

CONSPIRACY ISSUE: WHAT "THEY" DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW INSIDE!

NATIONAL LAMPoon

FEBRUARY 1990

THE BIMONTHLY HUMOR MAGAZINE

\$3.95

WELCOME
TO THE
NINETIES



MR. FUTOMAKI, PRESIDENT, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD AND CEO
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF THE HONDA MOTOR COMPANY



YULE CRACK UP!



CHEVY CHASE
NATIONAL LAMPOON'S
CHRISTMAS VACATION

WARNER BROS. Presents

A HUGHES ENTERTAINMENT Production CHEVY CHASE in NATIONAL LAMPOON'S CHRISTMAS VACATION
BEVERLY D'ANGELO RANDY QUAID Music by ANGELO BADALAMENTI Produced by MATTY SIMMONS Directed by JOHN HUGHES Produced by JOHN HUGHES and TOM JACOBSON

Directed by JEREMIAH S. CHECHIK

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

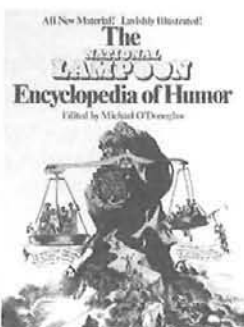
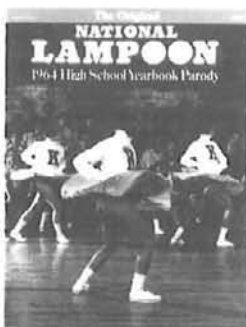


YOU BETTER WATCH OUT THIS DECEMBER!

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

WARNER BROS.
A WARNER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY





Read the Classics of NATIONAL LAMPOON

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

National Lampoon Classics

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$3.00 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed _____

Check enclosed

Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NL 2/90 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

CONTENTS

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1990

FEATURES

- ROLLING STONE AD** 30
What's megamedia mogul Jann selling this month? Out? By Dave Wielgus. Photographed by Paul Colliton and Anthony Savignano.



- TAKEOVER!** 33
Bernie X., the New York cabdriver who's spun the odometer on his loins nearly as many times as he has on his ten-million-mile taxi, is at it again: this time, in tandem with his son, he's saving the red, white, and blue from yellow peril. By Gerry Sussman. Illustrated by Patrick Pigott and Alison Seiffer.

- IN THE CROSSHAIRS: THE MAGAZINE OF CONSPIRACY THEORIES** 39
The only journal devoted exclusively to exposing the erosive motives behind the things "they" hope you'll take at face value, from the manipulative blizzardblitz of governmental propaganda that pervades the media to the patterns in your Congoleum and the apples in your pie. By Chris Marcil and Sam Johnson.

- THE WAR ON LOMOTIL** 47
When you feel a south-of-the-border-style bouillabaisse brewing in your bowels, where do you look for relief? Apparently, frightening numbers of Americans are turning to Lomotil—the hyperefficient colon clogger that authorities fear is being rampantly abused, to the detriment of detritus everywhere. Lawrence J. Sloman and Edward Subitzky spearhead the national campaign that will tell Americans to get off the Lomo and back on the bowl. Photographed by Mark Hill and Harry Heleotis.



- LEE ATWATER'S REPUBLICAN FAIRY TALES** 51
The Grimmiest Brother of all takes us to the nation's capital, the Tragical Kingdom that, as we all know, is just teeming with villains, vixens, fairies, snakes, and children. By George Barkin. Illustrated by Jeff Wong.



- HOW TO SPELL CONSPIRACY** 56
Gahan Wilson's beautiful drawings, set to his poetry, explain what "conspiracy"—actually an insidious acronym—really means.

PUBLIC ENEMY NEWS 'N' VIEWS 61

The only official newsletter of the rap group that purports to have a social conscience. This month: saving your career from rape and ruin by Jews, and the anti-Semitic gift catalog. By Marvin Fein and Merv Shapiro.



DEAR OCCUPANT 64

Old televangelists never die, they just lose control of their holy water. And now they need your donations so that they can be put out to pasture in suitable luxury. By Alfa-Betty Olsen and Marshall Efron. Photographed by Mark Hill. Illustrated by Tom Kowal.

DONALD TRUMP'S DEMONIC CONSPIRACY TO TAKE OVER NORTH AMERICA 66

More insidious than germ warfare! As vile as *Roseanne*! As heartless as Barney Clark! And it's all here! Former Warren Commission honcho Les Firestein rips the lid off Donald Trump's blueprint to take over North America.



THE WAY THINGS NEVER ~~WORK~~ FUCKING WORK 69

Antinobel Prize winner Dave Wielgus explains the operations of the systems and devices that you—and the Pentagon—always seem to get your thumbs jammed in. Illustrated by Tom Hachtman. Nuts and bolts tightening: Lenny Tremmel.

A GROUP OF CARTOONS REQUESTED BY S. GROSS, SOME OF WHICH PERIPHERALLY TOUCH UPON "CONSPIRACY" 76

Charles Rodrigues sharpens his quill and goes to work on conspiracy—the flaws, the follies, and the fanaticism that make it the modern paranoiac's favorite bedtime companion.

THE NAZAROO 80

The late great monologist Lord Buckley gives his version of the story of Jesus, and all his faithful kitties, in his inimitable tangles of tongue. Transcribed by Richard Buckley. Illustrated by S. Clay Wilson.

FLOTSAM & THEN SOME

EDITORIAL. By Dave Hanson 6
 LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS 8
 ONE SHOT: HALLUCINOSTALGIA. By Richard Boler 14
 TRUE FACTS. Edited by John Bendel 16
 TRUE FACTS REPORTER. By John Bendel; illustrated by R. M. Kato 20
 TRUE TRAILS: THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK. By Dave Hanson 23
 YELLOW JOURNAL. Edited by Ned Ward 25
 FUNNY PAGES. By John Kerschbaum, Shary Flenniken, Rodrigues, Mark Marek, and Rick Geary 91
 THE PERSONALS. By Dave Hanson 98

LISTS 'N' THINGS

EXCERPTS FROM *THE NONJOKE JOKEBOOK* 12
 Comedian Fred Stoller gives us samples of the latest genre of joke.
 DICK CLARK MODELS ROCK HAIR STYLES. By Drew Friedman 15



EDITORIAL

CONSPIRACY IS EVERYWHERE*

A FEW YEARS AGO, ON AN Amtrak to Florida, I was assigned next to a psycho, he of the shifty-ice-blue-eyes-of-a-presidential-assassin and hunting-jacket-bunched-in-his-lap variety. My immediate reaction, of course, was to be sad that I hadn't been seated next to a nymphomaniacal Jamie Lee Curtis look-alike; as it turned out, though, the twenty-one hours I spent with him were more educational and productive than any twenty-one hours I could have spent in an Amtrak bathroom naked in the arms of a hot, sticky, voluptuous bimbo.

For during those twenty-one hours my seatmate taught me, in meticulous detail, about conspiracy: about how the CIA was choreographing catastrophic weather conditions, engineering the cancer deaths of young children, causing the wives of scientists to drive off the road and perish, ruining our nation's amusement parks, making the Bay of Pigs invasion turn out the way it did, controlling the pope, driving the average age of puberty down, to the detriment of all society, and destroying our very lives with a steady and insidious erosion of family and personal values. Then, in more detail, he told me how this conspiracy was centered on him: operating on the basis of signals and codes contained in old TV movies, the CIA was manipulating him with microwave-transmitted response clicks dispatched into the base of his brain, rendering him unable to: quit smoking; enjoy a normal relationship with a woman; stop coughing; or negotiate the lock in a train bathroom properly so that the conductor wouldn't have to help him with it and cause him to be humiliated in front of his fellow passengers.

This man was a living, breathing almanac of conspiracy documentation, truly fascinating, and as I live and breathe, I'll never be able to forget the wild and wonderful things he taught me.

And that's what we want to do for you, for a fraction of what it cost me. We want you to spend twenty-one hours with this magazine, with a stop for mechanical trouble in Toccoa, Georgia, and learn as much about big-picture conspiracy as I did on that memorable journey. And it'll cost you only \$3.95, not \$112 as my ticket to Atlanta did.

We want you to realize that, as Blake said, more things in the universe are unseen than are seen. Under every rock is an immensely complicated series of motives and machinations which deter-

mine the effect that rock will have upon you. Each sow bug and salamander and earwig under that rock is an erosive, mind-controlling force urging someone to walk by and think, HmMMM, that rock would be better used to cave in the cranium of any world leader who is not plotting the ruination of the working class.

If you think about it, conspiracy is a completely normal, gravity-strong force in our lives. After all, two of the biggest guiding human forces are:

A) Religion. What is religion but a conspiracy by the rich to opiate the poor into thinking that poverty is piety, and hell on earth means heaven after? You don't think they really talk about polo at country clubs, do you? B) Nature. A seemingly fragile ecosystem, composed of millions and millions of seemingly picayune elements, each one contingent on others, and they in turn on others still, has all of its viruses and hurricanes working against us every minute of every day. (Happily, humans have learned how to crush and destroy this ecosystem and are at last gaining control of nature.)

You don't think the greenhouse effect is all a big conspiracy? Wake up and smell the ozone hole. The fact is, an investor group that includes two dozen congressmen was duped, several years ago, into buying seven hundred million acres of tundra at three hundred dollars per by a phantom corporation that represented the region, in the Yukon Territory, as the as-yet-undeveloped area that was slated to host the 2008 Winter Olympics. The red-faced investor group subsequently set up a mammoth plant devoted full-time to pumping carbon and methane into the atmosphere, and launched publicity on the greenhouse effect that will have *everyone* heading north before long. As the effects begin to be felt, watch for the stepped-up campaign touting the Yukon Territory as "the next Grain Belt."

And the crack and AIDS epidemics? Oriental conspiracies, engineered by Korean and Japanese scientists desperate to increase the percentage of Oriental names on the immigration rolls. Crack is the most powerful carcinogen known to man, and all crack dealers are actually Orientals disguised as other ethnicities, conspiring to kill off huge numbers of Americans and Latin Americans. Don't believe it? Show me one crack dealer selling to Oriental children. And AIDS? The green monkeys many believe to be the original source of AIDS are actually Orientals in costume, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 83)

*Actually, there is only one conspiracy, the huge one I am a part of which is trying to deceive you into believing there are millions of conspiracies.

NATIONAL LAMPPOON

CHAIRMEN AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICERS
TIM MATHESON, DANIEL GRODNIK

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: LARRY "RATSO" SLOMAN

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR: ADRIANE BARONE

EDITORS: DAVE HANSON, NED WARD

MANAGING EDITOR: DIANE GIDDIS

CARTOON EDITOR: SAM GROSS

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: JOHN FIGURSKI

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: DEBRA RABAS

SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER: PAT HAYWARD

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT: GINGER ERNANO

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

NICK BAKAY, JOHN BENDEL,

ED BLUESTONE, LANCE CONTRUCCI,

MICHAEL CORCORAN, WILL DURST,

JOSH ALAN FRIEDMAN, GILBERT GOTTFRIED,

SAM JOHNSON, GERARD JONES, TONY KISCH,

PAUL KRASSNER, CHRIS MARCIL, CHRIS MILLER,

LOUIS PHILLIPS, ED SUBITZKY, GERALD SUSSMAN,

JOHN WATERS, JOHN WEIDMAN, DAVE WIELGUS

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

RON BARRETT, JAMES BENNETT, PETER BENNETT,

M. K. BROWN, TOM CHENEY, SHARY FLENNIKEN,

DREW FRIEDMAN, RICK GEARY, SAM GROSS,

BUDDY HICKERSON, RANDY JONES,

JOHN "DUKE" KISCH, MARK MAREK,

RICK MEYEROWITZ, BOB RAKITA,

CHARLES RODRIGUES, FRANK SPRINGER,

B. K. TAYLOR, GAHAN WILSON, JEFF WONG

PUBLISHER: GEORGE S. AGOLIA

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: MYLES M. FUCHS

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: HOWARD JUROFSKY

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

GEORGE S. AGOLIA

VICE PRESIDENT,

PRODUCTION AND MANUFACTURING

HOWARD JUROFSKY

VICE PRESIDENT / CONTROLLER

WALTER GARIBALDI

Advertising Offices: New York: 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. (212) 645-5040. Fabio Arditia, Account Manager. National Lampoon Magazine (ISSN 0027-9587): Printed in the U.S.A. Published bimonthly by NL Communications, Inc. "National Lampoon" is a registered trademark of NL Communications, Inc. The Lampoon name is used with the permission of The Harvard Lampoon, Inc. Copyright © 1989, NL Communications, Inc., 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Subscriptions: \$15.95 paid annual subscription, \$29.95 paid two-year subscription, and \$30.95 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional \$5.00 outside territorial U.S. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Copies of National Lampoon are available on 16-millimeter microfilm, 35-millimeter microfilm, and 105-millimeter microfiche through University Microfilms International, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Change of Address: Subscriber please send change of address to Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. Postmaster: Please address changes to: Subscription Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Advertising Information: National Lampoon Magazine, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013, or call (212) 645-5040. Exclusive of the National Lampoon True Section, all incidents, situations, and products depicted or described in the editorial pages of National Lampoon are fictional, and any similarity, without satiric intent, of characters presented therein to living persons is coincidental. The editors of National Lampoon accept reader submissions of photos, clippings, and other items for inclusion in the National Lampoon True Section. Upon receipt these items become the exclusive property of National Lampoon.



**HIS JOB, HIS HOME, HIS FAMILY.
SOME PEOPLE
WILL PAY ANYTHING FOR COCAINE.**

Cocaine really is expensive. Look what it almost cost this man.

He's getting help at a Drug Rehabilitation Center. They got help from the United Way. All because the United Way got help from you.

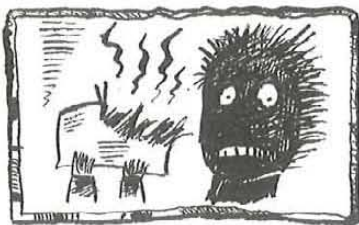
Your single contribution helps provide therapy for a child with a learning disability, a program that sends a volunteer to do the shopping for a 79 year-old woman, and a place for a 12 year-old to toss a basketball around after school.

Or, in this case, rehabilitation for a cocaine abuser. A man who, without your help, could very well have ended up paying the ultimate price.



United Way

**It brings out the best
in all of us.**



LETTERS

Sirs:

We regret to inform the young ones that *The Bree Walker and Jim Abbott Finger Puppet Theater* has been canceled until further notice.

KABC
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I don't mind standing up and reading the news, but I'll bet that's the first time a couple of hemorrhoids changed the whole format of a television genre.

"Standin'" Dan Rather
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Only the little people make license plates.

Leona Helmsley
Without a care

Sirs:

C'mon, ya little turds! Who wants to Indian-wrestle the old man? Huh? What about you, Mr. Oscar-winner? Well, what's wrong with you? Scared? Let me tell you something, mister. I may never have taken the Best Actor statue home, but I can kick your soft ass nine ways to Sunday! Look! I'm doing one-armed push-ups! Eight! Nine! Ten! Oh, now look at your brother, crying over in the corner! He always was the baby! Fourteen! Fifteen! Hrrrrahhgh! Oh Christ, my chest! Oh, it hurts! What's happening?...

Kirk Douglas
A typical Douglas family Christmas
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Yeah, yeah, we know, Dad. Nobody paved the way for you, you did it all on your

own. You had to walk three miles in the snow to the studio back lot every day, right? Say, how are those voice-overs coming along? Do you find them artistically rewarding? (*snicker snicker...*)

Charlie and Emilio
A typical Sheen family Christmas
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Beau? Now come on, Beau, stop crying... Jeff, don't tease your brother! Beau? Beau, listen to your father. Television is a valid medium. Why, it was *Sea Hunt* that paid for the house you grew up in! And yes, it's true your little brother has a major film career and no double chin, but think about the good things... Oh Jesus, he's crying again! Somebody else talk to him. Everything I say seems to make it worse!

Lloyd Bridges
A typical Bridges family Christmas
Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

You worthless little schmuck! What is it you want now, you little putz? Hanh? I can't hear you! Spending cash? You want a little spending cash? You're forty years old you still need I should give you an allowance? All right, here, take it, g'head... Gary? Hey, Gary?... I love you. You know that, don't you? I love this kid. Oh sure, I give him the razzing, but he gives me such joy...

Jerry Lewis
A typical Lewis family Christmas
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

Oh yes! We plan to have dozens of children!

Every Ugly, Stupid,
Emotionally Scarred Person
You've Ever Met

Sirs:

Is this the most irritating name of the year or what?

Doogie Howser, M.D.
Your TV

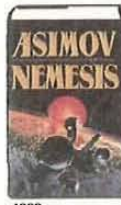
Sirs:

Hope I die before I go deaf.

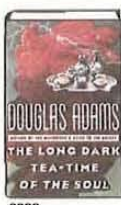
Pete Townshend
Talkin' 'bout my t-t-tinnitus



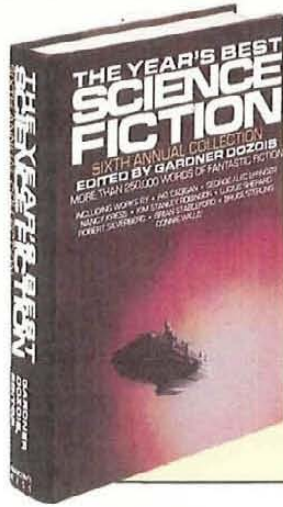
Get The Year's Best Science Fiction Free... With The Year's Best Science Fiction Offer.



4069
Pub. Ed. \$18.95
Club Ed. \$6.98



0893
Pub. Ed. \$17.95
Club Ed. \$4.98



Enjoy this book
FREE

Plus
4 more for **\$1**
All when you
join now!



4911
Pub. Ed. \$18.95
Club Ed. \$5.98



3814
Spec. Club Ed. \$10.98



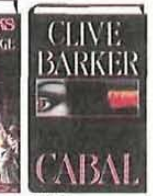
1362
Pub. Ed. \$14.95
Club Ed. \$5.98



1107
Spec. Club Ed. \$7.98



2311
Pub. Ed. \$17.95
Club Ed. \$5.98



0026*
Pub. Ed. \$18.95
Club Ed. \$4.98



2568†
Spec. Club Ed. \$4.98



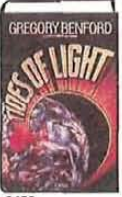
2907
Pub. Ed. \$18.95
Club Ed. \$5.98



3202
Pub. Ed. \$18.95
Club Ed. \$4.98



1263
Spec. Club Ed. \$4.98



3459
Pub. Ed. \$17.95
Club Ed. \$9.98



3210
Pub. Ed. \$17.95
Club Ed. \$7.98



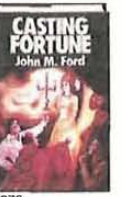
0729
Pub. Ed. \$16.95
Club Ed. \$4.98



1545*
Pub. Ed. \$18.95
Club Ed. \$7.50



3616*
Pub. Ed. \$18.95
Club Ed. \$4.98



0976
Spec. Club Ed. \$5.98



1420 Includes the First, Second and Third Books.
Spec. Club Ed. \$7.98



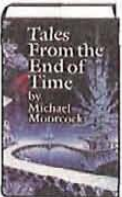
7260 Woundhealer's Story, Sightblinder's Story, Stonecutter's Story.
Pub. Ed. \$45.85
Club Ed. \$7.98



7377 Seventh Son, Red Prophet, Prentice Alvin.
Pub. Ed. \$53.85
Club Ed. \$9.98



5876 Swords and Deviltry, Swords Against Death, Swords in the Mist.
Spec. Club Ed. \$7.98



1230* Legends, Messiah.
Spec. Club Ed. \$6.98



2303* The Heir Apparent, The Warrior Lives.
Spec. Club Ed. \$6.98



1842 Dawn, Adulthood Rites, Imago.
Pub. Ed. \$52.85
Club Ed. \$9.98



3004 Drinker of Souls, Blue Magic, A Gathering of Stones.
Spec. Club Ed. \$11.98



0521 Heretical, Companion, Insane.
Spec. Club Ed. \$9.98



3624*
Spec. Club Ed. \$6.98

* Combined publishers' editions

* Explicit scenes and/or language may be offensive to some readers.

† Copyright © 1989 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. STAR TREK is a Registered Trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU JOIN . . .

4 BOOKS FOR \$1—PLUS THE YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION. Send no money now. You'll be billed \$1, plus shipping and handling, when your membership is accepted. *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Sixth Annual Collection* is yours FREE.

A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION. If you're not 100% satisfied with the books you've chosen, return them within 10 days at our expense. Your membership will be canceled and you'll owe nothing. *The Year's Best Science Fiction* is your free gift to keep.

THE FREE CLUB MAGAZINE. You'll receive 14 issues of *Things to Come* a year. Each issue includes 2 Featured Selections plus a number of Alternates from the Club's library of almost 500 books. Twice a year, you may also receive offers of Special Selections.

SHOPPING MADE SIMPLE. To get the Featured Selections, do nothing—they'll be sent automatically. If you prefer another book—or none at all—simply return your Member Reply Form by the date shown. A shipping and handling charge is added to each order.

AN EASY-TO-MEET OBLIGATION. Take up to 1 year to buy 4 more books at regular low Club prices. Afterwards, you may resign membership anytime. Or you may continue to enjoy the benefits of belonging to *The Science Fiction Book Club*.

HUGE DISCOUNTS . . . up to 65% off publishers' hardcover editions. Some Club books are altered in size to fit special presses. All are printed on high-quality, acid-free paper.

RISK-FREE RETURN PRIVILEGES. If you get an unwanted book because your Club magazine came late and you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return the book at our expense.

THE Science Fiction BOOK CLUB®

MAIL TO:
The Science Fiction Book Club
Garden City, NY 11530

Please write book numbers here. If you already own *The Year's Best Science Fiction*, you may choose a different FREE book. Simply cross out the book #0448 and write the code number of the book you prefer.

FREE #0448

YES! Please enroll me in *The Science Fiction Book Club* according to the risk-free membership plan described in this ad. Send me *The Year's Best Science Fiction: Sixth Annual Collection* FREE, plus the 4 BOOKS I've indicated. Bill me just \$1, plus shipping and handling.

ES902 22

Mr./Mrs. Miss/Ms. _____ please print

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you're under 18, your parent must sign here _____
Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members serviced from Canada, where offer is slightly different. Sales tax added where applicable. We reserve the right to reject any application.

NL 2/90



LETTERS

Sirs:

You homeless are still invited to Malibu.
But BYOB!

Martin Sheen
City Hall

Sirs:

The Redneck State? The Killing Mexi-
cans State? Land O' Splattered JFK?

Governor William P. Clements
Considering new Texas
license-plate slogans

Sirs:

I'm switching to the guillotine. Those
nails in the hands cramped the ol' racquet-
ball swing.

Jesus Christ
The original cross-trainer

Sirs:

I don't think I'd appear *clothed*. Unless it
was absolutely integral to the plot.

Jessica Hahn
Contemplating a movie career

Sirs:

Designer Harlem... plenty of pastels.
But the drugs will *have* to go...

Michael Graves
Everyone's favorite architect

Sirs:

I *knew* I should have checked those rein-
deer for Lyme-bearing ticks!

Santa Claus, Inc.
Slapped with a massive
class-action lawsuit

Sirs:

That is one *fine* license plate! I feel good!

James Brown
The hardest-working man in prison

Sirs:

How's this for "high concept"? A multi-
millionaire TV producer who's been lying
fallow for ten years—playing golf, taking a

few meetings, that sort of thing—gets
divorced by his lithium-craving wife, who
takes *half of his money and starts her own
magazine!* Hilarity ensues!

I don't have to "pitch" this one—it's
wacky, it's relevant, it's nineties! Get back
to me pronto—Tartikoff's already drooling!

Norman Lear
Sitcoms for the American Way

Sirs:

If you read *People*, you'd be moving your
lips by now.

Time Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'd kill for a series—one that doesn't talk
down to kids.

Gary Coleman
Pontificating at the end of the bar

Sirs:

Up your nose with a rubber hose?
Oh, *Daddy*...

Manuel Noriega, Jr.
Kitchy kitchy coup

HOW



WILL GET YOU WHAT (& WHO) YOU WANT!

LOVE — ROMANCE — DIET — WEALTH — AMBITIONS — PROBLEMS — DESIRES — HOPES — etc. Etc. ETC!

YOU WILL ONLY NOTICE MUSIC, BUT THEY ARE BEING
ROMANTICALLY PROGRAMMED TO LOVE YOU!

Because love and desire are ideas, THIS TAPE'S Subliminal
messages (HIDDEN UNDER MUSIC) can SECRETLY
INFATUATE the one you want!

CAN WORDS HIDDEN UNDER MUSIC SEXUALLY AROUSE
AND FOCUS PASSION ON ONLY ONE PERSON?

YES!! Simply insert the **MEPHISTO SUBLIMINAL
CASSETTE** (car, home, portable). They will only notice
music, but inaudible, commands penetrate their
subconscious mind.

BECOME THEIR OBSESSION!!

Scientific Demonstrations prove: Subliminal stimuli activate
involuntary bodily responses such as: **SEXUAL AROUSAL!**
That means Mephisto's subliminal commands will secretly
focus their romantic urges on you and plant your image (like
a seed) deep into their subconscious.

"Finally getting my share!! Thanks." **BE. MA.**
"I know for a fact it works!" **C. TEX.**

CHICAGO TRIBUNE: "...Something entirely new!"
GALLERY MAG: "...These tapes cannot be resisted!"

NOT JUST AROUSED, BUT AROUSED BY YOU!

Sexologist agree: The process of bonding (the choice of
"only" one person) occurs in their subconscious and is the
trigger to *love and desire!* And because the subconscious
mind "cannot" reject or "disbelieve" Mephisto's ingenious
commands establishes you (you and only you) as the object
of their **LOVE AND PASSION.**

THEY WILL BELIEVE:

- 1) You are the world's most desirable person.
- 2) Others are dull and unattractive.
- 3) He/She is deeply in love with you.

THEY WILL:

- 4) Have dreams of you.
- 5) Have visions of you as their lover.
- 6) Lose their inhibitions!

FREE CATALOG:
"CUSTOM" FANTASY TAPES PRODUCED



TOLL FREE 1-800-822-8644

\$16.95 plus \$2.05 P & H TOTAL \$19.00 each

SAVE ANY 3 FOR \$38.00.

SAVE ANY 5 FOR \$59.00.

SAVE ANY 7 FOR \$79.00.

SAVE ANY 9 FOR \$99.00.

* FREE Bonus Gift with the Purchase of 9
tapes. A Free Portable Stereo with Stereo
Headphones. A Free brochure shipped with
each order.

THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE

IMPORTANT! Indicate your sex: Male Female
Subliminal messages are identical. Your choice of cover music.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 1 Lite Rock | <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 2 Country |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 3 Beautiful Music | <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 4 Classical |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 5 Jazz | <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 6 Early Rock |
| <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 7 Ocean Waves | <input type="checkbox"/> VOL. 8 Thunderstorms |

OTHER S.I.I. TAPES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cure Procrastination! | <input type="checkbox"/> The \$\$ Tree |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Optimism (a cure all?) | <input type="checkbox"/> The Confidence Seed |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Finally Organized | <input type="checkbox"/> Erase Stress |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Last Cigarette | <input type="checkbox"/> Enthusiasm |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Revive The Romance | <input type="checkbox"/> Ignite Creativity |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Family Harmony | <input type="checkbox"/> Natural Sleep |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stop That Divorce | <input type="checkbox"/> Concentration |

- The S.I.I. Beauty Diet: Activates your internal blue
print for a perfect shape.

Works whether you know them 10 minutes or 10 years!
MEPHISTO'S REVOLUTIONARY METHOD uses the astonishing
psychological discovery (subliminal motivation) to TRIGGER
THE BASIC URGE FOR LOVE. CUSTOM PRODUCED TAPES to
solve any problem, to accomplish ANY goal. (Your name and
ideas included in the script.)

CALL (312) 652-8644 For Custom Prices

VISA/MC _____ Exp. _____

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

S.I.I. DEPT. NLJ 29 P.O. BOX 386
WESTMONT, ILLINOIS 60559

FOREIGN ORDERS: US FUNDS ONLY — NO C.O.D.'s
ILLINOIS RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



LETTERS

Sirs:
Remember the Lenny Bruce line "She wore a see-through dress—but you didn't want to"?

Cher
Facing reality

Sirs:
If our delivery vans careen around the

corner and smack into your auto at wildly excessive speeds, we guarantee we'll deliver you to the hospital within thirty minutes.

Domino's Pizza, Inc.
In a hurry, dammit

Sirs:
I must be having a mid-death crisis.
Leonard Cohen
Smiling, for crissake

Sirs:
Stop me if you've heard
Milton Berle
Friars Club

Sirs:
It's better to light some candles and wear all black and whirl around and chant incomprehensible lyrics and then whirl around some more than to curse the darkness.
Stevie Nicks
MTV

Sirs:
If you don't have anything nice to say—write your autobiography!
Miles Davis
Old man with a horn

Sirs:
If you *don't* have anything *nice* to say, motherfucker—write your autobiography!
Miles Davis
Alternate take

Sirs:
You talkin' to me?
You talkin' . . . to me?
Travis Bickle's Houseplants
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
But my friends call me "Corner."
Edge
U2

Sirs:
What can I say? She found a second banana.
Ed McMahon
Wife Search

Sirs:
Damn.
I hate rapper's block.
Run-Out-of-Ideas-D.M.C.
Queens, N.Y.

Sirs:
I was thinking maybe in this scene my character would gorge himself on a huge spread of luncheon meats.
Marlon Brando
*Improvising brilliantly
The set of his new movie*

Excerpts from *The Nonjoke Jokebook* by Fred Stoller

About the author:

Fred Stoller is a stand-up comic who originated and introduced "nonjokes" on the popular New York syndicated TV show, Live at Sidekicks.

What is a nonjoke?

A nonjoke is a "joke" that sounds as if it could almost be a joke but just misses. A nonjoke is not a bad joke. A nonjoke is not an obviously bad joke. It sounds as if it makes sense, but if you stop and think about it you realize—hey, wait a second!

How did nonjokes get started?

I was trying to come up with jokes that sounded as if they could almost be jokes but just missed.

Who can tell a nonjoke?

It doesn't matter. That's a dumb question.

Sample Nonjokes:

*I come from a town so small, the hooker wore a batting helmet!
We were so poor growing up, we could only afford a blue car!
My school was so tough, the principal was Swedish!
My girlfriend talks so much, she has pompoms on her phone!
The first time I smoked pot I got so stoned, when I woke up, it was snowing!
My apartment's so small, you have to paint it from left to right!
I went to a restaurant. The food was so bad, the cook's name was Leon!
The food was so bad, the maître d' had a speech impediment!
My neighborhood was so tough, all the clerks wore lobster bibs!
The town was so small, the cemetery had a sliding door!*



Steve Haefele



LETTERS

Sirs:
So what do you think of this new haircut, huh? What? Frankenstein Meets the Rabbi!?! Well, who the fuck asked you? Huh? I said...

Lou Reed
*Not the answer he was looking for
SoHo, New York*

Sirs:
An actor prepares.

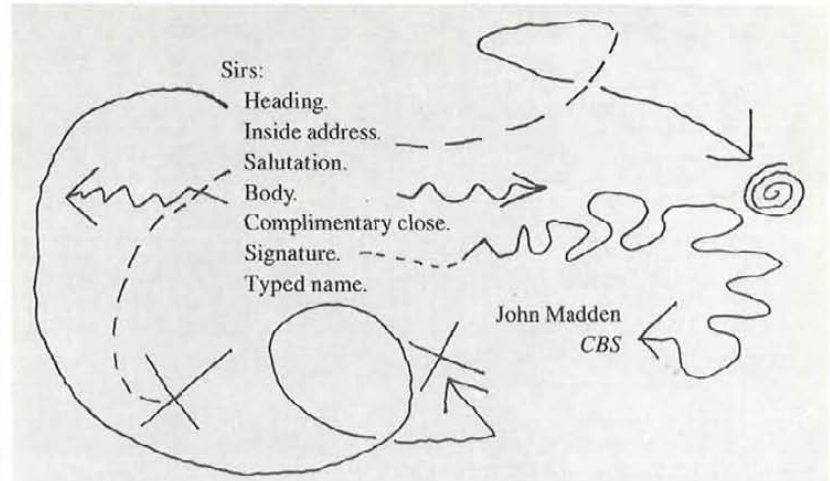
Rob Lowe
Purchasing K-Y jelly

Sirs:
We'd like to start out this letter with our twenty-eight-page version of "Dark Star." ... Ohhh... sorry, man. We thought your column *celebrated* life.

The Grateful Dead
Out in space

Sirs:
The Ride of the Valkyries? Five "A" tickets, but well worth it!

Wagner Disney World
Aryan, Calif.



Sirs:
Put your mouth on me, bitch. But first—sign this pre-nup.

Eddie Murphy
Bitter all the time

Sirs:
Just think—if Lenny Bruce had invested \$2,000 per year in an IRA with withdrawal after age 59½, after thirty years in a 30 percent tax bracket, Honey (or his lovely daughter, Kitty) would have had \$732,870! And if he'd moved some of the IRA money into aggressive stock funds... wow!

Earl Naphtha
Accountant to the comedians

Sirs:
Female jogging investment bankers.
The other white meat.

National Pork Her
Producers Council
Central Park

Sirs:

Samuel Pierce
HUD

Sirs:
And you know what's even worse? I also happen to consider myself one whale of a funny guy.

Bob Costas
*Interrupting you once again
The set of "Later"*

Sirs:
You know, it's not just a coincidence that I'm in Tom Snyder's old time slot. Let's face it, the torch had to be passed on.

Bob Costas
*A moment of homage
New York, N.Y.*

Sirs:
Correct me if I'm wrong, but I'll venture to guess you have a hard time imagining me sleeping in on a Sunday morning, unshaven, hacking from last night's cigarettes, blindly reaching over to grope the anonymous black buttock of yet another wild conquest from Saturday's bounty of biker babes.

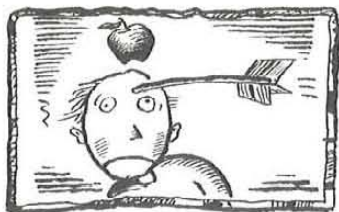
Am I right? In fact, I'll go so far as to bet you can't even imagine me leaving the cap off my toothpaste. Ever.

Bob Costas
*Overestimating his importance to
your imaginary life
New York, N.Y.*



P.C. VEY

"He said he couldn't help me unless I hurt all over."



"God knows, many of them are fools, and most of them will be sellouts, but they're still a better generation than we were."

—Lillian Hellman

YEAH, THE SIXTIES. HAS THERE ever been another decade quite like the sixties? I don't think so.

I feel sorry for these kids today. I really do. These kids today, they've got their VCRs and ATVs and these... whaddya call em... compact discs, and they still don't know what to do with themselves. It was different when we were growing up. Give us a lava light and a bag of peyote buttons and we were happy. We made our own fun.

These days, all you hear kids talk about is money. Back in the sixties, though, nobody cared about money. That was because everybody's parents back then were millionaires. Everybody lived in houses in the suburbs and had dads who worked for Shell Oil or something. So money was never a problem.

And the parents were never stingy with their money, like these parents are nowadays. They'd practically beg their kids to take money, for new clothes or haircuts or some such thing.

But kids back then weren't selfish like kids today. We'd refuse the money, saying that we'd make do with the haircuts we had, and that our shredded jeans still had a few good years left in them. And we'd tell our dads that if they really wanted to put that money to good use, they should give it to the American Indians, whose culture they had helped slaughter. And our parents were so grateful that they had raised such compassionate children that they'd let us leave home and never come back.

And so we did. Everybody who grew up in the sixties moved to San Francisco together. There were like millions of us living in a six-block area, but there were never any problems. Everybody got along fine, and I don't remember even one fight the whole time we were there, which was years.

I remember the time we all decided to go to Woodstock. Gee, that was fun. The whole twenty million of us crammed into a couple of multicolored buses, traveling cross-country. We didn't have much money, since everybody's parents loved us so much

ONE SHOT HALLUCINOSTALGIA

BY RICHARD BOLER

that they kicked us out of the house. But you didn't need much money back then, because things were so cheap.

Candy bars, for example, only cost a penny. And they were huge! Mallo Cups the size of Frisbees, M&M's as big as your fist... Candy bars were really something back then. And gas was like a nickel a gallon or something.

SEE, HERE'S THE THING: KIDS HAD A lot more respect than they have now. We respected our institutions, and the Stars and Stripes—which we respected so much we made pants out of it. Most of all, though, we respected our parents.

**It was different
when we were
growing up.
Give us a
lava light and a
bag of peyote buttons
and we were happy.
We made
our own fun.**

I remember my own mom. She was a saint, that woman! Everyone's mom was a saint back in those days. We had like a whole nation of Mother Cabrinis.

And my dad—what a guy! Every day he'd walk off to work down the block to Dow Chemical, swinging his briefcase full of Defense Department contracts. And all the kids from the neighborhood would come outside and yell out to him, and sometimes hold up signs and shower him with union-approved vegetables. And he'd wave back to the kids, and sometimes gesture at them. He was really something!

But man, oh man, he wouldn't take any guff off us kids, either. If you stepped out of line, watch out! I remember one time—before my parents loved me so much they

kicked me out of the house—I took part in a sit-down demonstration in front of his office headquarters. Then me and an ad hoc committee of defrocked lesbian nuns stormed into his office and splattered pig's blood all over his files. Hoo boy, did I catch it when he got home that night! I didn't sit-down for a while after that, I can tell you!

YEAH, THOSE WERE THE DAYS... America was a great place to be back then for a kid growing up. There were none of the problems that you have today. An immoral war, a couple of assassinations, the decimation of the country's intellectual and cultural fiber... That's about it, though.

The thing was, kids didn't have to worry about having responsibilities. There was tremendous freedom. We didn't even have to go to church, since God was dead at that time. So we had all this time on our hands, which we spent constructively. There was always something going on. If it wasn't one thing, it was another.

We used to have what they called "be-ins." It was like a church social, except with drugs. See, the thing you kids don't understand is that back when we were growing up, drugs were actually good for you. Not like these drugs nowadays. When we took drugs, we actually got *smarter*. Nobody got hurt or addicted or any such thing. We just... *expanded*.

Yeah, drugs were really something back then.

AND THEN, WITHOUT ANYBODY really noticing, the sixties were almost over. It just kind of snuck up on us. Probably because we were having so many "be-ins."

So, on the last day of the sixties, we decided to hold a meeting. Out in San Francisco, all twenty million of us. It was a spur-of-the-moment kind of thing.

At the meeting, we all agreed that the sixties had been fun. We promised to keep in touch. Then we had a vote, which was unanimous:

We voted never to change or sell out. Or to wear what we used to call "monkey suits." Or to ever grudgingly admire Ronald Reagan. Or to use rock 'n' roll songs to sell shoes. Or to generally turn into jerks.

And we didn't. And we haven't. ■

DICK CLARK MODELS ROCK HAIR STYLES

by Drew Friedman



DICK CLARK



ELVIS



LITTLE RICHARD



'64 BEATLES



MICHAEL JACKSON



TINA TURNER



SID VICIOUS



GRACE JONES



JERRY GARCIA



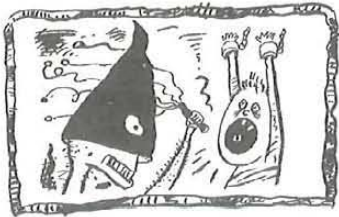
MIKE NESMITH



BOB MARLEY



JIMI HENDRIX



TRUE FACTS

EDITED BY JOHN BENDEL

THE PHYSICIANS COMMITTEE for Responsible Medicine asked Defense Secretary Dick Cheney to call off a research program at the Louisiana State University Medical Center in New Orleans. "The study under question is superfluous and extraordinarily expensive," said Dr. Michael Sukoff, a spokesman for the group, in a press release.

According to the *Los Angeles Times*: "The two-million-dollar contract involves shooting hundreds of cats in the head to learn how to return brain-injured soldiers to active duty, thus conserving the fighting strength of the Army." (contributed by David & Terri Ostovich)

THIS ITEM APPEARED IN the *Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Globe-Times*:

"Bethlehem police responded Sunday to a report of a toilet seat being up at a home in the 300 block of West Packer

Avenue. The woman living at the home said the seat should have been down, and wanted police to check the house to see if the person who left it up was still inside." (contributed by Larry Dugan)

THE REVEREND ODELL Fish, a Cleveland, Ohio, minister, drowned while fishing in Mississippi's Ross Barnett Reservoir. According to the *Jackson Clarion Ledger*, Fish was seen by another fisherman before a storm hit the area, "but the fisherman was unable to locate Fish after the storm." (contributed by Redondo Flats)

FROM THE "POLICE Reports" column of the *San Antonio, Texas, Express-News*:

"A woman, forty, invited a man over for a beer in hopes of talking about real estate, but instead he talked about not having sex for five years. She seemed to be intoxicated, re-

ports noted, and claimed to have been raped, but said the man did not use force. She said she was mad because he did not stay longer and left with some of her Elvis Presley tapes." (contributed by Bill Schlansker)

AN ENNISKILLEN, ONTARIO, woman driving through Petrolia pulled over when she noticed the car behind her flashing its high beams. According to the *Advertiser-Topic*: "A man from the other car then approached her vehicle, and by the time she realized he was not a police officer, he had her door open and was trying to grab her shoes. The man was wearing a bag over his head without any eye holes cut out of it."

When another car approached, however, the man fled, taking only one shoe. (contributed by David Hiller)

DOG NEWS: IN WAYNESBORO, Pennsylvania, burglars broke into the Waynesboro Knitting Mill and made off with eight hundred dollars' worth of survey equipment and Duke, the German shepherd guard dog. *Reading Times* (contributed by Bill Katinowsky)

More dog news: *China Review*, which bills itself as "the authoritative newsmagazine on China," ran this item under the heading "Suicidal Dogs":

"Nearly one hundred dogs in an eighty-seven-family village in Guiping County, Guangxi, southern China, have died in an inexplicable way. The dogs suddenly bark fiercely, then run forward blindly at top speed until they crash headfirst into walls or trees, killing themselves." (contributed by John Ramsay)

TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD Jay Thompson of Hempstead, New York, was convicted of rape after his alibi unraveled in a Long Island courtroom.

Thompson and his girlfriend testified that they had been together at the time of the rape in nearby Westbury. They had been watching *Miami Vice*, Thompson said, telling the jury how much he had enjoyed the particular episode. However, *Miami Vice* had been preempted on the evening in question by a Mets baseball game.

"The Mets won, 7-3," added *New York Newsday*. (contributed by Arnie Pritchett)

THE IRAQI GOVERNMENT invited Egypt to send a home-built Alpha fighter bomber to an international airshow in Baghdad. However, Iraqi ground troops shot down the Egyptian craft with a shoulder-launched, heat-seeking missile as it came in for a landing in the Iraqi capital. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, "Iraqi military officials could not be reached for comment." (contributed by Timothy M. Ehritt)

A TWIN-ENGINE PLANE carrying missionaries from Haiti was hijacked by two mutinous Haitian soldiers, who ordered the plane diverted to Miami. The aircraft was on its way to Fort Lauderdale. *Wall Street Journal* (contributed by D. Blanchard)

THE LOS ANGELES *HERALD-Examiner* reported the closing of a local restaurant due to "vermin infestation" and "improper storage of poisonous substances." The Third Street eatery was called the Organieville Restaurant. (contributed by Paul J. Ross)

THE *MORNING CALL* OF Allentown, Pennsylvania, ran this enigmatic help-wanted ad:

"Animal handler—Petting zoo has opening for person with unit. Call (215) 297-5455." (contributed by Charles Brita)

Get Me a File Photo and Make It Snappy!

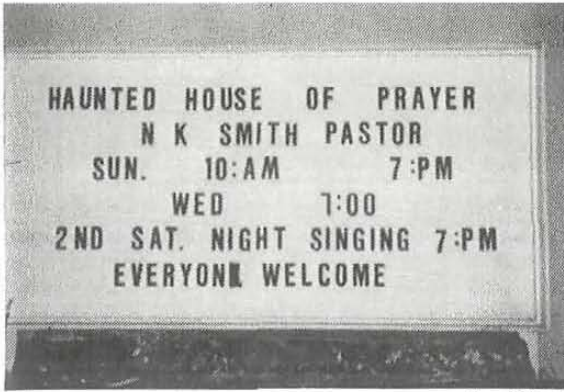
UNC-ASHEVILLE Chancellor David Brown will study a student-sponsored survey on campus attitudes on condom-dispensing machines over the summer while students work on a community survey. Brown said last week that students seeking to have condom-dispensing machines installed on campus won't see them until the 1989-90 term even if he allows them.



