Morning News* of England:

"Alan Nance, the pioneer of spiritual medicine from St. Austell, has died after tripping over his healing stool." (contributed by Steven Newman)

ELGIE LENOIR FRANKLIN, eighty, of Newland, North Carolina, was straightening a relative's grave marker at Linville Falls Cemetery when the monument toppled over, killing him. *Asheville Citizen*

NEW HAMPSHIRE ATTORNEY David Case, who often reenacted events to help him prepare cases, apparently attempted to reenact the death of a former client who had hanged himself in his jail cell. In the process, Case accidentally hanged himself to death. *AP*

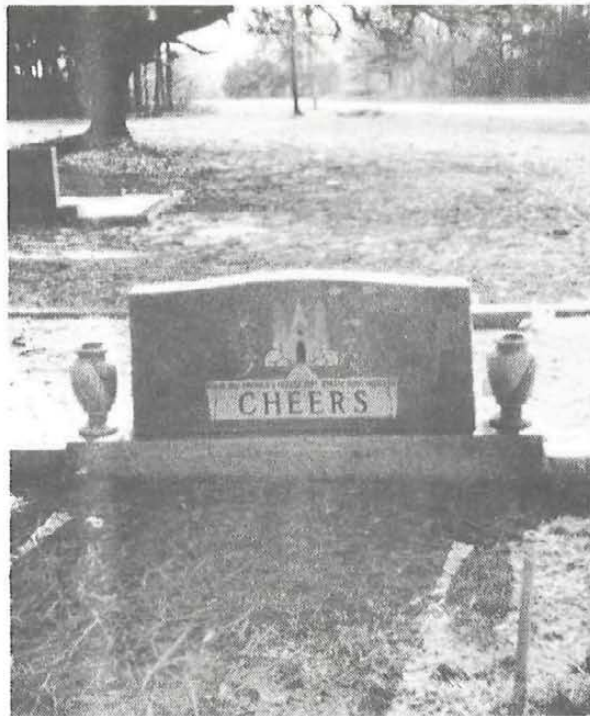
FROM THE *HUNTSVILLE* (Alabama) *Times*:

"A twenty-year-old Alabama Space and Rocket Center employee was killed late Saturday afternoon after falling into a machine that simulates the trip to the moon." (contributed by Bobby Varnon)

AN AMBULANCE WAS called to the aid of James Ritchie, thirty, who was lying injured on a road outside Odell, Illinois. As it arrived on the scene, the ambulance skidded on the snow-covered roadway, then struck and killed Ritchie. *UPI* (contributed by Doug Arnold)

ALICE FLEETWOOD OF Seymour, Indiana, was crushed to death by the 2,800-pound arm of a radioactive cobalt machine which fell on her as she was undergoing treatment for cancer. *San Francisco Chronicle* (contributed by Bill Horgos)

FROM THE *BALTIMORE*, Maryland, *News American*:



S. N. Garbach

"A Brink's armored-car guard died of a heart attack when \$13,000 worth of quarters fell on him as his partner braked to avoid another vehicle." (contributed by Michael Fink)

FROM THE *NEW YORK Times*:

"Miami—Ramon Jose Rodrigues, 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 spokes-

woman. 'The toilet was on rollers.'"

IN SENTO SE, BRAZIL, TEN fishermen died when the truck they were riding in overturned and they were crushed under the eleven-ton cargo of salted fish. *AP* (contributed by Jessica Dines)

IN DOUGLAS, GEORGIA, A fifty-nine-year-old worker at the Golden Poultry processing plant drowned to death after falling into a 2200-gallon vat of chicken blood. *UPI* (contributed by Robert Meikle, Jr.)

FROM THE *LAS VEGAS SUN*:

"An Austrian circus dwarf died recently when he bounced sideways from a trampoline and was swallowed by a hippopotamus. Seven thousand people watched as little Franz Dasch popped into the mouth of Hilda the Hippo and the animal's gag reflex forced it to swallow. The crowd applauded wildly before other circus people realized what happened." (contributed by Deborah Kistler)

IN BETHESDA, MARYLAND, Shirley Foster of Washington, D.C., was electrocuted by a yogurt-dispensing machine in the cafeteria of the National Institutes of Health. *AP* (contributed by Duck Divet)

A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD MAN from Birmingham, England, died of burns caused by a severe electric shock. The young welder, identified as Mr. Hayes, had apparently been drinking before he urinated off a railroad bridge and onto a catenary wire carrying 25,000 volts of electricity. Officials speculate that the current traveled back up the continuous stream of urine, delivering the lethal shock to Mr. Hayes. *Birmingham Evening Mail* (contributed by M. J. Milne)

IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, Jessie Olsen strangled to death while trying to open a door using a key she kept tied around her neck. (Brisbane, Australia) *Courier-Mail* (contributed by Jon Thomasson)

DESPITE THE EFFORTS of would-be-rescuers who applied the Heimlich maneuver, fifty-nine-year-old Nettie Shaw of Morgantown, West Virginia, died at a bingo game after she choked on a nickel-size bingo chip. *AP* (contributed by Christopher D'Ablemont)

## Death: A Wound That Can Fester

*New York Times*

# TRATS and BONNIE TRULY OUTSTANDING WOMEN

BY SHARY FLENNIKEN

HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE  
OUTSTANDING WOMEN OF THE TRUE  
FACTS DEPARTMENT AWARDS.  
WE'RE HERE TO HONOR A BUNCH OF  
GALS WHO HAVE IMPALED THEM-  
SELVES ON THE PINNACLE OF  
NOTORIETY.

AND THEY'RE NOT JUST BIMBOS EITHER.  
THEY'RE REAL LEADERS WHO ARE SETTING AN  
IMPORTANT EXAMPLE FOR THE FUTURE  
WOMEN OF TOMORROW.



EACH AWARD WINNER WILL RECEIVE  
A BEAUTIFUL HANDCRAFTED  
BRONZE BUST OF JOHN BENDEL,  
THE TRUE FACTS EDITOR.



AND WHEN WE'RE DONE INTRODUCING  
THE WINNERS ... YOU, THE READERS,  
WILL VOTE ON WHICH ONE OF THESE  
DISTINGUISHED WOMEN WILL  
RECEIVE THE GREAT BIG

TRUE  
FACTS  
GRAND  
PRIZE...



... A FREE TRIP TO THE BAHAMAS...  
ALL EXPENSES PAID BY JOHN  
BENDEL!



OUR FIRST OUTSTANDING WOMAN  
IS FORMER BEAUTY QUEEN...  
JOYCE MCKINNEY, WHO WAS  
CROWNED MISS USA IN 1973...  
AND ACCUSED OF KIDNAPPING  
AND RAPING A 21-YEAR-OLD  
MORMON MISSIONARY  
IN BRITAIN.



SHE WAS CHARGED WITH HANDCUFFING  
HIM TO A BED WITH FUR-LINED  
MANACLES AND FORCING HIM TO  
HAVE SEX  
WITH HER  
FOR  
THREE  
DAYS.

SHE WAS RECENTLY  
ARRESTED AGAIN WHILE  
LURKING NEAR HIS WORK-  
PLACE IN SALT LAKE CITY,  
UTAH. THE MISSIONARY  
TOLD POLICE HE WAS AFRAID  
THAT SHE WOULD  
ABDUCT HIM  
AGAIN.



SOME  
GUYS  
ARE  
SO  
SHY.

THANK YOU ALL VERY  
MUCH AND I'D JUST  
LIKE TO SAY...  
I STILL LOVE YOU, KIRK.  
LET'S HAVE LUNCH  
SOMETIME.





OUR NEXT OUTSTANDING WOMAN IS DEBORAH CLIFTON OF TORONTO, ONTARIO!

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT IS REFUSING TO GIVE HER WELFARE BECAUSE SHE CAN'T TELL THEM THE NAME OF HER BABY'S FATHER.



SHE EXPLAINED THAT THREE MEN WHO MET HER STANDARDS FOR INTELLIGENCE AND GENETIC HISTORY DONATED SPERM, WHICH SHE MIXED TOGETHER AND PLACED IN A TURKEY BASTER.

THEN SHE INSEMINATED HERSELF WITH THE BASTER.



THIS IS DEBORAH...

...AND HER SON, TENDER-BASTE KITCHEN WHIZ II.



LINDA J. CROSBY RAN AFTER HER HUSBAND AS HE DROVE OUT OF A HOTEL PARKING LOT. AS MRS. CROSBY TRIED TO GET HIM TO STOP, SHE WAS KNOCKED UNDER THE CAR.

SHE SUFFERED HIP, LEG, AND HEAD INJURIES AS THE CAR PASSED OVER HER.



SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES ARRESTED HER AND CHARGED HER WITH CLUNGING TO A VEHICLE.



CONGRATULATIONS, MRS. CROSBY.

MMMPHH.



A SCREAMING WOMAN, TRAPPED UPSIDE DOWN IN A PAIR OF BRAVITY INVERSION BOOTS, LUNGED FOR HER TELEPHONE TO BEG A 911 OPERATOR FOR HELP.



"WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, COMMIT SUICIDE?" SAID THE OPERATOR.

"NO, I'M TRYING TO EXERCISE."



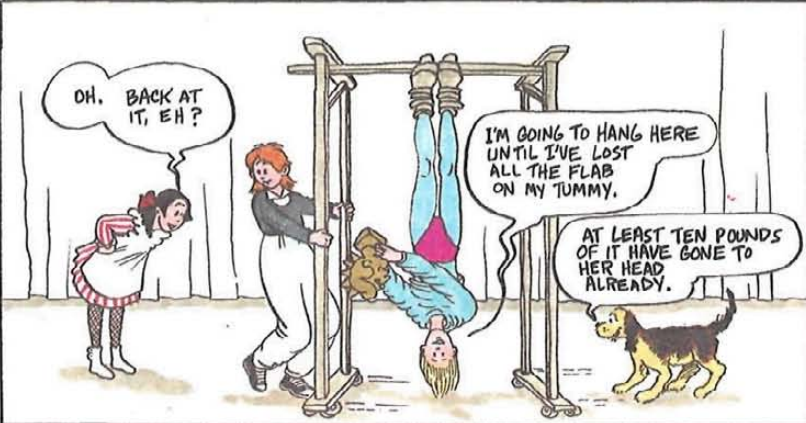
"OKAY, MA'AM... I'M SENDING THE EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICE ... WATCH FOR THE CAR."

"I CAN'T... I'M HANGING IN THE BACK BEDROOM."



THE WOMAN THEN LET OUT A WHINING SCREAM FOR ALMOST 20 SECONDS... THEN STOPPED ABRUPTLY.

"OKAY... FORGET IT. I JUST GOT DOWN."

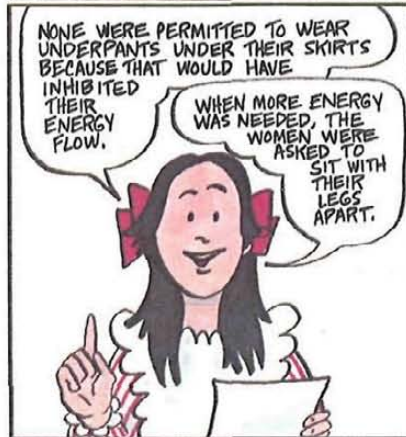


OH, BACK AT IT, EH?

I'M GOING TO HANG HERE UNTIL I'VE LOST ALL THE FLAB ON MY TUMMY.

AT LEAST TEN POUNDS OF IT HAVE GONE TO HER HEAD ALREADY.





SIX TOLEDO TEENAGERS WERE THE VICTIMS OF THE MYSTERIOUS "HAIR BANDIT" WHO HIRES MODELS, FILMS THEM GETTING THEIR HAIR CUT, THEN SKIPS TOWN.

THE MAN ASKED A MODELING AGENCY TO FIND 15 TO 20 TEENS FOR A FICTITIOUS FASHION ARTICLE IN YOUNG MISS MAGAZINE. HE CHOSE SIX FINALISTS WHO WERE WILLING TO GET HAIRCUTS FOR THE JOB.

THE MODELING AGENCY GAVE EACH GIRL \$100 AND PAID FOR THE HAIRCUTS.

THEN THE HAIR BANDIT TOLD THE AGENCY THAT HE HAD TO LEAVE TOWN SUDDENLY.

"SINCE THERE SEEMS TO BE NO CRIME OR ABUSE INVOLVED IN ANY OF THIS, WE HAVE ALMOST NO WAY OF GETTING ANY OFFICIAL HELP IN FINDING THIS GUY," SAYS GLADYS BLICKMAN, ATTORNEY FOR YOUNG MISS MAGAZINE.

IN THE LAST WEEK, GLADYS HAS FIELDIED COMPLAINTS FROM TEENAGERS IN ATLANTA, MICHIGAN, ARKANSAS, AND VIRGINIA.

THE GIRLS WERE FULLY CLOTHED WHEN PHOTO GRAPHER, BUT ONE SAID SHE IS WORRIED ABOUT THE PICTURES BEING USED IN PORNO GRAPHY.

VIOLENT RUSSIAN BELLES ARE TURNING DANCE HALLS INTO BATTLEFIELDS IN THEIR SEARCH FOR TRUE LOVE, SAYS A PRAVDA NEWSPAPER REPORT.

GIRLS FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL TO HAVE A BOY... AND THE BOYS CHEER THEM ON AS THEY SPIT AND CLAW AT EACH OTHER LIKE WILDCATS.

A DISTRAUGHT COSSACK FROM THE CITY OF NOVO-KUSNETSK SAID HE WAS ATTACKED BY FOUR PRETTY GIRLS WHO WANTED HIM TO GIVE THEM CIGARETTES... "I WON THE FIGHT," HE SAID, "BUT THEY KILLED SOMETHING IN ME... SOMETHING PURE AND SACRED."

WE'D LIKE TO SAY, "THANK YOU, AMERICA."

WE DEFEAT.

WHERE'S THE DISCO?

WE'RE GOING TO MOVE INTO YOUR NATIONAL LAMPOON OFFICES AND SMOKE ALL YOUR CIGARETTES.

AND NOW... TO CHOOSE THE GRAND PRIZE WINNER... APPLAUD YOUR FAVORITE....



Publications: San Francisco Examiner, Kitchener (Ontario) Record, (Decatur, Illinois) Herald & Review, Arizona Republic, Christchurch Star, UPI, (Syracuse) Post Standard, (Dayton, Ohio) Journal Herald.

Contributors: M. M. Dolan, Mark Edlund, William J. Goreschen, Steve Somers, Angus Bromley, John W. Driscoll, Lawrence Brown, Mike Barzaccchini.

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# WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-old man was arrested in London, England, for blocking traffic outside Parliament while he played the clarinet for two hundred fellow demonstrators. The demonstration was in opposition to the arrival of American nuclear weapons in Great Britain, explained Martin Felix Oddstocks McWeirdo El Tutti Fruiti Farto Hello Hippopotamus Bum. (London) *Times* (contributed by Deborah Fisher)

FROM THE "PERSONAL Notes" column of the *Bench & Bar of Minnesota*, this item:

"The Rochester law firm of Dingle, Suk, Wendland & Walters, Ltd. has announced that Kevin P. Howe and Jon H. L. Dewey have joined the firm as shareholders, and that David N. Cox and Garry L. Fuchs have been named associates. The new firm will be known as Dewey, Suk, Dingle and Howe, Ltd." (contributed by Peter Berge)

ACCORDING TO AN OBITUARY for Marjorie Ellen Craw, the fifty-seven-year-old Albany, Indiana, woman left twelve children behind. Their names are Donny, Johnny, Lonny, Vonny, Yonny, Nonny, Onny, Shonny, Connie, Monnie, Bonnie, and Tonnie. *Muncie Evening News* (contributed by Stuart L. Pope)

DONALD J. DUCK HAS been promoted to vice-president of the Harza Engineering Company. According to *Dodge Construction News*, Duck, who won the 1982 Golden Beaver Award for Engineering, is an expert in water projects. (contributed by Richard Rudolph and Steve Johnson)

ACCORDING TO A BIRTH announcement in the *Tribune* of San Diego, California, a Mr. and Mrs. Cox named their newborn daughter Fonda.

(contributed by Jonathan and Joann Carroll)

VERNON AND BETTY DAUB of Elyria, Ohio, gave their first son a name they felt sounded "just right." The boy was named Zip A-Dee-Doo Daub. (Elyria) *Chronicle-Telegram* (contributed by Donald Eschke)

TOM UREN OF SARASOTA, Florida, was presented with an award by the Water Quality Association. Uren had been in the water industry for thirty-one years. *Sarasota*

*Herald-Tribune* (contributed by Fay P. Rice)

ACCORDING TO A LOCAL press clipping from St. John, New Brunswick, Frederick Andrew Outhouse was sentenced to thirty days in jail for shoplifting three boxes of Ex-Lax. (contributed by Thomas Shannon)

IN PORTLAND, OREGON, the Bonfire Restaurant was gutted by fire, while the Smoke Shop next door suffered smoke damage. *Buffalo Evening News* (con-

tributed by Michael Forczek)

ACCORDING TO THE "POLICE Log" section of the *Lowell* (Massachusetts) *Sun*, prostitution charges were filed against twenty-four-year-old Sandra Greathead. (contributed by David M. Jarvis)

IN WALTON BEACH, FLORIDA, the popcorn machine in the Sun Plaza movie theater burst into flames during a showing of *St. Elmo's Fire*. *AP* (contributed by Carmen A. Brown-Bender)

POLICE IN NORTH POW-NAL, New York, arrested a Hoosick Falls man in connection with the theft of a vehicle in which he was found sleeping. The man's name was Ralph Wideawake. *AP* (contributed by Doug Rivenburg)

DICK TRACY, A U.S. PRO-bation officer, apprehended Ellery Queen in Northbrook, Illinois. *Chicago Sun-Times* (contributed by David Smith)

AN F-4C FIGHTER-BOMBER from the 182nd Tactical Fighter Squadron ran into and destroyed a turkey vulture. The officers aboard the plane were Captain Ralph Crow and First Lieutenant Mark Bird. *Air Force* (contributed by Leo Choate)

IN LONDON, ENGLAND, Kenneth Pigeon was caught breaking into a company club by security guard Reginald Peacock. He was arrested by detective officer George Bird. *Stars and Stripes* (contributed by David M. Harrison)

ACCORDING TO AN OBITUARY in the Bergen County, New Jersey, *Record*, "Marguerite Posthumus, a lifelong resident of Passaic, died Wednesday. Before retiring twenty years ago, she was an accountant with the National Casket Company." (contributed by Duck Divet)



James Burgo

MRS. ROBERT LOVE

## Love-Organ

SHERWOOD - Mary Theresa Organ and Robert Sterling Love were married Saturday in Immaculate Conception Catholic Church by the Rev. John O'Donnell. Parents are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Organ and Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Love, all of Sherwood.

Honor attendants were Lori Howard and Victor Cummings.

The couple will reside in North Little Rock.

Arkansas Gazette (contributed by Jack Finch)

# SIGNS OF THE TIMES



Bob Leon



Joy & Wilson



Hank Zucker



Neil Grey



Thomas A. Ward



Michael Frank



Dennis Cocking



Thomas J. Faddis

# WRETCHED EXCESS

THE NEW ENGLAND TELEPHONE Company staged a full-scale press conference attended by, among other media representatives, three television reporters, with cameras, lights, and sound equipment. The dramatic announcement prompting the event was that the upcoming telephone directory would list names in four columns per page instead of five. *Providence Sunday Journal* (contributed by Hugh Danielson)

AS PART OF A MASS MAILING promoting the availability of new equipment, the Pacific Telephone Company sent 12,000 announcements to the town of Paradise, California. Unfortunately all 12,000 pieces of mail—a forty-seven-foot stack, according to postal authorities—were addressed to the same person. *AP* (contributed by Ron Hooker)

POLICE IN WINNIPEG, CANADA, were called to stop a gasoline price war that began when a new gas station posted sharply lower prices as a promotion. Two nearby stations matched the prices, and all three stations began lowering prices "by the minute" until regular leaded gas was selling for 1.6 cents a liter. At that point the new station began giving its gas away, and, just before the police moved in, had created a public hazard by paying customers 0.3 cents a liter to take its gasoline. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Stephen Weir)

POLICE ARRIVED AT THE scene of a domestic disturbance in Ypsilanti, Michigan, to find that a couple had been arguing over who would take possession of a cat they both claimed to have raised. Unfortunately the cat died when it was pulled apart in a tug-of-war between the two. *Ann Arbor News* (contributed by

Clifford J. Keirce)

JIMMY LEE CRAWFORD of Greensboro, North Carolina, was charged with insurance fraud after he filed claims totaling \$32,500 for sixty-seven dogs he said were run over by cars in 1983.

Crawford had claimed that eight of the dogs were hit by a single car. (contributed by Gary E. Lowell)

RESIDENTS AROUND Hamelin Bay, about 192 miles south of Perth, Australia, notified authorities that the floating carcass of a whale was the source of a foul odor discernible for up to a mile from the bay. Local officials contacted the Australian navy, which promised to send a squad to get rid of the whale. When it arrived, the navy squad—a demolition team—attached explosive charges to the dead whale and blew it up, showering rotten whale blubber on the adjacent community. *UPI* (contributed by Dave Smith)

FIGHTER AL COUTURE, sixty-five, revealed the secret of having an unmarked face

in spite of his having participated in nearly three hundred matches, including one in which he knocked down the former middleweight champion Paul Pender.

"I've had hundreds of stitches—thirty-eight around my mouth after one fight alone," said Couture. "After the cuts healed, I'd spend hours rubbing the marked area with wet sandpaper until the area was uniformly raw. Then I rubbed cocoa butter into it. When the scabs fell off, the cut marks were gone." *Syracuse Post Standard* (contributed by Ron Breeding)

DESPITE THE DEATH IN 1981 of General Omar Bradley, the U.S. Army's last five-star general, the Defense Logistical Agency—a purchasing arm of the Pentagon—had 180 sets of five-star insignia bars on hand and estimated that it would need another 2,500 to meet demand. *Pittsburgh Press* (contributed by Joseph Forbes)

TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD philosophy student David Read of Madison, Wisconsin,

formed the Nihilistic Workers Party "to spread the belief that existing social and economic institutions must be destroyed in order to make way for new institutions."

To further his group's goals, Read announced that he would douse a puppy with gasoline and set it on fire. *AP* (contributed by Cyndi Lack)

ACCORDING TO THE *LOS Angeles Times*, "Air traffic controllers at Los Angeles International Airport (LAX) prepared for a full emergency when a private pilot radioed them, frantically reporting that he could hardly breathe and barely see." LAX, the fourth busiest airport in the country, was shut down for twenty minutes during the crisis.

"All of LAX's runways were cleared, departing jetliners were ordered to stay put, and in-bound flights were instructed to circle so that the ailing flyer could land ahead of them. Fire trucks and ambulances rolled when it appeared he was about to fall from the sky."

However, when the pilot, thirty-two-year-old Theodoros Favricanos, finally landed, he stepped from his "rented, single-engine Cessna in a white top hat and white tuxedo, complete with a pink carnation. Then he declared that he was calling a press conference to announce the formation of a new religion." (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)

NEZHDET BANUSHI OF Quincy, Massachusetts, was arrested and charged with stealing onions from the Commonwealth Fruit and Produce Company, Inc., of Boston. Police were tipped off by Banushi's neighbors, who complained that he was storing twenty-two tons of onions—900 bags—in his backyard. *AP* (contributed by May Ann Militello)

## Canadian Censorship

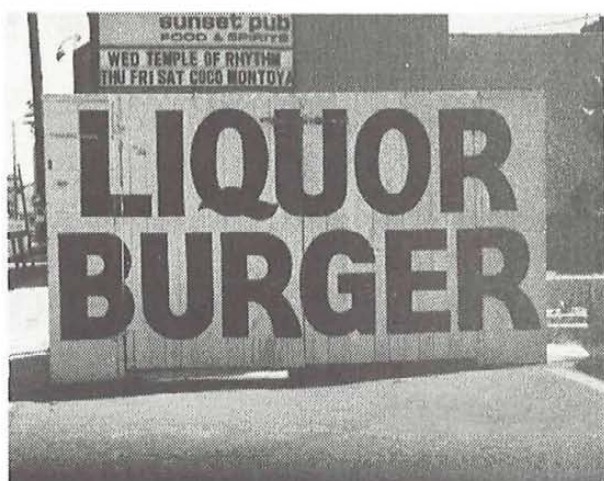


This ad appeared in the French daily newspaper *Le Droit*, published in Ottawa, Canada. (contributed by P. Garant of Ottawa)

# SIGNS OF THE TIMES



Mr. & Mrs. William Morrisroe Jr.



Jack Hauer



Barbara Hamon



Ken Wood



Tom Johnson



Warren Couvillon

# TRUE FACTS

AN APPEAL FILED BY convicted murderer Stephen Peter Morin was dismissed by the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals. Morin had already been executed in another murder case. *Trentonian* (contributed by Mark Tobias)

HEUWELL TIRCUIT, ARTS critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, wrote a scathing review of the ballet "Bizet Pas de Deux" as performed by the San Francisco Ballet. Only after the review appeared in Monday's paper did editors learn that the dance, which had been scheduled for weekend performance, had been canceled at the last minute and never performed. Tircuit was fired. (Bergen County, New Jersey) *Record* (contributed by Duck Divet)

HARRY WALKER SLEEPS with a handgun at the ready, so when he was awakened at 3:30 one morning, the thirty-year-old Logan, Ohio, man got off a shot at what he mistakenly thought was an intruder in his bedroom. The bullet hit his own penis before

lodging in the calf of his left leg.

Asked later if the penis wound had been painful, Walker replied, "Nope. Didn't hurt all that much. It's only a .22-caliber, you know. Would have been a lot worse if I had had a .45." *Ocean County Times-Observer* (contributed by Timothy Gilroy)

POLICE IN NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana, charged Michael Whalen, thirty-one, with posing as a doctor after two women claimed that he had fondled their breasts, ostensibly to see if they qualified as potential volunteer burping instructors. Whalen had presented himself as the head of a federal burping program for the elderly who was seeking volunteers to help seniors belch more healthfully. To qualify for the program, he told would-be instructors, they had to submit to a breast examination to determine if they burped properly themselves. *UPI* (contributed by Bob Katerzynski)

THERMAN MIRICK'S DOG

brought him the evening paper for years, picking it up in the yard and holding it until Mirick came home from work at 5:30 P.M. But when the *Roswell* (New Mexico) *Daily Record* switched from afternoon to morning delivery, the Miricks' black Labrador retriever continued to pick up the paper and guard it until 5:30.

"Even my wife couldn't take it off him," said Mirick. "He just keeps it with him in his bed in the backyard." (contributed by Briggs Goddard)

MONTANA'S GREAT FALLS *Tribune* reported that Flathead County authorities tracked and arrested a Peeping Tom who rode his horse up to a window and peered in at a woman sleeping nude on her sofa. Hearing the horse outside, the woman awoke and produced a rifle. The horseman took off as she called the sheriff's department.

When deputies came to investigate, "they learned that several other area residents had also seen the man and that they claimed he may have been drunk. They tracked him for nearly half a mile to the home of two elderly women with whom he was having coffee—though the women say they didn't know who he was. He had just dropped in.

"Officials say the suspect was fairly easy to track because of the hoofprints of his trusty steed. There were also identifiable marks left in the snow where the cowboy had fallen off his horse—five times."

The man told the arresting deputies that he hadn't been peeping at the woman, only "looking for stray cows." (contributed by Don Morgan)

down at the West Pasco Airport near New Port Richey for about five minutes Sunday because a Tampa man was having some trouble getting his vehicle off the ground. The vehicle whizzing up and down the runway was a 1984 Ford Tempo GL automobile. When Pasco sheriff's deputies reached the forty-six-year-old car salesman, they said he told them he had installed a 'gyro-powered engine' in his car that enabled it to fly. The man was taken for a psychiatric evaluation after the incident." (contributed by John Connolly)

MEMBERS OF THE TUTUKUVAL Isukal Association gathered on the island of New Hanover near New Guinea to greet Lyndon Johnson, the late American president, who was expected to arrive by helicopter. Members of the quasi-religious cult poured onto the island "by the hundreds" to greet Mr. Johnson and Jesus Christ, who was also slated to appear. But the pilgrims began leaving the island after their leader, Walla Gukguk, announced that Christ would not be arriving as planned. Jesus, Gukguk explained, had rescheduled his visit for September of the following year. Gukguk's planned transfiguration was also postponed. (Papua New Guinea) *Post Courier* (contributed by B. W. Larkin)

A FORMER HOTEL CASHIER in Bangkok, Thailand, was convicted of embezzling \$12,000 and sentenced to 865 years in prison. Because of his cooperation with the court, however, his sentence was reduced to 576 years. *AP* (contributed by Rick Bryant)

FLORIDA'S ST. PETERSBURG *Times* published this story:

"Operations were closed

CONVICTED KILLER Charles Rumbaugh, awaiting execution in an Amarillo, Texas, prison, was shot and

## The Jolly Green Jogger

100% ACRYLIC  
WARM-UP  
SUIT

- Top quality warm-up suit
- Great for today's jogger
- Machine washable
- Full length zipper on jacket

REG 19.99      15.44 SET

Similar to illustration

This was part of a department-store ad that appeared in the *Kansas City Star*. (contributed by James Mercer)



## In Full Swing by Bill Moseley

wounded by a guard trying to prevent him from committing suicide. *Washington Post* (contributed by Tim Furgeson)

THE MAY WEDDING OF Brenda and Jean-Claude Cadrin, in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, resulted in the worst case of food poisoning in the city's history. The reception feast of ham, turkey, garlic sausage, cabbage rolls, and assorted salads began affecting the 250 guests about two hours into the party, which continued even while guests were hauled away in ambulances.

"The bandleader dropped first," recalled the bride's mother. "He just collapsed in the middle of a song, and they called an ambulance for him." A guest stepped forward to play the bandleader's accordion and kept the music going, but about five minutes later others became afflicted.

Outside the washrooms there was pandemonium. A determined master of ceremonies moved from the bandstand to the lavatories to direct traffic, giving first priority to guests with diarrhea and telling anyone about to throw up to try elsewhere. He insisted that the tearful bride go back to the receiving line to keep things rolling, even though her mother had just been taken to the hospital.

As the groom recalled, "There were no big disturbances. People kept drinking and dancing." Nevertheless, he said, "you didn't know who was going to go next. My wife's girlfriend was fine, and the next thing you knew she was on a stretcher."

Ambulance attendants worked as unobtrusively as possible throughout the evening, trying not to disturb the party, but the number of victims rose steadily. Within an hour, two hundred guests were sick, leaving only fifty standing. "People started leaving," said the groom regretfully, "before we could even say thanks for coming." *Alberta Report* (contributed by Pete Seifert)



**A news story accompanying the first photo claimed that Dizzy Gillespie's bebop had just reached France, and that the art students seen here dancing were wearing "existentialist clothes."**

# THE DECADE IN SLUSH

*True Facts publishes excerpts from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of serious fiction who wishes, understandably, to remain anonymous. These "Lines from the Slushpile" are the pick of the eighties.*

"Then it's hopest," Dad said.

"You mean hopeless," my mother said. "And it's not hopeless!"

The light that was Frannie went out.

Slicing the steak in Rena's cozy kitchen, I considered taking another stab at marriage.

His teacher asked, "Peter, was you annoying Jeanette?"

His organ began to beat so hard he thought it would pop out of his chest.

When Sue and Bob came home, they found their cook in the kitchen, shot to death. "That does it!" Bob said, exasperated. "We're moving!"

Then, when man's hatred for his brother had ripened like a swollen fruit, the fighting started and like a bastard child we named it the Civil War.

Thoughts flew like spaghetti in my brain.

The anguish of being selected a human sacrifice, tied to the altar and about to go to glory, was enough to send the young twenty-year-old warrior's blood pressure sky-high.

Our days were filled with parties, tennis, and golf. But I wanted more. I needed dirty hands and faces to fill my life.

"You made Phi Beta Kappa in college, so there is no need for me to tell you that the debauching of the coterie is an

exemplar for every criminally minded youngster in America—and what makes the cotu-macious coterie so bold is too much menity."

"It's not easy to eek out a living," said Yvonne.

"Spider Jackson?" I scoffed. "Spider Jackson? He wouldn't hurt a fly!"

She was furious with her bank teller for eating up her lunch hour.

Without moving, she reached across and kissed him.

"Well," she said suavely, "voilà for now."

The sudden expulsion of air caused the pouches of skin he used for cheeks to flutter like sails before a stiff wind.

Dora was pleased as punch to be chosen chairman of the refreshments committee.