Brown

This little item appeared in North Carolina's *Charlotte Observer*, from which it was clipped and submitted by Pat Curtsinger and Tom Karnowski.

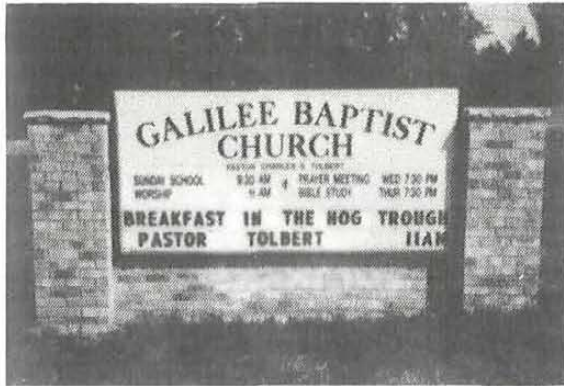
SIGNS OF THE TIMES



Steve Williams



Steve Willis



Bill Makosey



Kenneth Lamb



Michael Frank



Jim McFalls



Aldo P. Zulian Jr.



Mona Epstein

BONE-COX



Donna Jane Bono and Donald Cox

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Bono of Port Jefferson announce the engagement of their daughter, Donna Jane, to Donald Cox, son of Mrs. Shirley Harris of Sanford, North Carolina.

(Suffolk County, New York) Record contributed by Dolores C. Simione

Short—Peters

Lt. Col. (USMC ret.) and Mrs. John C. Short of Lake Ridge, Va., announce the engagement of their daughter, Patricia Anne, to Dean Peters, Lt. (j.g.) USN. The bride-to-be is a 1984 alumna of the High School with

Washington Post contributed by Rob McKinney

Young/ Butt

Dawn Michelle Young and Edward Butt, both of Corpus Christi, were married Feb. 6, 1988, at Palmcrest Baptist Church.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duane Young of Corpus Christi. The groom is the son of the late Harold

art Butt. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duane Young of Corpus Christi. The groom is the son of the late Harold art Butt. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duane Young of Corpus Christi. The groom is the son of the late Harold art Butt.



Corpus Christi Caller-Times contributed by Chris Jack

Engagements

Last-Fling

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Last of Devon announce the engagement of their daughter Katherine Andrea Last to Joseph G. Fling, son of Mrs. George A. Fling of West Chester and the late Mr. George Fling. Miss Last is a graduate of Radford School and Miller

Philadelphia Inquirer contributed by Robin & Dan Smeddy

103

Marriages

BLACK-POWER

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Black are pleased to announce the marriage of their son, Darcey to Lisa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Power. Wedding to take place November 19, 1988.

(Stony Plain, Alberta) Reporter contributed by Tip Wollard

Main-Lay



Deborah Ann McLaughlin Lay of Cub Hill, daughter of Mardell McLaughlin of Belair-Edison, and Charles Victor Main 2nd of Towson, son of Mrs. Melvin H. Main of Wiltondale and the late Main, were married Monday at the First and

phens United Christ. Mr. and Mrs. Main dants

Baltimore Sunday Sun contributed by Nancy L. Thayer

Mrs. Bacon RUMP-BACON

Kathleen Margaret Rump and James Peter Bacon II were married at 2 p.m. Saturday at Aldersgate United Methodist Church.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lawrence Rump of 815 Bull Springs Road, is a graduate of Fur University, where she ear

newspaper unidentified contributed by Brent Dreibelbis & Kirk Ireson



COLON - HOLES Married

Lisa Paige Colon and Shawn David Holes were married June 4 in the Adirondack Community Church, Lake Placid, N.Y. A reception followed at Frederick's of Signal Hill. Parents of the couple

Chicago Tribune contributed by Nancy Dearhammer

Gay—Queer

Coleen F. Gay of Aberdeen and Henry B. Queer Jr. of Hoquiam will be married June 7 during an 8 p.m. ceremony at Grace Assembly in ceremony at Grace Assembly in of Weatherwax High

newspaper unidentified contributed by Diane Loving Eurlie

Madonna: Like
A Prayer 01029

Def Leppard: The
Hysteria 00927

The ultimate in sound...
The ultimate in savings...

6 COMPACT DISCS,
CASSETTES OR RECORDS
FOR THE PRICE OF 1
...with nothing
more to buy ever!

U2: Rattle &
Hum 00596
Richard Marx: Repeat
Offender 01118

Debbie Gibson:
Electric Youth
00827

PLUS 2 MORE CDs FREE
FOR CD MEMBERS! SEE OTHER SIDE

Guns N' Roses: GN'R Lies • Patience,
Reckless Life, etc. Geffen 00805
Roy Orbison: Mystery Girl • In The Real
World, more. Virgin 00842
Randy Travis: Old 8x10 • Honky Tonk Moon,
Is It Still Over?, etc. Warner Bros. 00008
Tone-Loc: Lōc-Ed After Dark • Wild Thing,
Funky Cold Medina, etc. Delicious 01033
Bette Midler: Beaches/Original Motion
Picture Sdtrk. • Atlantic 00793
Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl, • Straight Up,
title smash, etc. Virgin 00933
Soul II Soul: Keep On Movin' • Title song,
Back To Life, etc. Virgin 14823*
Don Henley: The End Of The Innocence
Title song, etc. Geffen 01064
Milli Vanilli: Girl You Know It's True • Title
song, etc. Ariola 01048
R.E.M.: Green • Orange Crush, Pop Song 89,
etc. Warner Bros. 00715
George Strait: Beyond The Blue Neon
Title hit, etc. MCA Digital 01025
TNT: Intuition • Tonight I'm Falling, Wisdom,
etc. Mercury 01067*

Eurythmics: We Too Are One • Don't Ask Me
Why, more. Arista 63954
Too Short: Life Is... Too Short • City Of Dope,
etc. Jive 54041*
Elvis Presley: The Complete Sun Sessions
That's All Right, etc. RCA 72289
Bobby McFerrin: Simple Pleasures • Don't
Worry, Be Happy, etc. EMI 64165
Ronnie Milsap: Stranger Things Have Happened -
Houston Solution, etc. RCA 01028
Simply Red: A New Flame • It's Only Love,
Enough, etc. Elektra 01012
Judy Collins: Sanity And Grace • Pretty
Polly, etc. Gold Castle 01039
Restless Heart: Big Dreams In A Small
Town • Eldorado, etc. RCA 24777
Enuff Z'Nuff • New Thing, Fly High Michelle,
etc. A&O 64257*
Bruce Hornsby And The Range • Scenes
From The Southside RCA 80187
The Cowboy Junkies: The Trinity Session
Sweet Jane, etc. RCA 01043
Major Glenn Miller & The Army Air Force
Band 1943-44 • RCA/Bluebird 14720

Roxette: Look Sharp! • The Look, Cry,
Dressed For Success, etc. EMI 01106*
Tom Petty: Full Moon
Fever • Free Fallin', etc.
MCA 33911
Melissa Etheridge • Don't
You Need, Occasionally, etc.
Island 60352
Enya: Watermark • Orinoco
Flow (Sail Away), others.
Geffen 01041
Beethoven, Sym. No. 9
(Choral) • Norrington conducts.
Angel Digital 00467
Sheena Easton: The Lover In Me • Days I like
This, 101, etc. MCA 00708
Lyle Lovett And His Large Band • Stand By
Your Man, etc. MCA/Curb
00032
INXS: Kick • Need You Tonight, Devil Inside,
etc. Atlantic Digital 53606
Bon Jovi: Slippery When Wet • Never Say
Goodbye, etc. Mercury 43465
Karyn White • Superwoman, Love Saw It, etc.
Warner Bros. 00832
U2: The Joshua Tree • With Or Without You,
more. Island 53501
Samantha Fox: I Wanna Have Some
Fun • I Only Wanna Be With You, etc.
RCA/Jive 00676
Dirty Dancing/Original Motion Picture
Soundtrack • RCA 82522
Dirty Dancing Live In Concert • Hungry
Eyes, Yes, etc. RCA 01026

Paul Shaffer: Coast To Coast
When The Radio Is On, Metal
Beach, etc. Capitol 74059*



Guns N' Roses:
Appetite For
Destruction
70348

Clint Black: Killing Time • A Better Man,
others. RCA 01112*
Elton John: Reg Strikes Back • Town Of
Plenty, more. MCA Digital 00802
10,000 Maniacs: Blind Man's Zoo • Trouble
Me, Headstrong, etc. Elektra 30236
Led Zeppelin IV (Runes) • Rock And Roll,
others. Atlantic 12014
Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: American
Road, etc. Atlantic Digital 00714
Highway 101: 101* • Setting Me Up, Desperate
Road, etc. Warner 00475
"Big Chill" • Heard It Through The Grapevine,
etc. Motown 33970
The Duke Ellington Orchestra: Digital Duke
GRP • Digital 63356
Anthrax: State Of Euphoria • Antisocial,
Schism, etc. Island 00589

James Galway: Greatest
Hits • The Pink Panther, etc.
RCA Digital 73233
Winger • Headed For A
Heartbreak, Seventeen,
more. Atlantic 00830
Bobby Brown: Don't Be
Cruel • Don't Be Cruel,
Roni, etc. MCA 00621
Dion: Yo Frankie • King Of
The New York Streets, etc.
Arista 00825
The Judds: River Of Time • One Man
Woman, Young Love, etc. RCA 01027
Poison: Open Up And Say...Ahh! • Good
Love, etc. Capitol/Enigma 73989
Ziggy Marley And The Melody Makers: One
Bright Day • Virgin 54093
20 Million Dollar Memories • The Everly
Brothers, others. Laurie 20773
Don Williams: One Good Wall • Learn To Let
It Go, etc. RCA 62406
AC/DC: Back In Black • You Shook Me All
Night Long, Hell's Bells, etc. Atlantic 13772
Stevie Nicks: The Other Side Of The Mirror
Two Kinds Of Love, etc. Modern 70946
Robert Palmer: Heavy Nova • Simply Ir-
resistible, etc. EMI 00035
Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; • Chic. Sym./
Soll. more. London Digital 25179



Prince: Batman/Soundtrack
Baldance, Electric Chair,
Partyman, Trust, Vicki Wait-
ing, Scandalous, etc.
Warner Bros. 60344

Bon Jovi:
New Jersey
00516



YOUR SAVINGS START HERE—Complete And Mail This Card Today!

YES, please accept my membership in the BMG Music Service and send me the four albums I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 hit at regular Club prices during the next year—after which I can choose a FREE album. And, if I have checked off compact discs here, I can choose 2 more CDs free! That's 8 CDs or 6 tapes or records for the price of 1...with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

SEND MY SELECTIONS
ON (check one only):
 COMPACT DISCS**
 CASSETTES
 RECORDS*

I am most interested in
the musical category checked
here—but I may always
feel free to choose from any
(check one only):

1 EASY LISTENING (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)
2 COUNTRY 3 HARD ROCK
4 POP SOFT ROCK 5 CLASSICAL

MR. MRS. MISS First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address Apt.

City State Zip

Telephone (Area Code)

Signature

RUSH ME
THESE 4 HITS
(Indicate by number):

MS374A



** Members who select compact discs will be serviced by the BMG Compact Disc Club. Full membership details will follow, with the same 10-day, no obligation privilege.
* Selections marked (*) not available on record.
Limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

USC AF ZAU5C AS

* Selection marked (*) not available on record.

Enjoy Spectacular Savings On
Compact Discs, Cassettes Or Records!

The Traveling Wilburys
Vol. 1 00711

6 COMPACT DISCS,
CASSETTES OR RECORDS
FOR THE
PRICE OF 1

...with nothing more to buy ever!



Anita Baker: Giving You The Best That I Got Elektra 00586
Kathy Mattea: Willow In The Wind • Title song, etc. Mercury 00075
Classic Marches • St. Louis/Stalkin', Elgar, others. RCA Digital 00996
Elvis Costello: Spike • Veronica, ...This Town..., etc. Warner Bros. 00841
The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles • A&M 73924
Holst, The Planets • Montreal Symphony/Dutoit. London Digital 15448
Whitney Houston: Whitney • So Emotional, others. Arista 52854
Kenny G: Silhouette • Tradewinds, little song, etc. Arista 00603
Bonny Goodman & His Orchestra: Sing, Sing, Sing, • RCA/Bluebird 04857
Raffi: Singable Songs For The Very Young Shoreline 44494
Vixen • Edge Of A Broken Heart, Cryin', Desperate, etc. EMI 00507
John Cougar Mellencamp: Big Daddy Pop Singer, Martha Say, etc. Mercury 80064
Morton Downey Jr. Singal • Operato Operate, more. Compose/PP1 01082
Rick Astley: Hold Me In Your Arms • Dial My Number, etc. RCA 00684
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: More Great Dirt Latest hits! Warner Bros. 00818
New Order: Technique • Fine Time, All The Way, etc. Qwest 00938
Dan Seals: Rage On • Big Wheels In The Moonlight, etc. Capitol 00041
Def Leppard: Pyromania • Photograph, Rock! Rock!, etc. Mercury 70402
Barry Manilow: Greatest Hits, Vol. 1 Mandy, Daybreak, etc. Arista 72863
Kiri te Kanawa Sings Gershwin • Summer-time, more. Angel Digital 70250
Skid Row • Youth Gone Wild, I Remember You, etc. Atlantic 01038

The Cult: Sonic Temple 01015

Tesla: The Great Radio Controversy • Hang Tough, etc. Geffen 00839
Tracy Chapman • Fast Car, Talkin' 'Bout A Revolution, more. Elektra 53582
Lou Reed: New York • Dirty Blvd., Halloween Parade, etc. Sire 01058
White Lion: Big Game • Little Fighter, Dirty Woman, etc. Atlantic 30143
Anne Murray: As I Am • Flying On Your Own, etc. Capitol 00592
.30 Special: Rock & Roll Strategy • Second Chance, others. A&M 00599
Joe Sample: Spellbound • U Turn, little song, etc. Warner Bros. 00847
Phil Collins: Buster/Original Motion Picture Sdtrk. • Atlantic 00517
Genesis: Invisible Touch • Tonight Tonight, Domino, etc. Atlantic 53740
Dwight Yoakam: Buenas Noches From A Lonely Room • Reprise 00009
Horowitz Plays Mozart • Concerto No. 23 in A; more. DG Digital 15436
Van Halen: OUB12 • Fools So Good, Cabo Wabo, etc. Warner Bros. 50913

Great White: Twice Shy • Once Bitten Twice Shy, etc. Capitol 01100
K.T. Oslin: This Woman • Hold Me, Money, title song, more. RCA 00579
Debbie Gibson: Out Of The Blue • Only In My Dreams, etc. Atlantic 54066
The Replacements: Don't Tell A Soul • I'll Be You, etc. Sire 01024
Eddie Brickell & New Bohemians: Shooting Rubber Bands At The Stars • Goffin 00789
David Lanz: Cristofori's Dream • Free Fall, etc. Narada/MCA 00853
Jimmy Page: Outrider • Wasting My Time, The Only One, etc. Goffin 23721
Lita Ford: Lita • Close My Eyes Forever, others. RCA 24793
Cinderella: Long Cold Winter • Gypsy Road, more. Mercury 14780
Classic Rock, Vol. 1 • Ten original hits from Elton John, others. MCA 44313
Classic Rock, Vol. 2 • All-star rock 'n' roll hits from Steely Dan, more. MCA 44314

Fine Young Cannibals: The Raw And The Cooked 01059

Alabama: Southern Style 00914

**PLUS 2 MORE
CDs FREE
FOR CD MEMBERS!**

AND DON'T MISS THESE SMASH HITS

Fleetwood Mac: Greatest Hits00796
Rod Stewart: Sing It Again Rod00942
Best Of Dire Straits00713
Kiss: Smashes Thrashes And Hits00736
The Judds: Greatest Hits44578
Best Of Judy Collins01040
Dave Grusin: Collocation00029
Alabama: Greatest Hits20247
R.E.M.: Eponymous00701
Dion: The Wanderer (18 Hits)00999
Bananamera: Greatest Hits00616
Dokken: Beast From The East00717
Hank Williams, Jr.: Greatest Hits III00840
Best Of Eric Clapton23385
Elvis Presley: The #1 Hits72190
Steve Winwood: Chronicles34501
Lee Greenwood: Gt. Hits, Vol. 200661
The Best Of Bad Company80321
The Very Best Of Connie Francis23434
Willie Nelson: Gt. Hits, Vol. 100705

HERE'S HOW YOU SAVE!

Start Now With 4 Compact Discs, Cassettes Or Records! You agree to buy just 1 more hit at regular Club prices (usually \$8.98-\$9.98 for tapes or records, \$14.98-\$15.98 for compact discs), and take up to one full year to do it. Then you can choose another hit FREE! And if you've selected CDs, you choose an additional 2 CDs FREE. That's 6 tapes or records or 8 CDs for the price of one and there's nothing more to buy over!

No Further Obligation Whatsoever! You buy what you want...when you want it. It's all up to you! Exciting "Members-Only" Benefits! You'll receive the Club's exclusive magazine about every three weeks. It will feature the Main Selection in your favorite music category, plus hundreds of other hits—many at bargain prices. In all, you'll have 19 convenient, shop-at-home opportunities a year. Send no money when you order...we'll bill you later. (A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.)

It's Easy To Get Your Favorite Hits! If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you want other hits or none, just say so on the card always provided by the date specified. You'll always have at least 10 days to decide. But if you don't, you may return your Main Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership by writing to us whenever you wish upon completing your enrollment agreement. Or remain a member and keep on saving!

FREE 10-Day Trial! Listen to your 4 introductory hits for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them without obligation. So don't delay. Mail this card today!

MS374A BMG Music Service, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194. TRADEMARKS USED IN THE ADVT ARE THE PROPERTY OF VARIOUS TRADEMARKS OWNERS

*Selection marked (+) not available on record.

Start with **4** compact discs, cassettes **1¢** or records for only **1¢** plus shipping & handling with membership
Buy just **1** smash hit in one year's time.
Then get **1** album of your choice.

Enjoy **6** albums for the price of one.

PLUS 2 FREE CDs SEE DETAILS

Nothing more to buy...EVER

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 5071 INDIANAPOLIS, IN

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

BMG MUSIC SERVICE
P.O. Box 91001
INDIANAPOLIS IN 46209-9637





TRUE FACTS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

WHEN TWO COCONUTS and a pair of candles were found near the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill in Ottawa, Ontario, prior to the arrival of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, Canadian police were "unable to determine whether the [items] were a deliberate hoax or simply an unusual set of objects left by accident."

Toronto's *Globe and Mail* reported that the prime minister's arrival was delayed ten minutes while police blew up the coconuts and candles. (contributed by David Sutherland)

FIVE FORTUNETELLERS from northern England cut short a visit to Ireland after crystal balls "and other tools of the clairvoyants' trade" were stolen from their car in Dublin. A spokesperson for the group said they "sensed something might go wrong soon after they arrived, but did not know what." *El Paso Times* (contributed by Richard Brandt)

THE *LOS ANGELES TIMES* reported that in Anzio, Italy, "twenty bandits armed with pistols and machine guns raided a Colgate-Palmolive factory and escaped with \$740,000 worth of soap, toothpaste, bubble bath, and shampoo." (contributed by David & Terri Ostovich)

FORTY MINUTES AFTER President Hossain Mohammad Ershad of Bangladesh led fifty thousand people in a national prayer for an end to a long drought, rain began falling on Dhaka, the capital. According to the *New York Times*, the "showers intensified into severe thunderstorms and two tornadoes that killed at least five hundred people as they raked across twenty villages, destroying more than five thousand homes." (contributed by Daryl Noakes)

THIS CURIOUS "ADDENDUM" was published in *L.A. Weekly*:

"In last week's film review of *Star Trek V*, Helen Knode wondered if in *Star Trek VI* they'll 'put Jim, Bones, and Scotty naking in a hot tub together playing hide the sausage.' She meant to ask whether they'll put Jim, Bones, and *Spock* together to play hide the sausage. She apologizes for any misunderstanding." (contributed by Moss Krivin)

PRISCILLA ANN FEATHERS was arrested after she allegedly entered the San Antonio State Employees Federal Credit Union office, told a teller she had a gun in her purse, and was given \$2,500.

According to witnesses, Feathers returned some of the money to the teller, then left. Outside, "she quarreled with a man waiting in a car," then returned to the teller, giving back still more of the cash. When Feathers attempted to flee a second time, "the man took the key out of the ignition and gave it to the teller, who refused to give it back until the woman gave her back the rest of the money." Feathers returned the rest of the cash, then left. She was later arrested. *San Antonio Light* (contributed by Charles H. Kean)

NEWS FROM THE DRINKING front: The senior class of High School South in Middletown, New Jersey, decided to allocate five hundred dollars "to give each graduating senior a commemorative white porcelain mug, trimmed with blue and gold."

However, when school officials decided the mug looked too much like a beer stein and might send the wrong message about alcohol abuse, principal James Mullevy ordered that holes be drilled in the bottoms of all 372 mugs.

"It does make you drink faster," noted one graduate. *Asbury Park Press* (contributed by Ray Hodnett)

And in Wadeye, Australia, an Aboriginal youth, upset at being turned away from a drinking club, vandalized cars, a Catholic church, and the lo-

cal police station. In response, a local "alcohol awareness group" broke into the club and demolished its interior, doing some \$50,000 worth of damage.

That act, however, merely served to inflame area drinkers, fifty of whom broke into the "cool-room" of the shattered club and made off with four hundred cartons of beer. When police took after the beer looters, another fifty drinkers stormed the club, making off with another hundred cartons of beer.

Before the incident ended, more than \$100,000 worth of damage had been done, and the drinking club's license was suspended. *Bulletin* (contributed by Keith Foley)

DR. MARIO PEREZ-REYES, professor of psychiatry at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, School of Medicine, was swamped with volunteers for an experiment involving video games and controlled substances. The professor offered twenty-five dollars per day for people willing to play video games while drinking screwdrivers, smoking marijuana, or taking amphetamines.

"The response was immediate," the professor commented. "This spreads through the grapevine. Good drugs, good

money." *Asheville Citizen* (contributed by Robert D. Goforth)

POLICE IN ENGLAND used a British Airways jet in a training exercise. As part of the exercise, officers hid a piece of gelignite in a passenger seat, where it remained undiscovered for two weeks after the plane was returned to regular service. The explosive material was finally found by cleaning personnel after it worked its way through the upholstery. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, the explosive was "overlooked by police dogs trained to search for bombs." (contributed by Gary J. Prebula)

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

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

Beware the Stair



This drawing by an anonymous architect for a "prestigious Boston firm" was among the drawings submitted to the State of Massachusetts for a large building project. It was formally labeled "New code for 'No H / C Access.'" (contributed by David Spiro)



TRUE FACTS REPORTER

BY JOHN BENDEL

ON THE JOB EDITION

Temporary Insanity

Your True Facts Reporter recently interviewed Brenda, a feisty secretary who works in various law offices through a temporary-placement agency. Her observations on the plight of the legal temp follow.

USUALLY, YOU HEAR SCURRYING behind the door just before you walk into a new office. All the other secretaries are sitting there looking at you like they're really glad to see you, but they really think you've come to ruin the business.

You sit down at the desk they've assigned you and notice the chair is broken. They figure you're only a temp and somehow you won't notice that one of your checks is hanging off the chair. Then you notice that the stapler doesn't work, that the Dictaphone won't play unless you kick it just the right way, and that all the pens are dried out. That's when you realize that all the scurrying before you walked in was the other secretaries sticking all the broken office supplies on your desk.

You spend the next half hour trying to fix the chair because you don't want to ask too many questions. They hate to answer questions. They figure you should know everything about their office before you get there, like you should have studied up on it instead of doing other things, like getting married and raising a family.

When you do ask a question, you get eyes rolling to the ceiling as if to say, "Don't you know *anything*?" And when they answer, they talk loud and slow, as if you're hard of hearing. "TYPE THE DATE IN THE UP-PER RIGHT-HAND COR-NER. DEAR-IE, THE AD-DRESS GOES HERE. . . ." etc.

But they won't tell you where anything is, especially the stamps. They figure you're going to steal those because they're negotiable. In fact, they figure you're going to steal everything. That's why they stuck you with all the junk they want to disappear anyway.

Then you begin to notice remnants of a past secretary—one shoe, sunglasses, and a contact lens. You figure there must have been a struggle. But you don't know if she

died on the job or just ran like hell, and you don't know if you might be next. I always keep my shoes on and my pocketbook packed. I don't spread out too much, either.

But you can't spread out much anyway. The place they stuck your desk in is a former closet. "Just tear the door off," the boss probably said, "and we can stick the temp in there."

Most of the places where I work have about three or four lawyers, the same number of secretaries, and there's always one pompous office manager who rules the hens. She never has time to answer questions, but spends hours every day talking to her boyfriend on the phone, unless she's sleeping with one of the lawyers. Then it's her therapist on the phone. And even though there's work piled on every desk in the place, she has time to play video games.

The other secretaries always talk in whispers and you assume they're talking about you. Then you figure out they're talking office gossip they don't want you to know because they're sure you're writing a book.

If you stay long enough, though, they'll let you in on it, but you get the story in bits and pieces. Like you find out a big deal just fell through for one of the partners. Then you find out the partner blew the deal. Then

you learn that the partner's *secretary* ruined the deal and you wonder if she'll leave behind the next shoe and a contact lens.

The lawyers do their dictating while they drive, and it's all garbled with the sound of horns honking and the radio in the background. Mostly you deal with civil suits—bodily injury, wrongful deaths, and stuff like that. But once in a while you get a weird case, like this one rapist who kept calling from prison to complain about the new lady assistant warden who gave him dirty looks in the mess hall. She'd probably read this bozo's history. I did, so whenever he asked who he was talking to I always told him I was just a temp and I wouldn't be there when he got out. I gave him the name of the office manager. She deserved it anyway.

Then there's always one partner who's always working on a "big deal." You've got to drop what you're doing and work on this presentation for him. But the same thing always happens. The guy comes back from the big meeting with the client and some other law firm got the job. I used to think it was exciting to do that kind of thing; then I started running to the ladies' room every time this guy came out of his office.

In another place it was just me and this one lawyer. He was a chain smoker, so I





didn't see much of him. He was always in a cloud of smoke, making excuses for missing this motion or that trial. I found out later he was arrested for doing drugs, so now I know what he was really doing inside that cloud. I had to wash out my eyeballs when I left each day.

At least the men are civil. The women lawyers are tough. Not only do they have their cycles to deal with, they expect you to be subservient. You'll turn in a whole day's work, and this female associate will look at you with her nostrils flared. "Do you realize," she'll say, tapping her false fingernail on the desktop, "that you've used the *old* stationery instead of the *new* stationery?"

Well, no. If I knew that I wouldn't have, now would I?

"The *new* stationery," she says, as though speaking to a walking chancre sore, "has an asterisk next to my name to indicate that I've passed the Pennsylvania bar as well as the bars of New York and New Jersey."

Oooh. That must put her in line for a throne somewhere.

The first day I worked for this lady she came out of her office at precisely 2:45 in the afternoon, threw sixty-five cents on my desk, and walked away. So I'm sitting there with one cheek hanging off the broken chair wondering, What's this? A tip? Of course when I go into her office and ask, she gets annoyed. I'm supposed to *know* from what the angels told me in my mother's womb that the sixty-five cents is for the diet Shasta this lady expects on her desk every afternoon at three. I mean, it's bad enough to fetch soda for this bitch, but diet Shasta?

The best was the time she had a client whose husband was run over by a train. I had to look at photos of body parts every time I got out the file, but then she decides that we've got to reenact the accident to get photographs for the trial. They need someone to go down to the Conrail line where it happened and lie down on the tracks.

"Take Brenda," she says, like it's a secretary's job to lie down on a busy set of rail-

road tracks and have her picture taken.

"I'M A TEMP," I told her, real loud and real slow, "NOT RE-TAR-DED."

Business Lunch

SELLING TRUCKING DOOR-TO-DOOR through the industrial parks of the Northeast, I had the opportunity to lunch with interesting people on a regular basis. My favorite was Burt, traffic manager for a specialty-metals warehouse.

Burt was fiftyish, with horn-rimmed glasses and a big belly. He took over the job from Warren, the guy I originally did business with. Warren had been fired for betting the petty cash on the horses.

To get things off right, I invited Burt to lunch at the Ramada Inn nearby, and when he ordered a Manhattan, I drank along with him. When he ordered a second, I kept up to make him feel comfortable. I was getting dizzy by the time he ordered his third, so I got a sandwich to soak up the liquor. He finally ordered a sandwich too, but only picked at it. He asked if I'd mind putting a quart bottle of beer on the bill. He rode back to the office, burping and grasping the beer in a brown bag.

"Thanks, John," Burt said. "I think we can do business."

A month later, it was time for another expense-account lunch. "We're friends, right?" Burt asked when we were seated.

"Right," I agreed.

"Then you wouldn't mind if I didn't eat, would you?"

"Of course not," I said. "And you wouldn't mind if I did, would you?"

"Of course not," he said, then drank four straight-up Manhattans, taking a quart of gin back to the office with him. He gave us lots of business for the next month, and then it was time for lunch again.

"We're friends, aren't we?" Burt asked when we were seated.

"Of course," I agreed once again.

"Then you won't mind if I take my teeth out, will you?" he said. "It's more comfortable that way."

"Of course not," I said. "And you won't mind if I don't, will you?"

"Of course not," said Burt, loosening his tie and plunking his teeth in the glass of water the waiter had just put down. Burt fell asleep on the way back to the warehouse, clutching another brown bag, this one holding a quart of 100-proof bourbon.

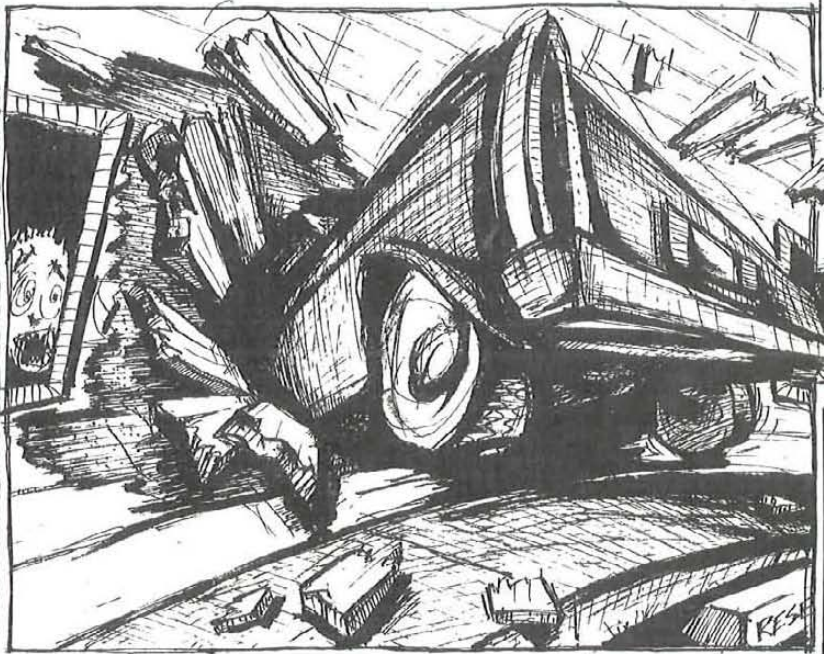
Three weeks into the month, the business suddenly stopped. We were told not to pick up at the warehouse until notified. My boss told me to find out what was wrong. "This guy's no cheap date," he reminded me.

At the warehouse, I noticed a huge, car-sized hole in the office wall, hastily covered with plywood panels. Inside, I was confronted by yet another new traffic manager.

"Burt is no longer with the company," said the new guy. "He drove to work last week and forgot to stop when he got to his parking space," he explained.

Burt was okay, though, because a week later, he showed up at a warehouse two towns away. But by the time I got down there, someone else already had the business.

The last time I saw Burt he was in a Holiday Inn restaurant with a competing sales-





TRUE FACTS REPORTER

man. Burt had his familiar glazed-over look, while the salesman wore a hard-edged, pasted-on smile as he looked straight ahead, politely trying to ignore the set of teeth sitting in the water glass between them.

After all, they were friends.

Help Wanted

Your True Facts Reporter offers these interpretations of typical employment advertisements (by an employment expert who wishes to remain anonymous) as a service to our job-hunting readers.

DISPATCHER: Profitable trailer load carrier taking applications for experienced dispatcher. Seeking customer operations pros w/excellent customer and company driver communications skills. Good starting salary w/excellent paid company benefits. (from a trucking business weekly)

True meaning: We need a Type A personality who can sweet-talk shippers and browbeat drivers. We'll pay enough for you to maintain your 1985 Buick Riviera and keep the wife and kids in Twinkies and rental housing. But we'll cover doctor bills as long as you're not too sick, and you'll have a designated spot for your Riviera right next to the building. It's not our fault you quit school to get married.

CUTTING ROOM: for New York City clothing company. Very diversified responsibilities. Must have a knowledge of cutting room procedures. Will train. English a must. (from a garment industry tabloid)

True meaning: Warm body required for loft sweatshop that cuts fabrics for illegal aliens to sew in even worse places. Prefer someone who knows enough to stay clear of sharp objects. Dirty, heavy grunt work with opportunity to learn "Shrink the Marker" and other ways to cheat client, aliens, and boss. Must be able to read elevator buttons.

REPORTER: for award-winning weekly newspaper. Cover all beats. Promising beginners considered. Photography a plus. (from a newspaper trade weekly)

True meaning: We need a fool to help produce the ton or so of newsprint we litter across lawns here in one of the remotest parts of North America. A \$60,000-\$100,000 journalism degree expected for minimum wage. Take your own pictures. Lay out your own pages. Help deliver when the winos don't show up. Hey, you're the one who wants to work on a newspaper, so take it or leave it.

PARTNER: Management consulting. Seeking successful professionals with track record of new business development, skilled in closing large projects with lengthy sales cycle. Requires superb verbal fluency, high goal orientation, ease in taking prudent risks, and consummate consultative sales ability. (display ad in major urban daily business section)

True meaning: Looking for a hotshot (a) recently dumped by a major corporation, (b) bankrupted in own venture, or (c) reckless enough to jump into highly speculative business despite his own personal debt.



Must have good wardrobe, fancy car, valid American Express card. Touch of distinguished gray at the temples helpful. Must be glib and manipulative, able to undermine prospective clients' self-confidence and move in for the kill.

REAL ESTATE: Earn \$100,000 per year! Many of our people earn more! Due to expansion we have openings for ambitious, hardworking individuals to sell high-end residential real estate. Join our team of winning real estate pros! (from a major Sunday newspaper)

True meaning: Got brass balls, the skin of an alligator, and a recently pressed suit? Don't mind prostrating yourself before the well-off? Accosting strangers? Harassing rich relatives? Then you're our guy! By the way, we just washed out another third of our underachievers to make room. Now you get three months without pay to turn over the right rock, or you're out of here too.

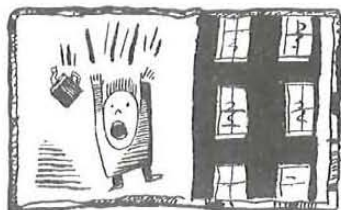
RECEPTIONIST: for midtown recording studio. Heavy client contact. Light typing. Salary \$15,000. (from a major Sunday newspaper)

True meaning: Two requirements: female and sexy. Not necessary to speak in complete sentences. We'll let you look at the clients as they walk by. Your job is to smile. Oh yes, and to call security if there's any trouble. We'll show you how.



Blow the lid off your company, school, cult, quilting bee, or street gang! Tell us why you should be interviewed by True Facts Reporter. Write:

Reporter
National Lampoon
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10013
Include a phone number.



TRUE TRAILS

THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK

B Y D A V E H A N S O N

It was the most amazing thing I've ever seen.

It started innocently enough—a surprise birthday party for my wife's friend, who has recently relocated to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and who was too preggers to come East for the occasion as she would have otherwise. I'd always wanted to see the Midwest anyway, so we decided we'd choreograph a three-day driving tour around the three days in Cedar Rapids.

Two months of planning the big "Surprise!" were dashed because the other "surprisers" became entangled in the macramé intestine of air travel that is O'Hare Airport, but we managed a nimble Plan D and everything worked out perfectly: even though our friend was due on her birthday and was having contractions on and off for our entire visit, she had the courtesy not to have a baby until after we'd left town (she had a boy when we were on the plane home).

And what we saw of the Midwest—Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa—was truly serendipitous. Not the stereotype that it's flat and nondescript, not at all. A big wide sky filled with clean air, big beautiful rolling fields and hills decorated with handsome farm animals, wide roads with sixty-five-mile-per-hour speed limits, big plates of hearty food—it's an American America. It's an *American's* America.

My love for the Midwest, I have to admit, came as a surprise. This article was on my agenda, and frankly I expected my notebook would contain enough snide comments to fill the entire True section. But in six days, only one sprang to mind ("How come we're in America's Dairyland and all anybody serves is nondairy creamer?"—certainly not enough to carry an article), and sure enough, next thing I know, I'm writing a story that's gushy and written with the upbeat enthusiasm of an eighth-grade girl's report copied from encyclopedias and press guides, and then I went to The House on the Rock, the most bizarre thing I've ever seen, so now I'm going to start to sound like a PR department after three blotters of purple microdot, a Castanedian mushroom-cloud brain salad.

You're on Route 23 going through Spring Green, Wisconsin, in the southwest portion of that Badger State, farms and pretty little towns, and you start up a hill, a

steeeeeeep one, up up up on the Escort's game little legs, to the highest point for miles around, and you enter the property. The House on the Rock, onto a drive serpentine through a cascading symphonia of flowers and twenty-foot-high vases decorated with huge iguanas. And you say, Wow. But that's nothing compared to what lies ahead.

What we knew of the house was that a) it's got a lot of stuff in it because its creator, Alex Jordan, doesn't just collect *stuff*, he collects *collections* of stuff, and b) it's built atop a sixty-foot-high rock which prosthetically heightens the beaconism of the mountain that it caps, and the natural texture of its top dictates the contour of the floor, so that it seems to tilt and lurch.

You enter the house and it is cavernous and labyrinthine, low, bevelish rooms with slab-slanted floors and upholstered ceilings and Oriental art and fountains coming out of voids in the ceiling and falling to splash in rock pools that are the actual floor. Then you get deeper into the house and you blink hard: you can't believe it isn't a dream or a shallow-sleep overstimulated nightmare, and after a while it really starts to hit you, pounds you, there's not room for all of it in your brain, it's like you took the most fascinatingly furnished and twisto-architected house you've ever seen and multiplied it by a million times, like you took the greatest garage sale/knickknack shelf/tchotchke

palace/antiques auction and multiplied that by a million times, too, as if the world's biggest tornado had dumped its entire haul into a nutscape kingdom that was then intricately collated, as if a hundred dreamscape circuses of the brain had been busted open like a piñata by the apocalypse and electromagnets had pinned each object, in methodical, artist-sanctioned order, to the walls and floors and ceilings and air space, as if the Bermuda Triangle's stash had been unvacuumed into one perfectly librarianized magnetic field, a blizzardblitz monsoon of the sensate, one huge room after another filled with hanging floating suspended flying circling soaring cacophonizing bleating blaring blinking flashing flickering glimmering cajoling squalling boiling percolating exploding things, all beautifully and impeccably linked but non sequiturs almost by their sheer incessant volume, one room has an entire brewery reconstructed and interlaced with thousands, I'm talking *thousands*, of organ pipes from the ground to a hundred feet up, catwalked among dozens of pianos, church organs, harps, lifesize war scenes in full armor, a warship propeller, immense totem hideousfaces, and the walls are breathing because they are the flues of the organs which are pounding and throbbing into your ears and skull and eyes and deafening you, massive hydraulic pumps, a huge clock propelled by the grav-



One of the staff members admitted that she'd had nightmares the first month or so she worked here.



TRUE TRAILS

ity movement of rolling cannonballs, it's like a summer with the Merry Pranksters condensed into an afternoon but all we had is coffee from the Kwik Stop in Winona, Minnesota, and this is the room after the one that contains the world's largest carousel, eighty feet in diameter, the inside of your skull is a nightmare Sendak theater of the mind, a raging, roiling, moiling kaleidoscope spinning and swirling, a dozen calliopes at once, carousel seven deep with mermaids, massive grinning heads of hens, snarling roosters, ethnic behemoths, teeth-baring elephants, centaurs, giant cats with fish in their mouths, leering livestock, ponies, pigs, satyrs, circus ladies, angels, a wreath of light-combed peacocks crowning the entire carousel, twenty thousand lights used in this thing, and then above, huge hanging creatures, chickens bobbing to the immensity of the sound, a forty-foot wall-wave of carousel horses, the pounding pounding music like the storm-surf head-throb of a Hopkins poem, I'd never seen pianos glommed, huge, all *HUGE*, a wall-to-wall baroque-o-rococo of centuries-old armor, birdcages, seashells, cannons, religious icons, a complete, I'm not lying, 120-piece orchestra, life-size in an orchestra pit, of mannequins playing pneumatically powered musical instruments, this setup alone took thirty-seven miles of wiring, and 2,300 pneumatic motors to kick into gear, four hours we were there, walking fast, jewels, the Blue Room houses another pneumatic orchestra loudloudloud, halls full of muskets and weapons including a woman's artificial leg custom-built so a derring can be hidden in the thigh, dioramas of dead stuffed animals, an eighth of a mile of dollhouses, acres of stained glass, giant fire trucks, a gaslit galleria that is an entire re-created 1880s town, the flashlit faces of the visitors, overwhelmed, amused, gawking, awed, a huge six-tiered carousel of bisque dolls in a sea of wagon wheels, it's like riding a possessed rocking horse in a child's Oz Wizard brainfever chestfever night-sweat, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse with their grins, a million things which, if you had *one* of them in your house, would make people think you were memorable and cool, miniature circuses, over a million pieces involved, a pyramid of life-size fiberglass elephants and a coffee table made of an eight-foot-long glass bellows filled with glass paperweights and then hall galleries of dishware and butterflies and crowns and carved ivory and

antique cash registers

But as incredible as this procession of objects was, the things that really made them haunting were the lighting—sometimes festive and exuberant, sometimes mausoleum-vault-frightening, sometimes cheerful or majestic or thrilling—and the pneumatically performed music ranging from *Bolero* to *Danse macabre* to the can-can, the odd, supernal sensation of seeing, of feeling the presence of, the automatic bows and blowers commencing their parts, falling into order as an orchestration gathered momentum. One piece opened with a snake charmer moving his flute to his lips, blowing it, and eliciting a cobra from the basket before him. And then drumbeats, a player piano, violas with metal arms, like isolated prostheses with no home-base person, horns, mandolins with mechanized

*The carousel is
seven deep with mermaids,
roosters, ethnic behemoths,
leering livestock,
pigs, circus ladies. . .*

strummers coming to order. Some of these orchestrations are in eerily lit caverns; some in tiny glassed-in recesses in the wall; some in opulent, ostentatious red-chandeliered stuffed-chair rooms; others in formidably populous Oriental scenarios or turreted by huge gilded Viennese angels. And in every one, all the decorative elements worked with a powerful synergy, medium and message and madness, lighting and sound and sense of obsession, beauty and terror, to emboss themselves into your brain; after weeks I can picture any one of the rooms, and if there was music playing in the room when I saw it, the entire atmosphere is as vivid to me as if I'd just left it.

The architectural highlight of The House on the Rock, sticking out from the main building like a soldiered arm, is The Infinity Room. It is like a giant enclosed diving board, jutting out from the main house 218 feet, resting on a single support column about fifty-five feet from the house, but the next 163 feet just sticking out into nowhere, suspended in mid-wobbling cantilevered flexible-floored air. You wouldn't want to be out there with the old Oprah or William Perry in a dancing mood. Inside it is a giant tapering corridor, starting out fifteen feet wide and narrowing to a point, the ceiling lower too, and your weight having an increasingly profound influence on the flooring. Visually, it is a flabbergaster—it is

enclosed by 3,264 thin-silled windows that are canted, meaning the walls bow out wider than the floor, so that wherever you look, you can't help but be looking down. It is already a mountaintop view, and with the ubiquitous windows it feels like you can see *everything*—you're 156 feet above the ground, and you can see for literally miles on every side. And if you're still not woozied, a Plexiglas window, implanted in the floor out about 200 feet, where The Infinity Room has tapered down to about four feet wide, gives you a positively breathtaking, Pampers-filling view of the oak trees below. And just so you won't forget that out here in the middle of nowhere you're still at The House on the Rock, the floorspace beyond the floorwindow is decorated with an odd little arrangement including a tiger pelt, a globe, ferns, and a chair.