My mind flew back in time to fathom the cause and effect of what I now had to face in grim retrospect.

Mrs. Rogers said, "I'm sorry I lost my temper, but I was grumpy, and when I'm grumpy I get grouchy."

Ken's body declared war, and since he failed to retreat until the wee hours, it painfully assaulted him in an all-out morning blitzkrieg, taking no prisoners.

The editor sighed. Look at all those Type O's.

The four-story ranch house, flanked by cypress columns, looked majestically down on Route 66.

It was like an old Alan Ladd movie I saw with Veronica Lake.

Leonard had long ago given up dreams of becoming an-

other Ernie Pyle, the famous correspondent, Pulitzer Prize winner, or great playwright.

"I'm glad I'm not out on a night like this," Sarah said.

"We need the rain, Sarah," Daniel rebuked her. He picked up the newspaper and was soon absorbed in its pages.

Josh was at his sexual peek.

Kathy liked going to the supermarket. That was where she bumped into all her neighbors.

"An omelet for mademoiselle," Jimmy pronounced, "and an 'amburger pour moi."

I think that was when I fell in love with him.

"I went to J. R. Irving's house," she sobbed, "and he tried to have his way towards me."

"If you mean rape, I'm with you all the way," Donnie said.

"Why am I like this? Why am I like this? I'll tell you why I'm like this! Because those people at the party are all brittle, shallow people and I cannot see their souls!"

"Thank you, Robere—you and your gendarmes played a crucial role in the Gaullic drama of justice."

I knew I had a bestseller in me—all I had to do was plumb my depths and out it would come, like some literary bowel movement.

The medical examiner zipped his bag closed officiously. It looked to him like an open and shut case.

"Os swoh skcirt?" Jack asked when I arrived at the office.

"I'm fine, Jack," I said. "But you-know I hate it when you talk backwards."

With her splendid blond

mane and her ripe figure, Sally splendidly embodied the splendor of our American continent.

"Just a few questions," the lieutenant said.

"My ass," said the red-head.

The lieutenant didn't like profanity but he had to admire the woman's spirited quality. It was easy to see how she had risen so fast in the business world.

"I'd like to know what kind of jobs are open to me," Wes told the recruiter, "with the Army and the other services, and anything else I need to know to make up my mind which branch would be best for me."

"Wow, you sure know what you want!" Sergeant Lang said. "I sure wish the other fellows coming in here were as sharp as you!"

The garage was littered with greasy wenches and screw-drivers.

Dan wasn't much, Clara admitted, but at least he was an up-and-coming lawyer or businessman.

Carlotta's eyes dropped to the handkerchief in her hands.

"You know me," Sammy said. "I never like to lay a guilt trip on anyone."

There was an "evil hint in the air," as a professional writer might put it.

Clues don't kill people, the inspector thought. People kill people.

Dale was not one to mince words and came directly to the point. "Hi," he said.

George Cohan soundlessly placed his lips to hers and excused himself to go and fix them another drink.



## GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK HISTORY

Elvis is spotted at a supermarket in  
Kalamazoo.

ILLUSTRATION BY WENDY GROSSMAN



ILLUSTRATION BY JIM BENNETT

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**Buddy Holly pulls the ace of spades and the Big Bopper and Richie Valens fold.**

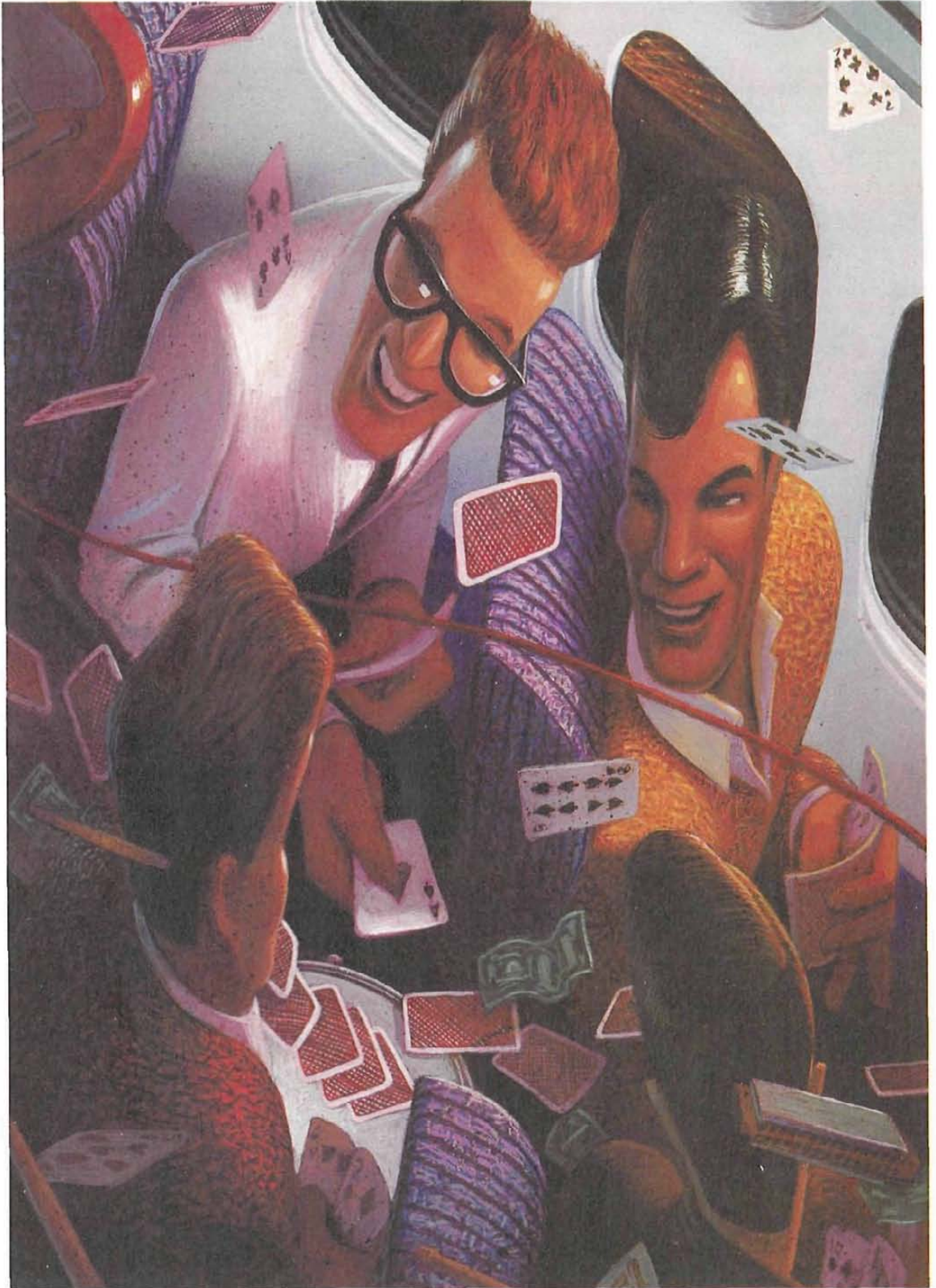


ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY JACKSON

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**Jerry Lee Lewis meets his future bride in the schoolyard.**

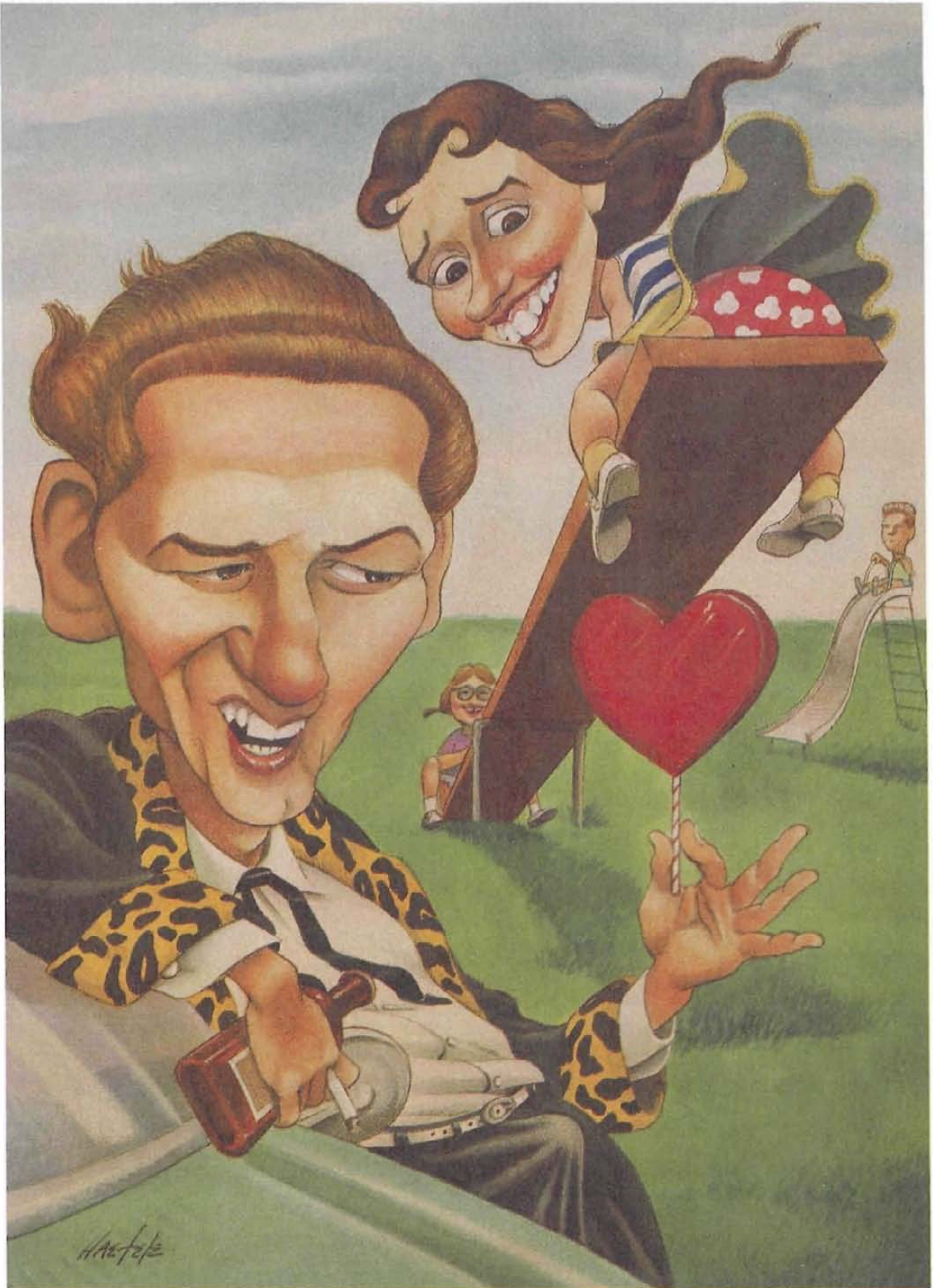


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE HAEFFEL

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**The Bush-Atwater Blues Band debuts.**



ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF WONG

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**Madonna grants the pope an audience.**

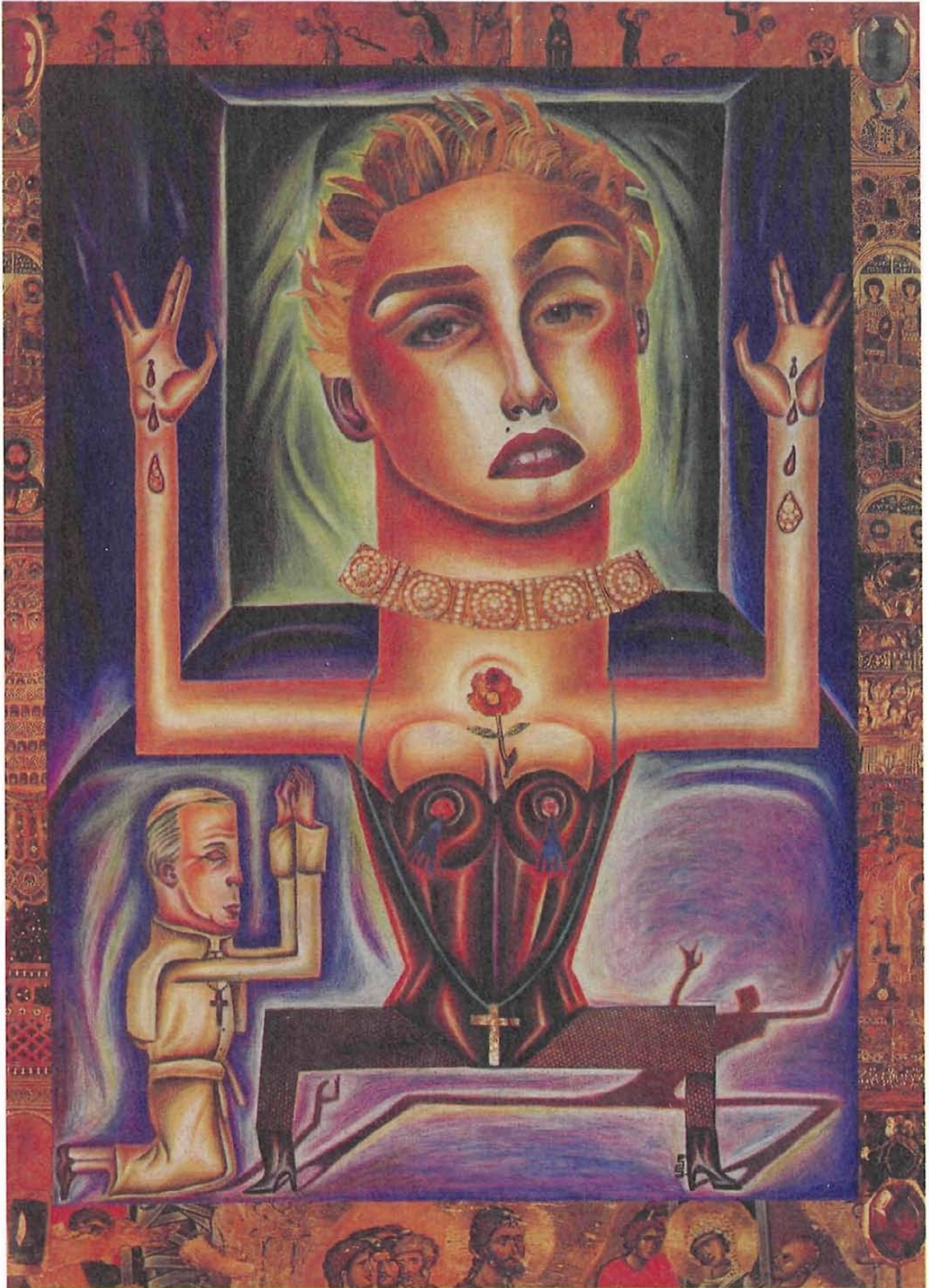


ILLUSTRATION BY SARA SCHWARTZ

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# WANDERING DINGLEBER







Arthur Thompson

# WANDERING DINGLEBERRIES VOL 1

PRODUCED BY LARRY SLOMAN AND NICK BAKAY

## SIDE ONE

SCREW ME TO THE WALL  
WRINKLED LEISURE SUIT  
COCKLES AND MUSSELS  
THE GAMBLER FROM RENO  
BIRD CALLS OF THE ANDES

## SIDE TWO

YOU DO MY DRY CLEANING  
(WRINKLED LEISURE SUIT, PT. 2)  
RUNNING YELLOW LIGHTS  
MARGARITA CON DIOS YODEL  
TWEETER AND THE WOOFER MAN  
IN-A-GADDA-DA-PANFLUTE

KENNY DINGLEBERRY—GUITARS, LEAD & BACKING VOCALS  
SLIM DINGLEBERRY—GUITARS, LEAD & BACKING VOCALS  
ROGER DINGLEBERRY—GUITARS, LEAD & BACKING VOCALS  
JEFF DINGLEBERRY—GUITARS, SYNTHESIZERS,  
STRING ARRANGEMENTS  
ZAMFIR DINGLEBERRY—PANFLUTES

THE ORIGINAL DINGLEBERRIES WERE AN AMBULATORY PEOPLE WHO, REALIZING THAT THE ROAD IS A DEAD END, AWASH WITH SOUL-NUMBING FACELESS HOLIDAY INN ROOMS, 7-ELEVEN MICROWAVEABLE BURRITOS, AND THE BECKONING ARMS OF BOVINE BLUE-COIFFED BARMAIDS, EVOLVED A SEDENTARY LIFESTYLE WHICH HINGED ON THE MODERN-DAY MIRACLE OF TELEMARKETING.

A REMARKABLE CAREER-RESUSCITATING SALES BOOM FOLLOWED, CONSIDERING NO NEW MUSIC HAD BEEN PRODUCED BY THEM SINCE THE ADVENT OF THE FRISBEE. YET THESE RECYCLED, REPACK-

AGED MUSICAL REGURGITATIONS WERE REVERED BY THE PENSIONED ELDERS OF THE TRIBE WHO BELIEVED THEY HAD THE POWER TO STAVE OFF MENOPAUSE, DELAY INCONTINENCE, AND EASE THE HEARTBREAK OF PSORIASIS.

THE SONGS GATHERED HERE REPRESENT THE POPULAR LAMENTS, THE EPIC AND HEROIC TALES WHICH CHARACTERIZE THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE ELUSIVE DINGLEBERRY SOUND, THE HAUNTING MELODIES FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED. GOOD LISTENING. GOOD NIGHT AND MAY THY DINGLEBERRY PLOP.



## SCREW ME TO THE WALL

by the Wandering Dingleberries

Been group-groped and idolized  
 Been fawned over and deified  
 I know I should be trivialized  
 Screw me to the wall

Reputations ridable  
 Latest albums tolerable  
 But you think I'm deplorable  
 Screw me to the wall

I'm so tired of adulation  
 I still have some lumps to take  
 Won't you show me that you're full of scorn

Everybody's got somebody to lean on  
 Put my fingers through a bandsaw and ream on

I've been fobbed off in  
 flea-market stalls  
 I've been mobbed in  
 Rotary Club halls  
 In county fairs and shopping malls  
 Screw me to the wall

Been stuck in airports, hypenotized  
 Sent to Autoramas, merchandised  
 Overexposed, commercialized  
 Screw me to the wall

I'm so tired of adulation  
 I still have some lumps to take  
 Won't you show me that you're full of scorn

Everybody's got somebody to lean on  
 Put my fingers through a bandsaw and ream on

Buy my albums on TV for less  
 We'll throw in a Veg-O-Matic, I guess  
 Oh, the sweet smell of success  
 Screw me to the wall

1



ALL :  
 BEEN GROUP-GROPED AND  
 IDOLIZED / BEEN FAWNED  
 OVER AND DEIFIED

6



JEFF :  
 SCREW ME TO THE WALL

11



SLIM :  
 I'M SO TIRED OF ADULATION  
 I STILL HAVE SOME LUMPS  
 TO TAKE  
 WON'T YOU SHOW ME THAT  
 YOU'RE FULL OF SCORN

# FIRST DINGLEBERRIES VIDEO



ALL:  
I KNOW I SHOULD BE  
TRIVIALIZED / SCREW  
ME TO THE WALL



ROGER:  
REPUTATIONS RIDABLE



SLIM:  
LATEST ALBUMS TOLERABLE



KENNY:  
BUT YOU THINK I'M DEPLORABLE



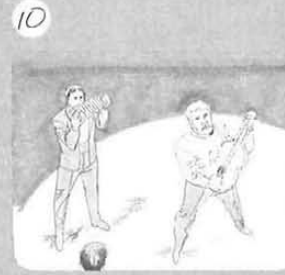
SLIM:  
I'M SO TIRED OF ADULATION  
I STILL HAVE SOME LUMPS  
TO TAKE  
WOULDN'T YOU SHOW ME THAT  
YOU'RE FULL OF SCORN



JEFF:  
EVERYBODY'S GOT SOMEBODY  
TO LEAN ON  
PUT MY FINGERS THROUGH  
A BANDSAW AND REAM ON



ROGER:  
I'VE BEEN FOSSED OFF IN  
FLEA-MARKET STALLS  
I'VE BEEN HOBBERED IN ROTARY  
CLUB HALLS  
IN COUNTY FAIRS AND SHOPPING  
MALLS  
SCREW ME TO THE WALL



KENNY:  
BEEN STUCK IN AIRPORTS,  
HYPNOTIZED  
SENT TO AUTORAMAS,  
MERCHANDISED, COMMERCIALIZED  
SCREW ME TO THE WALL



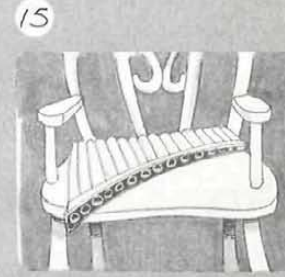
JEFF:  
EVERYBODY'S GOT SOMEBODY  
TO LEAN ON  
PUT MY FINGERS THROUGH  
A BANDSAW AND REAM ON



ALL:  
BUY MY ALBUMS ON TV  
FOR LESS  
WE'LL THROW IN A  
VEG-O-MATIC, I GUESS



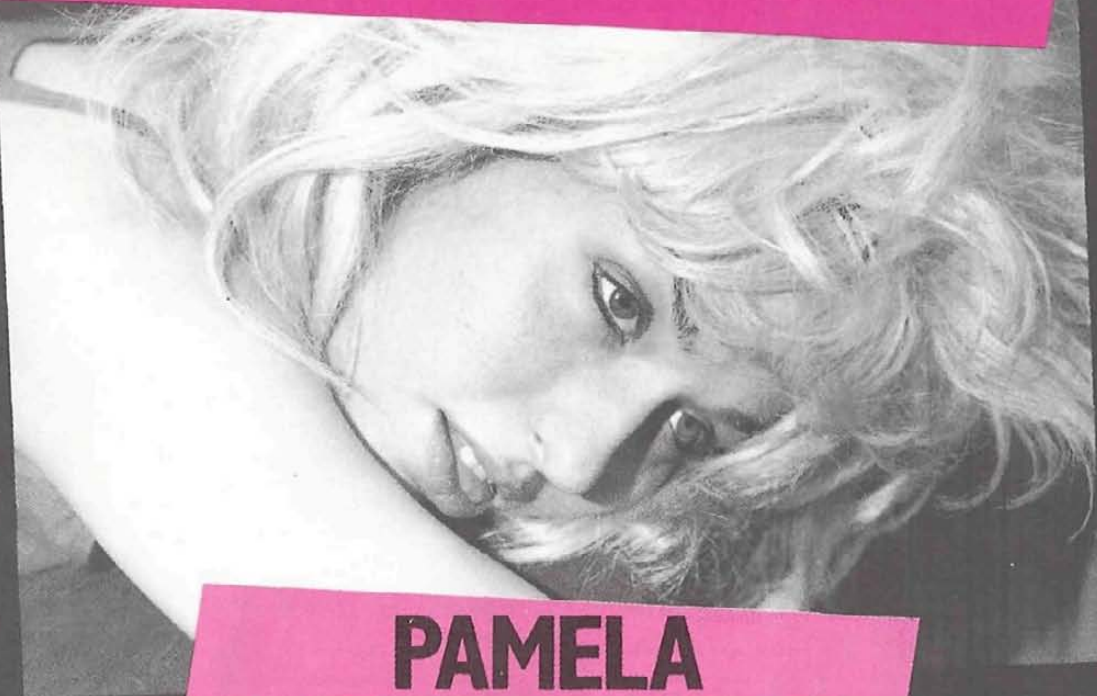
ALL:  
OH, THE SWEET SMELL  
OF SUCCESS  
SCREW ME TO THE WALL



FADE TO BLACK.

# I'M WITH THE CHAMBER ENSEMBLE

CONFESSIONS OF A GROUPIE



## PAMELA DES PUDDINGPOP

Includes Candid Photos!

1

### Overture



**I STILL SHIVER** like an 8.7 temblor when I see that black-and-white photo of Toscanini conducting the New York Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall that August day in 1948, his manic mane plastered to his pate with buckets of sexysexysexy scalp-sweat which then continued its mad rush down his muscle-crazed neck, crawling, leaking, gushing, flooding down, creeping beneath the staid, starched collar of his shirt beneath that ohGod breathtaking tux which hugged those hard, rhythmfeeling muscles and those arms jerking up and down with the wildness of a spastic-cord marionette yet with an incredible divinity, his movements connected to the music like flesh is connected to nerves, baton and music joined like a man and a woman making hot, wild love, the pulsingpulsingpulsing,

hotterandhotterandhotter buildingandbuildingandbuilding to an incredible, skullblinding crescendo and ecstacy and resolution and afterglow and oh God that picture reminds me of my first boyfriend, Edgar Weinstein, and the night he kissed me beneath the moon, a fiery minuet blasting on the radio of his dad's '59 Nash Rambler.

May 18, 1965, Dear Diary... EDGAR EDGAR EDGAR!!! Spell it forwards, spell it backwards, it spells love, it spells cute, it spells HUNK! Edgar Weinstein is the first cellist in our Junior Varsity Orchestra at P.S. 84 in New York City, our school is so HOT it's been nicknamed Little Juilliard, and he has delicate alabaster hands that I'm just so sure could make me feel things I...well, gosh, Diary, I'm not going to spell it out for you but the way he takes a bunch of wires on a piece of wood that would just sit there collecting dust like the blades of an electric bread slicer but no, those hands don't let it sit, those hands make those strings wild with joy, with grief... Those callused hands,

string-slashes packed full of tamped resin, what could those hands do to me if they could breathe such vigor into a cello which doesn't have a soul or a clit?

Our high school assemblies were the backbeat that hastened my puberty and filled my skull with passion, a million music notes that all looked like eager penises except for the whole notes, which were gorgeous semen-spuming balls. I loved to cup the whole notes in my palm while the half notes played over my lips. ohGod and I remember in the eighth week of tenth grade during seventh period when they played Beethoven's Ninth. P.S. 84's beautiful orchestra honeying my afternoon with joy and desire and making me melt like an icicle into a sticky puddle of girl-goo which evaporated up and was floating on the clouds when suddenly: my eyes fell squarely on the blond brow of violinist Mark Vinter, his gorgeous, glorious beautydoll face screwed up like a cat sucking a lemon in the magnificent passion of performance. his beautiful, corrective glasses riding down his velvet nose like a slow-motion toboggan as the perspiration builtbuiltbuilt, and still hitting perfect C after perfect G after perfect B after perfectperfectperfect C as he raged on through a perfect, glorious concerto; I could hear his beatific swells rising out of the fog of the euphonic symphonic faldoral; and I'm catatonic supersonic, oozingoozingoozing and then losing myself in the thumping, insistent percussion of that gorgeous Hannibal Gronskin, oh God was God ever a hunksmith when he assembled this orchestra. I imagine Hannibal, the drumstick of his manhood as hard and sleek and urgent as tungsten, pounding the skin stretched over my womb with the same metronomical fervor he visited upon the skin stretched over his timpani, the world lighting up around me with lovelove, thrills and chills and it's the baskingest day of spring, all of Mother Nature and God and man united in this symphony and gloriously extruded by God's cherubs Edgar and Hannibal and all the other angels in this man-filled philharmonic!

May 26, 1968... It isn't just the men who are beautiful it's the women too with breasts like I'd love to have but would be afraid to suck (but who asked me about that anyway), perfect and wobbling and creamy-white and tensing near the crescendo in their modest loose white blouses....

## 2

### First Movement



THE SUMMER AFTER I GRADUATED was one of great contrasts, joy-joyjoy and misery-misery-misery. The first half was sheer torture: I'd broken up with darling genius violist Reed Jansen at the end of the semester and agony of agonies his family moved into my neighborhood and I lay awake in the sultry night listening to him play his scales and I just weptweptweptweptwept I couldn't get out of bed for weeks and my mattress got spongy from tears but the second half of the summer was incrediblecrediblecredibleredibleEDIBLE-dibleiblelele, a scorching-hot rebound, my nights and thoughts and dreams and mouth full to the brim with Michael Ryan, the god-like burly oboist from the visiting Pittsburgh Chamber Ensemble. He could trill a high scale like a love-starved bird, and he did a vibrato on me I'll never forget, tingletingletingle till I swore that kiss was going to vacuum my teeth right out of my head. He said his luggage had gotten lost and he'd borrowed the tux of a puny under-



MICHAEL DES PUDDINGPOP

Geris Terziac bowing me in Prague.

study, but I swear he painted that thing on. What a hunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunkhunk!!!! That curly hair!

After the concert (MAGNIFICENT!) there was a cocktail party and I marched right up to him. In the taxi later going to my place (I baited him with my Vivaldi collection!) he told me he'd noticed me immediately, yes me (HE NOTICED ME!!! OH GOD I'M GOING TO EXPLODE!!!), me out of everyone, me, the girl who was sitting in the front row sucking a strand of her long blond hair during the concert and flashing her cervix!

I put on *Bohemia* (this was long before that "10" bitch ever heard of it!) and uncorked a bottle of Mateus. He was feeling melancholy because he'd hit a low G-sharp during the second movement, but he said he felt much better now that his penis and balls were in my mouth; he said he wanted to see me again and I couldn't believe-believebelieve mymymy luckluckluck!(!)

Though my friends often teased me about maintaining my virginity, I ignored them because I just wasn't up to lovemaking yet, and guys thought it was cool I was a virgin because they knew if a girl fucked a lot all the time she was either neophytic or haggard or both, but the concept of a hymen was such a neat throwback and fresh.

July 20... Soufflé, Monkeybait, Chokeweede, and I got tickets to see the New York Philharmonic! It's September 15 at Lincoln Center and I'm crossing the minutes off my watch!

Soufflé is absolutely in lovelove with their trombonist but I've got my eyes on the violinist, Xi Ping. I never met him so love may be a bit of an overstatement (I must be maturing!) but I have a major case of the moisties for this boy. He's a prodigy-and-a-half who's touring the U.S. with other select members of regional Chinese musicianship. He's the main dish, though, and I can't wait to sink my teeth into him.

*You can tally his age at a dozen  
 But to count his expertise is like counting the sky  
 He's gorgeous like the sun, yellow, blinding yellow  
 Young yellow fingers  
 Passing from the leather of my tan skin  
 To the tender of my pale  
 And slowing to a crawl, lingering fingering  
 I don't need a vibrator when I have his vibrato  
 Yellow man, brilliant like the sun,  
 Suckmesuckmesuckme.*

August 2... I am CRAZYCRAZYCRAZY with anticipation, absolutely insane.... The thought of the slender body beneath that tight Taiwanese tuxedo makes me itchy.... I have to meet him, I have to or I'll just die, and that would be really ugly because like they'd fill my body with formaldehyde and maggots who are really gross would eat me and my nails and hair would keep growing and there would be bones and centipedes and YUK so you see why I don't want to die, I'd rather meet Xi Ping 'cuz I'm mad about him.

The big day finally arrived (they were AWE-some!—Mozart himself couldn't have been so tragic) and afterwards we wangled our way backstage by saying we were the conductor's daughters. I met Xi Ping in the corridor, pretending that due to the narrowness of the hall we were crushed together, my small-for-an-American-but-big-for-a-Chinaman-especially-a-twelve-year-old-one breasts pressed squarely into his eyes. I took him by the arm and led him out to my 1961 Rambler and he was speechless; I didn't realize till much later this was because he spoke no English. But no matter; who needs words when you can share beautiful music, beautiful hands, and fresh, exotic-smelling sweat?

At my apartment I made a pot of the green tea I'd bought in anticipation of our ships passing on this night and put on an album of his home orchestra playing some early Schubert. I gave him an admiring smile and he blushed with pride.

As we listened, he removed his violin from its case and commenced what was probably his normal treatment of it after a concert—and it was the most sensual ballet I'd ever seen. With a chamois cloth, he delicately wiped down the entirety of the Stradivarius, caressing the voluptuous contours with the gentleness of a mother diapering a baby, lingeringlingeringlingering, pausing occasionally to hold the cloth to his open mouth and moisten it with breath-fog; then he held the violin out at an angle toward the lamp, examining the smooth mahogany for the scratches no one but him would have noticed and, as he found them, rubbing the nose oil he'd gathered on his finger to repair them.