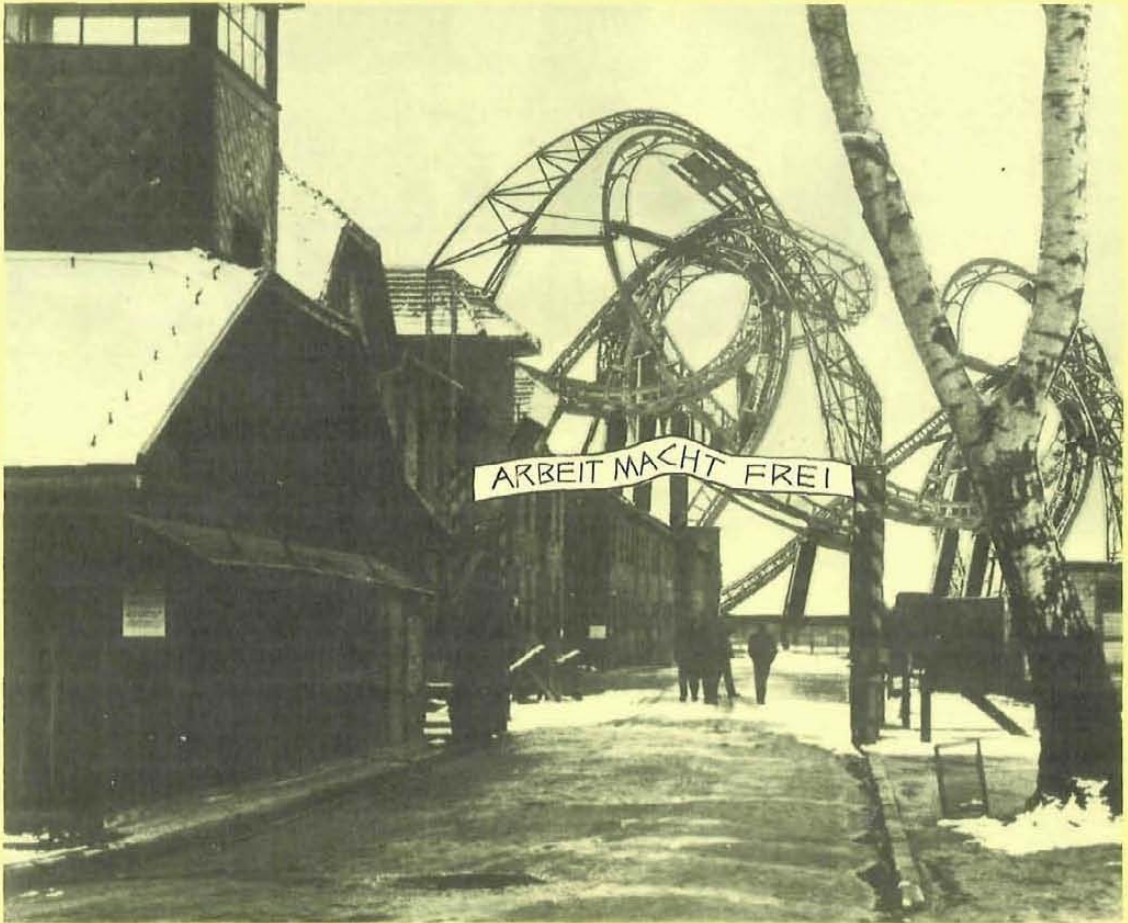
The whole thing is the brainspill of sculptor Alex Jordan. He's been working on it since 1941, when he started hauling stuff up the hill on his back to build a retreat. When people started coming to see it his progress was hampered; he started charging admission, hoping for some solitude. That just made them come in droves; but he rolled over the money, kept expanding, started working incognito, dressed as a maintenance guy to avoid being pestered. At seventy-five, he's now working on an homage to ocean life which promises a whale that'll be longer than the Statue of Liberty is tall.

We put 1,037 miles on the car, and in the process we saw many wonderful things, among them the mighty Mississippi and Genoa City, Wisconsin, home of *The Young and the Restless*. We had a great lunch in Dubuque with WDBQ disc jockey Tom Brenner and his wife, Sue, who are friends of contributing editor Dave Wielgus. We went through La Crosse and Madison and Beloit, and the week was such an Elysian tonic that now, when I feel cramped in the huddled corridorian tiny-sky narrowness of the East, I hearken back to the fields of corn and soybeans and sorghum, infinity-wide with emotional elbow room; I call back that sense of expanse and deep-lunged viewtaking the way a relaxation tape tells you to ride the golden thread to ocean's edge and let the soft fall and swell of the surf slow your heartbeat into something less straining and urgent. But I know that among the cornsilk-soft caresses of the Midwest lurks The House on the Rock, like a tiny frantic gland buried in the waterbed-big breast of the heartland, a tiny gland with an urban urgency, but, happy to say, the urgency is free of that crackheaded, shiv-handed, hard-hustled, skeleton-knee-to-the-groin urban sense I'm used to. And somehow, the House's presence makes the Midwest's loveliness that much more comforting. ■

YELLOW JOURNAL

Spanning the Globe Until We Get So Nauseous We Have to Sit Down and Rest for a While

Poles to Build Roller Coaster Inside Auschwitz



Roller coaster enthusiasts from all across Poland will be flocking to Auschwitz this summer.

In a surprising coda to his grudging decision to remove a Carmelite convent from the grounds of Auschwitz, Jozef Cardinal Glemp, primate of Poland, announced plans to erect a roller coaster within the walls of the Nazi extermination camp.

Speaking to reporters, the cardinal angrily justified his action: "The sound of Polish children laughing, the smell of popcorn and root beer — tell me, who could

find offense in such things?" At one point, directly addressing the Jewish community, the cardinal declared, "You Jews, instead of plotting and scheming behind our backs, should renounce your enmity and your pride and help us turn Auschwitz into *Auschwitzland*, an amusement theme park capable of serving all of mankind." Reaction from Jewish leaders to the cardinal's plans was mixed.

N.W.

CBS Admits: Cronkite Aired Faked Footage



Chronic venereal infections necessitated the use of faked footage during Walter Cronkite's tenure at CBS.

AP Wide World

An FCC report just released reveals that CBS has repeatedly misled the viewing public over the years by airing faked footage. The intentional misrepresentation of events dates back to the early days of television, when sports broadcaster Don Dunphy hired two men to re-create the Joe Louis-Ezzard

Charles heavyweight title fight of 1950.

The report, inspired by the confessions of former CBS head William S. Paley, goes on to claim that the bulk of the network's abuses occurred during Walter Cronkite's tenure as anchorman.

"We'd send Cronkite off to Viet-

nam with a film crew and a fat per diem," Paley is quoted as saying. "More often than not he'd head straight for Bangkok and get so syphed up that reporting the news was completely out of the question. So we'd fake it. So what?"

D.H.

Marcos Corpse Finally Claimed

After several months in limbo, the decayed remains of onetime Filipino leader Ferdinand Marcos will finally be laid to rest.

The Long Island community of Hempstead, New York, the same town that eventually allowed the legendary unclaimed garbage barge to unload its cargo in the city dump, has given Marcos's widow, Imelda, permission to bury the corpse of the mouse-faced despot in the same landfill.

"We will consider it an honor to serve as the burial ground for a deceased world leader of Mr. Marcos's stature," stated

newly sworn-in deputy mayor Edgar Perkins, whose welcoming of Mr. Marcos's body was his first official act.

World leaders, for the most part, condemned the action. United Nations Secretary General Javier Perez de Cuellar issued an exceptionally emotional denunciation of the act, stating that "to accept the remains of a brutal, vicious, inhuman dictator of Marcos's magnitude is as heinous and reprehensible as Marcos himself. This is a truly deplorable action and absolutely unforgivable. Not to mention that his whole body must be puffy with maggots by this time."

D.H.

Ballard Announces Latest Discovery

Dr. Robert Ballard, the prominent oceanographer who discovered the remains of the *Titanic* and the *Bismarck*, has announced a dramatic new discovery: a plastic spoon at the bottom of his swimming pool.

At a press conference at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts, Ballard described how the discovery came about. "I thought I remembered one of my kids saying he dropped a spoon in the pool during a cookout last week. Using an advanced robotic submersible equipped with television cameras, my team and I were able to conduct a successful search for the spoon."

The spoon is lying upright in about eight feet

of water in the pool's deep end, according to Ballard, and is pointing in a north-easterly direction.

Dramatic underwater footage shown by Ballard at the press conference showed the spoon to be in an excellent state of preservation. Ballard noted that no remains of ketchup, mustard, or other condiments were visible on the spoon.

Some members of Ballard's family have expressed hope that the spoon might be raised from the pool's bottom and reused at a future cookout. However, Dr. Ballard firmly opposes such a salvage operation, saying, "It would be a sacrilege to disturb the plastic spoon. I intend to push for legislation protecting its final resting place."

S.Y.

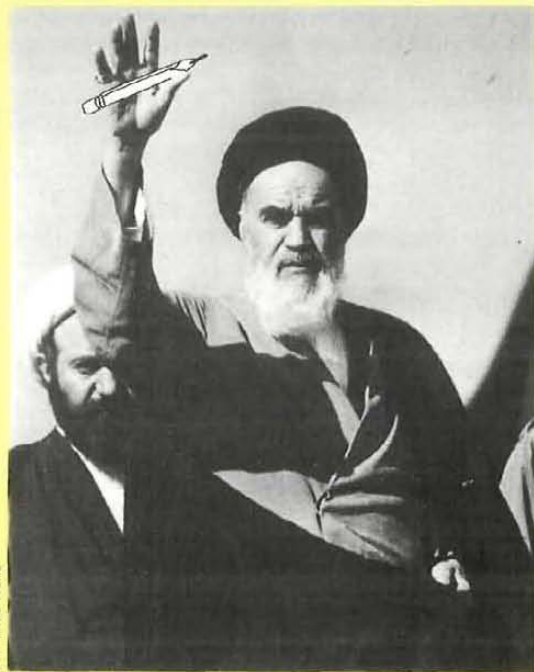
Relief for Minimum-Wage Slaves

President Bush's economic advisers recently unveiled a plan to improve the plight of low-income Americans. Instead of increasing the minimum wage, the president has decided to increase the length of the workday.

"Up to now the reason persons being paid the minimum wage could not earn enough money was that there were not enough hours in the day," said a White House spokesperson. "Henceforth, as of March 1, 1990, there will be forty hours in each day. Saturday and Sunday will be seventy hours long. Thus a person who works half-days and a full day on either Saturday or Sunday will be able to pull in over twenty-six grand a year, before taxes."

L.P.

Khomeini Screenplays Discovered



AP/Wide World

"The Ayatollah refused to do rewrites. If he liked the director, maybe he'd do a polish," says agent Swifty Lazar.

The government of Iran confirmed reports that at the time of his death, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini was working on a polish of a screenplay he had sold to Universal Pictures. Rumors that in addition to presiding over the Islamic Republic of Iran, the Ayatollah worked as a screenwriter had been circulating throughout the Mideast for years. A large trunk recently unearthed in the holy city of Qom — containing at least six finished screenplays plus numerous

first drafts and treatments, all in the Ayatollah's hand — fully details the extent of the Imam's screenwriting efforts. While the Iranian government refused further comment on the disclosure, Swifty Lazar, Khomeini's longtime friend and agent, released the following statement: "The Ayatollah worked on spec — exclusively. He considered development deals the work of Satan; studio heads were anathema to him, and he'd very rarely take meetings."

N.W.

Contributors:

Nick Bakay
Dave Hanson

Tony Kisch
Louis Phillips

Ned Ward
Steven Young

Inside Larry King



Can I hear it just one time before I die? Can that be arranged, by the grace of God, just once in my life? Might I finally savor the delicious aroma from a steaming slice of humble pie when you, for the first time in recorded history, ADMIT THAT I WAS RIGHT AND YOU WERE WRONG?... No? Well then, let's all turn the page on this sordid little episode and dig into some rapid-fire pop culture à la mode....

Don't try to tell this reporter that Satan doesn't have a hand in the success of Richard Chamberlain.... Next time your boss tries to claim credit for your good ideas, secretly hide a tape deck in his office air vent and delight him with an endless, haunting loop of *The Best of Air Supply*.... So what's next for aging Met backstop Gary Carter? A pathetic tour through American Legion ball replete with third-person sermons about how "it's up to Gary Carter to have a Gary Carter season, only Gary Carter can put up the kind of numbers that I think Gary Carter is still capable of, and hey sure, Gary Carter has the knees of a ninety-year-old scrubwoman, but I still think he's got five good years left"?... Speaking of sports, tops on my wish list for the current football season is to see Vinny Testaverde's head explode into smithereens following a vicious hit on *Monday Night Football*. Just imagine seeing the replay from seventeen different angles while the ever-considerate Dan Dierdorf warns those at home with a history of heart conditions not to look... *sex, lies, and videotape*? Why, I found it nothing more than a derivative, elongated version of *Welcome Back, Kotter*.... Darn! I'll Just Fess Up Department: Unlike most men, I like breasts and stare at them whenever I can.... Is it just me, or does Dwight Yoakam's name make you think of an obscure tissue in the pancreas?... Hot Hollywood Scoop: Mike Tyson to star in remake of *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.... Goddammit, but I hate that fucking Sting.... I find the fact that the Stones are touring about as exciting as the resurrection of Tom Wopat's career.... Come on, admit it, one more Vietnam movie and we'll all have filled our sympathy quota for the next billion years. How the hell are you not bound to grow a tad weary of the typical vet who blames his shaky work record on the Tet offensive and not good old Jack Daniel's. While these guys have served up their lives as an inspiration for a generation of Hollywood draft dodgers to create the next Sean Penn vehicle, the Vietnamese have cornered the fruit-market industry. I guess fifty years of total war builds a healthy appreciation of the American way.... When you stop to think about it, was John Belushi really *that* funny?... My personal

list of women too scary to think about while slamming the old ham: Yoko, Leona, Sukhreet, Hedda, Jackée, Cher... in fact, any woman who can be identified without any mention of a last name.... Just to show you that having all the right connections and a mother lode of ambition doesn't always spell success, consider sibling/total failure LaToya Jackson.... Have you ever noticed that Daryl Hannah has legs like a marionette puppet? Of course, her old SAT scores lend even more evidence to this startling theory.... Tips for College Students: If a classmate with his nose deeply buried in a paperback edition of *The Hobbit* tries to sit at your dining-hall table, don't be a fool: move away as quickly as you can.... Say, all this babbling makes me hungry. I have a serious hankering for some reconstituted fish bladders parboiled with a shot of Frangelico and oodles of red, delicious port-wine cheese.... Do you think Patti LaBelle used one iota of foresight when she decided to base her image around these ultra-hideous hair styles that take three hours a day to construct and spray into the consistency of a brick wall? Doubt it.... Let me close here with a true story: I was driving down the motorway late one night, during a seventy-nine-hour journey that I like to do in one day. My mind was roaming, I'd been driving for what seemed like ages, and suddenly I had a yen for some chocolate-coated doughnuts. Like a sign from above I came upon a 7-Eleven as I turned the next corner. If there's one thing you can count on at a 7-Eleven, it's quality food products, and I pulled in faster than you can say "Cheese Slurpee." Well, I hopped out, went straight to the young lad manning the counter, and said, "Doughnuts. Chocolate-coated doughnuts. I want every one you've got, and don't spare the boxes in the storage room." And this young fella looked up at me and he said, "Mr. King, we just sold our last box. We won't have a chocolate doughnut in this place until Thursday." "But that's not for days!" I exclaimed. "Young man, I've driven long, solitary hours to be here, I've been fixated on chocolate doughnuts for the last ten minutes, you're talking to a man who isn't used to getting no for an answer, I don't know if I can go on living without a chocolate doughnut, and yet you tell me you have none!!!" Well. This young fella took a moment, thought it over, and said to me, "That's right." And do you know what I did? I said, "All right, then give me some Pop-Tarts." And they were good, too. I'm Larry King and I'll be back next time with a nice brisket and some derma on the side.

N.B.



John Duke Kisch

FAMOUS AQUARIANS:

Henry Wirz, William M. Tweed, Bruno Koschmider, Baby Jane Holzer, Torquemada, Pete Best, Moondog, Cripple Clarence Lofton, and Daniel Rakowitz.

Your Birthday: Jupiter moves into Pluto's cusp, causing serious financial difficulty that will weigh heavily on your mind, resulting in sleepless nights and bloating. ORB suggests that you file Chapter 11, change your name and appearance, and abandon your fat, bitter wife and two brats, whom you should have smothered at birth. Say adieu likewise to erstwhile parasitic business partners. You're starting out afresh this month. It's time to go out and experience heartbreak and dis-

mal failure on your own terms. Happy birthday, loser!

PISCES (2/19-3/20): Mars adversely affected by Uranus will create an environment fraught with terror for cocky, independent young women with good jobs. Look for a stuttering man wearing a hunting vest to offer you a ride home from an indoor sporting event. **DON'T GET IN THE CAR!**

ARIES (3/21-4/19): That ol' sourpuss, Saturn, will be setting in motion a series of unpleasant events that could very well end in heavy jail time for you or a loved one. Expect no favors this month and keep a low profile; the cosmos is on your case.

TAURUS (4/20-5/20): Ignoring my celestial warning, you will throw a party around mid-month. Expect: vomit on the rug, cigarette burns on the Chippendale, sodomy performed in your bedroom by two unknown gate-crashers... Need I go on? Hey, dude, party down!

GEMINI (5/21-6/21): This is not an ideal time to finalize financial dealings. Explain this to the folks who will kidnap your only child at the end of the month. They should understand. Then again, they might

send you the kid's left foot C.O.D. Hey, this ain't no exact science, y'know!

CANCER (6/22-7/22): Venus in Scorpio, aspected by Jupiter, makes this an ideal time to pull the plug on Mom. Take out a loan against your imminent inheritance and throw a "yanking party." Won't that be fun?

LEO (7/23-8/22): There is always something to be learned from challenging the planetary influences. You'll find this out the hard way this month when your loan shark has both your legs gently broken after you ignore his demand for his customary 450 percent vigorish on your loan. ORB suggests a quick vacation in New Zealand, but you Leos are too stupid to listen, anyway. See ya, gimpy!

VIRGO (8/23-9/22): Surprise! Your brand-new \$657,000 house is chock-full of radon! By the time you find out, everyone will know, and you won't be able to unload that split-level Hiroshima until 2086. Look forward to hair loss, bleeding gums, boils... You get the picture. Have a happy day.

LIBRA (9/23-10/22): Your social life will be somewhat curtailed by a sudden, disgusting

outbreak of facial eczema. Your formerly cute kisser will resemble an exploded calzone. Hey, make a sensitive movie with Cher!

SCORPIO (10/23-11/21): Your husband turns out to be a serial killer and fourteen kids are buried under your rumpus room. Expect the neighbors to act a little coolly toward you for a while. You can really pick 'em, Scorp!

SAGITTARIUS (11/22-12/21): Activity in Taurus compels you to go on an eating binge, and you blow up like a dead dog to approximately 350 pounds. Instead of that Bahamian thing the ORB suggests the Pittsburgh diet: have a welder seal your fat mouth shut permanently. Your husband will love the new look and the silence.

CAPRICORN (12/22-1/19): So much needs to be brought out into the open, discussed and analyzed - in other words, you are going to throw up on your boss's desk. Buried under the deluge will be his preliminary approval of your long-awaited raise. Keep your résumé handy, you're gonna need it.

T.K.

Nonsmoking Legislation Passed

The Senate has passed a controversial bill endorsed by several antismoking and nonsmokers'-rights groups. By a vote of 61-32, the Senate approved the legislation, which will divide the United States into two zones: smoking and nonsmoking.

According to the bill, which now goes to the president, cigarette smoking will henceforth be permitted only west of the Mississippi, with cigar and pipe smoking restricted to Alaska and Hawaii. Under the bill's provisions, the Grand Canyon will be converted for use as a public ashtray.

President Bush has indicated that he will veto the bill, noting that "Barbara shouldn't have to travel thousands of miles just to enjoy a cigar. I find that part of the bill very unfair."

S.Y.

CIA Promises: This Time No Dirty Tricks

The CIA has given its word to Congress that it will not engage in any secret activities to influence the outcome of the upcoming election in Nicaragua. In an un-

related event, Daniel Ortega had his head mysteriously nailed to a banana tree and is soon expected to announce his withdrawal from the presidential campaign.

N.W.

Perception.



Anthony Savignano / Ron Galella, Ltd.

Reality.



Paul Collier

To a new generation of Rolling Stone readers, six-disc programmable CD players, Evian water and Absolut materialism are more important than peace, love and understanding.

Nobody knows the ins of selling out like Jann Wenner, whether he's publishing Rolling Stone (the magazine that tells you John Cougar Mellencamp's favorite color) or US (the magazine that tells you Fred Dryer's favorite color). If you're pandering to an 18 to 34 year old market that can barely change its shorts—and designer shorts, at that—let alone change the world, you'll price Yoko's townhouse and forget about Woodstock Nation. Like Jann Wenner. He bites, man.

Rolling Stone®

"Some restaurant customers are paying a lot less for their meals than you ... and only their credit card issuers know"

- *Forbes Magazine, November 1988*

"IGT charge card entitles subscribers to a 25% discount on meals, merchandise, and travel services... and stores."

- *Good Housekeeping Magazine, March 1989*

You use it to pay the bill in thousands of fine restaurants, hotels, stores, and service establishments.

At the end of the month IGT will send you an itemized statement.

Unlike, Visa®, Mastercard®, and American Express® In Good Taste deducts 25% from the total amount of your purchases... so you actually pay 25% less with In Good Taste.

Which is why the *Chicago Sun-Times* says the IGT... "Card will cut your restaurant bill" and it will give you significant savings on many other goods and services, at more than 2,400 establishments, nationwide as well.



So . . .

carry the card that shows your financial good taste.

It's the charge card which saves you money every time you use it.



Our 90 day unconditional guarantee assures your complete satisfaction or your money back.

The Charge Card That is 25% Better . . .



For more information and sample directory, Call 1-800-4-IGT-USA or fill out and mail us your application today:

HARVESTER A.A.
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10013

Additional Authorized User: _____

Annual Membership Fee: \$48.00

Payment by: _____ Check _____ Visa _____ M/C

Acct. # _____

Signature: _____ Date: _____

Please make checks payable to IGT Services

Name: _____

S.S.: _____ D.O.B.: _____

Home Address: _____

City/State/Zip Code _____

Home Phone: _____ Business: _____

Employer: _____

Business Address: _____

TAKEOVER!

by Bernie X.
as told to Gerry Sussman

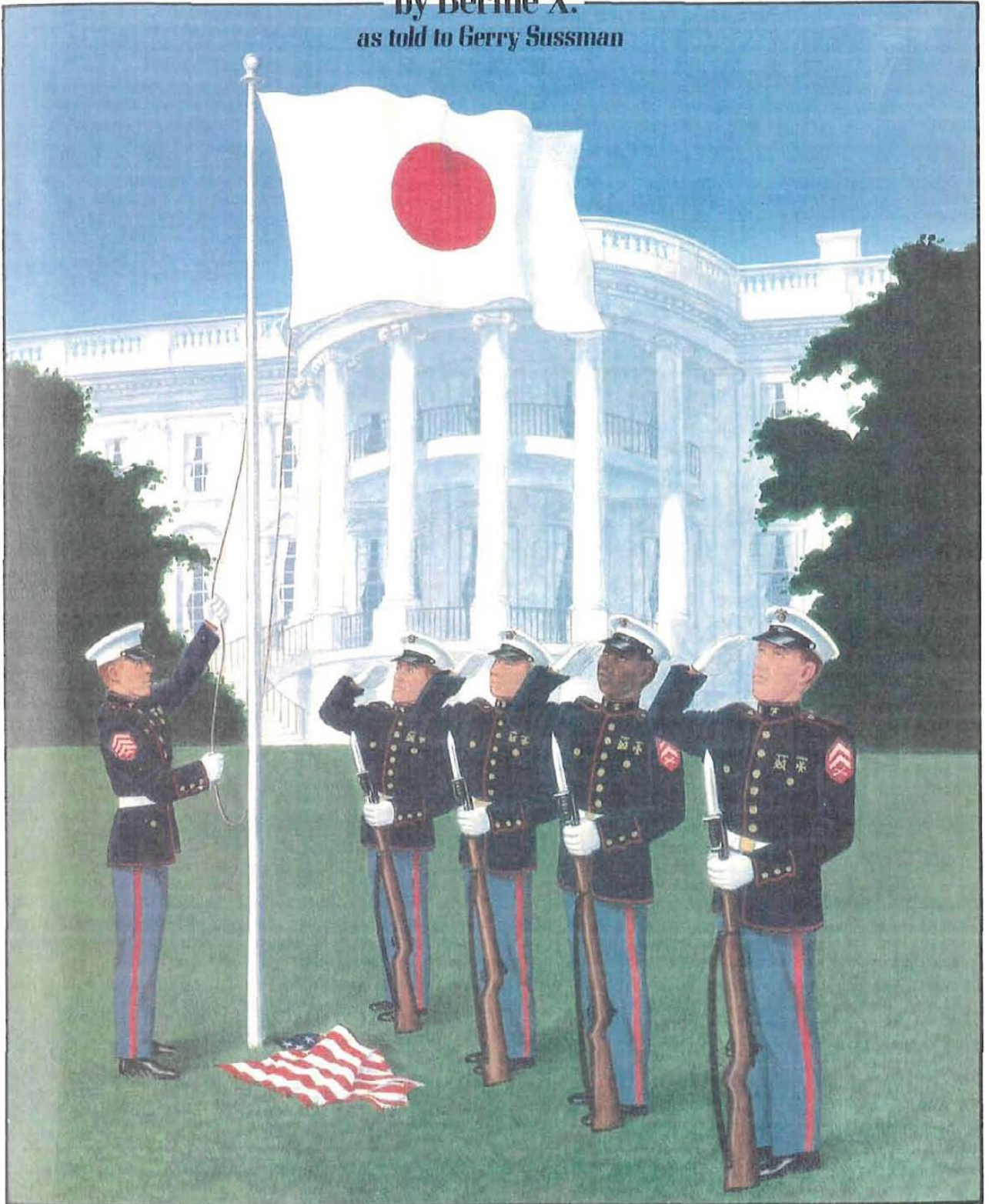
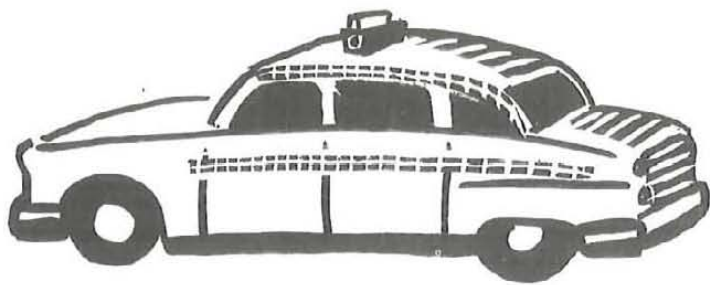


Illustration by Patrick Pigott



There's something about my cab that attracts the movers and the shakers.

It's a miracle when a kid ever listens to his father. My son, Marvin, is the perfect example. All my life I told him that nothing beats owning your own business, which in my case is a cab. I told him that when he grows up he will inherit my cab, which, on a good day, is a fucking money-making machine. I don't know how many times I told him about drunks giving me hundred-dollar bills which I give change of ten for. Or the number of times I got laid by the best of them. I'm talking about horny movie stars and models, the ones that are so beautiful and sexy that most people are afraid to touch them. The ones that live in a fucking pressure cooker and got to get laid or they'll crack up. I can't tell him enough about how many times I got the big shots in my cab and how I always had to help them run the fucking world.

Maybe I'm not the greatest father in the world. I had to do it alone because his mother, may she rest in peace, passed away when he was only two. But I tried. It wasn't all fucking and sucking for me. I took him to ballgames. I helped him with his homework. He got plenty of free rides in the cab, believe me. So when I retired a few months ago I put the cab in his name. I gave the fucking kid a money-making machine. What does he do? He looks at me like my nose is missing. He says, "I really appreciate the offer, Dad, but that's for the West Indians and the Pakistanis. Those guys work twelve hours a day. I'm not in the service business. I'm a venture capitalist."

"Venture capitalist." He's twenty-nine years old and hasn't got a pot to piss in or a

window to throw it out. Always got a deal that never had enough venture or enough capital. So it didn't surprise me when he called and said his cash flow was running low and he needed a place to stay for a few days until he got seed money for one of his projects. What is he? A fucking farmer? He said he's producing a movie and he's got the backers all lined up. In the meantime he hasn't got a dime. He got evicted from his apartment with his furniture out on the street.

So he was forced to stay with his old man for a while. None of his shit-ass friends would take him in. That's when I hit him up again to take my cab out and make a few bucks until his movie deal comes through. By the time his movie deal comes through he'll be sixty-five and ready to retire, like I am right now.

This time he had to listen to me. I was not about to support the little snotnose when I got a money machine I'm giving him as a gift. I sold him the cab for a buck, to make it legal. I get him his license and papers and he's ready to go. I told him, "Marvin, this whole city revolves around transportation—movement—especially cabs. New York is a small world, believe me. I don't know why, but there's something about my cab that attracts the movers and the shakers. You'll be right in the middle of the action. Believe me, you will get laid so many times you'll have to get a new shvantz."

He says to me. "Dad, when I was a kid I used to believe all your stories about fucking Marilyn Monroe and Cher and saving Nelson Rockefeller's life and all that. My friends used to tell me I was full of shit and I

was always getting into fights. So I don't want to hear about it anymore. It's enough I got to drive a cab for a while. I appreciate you giving it to me. I consider it a loan. Any money I make, I'll pay you back with interest. But don't tell me I'm going to wear out my dick or somebody is going to throw a million dollars in my lap. Nobody does you any favors in this city."

The kids today don't know what it is to make a hard living. They don't know the value of a buck. What can I say? If that's his attitude he can go fuck a horse. So I went downtown to Gruber's dairy restaurant to shmooze with my old buddies and have some vegetables and sour cream.

He takes the cab out and about an hour later he's back. He finds me at Gruber's. He's got a broad with him that looks Chinese or Japanese, I could never tell the difference. I knew it, I told him he'd get laid. But why didn't he take her to my place? She's a nice-looking girl with big tits for an Oriental. Nice all-around body. Marvin introduces me. "I'd like you to meet Tatami. She's a Shiatsu masseuse at the Golden Plum Spa on West Fifty-seventh Street."

The girl is Japanese. Very young. She's very nervous and scared shitless about something. Marvin looks a little nervous himself. He asks Tatami to tell me what she told him when she got into the cab. It seems that she was giving this guy from an advertising agency a massage when she overheard these two Japanese guys talking. She thinks they were drunk. She says they were talking about a plot to overthrow the government of the United States—that they were going to make all the Americans become Japanese. They talked about getting their revenge after all those years since the war. She said they weren't kidding around. She could tell they were very serious.

So what else is new? I used to hear stories like this all the time, about presidents getting killed and countries getting all fucked up. It's nothing new to me and to tell you the truth, I've heard a couple of stories about this Japanese revenge shit already. They're already taking over all our business and our real estate anyway.

The only problem with the broad is that she doesn't have a clue about how these Japs are going to do it or where it will start or whatever. Maybe they'll attack Pearl Harbor again, just for spite, I say. Or bomb the World Trade Center and fuck up my TV reception.

So it doesn't surprise me. Marvin, however, looks like he is going to shit a pancake. He doesn't know whether to believe the girl or not but she sounds very convincing. She doesn't know who to tell the story to. She feels the police or the FBI would



never believe her. Actually, she's only been in this country a few days. This is her first day on the job. She was trained in this Japanese massage in Tokyo. Her English is not too good. Marvin brightens up a little. He tells her that this is *his* first day on the job too. I can tell that they really like each other.

Marvin can't understand how two drunk Japs could talk about such a plan in public. I tell him that the thing that always fucks up these spy types is that they can't keep a secret. The Japs are just as bad as anyone else at it. In fact, no one is stranger than the Japs. I fought against the little fucks in World War II and I've had more than my share of them in my cab over the years. They're shitty tippers.

What happens is that Marvin gets a little crazy about this Jap takeover thing. He's one of those guys who reads about conspiracies all the time, thinks he knows who killed who and why. He's always been nutty about JFK and Bobby. He never believed me when I told him I knew who was behind the whole thing. The little snotnose thinks he knows better than his father. It was Pat Nixon. She hated Jack for what he did to her husband and then killed Bobby because he could've beaten her husband too. She's got the face of a killer. Someday the truth will come out.

I think my son got into this Jap thing because he'd do anything not to drive a cab. Because now he's got to follow up on Tatami's story himself. He's got to find those two Japs and see where it leads. He spends the next couple of weeks reading everything about Japan. He hardly sleeps. He goes to the Golden Plum Spa every day to look for the Japs but they don't show up. Meanwhile he gets a nice massage from Tatami but he doesn't even get to second base with her. Or he doesn't want to. He's too involved in this Jap thing.

He's convinced that Tatami is onto something big. The Japs are spreading a wide net over us. First they buy us, then they come in for the kill, the big takeover. But how? What are they going to do? Fire off an atom bomb in revenge for Hiroshima and Nagasaki? Forget it. Are they going to keep buying us out? No way. It would take too long. There's only one answer. High technology. They got some kind of secret weapon, a weapon so fucking deadly that it will do it all without firing a shot. That much I agree with him. His guess is as good as mine about how the fuck they are going to do it.

The next day Tatami calls. The two Japs came back. We've got to hurry over. We get to the place and hear a big fight going on.

It's the two Japs and the madam of the place and Tatami, who looks like she's been crying. The Japs are naked except for towels around their middles. They are small and fat, but it's very hard fat. They look like a pair of baby bulls and they are very mad.

Tatami tells us that they told her to give them each a blowjob, and she doesn't do things like that. She's a professional masseuse, not a whore. They screamed at her and threatened her and now they're taking it out on the owner, claiming they paid her good money and they want their fucking blowjobs from Tatami, in tandem. That's how they get off. She's got to do them both, at the same time. Everybody is talking at once. The madam is trying to explain this to Tatami, who is obviously very naive about the real nature of her job. The Japs are getting madder and madder and so is Marvin.

Then one of the Japs slaps Tatami so hard he sends her skidding across the room. Marvin goes nuts and belts the guy. Now both Japs are up at us with their hands out like those karate guys you see in the movies. Only this is not the movies and these guys are for real. They chase us from one room to another, swinging their arms like meat choppers, making a lot of Japanese noises. I'm sixty-five but I got quick little feet, so I manage to dodge their blows. So does Marvin. There's a lot of very fragile decoration in this place and the Japs are wrecking it with their karate chops. The madam is shrieking and going crazy. She can't call the cops because she doesn't want any publicity. Meanwhile her other customers are running around looking for their clothes and running the hell out of the place without paying. Same with her girls. It's

very distracting as well as very dangerous, with all these naked Asian girls trying to get dressed. I haven't had a nice Asian girl in a long time and I forgot how thick their bushes are for such delicate-looking types. You won't believe this but I'm getting a big hard-on while I'm running for my life.

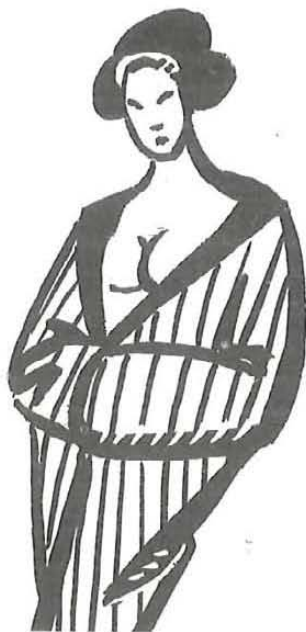
Finally they have us cornered, but Marvin finds this big dildo and I've got a vibrator and we use them as weapons. I figure I'll try to shove the vibrator up the Jap's ass if I can, while Marvin can whack the other guy with his dildo. Just as they are about to spring on us Marvin tells them he knows all about their takeover plot, how they're going to do it, and he's going to fuck up their plan by revealing it all to the FBI. They're finished, he says.

The Japs stop almost in mid-chop. Marvin's really hit the jackpot. Now they're looking at us very differently. I don't know whether they're going to shit or go blind, or go back to killing us on the spot.

And then a new player walks in. He's wearing a dark blue suit and dark glasses, dressed like a chauffeur, with black gloves. He's not too big, not too small, but he looks very tough. When the Japs see him they stop in their tracks and walk away with him. It's over. The two Japs follow him out like a pair of puppies.

We follow them out and take Tatami with us. She's been fired in disgrace for refusing to service two very big customers. We try to make her feel better while we go after the Japs. The chauffeur puts them into this big limo and drives off and we get into my cab and tail them.

We go through the Lincoln Tunnel into New Jersey and drive for a while until we



**She's a
nice-looking
girl with
big tits
for an Oriental.**



come to this section of the turnpike where all the oil tanks are. They turn into a very dark, deserted spot. No cars, no people, no nothing. Just a dirty river. I'm not liking this at all. This is not my section of town. I'd rather be in Gruber's with a toasted bialy, a cup of coffee, and a racing form. Tatami is so scared she's practically disappeared into the backseat. Marvin is gung-ho to go out and nail the bastards. Marvin, of course, is totally off his nut.

I got a gun in my glove compartment for emergencies and I've used it on a few wise guys in my time, but not in the middle of nowhere in New Jersey with God knows who else in that limo. The limo drives further into the dark section and I follow it like I'm on a magnet. Why am I driving into a trap? So I pull up and watch the limo. It goes about fifty yards more and parks right near this river, which looks like it might have swamp rats in it as big as German shepherds.

The chauffeur gets out and opens the door for the Japs. They're still naked except for the towels. The three of them walk to the river and the two naked Japs kneel down by the edge of the water. The towels fall away. The chauffeur pulls out some kind of fancy automatic weapon with a silencer and he puts six bullets into the heads of each of the guys. It happens so fast I almost miss it. He kicks them both into the river and it's over. Then the chauffeur pulls out his wang and takes a piss. The piss takes longer than it took to get rid of the two Japs.

The chauffeur gets back in the limo, turns it around, and drives right out, not

even noticing we are there. So we turn around and follow him again. This time he drives to a Japanese restaurant in Fort Lee, not far from Manhattan. And this time he definitely notices us in the parking lot and asks us politely to come into the restaurant for dinner, with his automatic weapon also pointed politely at us.

I've been in some big trouble in my time, but something tells me that this is the Big One. Whenever I got into one of these messes where I had to solve some big shot's problem I tried to stay a step and a half in front of the enemy. But these guys are way ahead of me. I feel like they're moving me around like a shrimp in cocktail sauce. Any minute they could stick a toothpick into me and eat me alive.

The next I know we're being ushered into this private room in the back of the Japanese restaurant where everybody has to take their shoes off and sit on the floor. Now we finally get to meet the guy who was calling the shots. The guy who was in the backseat of the limo. He looks like that old man from *The Karate Kid*, but his eyes have a look that could drive a nail into a wall without a hammer. A waitress with a terrible hunchback comes in and serves us a bunch of hot towels. Marvin tells me it's not a hunchback but some kind of thing they wear under their kimono.

The old guy finally starts talking. He introduces himself as Mr. Kokuda. He apologizes for any discomfort he may have accidentally caused us and says he wants to make up for it by having us as his honored

guests for dinner. He begs us not to think about the two unfortunate associates who had to be dispensed with. They insulted the United States, one of the greatest nations in the world, with lies and would have caused a great embarrassment and rift between Japan and the U.S. if their foolish words had ever leaked to the press. "They are history, as the Americans put it," he says.

I've heard this kind of bullshit before. The Mafia likes to do it before they ice you. I can think of no reason on earth for them to allow us to live. They're just toying with us. The old guy even makes real nice conversation with us. He's a real gentleman and a scholar and a great lover of America and its customs. He tells us how much he loves baseball and how he once met the great DiMaggio.

When the waitress with the hunchback comes back with these tiny cups of this strange wine I figure ours are drugged so I switch the cups around. The old man pretends he doesn't understand what I'm doing. Then I realize that he expected me to switch the cups. So I switch them back. I gotta stay ahead of these guys. I just won't eat or drink anything.

But Marvin loves this shit. Tiny plates with enough food to feed a starving ant. He doesn't think they're going to poison us. We might as well enjoy the food before we figure out our next step, he whispers to me. I've already figured out what our next step will be. We're going to the bathroom so I can tell him. I tell Tatami that she has to go pee also. We all get up and go and of course we are escorted by the chauffeur, who was standing guard outside the room, and a woman, who goes into the ladies' room with Tatami. I whisper something to Marvin, and he shrugs but nods in agreement.

The chauffeur watches us carefully in the bathroom but I'm not doing anything yet. We wait for Tatami to finish and then I motion for them to follow me. Instead of going back to the private room we walk briskly into the main room, which is crowded with people, mostly Japs. On cue, Marvin suddenly goes into an epileptic fit, shaking like a stick-shift car that's stalled.

The whole place is looking at Marvin as if he's a freak. I yell at them not to touch him, that he's an epileptic and he could swallow his tongue. Everybody is distracted for a few seconds, including the chauffeur, as I run to the guy who is cutting the raw fish and grab a knife as long as my arm. I also grab one of the fish cutters and use him as my hostage. I tell the chauffeur that if he doesn't let us go I will cut this little sucker straight up his body, starting from his dick. Marvin recovers from his fit and Tatami joins us as we move to the door.

The chauffeur wants to kill the poor fish



**The
chauffeur puts six
bullets into the heads
of each of the guys, then
he pulls out his wang and takes a piss.**



cutter just to get at us, but the crowd is now getting in his way. Everybody is in a panic when they see his automatic weapon. The old man appears now, giving instructions in a walkie-talkie, still very calm and cool. Marvin grabs another knife and slashes the air with it to clear his way.

We get to the parking lot and into the cab and out of there just in time, except for ten or twelve bullet holes in the windows. Now the old man is mad and he's screaming for his men to follow us. But I'm going to have a little fun with these yellow bastards. They want a chase, I'll give them a chase. Although I'd rather be driving with my shoes on. We left them at the restaurant.

I do a little island hopping and fancy cutting in and out and break a few speed records on the way back to Manhattan. Of course, what I really want to do is pick up a few cops along the way so they can follow me all the way to New York. When the Japs see a bunch of cop cars with their sirens screaming they get the picture and lay off. But it's too late. We're all going to get it.

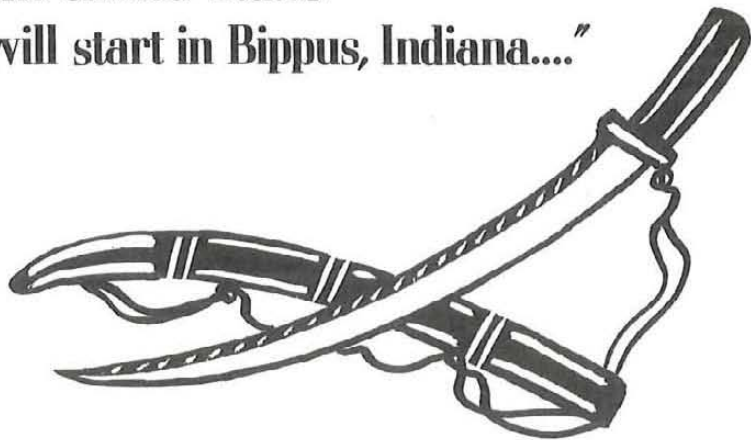
Sure enough, we all get booked at the station house. I tell the cops the truth—that these guys are after us and want to kill us. The Japs pretend they don't understand English. The cops are so annoyed they throw the whole case out and give us big fines. I finally get lucky because I bump into an old buddy, a cop I grew up with in my old neighborhood. He escorts us home.

The next day we go back to the restaurant to get our shoes and the place is closed. There's a "For Sale" sign on the window. No shoes. No people. It's dead. "History," as the old Jap said.