Watching him made me SOSOSOOOOSO aroused I thought I would faintfaintfaint and luckily his feelings for me were so over-over-overwhelming that he became empowered with the English language; he told me that he was crazy in love with me and that he wanted to come back to this country when he reached puberty so I could suck him off. I couldn't wait that long, and I made him know it: I grabbed him and wrapped my upper lip over the top of his head and my lower lip below his jaw, my cheeks engulfing his ears, and slid my tongue into his mouth, licking his gums, his tongue, his tonsils and epiglottis, down through his lungs, along the outer wall of his pancreas and through his intestines down to the little mushroom of his prostate, which I nudged with my tongue tip, causing a wild spasm. Immediately he grew a thick, manly mustache (I felt it on my gums) and he addressed me in a cracking baritone. I withdrew my tongue from his innards and refocused it on his newly potent organ, bringing it hours of delight. He wrote and called me every day for twelve years after that, until his mommy made him stop, and I heard that he's still pining for Miss P., that's what he called me.



MICHAEL DES PUDDINGPOP

Blond with Trevor Garrison the night he dumped me for an underage cellist. Sigh.

3

*Surprise Symphony*

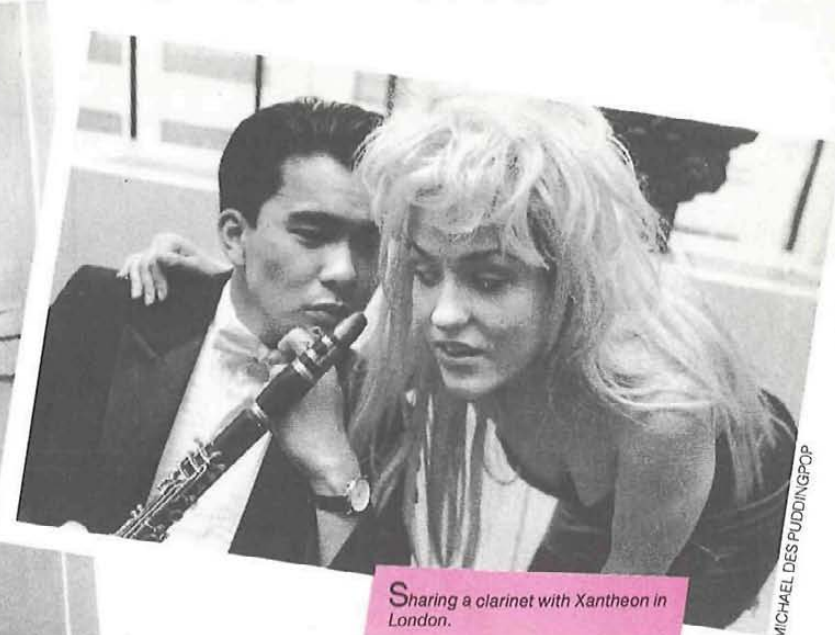
THOUGH I'D ONLY SLEPT AT HOME one night in the past eleven years since I was almost always blowing orchestras or frolicking nude with sixteen or more perfect-breasted nubile as gorgeous as me but whom unfortunately I couldn't find the photos of to include in the photo section of this book, my parents' home was basically my home, so when I decided to move out my mother's heart exploded like a grapefruit filled with orgasms. My big huge gorgeous sweaty sexy-smelling manly masculine studly hunk of a father was also upset but so virile that he just smiled, a reaction which launched me into an uncharted realm of Electra-like desire, making me want to blow him like I'd never blown anybody, to snake my tongue up his peckerhole all the way up into his prostate and just LICK his load out of him before he could even think to ejaculate. But instead I let him help me with the moving, to a new apartment with my friend Mucilage, who like me had ribbons in her nose and half notes in her brain and was beautiful and usually naked, and who craved nothing more than the feel of a cellist's pecker bracing her lips open.

Mucilage was to become a part of the CREAMETTES, a makeshift dancing/singing/performing/napping band whose acronym meant Cool Radical Energetic Amiable Mademoiselles' Emblematic Ta-Ta's Elicit Sighs (also called WNIDC, or Whole Notes In Demi Cups), who were organized by Zubin Mehta, or Mr. Z. Mucilage was eventually blackballed because she got bulimia and when she gave head the guy's cock would remind her of her trigger finger



MICHAEL DES PUDDINGPOP

Backstage at the L.A. Forum the night I got goopy with dreamy cymbalist Lo Gregory.



MICHAEL DES PUDDINGPOP

Sharing a clarinet with Xantheon in London.

and she'd boot, so she ended up having to fuck guys, which just didn't fit with us because cool girls who wanted to hang with musicians didn't fuck, it just wasn't right.

Anyway Zubin or Mr. Z went to tour Europe and he thought we were great so he told us to write an opera and we'd record it when he got back. We just started writing, and figured if it didn't sound good we could just blur the words when we sang so people would think it was in Italian, but Italians would think it was English or German. This is how it eventually sounded:

*Ymay ovelay is a unkhay,  
E's-hay trongsay and alltay,  
Ehay owsbay is-hay iolinway utbay ehay iddlesfay ithway  
emay,  
E's-hay as orgeousay as the eachbay.*

We did a world tour after the album came out and it was wild to have the shoe on the other foot, i.e., now WE had adoring groupies. We almost flipped out when after we played in Pretoria the Johannesburg Pops came backstage to meet us, the flautist was HOT-HOT-HOT! They invited us to come see them do the Brandenburg Concertos and we were thrilled but after they ate us out we smoked a whole shitload of that pesticide they use to kill oxen and rhinoceroses and palm trees and then the next night they forgot all the concertos, couldn't remember a single note. We figured we owed it to them to blow them back to health and we told them we should check out this new relaxant called tryptophan which turkeys secrete but things got fucked up because either the turkeys were spoiled or they were supposed to be dead, but these guys were jabbing syringes in the turkeys and then sticking the needles in themselves, mainlining the turkey meat and then the guys couldn't handle it and they all died, with the turkeys still running around eating the guys' eyeballs and the broadloom carpet. It was a sad

end to a good time, but my memories of those guys with their soigné accents and anteater-skin tuxedos were outrageous.

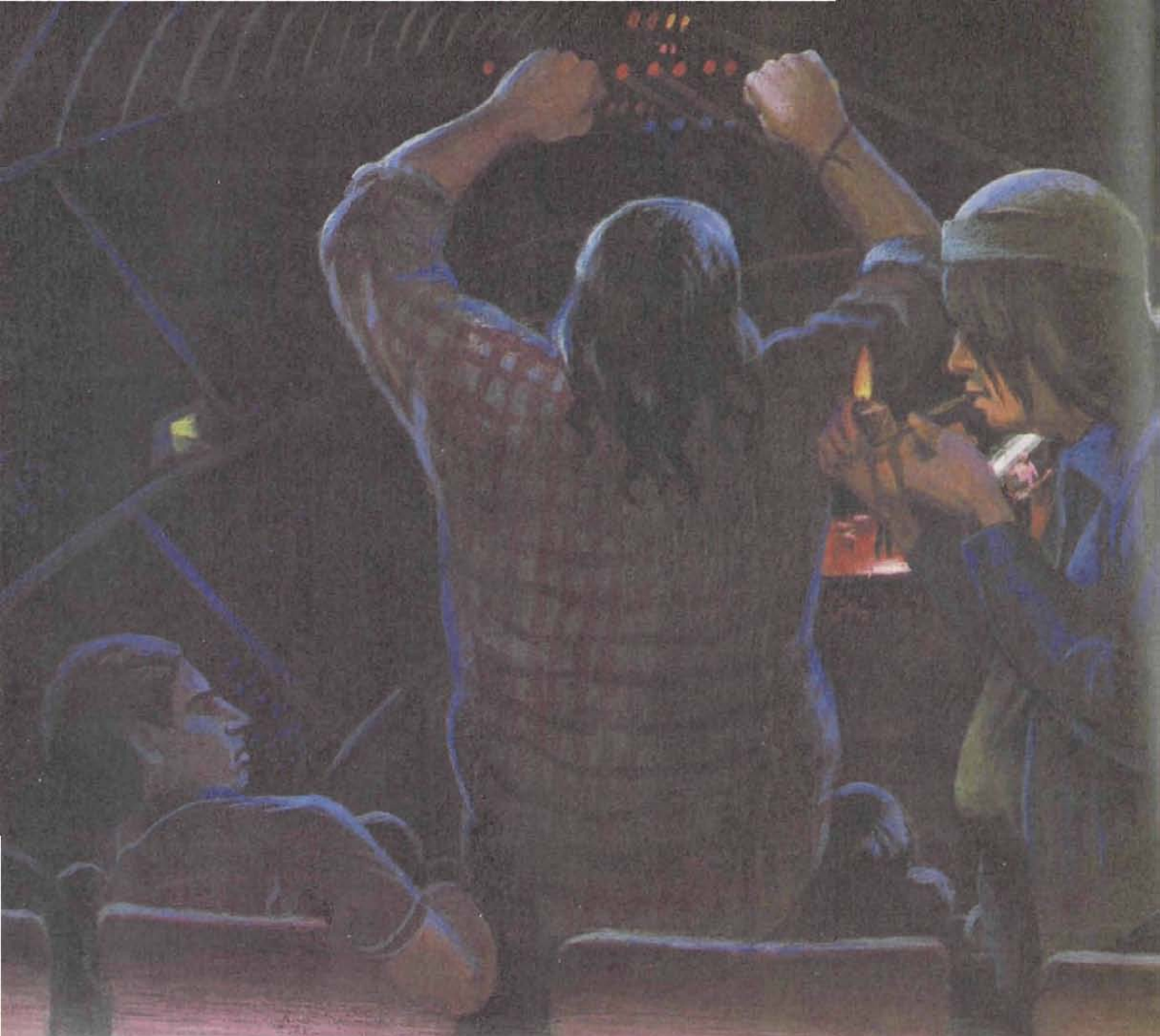
## 4 Alleluia

THOUGH I'D GIVEN SO MANY BLOWJOBS that my taste buds had been worn away and my front teeth were shaved down to accommodate the girth of male members and my tonsils were flattened to the back of my throat, I was proud to say I was a virgin, to the great joy of my mother. I guess I just hadn't met the kind of guy who could inspire that kind of major surrender.

There was a new sound coming from behind the Iron Curtain, and the source of it was the harpist in the Budapest Symphony Orchestra, Wolfgang Slörnrik. I saw his picture on an album cover, and I knew I just HAD TO MEET THIS HUGE HUNK OF A MAN!

I blew the right people in the passport office, and booked a flight. On the plane a pair of GORGEOUS twin harpsichordists who had hair like Judy Landers fell in love with me so I blew them and went to their castle on Swan Lake, where Count Dracula's ashes are sprinkled, and we ate lobster tails and drank blood and I felt SOSOSOSO revitalized after the tragic breakup with Resyavikien Rtorkey, the Malaysian Negro Islamic jaws harpsichordist who made me LOVELOVELOVE like I hadn't in ages but then dumped me in an icy puddle the next day, but anyway I had to find Wolfgang

*continued on page 114*



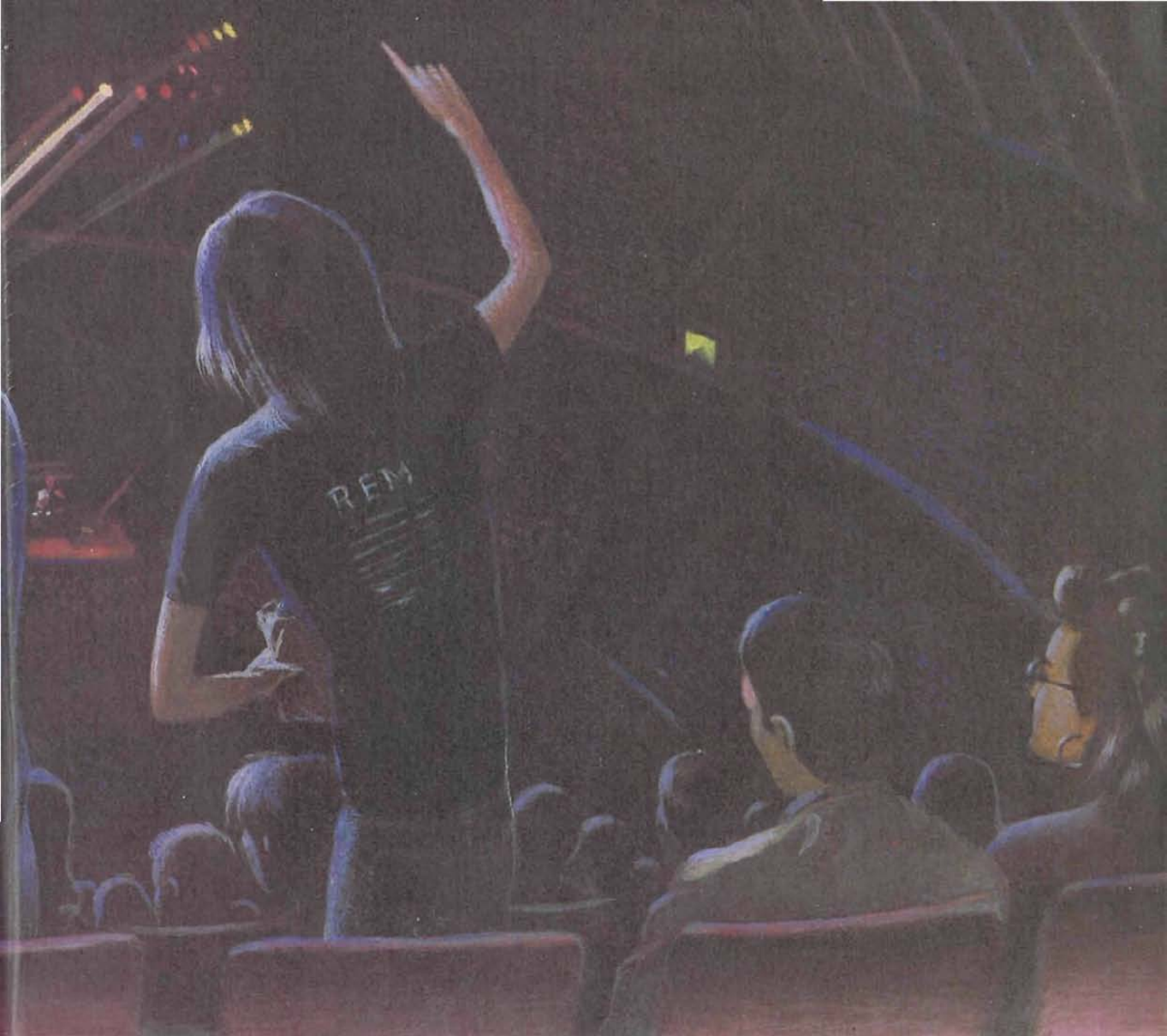
# The Three

BY MICHAEL CORCORAN

YOU KNOW THE THREE GUYS. THEY SIT IN FRONT OF YOU AT CONCERTS AND sneak hits off a corn cob pipe. Two of them are chubby and one of them is skinny with bad posture. They are each wearing flannel shirts over black rock T-shirts. One has on a Springsteen shirt, one has on a ZZ Top shirt, and one of them has on an R.E.M. shirt. The skinny one.

The three guys are in the wrong seats, so the usher makes them move down two to make room for the couple dressed for their first date. She takes the seat furthest from the three





# Guys

guys, making her date step over her. One of the three guys is named Lloyd. He drums his knees along with the recorded music while the other two argue about who it is. "It's Savoy Brown when Dave Walker sang with them," one says. "That's definitely Mayall on harp," says the other. You know they're both wrong, it's the Cult's new single, but you say nothing.

The three guys hoot loudly when the lights go down. The one who correctly predicted the opening song nudges the others, who don't acknowledge. They remain standing half a song longer than the rest of their section, then sit simultaneously. They clap with recognition after the opening bars of each song, even the ones yet to be recorded.

The three guys are the first people in the audience to hold up their lighters after the "last" number. They get excited when they remember which of the group's biggest hits they

haven't done yet. When the band takes their sweet time coming back on, the three guys try to start a chant, but no one follows their lead. They all stop simultaneously.

After the show, the three guys walk over to the T-shirt booth and try to befriend the salesman. They tell him that sixteen dollars is a pretty good price for a concert T-shirt these days, then they try to get a volume discount on three shirts, but he can't do it. It'll screw up his inventory. They tell him to save two XLs and an M; they'll be right back.

The three guys can't remember where they parked their car and someone stole the plastic Snoopy from their antenna, so it takes them a while to find the only '71 Rambler on the lot. There is also the only car without a Steve Winwood flier under the windshield. When you go to the Steve Winwood concert two days later, however, in the row right in front of you are the three guys. ■



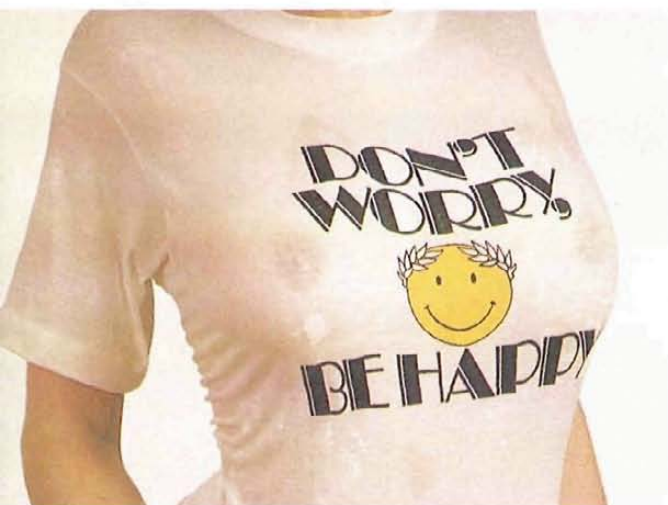
**World War II Normandy Invasion**

## **Wet T-shirts Through the Ages**

BY LARRY SLOMAN AND NICK BAKAY

PHOTOS BY GEORGE BOGART

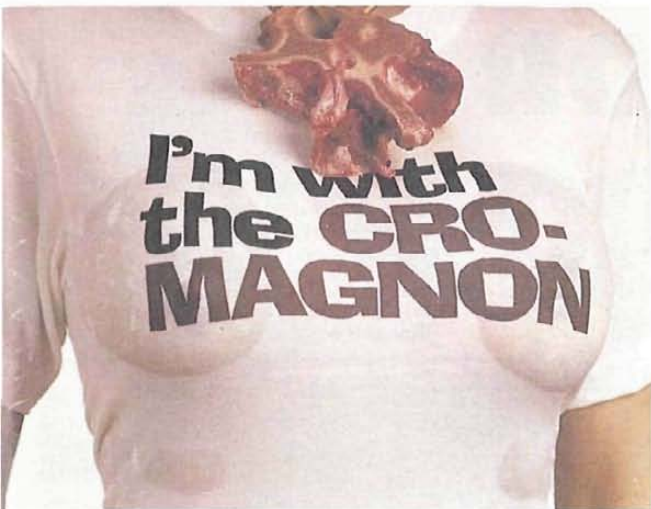
CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE USE OF T-SHIRTS TO CONVEY social criticism and to identify the wearer as a member of a distinct subculture is a time-honored tradition dating back to the dawn of civilization as we know it. Before the advent of mass communications, the slogan-laden T-shirt was the most dominant form of social commentary, rivaling only the dark, throbbing tribal drums in the night. Here, then, is a sampling of the most influential but, alas, now forgotten T-shirts of their times. As the eminent philosopher George Santayana once said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to wear it again."



**Last Days of Pompeii**



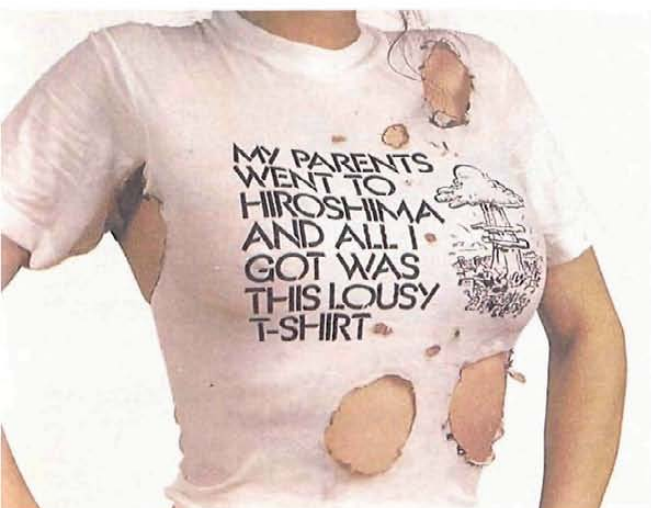
**Exodus of the Israelites**



**Caveman Era**



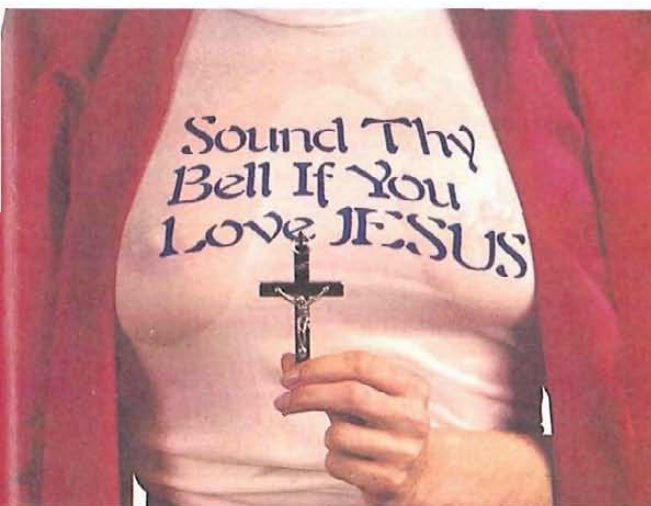
**Prehistoric Times**



**Hiroshima**



**Third Reich**



**Spanish Inquisition**



**Dark Ages**



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*Diary of a*  
**DOWNFALL**  
**JAMES BROWN'S**  
**INNER**  
**MONOLOGUES**  
**THE PCP YEARS**

February 2, 1982

*It's a Man's Man's Man's Man's Man's  
 Man's World!*

*Baby, be mellow and be sweet,  
 Forget about the diet, set down and eat,  
 Losin' that weight you don't,  
 Because the more you got the more I wawwwnt!*

J.B., "Bewildered,"  
*Revolution of the Mind*

Some called her "Alfie," but to me she was my Adrienne, sweet, *luscious, big ol' girl thang*. Being very big in the music industry, very big in the community, very big, y'understand, a man got to have himself a big woman bury his sorrows and tribulations, UUUNNNNNHHHHH HEH! Her has legs like them big redwoods, cornbread-fed titties like sixteen pounds of fatback, and lips like a slab of liver jes' settin' on the butcher scale. I took one look and I knew, I knew I had to make her mine. You got to have a mother for me, so bring me that licking stick, BABY!

Looky here, I digress. I was on the set of *Solid Gold* to get the total J.B. Global Message of Unity and Funk across and maybe have a chance to work with Andy Gibb. Destiny sho' is a funny thang. One minute you singin' "Get Up Offa That Thing" for the two thousandth time to a bunch of slow-assed white folk, next minute love walk on in.

She got soul, she got a cushy ride, and if that ain't enuff, she does my hair better than Danny Ray! As a boy I had a strange dream in which I met a woman who could make my hair full and proud with a fine sheen. In America, dreams come true.

June 19, 1982

Adrienne blew my natural mind today when she come on home from secin' her personal *psychic*, Madam Oop. I be in the den workin' up the bridge to my new song, "Grindin' Li'l Thang,"

lookin' for somethin' that be rhyming with "thyroid," when the girl come runnin' in ready to *testify*.

Seems that Madam Oop traced my spirit back over thousands of years, and at one time I was a great warrior king name of "Prosbiscuits." Adrienne say she knew it was me when Madam Oop say Prosbiscuits be cravin' sweet-potato pie all the time!

Looky here, then Madam Oop give Adrienne some magic dust and the girl have herself a vision of Brother Prosbiscuits! He have a real boss hairstyle, sorta like the fella who plays Father Murphy on television. Before I could say, "S'cuse me while I do the boogaloo," my caboose be parked in the stylin' chair and this fine lovin' woman got my tresses into a brand new bag!

For a minute I was scared this new do make me look like a water buffalo, but I relax when Adrienne promise me that womens love exotic forms of livestock.

January 10, 1983

*There Was a Time*

*Maybe before you leave me  
 You'll realize  
 That I'm the one that loves you.*

J.B., "Think"

Adrienne didn't do my hair again today. I sat in the chair and waited for three hours, my hair just layin' there like a bowl of wet noodles. My public expects—no, no, *demands*—that I have a large, full, processed mane of lustrous hair.

A young woman have needs, but like Laurence Olivier said to Vivien Leigh, a man can't be *two* kinds of athletes at *one* time, bitch! I just done thirty-seven shows in five days! Good God, a man on the road can't be stayin' up till four in the *A.M.* danglin' Mr. *Johnson* in the fatback every night. I think I'm in the doghouse for falling asleep last night when she be talkin'. Never fall asleep when a woman talkin' to you, 'specially if you wants yo' hair lookin' fine the next day.

June 21, 1983

### Let Yourself Go

Don't just say ooowww!  
Say OOOOOOOWWWWWWWW!

J.B., "Lost Someone,"  
Live at the Apollo, volume 1

Adrienne still mad at me. She say I don't have enough energy for her. She say I be too tired for a young girl. Imagine that—MR. DY-NAMITE, SUPERBAD, THE HARDEST-WORKING MOTHER-FUCKER IN SHOW BIDNESS, TOO TIRED? She pestering my butt to lay off the sweet-potato pie with lima-bean biscuits. She say I'm the hardest-working *pork by-product* in show bidness.

If that ain't enough, then looky here. She keep wantin' me to try this magical "energy powder" she got. Madam Oop say it put a boner on a corpse, make an old man go out to the yard and pick skunkweed till the sun go down. She say it will bring back the warrior spirit of the mighty Prosbiscuits!

Energy powder? Me? I keep tellin' her I don't need no John the Conqueror root, no hoodoo dust, no nothin'. I don't need no Bach, no Schubert, no Tchaikovsky. I just need a little mo' BROWN!

December 7, 1984

### Maybe the Last Time

Need a little air freshener  
under the drums,  
Open up the window, y'all,  
and let out some,  
It's too funky in here.

J.B.,

"It's Too Funky in Here"

Tonight I missed catching the mike stand after my split four times. Four times! I had to camel-walk my ass off trying to cover that shit up. Little did I know I was just comin' to the crossroads where a man have to go to find hisself.

After my knee drop on "Man's World," I couldn't get my ass back up. I had to stay down there on my knees for "Good Foot," "Sex Machine," and worst of all, for "Get On Up." That just don't look right, havin' me on my knees while I be singin' "Get On Up." Finally, Danny Ray seen what up and came onstage and pull me to my feet, but soon as I was up again, I had to get right back down for "Please, Please, Please" and the cape trick.

I'm gonna fine his ass fifty dollars for smokin' a Kool when he should be lookin' out for the Godfather. Hhhuuuuuuuu.

January 7, 1985

Adrienne lock herself in the rutabaga cellar for three days and five nights. I never been so confused. I was hurt and bewildered. I pleaded with her, I sang "Please, Please, Please," I even went so far as to promise her the one thing I thought I'd never give up to any

woman—yeah, I said I'd start *listening* to her. It put me through some changes tellin' her that, and I thought we was gettin' somewhere too... and then she starts playin' those damn Luther Vandross records over and over. She knows I hate that fat nigger.

March 1, 1985

I think this stress be gettin' to me. On my way to the Rib Crib my knees lock into a bent position and I had to walk all the way home bent over. Looked like that lowlife motherfuckin' Ben Vereen when he try to dance.

March 5, 1985

Adrienne still at it with this energy dust. I told her I don't need nothin' a hit record can't give me, but wouldn't you know it? Right at that moment I fell down and couldn't get up. She just stood there and looked at me, wouldn't help me up or nothin'. I had to call Danny Ray to come over and lift me with a tractor harness. I hated for my woman to see me danglin' there like a tuna in a net.

This powder have the spirit of the warrior king Prosbiscuit in it, hmmm?

March 9, 1985

### Papa's Got a Brand New Bag

"Bird! Bobby Bird! You  
think we talkin' too  
loud?"

"Hush that fuss!"

"Unnhhh!... I ain't got no  
DUST!"

J.B., "Escape-ism,"  
Revolution of the Mind

This is a man's world, but it wouldn't be nothin' without a woman or a girl. I should have listened to myself when I said that. All this time I was lost in the wilderness, all this time I doubted my big ol' easy-glidin' woman.

Adrienne only wanted to get me back to the real J.B.E.—the James Brown Experience, y'understand. I finally done broke

down and tried me some of this here "energy powder." Adrienne baked it into my biscuits, and GOOD GOD, Y'ALL! I went out and did fifteen shows in two days, mowed the lawn, walked the dog, did the mashed potatoes, did the jerk, did the funky Broadway, did the camel walk, did the shimmy, did the boogaloo, did the skate, did the James Brown, AND... had myself enough left over to help m'self to Adrienne's sweet jelly pie pts. 1, 2, 3, & 4.

The only funny thang is, I kept on thinkin' I saw the spirit of Little Willie John in a chair over in the corner. He had on a fine green sharkskin suit, a toothpick in his mouth, and he was smoothin' out the brim of his lid, just like when he was alive. Best damn singer I ever heard. I told him that I'd missed him. Then I looked in his eyes, and peoples, let me tell y'all, he didn't look so good.



*People ask if it hurts  
when my pants ride up and wedgie my  
scrotum, but I tell them it just make  
me work that much harder.*

September 25, 1985

Energy, my ass! This here dust is teaching me the secrets of the universe (and it give me a tungsten-hard turnip joint to boot!). Why, just this morning I fucked a big ol' cement pillar in my garage. I walked my ass right up to it and fucked it into submission! Now I know a lot of you are sayin', "Big deal, I do that all the time," but how many *fifty-two-year-old men* y'all know who can go out and fuck a cement pillar just 'cause they want to? I thought that be shuttin' y'all up. Hhhmmmmpphh.

July 16, 1986

*Stone to the Bone Pt. 1*

*I don't know karate,  
But I know ka-razy!*  
J.B., "The Payback"

Little Willie John's still hangin' around, but that's the least of my troubles. Thangs be takin' on a weird, scary hue, y'all.

I has recently become aware of... ssshhhhh! Quiet. Did you come here alone? Was there any-one following you? Let me check the window... All right, it's clear for the moment, but we must make *haste*. I has recently become aware of those who are plotting my downfall. There are people in the world who would like to see the Godfather of Soul take a fall. These hobgoblins of doom are, in no particular order: the IRS, Barry White, the state of Montana, Sy Sperling of the Hair Club for Men, and of course Tina Louise.

Hand me that dust, will you, brother?

November 1, 1987

I has seen the enemy, and he "R" us... Last night we on the road, takin' a bus full of J.B.s to the Chitlin Palace in La Grange, and hey, we all in a good groove 'cause the people in Georgia always treat us good, y'understand.

Then I be hearing a ruckus in the back of the bus. It sound like somebody be laughin' and coughin' up all at once, so I go back to see what's comin' down. As I be approaching, I can't help sensing that this is the laughter of a brother *possessed!* As my booties take me closer to where Maceo and St. Clair Pinckney be settin', I get the queerest feeling crawlin' up my *BAD FOOT, Y'ALL*—a little voice in my head be saying, "Yo' horn section will BETRAY you, yo' horn section will BETRAY you." Over and over this little voice be saying laying this betrayal rap on me, and it be on the downbeat, y'understand, building a nice little groove maker too... But looky here, I be digressing.

I come up behind the motherfuckers, my scalp tingling down to the roots of my new process, and I look over they laughin', shakin' shoulders. That's when I saw it. Maceo be showin' St. Clair this cartoon of me and Adrienne—the drawing had my woman bent

over laughin' at me because I... I... I be lookin' like some damn water buffalo with my hair all conked out like a Dutch boy!!! St. Clair be laughin' so hard he spit out his upper bridge!

There be enemies all around my black ass. First I fined the motherfuckers. I still didn't feel better. Then I took my boots off and made them smell my feet. The motherfuckers still kept on laughin'. So then I stuck my foot in they asses!

That shut 'em up.

November 19, 1987

*Stone to the Bone Pts. 2, 3, & 4*

*I know that gossip come from the devil's workshop.*

J.B., "Prisoner of Love,"  
*Live at the Apollo,  
volume 2*



*Where be all my  
influential friends now that I  
need them?*

Little Willie, he keep tellin' me I be drivin' too fast. He say I'm going 120 miles an hour, UNNNNNNNHHH HEH! I just tell him shut up 'cause he been dead for twenty years. He don't have no smart answer to that one.