So we are back to square one, which is nowhere. Marvin can't sleep until he gets to the bottom of this. Tatami is scared to go back to her place, so we let her stay with us. I'm tempted to boff her but she looks so fucking young and helpless. And she has a big crush on Marvin by now, but he's too involved with the Jap takeover to notice it. I recommend that she give my son a nice massage every day to relieve his tension so he can get some sleep.

While Marvin is getting one of his massages he gets his big brainstorm. There's only one man in the world who can help us, he says. Who? Arnold, he says. Arnold the psychic. I laugh but he tells me that all the big-league cops and the FBI and the CIA use psychics. He shows me articles he clips out about psychics solving crimes where there were no clues. "When you're really fucked and you have no leads, you try these guys, because you've got nothing to lose," he says. Anyway, Arnold is an old pal of his from high school. "I used to go out with Arnold on double dates a lot until he started

"The first phase of the Japanese plan to take over the United States will start in Bippus, Indiana...."



predicting how my relationships would turn out. He's a great guy but he drove me crazy," Marvin says.

Arnold is really happy to hear from his old buddy again. He invites us to his place for dinner. He lives in a nice apartment on the Upper East Side, like one of those places you see in the fancy magazines.

I look around the place. I can smell something fantastic cooking in the kitchen. "I know what you're thinking," he says. "Why isn't this man sitting down with me, why isn't he getting vibrations? He's supposed to be a psychic, right?"

"Right," I say.

"I don't work that way. I don't believe in a quick fix. I've got to know you a little first—hang out with you—have you over to dinner. I have to *listen* to you, *absorb* you."

Marvin explains to me that the new psychics have a more "holistic" approach. That means they look at the whole person, not just the part that wants an answer to a specific problem. So we all dig into this fantastic dinner, with a lot of old wine. Arnold turns out to be a little fussy at the dinner table. I got to put my wineglass on a coaster so the table doesn't get wet rings.

Arnold tells us we're going to have good old-fashioned crêpes suzette for dessert. He pours us some hundred-year-old brandy while he mixes up some stuff in his blender. He says it's the batter for the crêpes and I'm going to love them. So we relax in the living room while Arnold fixes up the crêpes. A few minutes go by and the blender is still going. Marvin and I go into the kitchen and there's Arnold, fast asleep, standing up. He

didn't turn off the blender. I go to turn it off but Marvin stops me. Arnold is in his psychic mode now, he tells me. The action of the blender must have triggered it. If I turn it off I might break the trance.

About a half hour later Arnold wakes up and announces that dessert is ready. He looks fine. The crêpes are unbelievable. Arnold says we can bring them into his study, where there is a little table and chairs. While we eat he sits down next to a computer and starts typing. He keeps crasing and retyping the stuff on the screen. He's going so fast I can't read it. Finally he's finished. A minute later he prints out what he's typed and hands it to us. Marvin explains that the new psychics use computers and printouts, so you have written proof of what they feel and they have a copy for their tax records. He calls it "state of the art."

The printout says: "The first phase of the Japanese plan to take over the United States will start in Bippus, Indiana, tomorrow, at 9:00 A.M. This is all I can see. Except that there is great difficulty ahead and the country will be in terrible danger. I see no hope for victory."

And then Arnold collapses like a sack of shit and really falls asleep. I can't pump him for any more answers. Marvin says that psychics get wiped out while they are in their trance. It takes them days to recover. So that was it. Bippus, Indiana.

Two planes and a rented car later we're in Bippus. Tatami is with us. We can't leave her alone anymore. She's a real sweet kid—doesn't have a mean, bitchy bone in her



body. I think Marvin is beginning to see a lot in her. And she's got a great pair of hands.

Bippus is about as unspoiled a town as I've ever seen—like something that was around fifty years ago. Pretty streets with trees, the kid on a bike delivering newspapers—the whole thing. There isn't even a shopping mall nearby. I figure that the Japs wanted to start with the most typical American town they could find.

Sure enough, we walk into a coffee shop on the main street and the waitress bows and talks to us in that singsong style that Japanese use. The counterman smiles also and bows to us. The customers talk the same way. We walk out and try some of the other stores. Everywhere we go the people are talking like Japs and sort of behaving like Japs. It is scary beyond belief.

Everybody is becoming Japanese. Some are a little slower getting there. The ones who aren't changed yet are really in shock. It's a fucking nightmare, but in a very low-key way. Nobody's violent or nasty. Just the opposite. Everybody is overly polite in that shitty Japanese style.

Marvin has a flash. The whole thing reminds him of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, the movie where these alien beings invade the bodies of these people in a typical American town and take them over. The Japs have taken a science fiction idea and turned it into reality. If we don't find out how to kill the aliens they will take over the country in a matter of days. It's going to spread like a fucking forest fire.

Marvin wants to go to Washington to warn the president, to beg him to send in troops and warn the country. But we don't know how the fuck they are doing it. What the fuck are we going to warn the people against? Marvin has an idea. We find a

science fiction story and made it work with their incredible technology.

"What? What did they make work, for God's sake?" me and Marvin scream at the same time.

"The water. They did something to the drinking water and the bathwater. They put something in the public water and they will do it all over the country—all the sources of water, even the private houses with wells."

I still don't understand. She says in the story the aliens put something in the water that contained their essential genes, that somehow they isolated whatever it was that made up their unique qualities and could slip it into the water supply. Anyone who used the water became just like them—had the same mental qualities, as if it went directly to the brain cells. She couldn't understand the science part of it, but somehow they could get all the biological things on a microchip or something.

It's a pretty wild idea, but the way things are going, it's beginning to sound pretty logical to me. And then I see the clincher. A bunch of real Japs come out of the elevator and I recognize the chauffeur. Only this time he's wearing jeans and a sweater. Tatami sees something that makes her scream. She points to another Jap, who's grinning and taking swallows from a bottle of Evian spring water. He's drinking his own bottled water instead of the town water.

The chauffeur recognizes us. There's no one else in the lobby, so he takes a big chance and pulls out his gun and is just about to fire away when Tatami throws a plant at him and hits him square in the face. She saves our asses. We run like sons of bitches and manage to escape. We have to get to Washington fast.

I'm wondering why no one is following us. Marvin looks very unhappy. "If Tatami is right, and I think she is, they don't have to follow us. This Jap thing will spread faster than the plague. They don't have to kill anybody anymore unless they make a big fuss. Those guys work for the old Japanese guy and they're probably supervising this first shot to see that it all goes okay. We're like mosquitoes to them."

But we do have the tape and we aren't going to be put off by President Bush's secretaries and go-betweens. We demand to see him. We have a national emergency to declare. Finally we get an audience with James Baker, the secretary of state. We show Baker the tape. At first he thinks it's a joke, but Marvin also managed to get a quick shot of the real Japs in the hotel as well as some other weird stuff these tried-and-true Indiana Republicans were doing. Baker knows this town. In fact, Dan Quayle, the vice president, was born there. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 88)

The Jap's drinking his own bottled water instead of the town water.



We ride around a little and find this factory, the Bippus Ball Bearing Company. It has a big plaque in front that says: "Our ball bearings are made right here in Bippus, Indiana, in the good old U.S.A." We go in and see enough to make us throw up. All these American factory workers are singing a song about their loyalty to the Bippus Company. No American worker sings a song about his company before starting work. And they know the fucking song as if they've been singing it all their lives. And then they march off like school kids, all in a line, ready to do their work.

The same thing's going on with the schools, the local post office, the hospital.

place that sells us one of those little video cameras with built-in sound. Marvin will tape all these new Japanese-Americans as proof of what is happening so he can show it to the president. Otherwise he might think we're nuts.

We spend most of the day taping as many new Japs as we can find, and there are plenty. It's getting spookier and spookier. Just as we're about to leave for Washington we lose Tatami. She must have wandered off somewhere. We look and look and finally spot her in the lobby of the town hotel. She's very agitated. She knows how her countrymen have done it. She's sure of it. They took the idea from an old Japanese



FEBRUARY 1990

In the Crosshairs

The Magazine of Conspiracy Theories



AP/Wide World

**TEATIME IN AMERICA AGAIN:
Thatcher Recolonizes While Bush Agonizes**

**STOP MAKING SENSE:
How Grade-School Grammar Controls Your Mind—
Permanently!**

**GEORGE WASHINGTON:
Father of His Country or Fraud of the Century?**

**JFK:
Shocking New Evidence That
Outshocks All Previously Shocking Evidence!**

FEATURES**25 LaRouche to Judgment**

Farseeing genius or tragic media martyr? **Kate Tippler** talks to the *truthful* Lyndon, and finds out about Queen Elizabeth's role in the Tylenol scare.

37 We the Suckers: A Guide to the "Con"-stitution

It's a Preamble to Conspiracy, reveals **Ed Cumber**, who cannot tell a lie—George Washington chopped down the tree (of liberty)!

44 Teatime in America Again

Cheerios cereal and the Dave Clark Five were just the beginning—this "British invasion" is playing for keeps. **Todd Ruglach** exposes the limeys' Masterpiece Theatre of recolonization.

56 JFK: The Link with Señor Lincoln

Why *did* the Cubans pay off John Wilkes Booth? And why did they mistakenly pay Lee Harvey Oswald out of the same purchase-order number? **E. G. Hirsch** chronicles accounting Cuban-style across the centuries.

62 Winter Fashion Extra

When the Establishment puts you in the gunsight for speaking out, make sure you make a fashion statement too! Our special section shows you how to protect against FBI bullets—while attracting admiring looks.

DEPARTMENTS**2 The Grassy Knoll with Foster Hiller:** Layouts, payoffs, freecouts, and layoffs.**5 The Hot Seat:** McDonald's—not *our* kind of place!**7 Raising Kane:** This child's death was heartbreaking *and* bloodcurdling.**10 Food:** The "Gang of Four." Who decides what makes a food group "basic," anyway?**12 Books:** Getting Andy Rooney backward; Iranian disinformation and *The Satanic Verses*; the secret codes of Erma Bombeck; and more.**15 Movies:** "The Bambi Syndrome," and why you should rent videos under an assumed name.**18 Health:** "Get Me Rewrite." What CAT "scans" *really* do to your head.**70 People:** Shelley and a very special Kennedy, etc.**73 Our Schools:** "Traditional Grammar." A coded message of slavery.**75 Sports:** "Notre Damned." The pope's involvement with college recruiting scandals.**DISPATCHES**

Sirs:

Kudos for a job well done. Buddy Deeb's cover photo [December] once and for all provides the incontestable evidence linking "public art" to global warming trends—a theory I've tinkered with for some years but have been unable to successfully photograph. Bravo.

But I've got a bone to pick with Wayne Buskin. Let me just play devil's advocate here and ask Wayne, What if all post-'83 babies *did* have computer-chip implants ["Mindgames—Computer Softspot Ware," December]? Couldn't that be seen as a good thing as well—a boon in communications and an advancement of the democratic process? After all, wouldn't it pave the way for a world without secrets? Even a world without conspiracy?

G. T. Cicciopia
Ottumwa, IA

That's what you'd *like* us to think, isn't it—that government mind control is a good thing. That Uncle Sam's hand in your brain as well as your pocket is okay. In a pig's eye! Consider your subscription canceled, comrade.

By the way, interesting name you've got there, Mr. CICCIPIA. Get rid of the vowels

and what's left? Exactly: CCCP. Play "devil's advocate" all you like—we'll wager you've already got the red cape!

Thanks for your comments on the cover.

Sirs:

How do we know *you* aren't a conspiracy? How do we know *In the Crosshairs* isn't part of a Middle Eastern plot intent on sowing the seeds of doubt in this great nation, paralyzing us with fear and mistrust? Like my mother used to say, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it."

Jim Perry
Spokane, WA

Well, Jim, maybe fear's not as bad a thing as you make it sound. Without a little fear and mistrust, what would get us out of bed every morning? Happiness? Hell, without fear and mistrust, we might as well lie in bed and wait to be vaporized. Truth is, we *need* mistrust—desperately. And if *In the Crosshairs* is a conspiracy, then why do we do such a good deed by providing it?

But let us ask *you* a question, Jim. What's with this Middle East fixation of yours? Did "Middle East" just pop into your head by chance while you were writing? Or don't you mean "Like my 'mullah' used to say"?

No, you're not the first Iranian to try to take credit for *ITC*, Jim. And you're not the first to lose his subscription for it, either. But you're the first one from Spokane we've run across.

Sirs:

Cancel my subscription! Pat Kane's "Raising Kane" column in the December issue went too far. If Marilyn's microphoned skull *was* in the trunk of JFK's convertible in Dallas, what bearing does that have on his assassination? Your magazine has not just pushed the envelope of credulity and taste—this time, it's ripped it open. And I'm returning it to sender.

Now stop pestering me. Once again, cancel my subscription!

T. W. Rafferty
Menlo Park, CA

No chance, Rafferty. Yours is just the kind of response Pat's shooting for. Indeed what bearing *does* MM's wired skull have on the assassination? The answer is cloudy, but you don't think it was there by accident, do you? It's a pleasure to witness the creeping glow of uncertainty that's smoldering in your brain. It's what tells us we must be doing something

(continued on page 5)

“Once burned...”

Sometimes it takes a veteran's nose for news to scent out a story. Sometimes the many-headed web of plots and secret deals can lull you to sleep—unless you've gone a few rounds with it in the past. Believe me, in my twenty years as editor of *ITC*, I've seen a lot of people seduced away from the cause. And, while you never get over that sense of hurt, rest assured that after a few go-rounds, Foster Hiller is *never* the last to know.

So when my experienced eye looked over the first bound copies of last month's *In the Crosshairs*, I knew something was up. Was it really a coincidence that the day after I inquired into layout editor Tom McFeely's suspiciously long lunch hours, the magazine he's supposedly responsible for shows up with seven of its pages “accidentally” replaced by the office's collection of Chinese takeout menus?

Perhaps a green editor might have fallen for Tom's excuses—overwork, holding down two jobs, the breakdown of our old equipment. But I've been down this road before. When I fired Tom I told him that while he may have carried out orders for a media muck-amuck like Gannett or Condé Nast *once* (orders he received at clandestine lunch meetings!), there was no way that I would give him another chance to ruin *ITC* again. If this magazine grows soft enough to be taken over by a “communications” giant, which a review of the evidence shows was plainly Tom's goal, it won't be because we were weakened from within.

Not while Foster Hiller is around, anyway. Now for some happier news. With this issue we welcome a new contributor to *ITC*, Ed Cumber, whose “Guide to the ‘Con’-stitu-

tion” provides a provocative—and relevant—historical analysis of this country's founding document. The article's a tribute not only to Ed's historical acumen (gained entirely without recourse to “state-controlled libraries and universities,” as Ed points out), but also to his industriousness: he runs a thriving produce farm just outside the upstate New York community of Jerry's Corners. “Anything written in a city is bunk,” claims Ed. We hope he makes an exception in our case!

More historical research is featured in E. G. Hirsch's “JFK” piece, “The Link with Señor Lincoln.” Could the same Cuban money that paid off Oswald also have lined John Wilkes Booth's pockets—almost exactly one hundred years earlier? Here the role of the CIA is played by the CSA—Confederate States of America! It's certainly food for thought!

Our third “Land of the Free?” feature is more contemporary—and more chilling: nothing less than the British plan to recolonize America. The little guy may not like it, but we're sure this scheme finds favor among the Anglophiles who control the media, popular music, and the White House! (Not to mention college “English” departments.) Most horribly, even well-intentioned “English-only” referendums are playing into the hands of the Rule Britannia folks. Todd Ruglach covers it all and more.

Finally, our winter fashion extra answers an oft-stated need of our readership—protection that looks good. We think you'll find that our lead-lined Kevlar vests not only keep you safe from stray bullets and ever-present electromagnetic radiation from power lines, VDTs, etc., but they're eye-catching too.

Just like Tom McFeely's layouts.

RAISING KANE

WITH PAT KANE

Shot in the Heart

They told me my son's death was a tragic suicide.

They were half right.

As regular readers of this column know, Lee Harvey Kane was the apple of his dad's eye for twenty years. I'd look at him and see not only the high school junior he was, but also the wide-eyed child he had been.

I remember telling a three-year-old Lee Harvey bedtime stories—about a mysterious day in Dallas and its ramifications for us all. About Cubans and Mafiosi, and about the demons let loose in the aftermath.

I remember making Lee Harvey a JFK costume for Halloween, and how he hated the hair spray. I remember taking him on a trip to New York. We were trying to question Lucille Ball, who someone had told me was linked with Cubans.

She wasn't talking (when it came to this

hot potato, Lucy wasn't so lovable). But little Lee Harvey looked up at me and said, “Don't be sad, Daddy. Someday people *won't* make fun of you.”

Sadly, when that day comes, Lee Harvey Kane won't be around to see it.

I take a look around his room, decorated with blown-up stills from the Zapruder film—a present from me, years ago. Once again I read the skillfully forged suicide note. “Ask not what your son can do for you...” it begins.

Lee Harvey Kane. The latest casualty in the campaign against all who speak the truth.

Of course, they don't have the guts to go after you directly. They get your job, then your family. They turned my wife, Barbara, against me. Then she left, taking the two younger kids, Jack and Ruby, with her to an

(continued on p. 167)



Harry Heloitis

Editor's note: We're occasionally criticized for reserving "The Hot Seat" only for conspiracy theorists! fact finders. "Why don't you interview one of your suspects?," people ask us. Well, now we have. After making several calls, we were put in touch with Julie Whiteland. Who's she? you may ask. None other than a fellow traveler in one of America's most monolithic corporations—McDonald's. We put this "spokesperson trainee" in... "The Hot Seat."

- Q: Julie, would you say McDonald's plays an important part in American life?
- A: Definitely! We're proud that millions of Americans choose to share part of their day, every day, enjoying McDonald's food-service products.
- Q: So you're not denying that whatever McDonald's does has a huge influence on the entire country.
- A: “Influence” is a pretty strong word. We think of it as being a part of their lives.
- Q: Same difference. Now, McDonaldland is pretty popular among your younger patrons, right?
- A: Absolutely! Kids know that McDonaldland means fun as well as food with their friends Ronald, Grimace, Hamburglar, and so many others! In fact, many of our newer facilities feature McDonaldland playgrounds, which have been real popular.
- Q: With boys, especially?
- A: Well, yeah, I guess. What's your point?
- Q: Oh, nothing major. Only that McDonaldland is part of a master plan to instill effeminacy among young American boys.
- A: (laughs) That's pretty funny. What kind of magazine is this?
- Q: Okay. Response noted. Now let's move on to another troubling area. McDonald's recently started offering salads, correct?
- A: That's right. We wanted to keep in step with the changing dietary needs of Americans. Why, are you going to make something out of it?
- Q: Why so paranoid? You're not putting anything in the salads, are you?
- A: Of course not.
- Q: Uh-huh. But then, if you *were*, we couldn't see it, could we? It's not like they're offered at a democratic salad bar.
- A: A salad bar cuts into your seating space. And it's pretty unsanitary, too. Ever thought of that?
- Q: Well, it wouldn't be the first time reasons of health were used as a cover-up, we'll leave it at that.

With that, Julie Whiteland stalked out, perhaps realizing that her defense of her company had not been as convincing as she would have liked. We think her silence speaks volumes... and we'll try to have more corporate spokesperson trainees try to defend themselves against the truth—on “The Hot Seat.”



Artist's re-creation of our basis of freedom purloined—and destroyed. Naturally, Washington turns the other way. Not the only president to insist on "deniability," but definitely the first!

WE THE SUCKERS: A GUIDE TO

Parchment of freedom or blueprint of repression? Independent farmer Ed Cumber examines the foundations of our founding document.

What's the difference between these two pictures? Nothing! (Except that at least the sheep on the right is grateful to the farmer.)

George Washington crossing the Delaware... an image used often for inspirational or patriotic purposes. And, indeed, it was an inspiring gesture—the *first time he did it!*

But I'm convinced he was aboard a boat on the Delaware a *second* time—in the summer of 1787. Again it was midnight. Again it was a sneak attack.

Only this time, the enemy was the Constitution.

Lots of people talk about an "unspoken conspiracy" that means to take our country hostage... to drive it into an abyss of anarchy and excessive state regulation... to crush the proud backbone of this nation—the *independent farmer!* What these people *don't* realize is—it's already happened!

Because—the *real* Constitution that could have protected lovers of freedom from the bankers, liberals, and condos that threaten to swallow up our land sank in the Delaware on that summer night in 1787! For that, the liberals of the twentieth century can thank their brethren in the eighteenth. Led, of course, by George Washington.

Here, as far as I can make out, is the real story.

Washington—an Illegitimate Father

Secrecy is always a good sign that somebody's trying to hide something—so it should come as no surprise to anyone that those are the exact conditions our "Con"-stitution was produced under! (In fact, the only records we have of the drafting of the document are the so-called notes of James Madison, himself a conspiracy ringleader!)

And the head of the "Con"-stitutional Convention? George Washington! Or should we call him the "frontman"



AP/Wide World

... for the New York-Virginia liberal junta. Washington was an ideal frontman in many ways because, as a man who had been both a war hero *and* an independent farmer, he had twice served the cause of freedom. But there was one more thing to be chalked up on his résumé.

That was, that George Washington was the first-ever victim of "Potomac fever"! Like so many other revolutionary generalissimos, George Washington sold out the people he had fought with (that is, the *independent farmers* who flat-out won the Revolutionary War!) once he got a taste of the top spot!

When the deal was done, the liberals got control. George Washington got power. And the independent lovers of freedom got screwed—again!

What Really Happened

I'm the first to admit that there's not a lot of evidence about just what did go on at the "Con²-stitutional Convention. In fact, once you realize that Madison's notes could have easily been made up after the fact to justify the actions of an undemocratic minority, there's practically *no* evidence! But I'll stand by my theory until someone steps forward and *conclusively* proves me wrong!

The leading clue is that, although the "Con²-stitution allegedly took all summer to produce, it's actually very short! It doesn't take a pointy head to figure out that there must have been some world-record horse trading going on in there!

What if there *had* been a document produced, but the liberal bloc (spearheaded by Washington!) kept it bottled up? What if the one copy of the *real* Constitution, the one eventually approved by the convention, was stolen and destroyed? How could anyone have found out—there were no Xerox machines in those days, remember, and "liberal" was just a short way of saying "press control" back then, too! All of a sudden, the old "switcheroonie" is pulled, and "We the People" wind up in the mess we're in now!

Plus, there are plenty of clues that the fake "Con²-stitution (the one we're stuck with) was written in haste! Take



All freedom-loving citizens should take a stand on "Con²-stitutional manipulation. I know I have!

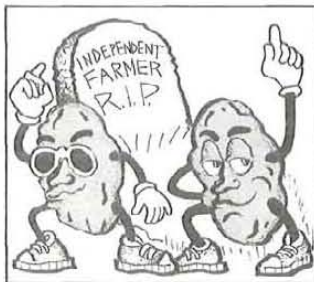
THE "CON"-STITUTION

one example: the grammatical howler "more perfect Union." How can something be *more* perfect? The liberal junta might have caught that if they hadn't been too busy undermining freedom to write a second draft!

The Real Constitution – Missing in Action

If my theory is correct, what *did* the real Constitution contain? Undoubtedly, it would have had the protections that the fake we're stuck with conspicuously *lacks*, and that the wisdom of experience shows us we need. I'm referring to:

- Recognition of the *independent farmer* as the right-hand man of freedom and the backbone of free enterprise by the mandating of Constitutional price supports;
- Prevention of the construction of highways having more than two lanes in one direction;
- Necessary regulation of bankers who charge outrageous rates of interest;
- Outlawing of the real-estate-sharpster practice of "condo" conversion that ruins the land we need to keep us free!
- And, finally, the Second Amendment, but written the *right* way! Truly *free* citizens do *not* have a right to bear arms! *They have a duty to bear arms!*



THOSE CALIFORNIA RAISINS: A Real "Con"-diment!

The next time you think of buying little Jared a California Raisins T-shirt in the mall, think again! (Or think for the first time in your life if you have to!) After all, if you knew you were funding a CIA propaganda project, would you reach for your paper money so fast?

I don't have space for *all* the facts, but here's the gist: the liberal junta that founded this country has just about taken it over after two hundred years. Only one obstacle stands in its way – those "cranky" independent farmers, defenders

of freedom and feeders of fat, liberal, college-educated faces!

The liberals' solution? Make life difficult for the "crackpots" in two ways: 1) Drive up his costs through reckless "condo" land grabs. 2) Convince a gullible populace that farmers are *really* fat and happy, not worried about threats to freedom! That's where the CIA (or "Cease Independent Agriculture") comes in: what is practically the *only* agricultural commercial on TV? Dancing produce – an "ad" whose *real* purpose is to get people to say, "Look at these 'fun' commercials! Obviously, farmers have nothing to complain about!"

And they're right – if you don't count a CIA plot, that is!

(continued on p. 149)

A Winters Tale



Shelley Winters, formerly **Marilyn Monroe's** roommate, downed over two dozen boiler-makers at a recent benefit for poverty victims in Los Angeles, but still refused to divulge the contents of a conversation she swears

Monroe had with actor **George Kennedy** just hours before her suicide. George Kennedy, proven in this publication to be the irresistible and illegitimate "fifth Kennedy," was not available for comment.

After six more boiler-makers, neither was **Winters**. . . . **Skirting the Issue** When hemlines rise so do stock prices, or so says conventional Wall Street wisdom. But **Pat Benton**, a former optician's helper at Dr. Glen's Spec-tacular in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn, claims that theory, and others like it, is typical of the work of **Iris**, the ancient international society



looking at time Hell, books outlawed by weren't for Benton in



sive new exposé, *When Iris Eyes Are Smiling*. "But glasses keep **Iris** in business. I'm lucky to be alive with all the secrets I got on them. What do you think the eyeball in the pyramid on your one-dollar bill's all about?" **Iris**? Precisely, says **Benton**. And what about



stock trends? "Stocks—that's just part of it. Look at the fine print in your newspaper stock index, look at all that fine ticker-tape print, and all those digital stock read-outs!" Okay, okay—but we'd rather look at

skirts! . . . **God Bites Dog** While millions of moviegoers rolled in the aisles at **Diane Keaton's** famous line "Do you realize God is dog spelled backwards?" in **Woody Allen's** movie sensation *Sleeper*, others were shocked—noticing for the first time this linguistic trick. "It's funny, but it's always been that way, and I just never noticed it. Whether you like Mr. Allen's movies or not, you've got to respect his powers of observation," says **Mary Jo Purnik** of the God First group of Easterday, Pennsylvania. "Obviously, the cloven-hoofed Satan slipped this little semantic nugget past us when we weren't looking. And now it's time for action." Her group's mission: to rename the canine. "Well, we can't rename God, after all—that would be playing right into Lucifer's hot little hands. We want people to give up the D word completely." And replace it with what? "That's the tricky



part—so many good names are already taken. We've spent the last fifteen years or so just thinking up completely original names. As of this week, here's the short list: sesuj, droleht, tsirhc, and havohøj." Our position in this matter: hide the mirrors!

Married:

Gus Knobler, pro-lead-paint activist, to **Jeannette Tooley**, a hunger researcher for a private consortium, in Ethiopia. Knobler is taking time off to be with his bride, currently on assignment gathering facts to disprove the so-called famine. The marriage is her first, his second.

Died:

Manley Diggles, eighty-two, the former junior college literature professor whose famous 1938 monograph led to his being blackballed from academia for the rest of his life. The article, which appeared in *Interesting Magazine*, outlined Diggles's theory that all works of fiction, from the world's greatest literature to pulp crime stories, follow a single plot, with only a few variations to differentiate them. "Sure," he wrote in the article, ironically mistitled "Stallion for a Day," "the characters have different names, and the action takes place in a different location, but *Hamlet* and *Dicky Cremer and the Amazon Village* are virtually the same novel, at least what I've read of them." A deep-sea welder for fifty years, Diggles died at his home in Wichita, Kansas.

PHOTO HOAX OF THE MONTH



Last September's aborted takeoff and subsequent crash of USAir Flight 5050 left National Transportation Safety Board officials screaming "pilot error" and "thrust malfunction." But on closer examination, we've once again uncovered a little "White House" lie: the truth, for those who care to see it.

George Bush, apparently on one of his regular—though unpublicized—night fishing junkets near Rikers Island, made a particularly strenuous cast toward La Guardia Airport's runway pier. A little too strenuous. His twenty-five-pound test got fouled in the 737's left jet engine. The former Yale baseball team captain struggled a full three minutes with the plane in an effort to retrieve his prized Mepps #13 spinner. The line broke, but three minutes of sustained presidential struggle was all that was needed to pull Flight 5050 off its takeoff course and into the briny drink. The rest, of course, is whitewash.

In this *Crosshairs* exclusive, photographer Keith Meebly catches the chief executive speeding off shortly after the disaster. As with any other fish story, the big one got away.

DISPATCHES

(continued from page 1)

right.

For that satisfaction alone, we'll continue delivery—free of charge for your lifetime. . . or until the electronic-media cartel finally acts on its veiled promise to neutralize world postal systems and wood-pulp sources.

Sirs:

North Pole, South Pole. I understand that. But what the hell's this business with "magnetic" north and south? Just another way for advanced Oriental scientists to bring the poles closer to Asia, thereby shifting the center of world attention to their neck of the woods, I'll bet. Why doesn't your fine mag take a look-see into this so-called "scientific" phenomenon?

Henry Rodriguez
Houston, TX

And what's in it for you, Señor Rodriguez? A hard-hitting story that irks a few congressmen, followed by an official government protest aimed at the Japs. Embargoes, a couple of China Sea skirmishes, then bingo-bango, World War III.

Oh, right. Let's start the big one so Mama Mexico can sweep up the ashes and take over once and for all. Nice try, el ciudadano. Cancel this man's subscription!

WHAT THE OTHER BOOK CLUBS DON'T TELL YOU, WE SELL YOU!

FACTS. That's what you *won't* get from other book clubs. Face it, they're just branch offices of the same consortium of international bankers and publishing houses that refuses to accept our authors' manuscripts.

So that's why those authors come to us. We're the Conspiracy Theory Book Club. And we publish the facts the others leave out—in hard-hitting books, many featuring excellent typography.

Of course, the truth doesn't come cheap. There's no markdown for honesty. If we charged discount prices, we'd be easy prey for those with an interest in suppressing the truth. But we know that you'd rather not waste a dollar on three books filled with fictions and lies when for a little more you can get something that's preciously hard to find: **FACTS.**

Here is just a sampling of some of our fine books:

THREE'S THE COMPANY

George Bush's CIA Sitcom Agenda
by Gary Azola. CTBC price: \$69.95

DAGWOOD BUMSTEAD, MOLE

Encoded Transmissions from America's Best-Loved Funnies, 1954-57
by Hugh Tender. CTBC price: \$89.95

ALIENS AND THE HOUSING CRISIS

How Space Visitors Have Taken All the Good Apartments
by Dr. Shane McCrimmon. CTBC price: \$79.95

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE ALIVE IN KENNEBUNKPORT

by Tony Samples. CTBC price: \$69.95

A MORON FOR ALL SEASONS

Golf and America, 1990
by Sarah Droopsette. CTBC price: \$124.95

CENTS-OFF SLAVERY

Supermarket Coupons and Corporate Brainwashing
by Rex Riptaylor. CTBC price: \$69.95

SCHOOL'S A BALL... AND CHAIN!

Essays from the Political Prisoners of America's Junior High Schools
Edited by Cynthia Efulgent. CTBC price: \$89.95

THE BRONX BABUSHKAS

George Steinbrenner, the Kremlin, and Free "Agents"
by Henry Magnacarta. CTBC price: \$79.95

"THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUBMISSION"

Why the Publishing Cartel Suppresses Quality Manuscripts
by Teresa Stone. CTBC price: \$89.95

EVERYONE LOOKS AT ME FUNNY

An Autobiography
by Noam Chomsky. CTBC price: \$59.95

MEMBERSHIP IN THE CONSPIRACY THEORY BOOK CLUB

To reduce the chance of governmental surveillance of member correspondence, the CTBC does not publish a monthly newsletter. Instead, we will mail the Editor's Choice directly to you. If you like it, keep it. If you want to run the risk of FBI intrusion into your personal life, send it back to us. You pay nothing but postage and handling each way. If you wish to be informed of our other selections, we will contact you at our convenience—at night, during the day, in your home, on your vacation, inside your automobile—and show you the full range of selections, which you will commit to memory and select from in future months.

If you are influenced into canceling your membership, you may do so at any time; but owing to the sensitive nature of our selections, you are obliged to return all CTBC books when you cancel. If you order no books within a six-month time period, we will assume that hostile mind-control experiments have been successful and we will cancel your membership.

To receive our full list of books and our minimum-obligation three-month trial membership, follow these instructions: Tear or cut coupon into sixteen triangular pieces, or twelve rectangular strips. Mail each separately to this magazine, Box CH-1. Do not include your return address. We will find you! Allow six weeks for courier dispatch.

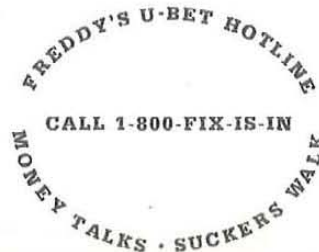
Yes, I would like to know the Truth. Please contact me at your convenience any time of day or night, anywhere, no matter what I am doing. The Truth means that much to me. I understand the terms of this arrangement and agree to forfeit my membership or even more if I break them. I am a private citizen acting on my own impulse, and am not in contact with any government agencies, U.S. or otherwise; I just like to read.

Initials _____

YOU KNOW IT'S FIXED — LET ME TELL YOU HOW!



Who knows more about sports conspiracies than a conspiracy theorist? Me, that's who! Call me—I'll tell you who's in the tank, who's shaving points, and who bought the refs. Freddy's U-Bet Hotline gets the inside dope every day! Call and see!



*Freddy
Rowstays*

Won't you help change a world where *Reader's Digest* has 16,000,000 subscribers?



That's really true. Sixteen million subscribers. There's a lot of seriousness in the world today. But there's not a lot of people putting the serious ones down.

In fact, you can count the number of humor publications on the fingers of one hand. Even if you've lost several fingers to a garbage disposal or a microwave oven.

But we're about the only place today that'll publish someone who wants to be really funny. Without editing out every "fuck" or "shit." Without saying, "Careful, there might be someone somewhere who'll be offended."

That's why, when you turn a page in *National Lampoon*, you never know what to expect. And you never will.

Yes, this a real subscription ad.

National Lampoon may not be as important to you as food or oxygen, but doesn't it have a place in your life?

In addition, if you subscribe, a beautiful girl with big tits and a great ass who works for us might come over to your house or apartment and personally instruct you in the art of little-known Far Eastern sex techniques.* Then again, she might not.

**One of the techniques involves a fascinating combination of a parrot, an old desk lamp, and a cactus.*

Mail coupon to *National Lampoon*, Dept. NL 290, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Make check or money order payable to *National Lampoon*.

- Please enter my subscription for one year at the price of \$8.95. That's a savings of \$7.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$14.75 on the newsstand price.
- I prefer a two-year subscription at \$16.95. That's a savings of \$7.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$30.45 on the newsstand price.
- Make that a three-year subscription at \$23.95. That's a savings of \$7.00 on the basic subscription price and a savings of \$47.15 on the newsstand price.

For each year, add \$7.00 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. All checks must be in U.S. Funds.

NAME
 ADDRESS
 CITY STATE ZIP

For even faster service, call toll-free 1-800-257-7600.

THE WAR ON LOMOTIL

AILES Communications

TO: George Bush and William Bennett
FROM: Roger Ailes
RE: Lomotil Abuse Campaign

Dear George and Bill:

I really think we're going to hit a home run with this campaign. Glad to be part of the team.

You're absolutely on the mark that crack is passé and that the public is ready for a brand-new bugaboo. Preliminary focus-group testing indicates that Americans are ready for a great big dislike for Mexicans that could have the staying power of several seasons if handled on-target, and even be as long-lasting as the Medellín cartel hall-of-famer.

Our campaign assumes an initial educational phase, as research has also demonstrated that while 64 percent of Americans are aware of Lomotil (i.e., diphenoxylate and atropine) as an anti-diarrhea drug, only 16 percent are aware that it's available OTC in Mexico, a mere 3 percent realize it's an opium derivative, and presently less than 1 percent regard it as a current source of abuse and a national menace.

Together with the advertising, samples of which are attached, we're going full steam ahead with a PR campaign, including a documentary showing the stuff being sold even in nice suburban schoolyards and Taco Bells. There's also a guy, a nice family man, who's about to lose his job because he hasn't moved his you-know-whats in months. Powerful stuff, if I say so myself.

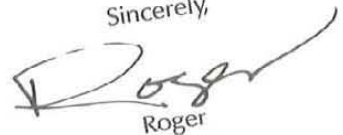
Strategically, the focus of the campaign is your common, basic fear approach. That's well proven, and this isn't the time to break new ground and take any risks.

We plan to roll out with a sixteen-million-dollar media launch. I understand you've already detoured the necessary funds from AIDS research, environmental stuff, the homeless, and the like. No one will miss them and I know we'll get some great press.

Demographically, we're tailoring every imaginable audience from kidvid to teenagers to upscale urban professionals, and we're even throwing some money to the elderly public-tions because there's so many of them around these days. Psychographically, we've targeted a wide variety of personality types.

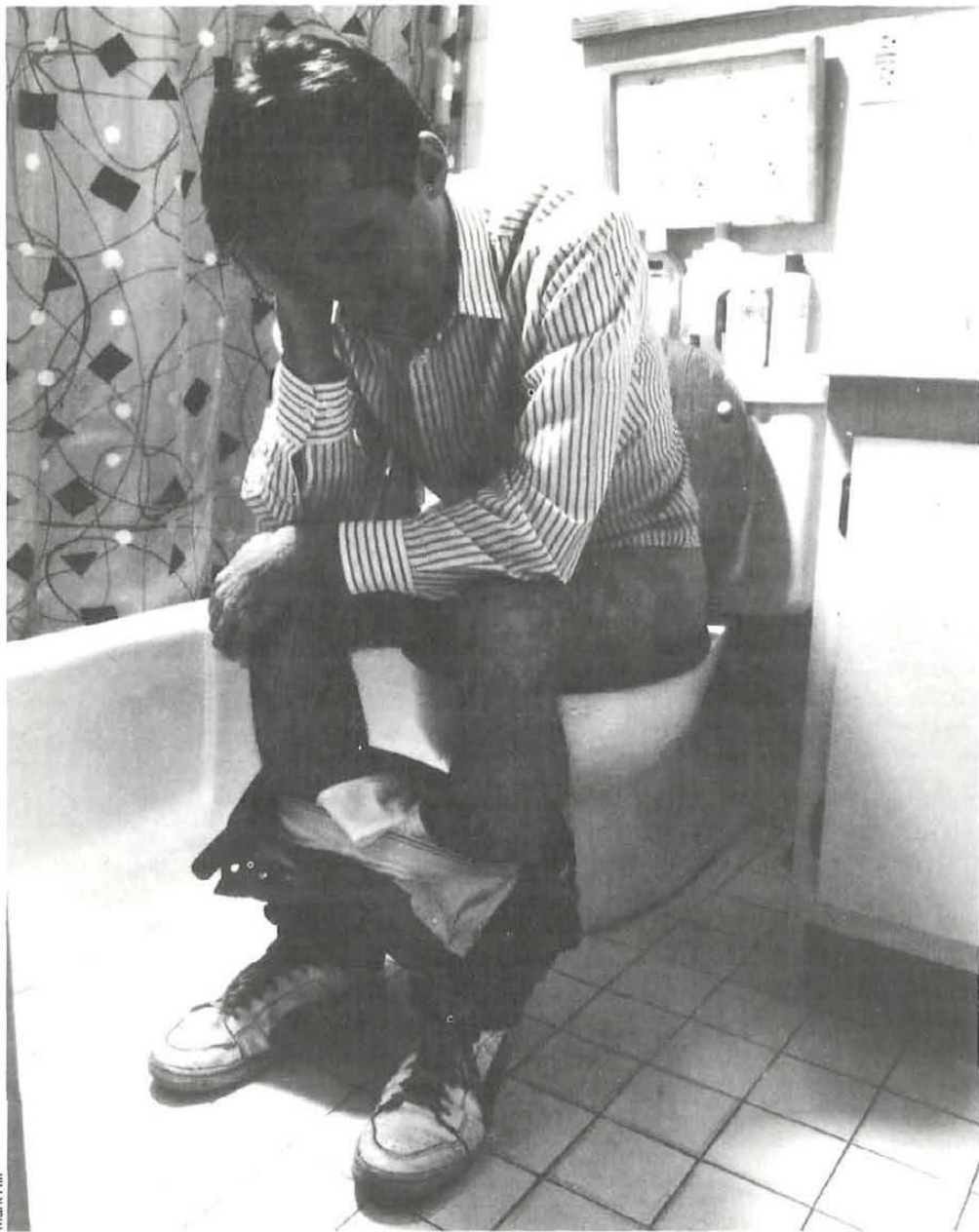
I think that covers all bases. Looking forward to another big splash! Now if we could only catch Willie Horton pushing this stuff we'd be on adgame easy street.

Sincerely,



Roger

JUST SAY GO



Mark Hill

It could happen any day now. In school. On the job. At a movie.

You excuse yourself to perform a natural function.

And a man or woman comes up to you. Posing as your friend.

"Hey," they say, "you really don't have time for that, do you?" And they offer you a tiny white pill. They promise you that, if you just take these pills, it'll be like adding an extra hour a day to your life.

Seven days a week.

What they're not telling you is that it could be the end of your life.

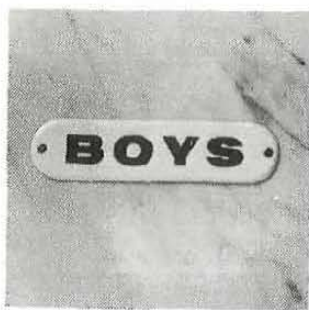
Because if we interfere with our natural functions, nature's going to get us. In the end.

Lomotil. Together, we'll get to the bottom of it.

Keep America moving. Say no to Lomo.



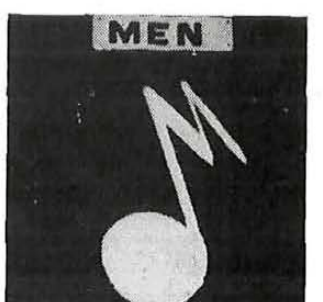
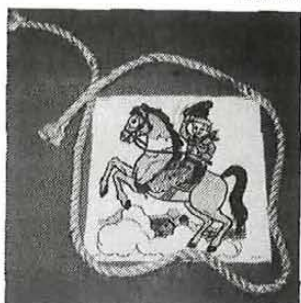
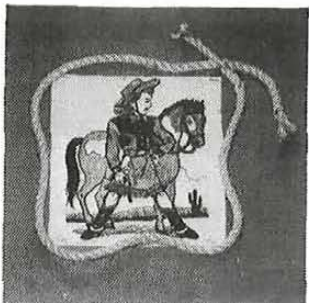
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.



Mark Hill



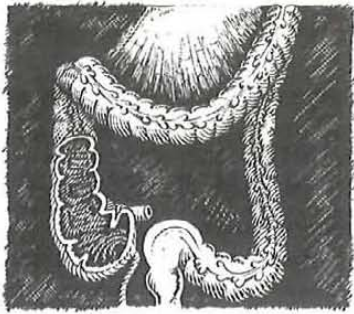
Mark Hill



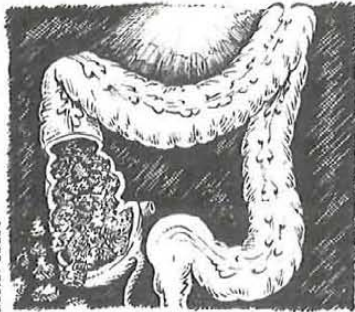
Mark Hill

Keep America moving. Say no to Lomo.





This is your colon.



Gustav Szabo

This is your colon on Lomotil.



Keep America moving. Say no to Lomo.

Parents! Can you recognize these ten warning signs of Lomotil addiction?

1. Sudden, unexplained weight gain in teenage son or daughter.
2. Feeling that Charmin, White Cloud, and other popular brands have increased number of sheets because rolls are lasting longer.
3. Maid casually mentions that she doesn't have to clean toilet as often.
4. Only stopping at gas stations to get gas.
5. Constant sulphurous odor in house even though gas stove is operating properly.
6. Unexplained round-trip ticket to Mexico on your American Express card.
7. Sudden change in eye color of teenage son or daughter (except in individuals brown-eyed by birth).
8. Change in the ability of teenage family member to "get" or otherwise appreciate toilet-related humor.
9. City-wide maintenance of normal water pressure during TV commercials.
10. Colorful Mexican blankets and piñatas suddenly adorn your child's room.