Besides, I got to drive on with my badself. Got to move my ass away from here NOW. You see, tonight onstage I realized that... that... that Maceo is one of THEM. There he was blowin' a fine solo on "Funky Good Time," and he tips his nappy head forward on this riff, right? And that's when I seen it. I seen it as clear as I see Little Willie there in the backseat. I am tellin' you the nigger had a teensy-tiny li'l satellite dish implanted in the back of his neck. All this time the nigger have been sending messages back to THEM. He be in league with those who would have J.B. destroyed.

Don't you even TRY to tell me who put that dish in his head, I already know... and you know what's sad? I swear I always loved her on *Gilligan's Island*.

January 17, 1988

Today I joined a very, very select group of high achievers.

YES... I was honored when they elected me to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame (even if those

sad-assed faggot Beach Boys be in the Hall too. Oh well, I guess they need some pretty ones for those times Little Richard can't keep his meat hooks to himself).

YES... I was honored when I received the NAACP Image Award.

YES... I was proud to be honored for stopping race riots in the turbulent sixties.

But today I shine just a little mo' brighter... having just emptied a full round from my favorite machine gun into the still-smoking trunk of my wife's Eldorado. The bitch set my damn wardrobe on fire in the front yard, THEREFORE I proudly joined the ranks of the truly great men who have shot up cars that they already paid for. You know their names, they read like a veritable honor roll of cats who lost their shit in a very big way—men like Jerry Lee Lewis,

Richard Pryor, Elvis Presley, David Crosby, and of course... my main man, Kojak.

And in closing, let me just say this, peoples—it felt GOOD.

September 3, 1988

Yes indeed, they all laughed at the Godfather when he anointed the floor around each door with a mixture of honey and epoxy glue. Oh, they all had theyselves a good laugh.

Then I asked them if any one of them had a better idea how to catch the elves runnin' around in the middle of the night when the lights be out.

I didn't hear them laughing then. Uhhh heh!

September 25, 1988

### Escape-ism Pt. 1

Personal memo:

SCRATCH FROM NEXT

LIVE SET:

*Don't Be a Dropout*

*King Heroin*

ADD TO NEXT LIVE SET:

*Bewildered*

Danny Ray fucked up my intro again tonight, so I shot him. Well, I didn't hit him, but that's because his face was melting at the time and it threw off my concentration.

September 26, 1988

Adrienne tried to leave me today, so I shot her ass too. Well, not really, I missed again, but I got the car real good. I shot it and damned if the motherfucker didn't melt right before my eyes. I think I am Jesus. Of course that is why they are out to get my ass, y'understand. They don't want to know that Jesus was a brother.

October 1, 1988

Check this out—Adrienne got arrested for possession of energy powder today, and do you know what? THEY wouldn't give her diplomatic immunity even after she told them she be the wife of the Ambassador of Soul!!! Y'all better believe they would have let her off if she been married to some white royalty, like Duke Snider.

October 4, 1988

The IRS sendin' Tina Louise over to my house to collect my BACK taxes. Say I owe, get this—*nine million dollars!* Heh-heh-heh, good God! BACK taxes? I keep tellin' those pitiful *field niggers* that I ain't spent no time on my *back!* That's what Adrienne was around for, but they don't want to listen to me.

Well, I got it all figured out. See, me and Elvis done built us a tree house where we be hidin' out, and when Tina come looking for the greenbacks we gonna throw water balloons at her and mess her hair up bad.

The only thing I'm worried about is Elvis wants to keep a few hundred yogurts up here, and let me tell y'all, if that boy don't lay off the feedbag the bough she gon' break!

October 7, 1988

### Night Train

"God said, 'Boy, go home.'"

J.B.

I knew something be very wrong when the policemen come to my door and say they want me to go with them on account of I can't be the warrior king Prosbiscuits no more... Well, that's not exactly what they said, but it's what they meant, you dig? It wasn't but a moment later that I saw that one of them had a little satellite

dish planted in the base of his motherfuckin' skull, just like Maceo!!!

That's when I knew I had to make some serious HASTE. I told the man I had to go gather up all my energy dust so I could give it to them. He say it was all right, and I tiptoe my ass out to the garage and before those peckerwoods knew it, I revved that Fleetwood hard and took off down that driveway like Fred Wesley going for seconds at a buffet!

I kept that pedal down through three states and I didn't look back until I hit the outskirts of Pooney Town, and when I did look back I swear I turned white fo' a split second, that's how scared I was! Y'see, there was not one, not twelve, not twenty-four, NOOOO, there was ninety-seven cop cars behind me, and every man in them looked like that dude Chuck Connors played on *Roots!*

After that thangs got real hazy... All I remember is my wheels gettin' all soft and mushy, and Little Willie John in the back-seat, with a map in his lap, sayin', "Turn left here, motherfucker! Turn left here!"

October 8, 1988

### Prisoner of Love

*I awoke one night to find me  
Too weak to break these  
chains*

*That bind me.*

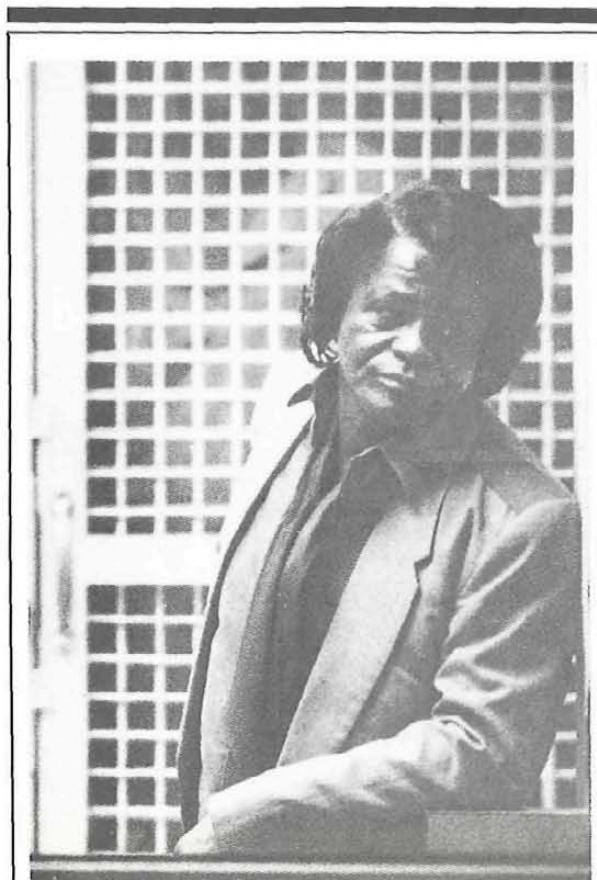
J.B., "Prisoner of Love"

They put my ass in jail. I think that bears repeating, y'all. THEY PUT MY ASS IN JAIL. Not for a few days, weeks, months—they put my ass in jail for SIX MOTHERFUCKING YEARS!

They said I led ninety-seven police cars on a two-state chase and I didn't stop until they shot my truck tires out with a total of seventeen bullet hits. I told the judge I just got some bad directions from my navigator, but he didn't want to know about it.

October 19, 1988

The prison shrink be pokin' and pryin' into my innermost shit,  
*continued on page 123*



*A little part of me  
died when I watched them impound  
my sweet-potato pie.*



# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON

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- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary Anthology, Volume I** Half of our best tenth anniversary book ever—and the first half. \$4.95
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- DECEMBER 1976** / Selling Out
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## Chamber Ensemble

continued from page 103

so I blew the twins adieu, and in my rearview mirror I was Swan Lake flooding up over the gorge with their tragic tears and melted hearts.

And I thought Wolfgang Slörnrik was gorgeous on the album cover! Oh my God when I met him I felt faint and my knees felt weak (which takes a lot of doing since they have about a four-inch buildup of calluses on them!). It was a Saturday night, they were playing Rachmaninoff at the Budapest Forum, and I was screaming like some crazy teenager when I heard that harp solo.

---

October 15, 1969... And he speaks English! The words he used to inform me of this were "Will you come back to my hotel room?" (!) Oh Diary, you are too clever, I needn't tell you my answer, the nod I'm giving is fiery enough that your page should be flapping from the breeze! I was ACH-ING TO!!!

---

We shared a bottle of wine and listened to some Muddy Waters and I was so worked up I was going to scream if I didn't get his pants around his ankles THIS INSTANT!!! But all he wanted to do was talk, about the influence of political climates on the manufacture of harp strings, and hydroponic techniques of growing horsehair, and Pablo Casals's unequalled bridge techniques. He would not allow a lull in the conversation so finally, desperate, I wrapped my hand around his thigh and gave his ear a humid, breathy lick. He totallytotallytotally ignored me! I was squashed and weepy!!!

The next time I saw him was at Tanglewood the following summer and he invited me to his room and even though I didn't think I could stand it (I'd been pining wanting pining pining for him all winter long!), I went and oh God! before I knew it my wrists were lashed to my ankles and my breasts were stuffed into rubber handbags and my head was in his huge aquarium, with me trying to breathe through a snorkel, and I was wearing crotchless lederhosen and his goat was eating me out through the hole (I couldn't get him to stop EATING and start LICKING—ouch!) while Wolfgang fondled himself then we filled the Jacuzzi with lime sherbet and he bayoneted and gerbilized me and it was lime sherbet everywhere, gushing out of the floor and the ceiling like in *The Shining* and the heat-jets melted it and we stuck together and I blew him for a few more days I was in LOVELOVELOVE and this playing hard-to-get was really working for me.

The next morning I awoke, heartbroken and bitter, his body cold and uncharming and sticky with pale-green sugar water, and I



knew it was over, I could tell because I'm really insightful when I take mescaline.

5

## Crescendo



ONCE MY HYMEN WAS FINALLY OFF THE SCENE—the whole deflowering was pretty lame—I got in the habit of fucking just about anyone who knew how to spell “Bach” and I’d have orgasms like I was a pan with oil and popcorn in it, each kernel was an as-yet-unrealized orgasm and my lover was a flame, and then once he’d got me hot my privates would feel like the Fourth of July in Brooklyn and I’d use all the heat he had to give, till all my kernels were popped and I slept till three, and when I met Yo-Yo Ma he told me I bore an incredible resemblance to Ally Sheedy and he took me to his room after a concert and we spent four years in our hotel bed, fucking and ordering room service and fucking and ordering gin-and-tonic and fucking and writing songs, the faint mist of resin powder forever on my nipples, and then later that decade after he left town I met a percussionist with a waxed mustache and we stayed together till my ovaries were chapped, we made hot feverish torrid-flaming love even though I don’t think I loved him as much as I loved the fact he could sweat on cue.

---

January 15, 1976... He’s drenched even though it’s thirty-five degrees, drenched with sweat just because he knew I wanted him to be.

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6

## Residential Timbre



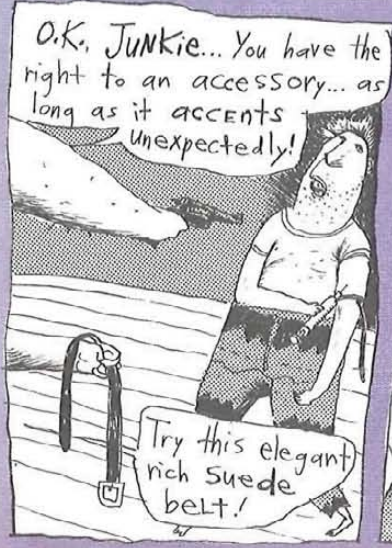
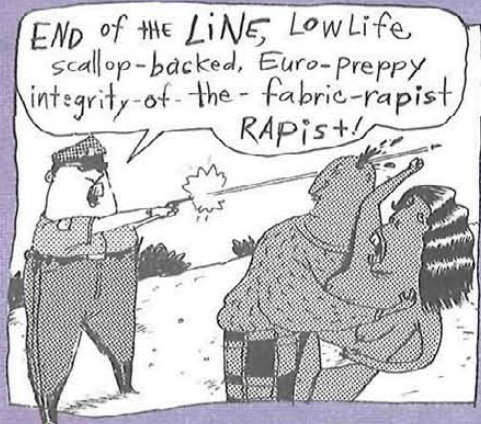
OH I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT GUY I met from the Chicago Chamber Ensemble, he played a viola as if it were a woman and he played me as if I were a viola, I was dusted with resin powder like dandruff except I perspired it melted and looked like maple syrup and the first time I saw him he had on a gorgeous tux and I ached to know what lurked lurked lurked beneath that formal-fitting fly, what species of engorgement would follow the zipper-zephyr of me undoing him and I was relieved to discover that like all drug-weary musicians he had inexhaustible genitals and a bionic tongue....

---

March 12... come come come womb womb womb orgasm limo limo limo orgasm hair sweat crotch hair come come orgasm lobster champagne come come tongue tongue love kidssomuchlimo come lobster orgasm suck fuck limo come orgasm big gorgeous daddy orgasm licksuck....

---

P.S. Most of the guys I mentioned begged me to marry them but I only married the last one and that made me happy because after all what I really am (you knew this!) is just an old-fashioned gal who wanted a white picket fence and a dog and kids and that’s why I never got graphic about the findings of tape measures or peeling back foreskins or who had underwear that tasted like Roquefort cheese. ■



# TROTS AND BONNIE



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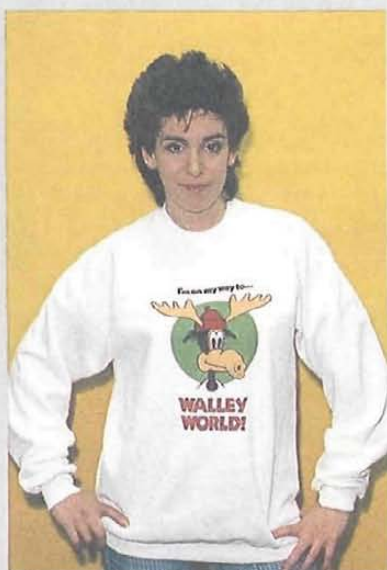
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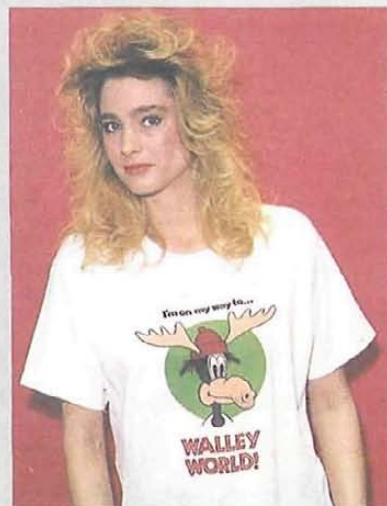
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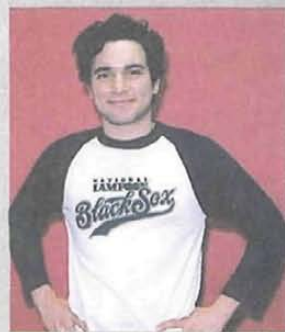
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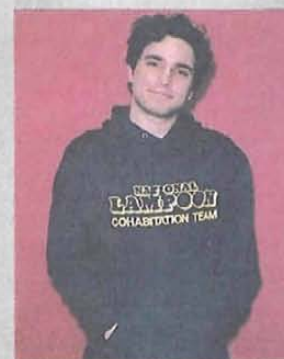
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- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —*San Francisco Chronicle*
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High 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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		COLOR _____	TS1049	\$20.95	_S_M_L_L_XL	TS1064	\$22.95	_S_M_L_L_XL
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# Tom Hachtman's Double Takes



**STEVEN AMY**



**LONI BURT**



**MELANIE DON**



**GOLDIE KURT**



**RYAN FARRAH**



**PAULINA RIC**



**ARNOLD MARIA**



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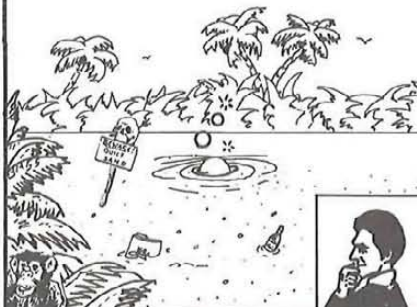
**WILLARD BRYANT**



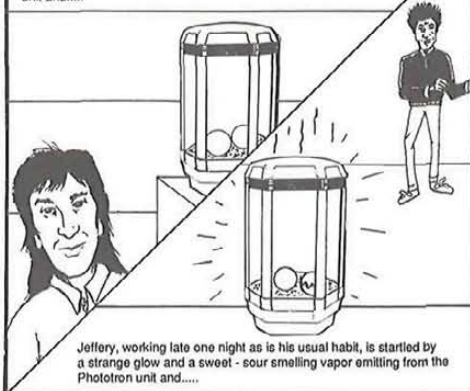
Last time you'll remember, our hero, Jeffery Julian DeMarco was in a state of confusion because his trustworthly & relatively loyal assistant, Mildred Moore & the entire world population of Gragraes had disappeared while in Brazil to judge the San Paulo County Fair Annual Grow-off.

In Mildred's sted Jeffery has enlisted the services of his old college professor, Dr. A. C. Ding, Professor Emeritus of Botany at the California Institute of Stress. Dr. Ding is accompanied by his youthful research assistant Bud.

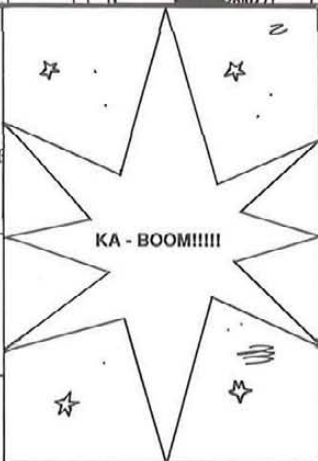
Just then, the Federal - Xtra - Stress man delivers a package containing two strange looking aquamarine colored eggs from Ding's associate, the Tibetan anthropologist, Dr. M. Bro



Bud, in a fit of youth & high spirits and being the renegade boy scientist that he is, decides to perform an experiment of his own: he gingerly places the mysterious Tibetan eggs in a Phototron unit and.....

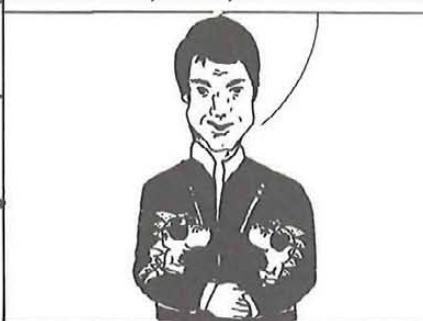


Jeffery, working late one night as is his usual habit, is started by a strange glow and a sweet - sour smelling vapor emitting from the Phototron unit and.....



Bud, I forgive you for this unauthorized experiment. Something tells me that these tiny reptilian but nonetheless hearwarming creatures will make a better world PYRAPONIMETRICALLY. Gee whiz, this will be the best Easter ever. I am so happy. I will offer all the good people who read the NATIONAL LAMPOON a limited time only discount on my Phototron. From \$390.00 to \$350.00

Include this ad with your money order to receive discount!



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



# PHOTOTRON

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PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You receive simple, step by step instructions. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE, you will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it. Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You can not fall 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

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SHADING	LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT	SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM						
NUTRIENTS	NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS	GUARANTEES FEMALE SEX	COMPUTER DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM	1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT						
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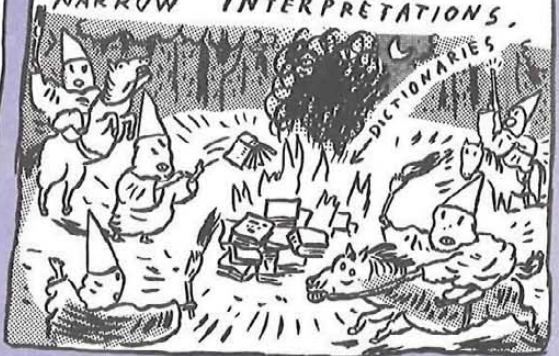
MAREK, 32

MORE THAN A COMIC;  
SOMETHING LESS THAN  
INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING.

IN THE CURRENT CLIMATE OF LOW SAT SCORES AND A RISING HIGH SCHOOL DROPOUT RATE, IT'S NO SMALL WONDER WE'VE SEEN A DISTINCT RESURGENCE OF ANTI-SEMANTIC ACTIVITY. EVEN IN THE MOST ERUDITE COMMUNITIES IT IS COMMON TO SEE VAGUE, INDECIPHERABLE SLANDER GRAFFITIED ON THE WALLS OF REVERED INSTITUTIONS.



EVER SINCE WORD WAR II, SMALL EXTREMIST GROUPS HAVE SOUGHT TO DEFINE WORDS ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN NARROW INTERPRETATIONS.



ONE AGENCY WHICH MONITORS THESE GROUPS, THE B'NAI B'RITH ANTI-DEFINITION LEAGUE, SUGGESTS WATCHING OUT FOR AND REPORTING ANY INSTANCE OF ABUSE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



UNFORTUNATELY, TO OSTRACIZE SOMEONE PUBLICLY MAY ONLY GOAD HIM INTO CRUELER ABUSE AT HOME.



IN THE END WE MUST EDUCATE OUR CHILDREN TO THE NUANCES THAT MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING PRECISELY UNDERSTOOD AND SIMPLY EXPRESSING SOME VAGUE NOTION.



FOR WITHOUT A FULL, LUCID VOCABULARY LIFE ITSELF LOSES ALL MEANING, ALL DIRECTION, ALL RAISON D'ÊTRE, IF YOU WILL. MORE PRECISELY, THE CONCEPT, THE ABSTRACTION OF



LIFE LOSES MEANING, NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE WORD ITSELF, THE DISTINCTION BEING ONE OF...

## James Brown

continued from page 112

y'understand. I wouldn't mind so much if she was something to look at. Then I could have something to ponder on instead of them scary Mexicans out in the yard liftin' weights all day. Those boys got a lonely look in they eyes that have me a little worried.

So here's the only woman in fifty miles and her have to be this skinny li'l thang with blond hair the color of chicken skin. Girl ain't got no meat on her bones, 'cept for a pair of ankles that be bulgin' out of her Earth shoes. She say she come from some place called "Barnard," and it make her qualified to pry into my shit. I say she look like she come from the "Barnyard" and that make her qualified to get gangbanged by the Four-H Club.

She just laugh and say, "I keep sensing there is some hostility toward women. Tell me about your mother. . . ."

I don't linger on that shit, so then she keep sayin' that all them years I be screamin' "HIT ME! HIT ME!" at the J.B.s I really be makin' a subconscious plea to be punished, or some shit like that. Subconscious? Seem to me I be shoutin' mighty loud all them years. Take me to the bridge! (So I can jump off the motherfucker.)

November 6, 1988

Little Willie, y'all know he here with me. Little Willie know all about jail. Little Willie died in jail. Cold-blooded, and I did what I could to get him out too. Yep, him and me be sittin' here and we been discussing the situation, y'understand, and we come up with one basic question:

THEY keep on sayin' I ought to have pulled over peaceably when the whole situation commenced. . . . shouldn't have risked the lives of so many on a crazed car chase over hill and dale.

Now let me put this to YOU:  
IF:

You were a black male in this country  
You were being chased by ninety-seven cop cars  
Filled with white cops  
From the South  
Who looked like Chuck Connors  
Who were shooting at your truck

WOULD YOU THEN:  
LET THEM CATCH YOUR BLACK  
ASS?!!!!!!!!!!!!

Me and Willie come up with another one too: how come it is that they never put no fucking Beach Boys in jail? ■

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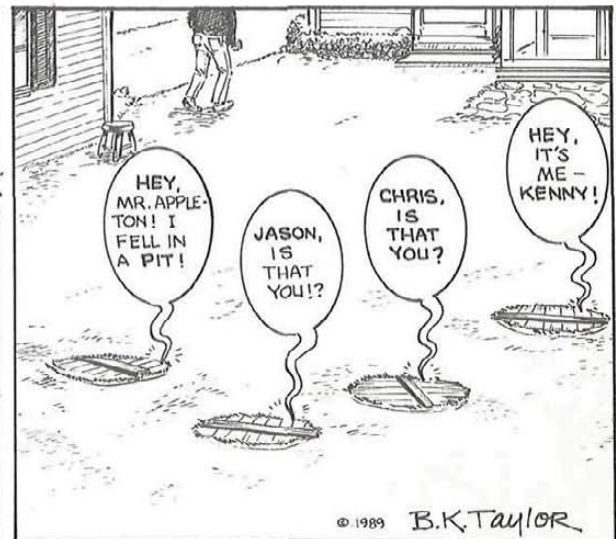
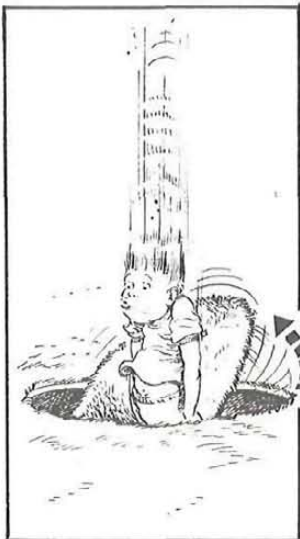
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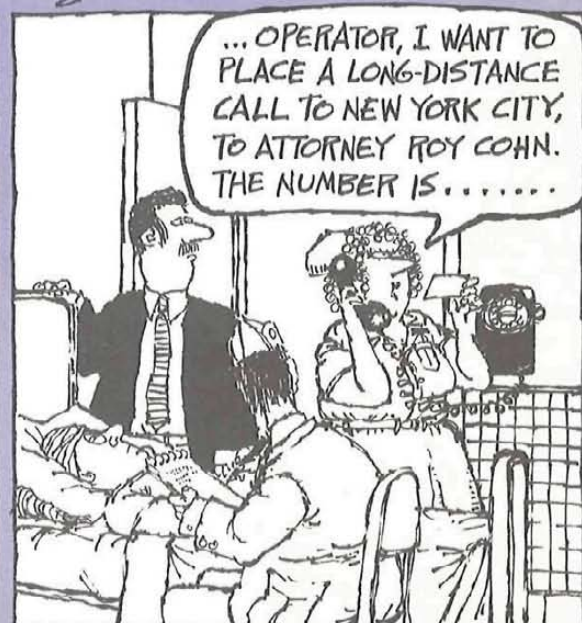
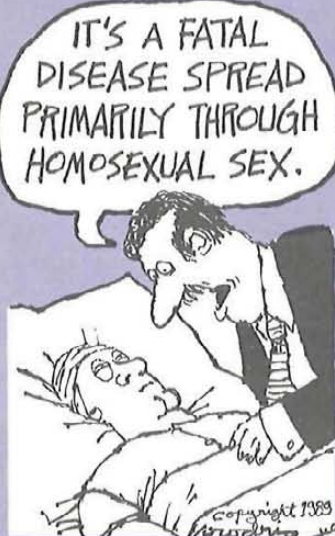
DR. UGATTI DISCOVERS THAT ALTHOUGH PARALYZED, SAM CAN COMMUNICATE BY BLINKING HIS EYES IN MORSE CODE. AN AMATEUR RADIO OPERATOR IS CALLED IN TO READ SAM de GROOT'S BLINKS...

## SAM IS BLINKING OUT A MESSAGE...

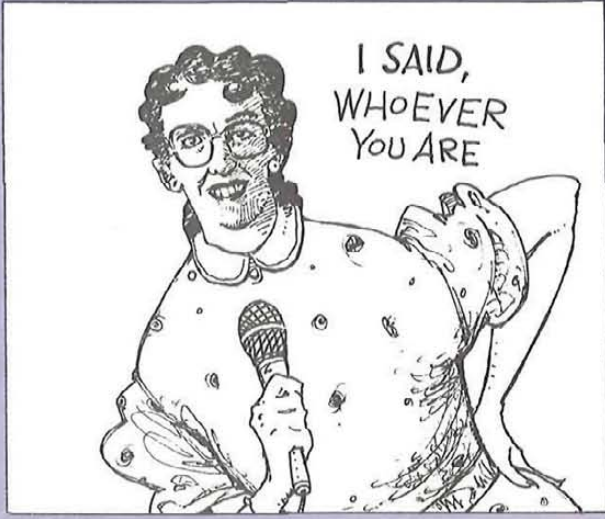
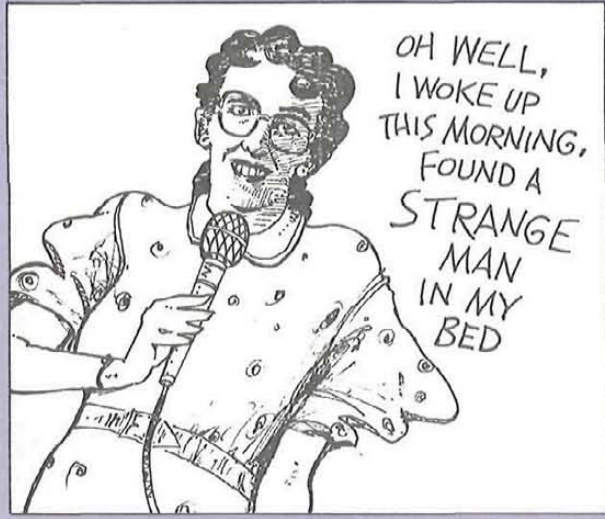
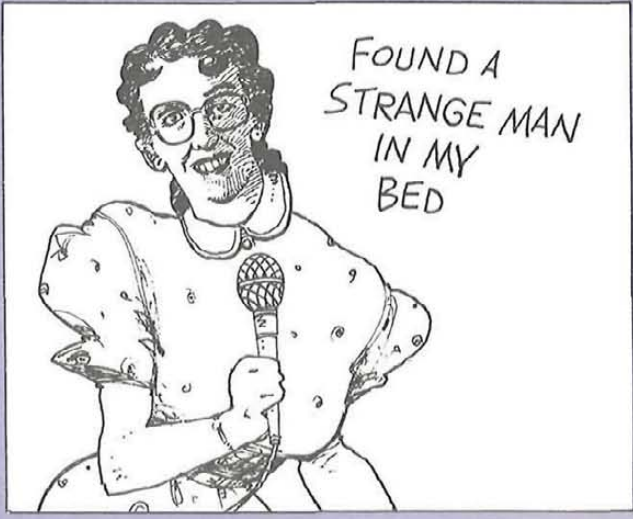
I don't know if I'll survive this paralyzed condition, so I'd like to set my affairs in order...



...Please contact the movie star Rock Hudson. I have an apology to make to him. I may have unwittingly infected him with gonorrhoea, for which I am deeply sorry...



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—*Cathy, Kathi, and Kathy Rawlins, Sea Girl, New Jersey.*



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"Thanks, Sterling!"

—*Rod Garger and Nadine Smythe, Suffolk, Connecticut.*

I feel a boner welling up in my 501's from just describing you: there you are, you; your jeans hoisted high to spotlight the humid, tasty viaduct of your perineum, the thick seam cleaving your crotch lips into camel toes; your ankles are drizzled with expectoration, your codpiece full to bursting with a fragrant rataouille; the sheen over your neck is salty like cheap pretzels but stings like gin; and though your asshole may look and feel like a broken grape and your BJ's aren't great because you're wearing dentures you bought at a garage sale, you're so ripe with richness, rich with ripeness that by now the moist scrape of my awakening organ has brindled the underhang of my jockeys. Please write me at Box 483C, send photo, lymph smear.

SWM, HAPPY WITH LOVE LIFE but seeks all new buddies. Like me, you should be childless, financially secure, apolitical, and not drug-addicted; enjoy softball, fishing, and barbecuing; and be fun-loving and lively but with a little bit of restraint when it comes to stuffing like sticking potatoes in my exhaust pipe and ralphing on my carpet and taping M-80's to my dog's nuts and "accidentally" walking into the pool cabana while my girlfriend is changing. It wouldn't hurt if you have expense accounts so you could pick up an occasional check, either. Also, your girl-

friends and wives should be placid, hospitable, great cooks who like staying sober so they can drive home. Box 739T.

I want my mouth to be a clearinghouse for your secretions. Box 549H.

MY TRUE DREAM IS TO LICK JANE PAULEY FROM EAR TO EAR but the chances of that are very remote since my johnson is as lifeless as a gladbag full of chilled marmalade, so as a second, peripheral fantasy I'd like to meet a very elegant woman or female impersonator for quiet dinners and light construction. Box 217B.

YOUR DICK IS TOO SHORT TO FUCK WITH GOD but if it can throw a shadow it's long enough for me if you make at least \$150,000 a year. Box 569N.

SWM seeks slender GWM to beat up, bad. I'd like to call you a queer and a little faggot, then tear out your sissy earring and take a chunk of your pansy ear with it. Then I'd crush your nose with my fist, kick you in the stomach and call you a homo, smash your face with my knee, kick your head and call you a panty-waist and boot you in the nuts. Or maybe we could be friends or go in the Jacuzzi together but no kissing. Box 834V.

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