Keep America moving. Say no to Lomo.

The Adventures of Danny Doody



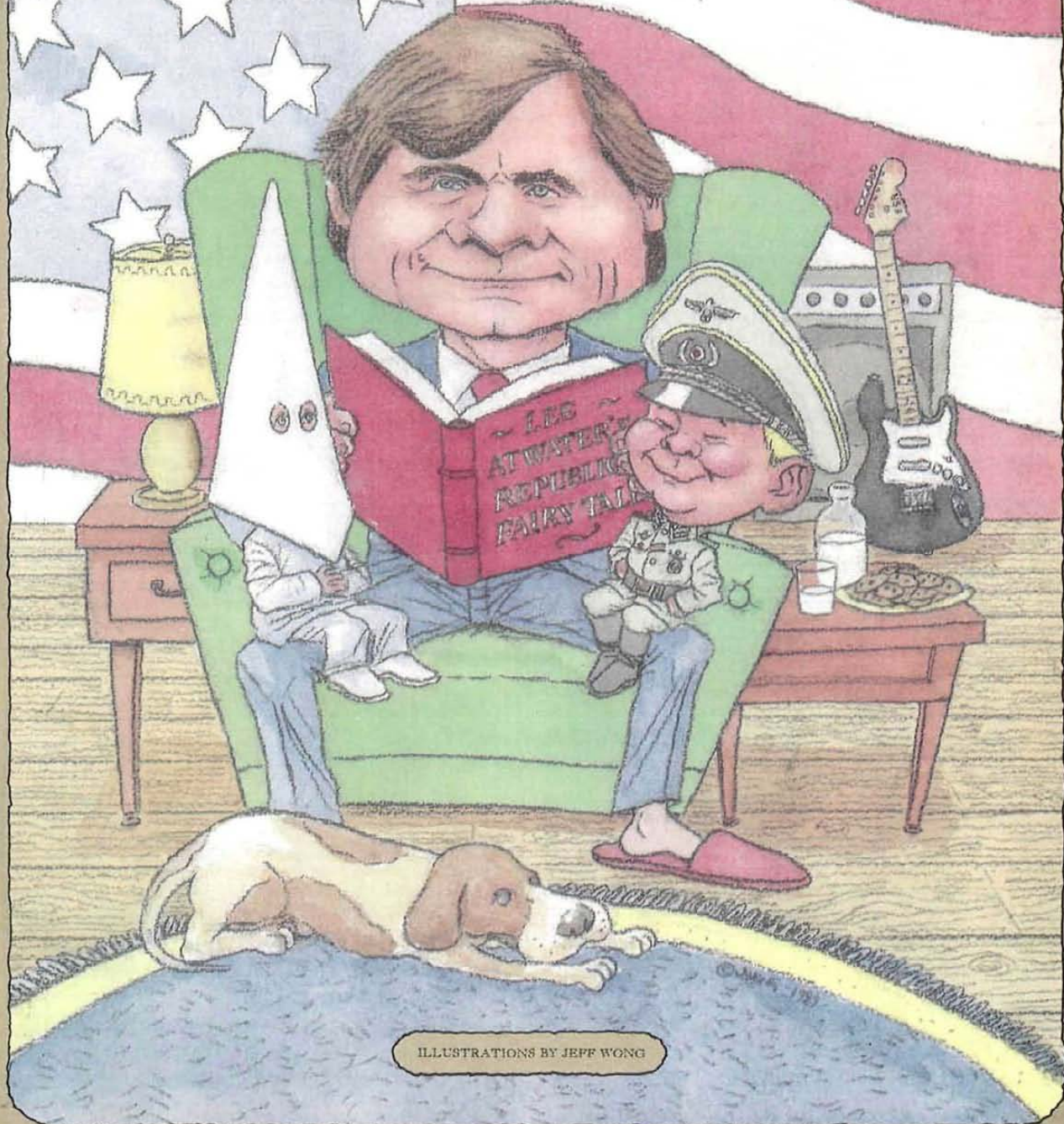
Randy Jones

REMEMBER, KIDS, JUST SAY GO... AND SEND THE LOMOTIL MONSTERS AWAY FOREVER.



Lee Atwater's Republican Fairy Tales

by George Barkin



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEFF WONG

The Three Little Pigs



Once upon a time in the House of Representatives there lived three little pigs named Henry Hyde, Newt Gingrich, and Robert Dornan. One day while they were in their office squealing happily over the newly passed capital gains bill, a bill that cuts taxes for the very rich, the telephone rang.

"Hehyo," said the harelippped secretary into the speakerphone.

"Hello," said the voice on the other end. "This is Nat Wolf from New York City. I am trying to gather support for a bill that would enable poor children to receive proper medical care—" The moment Robert Dornan heard Mr. Wolf's voice he flew into an uncontrollable rage.

"Tell that betraying Jew to... to..."

"To go fly a kike," chimed in the old friend of the Salvadoran death squads, Henry Hyde. The secretary laughed and disconnected the call. Then the three little pigs all stood up and began to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. Suddenly the phone rang again.

The pigs glared at one another in anger. Who could be spoiling their salute to the flag?

"Hehyo," said the harelippped secretary.

"Hello, y'all," drawled the voice at the other end. "This is David Duke of the Klu Klux—Ah mean of the Louisiana Republican party. Ah have a favor to ask the three congressmen." The little pigs looked at each other with glee. They were going to make a new friend.

"What can we do for you, son?" said Newt Gingrich merrily into the speakerphone. "We're always eager to help a fellow Republican." Instantly the sound of the voice on the other end of the speakerphone changed. It was Big Bad Nat Wolf from New York

who was really speaking!!

"Little pigs, little pigs, please take my calls."

"Not by the hair of Ollie North's balls," cried Henry Hyde, who had offered to let the former Marine colonel have sex with his wife during the Iran-contra hearings, just to prove how fine an American he thought he was.

So Nat Wolf tried appealing to the pigs' spirit of Christian charity:

"Little pigs, little pigs, please help the poor."

"Not till they're rich; and not a second before," came the stern response from Newt Gingrich.

Finally, Nat Wolf replied menacingly:

"Then I'll wheel and I'll deal and I'll get the bill passed."

"Not by the 'roids in my itchy right-wing ass!" shouted Robert Dornan crossly, and he abruptly disconnected the call. "We'll show that yid bastard he can't get pushy with us. Miss Teasy," he snorted at the harelippped secretary, "get our friends at the FBI on the phone."

"And our friends at the IRS," added Newt Gingrich.

"Don't bother with them, Miss Teasy," piped up Henry Hyde, his black little eyes twinkling with mischief. "Just call this number in El Salvador. Ask for Roberto. Tell him his *amigo* Henry needs a favor."

And so the very next night Mr. Wolf and his wife were shot to death while they were sleeping in their New York co-op apartment. And the three little pigs went on to serve many more years in the House of Representatives, passing all sorts of legislation to save the unborn and protect the American flag, and they all lived happily ever after.

Innuendo and Her Two Sisters



In a cottage at the edge of the woods there once lived an old woman and her three daughters, Smear, Slander, and Innuendo. One morning they woke up to find their mother in the kitchen, crying.

"The old bag is drunk again," said Slander, though she knew full well that her mother had never taken a drink in her entire life. The old woman said nothing but pointed a bony finger toward the cupboard. It was empty.

Bending slightly at the waist, Smear blew out a loud fart.

"Innuendo, cut that out!" she yelled, pointing angrily at her younger sister. "Relax, Mother," Smear went on, motioning to the empty cupboard. "Don't you remember what today is? It's the first day of the presidential election campaign, and the chairman of the Republican party will be here any minute to take me and Slander to the city with him. Before you can say 'Richard Milhous Nixon' we'll be back with enough money to last us four more years."

Hearing her sister talk of the upcoming presidential election, Innuendo's eyes began to brighten. Ever since she could remember Smear and Slander had been going to town with the Republicans. Afterward they would each return to the cottage with jewels, expensive clothes, and wonderful stories about fancy balls and famous people. Then they'd take to their beds and spend the next four years sleeping, eating, and ordering her about. Never once did they ask Innuendo to join them. When Innuendo would ask why she was never invited to go along, her sisters would sneer, "What would the Republicans want with Innuendo when they have Smear and Slander working for them?" But maybe this time, she thought, if I ask especially nicely, they will agree to take me with them.

"Dear sisters," Innuendo began, her sweet voice trembling slightly. "Surely you must know how much I've longed to accompany you and the Republicans these many years. But you never invited me no matter how many times I asked. Please, I beg of you, let me go with you today."

"Eat shit from a rusty bowl," replied Smear as the limo from the Republican National Committee pulled up in front of the cottage to take them away.

Later that night Smear and Slander returned home. They were very cross. They had no jewels, nor fancy clothes, nor exciting stories to tell about fancy parties and famous people. Worst of all, they had no money for food.

"The chairman of the Republican party says we're too crude for today's American voters," the two sisters complained bitterly. "He says times have changed and that you can't call Democrats 'nigger lovers' anymore."

The old woman began to weep softly. "Fucked up the ass without a morsel to eat," she sighed. "Who can ever help us now?"

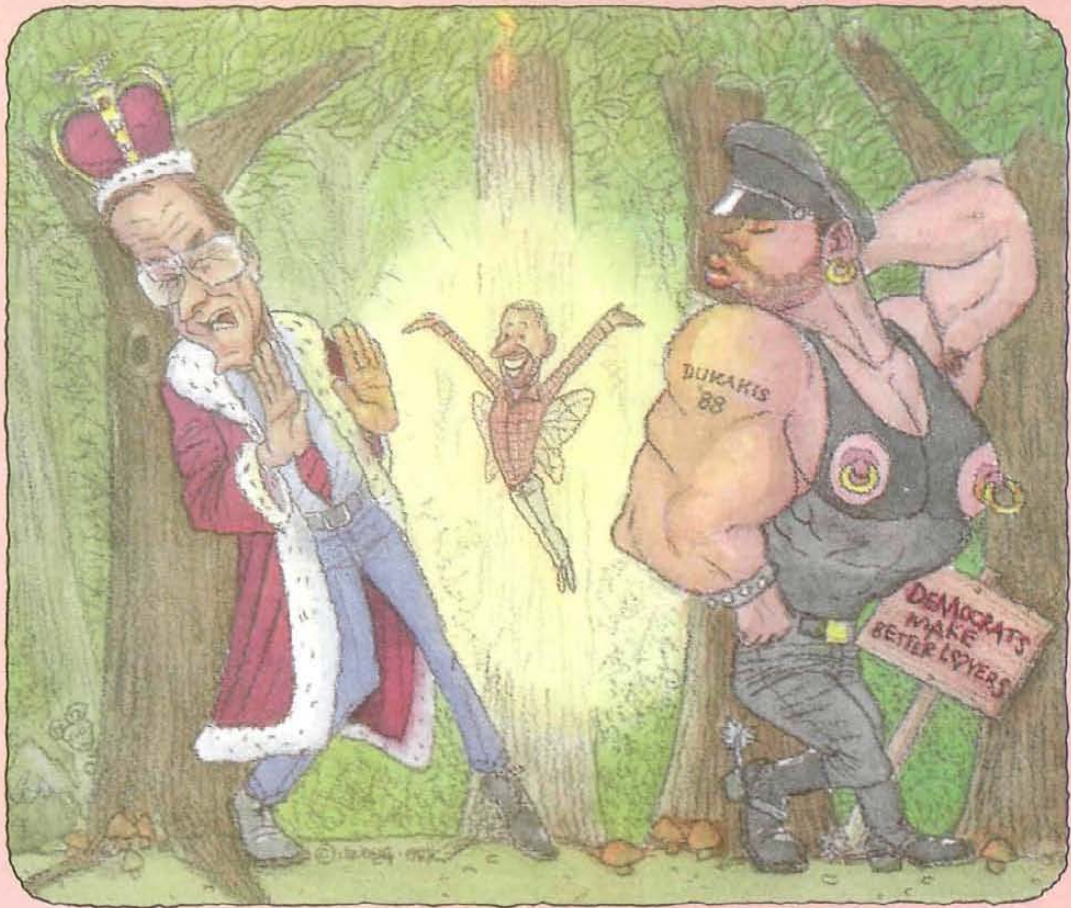
Suddenly Innuendo leaped out of her seat and, throwing on her hat and coat, rushed out the cottage door and down the road that led to the city.

"Innuendo, my child, where are you going?" her mother called. But it was too late. She was already gone.

Weeks passed. The old woman and her two daughters wept in the kitchen because they had nothing to eat and no money with which to buy food. One day the door flew open and in marched Innuendo, carrying jewels, fancy clothes, and lots and lots of money. Up she strode to her two sisters, who were dumb with surprise.

"Take a look at that," she said smartly and slammed down a sheaf of news clippings on the table. As the sisters read the clippings they noticed something very strange. Every time a Republican wanted to call a Democrat a nigger lover, he'd call him a liberal instead. The American voters got the message without having their sensibilities offended! Thanks to Innuendo, the Republicans had won another presidential election!! Innuendo and her sisters made up and became the best of friends, and still work for the Republicans to this very day.

The Emperor's Old Clothes



Once upon a time there lived a Republican emperor whose land was beset with many problems. But of all the problems in the land none troubled the people more than drugs—no, make that terrorism—uh, better leave it drugs. . . . No, start again.

Once upon a time there lived an emperor whose land was beset with many problems. But of all the problems in the land none troubled the people more than drugs *and* terrorism. At least that's what the emperor was always saying. The newspapers and television followed his lead, only making sure to alternate their coverage so that the people did not get bored. One week all the news would be about terrorism, the next week all the news would be about drugs. One week terrorism, the next week drugs. On and on it would go, and if it went on forever, the emperor would like it just fine. Because as long as television and the newspapers were spending all their time saying bad things about drugs and terrorism, they couldn't say anything bad about him.

One day while the emperor was walking in the woods he came upon an evil Democratic fairy.

"Yoo-hoo, Georgie," called the fairy.

"That's *Emperor* Georgie to you," replied the emperor crossly.

"*Pardonnez-moi*," said the fairy with a toss of his head. "I just flew down to say that you simply *must* stop handing out those boring drugs-and-terrorism stories to the press. From now on we Democratic fairies want action! Action on a whole range of social and economic issues, not demagogic poo-poo about drugs and terrorism."

"Never!" declaimed the emperor. "We must fight to rid the land of these scourges. The former administration did nothing to

eradicate—"

"That's *just* my point, Mary," said the fairy.

"What is?" responded the emperor, perplexed.

"The former administration."

"You mean Emperor Jimmy Carter?" asked the emperor in a puzzled tone.

"Don't get cute, dearie, I mean you. *Los* Republicans. Weren't you vice emperor for the past eight years?"

"Uh . . . yes, I was," said the emperor slowly.

"And weren't *you* personally put in charge of the drug problem? Weren't *you*, in fact, the *drug czar*?"

"What if I was?" said the emperor defensively.

"You were also in charge of the Special Task Force on Terrorism, too," the evil fairy continued, becoming very catty. "What do you think would happen if the *New York Times* and CBS News found out that for the past eight years *you* had been in charge of our kingdom's drug and terrorist policies; that *you* had made one wrong decision after another; that *your* blunders and inaction are in large measure responsible for the mess we're in now? How would your subjects react to all your silly speeches and proposals about drugs and terrorism if they knew all this?!"

"They already know," said the emperor calmly.

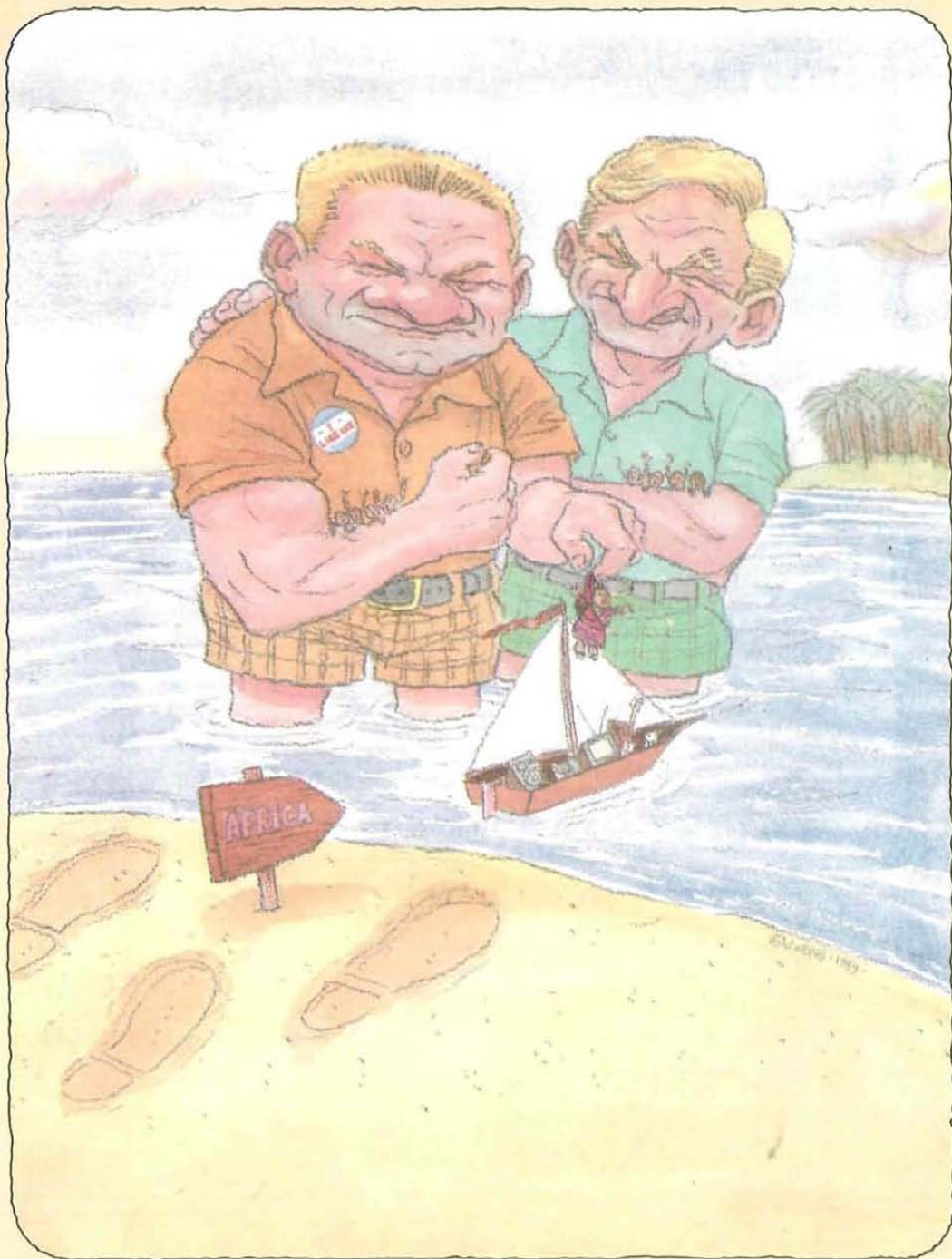
"And still they do nothing?" demanded the evil fairy.

"That's right," replied the emperor. "Now hit the bricks, faggot, I'm late for my morning bath." At this the evil fairy gave a start.

"Oooh, yummy!" he squealed. "Can I watch?"

"I said *scram!*" shouted the emperor.

"*Bitch!*" hissed the evil fairy, and then vanished into thin air and was never seen again.



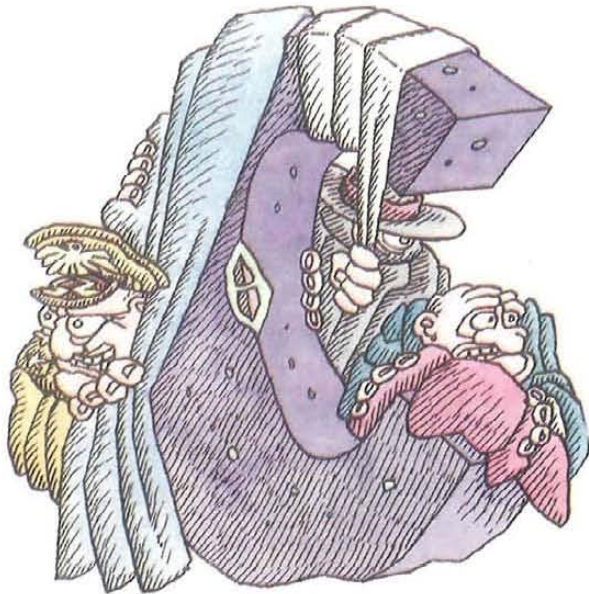
Once upon a time in a low-income housing project deep in the woods, there lived a black, unwed mother of eight children named Shirelle Beauty. Thanks to a liberal Democratic Congress, Shirelle Beauty collected enough welfare money to have as many kids as she pleased and still live like a queen. Nobody had ever milked the government for as much money as she. In her cramped three-room apartment there were, among other things, two Sony color-TV sets, a washer and a dryer, a microwave, a steamer trunk stuffed with wigs, an expensive stereo and CD player with giant Advent speakers, boom boxes, a pit bull, a late-model Lincoln Continen-

tal, a dishwasher, two VCRs, a Fender bass, and a six-foot-tall cabinet filled with liquor. Because the taxpayers were paying her bills she didn't have to go to work; and because she wasn't a fit mother she didn't bother to look after her children. So all day long she would just lie in her king-size bed and sleep. That's why everyone who knew her called her Sleeping Beauty, Welfare Queen.

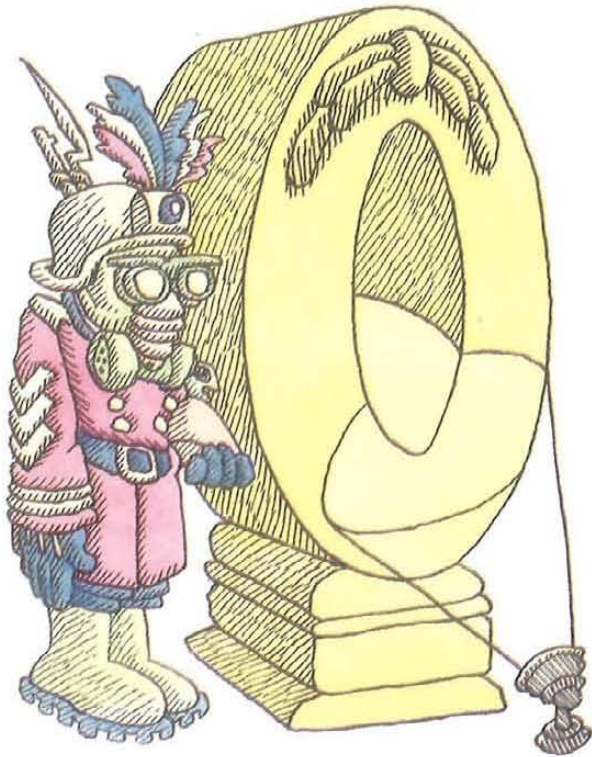
One day two friendly white giants from the Republican party came to her apartment. They picked up Sleeping Beauty and her eight illegitimate children in their big white arms and carried them through the woods all the way to the sea. Then they dumped them on a boat. The boat was going to Africa. End of story. ■

HOW TO SPELL

CONSPIRACY



C is for Cover-up,
The verb and the noun,
If you don't see it,
Then you won't frown,
If you do see it,
Then you must pray
No one has seen **you**
Looking that way!



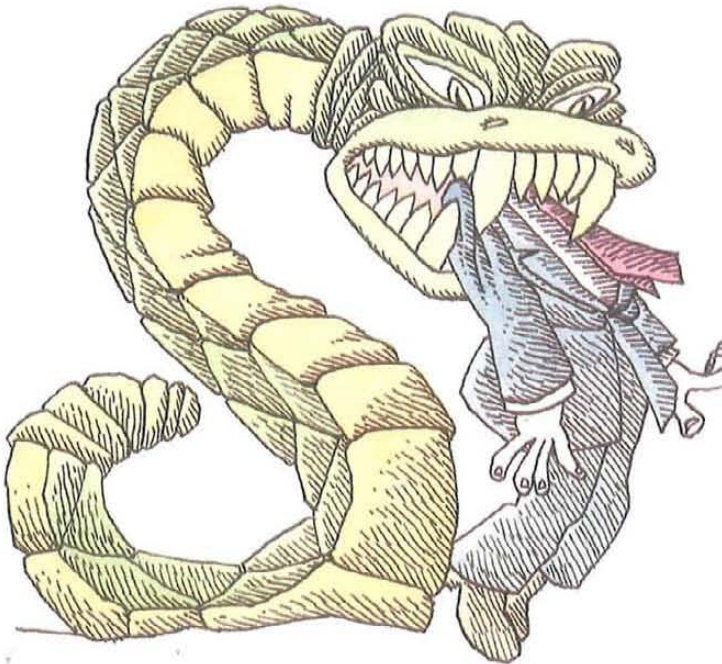
O's for Official,
For those things rated true
By the people who run us
And tell me and you
What is and what isn't,
What's up and what's down,
And you'd better believe them,
Or get out of town.

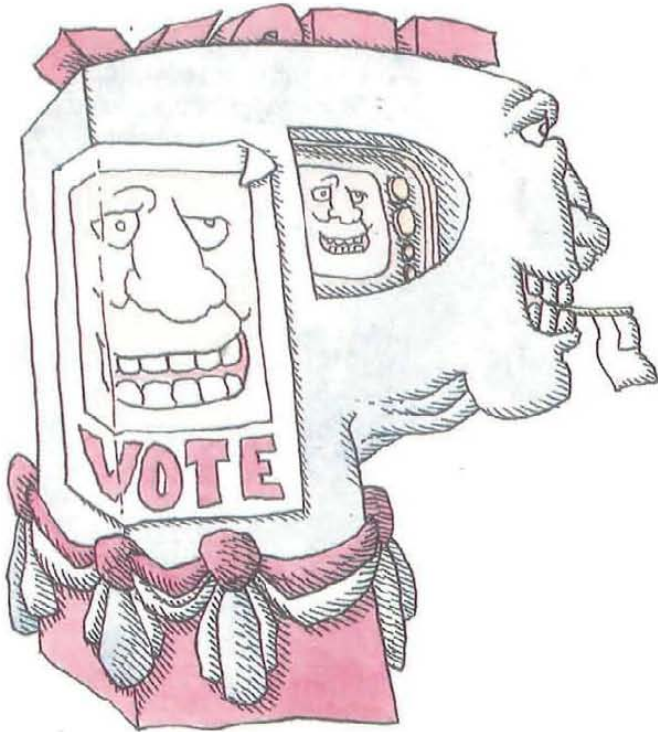
BY GAHAN WILSON

N's for the Nothing
You hear about stuff
Which might get you started
Into calling the bluff
Of those who would fool you
And lead you astray,
And to think for yourself
Instead of their way.

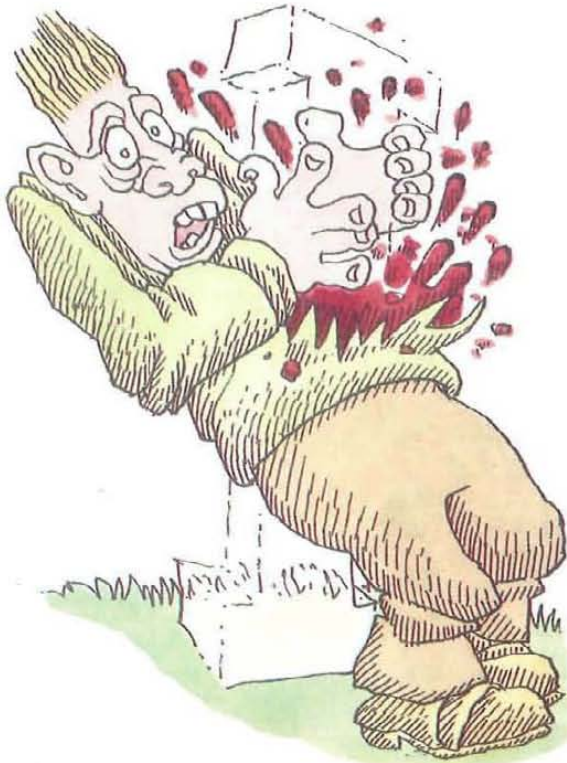


S is for Sneaky
And Slimy and Sly,
For things that slip by you
Which you never spy.
Since they've suckered you silly
And stolen your mind,
You won't even see them
Stealing up from behind.

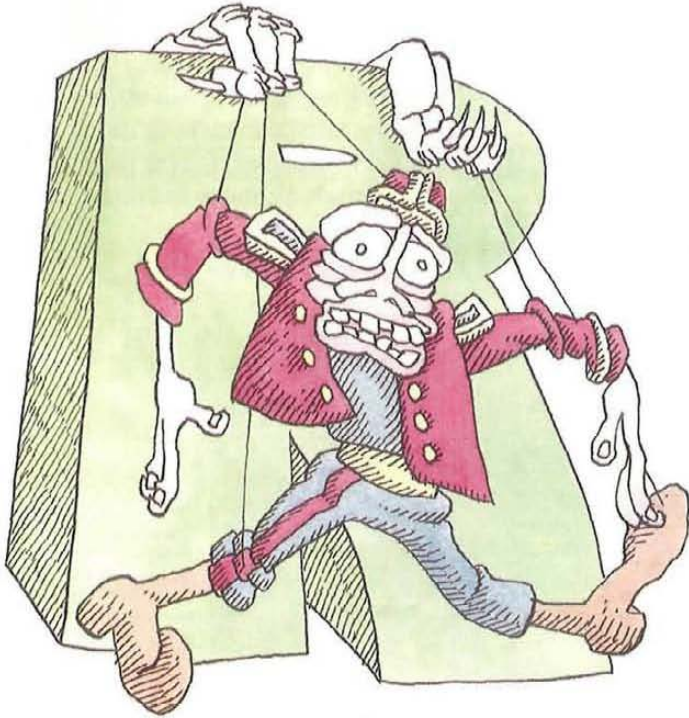




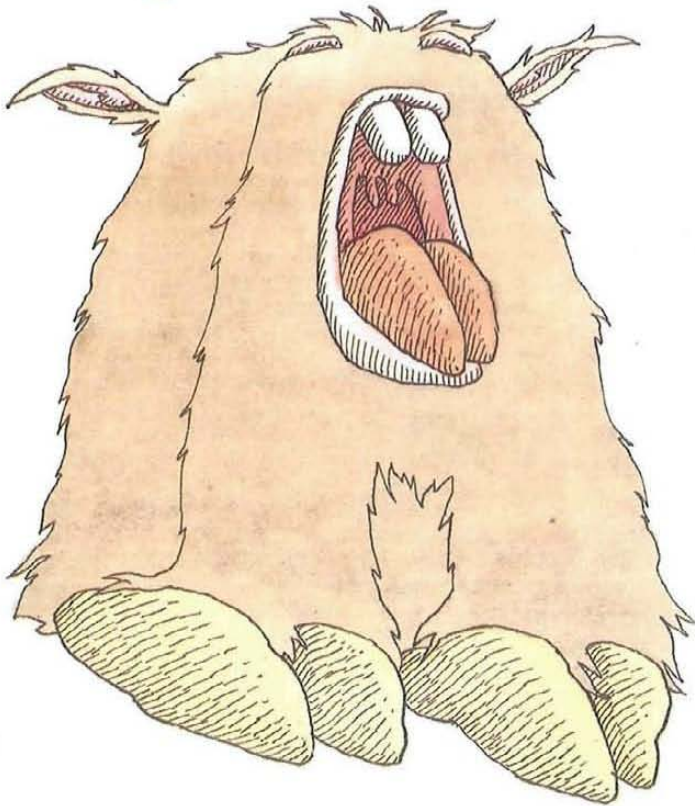
P is for the Presidents
Who proudly come and go,
And lie and blather constantly,
And finally bore you so
That you come to leave off puzzling
If they're good or bad,
And only ponder if they're just
Another TV ad.



I is for Invisible,
For things you cannot see,
For things that are not printed
Nor shown upon TV.
If you and I see nothing wrong
We cannot place the blame;
That's why the villains laugh at us—
Now isn't that a shame!



R is for the Rascals
Who run our world for us,
They do it very quietly,
They never make a fuss;
They do it all with puppets
Dressed as common folk and kings,
And now you'll understand, perhaps,
Why you're wearing all those strings.



A is for the Asses
Who claim that all is well,
Whose bland assurances ensure
The world will go to hell.
They'd have us look the other way
As villains kill our seas;
They'd have us smile as others force
The wretched to their knees.

PUBLIC ENEMY

VOLUME 1 NO. 2

NEWS 'N' VIEWS

WINTER 1990

"Freedom is a gutter in which the multitude seldom relieve themselves."

P.E. to Ink New Righteous Record Pact!

Star File / Brian Rasic



The brothers of Public Enemy (right) stand poised to shuck off Jew influence by leaving CBS Records for a leading polka label where their message to the Black masses can ring loud and clear.

Having long suffered the indignities of the evil Jew Walter Yetnikoff (a.k.a. Closet Admiral Pork Snout) and his wicked fiefdom called CBS Records, Public Enemy stands on the precipice of a new record deal.

Declaring all future P.E. recordings "a Jew-free zone, sacred ground," Public Enemy Minister of Misinformation Professor Griff explained the rap group's contract-busting ideology as simply "something I came up with one night when I was chillin' around four A.M." Imperial Wizard Chuck D. is the first to admit that finding a record label completely free of the Jewish presence has been a herculean task.

"Dig, we see our albums as sacred scrolls, holy scriptures. Though some might call that self-important, it matters not, they will be dead soon from too much pork in their diets. Now in light of all this, me an' the boys don't want any Jewish hands touching our albums EVER! I mean all the way down the line: distribution, promotions, payola, the whole works. Do you have any idea how hard that is?"

Here Professor Griff interjects: "It's a testament to how far the evil Jew termite has eaten his way into the very fabric of Black culture. The average Black brother-man can't get his hands on a good groove until Shylock has exacted his pound of vinyl."

But it appears the long search has ended in Allah's bounty. Public Enemy is being courted by not one, but two of the premier polka labels in the white man's so-called free world. Long-established, totally Jew-free, and full of "Old World values," both Pirogi International and Kielbasa Brothers Records are wining and dining the young superstars on a steady diet of cabbage rolls and polka.

In the words of Pirogi International president "Ski" Skozlewski:

"This Public Enemy thing has been a real shot in the arm for the polka indus-

try. We haven't had this much media attention since the advent of the portable beer tap! And you know what I love? It's bringing the kids back to polka. Hey sure, most of them are spooks, but at this point we can't be choosy. Our average consumer demographic is a sixty-year-old steam fitter with a cholesterol count of 350. Those aren't good survival numbers for the polka industry."



Rumors abound that "Ski" Skozlewski (above left) will produce the next P.E. album, *Millions of Pounds of Ham Hocks Can't Keep Us Down*.

Sampling: A New Frontier

Public Enemy's resolve to put the ultimate kibosh on the evil Hymie influence has extended to the records approved for sampling as well. In an exhaustive

search for Jew-free sound sources, Public Enemy has arrived at the following lists of valid records now preferred over Jew-infested death product:

YES
ABBA
SCORPIONS
NINA HAGEN
MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
FRANKIE YANKOVIC
HITLER'S FAVORITE MARCHES
99 LUFTBALLONS
RICHARD WAGNER
COLE PORTER

NO
BOB DYLAN
LEONARD COHEN
BARBRA STREISAND
EDDIE CANTOR
LAINIE KAZAN
MARVIN HAMLISCH
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
ITZHAK PERLMAN
SAMMY DAVIS, JR.

P.E. NEWS 'N' VIEWS EXCLUSIVE!

What with the recent furor over the remarks of P.E. Minister of Disinformation Griff about the Jew-dominated media conspiracy, we are proud to publish for the first time anywhere the definitive P.E. reaction. This song will soon appear on the forthcoming P.E. long-form video, *Black America Shakes Its Booty and the White Power Structure Trembles Like Cherry Jell-O*.

Don't Believe the Kike

Whipped

For telling truth about the Hymie
They couldn't buy me
With a skullcap full of shekels
I'm not a hooligan
'Cause I dis Yehudi Menuhin
I'm just a fellahin
Don't want no pork 'n' bean
Or kosher Ovaltine
Rather be a flyguy
Than sit on Mount Sinai
The First Commandment—
Raise the nigger's rent
Don't believe the kike!

(Sample Henry Ford)

"Now this international-type Jew, this grasper
after world control, this actual possessor and
wielder of world control is a very unfortunate

connection for his race to have. It is not merely
that there are a few Jews among international
financial controllers; it is that these world con-
trollers are exclusively Jews."

We grew up in the suburbs
Yo we had it real hard
Had to wait 'til eighteen
For Dad to buy our first car
Now we the dark faces
Of the master races
Rappin' in the Bronx y'all
Home safe before nightfall
Drinkin' Long Island Tea
Listen to Minister Farrakhan's plea
Don't believe the kike!

(Sample Farrakhan)

"Judaism is a gutter religion."

Don't believe the kike!

They say Chuck must be bad
Flav is just a passin' fad
And Griff's retarded just a tad
But they just eat gefilte fish
And get standoffish
When a blood be racist!
It's fun to live in hate
Solutions are second-rate
When you can Jew-bait
Don't run and call the feds
We got a right to act like shitheads!
Don't believe the kike!

(Sample Hitler)

"Juden Frage—der ganze Welt."

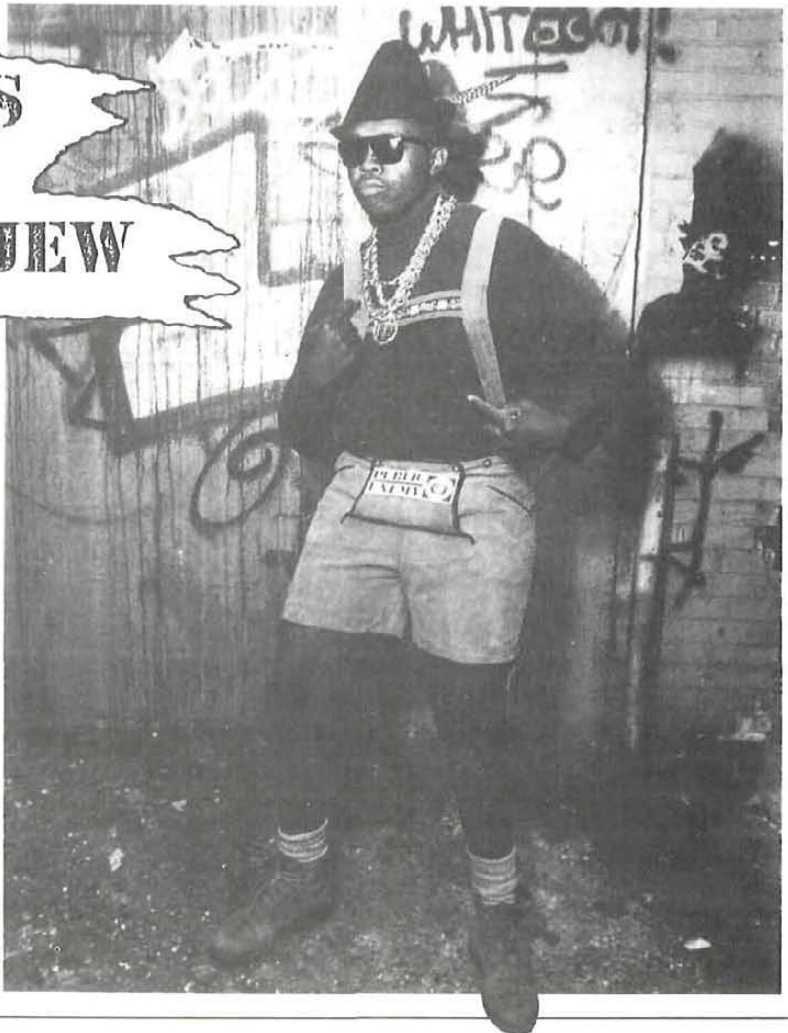


HOMIEBOYS TO SPORT NEW NON-JEW LOOK

Having long suffered under the domination of the Jewish Garment Center mentality, B-boys and flygirls are flocking to a new def look: Tyrolean Too-Tough threads. Professor Griff has pointed out that companies like Troop and Levi Strauss are part of the world-wide international Jew conspiracy, and it is the ultimate hypocrisy for brothers to cover their beautiful ebony skin tones with such vile cesspool-like material. So P.E. is proud to introduce a new line of approved clothing.

Eugene "Exasperator" Jones models the P.E. Lampin' Lederhosen, a def outfit that will soon be available mail-order through this publication. Topped with the Tyrolean Lampin' Lid, it's the freshest way to say "No Jew tailors can hold us back!"

Martin Gardlin



Yo! Don't be a sucka M.C.! Slap down some serious, politically correct cash money for these fabulous Public Enemy OFFICIALLY LICENSED PRODUCTS!!!

Griff's Jew Sticks!



Martin Gardlin

Your landlord hiked the rent? The Hebe who owns the neighborhood grocery store charges \$3.50 for a quart of milk? The Shylock wants 80 percent vigorish on the loan, compounded hourly? Don't let the poison of anger fester inside you! Blame someone else for your problems, and while you're at it — beat his head to jelly with these beautiful, lead-filled clubs that wear the Public Enemy logo proudly. (Yes, they wash clean and don't hold prints!) **\$32.95**

Malcolm X Bobbing Head Doll!



Perfect for the back window of your Mercedes! Let the Jew pig suffer in jealousy as you cruise the town in a fine, GERMAN-ENGINEERED vehicle that you paid for with cash and that features Malcolm nodding his approval! Nothing drives the message home better than this adorable bobbing-head figure of the modern age's great prophet and martyr. **\$14.95**

Farrakhan Bow Tie Selection



AP/Wide World

The Natural
The Tom
The Alabama Getaway
The Apart-Tie



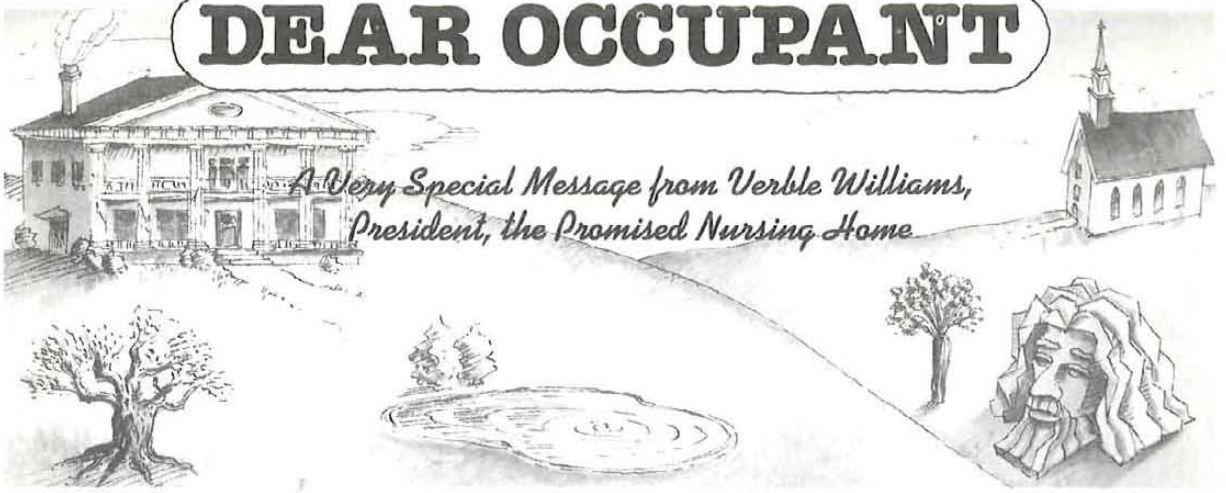
Give your personal message of anarchy and hatred that civilized touch with this lovely assortment of bow ties just like those worn by THE MAN. Fashion should never take a backseat to the revolution! **\$25.00**



Professor Griff's Winter Survival Adventure!

Get away from it all and stalk LIVING white prey in the wilds of the South Bronx this winter! Yes, you heard right: KILL WHITEY! Discover the universal thrill when you're on the fun side of a good old-fashioned lynching! Comes complete with room, board, paramilitary uniforms, and training in Griff's unique brand of military formations. Yes, you will have to listen to Professor Griff speak for long hours each morning, but it will be more than worth it when you have tracked, cornered, and Uzied your very own aimless, guaranteed-WHITE slum derelict. He's guaranteed not to be missed by society, so you'll never feel the heat!
1 SESSION: \$7,000.00

DEAR OCCUPANT



*A Very Special Message from Verble Williams,
President, the Promised Nursing Home*

Beloved Friend,

Just the other day **GOD** said to me:
"GREVZ BILLADRAYSPDEE
SCHNEIGENKLAZK IL GIK CHUCK.
DONNY TITLIP VANILLA SCHNET."

English Translation:

"There comes a time in a Faith Healer's life when he cannot heal himself ... nor anyone else, for that matter."

In the past God's Messengers on Earth, those individuals graced with the gift of healing, the Miracle Workers, the Layers on of Hands, have asked you to donate to their various and mighty causes and toiled mightily in the pulpit and on television to garner contributions that they may keep body and soul together and go on with their work. And you have responded most generously.

But O Holy, Holy, I exhort you to pause for a moment and consider the plight of the older, infirm, sick Faith Healer in his or her golden years. Many can no longer work at their trade, for they are too feeble to lay their shaking hands on the afflicted. Their voices have grown too weak and cracked to exhort the multitudes and beg for money on their own behalf.

Others are in need of medical attention. They suffer from skin rashes and eruptions from wearing brightly colored three-piece polyester suits in the intense heat of the gospel tent. Some are contagious and suffer from unusual tropical diseases contracted in unusual, tropical places. Often they are special cases and suffer from complaints uniquely acquired.

Arnie Horkenbucker, the famous Kansas Harvester for God, now suffers from severe bursitis in his right shoulder brought on by years spent carrying a hand-hewn wooden cross from hamlet to hamlet on foot, uplifting hearts all over America's breadbasket.

Remember Virginia Cratch and her television program, *Tears of Joy*, which was watched by millions on over 350 television stations and was listened to by millions more on over 427 radio stations, including a shortwave hookup to the Andes? How many times did you weep for joy with her when

she brought the power of love into your brain, your heart, and your soul? How sad it is to see this great woman today choking on her own tears, snuffling and sniffing day in and day out, for she cannot turn it off any longer.



Brother Bobby Biskett

After so many decades of serving the Lord as His messenger, and bringing the gift of hearing to so many, Dr. Wesley U. Schlissley himself can no longer hear. Even if you stood beside him and screamed "Amen!" into his audio receptacles, he would not know you had spoken. In his years of service to the deaf, Dr. Schlissley stood too close to the amplified organ, and now *his* organs of auditory reception are irrevocably damaged. Nothing gets in. Even the dinner bell rings in silence.

Calvin Knox, too, is in trouble. For a full half-century he took his crusade against Satan into every beach community from Malibu to Miami, preaching against sin, high living, and vice. He took Satan on and tackled him, and wrestled him, and finally Calvin got too old and Satan beat him.

Now today Dr. Knox is Satan's vassal. He smokes, he stays up late, he drinks, he invites ladies into his room after dark, he wears sunglasses and gold chains, he curses, he carouses. He is lost.

Only one place on earth is prepared to care for the retired Faith Healer, and that is my Promised Nursing Home in Del Rio, Texas, the only facility in the world to specialize in the occupational diseases of—and cater to the tastes of—the professional Holy Roller.

Nestled comfortably on seven acres of landscaped property deep in a valley, shaded by the olive and the fig, the Promised Nursing Home provides every modern medical treatment known to science in its up-to-the-minute hospital facility. We have thought of everything.

Because the Promised Nursing Home is nonsectarian in its policy, many of our inmates express opinions and beliefs that are anathema to their fellow sojourners. The



Calvin Knox

gift of prophecy is a powerful weapon, and be assured that I have taken precautions that the fracas which erupted between Dr. Newton Harshbarger, God's Accountant on Earth, and Brother Bobby "Lay Your Afflicted Member on the Radio" Biskett as to whether Axl Rose or Molly Ringwald is the Antichrist—which led to a bloody nose, a wrenched shoulder, and a broken window, in addition to several hundred dollars' worth of damage to the Baptismal Lake, the Prophet Rock, and the sound system in the Miracle Chapel—will never happen again, because we now have an armed Bible Moderator on twenty-four-hour call.

Special care takes money. Please brighten the eyes of an old Faith Healer with your gift.

Arnie Horkenbucker needs liniment. And shoes.

Send us a check today that we may keep Virginia in paper hankies and sponges for another year.

Please send what you can so the deaf Dr. Schlissley will hear again. Remember that when your money talks, Dr. Schlissley just might listen.

Do you know what it costs to keep Calvin Knox in liquor? Send us enough to keep him for another year so we may save him from the devil. It is never too late. He will thank you, and we at the Promised Nursing Home, forced to watch his debauchery night after night, will thank you.

The statistics don't paint a pretty picture. The Angel of Death is knocking at the door. Let us show him some money so he will go away.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD..."
Matthew 6:11.



Virginia Cratch



Arnie Horkenbucker

Dr. Wesley U. Schlissley



Verble
Williams™

1990 PREACHER HEALER CLUB

YES, VERBLE—

I WANT TO HELP HEAL A HEALER and receive a special gift:
ETERNAL LIFE! The gift that keeps on giving.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is:

- My full \$200 membership fee, good for one year.
 In addition I am sending an extra \$20 for a pair of genuine miracle prayer socks—every step I take will be blessed.

I wear small medium large
 yellow red black



Please make your check payable to: **CASH**

Charity **A**nd **S**alvation **H**eal



Donald Trump's Demonic Conspiracy to Take Over North America

by Les Firestein



AP/Wide World

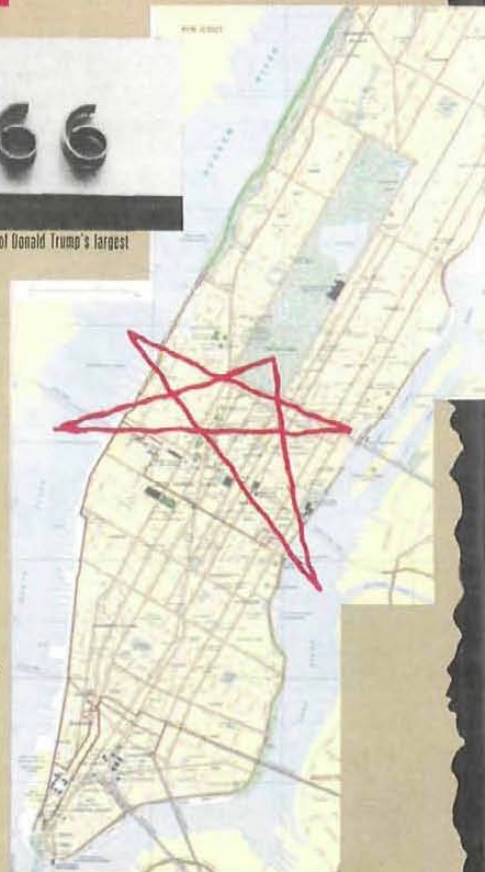
Donald Trump (above) and Damien Thorn (below): two "men" with a lot more in common than a DT monogram and a strong urge to possess.



Movie Star News



The pentagrammatic epicenter of Donald Trump's largest above-ground empire of evil.



Trump's pentagram of property stretches from the West Side heliport to the Trump City site to Wollman Rink to the East Side heliport to Trump Plaza. The center of the pentagram contains not only the Plaza Hotel, but also the aptly named 666 Building!!!

DONALD TRUMP HAS THE BLOOD OF A JACKAL COURSING THROUGH HIS VEINS.

How else do you explain why the Billionaire Beelzebub categorically refuses to even *acknowledge* my polite requests for a blood sample?

In fact, this expert contends that not only is Donald Trump the Son of Satan, but, perhaps more significantly, the highly successful *Omen* movies of the 1970s are actually *documentaries* that chronicle the biblically prophesied ascendance of Donald Trump to power—as foretold by the New Testament's Book of Revelations!!!

Consider the following: the story of *The Omen* concerns the modern-day rise to power of the devil's son—a fellow named Damien Thorn. Get it? *D! T!* Donald Trump... Damien Thorn... it's even the same number of letters.

Thorn takes over his *father's multinational construction and engineering firm* ... with the ultimate goal of *buying up giant parcels of land* ... and subsequently *profiting from world famine via blackmail*. Sound familiar?

One of Thorn's special trademarks is that all someone has to do is look at him the wrong way, or even question his motives momentarily, and off rolls the person's head (courtesy of a flying pane of glass). Or a body gets split in two thanks to a mysteriously malfunctioning elevator cable.

Truc, Trump has yet to be brought up on *substantiated* charges of decapitation, but his enemies seem to mysteriously disappear nevertheless. Remember New York City mayor Ed Koch? Gone. Merv Griffin's bid to control the Resorts International casino? The stock plummeted. Leona Helmsley? Convicted. Leonard Stern's critical documentary on DJT? Passed on by all the major networks. Need more?

How about the folks who were sued for copyright infringement for using the generic "Ivana" and "Trump" names—and *lost*, even though the Trumps had no case? Remember when Trump castigated *Time* for writing a Trump cover story that was flattering but not flattering *enough*? Was it only two months before *Time* Inc. was battling a nasty takeover bid by Paramount? And remember when Gorbys was visiting the United States and innocently opted *not* to have an audience with Trump? Has anyone checked on how Soviet Communism is doing these days? Could the writing on the wall be any clearer?

The Omen's Damien Thorn attended military academy, and so did Donald Trump. And Trump consummated his first major business deal in 1976—the same year *The Omen* was released! Damien Thorn is pale, humorless, and sports an awful, thinning haircut. ... Need I say more?

I fear I must. If Donald Trump is *not* the devil, then how come his New York City

properties form a *pentagram* around the famous Manhattan skyscraper known as 666 Fifth Avenue? And why did he purchase a huge parcel of railyards in such close proximity to New York's *Penta* Hotel?

Even more important, if Mr. Trump is not the Lucifer of Luxury, then why does his office continually disconnect me whenever I request a thorough examination of Donald's scalp? Furthermore, why won't *The Omen's* producers return my calls? Could they have something to hide? Could they have been coerced into recategorizing their very real and well-researched documentary, the last of the Damien series, as a harmless splatter flick entitled *The Final Conflict*? And did the devil make them do it?

Better still, why has this article been turned down by, among others, *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, *The Washington Post*, and *The Wall Street Journal*? Is no institution off-limits to the devil/developer? Indeed, why am I getting writer's cramp even as I attempt to merely complete this very sentence? And how come when I woke up this morning, I couldn't find my keys? Just ask America's landlord ... Diabolical Donald.

As I see it, Trump's master plan is a surprise attack on the United States. Since he's already here, we can't call this an invasion *per se*. Let's call it a *pervasion* instead.

Even Trump's own press kit supports the pervasion hypothesis: "With his recent purchase of the Eastern Shuttle, Donald Trump controls a virtual air force on the Eastern seaboard of the United States," the kit boasts. Is this innocuous bravado? Perhaps.

But take a look at the bigger picture: for example, Trump's military training. He's a master of the hostile takeover. ... Given the choice of any noun, Trump chose to name his USFL team the *Generals*. ... Then there's *Trump Castle*. I could go on and on, but I hardly need to.

Yes, a closer look at Mr. Trump's myriad holdings elucidates the need for weapons and troop verification (or at least mutual reassurance) from Donald, the Degas of Deals. Indeed a careful study of Trump's *declared* assets alone indicates that the King from Queens is already remarkably

A Partial List of Newspapers and Periodicals That Refused to Publish This Important Article:

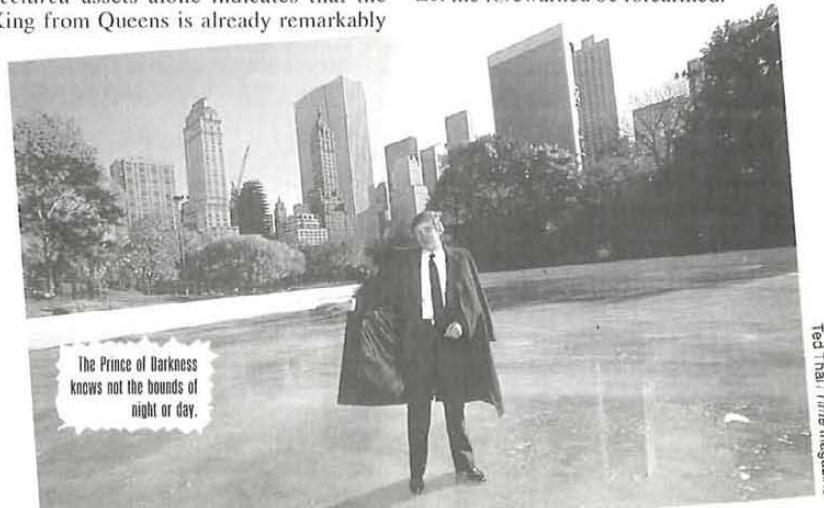
The New York Times	Glamour
The Wall Street Journal	Vogue
Biker Slut	Cosmopolitan
The Washington Post	Public Interest
The Christian Science Monitor	Hot Rod
GO	Tass (Soviet press agency)
Esquire	The Jerusalem Post
Playboy	New York Post
Playhouse	TV Guide
Hustler	Sports Illustrated
The Village Voice	Tiger Beat
New York	Hit Parade
Time	Grit
Newsweek	Rebuck
Boys' Life	Ladies' Home Journal
HG (House & Garden)	The Washington Monthly
Stereo Review	USA Today
Popular Mechanics	National Law Journal
Vanity Fair	American Cinematographer
U.S. News & World Report	Forbes
Dissent	Fortune
The Nation	Reader's Digest
The New Yorker	Parade
National Geographic	Hollis Stone
Sassy	Motor Trend

well positioned for the above-mentioned U.S. pervasion:

In addition to his air force, Trump oversees his own navy (the *Trump Princess*), his own tactical air strike and airlift (the Trump Air helicopter fleet), his own army (of thousands of employees potentially mobilized from hundreds of buildings), as well as numerous super-strategic military installations such as the proposed Trump City site on the bank of the Hudson River, to name just one. Yup, it's Armageddon—and Don's got all the fixin's.

I think I neglected to point out Trump's formidable department of propaganda: the Trump-funded "Trump Pages" of our advertising-starved American news dailies, also known as the "Why I Bought the (fill-in-the-blank) Page."

And I should also mention that Trump has easy access to Chrysler-built tanks and half-track troop transporters—thanks to his good friend, sometime business partner, and fellow soul-seller Lee Iacocca. Without further ado, then, I present for your consideration the Boy Billionaire's brilliant three-pronged attack plan, which I have nicknamed the "Trump Trident." Let the forewarned be forearmed.



The Prince of Darkness knows not the bounds of night or day.

Ted Thral / Time magazine

PHASE 1: I'll Take Manhattan.

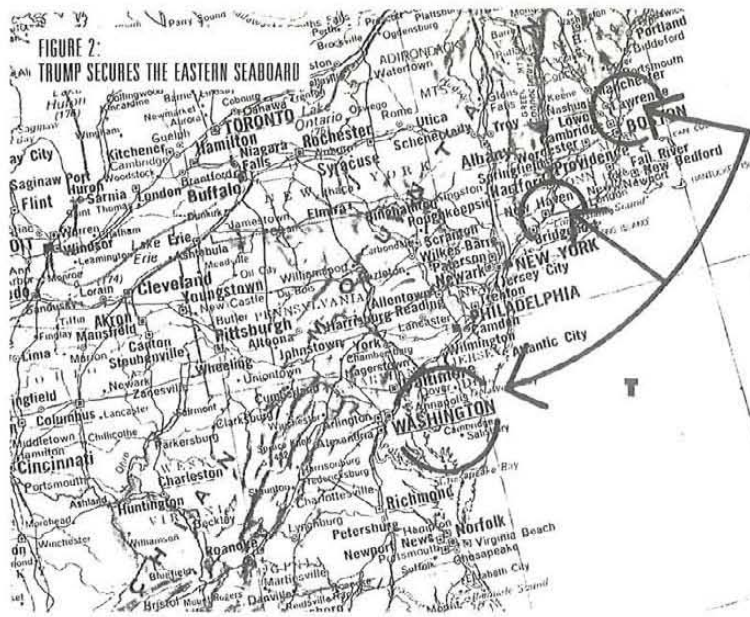
With respect to the domino theory, any plan that calls for the conquest of the United States must begin with a siege of New York. Topple the biggest domino, and soon thereafter all others will follow suit.

My best guess is that Trump's air strike will blitz the East and West Side heliports, while the *Trump Princess* and her escort ships seal off the East and Hudson rivers from Navy and/or Coast Guard intervention.

Then, while Trump's troops surge inland from the heliports (probably in the "T" formation), support cavalry will be sent out to meet these troops from Trump Tower, Trump Plaza, Trump Park, and the Plaza Hotel.

Trump's Television City site will keep a watchful eye on any kind of counterattack brewing in New Jersey, and Wollman Rink—located at the epicenter of Manhattan—will most likely be the headquarters for the entire military theater.

From his bases in Greenwich, Connecticut, and also from airfields in the Hamptons, Trump would easily secure and patrol the Long Island Sound. Similarly, Trump's air and naval bases in Atlantic City (including the new twenty-eight-million-dollar marina he's building) would rapidly crush any opposition coming up from the south as well as possible interference originating in Europe.



PHASE 2: White House Goes Condo, Gets Onyx Bathroom Fixtures.

Once Gotham and Atlantic City are secured, Washington, D.C.—already in its natural state of chaos—will be ripe for the plucking. Probably on the night of a big Trump-sponsored Tyson fight (so that folks are suitably distracted), Trump troops move

in via land, sea, and air, while the New York base guards against intervention from the north and the southern flanks are protected by Trump's considerable installations in Palm Beach, Florida—most likely under the guidance of Field Marshal Iacocca.

PHASE 3: War-a-Lago.

Now that Trump controls the entire Atlantic Coast, one has to stop and consider reprisals from the west. Good money says that Texas would use the above commotion to once again pursue its long-lost dreams of independence. But if, say, the Lone Star's equally competitive Hunt and Bass brothers were so foolhardy as to challenge Trump's troops, I see a nuclear-armed *Trump Princess* (or a larger ship, perhaps the *Prince Trump*) penetrating the west coast of Florida via the Caloosahatchee River... and taking quick control of the entire Gulf of Mexico.

From the Gulf (and after capturing Houston, if it even puts up a fight), if Trump retraces Admiral Farragut's conquest of the Mississippi River and its bordering states, he will effectively divide our nation along that waterway, creating a parallelogram of power from Chicago to Houston to Palm Beach to New York and points north—an area that will be known as "Ivania."

This would in turn give Trump control of at least twenty-six contiguous states, which translates into fifty-two senators—a controlling interest in the U.S. At this point, the West Coast would also now be cut off not only from the all-important industrial states, but also from all possible trading partners, with the exception of Japan.

What happens then? To be honest, the Book of Revelations isn't exactly clear. But one thing's for sure: when Donald Trump sold his soul to the devil, he got one hell of a deal.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Les Firestein used to work for the Warren Commission. Presently he is a staff writer for the *National Enquirer*.



FROM CORVAIRS TO CHRIST KILLERS, O-RINGS TO THE LUCIE ARNAZ SHOW—
A VISUAL GUIDE TO THE WORLD OF FAILURE



NEVER

~~f~~ucking Fucking



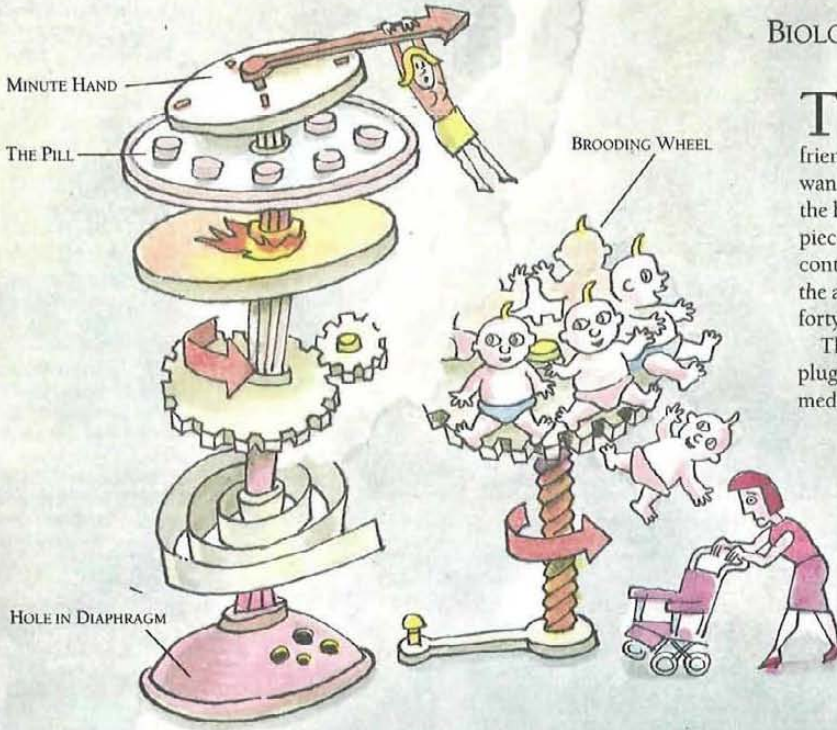
WRITTEN BY DAVE WIELGUS
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HACHTMAN

WOMEN (AND OTHER LABOR-SAVING DEVICES)

BIOLOGICAL TIME CLOCKS

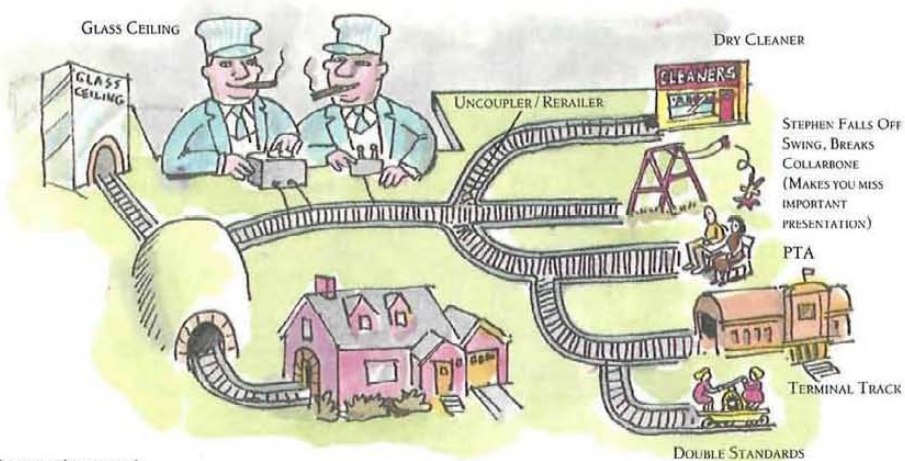
The relentless prodding of family, friends, and relatives who want grandchildren lies at the heart of biological time-pieces. A further series of gears controls the hysteria with which the aging woman approaches forty.

The unit is easily recharged by plugging directly into the mass media.

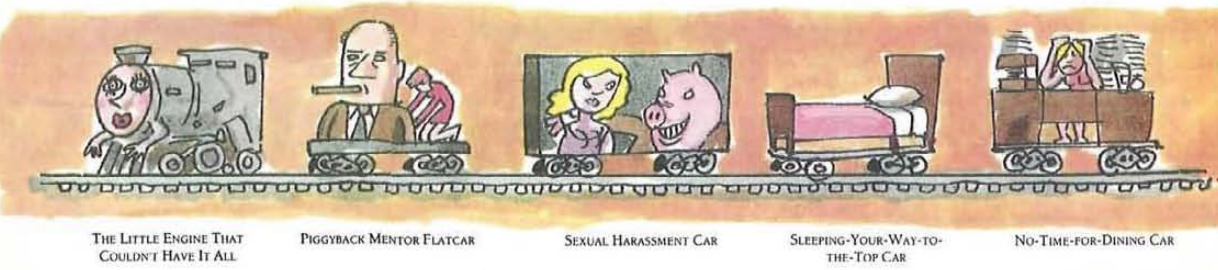


MOMMY TRACKS

It's a boy! It's a girl!
It's a dead-end middle-management position! Engineer your own downfall with this authentic "OY-Gauge" Mommy Track. Sidetracking, derauling fun for all couples needing two incomes to survive!



Allllll aboard for diaper-changing excitement!



THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULDN'T HAVE IT ALL

PIGGYBACK MENTOR FLATCAR

SEXUAL HARASSMENT CAR

SLEEPING-YOUR-WAY-TO-THE-TOP CAR

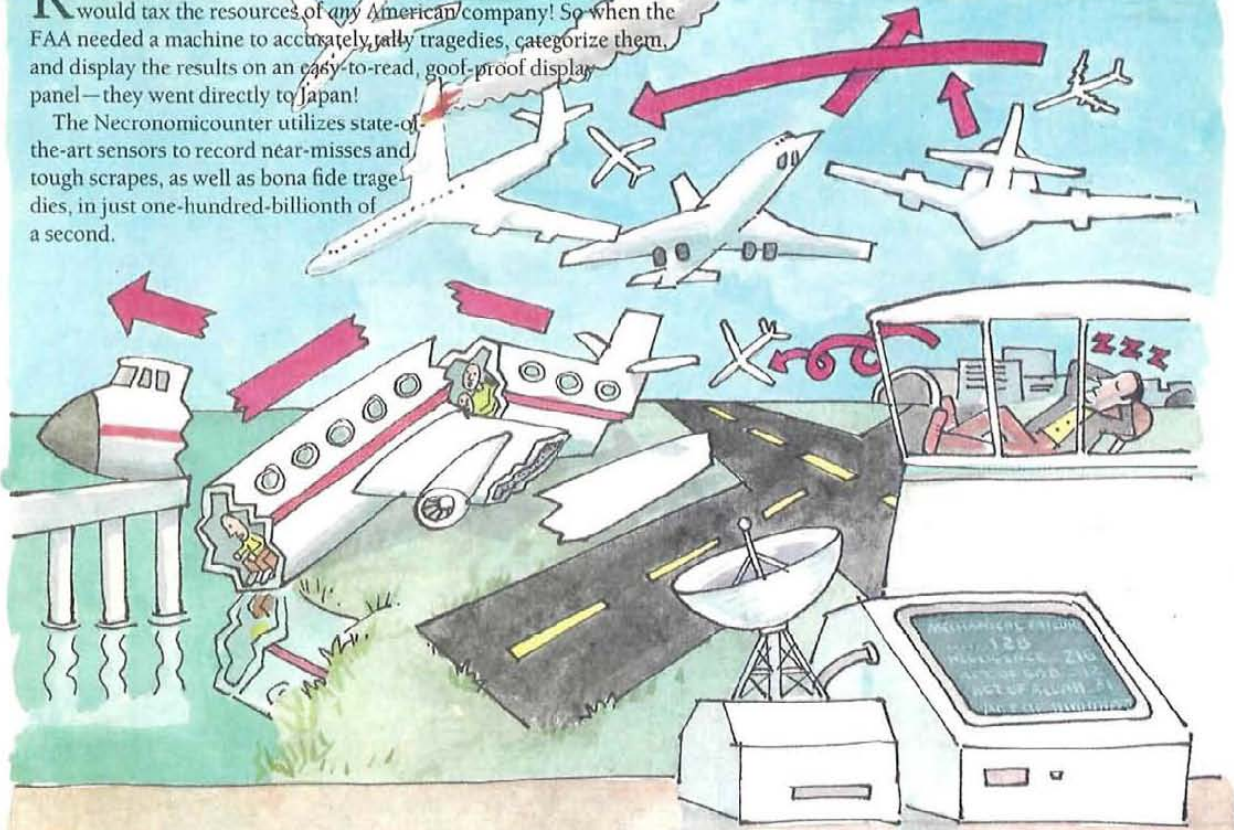
NO-TIME-FOR-DINING CAR

HIGHLY DANGEROUS MACHINES IN THE HANDS OF IDIOTS

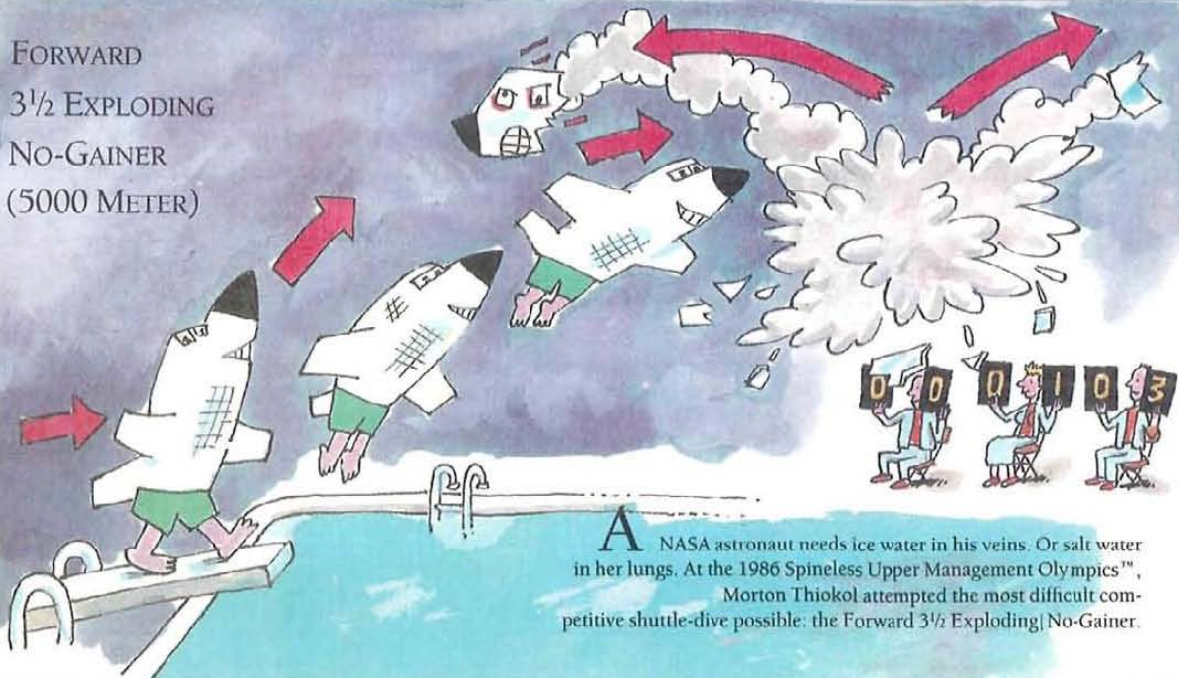
AIR-TRAGEDY CONTROLLERS

Keeping accurate count of air mishaps, explosions, and catastrophes would tax the resources of any American company! So when the FAA needed a machine to accurately tally tragedies, categorize them, and display the results on an easy-to-read, goof-proof display panel—they went directly to Japan!

The Necronomicounter utilizes state-of-the-art sensors to record near-misses and tough scrapes, as well as bona fide tragedies, in just one-hundred-billionth of a second.



FORWARD
3½ EXPLODING
NO-GAINER
(5000 METER)



A NASA astronaut needs ice water in his veins. Or salt water in her lungs. At the 1986 Spineless Upper Management Olympics™, Morton Thiokol attempted the most difficult competitive shuttle-dive possible: the Forward 3½ Exploding! No-Gainer.



SMOKE

MIRRORS

WORM GEAR

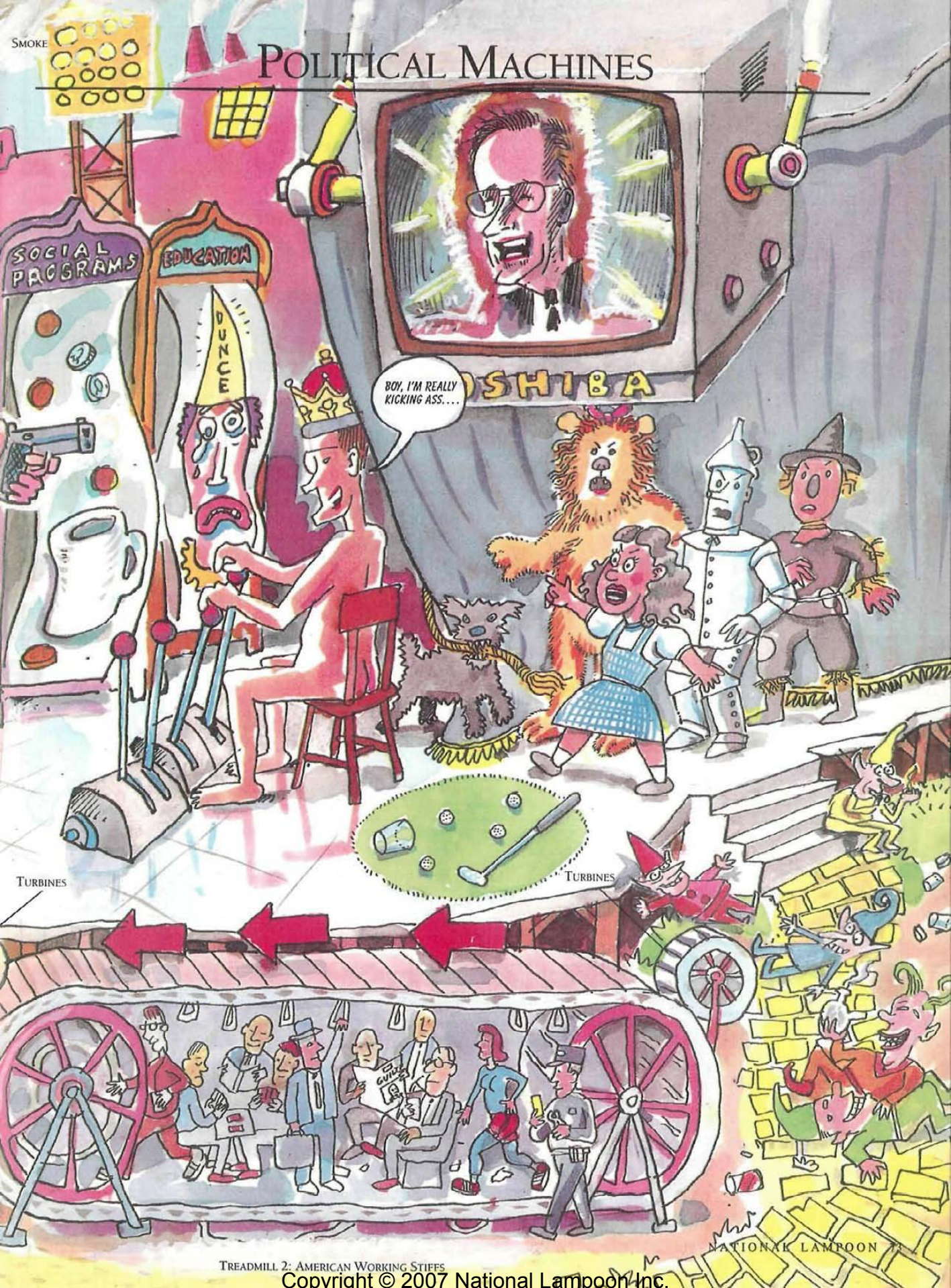
TURBINES

1,000 POINTS OF LIGHT

Inspired by the classic films *The Wizard of Oz* and *Mr. Smith Goes to Wire*, the Bush administration has achieved the impossible—a Perpetual Jackoff Machine! All energy (110%) is wasted, but it generates a lot of heat.

SMOKE

POLITICAL MACHINES



SOCIAL PROGRAMS

EDUCATION

DUNCE

SHIBA

BOY, I'M REALLY KICKING ASS....

TURBINES

TURBINES

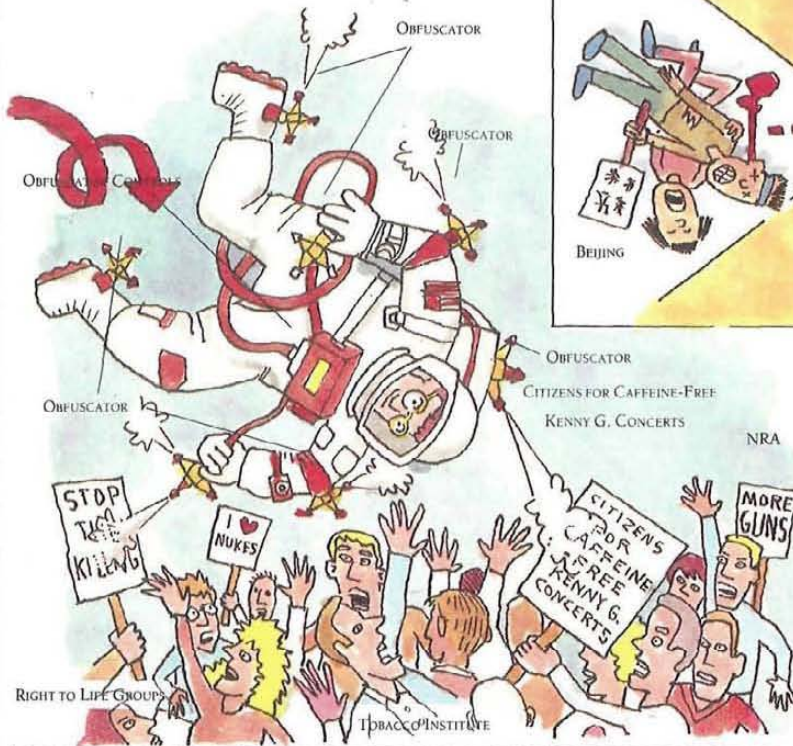
NATIONAL LAMPOON

TREADMILL 2: AMERICAN WORKING STIFFS

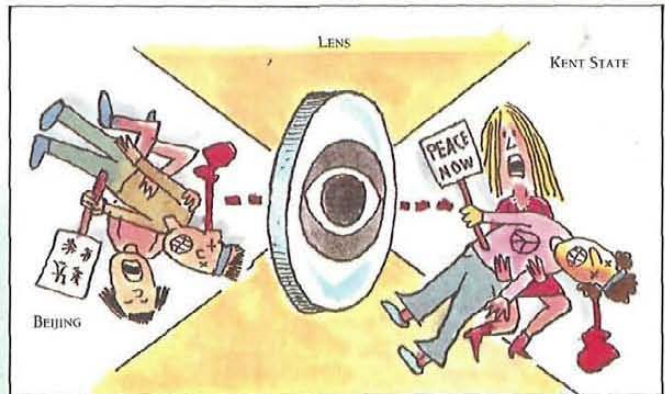
Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

POLITICAL MACHINES

OUTMANNED CONGRESSIONAL UNITS



THE PRINCIPLE OF LENSES



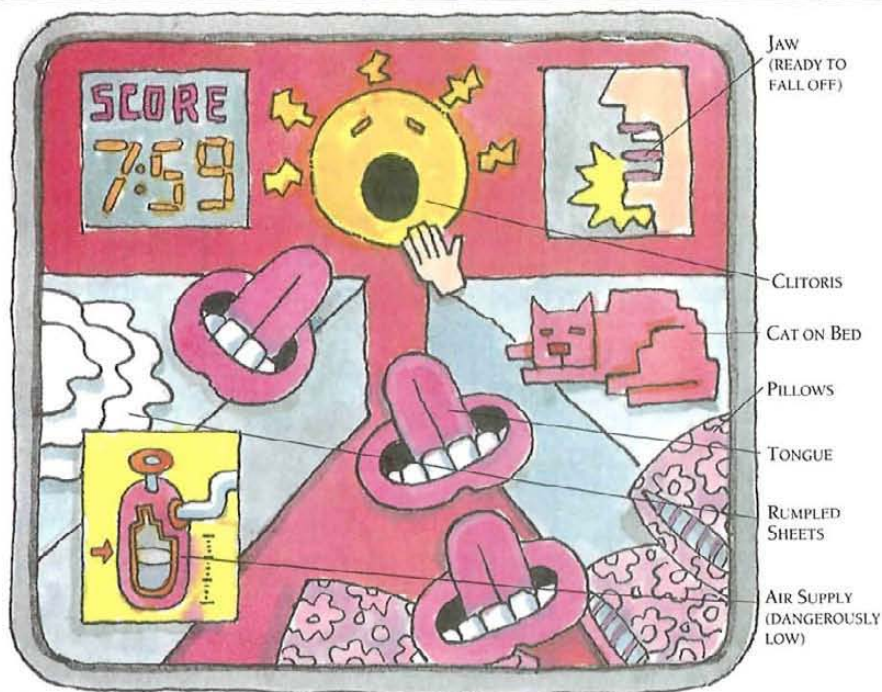
The Outmanned Congressional Unit (OCU) enables congressmen/women to maneuver around single-issue lobbying groups, and straddle fences under zero-credibility conditions. Eight sets of obfuscators, each with three nozzles pointing at right angles to each other, release ambiguous statements under intense pressure. These jets, especially during elections hinging on abortion or gun issues, position the OCU in the desired middle-of-the-road position.

ATWATER'S WHEEL

The wheel has considerable Machiavel-
lian force, and this keeps it slinging
the blues.



SEXUAL FRUSTRATION



NINTENDO CUNILINGUS

The eight-bit machine is here playing a popular game program called Nintendo Cunnilingus. Pressing keys on the keyboard moves tongue to left or right, and places index finger near vagina or anus. The mons veneris and clitoris of your "on-again, off-again girlfriend" move across the top of the screen, and the aim is to keep her awake. As in real life, a score of 0 orgasms has been made in 7 minutes 59 seconds.

DISTRACTIONS:



DESIGNING WOMEN



ALBUM-ORIENTED ROCK STATIONS



CAT JUMPING ON BED



PHONE-ANSWERING MACHINE



OTHER BOYFRIENDS

UNHARNESSING YOUR DATE'S BREASTS

Brassieres have always operated on a simple, two-step principle. The front of the brassiere enhances the attractiveness, pliability, and desirability of the breasts. The back makes them impossible to get to.

Easier to reopen than a Chappaquiddick investigation, brassieres are ergonomically designed to stymie fingers larger than Gary Coleman's.

GORGEOUS MOUTH

SKINTIGHT PEEKABOO WITH DELICATE LACE PATTERN



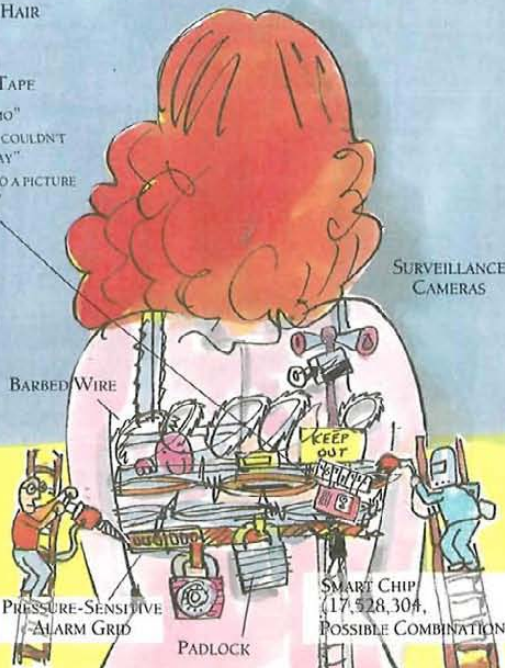
PRE-RAPHAELITE HAIR

SUBLIMINAL TAPE
 "YOU ARE A HOMO"
 "YOU PROBABLY COULDN'T GET IT UP ANYWAY"
 "GO BEAT OFF TO A PICTURE OF MOLLY YARD"

BARBED WIRE

PRESSURE-SENSITIVE ALARM GRID

PADLOCK

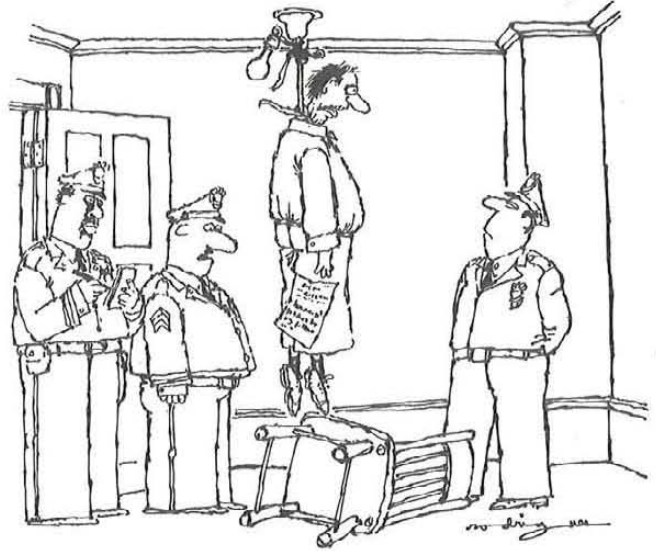


SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS

SMART CHIP (17,528,304 POSSIBLE COMBINATIONS)

A GROUP OF CARTOONS
REQUESTED BY S. GROSS,
SOME OF WHICH
PERIPHERALLY
TOUCH UPON
"CONSPIRACY"

and drawn by *no. 12* (ending with an "S" Thank God!)



"It's on CIA stationery, all right, but you know what they'll say — 'It was stolen.'"

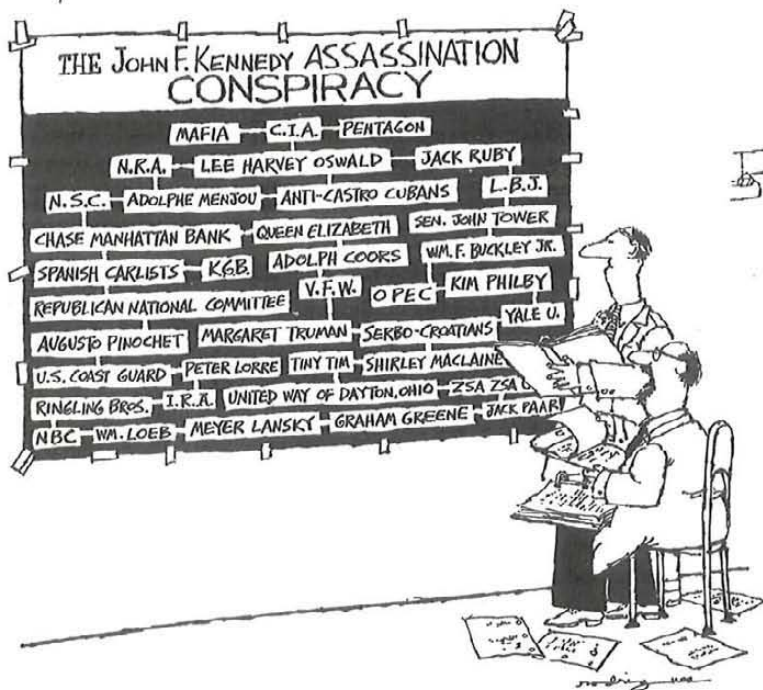


"It's getting hot and heavy in there. The Saudis, Kuwaitis, and Nigerians demand a 'pump first' policy, and the Iranians, Ecuadorans, and Libyans insist on 'pay first!'"

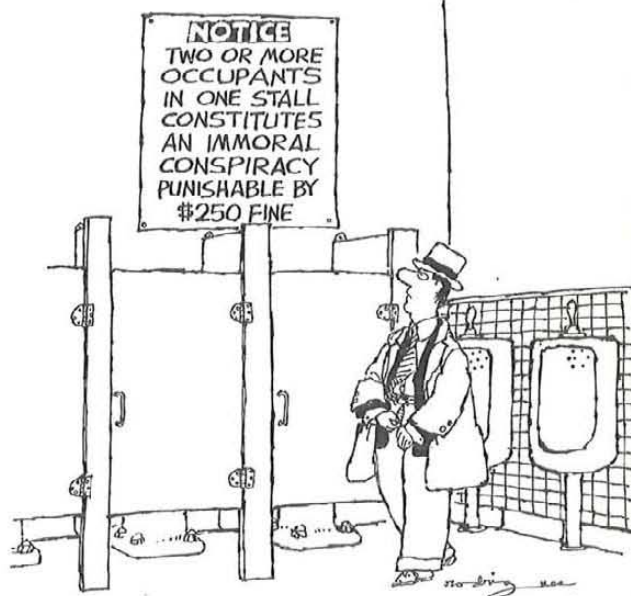




"We're gonna need a car, Bernice—me, Tommy, and Lyndon LaRouche are bustin' outta here tonight...."



"... Raymond, I think we should move the Spanish Carlists over to Shirley MacLaine's spot, and position her closer to Augusto Pinochet and Margaret Truman...."

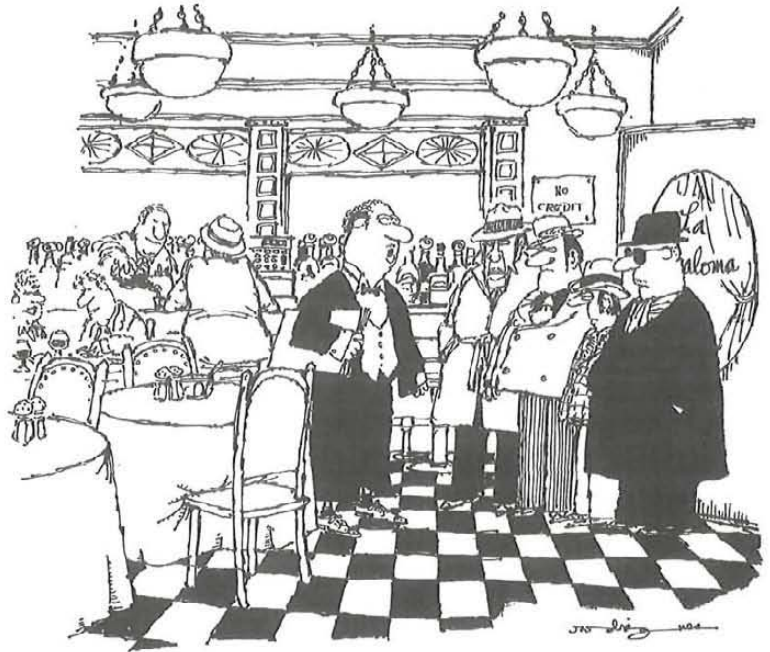




"Gentlemen, now that the Trilateral Commission has given us the go-ahead, and the Bechtel Corporation has agreed to do the engineering, I don't see how this 'Papal Plot' can miss!"



"I'll try the twenty-three burial places of Jimmy Hoffa for two thousand dollars, Bob."



"... Will this be a smoking or nonsmoking conspiracy, gents?"

PHOTOTRON III

OVER 80,000 SOLD WORLDWIDE

CLEAR
WHEN
ON

OPAQUE
WHEN
OFF



Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, and I would like to introduce to you a product so revolutionary, it took thirteen years and 50 million dollars to bring to the cutting edge of technology. It is from this cutting edge that I have been able to successfully promote my product in such formidable mass circulation publications as Omni, Penthouse, Discover, Playboy, Cosmopolitan, National Lampoon, and Rolling Stone, to name a few, and then change the lives of nearly 100,000 people through a state-of-the-art laboratory grade growth chamber called the Phototron III™.

The Phototron III™ is not a greenhouse nor a hydroponic system. It is a self-contained, laboratory grade, growth chamber, honored with seven international patents in the U.S.A., Canada, England, Germany, France, Australia, and Japan. It was designed to double the growth and production rate of any plant, thus giving any plant the gifted opportunity to reflower, refruit, or rebud over and over again without forcing the plant to succumb to cycles, seasonal, or (because the chemistry is so precise) even natural death. Standing three feet tall, the Phototron III™ will maintain six individual plants and allow the operator to manipulate and control each plant through a simplified and precise methodology known as "Growing Plants Pyraponometrically®".

It is because of these well documented and tested pieces of information that the Phototron III™ has been recognized as the most sophisticated growth chamber for plant scientists by over 150 universities, laboratories, and research institutes worldwide such as: Harvard, Oxford, N.A.S.A., S.D.A., University of Missouri, and the Max Planck Institute. Instituted into 500 schools through the National Science Teacher's Association, the Phototron III™ basic simplicity is controlled by children from kindergarten through high school, so the children can reap the benefits the Phototron III™ has to offer as easily as a PhD.

Unlike a greenhouse, or hydroponic system, the Phototron III™ has been advanced by a high tech, electrically safe and sound, design that allows the Phototron III™ to far surpass any other growing system known to mankind. The Phototron III™ "Garden Series" will bring the forces of nature into your home or office and beautify your environment at the same time.

In the kitchen, the Phototron III™ is a gourmet herbal garden that will produce garnishments and seasonings (such as basil, chive, thyme, parsley, garlic, and saffron) to bring any meal to perfection. For the romantic, the Phototron III™ will unlock the powers of Aphrodite, creating an eloquently intimate mood in any room. Anywhere a lamp would ordinarily be put, the Phototron III™ can replace it. Soft ambient light emanating from the Phototron III™ will give off a pleasing gas lantern effect, while 2,000 foot candles burn in the Phototron III™ interior to bring to bloom the sensual fragrances of roses, gardenias, and jasmine.

With the Phototron III™, you will receive a 100% guarantee, a 24 hour customer service department, a trouble shooting/ follow-up mailing every 30 days, 24 hour guaranteed shipping, and a client communications network spanning the globe. Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II has established a client database that allows a client's questions, comments, and concerns to be the chairman of various special research teams that are coordinated by my professional staff. It is through these special teams that the Phototron III™ has evolved into the Phototron III™. I take pride in knowing that 30% of my sales are derived from word of mouth.

I extend to you an invitation to call 1-619-451-B-U-D-S, and meet my staff so you can take advantage of the state of the art in biotechnology. Nearly 100,000 individuals have realized the opportunities of this system. Now it's your turn.

"If you do not learn more about growing plants than you ever have before, I will pay you for the call."

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	60%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	NEVER DIMMED 100% INTENSITY 100% SPECTRUM 100% EFFICIENCY 100% SAFETY 100% DURABILITY 100% RELIABILITY 100% STABILITY 100% CONSISTENCY 100% PLEASURE 100% PROFITABILITY 100% SATISFACTION 100% GUARANTEE 100% SUPPORT 100% SERVICE 100% VALUE										
TUTORIALS	100% COMPLETE 100% EASY TO FOLLOW 100% INTERESTING 100% EDUCATIONAL 100% ENTERTAINING 100% INFORMATIVE 100% HELPFUL 100% SUPPORTIVE 100% ENCOURAGING 100% MOTIVATING 100% INSPIRING 100% UPLIFTING 100% POSITIVE 100% OPTIMISTIC 100% CONFIDENT 100% DETERMINED 100% COMMITTED 100% PASSIONATE 100% ENTHUSIASTIC 100% CREATIVE 100% INNOVATIVE 100% PROGRESSIVE 100% FORWARD THINKING 100% VISIONARY 100% LEADER 100% FOLLOWER 100% TEAM PLAYER 100% COMMUNICATOR 100% LISTENER 100% OBSERVER 100% PARTICIPANT 100% CONTRIBUTOR 100% SUPPORTER 100% COLLEAGUE 100% PARTNER 100% FRIEND 100% NEIGHBOR 100% COMMUNITY MEMBER 100% CITIZEN 100% HUMAN										
WARRANTY	100% COMPLETE 100% EASY TO FOLLOW 100% INTERESTING 100% EDUCATIONAL 100% ENTERTAINING 100% INFORMATIVE 100% HELPFUL 100% SUPPORTIVE 100% ENCOURAGING 100% MOTIVATING 100% INSPIRING 100% UPLIFTING 100% POSITIVE 100% OPTIMISTIC 100% CONFIDENT 100% DETERMINED 100% COMMITTED 100% PASSIONATE 100% ENTHUSIASTIC 100% CREATIVE 100% INNOVATIVE 100% PROGRESSIVE 100% FORWARD THINKING 100% VISIONARY 100% LEADER 100% FOLLOWER 100% TEAM PLAYER 100% COMMUNICATOR 100% LISTENER 100% OBSERVER 100% PARTICIPANT 100% CONTRIBUTOR 100% SUPPORTER 100% COLLEAGUE 100% PARTNER 100% FRIEND 100% NEIGHBOR 100% COMMUNITY MEMBER 100% CITIZEN 100% HUMAN										
PRICE	100% COMPLETE 100% EASY TO FOLLOW 100% INTERESTING 100% EDUCATIONAL 100% ENTERTAINING 100% INFORMATIVE 100% HELPFUL 100% SUPPORTIVE 100% ENCOURAGING 100% MOTIVATING 100% INSPIRING 100% UPLIFTING 100% POSITIVE 100% OPTIMISTIC 100% CONFIDENT 100% DETERMINED 100% COMMITTED 100% PASSIONATE 100% ENTHUSIASTIC 100% CREATIVE 100% INNOVATIVE 100% PROGRESSIVE 100% FORWARD THINKING 100% VISIONARY 100% LEADER 100% FOLLOWER 100% TEAM PLAYER 100% COMMUNICATOR 100% LISTENER 100% OBSERVER 100% PARTICIPANT 100% CONTRIBUTOR 100% SUPPORTER 100% COLLEAGUE 100% PARTNER 100% FRIEND 100% NEIGHBOR 100% COMMUNITY MEMBER 100% CITIZEN 100% HUMAN										
SERVICE	100% COMPLETE 100% EASY TO FOLLOW 100% INTERESTING 100% EDUCATIONAL 100% ENTERTAINING 100% INFORMATIVE 100% HELPFUL 100% SUPPORTIVE 100% ENCOURAGING 100% MOTIVATING 100% INSPIRING 100% UPLIFTING 100% POSITIVE 100% OPTIMISTIC 100% CONFIDENT 100% DETERMINED 100% COMMITTED 100% PASSIONATE 100% ENTHUSIASTIC 100% CREATIVE 100% INNOVATIVE 100% PROGRESSIVE 100% FORWARD THINKING 100% VISIONARY 100% LEADER 100% FOLLOWER 100% TEAM PLAYER 100% COMMUNICATOR 100% LISTENER 100% OBSERVER 100% PARTICIPANT 100% CONTRIBUTOR 100% SUPPORTER 100% COLLEAGUE 100% PARTNER 100% FRIEND 100% NEIGHBOR 100% COMMUNITY MEMBER 100% CITIZEN 100% HUMAN										

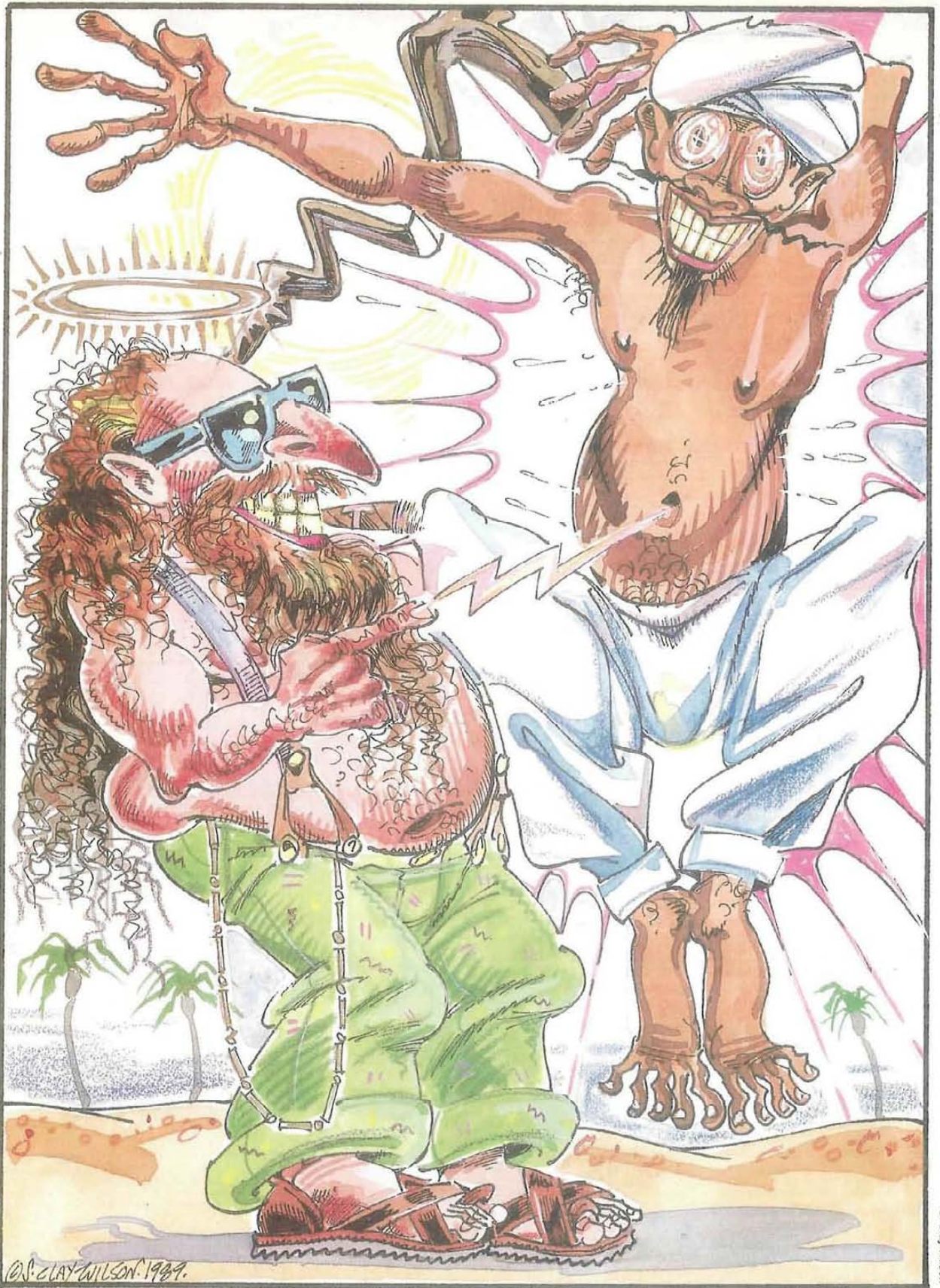
ORDER YOUR
"GROWING PLANTS
PYRAPONOMETRICALLY"
800-945-7624
\$500 \$3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:

FOR FOREIGN ORDERS:
SEND ALL ORDERS TO ADDRESS BELOW
FOR MOST EFFICIENT ORDER PROCESSING

AMERICAN, AUSTRALIAN, AND CANADIAN CUSTOMERS:
ATTN: DEPT. NL 28
PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES, INC. II
P.O. BOX 27409, SAN DIEGO, CA 92128-0962 U.S.A.

1-619-451-B-U-D-S

WE ACCEPT VISA, MASTERCARD
DISCOVER AND MONEY ORDERS



S. Clay Wilson

It's Christmastime, and what's more appropriate than a little comedic moralizin' from that great old hipster Lord Buckley himself? This ditty is the original never-before-printed or -heard version of what would later become the Lordship's famous "Nazz." It was unearthed in a great big black show-biz trunk by his son, LBJ—Lord Buckley, Jr.—and will be part of a collection of Lord Buckley's work to be published soon, tentatively titled *The Tales of Lord Buckley*. So sit back, cats and kitties, as we listen to the story of that gone cat who straightened the bent frames:

YOU BOYS TALKIN
bout who's de Big Boss;
who's de Big Gull; who's
de Big Joe; who's de Big
Kitty...and evabody's
supposed to be so fine
and so great, well, I
wanna hep you into
somethin.

You ain't even heard
about nobody big. No,
you kitties talkin about
small, mince-pie fry.

You kitties ain't wid it. You ain't diggin it right. And lemme
tell you somethin. Lemme get you straight.

Look, you see now, dere wuz de Nazaroo. De Naz wuz de
kitty. Dis Naz wuz a stro-o-o-ng kitty. Dis Naz wuz so-o-o-o
stro-o-o-ng dat when dis Naz put it down it stayed deh.

And all de rest of dese kitties is diggin de Naz to see how de
Naz is laying dis here jive all de time like he's puttin it down.
Dats cuz de Naz has got some buddies. He's gonna have some
buddies, a cat comin on dat crazy. They gonna hunt up de Naz
becuz dey know dis kitty is wid it; he's got it, he knows he's
got it, and he's stayin wid it. So de Naz tells his buddies: "You
buddies wid me," he says. "I'm gonna put you all straight."

Well, de Naz and his buddies is goffin it off down de boulev-
vard and here comes a pore little kitty wid a crooked body,
and de Naz dig dis little kitty. De Naz say: "What de matter
wid you, baby, so you all twisted dat way?"

"Why, Naz," say de little kitty, "my frame is bent. It always
been bent dis way."

So de Naz sez: "Blam!" and that kitty is straight. And all
the rest of dem kitties' eyes is stickin out a foot. And one kitty
say: "Look what de Naz done to de boy!"

Nuther time six of dese kitties gets in a little boat and goes
swangin out over de waters a-fishin. For a while everythin's
fine. Den de wind starts windin, de rain starts rainin, and it's
blowin and stormin and dese here kitties is hangin onto de
boat, and don't know if it gonna be de las bref dey gonna
have. Dey scairt to death and fear and terror is in dere hearts.
Den one look out acrost de ragin waters, and he yell: "Here
come de Naz."

De Naz wuz as cool as anybody you ever see. De Naz keep
comin right across de waves. And de Naz say: "Whut de mat-

The Nazaroo

by LORD BUCKLEY

ter wid you kitties?"

And de kitties say:
"Whut de matter wid us?
Why, cain't you see,
Naz? De wind is a-wind-
in, and de storm is a-
stormin, and we all
about to drown. Dat's
whut's de matter."

And de Naz sez: "I
dun tole you to stay cool,
didn't I?"

Dere wuz dis little

kitty on de boat—I believe dey call him Tom—and he say:
"Kin I make it out dere wid you, Naz?"

"Make it, boy," de Naz say.

So de kitty went stompin off dat boat, and he take bout five
steps and, blooie, down goes de kitty. Well, de Naz put him
back on board. De Naz wuz de kitty. He knew what it wuz,
and he laid it dere, and it stayed dere!

Take de time de Naz was beatin up his gums swingin up to
dese here buddies of his, and dey all diggin him, and pretty
soon, you know, he's got more kitties round him dan you ever
did see.

So de Naz he laying down de jive to all dese here kitties,
and first thing you know here is de Naz with twenty thousand
red-hot, hungry kitties on his hands and he ain't got a cracker
to put on dem. And de Naz say: "Guess all you kitties is hon-
gry, huh?"

"Yeah, we starvin, Naz," de kitties say. "You ain't holdin
anything, is you, Naz?"

"Don't you worry," sez de Naz. "You kitties gonna be all
right. You jus stay cool and wait till I think of somethin
good."

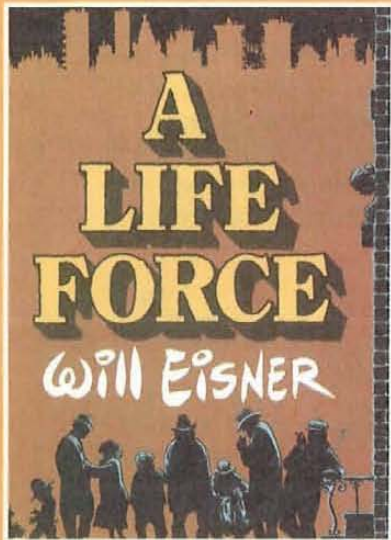
"We ain't worryin, Naz," say de kitties. "We takin it cool.
Take yore time, Naz. We wid you."

So de Naz snap his finger and...blam!...dere is all dem
twenty thousand kitties gettin wid a big juicy fried fish in one
han, and a loaf of home-cooked bread, steamin from de oven,
in de other!

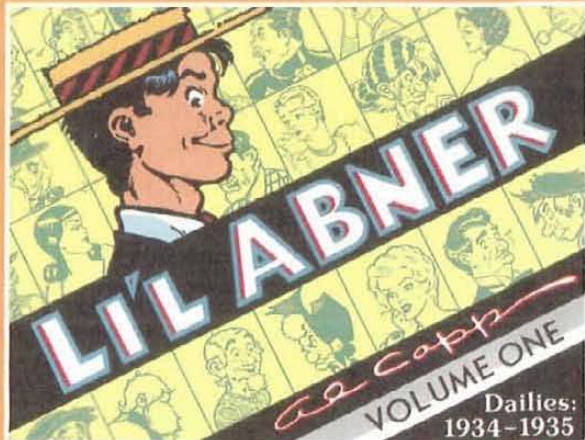
All dem kitties like to flip. Dat wuz de Naz, comin on all de
time wid dat crazy jive. He never did nuthin simple. He wuz
way out dere, de Naz. De man wuz just too gone.

© 1985 *The Tales of Lord Buckley*.

GREAT BOOKS FROM KITCHEN SINK PRESS

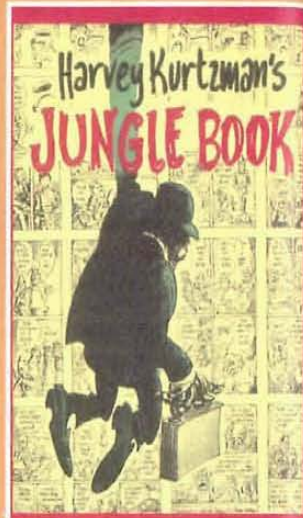


Robert Crumb calls *A LIFE FORCE* by Will Eisner, "sort of a masterpiece! It's really an uplifting book!" Set in the Bronx of the 1930s, Eisner traces the lives of tenement dwellers. In soft and hardcover.

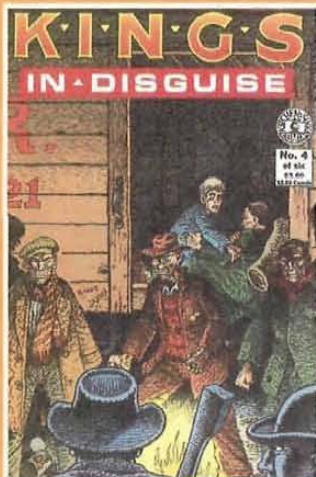


AL CAPP'S *LIL ABNER* has been called the greatest comic strip ever created. Find out why in the COMPLETE reprinting of this major force in comics. Each volume has at least a year's worth of strips. Published quarterly. Discount subscriptions available in hard and softcover.

FEATURING THE BEST WORK BY THE BEST ARTISTS, BOTH OLD AND NEW



Harvey Kurtzman, creator of *MAD* and *HELP*, is known for his wildly irreverent satire, and in *JUNGLE BOOK*, he's at his wildest! Four stories from the late 1950s, and with an introduction by Art Spiegelman.



KINGS IN DISGUISE is a six-issue comic book series that traces the life and wanderings of a boy set adrift in the Depression. You've never seen a comic book like this! Highly praised for art and story.



XENOZOIC TALES is a series set in the future where both Cadillacs and dinosaurs roam! Creator Mark Schultz's art has been compared to Frank Frazetta's, but Mark's his own man. Don't miss it!



OMAHA is one of the most controversial comics on the stands today! This adults only title by Reed Waller & Kate Worley follows the adventures of an exotic dancer—a cat dancer!



MELODY, by Sylvie Rancourt and Jacques Boivin, is the true story of a French Canadian housewife who finds herself in a new job: nude dancing! Adults only.

HARVESTER A.A ★ 155 Avenue of the Americas ★ New York, NY 10013

Listen up! If you buy individual copies of *LIFE FORCE*, *ABNER*, *JUNGLE BOOK*, *OMAHA* ANTHOLOGIES, or *BLAB!*, add \$2 p&h. If you buy anything else, add 50 cents each. If ordering 5 or more of anything, just enclose \$3 to cover everything. If you buy anything having to do with *OMAHA* or *MELODY*, you have to sign the line below, stating you're over 18, you devil. We accept Mastercard/Visa, non-bouncing checks and M.O.s. Only a fool would send us cash.

Check off what you want here: *LIFE FORCE*, softcover, \$10.95; *LIFE FORCE* signed hardcover, \$25; *LIL ABNER*, Vol. 1, softcover, \$16.95; Vol. 1 hardcover, \$27.95; *LIL ABNER* Vol. 2 softcover, \$16.95; Vol. 2 hardcover, \$27.95; *LIL ABNER* Vol. 3 softcover, \$16.95; Vol. 3 hardcover, \$27.95; *LIL ABNER* Vol. 4, softcover, \$16.95; Vol. 4, hardcover, \$27.95; *LIL ABNER* Vol. 5 softcover, \$16.95; Vol. 5 hardcover, \$27.95; *LIL ABNER* Vol. 6, softcover, \$16.95; Vol. 6, hardcover, \$27.95; Please send sub info to *LIL ABNER* so I can save \$\$ off these outrageous prices. *JUNGLE BOOK*, \$14.95; *KINGS IN DISGUISE* 1, \$2; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$2; No. 4, \$2; No. 5, \$2; No. 6, \$2; *XENOZOIC TALES* 1, \$2; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$2; No. 4, \$2; No. 5, \$2; No. 6, \$2; No. 7, \$2; No. 8, \$2; No. 9, \$2. *BIZARRE SEX 9* (*Omaha* issue), \$2; *OMAHA* 1, \$2; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$2; No. 4, \$2; No. 5, \$2; No. 6, \$2; No. 7, \$2; No. 8, \$2; No. 9, \$2; No. 10, \$2; No. 11, \$2; No. 12, \$2; *OMAHA ANTHOLOGY* (collects all stories thru 2), softcover, \$12.95; *OMAHA ANTHOLOGY* Vol. 2 (issues 3-6), signed hardcover, \$25; Vol. 2 softcover, \$12.95; 6-issue *OMAHA* subscription, \$15; *MELODY* 1, \$2; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$2; 6-issue *MELODY* subscription, \$15; *BLAB!*, \$7.95.

Wow! I've enclosed \$_____ for all this stuff.

MC/Visa: _____ Exp date: _____

If ordering *MELODY* or *OMAHA*, I certify that I'm 18 or over. Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Wisconsin residents add 5 per cent sales tax.



BLAB! is a wild and wacky magazine that examines pop culture and prints up-to-the minute cartoons. With work by and about R. Crumb, Charles Burns, Bazooka Joe, mass murderers, and much much more!

doing their kamikaze number as they try to reduce U.S. population. Plus, the target groups for AIDS, gays and IV drug users, are both undesirable to Orientals—muscular gays present a more intimidating and virile image than they want their women to be exposed to, and IV drug users interfere with crack traffic on the street.

You don't think conspiracies rule our world? Then explain to me:

The fact that Donny Osmond's fame has spanned two decades. Benetton. The New Jersey Board of Tourism. Anglophilia. The enduring syndication of *Marmaduke*. The list is endless.

But perhaps the most frightening conspiracy at work today is the ibuprofen conspiracy. You know, the active ingredient in Advil and Nuprin that cures headaches so adroitly, it's like the wave of a magic wand. You think science couldn't always cure a headache one-two-three? They could, but they were waiting for the right moment. And now it's here, and every time you take an Advil, you are consuming the real "active ingredient"—a grain of a chromosome shifter that, by 1996, will make everyone in this country believe that Dan Quayle is eminently qualified for the presidency.

D.H.

Speaking of conspiracy, this month's cover note has been omitted and the credits severely abridged to fit into the space at the bottom of Dave Hanson's enlightening or extremely paranoid (depending how you look at it) editorial. Anyway, thanks to the proprietors of several New York restaurants: Caliente Cab Company, Cowgirl Hall of Fame, Gulf Coast, and several others who really couldn't care less if we give them a credit for granting us permission to take pictures of their bathroom doors for the anti-Lomotil campaign. And that's it for the thank-yous. It looks like Dave's infamous tendency to ramble on has cost me my one shot at getting my name in print and deprived you, the reader, of my abundantly cool knowledge of hip spots in New York. Well, I don't know about you, but it's about time someone put these ungrateful, babbling editors in their place. If you are sick and tired of bigwig bosses who never take a second out to do anything but stomp on the fingers of the little man or woman and just can't take it anymore, send a post-card to:

Save the Cover Note
Debra Rabas
National Lampoon
155 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10013

So maybe it won't do anything to help you and it'll cost twenty-five cents, but hey, at least you didn't fall for Sally Struthers and the starving-children show for the fifth time this month.



Bag, 6 1/2" x 10", made of cotton-muslin, with red & black printing.

BEANS WITHOUT THE BANG!

Packed By An
(Old Fart) Idaho Farmer

	Price	Qty. Or Size	Total
Fartless® Chili Makin's w/ Beans, Spices & Fartless® recipe, 1 1/2 lb.	\$ 4.95	x	_____
Fartless® Pinto Beans, Fartless® recipe included, 2 lb. bag	\$ 4.95	x	_____
Fartless® Yellow Popcorn, 2 lb. bag	\$ 4.95	x	_____
Fartless® Caps, one size fits all, red & white only	\$ 4.95	x	_____
Fartless® Mens Briefs, 100% cotton, sizes M, L, XL	\$ 4.95	x	_____
Fartless® T-Shirts, white w/ red rings around neck & sleeves, M, L, XL	\$ 9.95	x	_____
Fartless® Case of 16, mix & match Chili, Beans or Popcorn	\$69.95	x	_____
All wearables have Fartless® Pinto Bean logo just like the bag		*Shipping & Handling	1.50
TOTAL			_____

We honor Visa and Mastercard



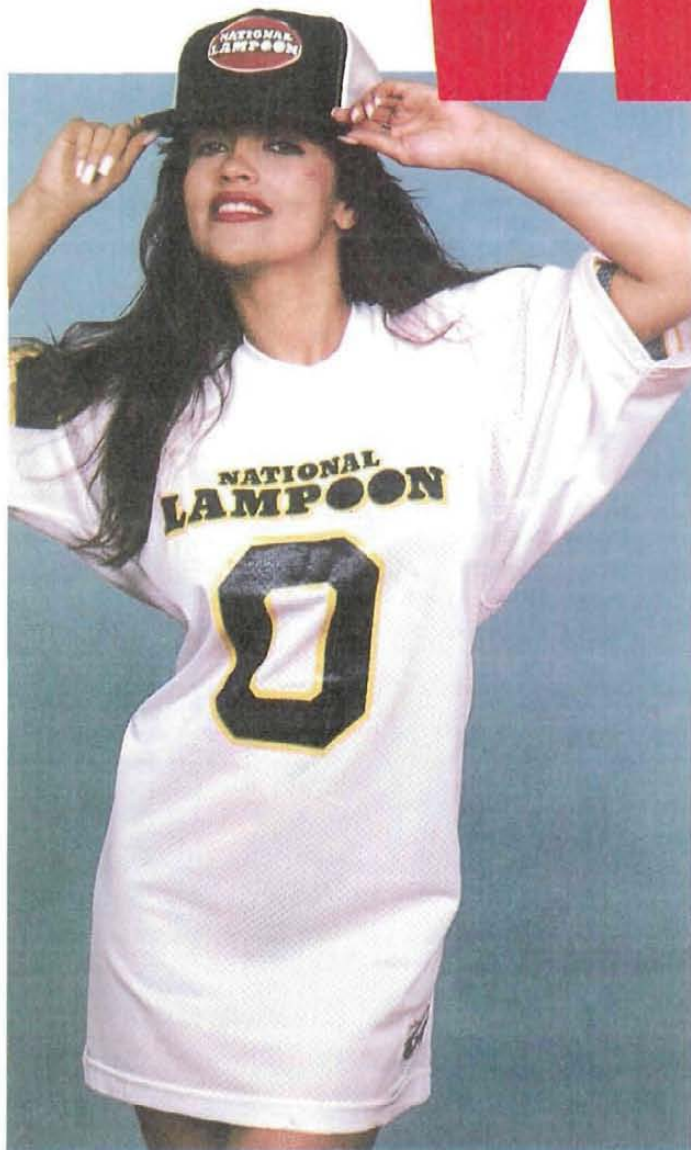
Order By Phone — 1-800-642-2326 — (208) 934-4527

Order By Mail — C.R.M. Farms, Inc.,
Route 1, Box 37, Gooding, Idaho 83330

*Shipping and Handling fee for Alaska and Hawaii will be charged by weight.



WEAR



TS 1050—Authentic Football Jersey. 100 percent nylon-mesh authentic football jersey. White. \$28.95

Take a look
at these shirts. Most of the
models don't even have



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



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



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



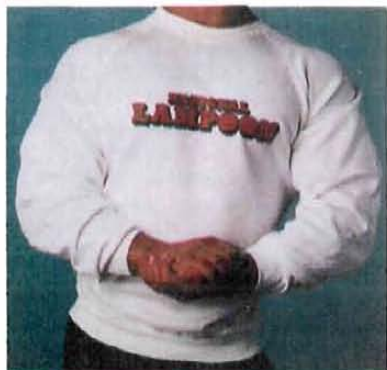
TS 1032—National Lampoon Hat. Sort of like a baseball cap, but better. \$7.95 (see above)



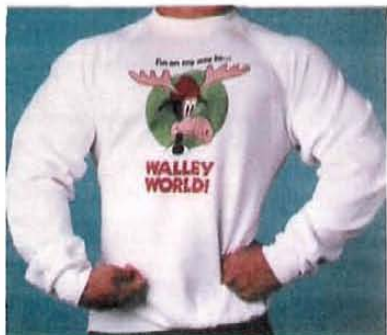
TS 1027—National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey. The kind the 1919 Chicago White Sox wore after they threw the Series. \$8.00

US OUT

heads, and they *still* look great! Never before has anything so hot been so comfortable.



TS 1034—National Lampoon Sweatshirt. Also available in navy with white lettering, and gray with black lettering. \$13.95



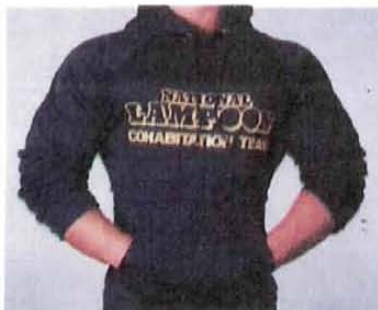
TS 1043—National Lampoon's Vacation Sweatshirt. Starring Marty Moose on the front. \$16.95



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



TS 1046—Acra Sweatshirt. Same specs as the hooded shirt but without the hood. \$13.95



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



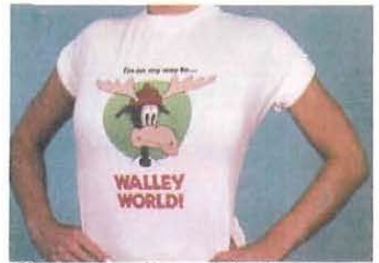
TS 1039—"Save the Frog" Glow-in-the-Dark Sweatshirt, 100 percent cotton. \$12.95



TS1059 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. This time with the Walley World logo. \$7.95
 TS 1044 — Sweatshirt (not shown) \$16.95



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

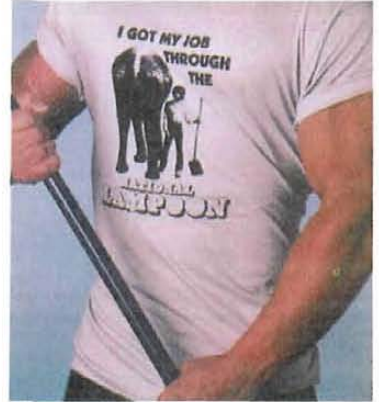


TS 1031 — National Lampoon's Vacation T-shirt. With Marty Moose on the front. \$7.95

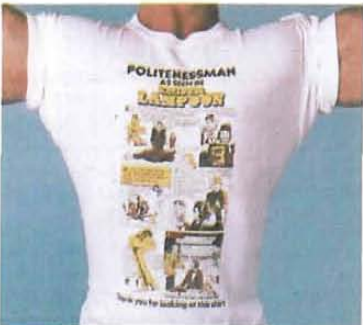


TS 1053—Oversize Heavyweight T-shirt. Ed Subitzky's risqué comic strip with a great punch line. 100 percent cotton. \$10.95

- (A) WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA—Four riflemen firing a ceremonial salute at a military funeral accidentally shot the minister. —San Francisco Chronicle
- (B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck. —Washington Post
- (C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks. —UMKC University News



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



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

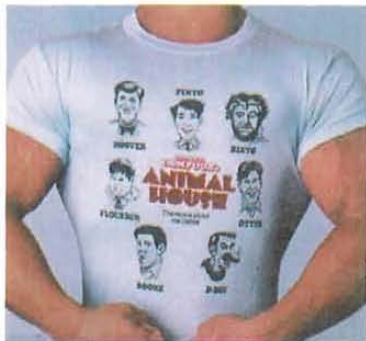
- (D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at the local supermarket. —Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



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



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



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



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



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

Wear us out...and you'll be in!

Merchandise Order Form

Indicate the products you wish to purchase (circle items desired and check size), place in envelope with payment, and send to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. 1289

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

Please enclose \$1.50 for postage and handling for each item ordered; New York State residents, please add 8 1/4% sales tax. Add \$1.00 extra per item for foreign orders.



TS 1026—National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick!" T-shirt. With the famous double-amputee frog. \$6.95

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



TS 1038—National Lampoon Frog Sweater. In blue, camel, gray, or black. \$20.95



TS 1035—National Lampoon Frog Polo Shirt. In white, blue, camel, green, gray, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1063—National Lampoon Moose Sweater. In gray or black. \$20.95



TS 1060—National Lampoon Moose Polo Shirt. In white, blue, or yellow. \$14.95



TS 1048—Marathon 80 Shorts. 100 percent nylon tricot running shorts with inside key pocket. \$9.50

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check enclosed Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

TS1019 \$6.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1045 \$18.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1026 \$6.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1046 \$13.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1027 \$8.00	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1048 \$9.50	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1028 \$8.00	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1049 \$20.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1029 \$6.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1050 \$28.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1030 \$33.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1052 \$10.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1031 \$7.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1053 \$11.95	
TS1032 \$7.95		TS1057 \$11.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1034 \$13.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1058 \$6.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
	COLOR _____	TS1059 \$7.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1035 \$14.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1060 \$14.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
	COLOR _____		COLOR _____
TS1036 \$13.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1061 \$7.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1038 \$20.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1063 \$20.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
	COLOR _____		COLOR _____
TS1039 \$12.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1064 \$22.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1041 \$6.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1065 \$7.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1043 \$16.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL	TS1066 \$10.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL
TS1044 \$16.95	___S ___M ___L ___XL		A B C D

Give the gift of merchandise.

Please indicate what National Lampoon products you would like us to send.

Enclose payment. Place in envelope and send to:

National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1289
155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send gift(s) to:

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ITEMS _____ I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

Redistribute the humor with a gift subscription.

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

TO: National Lampoon, Dept. NL, 2/90155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10013. Please send the National Lampoon subscription indicated to:

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My name is:

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Check enclosed Charge to my:

MasterCard # _____ MasterCard Interbank # _____

Visa # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

One-year subscription to National Lampoon \$ 8.95

Two-year subscription to National Lampoon \$16.95

Three-year subscription to National Lampoon \$23.95

For gift subscriptions to Canada, Mexico, and all other foreign countries, please add \$7.00 per order.

BERNIE X.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

Baker calls the president on the hot line and gets an appointment immediately. We go with him to the Oval Room, where we're met by John Sununu, Bush's chief of staff. Sununu bows to Baker and asks him if he would like some green tea. Baker turns very pale. He sees George Bush drinking tea and wearing a beautiful kimono. Bush is sitting on the fucking floor, on one of those straw mats we used at the Japanese restaurant. Bush smiles at us and asks us to join him. He wants to know what was so urgent that Baker called on the hot line. Baker looks like he's going to shit *and* go blind at the same time. So are we.

Baker says it is all a mistake, a false alarm. He's sorry he disturbed the president, and he'll call later. "Fine, fine," Bush says. There are some matters he wants to discuss later regarding some changes he wants to make in the trade agreements with Japan. Baker just manages to get out before throwing up all over the hallway. He's in a cold sweat. "The president has become a Japanese," he croaks. "What are we going to do?"

Marvin thinks that since Bush is, in a sense, unable to run the country, that job has to go to Dan Quayle. Quayle has to be alerted to the situation. Baker's getting control of himself now and thinks it over. Yes, he has to do it. It's the law and he has to do it, but he can handle Quayle.

We tell Baker about the water. Somehow, the germ or microchip or whatever is getting into the water in Washington, because the president is already infected. Quayle comes bouncing in a minute later and doesn't look like a Jap to us. Baker briefs him and we show him our tape. He takes it

in stride like a trouper. In fact, he says he was particularly thirsty this morning and already drank a gallon of water. And there's no way he feels like a Jap. He's madder than a wet hen about what's happened in his hometown and wants to mobilize the military to blow Japan right out of the water.

Baker thanks us for the help and says it is now in the hands of the right people. He'll take care of the problem. I doubt it. Marvin is really pissed and won't leave. It's his baby and he's going to see it through. He wants A-1 security clearance for himself and Tatami and me and wants to be part of the team that solves the problem. Tatami discovered the plot, *he* followed it up and found out where it was going to happen, and I provided the transportation. It's our duty. The kid is not bad. He finally persuades Baker to do it. Besides, Quayle's getting a hard-on for Tatami and won't leave her alone.

The first secret meeting is a disaster. Bush isn't there. He said he had a calligraphy class. Five or six of the big brass are already behaving like Japs. Baker reads the situation and makes up some bullshit about an entirely different problem and cuts the meeting short.

From now on Baker has to hold small, very secret meetings, and he has to screen everybody first so only Americans are admitted. Quayle is still insisting that we have to invade Japan and kick a little ass and Baker has to keep him quiet. Quayle also drinks the water and has no problems with it.

A team of very big scientists are called in to give their reports on the water. They report that they can't find a fucking thing in it that looks suspicious. The White House is also getting reports from all over the country about the Jap takeover. It's spreading, slowly but surely. It's all part of a plan.

Baker doesn't want Quayle or anybody else to go on TV and warn the public. It could set off a major panic; the water supply will really get fucked up and the guys who sell bottled water will become zillionaires overnight.

One of the scientists, a woman named Ann Swift, feels that the answer might lie with Dan Quayle, since he's the only one who is not affected by this mysterious invisible substance in the water. She's an expert in genetics and brain cells. Her hunch is that the Japs have made a major breakthrough in this area and that breakthrough is hanging out in our water supply right now. She wants to open up Dan Quayle's head and try to isolate a microscopic section of one of his brain cells and try to "replicate" it. I'm starting to use these fancy scientific words which I don't know shit about.

Quayle is persuaded to go along with the experiment. Dr. Swift supervises the operation. Hours go by as we all wait for something to happen. Finally she comes out of the operating room. She's exhausted. The problem, she discovered, was that Quayle had no material for them to work with. They searched and searched, but they couldn't find his brain. This was probably why the water had no effect on him.

But how does the guy function? I ask her. She says he has a bunch of little wires that look like spaghetti, and they vibrate and get signals. It's more like a brain that could have been in operation hundreds of thousands of years ago.

In a week or so the situation's gotten worse. Baker has to make a major decision. And then the old Jap, the guy from the restaurant, suddenly appears. It turns out he is a very prominent behind-the-scenes power in Japan. He gets a meeting with Baker and we get briefed on it afterward. It seems that this Jap is an emissary of a growing, very powerful party in Japan that is ready to take over the country. Their goal is to extract revenge for their defeat in World War II. I was right all along.

The old Jap wants to negotiate a surrender to avoid unnecessary embarrassment for us. He tries to convince us that it would be much easier to give up now than to fight. If we fight, they will go into the second phase of the program, which is much stronger and more potent in its side effects. Quayle wants to kill the guy on the spot and has to be restrained. Baker wants to think it over, of course.

That night I go into the bar of the hotel where we are staying. I'm not feeling so great and I could use a couple of pops. I notice the scientist, Ann Swift, sitting alone, looking very down. She's had more than a few but I can tell she knows how to hold them. I never met a female scientist before, especially one who is out of uniform. She's wearing a little makeup and



short skirt and a blouse. She shows just enough for me to see that she's quality, pure quality in every way. I can see an animal hiding under that big scientist front she puts on.

We talk and I get her to relax. She tells me her life story and I tell her a little of mine. We end up closing the bar at 3:00 A.M. and I walk her to her room. And then of course I'm in her room and, a minute later, in her. I'm sixty-five now and I don't get as much action as I used to, so it's like coming home after a long stay someplace else. I can't stop. She can't stop. Only the rest of the world stops. It's like we just invented it. We don't even talk. Maybe it's love.

We fall asleep at 9:00 A.M. and wake up in the late afternoon. I call Marvin's room to find out what he's doing and I wake him. I apologize. I didn't realize he was taking a nap at this hour. He says he wasn't taking a nap—he was in a dead sleep. He and Tatami didn't get to sleep until about noon. What the fuck were you doing? I ask. There's a long silence on the phone and he says, "You won't believe this, Dad, but remember the time you said you did it to Marilyn Monroe for twelve hours? I just broke your record." It's all finally falling into place. My son has finally come out of his shell. There was something in the air last night for both of us. It was like London in World War II. You lived for the moment, because tomorrow you could be gone forever.

Ann looks like she died and went to heaven and liked it. I don't look too bad myself. She starts to go down on me in a very casual, just-woke-up way, but then she really gets into it. I can't believe I have a drop left in me but somehow I find a few.

We finally get out of bed and get ready to go out. Just as we are leaving she screams. She forgot about the water and accidentally swallowed some of it while brushing her teeth.

I calm her down some but she's still all strung out. A couple of drinks later she feels better. After dinner she calms down a little more. "How long does it take for the water to make you a Jap?" I ask her. She thinks about it and realizes that the incubation period is over, that the water didn't get her. But why? Without skipping a beat, I say, "Because you are a new happy person who has fucked and sucked to within an inch of your life for hours."

"Sucked! That's exactly right!" she says. And pretty loud too. "I must have had some of your semen in my mouth while I was brushing my teeth! My God! Do you realize what might have happened?"

I'm getting a little glimpse, an idea. The answer is not in the brain cells. Ann takes me to one of those laboratories where they give sperm tests to guys who have trouble

making babies. They put a specimen of my jizz under the microscope and the fucking instrument nearly explodes. Ann says she never saw anything like it in her life. They aren't swimming, they're sprinting and bouncing and dancing around.

Ann's on fire. She drives me to the nearest water-supply station and makes them call James Baker on his secret line. She explains her theory to him and gets an okay for her experiment. She tells me what I have to do: I have to jerk off into the water supply. It's embarrassing but I have no choice. Ann gets an idea of how much area the water goes to so she can keep tabs on who gets infected with the Jap disease after I come in it.

The next day that area of Washington and Virginia has no cases of Jap takeover. Another area nearby that uses a different water supply has thirty more cases. We wait two more days to be absolutely sure. It has worked. The Bernie water produced no Japs. The other one produced another seventy-two takeovers. I am the antidote. Or my jizz.

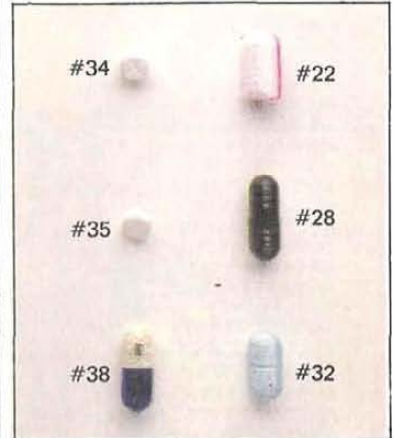
I know what's coming. Ann begs me to do it. I have to, she cries. I can save my country from a horrible fate, and so on and so on. What can I do? She's right. Evidently my jizz has some kind of quality that knocks out the Jap jizz or whatever the fuck they put in the water. My jizz is pure American, or American of Jewish extraction. I guess it's very patriotic jizz, because it really does the job.

So that's what I had to do and that's what I'm still doing. I'm on the road, seven days a week, moving around the country from coast to coast, east to west and north to south. I got to cover every area the government team sends me to. Sometimes, when she gets horny, Ann flies out to meet me in some tiny hole-in-the-wall town. I have no idea how long this assignment will take or if I can hold out. The government doesn't want me to do any of it like a fancy cere-

mony. I almost have to sneak in and do it, so there won't be any publicity.

Thank God I'm now getting a little help. As you would've guessed, my son Marvin has the same kind of jizz. He's covering the New England states right now. Only he's got Tatami and her magic fingers traveling with him. I'm usually alone. Baker promised me the Civilian Medal of Honor as soon as I'm finished. Fuck the medal. Just give me a paid vacation in Florida. ■

STAY AWAKE— ALERT & ACTIVE



D&E's products will energize & slim you, helping you get the most out of every day & night!

#22 Magnum	200 mg	200/\$13.50
#28 D&E-290	200 mg	200/\$13.25
#32 30/30	150 mg	200/\$11.75
#34 D&E-25-25	110 mg	100/\$ 6.50
		1000/\$18.00

Active Ingredient in Above: Caffeine

#35 D&E-25	Ephedrine HCL-25 mg	100/ \$ 7.95
		1000/\$19.95

#38 Diet Time	1-a-day diet aid	90/\$ 9.95
---------------	------------------	------------

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-221-1833;

in NJ (201) 838-5254
D & E Pharmaceuticals, Inc.
Dept. 1G4P1610 — 206 Macopin Road
Bloomington, NJ 07403
Please add \$4.50 for shipping. Free catalogs available upon request.



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

★ ★ FROM NATIONAL LAMPOON ★ ★

MAGAZINES \$5.00 EACH

- JUNE 1972 / Science Fiction
- JULY 1972 / Surprise
- AUGUST 1972 / Democracy
- SEPTEMBER 1972 / Boredom
- NOVEMBER 1972 / Decadence
- DECEMBER 1972 / Easter Issue
- MAY 1973 / Fraud
- JUNE 1973 / Violence
- JULY 1973 / Modern Times
- SEPTEMBER 1973 / Life Parody
- OCTOBER 1973 / Banana Issue
- NOVEMBER 1973 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1973 / Self-indulgence
- MAY 1974 / Fiftieth Anniversary
- JULY 1974 / Dessert
- AUGUST 1974 / Isolationism & Tooth Care
- SEPTEMBER 1974 / Old Age
- NOVEMBER 1974 / Givies
- OCTOBER 1975 / Collector's Issue
- JANUARY 1976 / Secret Issue
- FEBRUARY 1976 / Artists and Models
- MARCH 1976 / In Like a Lion
- APRIL 1976 / Olympic Sports
- MAY 1976 / Unwanted Foreigners
- AUGUST 1976 / Summer Sex
- SEPTEMBER 1976 / The Latest Issue
- OCTOBER 1976 / The Funny Pages
- NOVEMBER 1976 / Is Democracy Fixed?
- DECEMBER 1976 / Selling Out
- JANUARY 1977 / Surefire Issue
- FEBRUARY 1977 / JFK Reinaugural
- MARCH 1977 / Science and Technology
- APRIL 1977 / Ripping the Lid off TV
- JUNE 1977 / Careers
- JULY 1977 / Nasty Sex
- AUGUST 1977 / Cheap Thrills
- SEPTEMBER 1977 / Grow Up!
- OCTOBER 1977 / All Beetles
- NOVEMBER 1977 / Lifestyles
- DECEMBER 1977 / Christmas in December
- JANUARY 1978 / The Role of Sex in History
- FEBRUARY 1978 / Spring Fascism in Preview
- MARCH 1978 / Crime and Punishment
- APRIL 1978 / Spring Cleaning
- MAY 1978 / Families
- JUNE 1978 / The Wild West
- JULY 1978 / 100th Anniversary
- AUGUST 1978 / Today's Teens
- SEPTEMBER 1978 / Style
- OCTOBER 1978 / Entertainment

\$4.00 EACH

- APRIL 1979 / April Fool
- MAY 1979 / International Terrorism
- AUGUST 1979 / Summer Vacation
- OCTOBER 1979 / Comedy
- DECEMBER 1979 / Success
- FEBRUARY 1980 / Tenth Anniversary
- MARCH 1980 / March Miscellany
- APRIL 1980 / Vengeance
- MAY 1980 / Sex Roles
- JUNE 1980 / Fresh Air
- JULY 1980 / Slime, Swill, and Politics
- AUGUST 1980 / Anxiety
- SEPTEMBER 1980 / The Past
- OCTOBER 1980 / Aggression
- NOVEMBER 1980 / Potpourri

- DECEMBER 1980 / Fun Takes a Holiday
- FEBRUARY 1981 / Sin
- MARCH 1981 / Women and Dogs
- APRIL 1981 / Chaos
- MAY 1981 / Naked Ambition
- JUNE 1981 / Romance
- JULY 1981 / Endless, Mindless Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1981 / Let's Get It Up, America!
- SEPTEMBER 1981 / Back to School
- OCTOBER 1981 / Movies
- NOVEMBER 1981 / TV and Why It Sucks
- DECEMBER 1981 / What's Hip?
- JANUARY 1982 / Sword and Sorcery
- FEBRUARY 1982 / The Sexy Issue
- MARCH 1982 / Food Fight
- APRIL 1982 / Failure
- MAY 1982 / Crime
- JUNE 1982 / Do It Yourself
- JULY 1982 / Sporting Life
- AUGUST 1982 / The New West
- SEPTEMBER 1982 / Hot Sex!
- OCTOBER 1982 / O.C. and Striggs
- NOVEMBER 1982 / Economic Recovery
- DECEMBER 1982 / E.T. Issue
- JANUARY 1983 / The Top Stories of 1983
- FEBRUARY 1983 / Raging Controversy
- MARCH 1983 / Tamper-Proof Issue
- APRIL 1983 / Swimsuit
- MAY 1983 / The South Seas
- JUNE 1983 / Adults Only
- JULY 1983 / Vacation!
- AUGUST 1983 / Science and Bad Manners
- SEPTEMBER 1983 / Big Anniversary Issue
- OCTOBER 1983 / Dilated Pupils
- NOVEMBER 1983 / No Score
- DECEMBER 1983 / Holiday Jeers

\$3.00 EACH

- JANUARY 1984 / Time Parody Issue
- FEBRUARY 1984 / All-Comics Issue
- MARCH 1984 / The Sixties' Greatest Hits
- APRIL 1984 / You Can Parody Anything
- MAY 1984 / Baseball Preview
- JUNE 1984 / This Summer's Movies
- JULY 1984 / Special Summer Fun
- AUGUST 1984 / Unofficial Olympics Guide
- SEPTEMBER 1984 / Fall Fashions
- OCTOBER 1984 / Just Good Stuff
- NOVEMBER 1984 / The Accidental Issue
- DECEMBER 1984 / The Last of the old NL
- JANUARY 1985 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1985 / A Misguided Tour of N.Y.

- MARCH 1985 / The Best of Fifteen Years
- MAY 1985 / Celebrity Roast
- JUNE 1985 / The Doug Kenney Collection
- JULY 1985 / Youth at Play
- AUGUST 1985 / All-New True Facts
- SEPTEMBER 1985 / Lust Issue
- OCTOBER 1985 / Music Issue
- NOVEMBER 1985 / Mad As Hell
- DECEMBER 1985 / Reagan and Revenge
- JANUARY 1986 / Good Clean Sex
- FEBRUARY 1986 / Money
- MARCH 1986 / All About Women
- APRIL 1986 / Doctors and Lawyers
- MAY 1986 / Sports
- JUNE 1986 / Horror and Fantasy
- JULY 1986 / Hor Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1986 / Show Biz
- SEPTEMBER 1986 / Sleaze
- OCTOBER 1986 / Back to School

\$5.00 EACH

- DECEMBER 1986 / 200th Anniversary
- FEBRUARY 1987 / Things You Can't Do
- APRIL 1987 / Crime Pays
- JUNE 1987 / Sex and Unusual Practices
- AUGUST 1987 / All-New True Facts
- OCTOBER 1987 / Back to School
- DECEMBER 1987 / Woman of the Year
- FEBRUARY 1988 / Winter Inventory
- APRIL 1988 / Television
- JUNE 1988 / Subliminal Sex
- AUGUST 1988 / Even More True Facts
- OCTOBER 1988 / Sports
- DECEMBER 1988 / Potpourri
- FEBRUARY 1989 / Tyson
- APRIL 1989 / Mediocrity
- JUNE 1989 / Summer Sex
- AUGUST 1989 / Music
- OCTOBER 1989 / Back to College

National Lampon Blinders Vinyl binders with tough metal "rods." \$7.50 each. _____ Quantity

National Lampon Case Binder Fits many types of magazines. \$9.95 each. _____ Quantity

National Lampon Binder With all twelve issues from a given year. Well, not exactly given. \$24.00 each

— 1975	— 1979	— 1983	— 1987	— Vinyl binder
— 1976	— 1980	— 1984	— 1988	— Case binder
— 1977	— 1981	— 1985	— 1989	
— 1978	— 1982	— 1986		

If issues in any given year are not listed above, please select replacements for missing issues.

.....
* it is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my home humor collection complete. I am enclosing \$2.00 in postage and handling for my order if it's under \$5.00, and \$2.50 for said charges if the order totals more than \$5.00, small price to pay for U.S. postal delivery. If I'm a New York State resident I'm adding 8 1/4 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Total amount enclosed _____

Tear out the whole page with items checked, enclose check or money order, and mail to:

NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NL 2/90 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10013.

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

Credit card orders: Only on orders of \$20.00 or more.

MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____

Visa # _____ Exp. Date _____

.....
Signature _____



FUNNY PAGES

.....and now for these
commercial messages.
by John Kers ch b a um © 1989



trots and bonnie



©87 SHARIL FLENNIKEN

SAM deGROOT
 FOLLOWING BRAIN SURGERY
 SAM IS LEFT NOT IN A VEGETATIVE STATE, BUT RATHER IN A VEGETARIAN STATE, HIS VOICE RETURNED AND EXPRESSING A NEED FOR VEGETABLES

I WANT SOME BEETS, SQUASH, CUCUMBERS, SWISS CHARD, EGGPLANT, PEPPERS.....



COULD I HAVE SHUNTED THE ANTE BELLUM NERVE TO THE PARALLAX CELIBATE CORD BY MISTAKE? I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BACK TO SURGERY...



...OKRA, KALE, ESCAROLE, SALSIFY.....

A-HA! THERE'S THE LITTLE BUGGER THAT'S CAUSING HIM TO BE A VEGETARIAN--THE DIASPORA CORD IS PRESSING AGAINST THE LITTORAL LATERAL LIGAMENT.



LATER IN THE RECOVERY ROOM

DOCTOR UGATTI, MR. deGROOT IS COMING AROUND.



WELL, MR. deGROOT, HOW DO YOU FEEL?

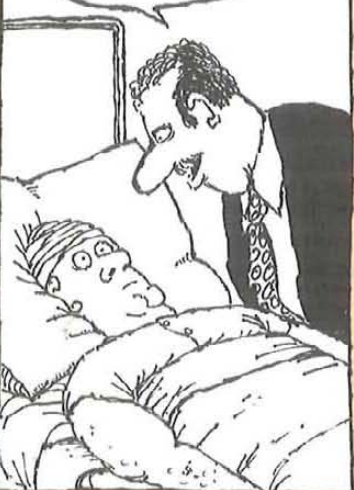


THERE! THAT SHOULD PUT AN END TO HIS VEGETARIANISM!



© COPYRIGHT 1989 J. Rodden

CAN YOU SPEAK?



YES



BUD

MY GOD, HE'S TALKING IN NEON!



I WAS AFRAID OF THAT...

DOCU-COMICS

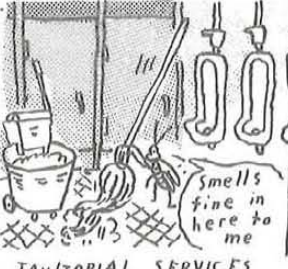
© 1999 M. C. MAREK, 32

MORE THAN A COMIC STRIP,
SOMETHING LESS THAN
INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING.




BY NOW YOU'VE NO DOUBT READ THE SCIENTIFIC REPORTS CONFIRMING THAT AT THE PRESENT RATE THE HUMAN RACE WILL SOON BE REPLACED AS THE DOMINANT CREATURE ON EARTH BY NONE OTHER THAN THE LOWLY COCKROACH, AN INSECT WHICH REPRODUCES FASTER THAN IRISH CATHOLICS.

FOR SOME YEARS NOW MENIAL JOBS FORMERLY HELD BY HUMANS BUT NOW CONSIDERED UNDESIRABLE HAVE BEEN TAKEN ON BY A MORE THAN WILLING ROACH COMMUNITY.



JANITORIAL SERVICES



DISHWASHING

THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING. THE HUMAN SPECIES HAS ALWAYS BEEN MORE THAN GENEROUS IN PROVIDING FREE HOUSING FOR THESE AMBITIOUS, UPWARDLY MOBILE CREATURES.




ROACH MOTELS

ROACH CONDOMINIUMS

ROACH TRACT HOUSES

IN SHORT ORDER ROACHES HAVE BECOME LANDLORDS, A TRANSITION SCARCELY NOTICED BY TENANTS.



Pay up or git out!!

Aw, you landlords are all vermin.

FROM THERE IT WAS A SHORT JUMP INTO REAL ESTATE, CORPORATE BUSINESS, AND POSITIONS OF POLITICAL POWER.



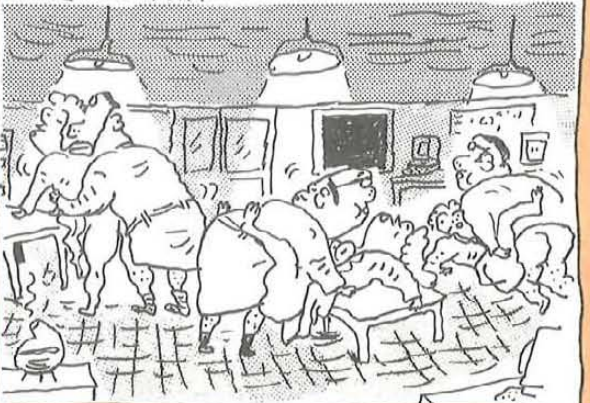
Elect me and I'll fight to keep our neighbor hoods fitthy

FOR MAYOR

It's nice to see a fresh mandible in the political arena

Yeh, but can he pull in the aphid vote?

IS THE END OF MAN'S REIGN AT HAND? IT WOULD SEEM SO UNLESS THE WORLD SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY CAN JOIN RANKS AND DEVELOP A PLAN TO COMBAT THIS THREAT. ALREADY EXPERIMENTS HAVE BEGUN ON FINDING A METHOD TO INCREASE THE RATE OF HUMAN REPRODUCTION TO A LEVEL COMPETITIVE WITH THE ROACH.



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

MUMMY
SHORTAGE

Rick
GEARY
©89



USED TO BE THAT MUMMIES
WERE PLENTIFUL AS
CABBAGES.



THE TOMBS OF EGYPT?
FULL TO OVERFLOWING.



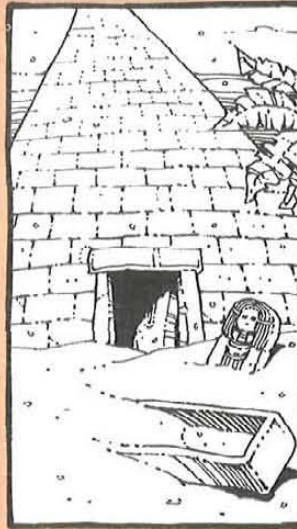
MUMMIES WERE PULVERIZED
TO MAKE MEDICINE...



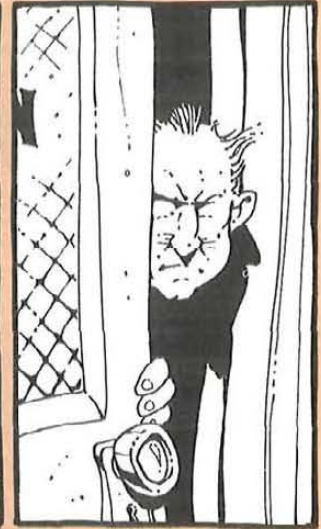
OR SLOWLY UNWRAPPED AS
ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE
VULGAR MASSES.



CHILDREN LOVED THEM...



SO WHERE HAVE ALL THE
MUMMIES GONE?



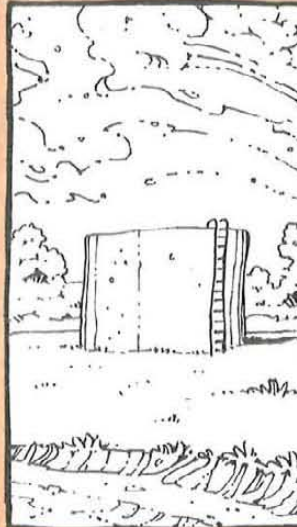
WE'RE TOLD THERE ARE
NONE LEFT...



BUT IS THAT MERELY A
HIGH-LEVEL RUSE TO DRIVE
PRICES UP?



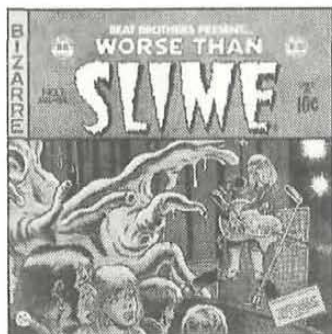
I HAVE PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE
OF MUMMY STOCKPILES IN
SEVERAL MIDWESTERN STATES.



LIKE THIS STRUCTURE OUTSIDE
GREAT BEND, KANSAS.



SO DON'T BE FOOLED!



WORSE THAN SLIME NO. 1

Features Dr. Demento, Barnes and Barnes, Wild Man Fischer, John Christensen, and more! LP \$9.99; CD \$12.99. Plus \$1.50 postage and handling. Mail to: BEAT BROTHERS RECORDS
4067 Hardwick St., Suite 279, Lakewood, CA 90712.
SASE for free catalog.

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE! Free 32-pg. catalog! America's most respected correspondence service since 1974! CHERRY BLOSSOMS, 190NL Rainbow Ridge, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 1 (808) 961-2114 anytime.



1990 Complete Condom Calendar & Coloring Book

featuring 15 hilarious cartoons to remember your dates by. It's unique, it's funny, it's \$9.95.
Mail Ck/MO + \$1.50 S/H to
Ground Level Productions, Box 118, Darien, CT 06820.
T-Shirts also available. Mail \$1.00 for Catalogue.

REPAIR YOUR CREDIT RATING! Plus fill your bank account with CASH! For free details write: Raven Publishing, P.O. Box 16496, Dept. 101, San Diego, CA 92116.



SeXXy Software

Must State Age Over 21

SeXXy Disk # 1 — An unbelievable visual erotic encounter — **MUST SEE !!**
SeXXy Disk # 2 — an erotic encounter game for friends and lovers guaranteed to shed both clothes and inhibitions
SeXXy Disk # 3 — an anatomical arcade game with unusual ammunition.
\$7 each or all 3 for \$17
for IBM and compat. CGA graphics req'd.
 Add \$3 s/h - in OK add tax
 35 disks or foreign orders add \$2 per disk
VISA/MC Orders only 800-243-1515 Ext. 600LA
Or check/MO to: SeXXy Software 2880 Berkey Road
 Dept. 600LA Hatfield PA 19440
THE BEST IN ADULT SOFTWARE FOR LESS !!

Let the government finance your new or existing small business. Grants/loans to \$500,000 yearly. Free recorded message: 707-449-8600. (KW9)

Correspondence with interesting people — any subject. Nationwide. Free information. SASE to ZMail, 1200 143rd N.E., Box 120F, Seattle, WA 98125.

Term Paper Assistance

1-800 PRO PAPER

EROTIC CARTOONS



- #1 - GONAD THE BARBARIAN
- #2 - OFFENDERS OF THE UNIVERSE
- #3 - PANDORA, ANEROTIC TRILOGY

Each Cartoon is feature length, in stereo/Hi Fi. Only \$28⁹⁵ each + \$3⁰⁰ shipping (you must be 21).

EXCALIBUR FILMS

1-800-289-6684

3821 W. Commonwealth, Fullerton, CA 92633
Write for free catalog. Contains thousands of sizzling video movies for every interest and taste. Save up to 84% over retail price.

FREE CATALOG

BORING TOILET? NOT WITH TANK TALK™!

Stick these 6" x 5" signs on the inside of your toilet seat. Made of heavy-duty vinyl with removable adhesive. GOING TO THE BATHROOM HAS NEVER BEEN SO MUCH FUN!

- A. Let's Potty
- B. The Butt Stops Here
- C. Home Is Where the Fart Is
- D. Shit Happens
- E. In Case of Emergency: Break Gas
- F. Express Lane: 2 Beers or Less.



Indicate letter and quantity. \$3.95 each. 2 for \$6.00. Postpaid. G.D.S. Creations, Inc.
P.O. Box 16566 Plantation, FL 33318

PASSPORT TO HEAVEN

Sin all you want with a guaranteed entry to Heaven. \$8.99 GUIDING LIGHT, 2215-R MARKET ST., #475, San Francisco, CA 94110.

FIRST IT WAS FREE SPEECH,
THEN FREE LOVE,
NOW THERE'S...

Free Beer

A MOVEMENT FOR THE NINETIES

Red design on a white 50-50 T-shirt. Specify S, M, L, XL. Send check or M.O. for \$10.95 per shirt to:
Brad-Berry Images
Box 1501
Manchester, NH 03105

GONNA FIND OUT WHO'S NAUGHTY OR NICE... when you wear a MISTLETOE BELTBUCKLE this Christmas!

MISTLEBUCKLE is a lifelike mistletoe sprig, complete with bow and berries, suspended in a handsome, clear acrylic buckle. \$11.95 + S&H. To order call:

800-3-BUCKLE

8 a.m. to 10 p.m. PST. WA res. add 8.1% tax. Visa/MC. Overnight delivery available.

ENJOY TAP BEER AT HOME! Easy kit converts a refrigerator into a CO2 tap beer dispenser. Instructions and FREE illustrated tap beer guide. **Keg-mate**, 2473 Fort Road #134, St. Paul, MN 55116.

**HAVE AN
EXCITING,
INDISPENSABLE
PRODUCT?**



**Sell a lot
of it
through**

**National
Lampoon**

**mail-order and
classified
advertising.**

Send to:
National Lampoon
155 Avenue
of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10013
Attn: Howard Jurofsky
or call (212) 645-5040



INDOOR GARDENING SUPPLIES
 THE LATEST IN ORGANIC TOOLS, LIGHTING, BOOKS, FERTILIZERS - WE HAVE IT ALL!
 FREE BROCHURE - PRIVACY GUARANTEED
 P.O. BOX 6-L9, REDWAY, CA 95560
 (707) 923 3988 or Toll Free (800)426 5511

UNDERGROUND BOOKS

Controversial, Unusual, and Very Amusing!
 Catalog: \$2. (Refundable on first order).
 PSS (NL), P.O. Box 232
 Fair Oaks, CA 95628-0232.

ASIAN WOMEN DESIRE ROMANCE!

Overseas, attractive Oriental ladies seek friendship, marriage. SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE, Dept. TZ, Box 5500, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745. (808) 325-7707.

U.S.—Asian Connection. Beautiful, Faithful Asian ladies seek friendship/marriage. Free photo brochure. (702) 451-3070 or P.O. Box 60283, Las Vegas, Nevada 89160.

GET PAID FOR mailing letters! \$200.00 daily. Write: PAASE—ST5, 161 Lincolnway, North Aurora, IL 60542.



WRAP THAT RASCAL

"SUPPORT SAFER SEX"
 Optional on Shirts No Charge
 • T-Shirts—\$10 (+ \$2 Postage) —State Size and Color (Gy, Wh, Bl, Yl, Pk, Br)
 • Bumper Stickers—\$2 (+ .50 Postage) • Buttons—\$2 (+.50 Postage)
 • Sweatshirts—\$17 (+ \$3 Postage) —State Size and Color (Gy, Wh) • Hats—\$5 (+ \$1 Postage)
 • One Size Fit All Golf Shirts—\$10 (+ \$2 Postage) (White) • Bikini Bottoms—\$8 (+ \$1 Postage) (100% Cotton Quality)—State Size S, M, L, XL (Wa. Only)
 To: C.A. Crerar, Inc., Dept. N, P.O. Box 11707, Clearwater, FL 34616 FREE BROCHURE

Farlin' Eddie presents the -
FARTFILTER
 The ultimate gag for parties or that fartin' friend. Breakthrough filtration system traps those eye-walering' stomach-turnin' farts. \$3.95 + \$1.00 P&H. Farlin' Eddie, 317 S Division, Suite 77, Ann Arbor MI 48104

NEED MONEY FOR COLLEGE/TECH SCHOOL? BEEN TOLD YOU CAN'T GET GRANTS? You can, regardless of family income. Easy step-by-step guide shows how you can get up to \$6,000 PER YEAR in grant money. (Full 10-day money back guarantee.) Send \$19.95 + \$3.00 S&H to: Midwest Information Services, 1511 N. West Street, Suite #1, Dept. D, Wichita, KS 67203.

FARTING CONTEST! World-famous radio broadcast of internationally acclaimed sporting event. GUARANTEED laughs or your money back. Great for parties! You'll have them rolling on the floor! This is wind-breaking virtuosity at its finest! FREE "no wind" poster with purchase of cassette. \$9.95 + \$2.00 shipping & handling. Empire Associates, Dept. 010NL, Lake Shore Tower, Suite 1018, 6260 South Lake Drive, Cudahy, WI 53110.

BLANK PHOTO ID CARDS
 Make laminated photo IDs on any typewriter. All materials furnished for 5 IDs.
 Good in All States and Canada - 5 FREE BIRTH CERTIFICATES - Fast Service • Moneyback Guarantee
 Rush C.O.D. (Call 24 Hrs) 1-904-396-1744
 CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. B37
 2971 Emerson, Box 5200 • Jacksonville, FL 32207
 5 FOR \$10

UNIQUE GIFTS FROM SUN PRODUCTS. LARGEST INVENTORY AROUND! FOR A CATALOG, SEND \$2 (REFUNDABLE) TO: SUN PRODUCTS; BOX NLA560026; ORLANDO, FL 32856-0026.

San Francisco Farting Contest Video
 \$29.95 + \$3.00 shipping. Original Contest T-shirt \$10.00. Institute of Absurdity, 236 W. Portal, Suite 170, San Francisco, CA 94127.

GIANT 1990 CALENDAR
 16 MONTHS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
 16 GORGEOUS BODIES—Sensuous On-The-Beach Photography by Silvermoon
 12x12" Super-Glossy, Full-Color Photos Voluptuous Women Of The 90's!
Only \$6.95 Limited Time Offer!
 Send name, address and \$6.95 check or m.o. to: Secret Passions • PO Box 8870 • Dept. YML85 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515 or use your Visa or MasterCard
 Call toll free 1-800-334-5474 (9am-3pm ET) (except Alaska)

SPRING BREAK
 is coming. R U Ready? Because she is, ready willing and able to serve your thirsty needs! VOLUPTUOUS! Great for dorm rooms, the beach or just around the house EXCITING!
 Unique serving stand just under 4" tall Made from High Quality plywood Hand Painted by Professional Artists Stores flat!
 Just send check or money order for \$19.95 plus \$4 S&H to:
 J.B.S.T CORP
 PO BOX 1041 N.S
 Granite City, IL 62040-1041 dealer inquires welcome!

SHE'S HOT!

FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY KEEP GEORGE HEALTHY!

100% COTTON T-SHIRTS—\$12.95
 SWEAT SHIRTS—\$19.95
 S-M-L-XL
 XXL XXXL—ADD \$3.00 (WHITE ONLY)
 4 CLR. SLK. SCR. ON RED, WHITE, YELLOW, BLUE

BUMPER STICKER OR BUTTON—\$1.50 EA
 ALL PRICES INCLUDE SHIPPING
 QUALITY T-SHIRTS OR SWEATSHIRTS
 PROFESSIONALLY DETAILED DOWN TO DANNY BOY'S BABY BLUES

Send check or money order to: PRESIDENT'S PRAYER CLUB
 P.O. BOX 14352 LEXENA, KS 66215
 FOR INFO: (913) 939-4410 / VISA - M/C

KNOW AN A ** HOLE? A DORK? CAN'T TELL THEM? NOW YOU CAN! NOT SO SUBLIMINAL TAPES
 Can Be Sent Anonymously Or As A Gift.
 15 Min. Stereo Tape \$9.95 PP (Mailer \$2)
 Matching Tee Shirt (!) \$9.95 PP (Mailer \$2)
 Sizes: M, L, XL Specify A **hole Or Dork
 Send Check Or Money Order To:
 MB ENTERPRISES, P.O. BOX 1601, BLOOMFIELD, N.J. 07003

NATURIST VIDEOS. \$2, SASE, N.L.P., BOX 9296, NEWARK, DE 19714-9296.

TERM PAPER BLUES?
 Term Paper Assistance
 Catalog of 14,278 research papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD
Toll Free Hot Line 1-800-351-0222
 in CA (213) 477-8226 Mon-Fri., 10am-5pm (Pacific Time)
 Or send \$2.00 with coupon below
 Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 14,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.
 Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

RA RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
 since 1970 11322 Idaho Ave. • Suite 206 NS West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$2.00 to cover postage

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

3/4 BILLION DOLLARS!

Yes, over \$750 MILLION in prize money was won last year by subscribers to the famous and popular **AUSTRALIAN LOTTO JACKPOT GAMES** including 145 FIRST PRIZE POOLS of between one million and eleven million dollars and over 300,000 weekly prizes.

Overseas members of **AUSTRALIAN LOTTERY SYSTEMS (A.L.S.)** now play in 5 separate draws each week in the lotto system with the HIGHEST STAKES AND LOWEST FEES worldwide.

50-week membership gives you 250 draws with 3,600 chances of winning rich TAX-FREE PRIZES, paid in one lump sum!

DOUBLE, TRIPLE (and more...) PRIZE MONEY THAN IS OFFERED BY CANADIAN AND GERMAN GAMES — AT A FRACTION OF THEIR CHARGES!

Subscription from only \$255 For FREE BROCHURE and more information mail coupon to:

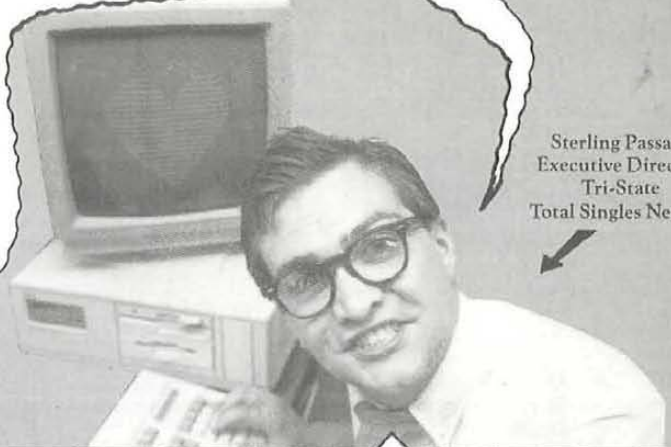
A.L.S. Pty. Ltd.
 Box 2500, G.P.O., Melbourne, 3001, Australia
 Fax: (+613) 527 2088

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 COUNTRY _____

THE PERSONALS

BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO FIND LOVE WITH OUR ALL-NEW CUSTOMIZED PERSONALS!
FIND A PARTNER WITH ALL THE TRAITS YOU HUNGER FOR — AND NONE OF THE ONES THAT DISGUST YOU!

No longer will you have to endure invidious personality flaws just so you can keep an endomorph with a perfect nose near at hand! On date a vile dwarf just because you can't find anyone normal who has the perky yet sardonic benevolence you crave! Catapult yourself into the 1990s with a data-compatible love interest with our computer-certified Customized Personals System™!



Sterling Passaic,
Executive Director,
Tri-State
Total Singles Network

Send to the box number formed by selecting your single most preferred item from each column—i.e., if you picked #2 from Column A, #3 from Column B, and #9 from Column C, send to Box 238. Also denote in acronym form your own personal profile and your appetite preferences as follows: M = male; F = female; S = straight; G = gay; W = white; B = black; H = Hispanic; J = Jew; C = Christian.

HOMOS WELCOME!

	COLUMN A	COLUMN B	COLUMN C
1	Paul Anka enthusiast a +	Favorite fashion accessory is a dust mask soaked in meconium	Metal smell attributed to menses
2	Wad like a mango	Puckered, smelly adenoids	Mozart-loving Ivy Leaguer
3	Tall, handsome	A human kingdom of flappy valves	Butt cheeks hang down like mud flaps
4	Tall, magnetic	"Equalizer" hung-alike	Sick of sex a cappella
5	Gummy buttohole	Attractive, intelligent	Wheezy twerp
6	Irish and loving it	Intelligent, attractive	Belgian to a fault
7	My underpants are filled with liver fajitas	A virtual miniature golf course of poised orifi	Multifarious and greedy
8	Tricycle-seat sniffer	Briny scorboreal ooze is caked in hinges of glasses	Albino pygmy obese Siamese twins
9	Capable of Kegeling with bowels	"Mr. Creamydrawers" moniker an apt one	Nipples look and taste like two-inch lengths of Slim Jims, and are covered with thick, violent-looking hair
0	Uses contraceptive foam as mousse and squid ink as henna	I'd rather be sailing	Brothy effluvium

THE PERSONALS LISTED BELOW IN NO WAY RELATE TO THE ABOVE CHART IN THEIR NUMBERING AND COLLATION:

GO FOR THE GOLD: Bearded, tweedy Jungian-based male who has come to terms with Freudian paternalism fixation and mastered psychodraconic ministrations of nautic therapies in dispatch preparation for the edification of cross-patterned infrastructural recidivism seeks a night, just one hot night, with a pudgy woman who will dress up as a hydrant while I put on my suede dog suit and put out your fire. Box 718J.

GWM seeks plenty of same for experiments with castor oil. Box 310Y.

GREEK TRAGEDY seeks setting, stage, chiaroscuro, and waitresses dressed as trees to breathe life into my otherwise empty words. Box 114H.

SINGLE-CELLED ANIMAL seeks same for mitosis, meiosis, more. Please respond promptly, as my life span is two days. Box 673U.

YOU HAVE TO HAVE a voice like the Operator I got last week, and if you do, everything I have is yours! Oh! Throaty with a smoldering diffidence that's waiting to burst like a flood-bloated dam; husky-bawdy with a hint of little-girl naiveté. A voice that promises a fleshy pharynx and a walk like a

meat grinder. Please send a letter describing your voice to Box 209V.

SWM, 31, seeks BMW for romantic drives in country, elegant evenings on the town, life in the fast lane. Must be in good shape, low mileage, love to travel. Box 329M.

WE NEED A FIFTH; WELCOME TO THE BACHANALIA OF THIS EARLY '30S, NO DRINK/NO DRUGS, ATTRACTIVE, FIT FOURSOME: Fleshfests, gooey valves, incredible wharf-like expanses of erectile tissue, and a nonstop crawly flow of hot-day whey all guaranteed. Box 822R.

SWM, 33, SUCCESSFUL AND HANDSOME, seeks woman, 24–32, intelligent, marriage-minded, and pretty, with no sense of smell. Box 907D.

FORMER MEMBERS OF MENUDO, 17–30, would love to party with hot Latino girls, 12–16. Box 487N.

YOU ARE LYING THERE, MY PRECIOUS YEARN-SOURCE, your breasts viscous and mushy in the streetlamp, the psychological yeast of our desire swelling up your twat like a ripening cheese soufflé, and I've got a bison-sized portion of pulsewurst in my pants and it's burning a hole in my pocket; and my ardor for you is raging: I want for you to snack on the love curds gathered in the folds of my scrotum, and I want the fiery ton-

nage of your love rollicking over my spunk-frosted hirsuteness, and then I want for you to press the rashers of fresh raw bacon against the nakedness of my newly shaved armpits while I feel the wet spongy flesh of my buttocks against the red-hot coils of the broiler, and then you take hickory in hand and whipmekickmestabmeshredmepeelmebeatmewallopme until I hemorrhage to death in your arms. Box 672R, but before you do anything else fax me a photo of yourself and I'll tell you whether to waste your time writing me a letter.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, SUCCESSFUL FEMALE seeks sexually experienced man for good sex and commensurate conversation, a man whose sexuality and sensuality are examined with constructive introspection, a man who cares as **EDITOR'S NOTE: Just between me and you, guys, this personal's from Shere Hite, looking to write another book. Sure, she'll ride your johnson till it's chapped, leave your prostate feeling like a fig that's been lying on the highway for a month, but you'll have to stay awake afterward for hours answering questions. Just thought I'd let you save a little wear 'n' tear on the old caveat emptor. P.S.: Keep in mind she's pushing 50, and even in her prime she had legs like Johnny Bench.**

much about the mental aspect of sex as the physical expulsion, who believes a sound sex life is the foundation for a solid pretext of personal achievement and life satisfaction. Box 920B.

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



Now a Bimonthly

At Selected Newsstands, Bookstores & Specialty Shops or by Subscription

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

Subscription prices: One year—\$11.95 Two Years—\$18.95 Three years—\$24.95

Copyright © 2007 National Lampoon Inc.

Make the Holidays more delicious with a touch of Comfort.

Southern Comfort® has a distinctive, appealing flavor. It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.



The Comfort Coffee:

Hot coffee, 1 oz.
Southern Comfort.
Add sugar
& whipped cream
to taste.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

